

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 352 — I am Su Ming! -

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Chapter 352: I am Su Ming!

There is no right or wrong in a battlefield.

There is only obedience in a battlefield.

Since Su Ming chose to join this battle, then he must obey Zhou De's orders. He had to give a magnificent performance and complete this blood experiment.

When he rushed out of the southern warzone and appeared on that wide expanse of land, the one thousand people followed right behind him. The area where the hundreds of Shamans were was a long distance away.

He could see the hundreds of Shamans turning their gazes towards them and looking coldly at all of them.

"Sir, do you want to split up and divide the Shamans' forces...?" Yan Bo's heart was pounding against his chest. He thought he was acting a little too crazy. He was originally just a nobody that no one paid attention on the battlefield leading a dozen something people to fight for his survival in this battlefield.

Yet all of these things changed drastically once he ran into Su Ming. When he led a hundred people, he had been satisfied. He had believed that with those hundred men under his command, he could let them kill more Shamans while increasing their chances of survival to the highest degree.

However, that satisfaction did not last long. Their followers increased to two hundred, then to three hundred, and their numbers grew even larger as time went by. This sort of change made Yan Bo excited, but also afraid.

The instant Commander Zhou's orders came, there was only a heavy hearted feeling in his heart, along with resignation. He wanted to flee, but the order was as solid as a mountain. Once he retreated, then his tribe would look down on him. He could not retreat.

Behind him was Sky Mist Barrier. If he retreated, if the others also retreated, then the flames of battle would spread to the entire Berserker Tribe... That was a sight he did not dare picture, even if he continuously told himself that this battle only happened once a century and that this fight was not the final battle.

He told himself that Sky Mist Barrier would not be breached, but even so, when he truly joined the battle, he was forced to experience the brutality and terror of war.

Everything was possible.

"I don't know the details of how I should lead them. You make the arrangements." Su Ming did not turn his head back. His eyes remained fixed on the Shamans in the distance, and as he moved forward, he spoke in a low voice.

"Sir, my thoughts are that we don't need to change our teams. There's about 100,000 feet from here to there. Let's charge towards them just like this!" Yan Bo gritted his teeth. He was worried that once they split up, some people would feel shocked by their own actions and begin to feel like withdrawing. If that was the case, it was better to follow behind Su Ming.

"Are you afraid?!" Su Ming asked.

"No!" Yan Bo gritted his teeth.

"I'm not afraid either. At most, I'll just die!" Zi Che charged out of the crowd and returned to his spot behind Su Ming once he finished sending his orders. As he ran forward, he heard Su Ming and Yan Bo's conversation, then laughed and shouted his answer by the side.

Su Ming smiled, and his eyes were filled with fighting spirit. As he charged forward, the one thousand man team shot forward like the wind. That wind started blowing from beyond the area of Sky Mist, and as it blew, it charged straight to the crowd of Shamans.

100,000 feet, 90,000 feet, 80,000 feet, 70,000 feet!

As Su Ming and the rest charged, low roars could be heard coming from the team. They had completely left the battlefield and had by then turned into an incredibly unique and striking existence in the war.

The instant they were 60,000 feet away from the crowd of Shamans, the Shamans started moving. Five masked Hunters charged forward with around a hundred Shaman warriors behind them, rushing straight towards Su Ming.

Even if they were not the center of attention of all the people at that moment, they were well on their way towards there! Too many people had cast their gazes on them, especially those from within Sky Mist City. Besides the eight old men on the wall, there were also others who had seen the team that had charged out of the battlefield.

The tallest building in Sky Mist City was a gigantic cylinder shaped structure. On top of it was a spherical shaped ball that was 1,000 feet in size. It floated above the cylinder, and within the ball was a quiet chamber.

At that moment, there were three old men sitting cross-legged inside.

The old man in the middle had dry and dull skin. Only his eyes held a profundity that made him seem as if he had lived for tens of thousands of years. He looked in the direction before him, and if anyone looked from his spot, they would find that there were walls blocking his view. But it was as if the walls of the ball itself were invisible, allowing him to see every single spot on the battlefield clearly.

His gaze fell on Su Ming's one thousand man team.

His eyes weren't the only ones either. The other two old men beside him also had their gazes fixed on Su Ming's one thousand man team.

"Most of the Berserkers in the southern warzone are from my Western Sea Clan," the blue-robed old man sitting to the right stated, smiling.

The black-robed old man sitting to the left let out a cold harrumph once he heard it, but he did not say anything.

Under their gazes, the hundred something Shamans led by the Hunters from the Shaman Tribe right before Su Ming's team closed in on them at an incredible speed, and these two armies clashed with each other 40,000 feet away from that spot.

This was an incredibly devastating battle. There might only be a hundred something Shamans, but they were clearly different from the ones Su Ming had met in the battlefield. Their attacks were resolute and their power strikingly different from those back in the warzone. None of these Shamans were weaklings.

On the other hand, while Su Ming had a lot of people on his side, their levels of cultivation were not the same. If it was not because of Su Ming's willpower that led them press on without stopping, they would have broken down a long time ago.

Right then, as both sides clashed, nearly a hundred of Su Ming's men instantly died. Sounds of battle echoed in the air, and the two Hunters from the Shaman Tribe before Su Ming launched a pincer attack on him!

The two Hunters had power equivalent to those in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Their teamwork stopped Su Ming from advancing, but his left eye remained aloof while shining with fighting spirit, creating a stark contrast to the murderous intent in his right eye.

The battle had just begun, and almost the moment his team of Berserkers were injured, five more Hunters leading another hundred something Shamans charged forth from 40,000 feet away.

Their arrival might not have immediately incited war, but it created a large amount of pressure on Su Ming's team. This pressure was an incredibly brilliant tactic, and its effects could even be said to rival the greatest divine abilities!

"What a great move!" Yan Bo's face was soaked in blood. When he saw this sight as he fought, he could only let out a sigh.

Courage was required to rush out of the warzone, and it was not just a tiny amount that would allow a person to do so. Yet because one thousand people rushed out at the same time, and because Su Ming stood right in front of them, due to the force of his willpower and the general lack of change around them, there would still be people who possessed that amount of courage.

However, when they rushed out, they had run into obstacles, and in an instant, nearly a hundred of their own died. Once they saw a similar team of Shamans rushing forth from the distance, that invisible amount of pressure was enough to make many a person's spirits crumble.

At that moment, before the second wave of Shamans arrived, some of the Berserkers who were located further down the team began to retreat under this fear...

They could see that in the start, there were only several dozens of people who retreated, and after a moment, hundreds of people no longer moved forward but chose to withdraw, and their speed as they moved back grew increasingly quicker, causing the one thousand man team to look as if it had been split in two parts.

When this scene caught Zhou De's eyes, disappointment filled him.

The old man from the northern warzone sighed and shook his head.

As for Tian Lan Meng, her face was pale. Her gaze was fixed on Su Ming alone.

Right up to that moment, Tian Lan You from the eastern warzone had only given Su Ming's team that one glance and that one remark about their foolishness before she no longer paid any attention to them. It was as if Su Ming's team could not spark even the slightest bit of her interest.

The eight old men on Sky Mist City remained calm. The long years of their life had given them enough patience to watch the entire performance.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. With a ferocious expression, he rammed his head into the Hunter's mask before him. At such a close distance, he could see the shock in the masked male Shaman's eyes.

Su Ming never stopped moving. He did not choose to stop the people who retreated from the team either. Instead, he used his actions to tell all these people the principle of the courageousness of coming out victorious when two adversaries met and were forced to fight each other.

'You can retreat once, you can retreat twice, but once you retreat thrice, then even if you don't die, you have already been abandoned by the battle...

'This sort of person cannot become a powerful warrior! Powerful warriors are the survivors of hundreds of battles. Only they can be remade through life and death experiences!

'Everyone can become a powerful Berserker!'

With bloodshot eyes, Su Ming continuously bashed his head against the masked Shaman's forehead. When the opponent let out a terrified scream and tried to swiftly charge out, Su Ming grabbed that Hunter. With one rip, the Hunter's body was torn apart and blood sprayed into the air like rain.

But Su Ming also paid a price for this action. His injuries had worsened!

"Those who follow me! If you don't die even after numerous battles, then you'll have become a powerful warrior!" In that bloody rain, Su Ming shouted his very first sentence ever since he rushed out to face the Shamans.

Zi Che followed behind him madly, with bloodshot eyes. Yan Bo also followed with a roar. Even if there were deserters behind them, there were still several hundreds of people in the team. These people saw Su Ming's actions and heard his words.

This was a battlefield. It was a strange place. It was strange because it was the easiest place for conviction, reliance, and respect to form!

Over here, those with weak willpower would instinctively choose to follow those with strong willpower. This was a law, the law of war!

"I am Su Ming! I am the Hunter Su Ming! I am the wielder of Sky Mist City's Night Plate, Su Ming! I have killed many Shamans, and those who follow me will live and die together with me!"

Su Ming took a step forward and charged straight towards the other Hunters from the Shaman Tribe. His roars shot out of his throat and reverberated in the air all around them.

As Su Ming's shout reached the team, the remaining hundreds of people all lost their reason. At the moment, the matter of life and death, of retreating, and of fear were all tossed far away from their minds. The only thing remaining in their hearts was their own blood, boiling hotly and passionately, only thing they heard were Su Ming's hoarse shouts ringing in their ears.

A wave of emotion was brought into play, and as a distinct change happened among them, a willpower coming from all the people in the team appeared swiftly in that battlefield like a sharpened sword showing off its edge!

Zhou De was visibly moved!

A serious look also appeared in the eyes of the old man in the northern warzone. As for Tian Lan Meng, a brief, mystified look crossed her eyes... She stared at Su Ming, and continued staring... and staring...

Tian Lan You from the eastern warzone turned her head around the second time and looked in Su Ming's direction.

One of the eight old men on the walls of Sky Mist City suddenly spoke. "Beat the war drums solely for them!"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Once he spoke, the sounds of war drums shot out swiftly from Sky Mist City. These sounds were filled with fire. They beat only for Su Ming and his team, only roared for Su Ming and his team!

"Sky Mist City needs a hero, and this battle also needs... a hero of the Berserker Tribe!"

Chapter 353: The Signs of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The roars of the war drums thundered in the air. Even the thick green fog in the sky had also started tumbling about even more intensely. It was as if the battle between the powerful warriors within the fog was near conclusion.

Su Ming and his team of several hundred heard the war drums from Sky Mist City where they stood beyond the battlefield. The fiery war drums were filled with a strong penetrating force that reverberated through the land and echoed in Su Ming and the other people's ears.

"Those who follow me! If you don't die even after numerous battles, then you'll have become a powerful warrior!"

Su Ming's previous shout had fused with the roars from the war drums, causing the willpower of these hundreds of men to turn into a motivation for them to move forward without fear. At that moment, they had forgotten about death. In their eyes, they only saw Su Ming, only saw him as he continued moving forward.

Where that figure was, so would his willpower be. Where that figure was, so would that presence be!

At that moment, they had already attracted a large amount of attention. An increasing number of Berserkers had turned their gazes towards them, and even the aloof Tian Lan You was also looking at them coldly.

It was the same for Sky Mist City.

This small team's performance had now reached its most intense moment. Su Ming charged right in front, and about three hundred people followed behind him, displaying an iron will that was like a murderous dragon, a furious tiger that did not care about anything and only charged forward to kill.

The idea behind the courageous one winning when two adversaries fight against each other could occasionally not be aimed at just one person, but also an entire group! Just like now, the hundreds of people right behind Su Ming were precisely like that!

Their levels of cultivation may not be equal, but they had a presence that allowed them to stare at death with an unflinching gaze!

"There's nothing to fear about death!" With blood all over his body, Yan Bo let out a huge roar. He followed behind Su Ming with a ferocious face and started fighting madly.

The hundred something Shamans may be strong, but no matter how strong they were, there was still a limit. If one person among the hundreds of people following Su Ming could not win against that Shaman, then two of them would fight against him, if two could not make it, then they would fight with three!

If the three of them could not make it, then the person who was the most grievously injured would definitely grit his teeth and choose to self-destruct. That force triggered by the self-destruction, the thunderous rumbles, and the level of devastation brought by the fights were much more grand but tragic compared to the battles elsewhere.

Courage was needed for a person to self-destruct. That courage needed was usually more than what was required to kill someone or what was required to be killed. This was a personal choice, and that person would need to struggle with his own thoughts, would need true courage before he could do it.

Perhaps there would be plenty of times where many people did not have this sort of courage, but on a battlefield, even if someone did not choose to self-destruct, there was a high possibility that he would not be able to leave alive anyway. A true man would rather die and bring his enemy down with him!

Booming sounds reverberated through the air. The sounds of explosions caused by self-destruction continuously rang out. The vicious smirks before their faces shattered, the final words they said before their bodies exploded drove the others on, stirred up all the Berserkers who were watching them.

In the midst of the war drums roaring in the air, as the hundreds of Berserkers fought on madly, as Su Ming charged forward right at the forefront of the team, a large number of Shamans died in this close quarter battle!

Death was just one of the things that happened to them. More importantly, for the first time, their gazes as they looked at Su Ming became tainted with fear.

It was impossible for them not to fear. In the face of all those eyes filled with madness, in the face of all these people who, if they did not manage to kill them, would definitely choose to rush forward and trigger a self-destruction once they were gravely wounded, how could they... not be afraid?!

Su Ming's battle was also horrifying to watch. His right arm was already a bloody mess, and blood poured down from his chest. His hair was in disarray, and a deep sense of fatigue continuously spread through his entire body.

However, his eyes remained clear. His left eye still retained that aloof gaze, and his right eye was still shining with that bewitching shade of red. His hair had already turned purple due to the blood, and even if it was twilight, he was still eye-catching.

He had already activated his full speed. As he moved forward in a flash of light and his followers continued chasing after him madly, the group of Shamans remaining after most of their companions had died began to crumble!

It was the breaking down of their minds, a signal that they wanted to back down!

The remaining thirty odd Shamans, including the two Hunters left, chose to retreat simultaneously. They chose to gather together with the second wave of warriors who were swiftly rushing towards them from the back.

They were afraid!

The Berserkers had also paid a huge price. Besides the people who had run away previously, now, there were only a hundred something Berserkers following behind Su Ming.

These hundred something men were all covered head to toe in blood, were all looking ahead with bloodshot eyes shining with a freezing glare, were all... heroes!

The instant these thirty odd Shamans began retreating, Su Ming panted harshly and lifted his head. Suddenly, he took a huge step forward with his right foot. With that one step, his afterimage was left behind on the ground, but his body seemed to have shot through space itself, and they could see clearly that a layer of blood mist suddenly appeared in the air not too far away from the thirty odd Shamans who were running away. Almost the instant that blood mist appeared, Su Ming, with a brief distortion of his body, stood beside the two Hunters.

Su Ming's appearance was incredibly bizarre. Once he appeared, his legs started rapidly turning into a bloody mess. That layer of blood mist just now was due to his body being unable to withstand the effects of him activating that sort of speed for far too many times, and that layer of blood mist appeared when a part of his body exploded.

Along with his appearance came a strong gust of wind that lifted up the desolate air on the ground and charged straight towards the two Hunters from the Shaman Tribe. With a thunderous roar in the air, one of the Hunters was caught completely off guard and shivered. What awaited him was his world turning upside down, because his head had been sliced off cleanly by Su Ming's palm.

That Hunter should not have been so weak, but his mind had been broken during the previous battle, and he had also seen the reinforcements during his escape. The instant his mind broke down and he became relaxed, Su Ming's extreme speed brought about his doom.

However, he was still a Hunter. Almost the instant his head was sliced off, his body exploded. He'd chosen to self-destruct when he knew he was already dead.

The act of the Hunter triggering a self-destruction was borderline madness, because there were other Shamans around him besides Su Ming. Su Ming bore the brunt of the attack, but the instant the force of the explosion rammed into him and he was pushed into a crisis, while he had no idea whether it was just a misconception on his part, but at that brief instant, he had a feeling that the sacrificed bone he obtained from Han Mountain's ancestor melted a little...

However, it had just melted a tiny little bit. Su Ming did not have time to mull over it. He activated his speed once more and quickly retreated. In a moment, he disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already right in front of the remaining hundred odd Berserkers.

Almost the instant he appeared, thunderous booms shook the sky and earth. The Hunter's self-destruction had dragged in many others into the explosion, causing a lot of Shamans around him to be unable to dodge it. Shrill screams of pain filled the air, and about a dozen of them died or were injured.

Blood flowed down Su Ming's mouth and he staggered, coughing out a huge mouthful of blood. His face was stark white, and the world before his eyes became clouded. He only managed to hang on after gritting his teeth.

His heart pounded against his chest. The feeling he had during the explosion made his eyes lit up. By then, he was already very certain. During that instant just now, that bone within his body had indeed melted a little!

He stood there and looked ahead. Behind him were his hundred followers, and before him were the first wave of Shamans who suffered a huge blow to their numbers, along with the second wave of Shamans who were closing in on them rapidly.

"Su Ming, the Hunter!"

"Su Ming, the Hunter!"

No one could say who exactly was the first to start the chant among the hundred Berserkers behind Su Ming, but soon, almost every single one of them began roaring at the top of their lungs. Their eyes burned with fervor. They had seen Su Ming's final act, seen that head in Su Ming's hand right now!

Zhou De took a deep breath in the southern warzone and a faint smile appeared on his lips. He had seen Su Ming's final act and heard the mad cries from the hundred Berserkers behind him.

Tian Lan Meng stared at the light screen before her blankly, looking at a certain figure on it. She looked at his blood soaked robes and the many parts of his body that had turned into a bloody mess, then she bit her lip, was immersed in her own thoughts.

As for the old man from the northern warzone who had been calculating with his fingers, he had also become visibly affected.

Only Tian Lan You frowned, remaining as aloof as ever.

The sounds of the war drums from Sky Mist City grew even more heated. The old men standing on the wall were no longer speaking, but were simply staring at the spot where Su Ming was.

The three people sitting in the ball floating on the gigantic cone in Sky Mist City had also sunk into silence.

Su Ming's level of cultivation was not the cause for their attention, in their eyes, he was very weak and could be finished off with just one blow. They were looking at the willpower that enveloped the hundred people, the willpower that was brought to them by Su Ming as their leader.

What they valued was Su Ming's resolution and determination, along with that courage of his!

Su Ming handed over the head in his hand to Zi Che, who was standing behind him, and panted harshly. At that moment, the second wave of Shamans were already less than 10,000 feet away from them; they would be here soon.

Behind him, the hundred Berserkers were already exhausted. They had fought for an entire day, some even longer. Compared to these well rested Shamans, they were at a disadvantage.

He could already imagine that once the second wave of Shamans rushed over, there would be very few of his companions left...

Especially when this was only the second wave. There would still be a third wave... and the dozen odd 1,000 feet beasts, and also... the 10,000 feet inferior sacred beast!

"The performance has ended! Zi Che, Yan Bo, take them and withdraw back to the southern warzone!" A resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes when he suddenly opened his mouth to speak.

Zi Che was momentarily stunned, and Yan Bo instantly looked towards Su Ming.

"But sir, Commander Zhou..."

"Retreat!" Su Ming gave Yan Bo a look.

Su Ming's one single glance made Yan Bo fall into silence and nod his head. He gritted his teeth, but there was no need for him to lay out the order. Su Ming's words were heard by all the hundred something Berserkers.

"I want all of you to live. Now, retreat! Zi Che, you move back as well, this is the order of the ninth summit!"

Zi Che gritted his teeth and nodded.

Chapter 354: Dark Light from the Stone Fragment!

When the second wave of Shamans charged over, many people did not expect that the hundred Berserkers behind Su Ming would rapidly retreat under Zi Che and Yan Bo's lead.

Almost the moment they chose to retreat, displeasure instantly appeared on Zhou De's face and he frowned.

As for the cold Tian Lan You, scorn appeared in her eyes, and she was just about to avert her gaze to no longer pay any attention to them when her pupils suddenly shrank.

Because she saw one person standing there even as all the other Berserkers retreated. He stood there, right in between the retreating Berserkers and the advancing Shamans. At that moment, this person was like a ravine between the sky and earth, separating the crowd of people who were advancing and retreating!

Su Ming did not retreat!

'This is a performance. A bloody performance. Since you want to see it, since all of you want to see it, then there's no need for so many people to die... I will perform for you!'

Su Ming stood there and turned his head around to look towards the southern warzone. He could somewhat see that there was a person over there staring at him solemnly.

'Since I decided to join this battle, then I will do my part. I will obey your orders, but... I will use my own ways to obey them!' Su Ming averted his gaze from the southern warzone and looked towards Sky Mist City.

'My actions and will all belong to me! No one, absolutely no one, can interfere with them or impose their will on me. Not Di Tian from the void, not Zhou De from the southern warzone, and if I don't want to... not even Sky Mist City!' Besides the blood light and aloofness in Su Ming's gaze, there was also a wild and untameable will.

That untameable will was one that would not submit to any of the wishes in the world, it was a light that would not bend down to any power!

'I have already reached completion in the Awakening Realm, and there's only a slight distance left for me to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but that small distance has always been difficult for me to conquer... What happened just now was definitely not a figment of my imagination... Perhaps this is my chance to break into the Bone Sacrifice Realm from the Awakening Realm!

'If I can completely melt that Berserker Bone in my body, then perhaps... I will be able to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm!'

After going through so many things from Dark Mountain right up to the war between the Shamans and Berserkers now, Su Ming had finally grown up. He was no longer a teenager, but was now a fine young man.

Not only did his body grow, but his spirit did as well, and due to the birth of his willpower, Su Ming was like a new man who now had determination within him. He had

been like a wooden puppet who was bound by a cord, and now, that cord was showing signs of snapping.

He had obtained his own thoughts, obtained his own will, and obtained the courage to press onward resolutely!

He turned around and looked at Sky Mist City. Around 7,000 something feet behind him were several Hunters from the Shaman Tribe at the peak of their form, leading over a hundred Shamans. There was a strong will to kill in their eyes.

These Shamans came like an army and stirred up the dust on the ground that was not overly soiled by blood. As the dust flew into the air, they seemed to have turned into a gigantic and hideous mouth in midair that wanted to devour Su Ming, who was blocking their path as they swept across the land.

Su Ming had his back against the Shamans. The hundred retreating Berserkers were several thousands of feet before him. As these people retreated, they began to realize one by one that Su Ming did not follow them. Gradually, they slowed down. Some of them even turned back to look at him standing behind them.

When they saw Su Ming, they also saw the flying dust and the murderous Shamans behind him.

"Don't turn back, retreat to the warzone!" Su Ming bellowed.

There was a will contained within that bellow. Perhaps that will would not be as effective on the other Berserkers, but to these hundred who had followed and fought with him, the existence of that will turned those words into the strongest voice in their lives!

"Go back to the warzone and wait for me there!" When Su Ming's voice reached the crowd, he turned around. At that moment, the advancing Shamans were already less than 4,000 feet away from him. They could already see each other's faces clearly.

"If you charge forward when you face a powerful warrior, it is a form of courage. If you charge forward when you face hundreds and thousands of powerful warriors, it is still a form of courage... Perhaps some day, you will come to understand how it feels like." Su Ming lowered his head and his elder's words echoed in his head.

The Shamans were getting closer. In the blink of an eye, they were already less than 3,000 feet away!

2,000 feet, 1,500 feet, 1,000 feet!

The instant these Shamans were only 1,000 feet away from Su Ming, he lifted his head and a low roar flew out through his lips. In an instant, he charged forward.

'A life and death crisis can make the Berserker Bone in my body melt. I need to be exposed to a stronger danger and go through an even harder trial of life and death. Only then can I make that Berserker Bone melt completely, and only then can I... attempt to Sacrifice my Bones!'

At that moment, he reached his absolute fastest speed ever since he joined the war!

A strong gust of wind howled in the air. Su Ming was so fast that in an instant, he had traveled several hundreds of feet. He was now very close to that group of Shamans.

'This is a very difficult task to complete. Even if everyone died, it would still be very hard to finish this task... There's only one way... and that is for me to use this extreme speed to go to that place and place this cone there...

'With my speed, it's not impossible for me to do it. I can even return alive... but the others can't! Besides, in this sort of danger, that Berserker Bone in me will definitely melt!

'Faster! I need to be faster!'

Su Ming shouted in his heart. Banging sounds echoed from within his body. Under his willpower and with that unique method of refinement, his speed increased explosively once more. At the same time, due to the increase of his speed, he could clearly sense that the Berserker Bone in his body melted a tiny little bit.

'It's still not enough, I'm still too slow. I have to be faster so that it'll melt even more!' Su Ming's felt his spirits lifting. He knew that his theory was correct, and now, the only thought in his head was to become even faster.

The desire of wanting to become faster fused with his thoughts, turning into his will. With this will, the strange black stone fragment hanging on his neck suddenly let off a dark light.

The origins of that stone were unknown, and at that moment, it was glowing with a dark light as if it had sensed Su Ming's will. It was just like that time when he received his Berserker's Initiation before Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers. Due to his desire to become a Berserker, that black stone had shone with a dark light and tricked the statue to acknowledge Su Ming's blood as good enough to become a Berserker. Right now, the feeling Su Ming obtained from the dark light was the same as the one in the past.

That dark light shone, and Su Ming suddenly felt as if his body had turned into wind. That feeling came too suddenly, and soon after, his whole body was wrecked with a pain as if he was being ripped apart. His speed increased explosively, and he left behind an afterimage right before the incoming Shamans.

A violent gust of wind howled and blew against them, and pained screams came from among the Shamans. There were even some of them who seemed like they had exploded without reason. The incoming gust of wind was so strong that it was like a typhoon.

After a moment, Su Ming had already appeared behind the crowd consisting of over a hundred Shamans. He did not stop and charged straight towards that 10,000 feet gigantic beast and the spot that the Shamans were protecting.

Besides the howls of the wind in his ears, Su Ming could hear nothing else when he used that extreme speed. The feeling as if he had turned into wind became stronger.

However, Su Ming knew that this was definitely not a speed he could achieve. That black stone fragment had used the same method it did all those years ago when he was in Dark Mountain. It had, in some unique and unknown way, turned him into the wind!

He was the wind, and even his heart and mind were immersed in the feeling of having turned into it!

There was no need for him to resist, no need for him to let wind seep through his body, because he had already become a part of it. His will was the wind's will, and wherever he was, so would the wind be.

At that moment, he was 35,000 feet away from his destination. Su Ming did not notice that at that same moment he had the feeling as if he had turned into the wind, his body was letting off a dazzling light. That light was as blue as the sky during the day!

Similarly, he did not notice that as his body shone with that dazzling blue light, the Berserker Bone left behind by Han Mountain's ancestor in his body was melting away at a high inconceivable speed.

That bone belonged to a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Its existence had let Su Ming manifest almost 1,000 veins and had also let his power increase at a much faster rate in the Awakening Realm compared to the others.

Right then, there was only a tiny portion left of the bone compared to before, but as it continued rapidly melting away, in an instance, it... completely dissolved!

As it vanished, a large amount of energy filled Su Ming's body, causing his power to explode forth and his speed to increase even more.

But that was not all, as Su Ming's speed increased, the feeling as if he had become the wind turned stronger. His spine was rapidly absorbing that energy into it, and the blue light on his body actually came from his spine.

The feeling if he had turned into the wind was not just a figment of his imagination. In truth, at that moment, there was indeed wind stored in his body. That wind should have passed through his body once it crashed into him, but as Su Ming's spine shone with that blue light, absorbing the energy in his body, the wind did not come out from within him, it was instead sucked in at a mad pace by Su his spine. It was as if it had turned into a black hole!

Su Ming also did not see that the rolling green fog in the sky was tumbling about intensely like angry waves at sea. As booming sounds continued coming from within, a burst of energy seemed to be charging forth from all directions in the sky to press on that green fog that contained the powerful warriors, as if it wanted to crush it.

Thunderous roars came from the sky. Those violent sounds shook the earth and sky, almost becoming the loudest sound in the battlefield at that moment. Many people averted their gazes from Su Ming and instinctively looked towards the sky.

Yet that one look brought about a wave of shock that not only affected the Berserkers, but the Shamans as well!

Chapter 355: The Change in the Sky!

As the green fog tumbled about in the sky, it looked as if a pair of invisible hands were plunged deep into the fog, and with one vicious tear, ripped it apart.

That layer of fog disintegrated completely, and as it scattered around the area, the three powerful Shamans within retreated with an expression of shock on their faces. The five powerful Berserkers also quickly fell back with the same expression.

It was as if the green fog in the sky was ripped into shreds in an instant and was tumbling backwards in all directions, and as it did so, the black sky was revealed!

In that sky, they could see clearly that there were rays of blue light shooting out towards them from the distance, and as the light appeared, the originally dark sky turned blue! Yet that shade of blue was different from the blue hue of the day. It was a dark blue filled with a strange solemnness.

At the same time, whistling sounds appeared out of thin air in the sky. Those whistles sounded as if someone was singing, as if someone was roaring, and though people could not discern it, they could still feel an indescribable wave of pressure rapidly gathering in the sky, then descending upon the land and spreading in all directions.

"The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!" someone instantly cried out from among the six powerful Berserkers who were falling back in the sky.

"This is the sign of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice about to descend upon us. The deity statue from the Great Yu Dynasty is crossing over through space to come here!

"Someone has reached a breakthrough in the battlefield and has called upon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!"

The six powerful Berserkers were not ignorant fools. With just one glance, they already knew that someone had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm. This should have just been a trivial thing to them, but at that moment, their expressions had revealed that this was definitely not something minor!

"A normal Berserker breaking through the Awakening Realm to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm definitely won't be able to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice. The only way for the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to appear is through... the birth of a Divine General in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!" one of the eight old men watching the sky from the walls of Sky Mist City commented in a hoarse voice.

"And this is its true self! If it was just a projection, then it would definitely not have the power to tear apart that fog, neither would it create a pressure so mighty it could put a stop to their battle!

"This is its complete, true form! Someone actually managed to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to reveal its complete form! From what I can remember, there is only one Berserker who managed to summon the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice in its complete form in the past one thousand years. Just who is it that managed to summon the deity statue in its complete form?!"

"Even if a Divine General in the Bone Sacrifice Realm was to be appointed, only half of its true self would show up. But now... the deity statue is here in its complete form! In this year, the second True Divinity of the Land of South Morning has appeared!"

Compared to these powerful Berserkers making their guesses regarding the change in the sky and their knowledge towards it, while some among the tens of thousands of people on the ground already had an inkling of what was happening, most of them were still in a daze and did not know what was happening. They were filled with shock in their hearts as they looked at the sky.

At that moment, Zhou De had also shifted his gaze to look at the sky. His attention was no longer on Su Ming. On the entire battlefield, only Tian Lan Meng and Su Ming's hundred followers still had their eyes glued on him.

Only they were looking in his direction.

Su Ming's entire person had turned into a dazzling ray of blue light. That blue light existed in itself. The people could only see the light and not see what was inside it. As that blue light flashed, Su Ming's speed continued increasing, and in an instant, he was already only 10,000 feet away from his destination compared to the 35,000 feet from a moment ago.

Everything else had turned into a blurry mess besides his destination in Su Ming's eyes. He only saw a woman 10,000 feet away with groups of people around her to protect her.

That woman wore a long robe and was also looking at Su Ming elegantly. She was not a breathtaking beauty and could only be called as pretty and clean. There was a colorful feather stuck in her hair, and she wore no other accessories in her long locks.

Her gaze was profound, as if it contained some unknown power that could make all those who fell into her line of sight feel as if they had sank into her eyes and could not get out.

When Su Ming was 10,000 feet away from the woman with his current speed, the sky had already turned into a dark shade of blue. Under that dark blue hue, the entire sky turned into a giant vortex, and as it spun rapidly, an indescribable pressure descended upon the land swiftly.

With that pressure, the Shamans and Berserkers on the ground were no longer able to continue fighting. The Berserkers were not the only ones who felt respect growing from the depths of their hearts under that pressure, the Shamans were the same.

For the first time, a ceasefire had appeared on the battlefield!

Only Su Ming continued moving towards the only place that existed in his eyes. However, there were only a few people who were watching. Even most of the Shamans had their eyes turned towards the strange sight in the sky.

When Su Ming was 8,000 feet away from the woman, a powerful and brilliant light that illuminated the entire ground shone out from the center of the giant vortex in the sky. That light was blue and covered the entire land in an instant.

Almost the moment that strong blue light illuminated the land, a deity statue of 10,000 feet slowly descended from within the vortex.

The deity statue's light shone far and wide. Its face could not be seen clearly, but as it appeared, it was as if even time was forced to stop. That incredible pressure made all the Berserkers on the ground immediately prostrate themselves on the ground.

They were not the only ones. Visible struggle appeared on the Shamans' faces, but without being able to control themselves, they also prostrated themselves on the

ground. It was as if the existence of the deity statue could make not just the Berserkers revere it, even they had to show their reverence towards it.

At that moment, if there was a foreigner who looked down from the sky, he would definitely not be able to tell just who was a Berserker and who was a Shaman. They looked as if they belonged to one race and were battling against each other for two different causes.

The only ones who were not kneeling down were the powerful Berserkers with truly incredible power. They were standing in midair in Sky Mist City, and while their expressions were respectful as they looked at the deity statue in the sky, they were not too deeply awed by its might and pressure.

Besides these people, the ferocious beasts were also not kneeling down, along with the woman with the long hair dancing in the air. She was standing alone underneath a 10,000 feet sacred beast and in the middle of the dozen over ferocious beasts, while everyone else besides her were prostrating on the ground.

That woman was even lifting up her hand and picking up a lock of her hair that was dancing in the wind. There was a ring on her finger.

The Berserker Bone in Su Ming's body had completely dissolved and was absorbed into his spine, which had also sucked in an endless amount of wind. That wind disappeared into Su Ming's body, causing him to be so fast that with one move, he already appeared 5,000 feet away from that long-haired woman.

Right then, the eight old men who had their heads lifted as they stood on the walls of Sky Mist City to observe the change in the sky suddenly experienced changes in their expressions. Gradually, looks of disbelief and shock appeared on their faces.

They were not the only ones who reacted this way. The six powerful Berserkers and the three Shamans all reacted the same way.

"The pressure... has increased!"

The pressure that had originally existed in the sky as the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice descended suddenly increased. At the same time, the center of the vortex in the sky suddenly started spinning backwards.

In an instant, the direction of the vortex completely changed, but that was not all, the vortex even started spreading in all directions while emitting huge rumbling sounds, surpassing the presence of the deity statue's appearance. It spread to an area so wide that it did not just go past the entire battlefield, but also went past the entire Sky Mist City.

"This is... this is the sign of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appearing!" Someone from the eight old men standing on the city walls immediately cried out in surprise.

As he spoke, a shocking boom came from within the vortex in the sky as if the sky itself had shattered. A small part of a deity statue that could not be described with words slowly peeked out from within.

It was just one small part, and it already made the entire land tremble, made all nine of the powerful warriors from the Shaman and Berserker Tribes floating in the sky to rapidly retreat and fall to the ground, as if they could no longer stay in midair.

That small part that was revealed was shining with a brilliant red light, and it could be seen that this was just an edge of the very bottom of this deity statue whose size was completely unknown. It was just an edge, and it was already showing off such a powerful might. If the entire deity statue descended upon them, then the pressure alone might cause several tens of thousands of people on the battlefield to burst apart.

The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice and the deity statue of Berserker Soul had appeared together. This sight had completely surpassed everyone's expectations. This strange sight was never recorded in any ancient texts, and when it appeared, it made all those who saw it be struck dumb with awe.

Once that small part of the deity statue of Berserker Soul came out, the deity statue sank down several inches once again, and even the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm could not withstand this pressure and were forced to prostrate themselves.

"Just what is going on? Why is this happening?!"

"Could it be that someone had just gone straight from the Awakening Realm to the Berserker Soul Realm? This... This is..."

"Just what is the reason behind two deity statues appearing at the same time?!" Just as everyone's minds were thrown into a confused mess and the war was suspended because of this incident, a small voice came from within Sky Mist City.

"This is the Wind Berserker... he is the first to receive his legacy..."

That voice was ancient, as if it had traveled far along the passages of time. That voice spread in all directions and fell into all the ears of the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. As for the others, they could not hear it.

"Divine Generals in the Bone Sacrifice Realm are different from the Divine Generals in the Awakening Realm. They have some slight divisions of class between them, and the True Divinity has the highest class of them all... The will of the True Divinities had

disappeared along with the first God of Berserkers, and their will now only exists in an indistinct haze...

"I have some information regarding the True Divinities remaining in my fragmented memories. There are four classes of True Divinities. The head is Wind, and what comes next is Cloud, then Lightning, and finally Fog.

"Scions of Cloud, Lightning, and Fog have appeared throughout the ages, but the Wind Berserker has never appeared... Now, the scion of the Wind Berserker has appeared.

"Because only the first scion receiving his legacy from the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice will have the true form of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appearing to anoint him personally... If that person dies, then the subsequent scions of the Wind Berserker won't find this happening to them."

When the deity statue of Berserker Soul revealed a small part of itself from the gigantic vortex, Su Ming was less than two thousand feet away from that woman.

Chapter 356: Thou Art the Wind Berserker!

Affected by the pressure from the deity statue of Berserker Soul, the dozen odd ferocious beasts lurking around shivered as they knelt down. They did not stop Su Ming. In truth, even without the appearance of the deity statue of Berserker Soul, with that rod snake, Su Ming could still pass through these ferocious beasts safely. This was also the reason why he came alone and why he was not afraid of these creatures.

In a flash, Su Ming was only a 1,000 feet away from the woman. The 10,000 feet ferocious beast floating in midair was also retreating while shivering under the pressure from the deity statue of Berserker Soul.

The woman still remained calm. As she looked at Su Ming charging towards her, uncertainty and confusion appeared in her eyes, but in an instant, those emotions turned into surprise.

"It's you..."

That was the first sentence spoken by that woman!

The moment she said those words, a complicated look appeared on her face, along with a hint of pity...

"Destiny..."

At that moment, Su Ming had stirred up a violent gust of wind with that indescribable speed as he charged through the Shamans who had lost all power to resist and were shivering as they prostrated themselves on the ground.

The instant he arrived at his destination and the very moment he was about to stab that black cone in his hands into the ground, those two phrases, the three words from the woman fell into his ears.

Destiny!

It had been a long time since Su Ming had heard that word.

The instant he heard it, his body trembled, but he did not stop moving his hand and threw the cone onto the ground.

The woman did not stop him during the entire process. Su Ming did not plan to take the woman's life either, because while the woman was standing along over there, the presence coming from her gave Su Ming the feeling that she was an incredible threat to him, but strangely, even though she was a threat, there was also a hint of familiarity that he could not describe.

That familiarity was just like when he had met Si Ma Xin in the past and when he met Han Mountain's ancestor all those years ago...

The two phrases, those three words echoing in his ears made Su Ming's heart lurch. Just as he was about to retreat once he accomplished his task, he lifted his head and looked at that woman.

The complicated emotions and pity in the woman's eyes made a bang go off in Su Ming's head. This was not the first time he had heard of the word 'Destiny'. He had already etched that word into his heart a long time ago, and that was why while he was shocked, the bewilderment and lack of knowledge he had when he heard that word from Han Mountain's ancestor was absent.

Instead, as those rumbles went off in his head, Su Ming's heart went through an intense transformation; he had finally found another person who called him Destiny!

This was a chance, a chance that Su Ming had been waiting for a very long time. He was no longer a teenager, neither was he an immature child any longer. He had already experienced many things, and these experiences had allowed him to grow up, to gain his own will.

"Is my little sister alright...?" he suddenly asked, but the instant he opened his mouth and spoke, the black cone he stabbed on the ground suddenly shone with a black light. That light shot outwards and covered the entire area, and as if it knew where Su Ming was, it charged towards him.

A powerful force of absorption came from that black light. From Su Ming's experiences, he could tell with one glance that the black light was not harmful to him. What was contained within was a power akin to that of Relocation.

Clearly, Zhou De had already thought of a way of retreat for the person carrying out the mission when he gave it to them. Judging by the area it surrounded, the Relocation was not limited to just one person. It could cover all the Berserkers in its area and quickly Relocate them.

Almost the instant that black light enveloped Su Ming, the woman heard his question. She was stunned, then gave him an answer that made him feel as if his soul was devoured by millions of lightning bolts.

"To her, Dao Chen... You... You..." The woman instinctively said the first half of her sentence before her expression suddenly changed drastically. Terror appeared in her eyes and she took a few consecutive steps backwards.

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He had asked that question to test whether the voice in his dreams truly existed and was really connected to him.

Even though the woman had not finished her sentence, Su Ming had understood.

His body was swallowed by the black light, and in an instant, he disappeared from the land.

The instant Su Ming disappeared, suddenly, a voice that shook the sky and earth came from the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a small part of itself in the air. There was not a hint of emotion in that voice as it echoed in all directions, only aloofness and mercilessness.

"Thou art the Wind Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the laws governing the True Divinities set by the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the name of the Wind Berserker... Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty and receive the True Spirit..."

When the voice spread in all directions, Su Ming, who had originally disappeared with that black light, was suddenly surrounded by a ray of blue light and appeared in the sky above the battlefield, right underneath the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a small part of itself.

Confusion appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but that confusion soon disappeared. He forced down the emotions that had stirred up due to the woman's words. Right then, as he looked at the small part of the deity statue revealed under the endless vortex, a strong wave of pressure crashed into him.

The strength of that pressure was one Su Ming had never encountered in his life, but he could tell that this pressure did nothing to his body. Almost the instant he appeared, the

countless number of Berserkers on the ground all saw him appearing, but what they saw was different for each of them!

Most of the people could only see a piercing blue light. They could not see Su Ming's face within.

There were only a few who could see his face. One of them was Zhou De. Tian Lan Meng also saw him, the old Commander of the northern warzone saw him as well, and even Tian Lan You's expression changed. She, too, saw him.

The old men from Sky Mist City also saw Su Ming in the sky.

It should have been the same for the Shamans since the Berserkers saw him, but the moment Su Ming appeared in the sky, a cold harrumph came from within Sky Mist City.

That harrumph started off weak, but as it begun, it stirred up a large amount of ripples that echoed in the world. If it had been some other time, the appearance of these ripples would not have been anything, but now, with the mighty pressure coming from the revelation of a small part of the deity statue of Berserker Soul that seemed to have sealed off all power in the world, it could be seen that the person who let out that sound was incredibly strong—that cold harrumph had still managed to cause this amount of ripples.

The sound of that harrumph echoed in the ears of all the powerful Shamans, causing their minds to instantly begin ringing. Their vision became clouded, and as if all their senses had been sealed off, they found themselves unable to see Su Ming!

If this sort of power was used during the battle just now, it would have brought about miraculous effects, but it never happened. Clearly, casting this sort of divine ability was not easy.

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at the deity statue that had revealed a small part of itself in that gigantic vortex. He could not hear that harrumph, all he could hear echoing in his ears were the deity statue's cold words.

A huge storm had stirred up within him and his heart started pounding against his chest. Among all the living things in this land, including this deity statue, only Su Ming himself knew that he was not that Wind Berserker!

He was not the Wind Berserker, if he was, then it was impossible that he would not have noticed anything prior to this. If he was, then he would have definitely not needed such a long time to understand the concept of speed, he would also not have needed to repeatedly train and refine his body to withstand that sort of speed.

He was absolutely certain that he was not that so called Wind Berserker!

However... that deity statue, so mighty that it made him feel like an ant, had just stated without a doubt that he was the Wind Berserker.

This made Su Ming's heart race, and at the same time, he remembered how the black stone had shone with that dark light when he willed himself to become faster so that he could make that Berserker Bone melt.

It was that dark light that had turned Su Ming into wind, causing his speed to arrive at an extreme pace that had surpassed his previous attempts.

'Deceiving the world, huh...? It tricked Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers in the past, allowing me to gain the method to practice the Ways of the Berserkers so that I could become a Berserker... and this time... it deceived this deity statue!' Su Ming was taken aback for a moment, and he found himself somewhat in disbelief.

'It's lying to the deity statue so that it thinks I'm the Wind Berserker?' Just as Su Ming sank into a state of shock, the voice of the deity statue of Berserker Soul appeared in his ears once again.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Provenance of Wind... This item is no longer in the world, and was refined personally by mine own master, the first God of Berserkers..."

As the deity statue's voice echoed in the air, a crystalline light shot out of the vortex in the sky and went straight towards Su Ming. In an instant, it fused into the center of his brows and started dissolving once it entered his body.

When it started dissolving, Su Ming trembled. He could feel the presence of wind within his body. The power of that gust of wind was so strong that it dried his throat right when he noticed its presence.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Wind Separation Slash Art..." That aloof voice echoed in the air, and another ray of crystalline light shot out from the vortex to disappear into the center of Su Ming's brows.

"Thou art the first Wind Berserker, by the will of the first God of Berserkers, I shalt grant thee the Crystal of Inheritance..."

The Crystal of Inheritance was clearly an incredibly valuable item. It shone with a dark blue light and descended slowly from within the vortex, then went before Su Ming as if it wanted to fuse into the center of his brows. Yet the moment it touched his forehead, the crystal suddenly started shaking violently as if it wanted to retreat!

At the same time, a change instantly appeared in the voice of the deity statue of Berserker Soul that seemed to be coming from within the vortex.

"Thou art not..."

The instant the deity statue of Berserker Soul spoke, Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and grabbed the Crystal of Inheritance that was shivering and withdrawing from his forehead. At the same time, he began rapidly shouting in his heart.

'Deceive it!'

The two encounters had allowed Su Ming to gain a vague sense of the black stone fragment's other uses. As he shouted in his heart, that stone shone with a dark light once again. During that one single flash, Su Ming had already grabbed the Crystal of Inheritance and put it away into his storage bag.

"Thou... art the Wind Berserker!"

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He was feeling slightly nervous at the moment, because once the deity statue of Berserker Soul finally finished handing him all the things that belonged to the Wind Berserker, the eyes of the true and complete form of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice right underneath the small, exposed part of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice began shining with a brilliant light.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the first law set by the first God of Berserkers for those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, I shalt grant thee... the Southern Barren Square Caldron. Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty to obtain it..."

Chapter 357: Bone Sacrifice!

The voice belonging to the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was devoid of emotion and filled with indifference as it echoed in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming's heart was pounding intensely against his chest, and he felt a hint of nervousness within him.

He was nervous because he knew that all of this should not have come into his possession!

Yet due to some unforeseen circumstances, all of these things now belonged completely to him. He also obtained the legacy of the Wind Berserker and everything that belonged to a Wind Berserker because of this.

The fusion of the Provenance of Wind had especially allowed him to clearly feel a gust of wind that was different from the wind in the world around him. While he might not be able to control that wind at will, once he refined it, he would definitely be able to stir up

strong gusts of wind within him that may or may not be the same as the wind in the world.

Once he managed to do it, then his speed would surely... reach a level so amazing that the mere thought of it was making his heart pound in excitement

This alone was extraordinary in itself, but he had also obtained the Wind Separation Slash Art. That Art had also fused with the center of Su Ming's brows and was left deeply etched into his memories, like a brand.

It was the strongest wind related divine ability among the Berserker Tribe - Wind Separation!

Su Ming had only glanced through the Art in his head, and was already shocked by its level of strength and terrifying presence. Although this Art was not his own creation, but its power was definitely anything but ordinary. After all, this was an Art personally created by the first God of Berserkers, it was a legacy Art he created for the Wind Berserker under his command!

Su Ming's throat was dry, because besides these two things, he had obtained the even more important Crystal of Inheritance. That item was now in his storage bag, and just now, the instant he grabbed it, he sensed the astonishing life force and power within the crystal. If he could obtain that power, then he would definitely be able to instantly reach another level of cultivation!

It was a pity that the Crystal of Inheritance possessed a strange sensory ability. It was the first to notice that there was something off about Su Ming. If the black stone fragment had not shone once again with that dark light, he would have been exposed.

The surprise came too suddenly, and Su Ming felt a little overwhelmed. Once the title of the Wind Berserker was bestowed upon him, the voice of the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice immediately followed suit and reverberated in the air.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the second law set by the first God of Berserkers for those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, I shalt grant thee the illusionary armor of Bone Sacrifice. Make haste to the Great Yu Dynasty to retrieve the true armor..."

As that aloof voice spread out, the blue light on the 10,000 feet deity statue shone and a ray of light shot out from the center of its brows straight towards Su Ming. When it surrounded Su Ming, the Divine General Armor of the Awakening Realm automatically manifested on his body. The black smoke appeared in the form of threads and swirled around him, fusing rapidly with the blue light.

The black smoke and blue light blended with each other. Gradually, that black shade disappeared, and a dark blue armor appeared on Su Ming's body. That armor looked

incredibly mighty, covering Su Ming from head to toe. In fact, judging by its looks, his armor was about the same as the Divine General Armor he'd seen Bai Chang Zai wearing in the past!

The Divine General Armor of the Awakening Realm could not even hope to be at the same level as this!

This was just an illusionary armor to boot. The true armor would definitely be even more outstanding.

Yet even now, the string of gifts bestowed onto him had not ended...

"Thou art the Wind Berserker..."

"Thou art the Wind Berserker..."

Humming sounds appeared in Su Ming's head. He listened to the words bestowing those gifts to him, but felt that it was a pity that all of them were in the Great Yu Dynasty and that he needed to go and obtain them himself. Yet even so, those gifts were already enough to make all those people who heard go mad with envy.

"Thou art the scion of the Wind Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the laws set by the first God of Berserkers, thou wilt... Sacrifice thine Bones now!" The 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke with a thunderous voice, then lifted its gigantic right hand and pointed towards Su Ming.

That gigantic finger looked to be about several dozens of feet in size, and it was charging straight towards Su Ming. Su Ming did not dodge. He already had a similar experience when he Awakened, and he did not want to deny Sacrificing his Bones either. After all, he knew that he did not exactly obtain his identity as the Wind Berserker through the regular way...

'Sacrifice my Bones! I want to Sacrifice my Bones!' A bright light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He wanted to become stronger, wanted to obtain great power, because only by doing so could he become a powerful Berserker and gain the right to be above all wills!

Only then could he be his true self and search for the answers he wanted, to open his eyes and look at a world no one else could see!

That finger closed in on Su Ming in an instant and touched the center of his brows. Although it came charging with an incredibly mighty presence, when it tapped the center of Su Ming's brows, its touch was as gentle as the wind.

That one touch made Su Ming's body tremble furiously. He could feel an indescribable wave of energy swiftly surging into his body, charging into him with a force like a hot knife cutting through butter and starting to flow through his veins.

Once it circulated through his body nine times, that wave of energy let out a huge bang and rushed straight into his spine.

A person's spine was different when he was an adult compared to the time when he was a child. Normally, a child's spine was formed by 33 vertebrae, but once that child became an adult, he would only have twenty-six vertebrae.

But due to the differences between people, there were also some who had a different number.

Su Ming's spine was formed by twenty-six vertebrae! The spinal cord formed from twenty-six vertebrae was now trembling under the power coming from the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice.

It absorbed that power, and had even absorbed that Berserker Bone Su Ming had obtained earlier. At the same time, it had also sucked in an endless amount of wind.

Su Ming's Qi had dissolved and turned into the power of Awakening when he Awakened in the past. That power of Awakening was stored within his body like blood and flowed through him just like blood. If he needed it, that power would also burst forth from within with incredible strength.

However, the Bone Sacrifice Realm and Awakening Realm were completely different from each other. This was not just an increase in power, it was also a change of Realm, and even his body would have to go through an astounding transformation.

Bone Sacrifice! Bone Sacrifice!

The meaning of these words was to sacrifice the bone in a Berserker's body, and that bone was the spine!

The Ancients of the Berserker Tribe believed that the most important part of a person's body was the spine. As if connecting the sky and the earth, it allowed a person to stand and allowed people to be known as humans!

The spine could also let people summon an explosive amount of strength, and at the same time, it was also the pillar of the mind. It supported a person's will and his body. It was the source of everything in a body.

The Blood Solidification Realm in a Berserker's cultivation was to continuously manifest their blood veins so that the Berserker Tribe's source of the power could burst forth from within their body. As they continued gathering that power and as their blood veins increased, it would cause their blood to become purer as if it was refined.

This was the goal of Blood Solidification. Only by doing so could the power of Awakening be born from that pure blood when a Berserker Awakened, a power that was

akin to blood and was stored within the body, a power that could not be seen but could be felt!

This would be the first time the person would use the power of the Berserker Tribe's blood, which would allow Awakened Berserkers to fly and draw their own Berserker Mark. With their Berserker Mark, they could stimulate the very basic level of power from their blood.

The Bone Sacrifice Realm was different!

This Realm required a deeper level of utilization and application towards the power of the Berserker Tribe's blood. Due to the belief of the Berserker Tribe and the importance they placed on the spine, they placed all the power of Awakening in their bodies onto a piece of bone on the spine with a unique method. At that time, when that bone had absorbed all the power of Awakening, it would go through a transformation, and as it continued to be refined and sacrificed, it would turn into a true Berserker Bone!

Only then would that Berserker be considered to have entered the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The powerful Berserkers in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm were not that much different from the Berserkers who attained completion in the Awakening Realm. There were still not too many obvious changes. After all, if there was only one bone that was turned into a Berserker Bone, the power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not be revealed.

As long as a Berserker had turned one of the vertebrae into a Berserker Bone, he would be considered to have reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm according to the stage division among the Berserker Tribe. However, it was precisely because of this that the subsequent refinements would be increasingly more difficult.

When a Berserker obtained his or her second Berserker Bone, then that Berserker would be considered to have arrived at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice, if he or she wanted to arrive at the peak of the middle stage, then thirteen Berserker Bones were required to do so.

This was also the reason why Su Ming could kill those in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and even some in the middle stage. Yet if he ran into the powerful warriors in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, Su Ming's battle would be incredibly arduous. He would need to use all his attacks in his disposal with all sorts of combinations to be able to put up a fight.

Once a person had fourteen Berserker Bones, then he would be considered to be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The powerful Berserkers in that stage could be said to be at the most magnificent moment of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Their power could usually turn them into the rulers of an area.

That sort of glory would reach its peak when they obtained twenty-five Berserker Bones in the later stage of the Realm! In fact, the people in that stage would be considered the strongest among all those below the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was because the completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was to offer all twenty-six vertebrae in the spinal cord and turn them into true Berserker Bones, and once they did so, it would be as if they had opened a path between heaven, and from a mortal they would become a saint!

However, the sacrifice of the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone was too difficult. Even if by a pure stroke of luck a Berserker obtained a great opportunity and managed to offer up the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone, once it appeared, he or she must immediately attempt reaching the Berserker Soul Realm.

There was only one chance!

If that person succeeded, then he or she would arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm and become one of those who had reached the highest level among the four great Realms in the Berserker Tribe. If that person failed, then his or her entire spine would be crushed into dust and disappear into nothing, and he or she would instantly die!

The completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was like a cord of life that bound all the Berserkers who had reached that Realm. If they managed to break free, they would turn into saints. If they did not, they would die.

That was why there were many who did not dare try and were willing to stop at twenty-five Berserker Bones, becoming the strongest among all below the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming had already known about these things regarding the Bone Sacrifice Realm when he was at the ninth summit. As his body shuddered and the deity statue's power surged into the very first vertebrae at the top of his spine, that piece of bone started transforming rapidly, and gradually, it became different from his other bones.

It shone with a dazzling blue light that shot out of Su Ming's body and spread in all directions. If anyone looked from the distance, they would see that his entire body was covered in blue!

The speed of the transformation was so quick that in the span of a few breaths, that bone was utterly transformed and turned into Su Ming's very first Berserker Bone!

Chapter 358: That 1000th Blood Vein!

The instant the first Berserker Bone appeared, sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead, because during that instant, he felt that everything within him - his blood, his power of Awakening, everything, including his own life force, had surged into that recently appeared Berserker Bone.

It was as if that Berserker Bone had turned into a void and was devouring everything madly.

Su Ming's body started withering away rapidly. His cheeks became sunken and his flesh was shriveling swiftly. In just a few moments, he became thinner.

Everything about him was absorbed by that Berserker Bone!

However, Su Ming did not resist. He continued standing there with a calm gaze. That Berserker Bone only stopped absorbing his life force when a third of it was sucked away.

The instant it stopped, the blue light shining on it gained an intensely piercing glare!

'It just absorbed a third?'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Although he had become thinner and did not have his full strength any longer, he had a feeling, a feeling of power that came because he had obtained that Berserker Bone!

It may seem contradictory, but in truth, that moment of weakness was only temporary. As for the strength he felt, it was because he had broken through the Awakening Realm and become a true, powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The entire world had become different in his eyes. Right then, he could see a faint, gigantic shadow in the vortex in the sky, something that he could not see before.

That was the true self of the deity statue of Berserker Soul hidden within the vortex!

He saw now that the world was not perfect. There were numerous fine cracks on it that were exuding an ancient presence. These cracks did not just appear, but had existed since the start!

He also saw He Feng, who he could not find earlier. He had already changed to another body and had turned into another Berserker on the ground. He stood there with sparkling eyes, immersed in his own thoughts. It was as if he did not notice Su Ming's gaze at all.

Besides that, Su Ming could also sense a vast amount of power in the world. That power belonged to the world itself. He could see it, but he could not use it.

"Bone Sacrifice... When you offer up your bone and turn it into a Berserker Bone, you will be able to begin controlling the vast amount of power in the world..." Su Ming mumbled and understanding formed in his mind.

At that moment, silence had washed over the Berserkers and Shamans on the ground. They were looking at the sky, and even though they could not see Su Ming's face, the strange sight and the deity statue's cold words allowed them to understand just what sort of fortuitous event that person whose face they could not see was going through.

They also knew that this person had... broken through the Awakening Realm and arrived... at the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

The Shamans were also watching. The humming sounds were reverberating through the powerful Shamans' minds, causing them to be unable to see Su Ming's face. The only people who could see Su Ming were the few people in the Berserker Tribe. However, they could only see his face. Under the pressure of the deity statue, they could not see too many changes happening within Su Ming's body and could only make their own deductions based on the presence they felt.

"It has ended... Once he inherits the legacy of the Wind Berserker, he will become a True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice..."

"The only person who could make Sky Mist's ancestor help him conceal his appearance even though the ancestor is in isolation can only be the True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice."

"But he has a long way to go. Inheriting the legacy requires time, becoming stronger also requires time. It could depend on him alone whether he can become a powerful Berserker at Bai Chang Zai's level."

Tian Lan Meng could also see Su Ming. Joy could be seen in her eyes as she looked at him and a gentle smile appeared on her face.

The cold Tian Lan You was still frowning, but she kept her gaze trained on Su Ming. This was the first time she met this person on this day, but he had already left an incredibly deep impression on her. It did not matter whether it was when he led the charge with his thousand men or when he stayed alone with a steadfast resolution, or even when he had turned into most striking sight in the battlefield, all of these were things she could not ignore.

However, the person who had the most complicated feelings would definitely be Zhou De. He never expected that the person he valued and the same person he arranged for the performance this time would turn out to be a True Divinity of Bone Sacrifice!

"It has ended... He now has a Berserker Bone and has become a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm," someone from the eight old men standing on the walls of Sky Mist City slowly remarked.

Most of the others had the same opinion. This matter would end here and then, and it would be followed by the two deity statues' departure. After that, perhaps the battle would continue...

Yet at that very moment, Su Ming, who was right beside the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice, suddenly started shining with an even stronger blue light in the sky. That light was incredibly striking, and as it shone, surprised eyes immediately looked over.

"This is... the sign of the second Berserker Bone appearing!"

"Almost everyone who just broke through the Awakening Realm can only use their power of Awakening to complete the sacrifice of one Berserker Bone. He... could it be that he..."

"What's his name? Which tribe or clan did he come from? How many blood veins did he manifest when he Awakened?!"

"Could it be that the power of Awakening he managed to accumulate within himself when he Awakened had far surpassed a normal Awakened Berserker?"

"That must be. Look at him. He was just a Berserker who had reached completion in the Awakening Realm just moments ago, and he could already kill those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. That's already enough to tell us what is going on!"

Surprise appeared on the eight old men's eyes.

"His name is Su Ming, and he is from Freezing Sky Clan... When he Awakened, he had manifested 999 blood veins!" That old voice that had spoken just a moment ago traveled out once again from Sky Mist City.

That voice was still sent out in a manner that only a few limited people among the Berserker Tribe could hear it.

Once those words were spoken, Tian Lan You's expression was the first to change. Disbelief appeared on her face, and she was not the only one to react like that. Zhou De reacted in the same manner and even sucked in a sharp breath. The old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm who would usually not appear but were now in the battlefield as the absolute strongest Berserkers found themselves with a spark in their eyes.

"When he sacrificed his first Berserker Bone, he had only used up about a third of the power in his body..." the old voice said once again, causing all the people who heard to turn their gazes sharply towards Su Ming.

At that moment, once the first vertebrae in his spine had turned into his first Berserker Bone, the blue light that had been covering Su Ming's body all along suddenly grew

even brighter, and the source of its sudden increase in intensity was his second vertebrae.

The blue light shining out from the second vertebrae could only mean one thing - when Su Ming Awakened, the power of Awakening that was stored within him had far surpassed the amount contained within a normal Awakened Berserker.

If they looked into it, they would find that this was directly related to the fact that Su Ming had 999 blood veins during the Blood Solidification Realm. He was already standing at the very top of the Blood Solidification Realm when he was still at that Realm, and along with the Berserker Bone from Han Mountain's ancestor contained within him, Su Ming's power far surpassed all his peers when he Awakened.

With the addition of his Creation Art and Tian Xie Zi's guidance, the instant he arrived at the Bone Sacrifice Realm, all the potential within these things exploded forth.

That was the meaning of letting all his accumulated strength surge forth at the same time!

The abundant blood veins during Blood Solidification and the dense power of Awakening in the Awakening Realm had caused Su Ming to have a seventh of his strength remaining after completing the sacrifice of his first Berserker Bone. That power was enough for him to offer his second Berserker Bone as a sacrifice!

After all, he would only be at the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm if he had just one Berserker Bone, but if he had two, then he would be in the middle stage!

It was not as if there had been no one who managed to do this in Berserker history, but there were just too few people who managed to do it. This required a very solid foundation and an incredibly great stroke of luck. None of these could go missing!

Right then, as the blue light on Su Ming shone with that intense glare, his blood and everything else started withering away once again. A large amount of his blood and life force were being sucked away at a frightening speed by the second, newly appeared Berserker Bone.

The first Berserker Bone had only required a third of his blood and life force, but the second Berserker Bone simply continued absorbing those things even after absorbing another third of it in the blink of an eye!

Clearly, the price required for each new Sacrificed Berserker Bone would increase exponentially.

Su Ming could feel his body rapidly weakening, but in exchange for that moment of weakness was a great power. The moment the second Berserker Bone was about to

appear in his body, it brought about an indescribable feeling, and Su Ming could also sense that vague power in the world even more clearly.

It was a power that existed everywhere, a power that could not be sensed by those in the Awakening Realm. Only those who had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm would be able to sense it due to the Berserker Bones in their bodies. However, they would need to be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm to be able to control it even somewhat. Only those in the Berserker Soul Realm would be able to completely control the power of the world!

Su Ming felt as if he had fused together with the world. It was as if he had become a part of it. Perhaps it could even be said that the world was a part of him now!

In the blink of an eye, Su Ming's body had already largely withered away. Just when he appeared so fragile that he looked beyond recognition and there was only a two tenth of life force and blood left within him, the second Berserker Bone finally revealed itself completely on his spine.

The instant it did, Su Ming let out a long howl towards the sky. That howl shook the sky and spread out in all directions, stirring up a wave of ripples that spread out with a rumble.

The decline of Su Ming's body and the feeling of power, these two contradictory senses fused together and spread all around him along with that howl.

Two Berserker Bones!

The progression of events had far surpassed the expectations of the Berserkers underneath. They had originally thought that Su Ming had reached his limit when he sacrificed the two Berserker Bones.

Even Su Ming himself had thought the same thing, until...

The moment there was only a two tenth of his blood, life force, and power of Awakening left within him, all the blood vessels in Su Ming's body swelled up rapidly and appeared on his skin. They looked incredibly hideous, like there were green centipedes crawling all over his body!

That was what it seemed like, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that all the blood vessels on Su Ming's body had grouped together to form a twisted blood vein!

It was a green vein, a vein that contained fresh blood... It was the vein that Su Ming did not choose to manifest in the past, but in truth, it had still come to him. It was hidden in Su Ming's blood, and now, it had turned all the blood vessels on his body... into the 1000th blood vein!

Chapter 359: Turning Aura to Liquid!

The 1,000th blood vein!

It had always existed, but Su Ming did not know about it right up to this moment. If when he arrived at the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he'd been satisfied with just one Berserker Bone, that 1,000th blood vein would not have appeared.

If he'd chosen to stop after the second Berserker Bone appeared, it would also not have appeared.

However, even if he did not say anything, his decision was reverberating in his heart like a shout.

He wanted to become stronger. He wanted to become a powerful warrior, the type that would dominate over all other wills, a presence that no one could control in the world, an untamable person over whose decisions no one could place any control, whom no one could force to obey to their will!

He wanted that third Berserker Bone, wanted to fulfill his will when the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was still there, wanted to use its strength and go forward a few more steps at the moment he had just arrived at this Realm!

This was Su Ming's desire!

That 1,000th blood vein appeared due to his desire. Almost the instant it appeared, the third vertebrae in Su Ming's spine burst forth with a powerful blue light. That blue light penetrated through his body and covered a circular area of 1,000 feet around him, causing the sky, the area underneath the vortex, and the side of the deity statue to be completely dyed in blue!

"What powerful greed... but it's a good sort of greed! 1,000 blood veins... 1,000... Send my orders out. Su Ming will now be a Child of Sky Mist!" The old voice from Sky Mist City seemed to be letting out a long peal of laughter that boomed in the air.

At that moment, all the people who could see Su Ming's face clearly were shocked to the core.

"He actually has 1,000 blood veins?! This is something that hasn't happened in the Berserker Tribe for a very long time!"

"How could it be possible that we have never heard about him when he has such potential...?"

"It doesn't matter how famous he was previously, from now on, he will be the center of attention in the Land of South Morning!"

Su Ming did not know what was happening underneath. At that moment, all his attention was placed on the third, recently appeared and rapidly transforming, Berserker Bone.

At the same time that the Berserker Bone started transforming, the two tenths of his remaining blood and life force were continuously devoured. The appearance of the 1,000th blood vein also delivered a large amount of energy incessantly, and gradually, when all the blood vessels on Su Ming's emaciated body sank back down and disappeared into his skin, at that instant, a deep wave of weakness filled his entire body.

Yet it was also at that moment that the third Berserker Bone appeared within him!

As the three Berserker Bones shone, the powerful feeling coming from within them allowed Su Ming to feel the vast amount of power in the world, even if he had his eyes closed.

He could now sense the power in the world even more clearly now.

"This power existing in the world... This aura that exists in every corner... I... should be able to use it..." Su Ming mumbled. At that moment, he was in a state of weakness he had never been in before. In fact, he felt as if he could be blown away with just one gust of wind. His body was as dried up as a corpse; that was the price of Sacrificing his Bones.

There was a certain amount of time required before he could recover. However, once he recovered, he would definitely be unable to use a method such as this to manifest another Berserker Bone, because without the strange power existing within the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice to create pressure and solidify his power, it would be impossible for him to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm from the Awakening Realm.

He had only one chance!

And it depended on him on just how much he could seize!

The next time the deity statue appeared would be when Su Ming reached the Berserker Soul Realm. Of course, the premise would be that he managed to reach it and not die when he attained completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

After all, to most people, the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was their final target!

When Su Ming closed his eyes and went on to sense the power of the world, the deity statue of Berserker Soul that had revealed a part of itself started showing signs of disappearing from the vortex in the sky. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice also started becoming transparent, as if it was about to disappear...

The pressure on the land also started fading away. Before long, the world would return to normal, and it would mean that the serendipity Su Ming encountered this time would also be over.

As the pressure disappeared, some of the people on the land stood up, though with great trouble. However, their eyes still remained fixed on the sky to look at the indistinct person covered in blue light.

Time passed by, and the deity statue of Berserker Soul in the vortex had mostly disappeared. Judging by its looks, it would fade away completely in a moment. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice was also about to disappear completely.

Su Ming still had his eyes shut. He was incredibly weakened at that moment, and he felt exactly like the time before he had become a Berserker and was just a normal tribe member. Yet the more weak his body was, the clearer he could sense the power of the world existing around him.

He gradually discovered that while he might be weakened, but he... did not seem to be completely crippled... It was as if there was still a presence existing within him. However, it was very weak and was usually an insignificant existence in his body due to the power of Awakening. However, as the power of Awakening faded, it slowly started to gain prominence.

That was... the Refined Aura!

It was the aura stored in the opened path within Su Ming's body which allowed him to gain his divine sense!

'This is... the Art of Aura Refinement. It's the other cultivation method I named after I perceived and learned it from He Feng...'

Su Ming opened his eyes. He was not sure whether it was a figment of his imagination, but he could feel that the aura in the passages within his body was rather similar to this power in the world.

This similarity made him recall having a familiar sort of feeling when he first obtained this Refined Aura, and it was the reason why he named this Art Aura Refinement!

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. That aura contained within the opened path in his body now stood out prominently to his senses. With a glint shining in his eyes, he opened his mouth and took a deep breath.

That one inhale allowed him to clearly feel the aura in the passages of his body starting to rapidly circulate within him. The instant that aura swiftly circulated through his body once, the power of the world surged towards him and he sucked in a huge breath of it.

That one breath of power from the world made Su Ming's body suddenly swell up. The life force and blood he'd lost was also somewhat restored.

But that was not all. More importantly, Su Ming could feel that the aura contained in the passage became several times stronger, and was now swimming through his body rapidly like a dragon.

Su Ming was slightly puzzled, but he knew that he did not have a lot of time to think about it. The two deity statues were about to disappear. He immediately opened his mouth wide and sucked in another breath.

This time, once the power of the world went into his mouth, his body filled up and all his blood and life force was instantly restored to full, but at the same time, a sharp pain that was almost unbearable appeared within him.

Once again, the aura in that opened passage became much stronger, and as it circulated within him, it almost connected with the power of the world!

Almost the moment Su Ming made this move, the expressions of the three powerful Shamans on the ground changed drastically. Their pupils shrank, their eyes were fixated to the sky.

Although buzzing sounds were going off in their minds and their divine senses seemed to be sealed off, their bodies could still sense the changes within the power of the world. The force coming it charging forward gave them the impression that the person in the sky was not a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but one in the Berserker Soul Realm!

The expressions of the old Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm also changed to ones filled with disbelief and shock.

"That's the power of the world! He can actually control the power of the world!"

"This is a power only those in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm can marginally use, and only those in the Berserker Soul Realm can control. Just how did he do it?!"

"There's something off about him..."

Su Ming's life force and blood recovered, and the feeling as if he was about to explode became stronger, causing him to lift his head and let out a howl towards the sky. When he did so, blue light burst forth from the fourth vertebrae on his spine.

The instant the blue light spread out, the two deity statues that were about to disappear suddenly stopped vanishing. Instead, they gained physical form once again. As their bodies materialized, Su Ming's body immediately started withering away under that unique pressure they used to help those who were about to arrive at the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

The blood and life force contained within his recovered body due to the power of the world surging into him were instantly sucked away by the fourth Berserker Bone, and he started shrivelling up at a rapid speed.

Excitement appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he had never expected that his unintentional act could bring him such great serendipity. His heart pounded against his chest, and when his body started withering away, he opened his mouth towards the sky and sucked in a large breath once again.

The power of the world surged towards him as he inhaled and was sucked into his mouth. It allowed his body to recover once again, and at the same time, his newly restored life force and blood were absorbed by the fourth Berserker Bone. On the other hand, the aura that was like a dragon coursing through the opened path in his body swelled up, and its head connected with its tail as it continued circulating in his body.

The instant the aura's head connected with its end, Su Ming closed his eyes and his body lurched forward. A large amount of black ooze was immediately forced out of his body, making it seem as if he had just gone through another metamorphosis.

With that metamorphosis, the opened path in his body instantly swelled up, and the connected aura within it also rapidly merged together. Then, Su Ming sensed that once the aura gathered together as if it was pressed into each other, it started turning into droplets of liquid.

His aura had turned into liquid!

His body also changed because of this. He became even more slender than before and lost all the characteristics of a member of the Berserker Tribe. His hair, too, became longer and his skin turned so fair that it looked as clear as crystals. A unique temperament came from within him - it was a quiet air, but at the same time, strangely captivating!

Right at that moment, Su Ming opened his eyes. His gaze held a profundity within that seemed to be able to suck in all things in the world, and at that moment, his temperament became astonishingly similar to that of the female Shaman who had called him Destiny moments ago!

It was as if they were cut from the same cloth, as if they practiced the same cultivation method!

It was also at that moment when Su Ming opened his eyes that he finished sacrificing his fourth vertebrae and turned it into a Berserker Bone!

"If I'm going to aim for something, then I'll definitely... aim high." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the two deity statues above him. A hint of madness appeared in his gaze as he mumbled under his breath.

Chapter 360: Power of the God of Berserkers!

Su Ming spread his arms wide. He had already tried to absorb that power from the world once again, but once the aura in that opened path in his body turned into liquid, it seemed to have temporarily become saturated and could not take in anymore power.

Yet Su Ming did not want to give up just like that. While staring at the two deity statues that were gradually fading away once again, a glint appeared in his eyes and a large amount of lightning started swimming all over his body.

In the blink of an eye, those lightning sparks covered Su Ming's entire body, causing that blue armor of Bone Sacrifice on him to be filled with crackling bolts that wandered all around it.

'Since there's a Wind Berserker and a Fire Berserker, then could there be a Lightning Berserker? It's a pity that the Fire Berserkers have been destroyed by the God of Berserkers from what I remember, so I can't reveal that power easily under the deity statues.

'If that is the case, I only fulfill the criteria of the Lightning Berserker. I just don't know whether Lightning Berserkers existed under the command of the first God of Berserkers.' Lightning sparks flashed all over Su Ming's body and thunder roared with an intensity that shook everything in all directions.

The appearance of lightning on his body instantly caught the attention of all the people on the ground. Although most of them could not see his face, they could still clearly see the bolts of lightning and hear the crashes of thunder.

"What... What does he want to do?"

That was the question that arose within almost all of their hearts.

The people who could see Su Ming's face clearly were also surprised and baffled by his actions...

‘Deceive it!’ Su Ming cried out in his heart, turning that cry into wind and pushing it into the black stone fragment. The stone instantly started glowing with a dark light that covered Su Ming swiftly before it disappeared.

The instant it did so, the bolts of lightning on Su Ming’s body instantly became larger by several dozens of fold. Then they started spreading, and in a blink of an eye, they had already covered a circular area of nearly 10,000 feet!

It looked staggering!

However, Su Ming knew that this was all fake. It would be incredibly difficult for his Origin Vessel to call out such powerful lightning. All of this was a mere illusion and contained no power.

Nonetheless, his heart was racing against his chest. He stared at the deity statue of Berserker Soul, but before him, the deity statue of Berserker Soul did not show any signs of stopping in gradually fusing into with vortex in the sky and dissolving.

Disappointment appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he sighed.

‘Looks like there’s no such thing as a Lightning Berserker...’

Yet at that very moment, the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice that should have also disappeared started rapidly gaining physical form from its initial dissolving state. The pressure that had largely vanished prior to this instantly reappeared right away!

The gigantic deity statue slowly turned its head around and looked at Su Ming.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker..."

The moment these five words were said, extreme ecstasy appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. However, the entire battlefield on the ground experienced an emotion different from his ecstasy. The instant those five words were said, a powerful buzzing sound broke out on the battlefield on the ground!!

It was a storm that was created once all those gazes filled with disbelief and cries of surprise filled with inconceivability fused together!

"Lightning Berserker? Isn’t he supposed to be the Wind Berserker? Why did he turn into a Lightning Berserker now?!"

"This... This is... Could it be that he’s the Wind Berserker and the Lightning Berserker at the same time?!"

"How could this be?!"

The eight old men on the city walls sucked in a sharp breath and shock appeared on their faces. They looked at each other with confusion.

"The Wind Berserker and Lightning Berserker are the same..."

Just as all of them were caught in a state of disbelief, the 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice in the sky spoke with a thunderous voice that reverberated through the air.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the first law set by the first God of Berserkers. Thou art not the first scion, but for that, I shalt grant thee the Origin of Lightning..." As the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke, it lifted its right hand as if it was grabbing something from the sky. Instantly, thunder rumbled and a bright red bolt of lightning appeared on the deity statue's right hand. It flung that bolt of lightning towards Su Ming.

The red bolt of lightning howled as it charged, and in the midst of all the excitement Su Ming felt in his heart, it seeped into the center of his brows and disappeared.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker. Thou hast fulfilled the second law set by the first God of Berserkers. I shalt grant thee... the Nine Thunderous Destruction Art..."

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker, I shalt grant thee... the Crystal of Inheritance..." When the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice spoke up to that point, it suddenly stopped and sank into silence.

It only started speaking once again after a long while.

"The Lightning Berserker already exists... In accordance to the third law set by the first God of Berserkers, the Crystal shalt be split into two, and will only be whole once again when they fuse together..." Those words were followed suit by the deity statue lifting its right hand once again and seizing the air. A crystal that was half the size of a fist immediately appeared in its hand. That crystal shone with sparks of lightning, and there was even some blood on it.

The deity statue flung the crystal out, and it charged straight towards Su Ming. Due to the incident that happened when he was appointed the Wind Berserker, Su Ming took a step forward without any hesitation and grabbed the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. The instant his hand touched it, a shocking, thunderous boom resounded in his head.

That thunderclap contained a roar that seemed to have traveled from a distant land. That voice was filled with a sort of madness, and dripped with hatred along with murderous intent.

"I am Chi Lei Tian from the Eastern Wastelands. I don't care who you are and I don't care what method you used to snatch away half of my Lightning Crystal, you're dead! I'll definitely find you! Give me back my Lightning Crystal!"

The hatred contained within that voice seemed to have passed through space itself, causing Su Ming to feel shocked. A glint appeared in his eyes and he tightened his grip around the Lightning Crystal, then put it away into his storage bag.

"Thou art the Lightning Berserker and also the Wind Berserker... Thou hast fulfilled the first requirement of the nine requirements to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers. I shalt grant thee a portion of the power belonging to the God of Berserkers... This power can be used twice to destroy heaven and earth!"

The final words spoken by the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice could be heard by all the people on the land, and in that instant, it was as if their voices were swallowed by thunder. An abrupt silence fell among all of them.

The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice lifted its right hand and its entire right arm turned to dust. Within it was a strand of hair that charged towards Su Ming. It was just a strand of hair, and it already gave Su Ming a feeling that the sky had crumbled and the earth had cracked. A booming sound went off in his head, and he found himself barely able to stand.

If he as the receiver felt that way, then it was much more so for the others. The instant that strand of hair appeared, all the people underneath could not help but prostrate themselves on the ground once more. Even that long-haired woman turned pale, and as her body trembled, she was forced to kneel down.

Even the old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm were forced to do so!

There was no one on land who was not prostrating on the ground. Even the ferocious beasts were doing the same thing!

Su Ming stared at the strand of hair coming towards him blankly. It tied itself around his right index finger nine times, making it seem as if it was deeply etched into his finger.

A power that made Su Ming's skin crawl burst forth from that finger. The strength of that power was so great that it gave him the false impression that he could blow apart the sky with one jab of that finger, and with another jab, destroy the earth.

This was a small portion of the power belonging to the first God of Berserkers!

It was also at that instant that Su Ming knew he took too much. Even if he had obtained the legacy of the Lightning Berserker, it would still had been fine for him. He could have continued staying there and not be worried about those from the Berserker Tribe harboring ill will towards him.

However... he did not expect that once he obtained the legacy of the Lightning Berserker, he would be able to draw forth words that could make all Berserkers go mad - the legacy of the first God of Berserkers!

The legacy of the first God of Berserkers could only mean one thing. It could even be said that all Berserkers knew clearly what it meant - a new God of Berserkers!

It was especially so for the old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm. The appeal of becoming the God of Berserkers could be said to have overridden all their other desires. Perhaps after the first God of Berserkers died, not a single person who had become the scion of two True Divinities had appeared over a long period of time. That was also why no one had been able to fulfill the first rule set to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers.

Then it was only natural that no one knew the first God of Berserkers had left behind such a legacy!

This would become a piece of information that would cause a stir in the entire Land of South Morning. It would be known to all the powerful Berserkers in South Morning, and that information would spread among the Shamans in a very short period of time and cause a sensation as well.

This would mean that he, Su Ming, would be thrown into an indescribable situation!

The price of this would be that he would have to face death with every move he took, and it would be far more dangerous for him compared to the battles during war. The Shamans would definitely want to kill him just in case!

There would definitely be a lot of people who would want to capture him among the Berserkers as well. After all, Su Ming was the only one who had ever fulfilled the first rule among the nine rules set to inherit the power of the first God of Berserkers. They might be able to find more clues from his person.

Even if those were just clues, it was enough to drive a person mad.

It was a heavy price, but it also gave Su Ming ample rewards. Although it was just two jabs, the power of the first God of Berserkers coming from Su Ming's right index finger at the moment made him believe wholeheartedly that even those in the Berserker Soul Realm would turn into dust under the power of that jab!

'It's a bloody legacy... This is a trial for the scion, a cruel trial!' A pained expression appeared on Su Ming's face, but he absolutely would not choose to regret it, even if he could already clearly feel the greed within the pairs of eyes looking towards him from the ground.

'I can't return to Sky Mist City...' Something flashed past Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, the four Berserker Bones in his body had reached the peak of their power due to the liquefied aura in the passages within his body. His fatigue was gone and his condition had recovered.

'I can't return to the land of the Berserkers for some time... Even if ninth summit is around, I'll very likely cause them trouble, since this matter is too big... The Shamans. I have to go to the land of the Shamans. Over there, I'll train and refine my body and increase my power. When the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, the entire Land of South Morning will descend into chaos. At that time, there will be very few people who will pay attention to me.'

A decision immediately formed in Su Ming's heart.

'I need a chance. I chance to leave this place...'

The entire battlefield was now swathed in a death-like silence. Only heavy breathing could be heard. By Su Ming's side in the sky, the 10,000 feet deity statue of Bone Sacrifice who had lost its right arm was slowly vanishing, gradually turning semi-transparent. It looked as if it was about to disappear into the sky.

Right at the instant it was about to do so and the sky was about to return to normal, suddenly, a thick layer of black fog that connected the sky shot out from the land belonging to the Shamans.

That fog tumbled about, and a shocking, piercing shriek came from within it. Then, suddenly, a long spear shot out from within that fog. With a presence so great that it had practically never been seen before, it rushed forth. Its target was not Su Ming... but the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice that was about to disappear right beside him!

Chapter 361: Leaving the Battlefield!

There might be people existing in the world who had the guts to attack the deity statues, but they were rare and few in between. Within the Land of South Morning, there were naturally no Berserkers who had this sort of presence and this sort of courage, and there was only person among the Shamans who had this sort of power and presence!

That person was the strongest among the Shamans, whose level of cultivation had broken through End, the Great Patriarch who was the pinnacle of the Shaman Tribe!

Only he would have this sort of presence, he who had fought alone against the three great Berserkers in the past, and though gravely injured, had not died, had only fallen into deep sleep!

He was also the only one who would not care about Su Ming being the scion of the first God of Berserkers and would throw that spear out in an attempt to destroy the statue of the God of Berserkers, because he was the Great Patriarch who wanted to prevent all future Berserkers from ever entering the Bone Sacrifice Realm forever!

That spear sliced through the air, and wherever it went, the sky would seem to be split apart, revealing a large crack. With a presence that was difficult to describe with words, that spear appeared right before the disappearing deity statue of Bone Sacrifice with a whistle and crashed into it.

There were no ripples, neither were there any rumbles. The deity statue of Bone Sacrifice might have been pierced through by that spear, but there was not a hint of damage on it. It merely cast a freezing glare at that black fog before it vanished without a trace.

"If our deity statues could be destroyed so easily, the Berserker Tribe would have not have existed till this date. If the Immortals can't do it, then how could you, you old Mo Luo? You're just a dog of the Immortals!" an old voice stated from Sky Mist City. At the same time, a middle-aged man in long blue robes walked into the sky.

He did not look old, but his eyes contained an aged an ancient look that was formed after living through an endless amount of time. He looked very handsome, and his features looked rather similar to Tian Lan Meng.

"Besides, only some of your clones have woken up. Your real body must still be asleep, yes? Do you think that with just a clone, you can step into Sky Mist City?!" As the middle-aged man spoke, he walked into the sky and stood beside Su Ming, who was just about to retreat.

"Back down and go to Sky Mist City. I have some questions to ask you later." The middle-aged man's voice was calm, but there was a tone in his voice that said he would not tolerate any disobedience. His eyes also casually swept past the strand of hair wound around Su Ming's right index finger.

Respect appeared on Su Ming's face along with a hint of fear. He quickly lowered his head and obeyed, then obediently backed down to fly towards Sky Mist City.

Almost the instant he did so, a cold snort came from the fog where the long spear had rushed out. With a whistle, that fog charged straight towards the blue-robed middle-aged man. The sky instantly shuddered, and the battle resumed.

The three powerful Shamans followed suit at the same time to finish the fight that was interrupted just now and started clashing against the six Berserkers in the sky.

The people from the two races on the ground also started fighting against each other once again.

Right then, a loud screech burst forth from the land of the Shamans. It was the mackerel pike that swam in the sea of clouds which Su Ming had seen during the day!

The size of the mackerel pike could not be measured by feet. At that moment, it had revealed a part of its body from the horizon in the distance, along with an astounding presence. The woman standing on it held a green bamboo with some holes in it. She placed it by her lips and blew gently into it and a string of notes drifted into the air.

The instant those notes echoed in the air, the vengeful spirits of the dead from the entire battlefield started gathering out of nowhere. The corpses littered everywhere on the ground also started crawling up slowly. A thick aura of death enveloped the area in an instant.

The sounds of battle thundered viciously in the battlefield. The appearance of the mackerel pike had also caught the attention of the eight old men from the walls on Sky Mist City. The instant chaos appeared on the battlefield due to the gathering of the aura of death and the corpses who started crawling up, Su Ming, who was flying towards Sky Mist City, suddenly stopped moving.

His eyes sparkled, and without a moment of hesitation, he quickly changed his direction. With his full speed, he turned into a long arc and charged towards the southern warzone.

His action still caught some attention even with the chaos happening on the ground, but because he was going to the southern warzone, most of the people who were keeping close watch on him became uncertain.

By the time doubt rose within these people who were watching him, Su Ming had already arrived at the southern warzone. He stopped for a while, disappearing into the fighting crowd, then with one move, he reappeared on the other side of the crowd, coming face to face with a Shaman who came forth to kill him. Su Ming walked past him, and when he did so, his fist shot out like a gust of wind, and he struck the Shaman's chest, causing the man's body to tremble and cough out blood. Then he fell to ground dead.

Su Ming was very cautious. He had no idea just how many people were watching. Even if he was moving quickly through the crowd, he could only shake off those who were not that strong. The true powerful warriors, especially those in the Berserker Soul Realm, could somewhat lock onto his position. If he did anything out of hand, someone would definitely come searching for him.

The battlefield was in a slight state of chaos at that moment. The vengeful spirits that filled the air, the corpses that crawled up from the ground, and the aura of death that surrounded them caused the area to turn hazy. Su Ming fought without stop, just like the other Berserkers.

It was as if he did not return to Sky Mist City because he wanted to continue fighting, not because he was trying to run away or anything. Gradually, as Su Ming continued moving, he seemed to have arrived at the edge of the southern warzone by chance. When he arrived at that place, a distinct, uneasy feeling filled his senses, as if there were ants running down his entire back. Clearly, this was a sign that there were powerful warriors watching him from some unknown spot, and their gazes were filled with hostility, or else he would not be having this feeling.

Without batting an eye, Su Ming retreated with a fellow Berserker by his side who had killed until he lost control of his reason.

'It's just as I expected, I'm in trouble because I have something precious...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled.

'I need a chance, a chance where everyone's attention is shifted away...' Su Ming frowned and resumed fighting, but he did not wait for too long before a chance like this appeared on the battlefield!

The ground trembled. It started off with light tremors, but soon, the ground started trembling with a force that could cause mountains to shatter and the earth to crack. The tremors came from the eastern warzone located right before Sky Mist City and continued spreading outwards. Soon, as a muffled roar shot out from the ground, all the people from the eastern warzone quickly withdrew to both sides of the place.

A gigantic crack split the ground, and a humongous, ferocious beast in the form of a snake that was one hundred thousand feet long and several thousands of feet wide charged out from within.

The revealed part of that creature alone was 10,000 feet long, but it was not a snake, because it did not have eyes. It was a gigantic thing that looked like an earthworm. Its entire body was purplish red and there was a large amount of mucus dripping down its skin, causing all the people who were splashed by that to let out shrill cries of pain while their bodies immediately started rotting.

That ten thousand feet creature only had one mouth, and as of then, it opened it wide, revealing the eerily sharp teeth inside. It howled towards the sky, and with one swing, it flung its gigantic body against Sky Mist City.

But that was not all, almost the instant that creature flung itself at Sky Mist City, a second crack appeared on the ground in the northern warzone. Another creature like this shot out, and as it howled, it flung its body vertically against Sky Mist City.

At the same time, when the ground started trembling in the southern warzone, a crack suddenly formed not too far away from Su Ming. That crack seemed to possess an invisible pair of gigantic hands that tore it apart, causing it to suddenly widen and allow the third creature such as the previous two to charge out.

Almost all of the powerful Berserkers within the entire Sky Mist City could not help but turn their gazes towards the three terrifying creatures at that moment. It was also at that instant that Su Ming started retreating, and when he did, a glint appeared in his eyes. He saw the gigantic creature that shot out of the crack in the southern warzone opening its mouth as if it wanted to howl.

Su Ming suddenly moved, and black smoke appeared under his feet. That black smoke rapidly gathered on his body and turned into a body that looked exactly the same as his.

It was the transformed form of his Phantom Fork, and it had the exact same appearance as well as his presence.

Once the Phantom Fork turned into Su Ming, it charged straight towards the howling creature. At that same time, Su Ming took a deep breath. A strong gust of wind suddenly burst forth from the spot within his body that stored wind. That wind swept through him, and his speed suddenly increased exponentially. Then he charged towards the south, straight towards the edge of the battlefield.

Su Ming left behind a few afterimages on the ground, and when he reappeared, he was already several tens of thousands of feet away. With another flash, he charged towards the south.

Almost the instant Su Ming sped forth with his full speed, an old man that had never given up on watching him from the walls of Sky Mist City instantly moved, with a glint in his eyes and a cold snort on his lips. His speed did not lose to Su Ming's, and in the blink of an eye, he was already ten thousand feet away from the wall.

At the same time, there was also a dried up old man among the Shamans who took a step forward and turned into a wisp of green smoke. In an instant, he had already traveled ten thousand feet.

The two of them chased after Su Ming, one behind the other.

Su Ming spread out his divine sense as he traveled. His liquefied aura stored in the opened passage in his body started circulating rapidly, causing his divine sense to instantly cover an area of several tens of thousands of feet, and he could also sense everything within that area incredibly clearly in a manner that far surpassed what he could do before.

He clearly saw the two old men quickly chasing after him, and there was a distance of thirty thousand something feet between him and them.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He had already analyzed his situation previously and knew that he absolutely could not return to Sky Mist City. He would not take any risks in this matter and did not want to hand over the initiative to anyone's hands. It would be for the best if he had control over it himself.

As he charged forward, the four Berserker Bones in him burst forth with the power belonging to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, causing Su Ming's speed to abruptly increase by a fold, and in an instant, he widened the gap by fifty thousand something feet.

'I have to widen the distance between us and shake them off, then leave the battlefield!'

The violent gust of wind formed by the Provenance of Wind in Su Ming's body started circulating rapidly once again, causing his speed to instantly increase by a large margin once more. His body was barely visible, and in the blink of an eye, he was gone.

But the two people still continued chasing him.

Chapter 362: Chase!

As the three of them dashed forward, they gradually left the battlefield. The sounds of battle behind them slowly grew distant.

Su Ming had managed to time his leave from the battlefield incredibly well. Or else there would definitely not just be two people chasing after him, there would be more, and with a high possibility of those old monsters from the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm appearing as well.

Thank goodness this was just the beginning of the battle in Sky Mist City. With Sky Mist City's own protection, the city would not be conquered in a short period of time. There were also more warriors from the Berserker Tribe who were moving towards the city, because the number of powerful Berserkers that were originally staying in the city itself were not many.

It was the same for the Shamans. The battle was going to continue and would not end in a short period of time. All of these things that were happening now were just them trying to probe for information from the other party.

Su Ming activated his full speed and traveled through the land of the Shamans like a gust of wind.

The two men behind him pursued him relentlessly. However, they were also wary of each other and had split up, especially the old Berserker. If it was not because Su Ming was just too big of a temptation for him, he would definitely not want to risk charging into the land of the Shamans during war or entering too deep into their land.

On the other hand, the old Shaman's eyes were sparkling and a cold sneer was on his lips. Not only was he determined to capture Su Ming, he also wanted to kill the other person.

With their own thoughts in their heads, the two charged forward, and as they did so, the two old men frowned. Su Ming's speed did not show a hint of stopping even after so long. Not only that, he was also becoming faster.

But that was not all. As Su Ming continued flying before them, he was also going higher. The two of them could only follow, but once they reached a certain height, they found themselves facing a strong gust of wind existing in the sky that seemed to be above the nine heavens. Once a person exceeded a certain level of speed with that wind around, it would definitely turn into a strong repelling force.

In fact, if they went even faster, that gust of wind blowing right against their faces would slice against their bodies like knives and cause them intense pain.

While one of them was at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and the other an End Shaman, if they were exposed to this sort of wind for an extended period of time, their speed would also be affected.

Yet before their eyes, Su Ming was like a fish in the water. Not only did the strong wind resistance not slow him down, it instead made him faster. As he charged forward, he widened the gap between them until they were 80,000 feet away from each other in an instant.

That distance between them was only going to continue growing. Once they were more than 100,000 feet apart, it would only become harder for the Shaman to chase Su Ming down. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand as he dashed forth. He clenched his fist before loosening it abruptly, and the instant his fingers unfurled themselves, wounds appeared on all five of them. Five drops of blood flowed out at the same time. With the wind against them, the five drops of blood gathered together to turn into a small human.

That small human's entire body shone with a red light, and once it appeared, a shrill sound rang out. Flames appeared on it as if burning away the power contained within the body. It charged forward.

It was so quick that in an instant, it was already only 30,000 feet away from Su Ming, then with another shrill cry, that small human shrank once again. When it shrank to the size of a palm, its speed increased exponentially, and this time, it appeared less than 1,000 feet behind Su Ming. That small human's body instantly exploded, and a drop of blood charged straight towards Su Ming.

Right before the old Shaman and that old Berserker's eyes, they saw that drop of blood falling on Su Ming's back, causing him to shudder and cough out blood. In an instant, his speed abruptly fell.

The old Berserker's eyes sparkled and he drew a line in the air before him with his right hand. A strong ray of light gathered and turned into a runic symbol. The old man slammed his palm down on the flashing runic symbol, and it instantly disappeared.

However, the space 10,000 something feet behind Su Ming distorted and the runic symbol instantly appeared. As it flickered, it exploded, turning into a wave of air that did not spread outwards, but instead turned into a wolf made of air waves that pounced on Su Ming with a howl.

BANG!

Su Ming coughed out blood again as if he was already incredibly weakened by this extended period of rapid flying. Now, as he was also heavily injured by those two old monsters, he could no longer fly and pummeled to the ground.

When he plunged down, his face was directed towards the two old men behind him, allowing the both of them to clearly see that not only was his face pale, completely bloodless, his eyes were also shut tight. Pain could be seen on his face, along with fatigue that could not be hidden away. The two old men would not have easily believed in it if that was all, but the chaos in Su Ming's Qi and his weakness was something that could not deceive their senses.

After all, Su Ming could not hope to compare to these two people in terms of everything besides his speed.

The old Shaman's eyes sparkled and he charged towards Su Ming, but just when he showed a sign that he was about to rush towards the youth he lifted his right hand and swung it at the old Berserker who was traveling on the other side.

As he swung his arm outward, booming sounds reverberated in the air and a wave of ripples instantly appeared before him. The ripples rapidly spread out and closed in on the old Berserker. That old Berserker let out a cold snort, then bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It turned into a sea of blood that crashed into the incoming ripples, causing a large amount of booms to echo in the air.

At the same time, the old Shaman pointed at the plummeting Su Ming with his left hand, and immediately, a gentle wind charged towards Su Ming and went under him, causing his descent to slow down considerably.

This did not mean that the old Shaman was helping Su Ming. He was simply afraid that Su Ming would die when he fell down unconscious from the sky. If he died, then the losses would outweigh the gains.

The two of the old men had already given up on chasing down the plummeting Su Ming and chose instead to first attack each other; Su Ming was already not a cause for them to worry about. As long as they got rid of the other, then the remaining person could capture him.

Because Su Ming was already unconscious and could not run away.

As these two people fought against each other and Su Ming plunged downwards, he suddenly opened his eyes. They were bloodshot and filled with exhaustion, but they were sparkling. He allowed himself to continue falling, and as he stared at the spot where the booming sounds were coming from in the sky, a cold smirk appeared on his lips.

He continued staring until his body closed in on the ground and he crashed with a bang. The instant his body touched the ground, he shifted slightly,

allowing himself to be completely uninjured by the fall. He laid down on the mountainside, still as a rock.

‘With their power, the chances of either one of them dying should not be high... but it’s not completely impossible. If the old Berserker dies, then I’ll be up against the Shaman. Escaping him will be slightly more difficult. After all, this person is a native to the area compared to me...

‘But if the old Berserker wins, it’ll be easier...’ Just as Su Ming was busy thinking, his expression suddenly changed and he narrowed his eyes into slits.

Right before his eyes, he saw the old Shaman quickly retreating from the spot where the two of them were fighting. As he retreated, he coughed out a mouthful of blood, and when the old Berserker chased him down, the Shaman lifted his right hand swiftly. As red light shone, a long red spear charged towards Su Ming from the sky with a howl.

The long spear traveled incredibly quickly and closed in on Su Ming in an instant. Judging from where the tip was pointed, the spear was aiming for the center of his brows.

The old Berserker’s expression changed drastically and he instinctively moved, wanting to stop that long spear. But once he stopped it, the old Shaman would escape, and once he escaped, then it would mean that the old Berserker’s return to the land of the Berserkers would be filled with all sorts of dangers.

However, if he did not save Su Ming and he died, then all his efforts in chasing him down would be wasted. This was a difficult decision, but the old Berserker still managed to make up his mind in an instant.

He did not take the risk but instead charged straight towards the old Shaman. To him, his life was the most important thing. Once he killed that Shaman and destroyed all possibility of him sending any information out, then he could cautiously go back to the Berserker Tribe.

Even if Su Ming died, he could still examine his corpse, and he might be able to find some clues from those items as well.

Almost the moment he chased down the old Shaman, Su Ming swiftly flew up from the ground and dodged that long spear charging towards him. He lifted his right hand and quickly popped the thing he had been holding onto since a long while ago into his mouth.

It was a drop of liquid - a drop of Sea Marrow!

The instant it entered his mouth, Su Ming's exhausted body seemed to be pumped back full of life force. His power instantly recovered and his body overflowed with life force. A glint appeared in his eyes and he charged in the distance at full speed. In an instant, he was already 10,000 feet away.

The old Berserker who was chasing the Shaman immediately noticed that Su Ming's Qi had recovered. The old Shaman's expression also changed. They had examined Su Ming's condition thoroughly just now, but had absolutely not expected that he would be in possession of a medicine that would allow him to recover so swiftly!

This sort of medication was incredibly rare and it would be highly difficult for a normal Berserker in the Awakening Realm to obtain such a thing, and it would also be a complete waste if they took it!

"Damn it!" Struggle appeared in the old Berserker's eyes once again. Should he chase down Su Ming or kill the Shaman...?

The old Shaman's eyes shone and without any hint of hesitation, he charged into the distance. Behind him, the old Berserker gritted his teeth and chased after.

He had to first kill that old Shaman, or else a crisis that could endanger his life would appear. Only when he had reduced all threats to his person to the minimal degree would he feel safe going after Su Ming's life.

Su Ming flew at full speed, sighing. This sort of deception where he made himself look weakened could only be used one, and it would only be effective the first time he used it. His plan had only been successful because his two pursuers were wary and hated each other, or else this would not have worked.

If they continued chasing him down, then this method would lose its effectiveness. After all, while a person who had already reached the level of the Berserker Soul Realm might occasionally make a mistake, those mistakes would definitely not happen too frequently.

Now, even if Su Ming used any other methods, he would still be unable to compare to these old monsters who were already wary of him. His experience was simply still not enough...

'I might need to use the power of the God of Berserkers!'

Su Ming gritted his teeth.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 363 — Berserker Soul's Killing Intent! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 363 — Berserker Soul's Killing Intent!
Chapter 363: Berserker Soul's Killing Intent!

There was a powerful gust of wind at the highest part of the sky. This wind was the strongest wind that could only be found high up in the sky. If anyone traveled at a high speed under it, they would find it incredibly hard to endure through it. Their bodies would start feeling as if they were being torn apart.

This was the power of the wind.

Even Su Ming, who had the Provenance of Wind in his body and also stored wind inside body, found it hard to last for a prolonged period of time under this high wind. Once half a day had gone by under his continued charge, he found that it was already too difficult for him to continue, and with a turn, he charged towards a lower altitude.

To Su Ming, the wind in the sky became stronger the higher he was. On the other hand, if he was at a lower altitude, the wind would be significantly weaker.

As he charged forward, he flew towards the deeper parts of the land of the Shamans. He did not stop even for a single instant, and continued dashing forward at this speed even when night arrived.

The dark sky turned bright, then turned dark once again. Most of the places Su Ming went to were remote areas, and since this was a time of war, most of the Shamans from the tribes in this large area had went away. That was why even though Su Ming had been running away for three days straight, he had not run into too many members of the Shaman Tribe.

Besides, he was simply too fast. Even if he did run into other Shamans, they would usually only see a long arc and could not tell whether he was a Shaman or a Berserker, causing him to be able to travel unhindered.

Su Ming only stopped during the fourth evening and opened up a cave as a place for him to stay on a large plain. With exhaustion filling every inch of his body, he sat down inside that cave.

He had already gone past his limit with four days of flight. If it had not been because he had been taking in medicine all this while, he wouldn't have lasted till now. By then, he had already lost his direction, and he also did not know where exactly he was in the land of the Shamans. However, as long as he could shake off that old Berserker, all of this was worth it.

Su Ming panted harshly and evened out the chaotic power in his body as he remained sitting with his legs crossed. The period of time since he reached the Bone Sacrifice

Realm was too short, and as he had been flying rapidly for such a long period of time, his power had gradually started to show signs of instability.

'I've been flying for four days, and that old Berserker has gone off to kill that Shaman. Since we went off in two separate directions, he should not be able to find me now, but I still need to be careful in case he has other tricks up his sleeve.'

Su Ming closed his eyes, but he did not dare immerse himself completely in exercising his breathing. He kept his divine sense spread outward and slowly started circulating the power of Bone Sacrifice within him.

Time gradually passed by. One day, two days, three days... On the fifth day, Su Ming opened his eyes. The exhaustion in his eyes had gone down slightly. He took a deep breath. The power of Bone Sacrifice within him had finally become stable and was no longer like five days ago, where it was showing signs of deteriorating.

'But in case of emergencies, I can't stay in this place for long.' A look of caution appeared on Su Ming's face. He stood up and was just about to leave the place when his expression drastically changed.

Within his outspread divine sense, he could clearly sense a strong wave of ripples charging towards him from one hundred thousand feet away. Naturally, the person within those ripples was the old Berserker.

'I knew it. He had a way to find me.' Su Ming did not hesitate and shot up from the ground, then charged out with gritted teeth in midair.

The old Berserker looked as calm as ever. He had a cold sneer on his lips, but his face was rather pale. Clearly, killing the Shaman and chasing after him for a few days had also caused him to be injured by the time he found Su Ming.

However, he believed that even though he was injured, it was still incredibly easy for him to capture his target.

'You can't escape.' A glint appeared in the old Berserker's eyes and he relentlessly chased after Su Ming.

The two shot through the sky one after the other. There was one hundred thousand feet between them, but that distance was gradually being shortened. Two hours later, when there were only eighty thousand something feet between them, a chilling glint appeared in the old Berserker's eyes, and a mocking sneer formed on his lips.

Almost the instant that mocking look appeared, the old man's body trembled. As he trembled, popping sounds abruptly came from his body. It was as if his bones were knocking into each other. The old man's face instantly turned purplish red and veins also started popping up on his skin.

All of this was soon followed by the old man letting out a roar towards the sky. With a single charge—it was as if a crack had appeared in the sky—he flew so indescribably quickly that he was already faster than Su Ming by several fold. Right when he created a crack in the air before him, his body disappeared.

A life threatening sense of danger shot up in Su Ming's mind. He came to an abrupt halt and forcefully changed his direction. He no longer went forward, but instead retreated.

This forceful change in direction made blood flow out of Su Ming's mouth, but the instant he started retreating, the air before him looked as if it was shattering. As if he was forcing his way through, the old Berserker appeared before Su Ming out of thin air.

This sort of movement could not even be considered as speed anymore, but was more like an instant warp.

The old man who had come out also coughed up blood. His face was pale, but his expression was ferocious. Once he appeared less than one hundred feet away from Su Ming, he swiftly lifted his right hand, and instantly, a sea of blood surged up beyond him. That sea of blood covered a circular area of 1,000 feet and charged at Su Ming like a tidal wave.

As that tidal wave surged forward, it adopted a shape that seemed like a blood wave with its mouth wide open as it pounced on Su Ming to devour him.

All of this might have seemed to happen over a long period of time, but in truth, it happened in an instant. It had taken less than two breaths for the old man to warp to this spot 80,000 feet away and cast that divine ability.

As for Su Ming, he had only managed to retreat 100 something feet after forcefully changing his direction.

The intense, life threatening sense of danger made Su Ming's skin crawl. The world before him became completely dyed in blood when that blood wolf completely filled his vision, howling and pouncing on him.

A strong power that made Su Ming's heart and soul tremble spread from that blood wolf. This was the power of those in the Berserker Soul Realm. This was the power of the divine ability belonging to that old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm.

To Su Ming, who had just recently reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, it was impossible for him to clash against this sort of divine ability. But it was also difficult for him to dodge it, because as that blood wolf closed in on him, an oppressive feeling enveloped the area as if it had sealed off the place where Su Ming was.

The shadow of death covered Su Ming's entire body and his eyes instantly turned red. The blue armor of Bone Sacrifice immediately manifested on him with Runes aligned

within the armor. At this moment of life and death, Su Ming's potential seemed to be infinitely brought out, and with just one attempt, he managed to align all the Runes successfully.

Right then, the blood wolf pounced on Su Ming defended by the Divine General Armor. He shuddered violently and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It was as if 10,000 mountains had crashed into him. His Qi surged within him and his power started shattering. Even the four Berserker Bones started cracking.

What made Su Ming's mind go off in loud booms was that he felt a force of absorption that was difficult to resist coming from the blood wolf's mouth. It was as if it wanted to suck away his soul, but thank goodness... he had the Divine General Armor.

His Divine General Armor struggled for a few breaths before it shattered. Su Ming was flung backwards violently, but his actions were not completely useless. The strength of the Divine General Armor, coupled with the alignment of the Runes caused Su Ming to only be heavily injured under that hit from the Berserker Soul Realm. He did not die immediately.

He was continuously pushed back by that huge force like a kite with a broken string. As he coughed out blood, the blood wolf howled and rushed forward once again.

However, that blood wolf was no longer as distinct as it was before. Once it clashed into Su Ming's Divine General Armor, the blood wolf fell into a semi-transparent state, but even so, killing or capturing the completely defenseless Su Ming was still a piece of cake for it.

The old Berserker's pupils shrank. He did not expect that Su Ming's Divine General Armor would be able to resist his divine ability. Even though that armor had shattered, he had not been able to instantly retrieve Su Ming's soul.

"Glimmering Light!" With a cold harrumph, the old man took a step towards Su Ming.

Almost the moment he walked forward, that semi transparent blood wolf caught up to Su Ming and continued attacking him, looking as if it would not disappear if it did not retrieve his soul.

In the blink of an eye, the blood wolf closed in on him and was just about to ram against his defenseless body, but right when the blood wolf got closer, a big bell abruptly appeared around Su Ming!

Han Mountain Bell!

The blood wolf instantly knocked onto the bell. Rumbling sounds shook the sky and earth. Loud bell chimes hummed in the air, and the strong chimes made even the old Berserker freeze for a moment.

The instant he froze, a black line suddenly shot out from the spot where Han Mountain Bell and the blood wolf crashed into each other. With a shocking speed, it charged straight towards the center of the old man's brows.

However, that old Berserker was a monster who had already reached the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. In an instant, he had recovered, and with a swing of his arm, he caught the incoming black line. However, what awaited him was a sharp pain on his palm and blood spilling out of his lips.

That black line pierced through his palm, but similarly, when the black line shot through the old man's palm, it also suffered the power of the palm strike. Its tail instantly exploded and it fell backwards.

"What is this?!" The old Berserker's palm was a bloody mess and shock appeared on his face.

Almost the instant he was injured by that black line, the blood wolf's gigantic body crumbled and dissolved beside Han Mountain Bell. Han Mountain Bell also shrank in an instant and fell back into Su Ming's body.

Su Ming coughed up blood once again. He was already gravely injured, but he did not continue running away. Instead, with bloodshot eyes, he charged against the old Berserker as if he had gone insane.

The distance between the both of them was not far to begin with, which was why Su Ming managed to close in on him right when the old Berserker's palm was shot through and shock appeared on his face. By doing so, while it seemed as if Su Ming was running headlong into his own doom, his charge allowed him to arrive less than 30 feet away from the old Berserker.

Like a moth charging into a flame!

With Su Ming's level of cultivation, his current move could only be described with those seven words. However, if he did not do this, he would not be able to run away either and would still die. The willpower he had refined from the battlefield allowed his mind to not breakdown despite being under this intense life threatening crisis.

He counterattacked.

Chapter 364: The Power of the God of Berserkers!

The old Berserker let out a cold snort. With a glint in his eyes, he lifted his left hand and swung it at Su Ming. That one swing caused the sea of blood beyond his body to surge high into the sky, but right at that moment...

The old Berserker's expression suddenly changed in a manner so great it had never happened before!

Because the incoming Su Ming lifted his right hand and stretched out his index finger, the finger with the strand of hair containing the power of the God of Berserkers wound around it. The finger that could destroy the sky and earth and contained a power that could make those in the Berserker Soul Realm appalled!

It was just a lift. It was a movement made to touch the sea of blood that was created with the power of his entire body. There was a hint of flame on the strand of hair on that finger.

It was just those actions, and a terror that horrified the old Berserker out of his wits burst forth from the depths of his heart uncontrollably. Ever since he reached the Berserker Soul Realm, he rarely ran into things that made him this terrified.

This terror even surpassed the fear he experienced when he gritted his teeth and took that one step that could very spell his doom when he had attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

This terror was something he had never encountered and experienced before in his life. This unique shock surpassed everything that he had ever experience. It was like... a judgment!

This was judgment!

It was as if the person standing before him was not the weak and fragile Su Ming, but was instead a person who radiated with supremacy. That person was looking at him, lifting his right hand, pointing towards him.

That person was like the first God of Berserkers!

This was the judgment of the first God of Berserkers. This was the finger of judgment that robbed him of his life, robbed him of his will, robbed him of everything that made him who he was!

He could not bring up even an ounce of resistance before this finger, not even the slightest of thought to fight back. He even had the feeling that he was as weak as a layer of thin ice that would shatter the moment it was touched.

That terror turned into a tidal wave that almost flooded his heart and soul, making the old Berserker's pupils shrink. He let out a shrill cry and quickly retreated. This was an

instinctive reaction. If he did not retreat, he would definitely die. If he did not retreat, even his own body would go against his own will.

As his heart pounded in his chest, it suddenly seemed to have stopped. It was as if even his heart did not dare move under the power of that one finger.

Almost the instant he retreated, blood poured out of the corner of Su Ming's lips. A glint suddenly appeared in his eyes. Just when the power of that one finger was about to be released and a small part of the strand of hair on his finger burned away, he immediately put down his finger.

He had mentally prepared himself towards the might of the God of Berserkers' power beforehand, but even if he did prepare himself, he was still shocked by what he felt in his heart.

Su Ming was unwilling to use such a mighty power to kill this Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm before him!

'I can only use this twice, and I was forced out of the land of the Berserkers because of the God of Berserkers' power. If I use it once here, it's not worth it!'

The instant Su Ming put down his right index finger, green light shone at the center of his brows, and the small sword charged towards the old Berserker.

Su Ming did not linger around to look at the outcome. Instead, with one move, he charged towards the sky in the distance. As he traveled forth, he brought out some medicine and swallowed them, leaving far into the distance in the blink of an eye. The small virescent sword's speed was incredibly quick. It rushed towards the old Berserker and pierced through his chest, and once it did so, it left with Su Ming. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared.

Once Su Ming disappeared, the old Berserker coughed out a mouthful of blood and lifted his head, revealing a complicated look formed through lingering fear and savageness.

After a long while, he dipped his head down and looked at the puncture on his chest. His heart had been pierced through by that sword. If anyone else had this sort of injury, they would have died a long time ago. However, this wound was not fatal to that old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm.

With a complicated look, the old man stared in the direction Su Ming had left, and hesitation appeared on his face, but soon, the greed in his eyes vanquished his hesitation. He gritted his teeth but did not continue his chase. Instead, he flew down to the ground to begin healing himself.

‘Power of the God of Berserkers... This is the power of the God of Berserkers... This is a power that has surpassed those within the Berserker Soul Realm. If I have it, then no one in the Berserker Soul Realm will be my equal!’

‘And the true use of this power isn’t to kill, but to be used to gain an epiphany!’ A mad wave of greed appeared in the old man’s eyes.

‘If I can reflect on this power constantly once I have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or have reached the later stage, then perhaps... I will have a chance to break through the Berserker Soul Realm! This power can drive all those monsters who have great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm mad!’

The old man’s breathing quickened, and his breathing tore at his wounds, but he had already long since ignored that pain. Right then, his mind was filled with the shock brought to him by the power of the God of Berserkers.

Su Ming’s caution had allowed him to evade a life threatening crisis. If he had been greedy and attacked once again while the old man was caught in a daze, then he would definitely have to use the power of the God of Berserkers once again, or else once that old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm launched a counterattack, he would be unable to take it.

After all, he was still too weak! Besides, he could not always use the power of the God of Berserkers. This power would be released when the strand of hair started burning. If he had to do this repeatedly, he would much rather kill that old man.

That old man had temporarily given up on chasing him down. As that old man went to the ground to heal himself, Su Ming escaped in the sky. Blood continued flowing out of the corner of his mouth. If he did not have his medicine helping him, he would have collapsed a long time ago.

After fleeing for three days straight, Su Ming plummeted to the ground abruptly. It was a greyish piece of land, and every inch of earth exuded an air of ruin. Once Su Ming crashed down with a bang, he coughed up blood once again.

‘If I don’t want to waste the power of the God of Berserkers, then I must think of a way to kill that person!’ Su Ming wiped away the blood. Panting, he surveyed his surroundings. This place was completely empty. There was not a hint of a living soul here.

‘That person’s speed is far too astonishing. He actually managed to close up 80,000 feet in an instant. This is not a matter of speed anymore, he must be using another method!’ When Su Ming thought back on the fight three days ago, it still made his heart pound in fear.

'Berserker Soul... This is the Berserker Soul Realm...' Su Ming struggled up. Once he swept his gaze past the ground, he saw an endless amount of ravines and cracks on the plain. It was unknown how this strange terrain was formed.

He stood there and watched for a long moment before lifting his right hand and patting a bag in his bosom. A red light instantly flew out from the bag and turned into the Fire Ape by his side.

There was still a large amount of human heads tied around the Fire Ape's waist, and it held a rod in its paws. There was a nervous look on its face when it appeared, a clear sign that it had been paying attention to all the things Su Ming did while in the storage bag.

Like that battle, like the appearance of the two deity statues, like the old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm going after his life.

Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape and saw a hint of terror in its eyes. In his silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it wide. The chain on the Fire Ape's neck was instantly released.

The chain fell, causing the ape to immediately regain its freedom.

The desire for freedom had been something the Fire Ape had been dreaming about ever since it was caught, but having it suddenly given to it like this made it momentarily stunned.

"I promised you that I will return you your freedom once I come to the land of the Shamans. This is the land of the Shamans. Be careful and don't get close to people. Before long, this place will go through a huge catastrophe. Perhaps you can find another way to survive with your intelligence.

"Go. Someone is after my life now, so I can't send you off. If we are ever fated to meet again, we will." Su Ming looked at the Fire Ape. No matter what, this ape was not Xiao Hong. Su Ming still knew that.

That was why he would not force the Fire Ape to stay. Instead, he gave it freedom.

The Fire Ape was momentarily stunned, then cast Su Ming a glance before it turned into a fiery red blur that charged into the distance. With just a few leaps, it disappeared from Su Ming's sight.

Melancholy appeared in Su Ming's heart as that fiery red blur disappeared. He remained silent for a moment before he shook his head. He swept his gaze through the ravines and cracks on the ground before choosing one of them and jumping inside.

He had to immediately start exercising his breathing to heal himself. The power contained in that palm strike from the old monster in the Berserker Soul Realm had made him feel as if his organs were about to be crushed, and there was the fact about him pressing onward incessantly for several days as well. Su Ming would have collapsed if he had not swallowed a large amount of medicine.

More importantly, his four Berserker Bones had cracked after that old monster from the Berserker Soul Realm struck him. This, to Su Ming, was the most devastating blow.

Su Ming opened up a temporary stone chamber to heal himself in that giant ravine on the plains, then sat in there and closed his eyes to begin exercising his breathing. Yet the moment he closed his eyes, he opened them immediately again. Right before his eyes, he saw a fiery red figure appearing at the exit of the stone chamber.

It was the Fire Ape.

It bared its teeth at Su Ming, then lifted its fist and waved it in the air before pointing outside, then began gesturing once again before finally rolling its eyes and leaning at the side as if it was angry.

"I know this is a desolate place... Fine. Continue staying by my side for the time being, when we reach a place that is not a wasteland, you can leave." Su Ming smiled and looked at the Fire Ape, then closed his eyes again.

The battle Su Ming joined beyond Sky Mist City had ended, but the war was still ongoing. There was a new group of warriors assembling in the territories belonging to the two races.

Perhaps it would not take too long before another battle started.

Most of the people in Sky Mist City chose to remain silent about Su Ming's departure. It was as if everyone had unanimously chosen to not talk about this matter. The others also chose to not talk about the old Berserker who went after Su Ming. An indescribable atmosphere had strangely surrounded the powerful Berserkers within Sky Mist City.

Tian Lan Meng remained silent about this. No one knew exactly what she was thinking of.

As for Su Ming's over a hundred followers, Yan Bo, Zi Che, and the rest of them did not understand why Su Ming did such a thing. They, too, remained silent.

The stone monument in Sky Mist City that recorded the Berserkers' battle achievements would be renewed every single day as it recorded the achievements made by the Berserkers. Su Ming was not up there, but there was a person called Yue Feng who had made it to the top 200.

At that moment, there was a handsome young man with long black hair who gave off a strangely captivating air when he smiled standing underneath the stone monument in Sky Mist City. He was standing before the person from Sky Mist City who recorded battle achievements and was handing over a storage bag to that person.

"An additional 37 battle achievement points to Yue Feng, now ranked 198th!" The person from Sky Mist City recording the battle achievements lifted his head and cast a glance at the black-haired man.

"Thank you." That strangely captivating man smiled. Then as he turned around to leave, he cast a glance in the direction of the land of the Shamans.

"Master, what are you doing now...? Are you being chased down by others? Heh heh, I can feel it. One of these days, I will surpass you and become the true Fire Berserker in the world!"

Chapter 365: Troubled!

The land of the Shamans appeared desolate to the eye. Most of the ground was grayish black and greenery was seldom seen around the place. There was an air of depression around this place as if it was the source of death.

The color of the sky was not blue either but gray, looking as if a dust storm had lifted up the sand on the ground and covered the sky.

Compared to the land of the Berserkers, the land of the Shamans lacked vitality. Their land was filled with cracks and ravines. No one knew just how long those cracks had existed, neither did anyone know whether they were man-made or naturally caused when the earth shifted.

There were only the sounds of the moaning wind around the area, the rest was dead silence. The few small creatures that lived in this sort of environment occasionally were the only signs of life on the land.

In one of the walls of the gigantic ravines on the grayish black mass of land was an incredibly secluded place. There was a large crack in there, and deep within that crack was a stone chamber that was made by man.

Su Ming sat in there with his eyes closed and face pale as he slowly exercised his breathing. The Fire Ape squatted at the exit of the crack before him cautiously. Sometimes, it would turn its head around to look at him.

Su Ming had already changed his bloody clothes and was wearing a black robe with his long hair spilling over his shoulders. The bracelet that formed by black smoke was circulating slowly on his right wrist.

His index finger looked incredibly normal, the only thing off about it being the strand of hair wrapped several times around it. However, this was the finger that contained the power strong enough to shock those old monsters in the Berserker Soul Realm, and could even... destroy the world!

Time passed by gradually. After an unknown amount of time went by, Su Ming slowly opened his eyes. The instant he did so, a profound look appeared in his eyes, and his entire presence changed as well. He was like a huge ocean that could not be seen through when others looked at him.

"Bone Sacrifice Realm..." Su Ming mumbled softly. He could clearly feel what was different within him now. On his spine, the four Berserker Bones shone with a blue light. It contained an explosive power, a power that not only allowed Su Ming to sense the invisible power in the world, it also made him become much stronger than he was when he was in the Awakening Realm.

What was more, as of then, the cracks on the four Berserker Bones had mostly recovered. There were only three cracks left, and they would need some time before they were fully healed.

'It was by chance that I left the battlefield... but since this accident happened, it might also turn out to be a fortuitous event for me! I can increase my power here, and then leave to find that long haired woman who appeared in the battlefield. That woman knows many things about Destiny. Perhaps I can get some answers from her!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his right hand to touch the center of his brows.

Wind immediately stirred up within his body. That wind seemed to be a part of him and was swirling about in his body. It looked like there was no pattern in its movements, only disorder, yet even so, it was enough to make Su Ming become much faster than before.

'It's a pity I don't know how to make this Provenance of Wind stronger...'

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, he brought out a crystal about the size of his fist from his storage bag. The instant he did so, wind started swirling about and moaning in the stone chamber. It came too suddenly, causing the Fire Ape to swiftly turn its head around. Once it saw what Su Ming was doing, it relaxed.

Su Ming slowly pressed the Wind Crystal of Inheritance against the center of his brows, but the instant the crystal touched his forehead, a strong repelling force spread from within it, as if it did not want to fuse with Su Ming no matter what.

After a long while, Su Ming moved away his right hand with a dark face. He stared at the crystal in his hand and let out a cold harrumph.

‘You won’t acknowledge me, huh...?’ Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he put the crystal back into the storage bag and closed his eyes slowly. When he did so, the Wind Separation Slash Art he obtained from the deity statue of Berserker Soul appeared in his head.

This Art was a unique legacy to the True Divinity Wind Berserker. It was given to him separately from the Crystal of Inheritance, which clearly showed just how extraordinary this Art was. Su Ming had obtained the whole entire Art, and knew that there were only three Styles to it.

The first Style was Sun Genesis.

The second Style was Lunar Burial.

The third Style was Wind Separation.

These three Styles in this wind related divine ability gave Su Ming a feeling that they were filled with a tremendous power, but they were just like an illusion. He could only sense it, but could not touch it.

‘The Crystal of Inheritance!’ Su Ming opened his eyes and frowned. He could tell that the reason why he could not explore the three Styles was largely related to the fact that he had not fused with the Crystal of Inheritance.

‘But since the three Styles of Wind Separation were given to me as a separate legacy, then I might not necessarily need the Crystal of Inheritance to master them...’ As Su Ming continued mulling over his thoughts, his mind kept on going back to the three Styles he obtained.

Time passed by, and in the blink of an eye, it was already three days later.

During those three days, Su Ming did not venture out. He stayed inside the stone chamber that served as his temporary lodgings, but he had no progress whatsoever. It was as if besides using the Crystal of Inheritance to learn it, there was no other shortcut for him to use.

If he could not fuse with the Crystal of Inheritance, then the three Styles of Wind Separation could only remain in his mind like an illusion. He could only sense it but could not get the details.

In fact, even if he could sense the Art, it remained as a vague and indistinct feeling in his mind. It was as if the three Styles of Wind Separation were covered by a veil so that no one could see them clearly.

It was during an afternoon after those three days when the meditating Su Ming suddenly opened his eyes. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he shot up from the ground. With a swing of his arm, the Fire Ape turned into a red light. Once Su Ming put it away, he charged out like a long arc, but he did not fly out of the ravine. Instead, he plunged down to the deeper parts before flying in another direction.

When he charged out, Su Ming had also put on a straw hat that could cover his face along with a black robe, causing people to be unable to tell that he was a Berserker at first glance. In the blink of an eye, he charged into the sky.

Not long after he left, the air outside the ravine, which had served as his temporary lodgings for the past few days, suddenly distorted and a person walked out. That person's expression was incredibly dark, and there was a murderous air around him. That person was naturally the old man.

It had been half a month since he chased Su Ming into the land of the Shamans. Killing that Shaman had wasted some of his time, and he had to spend some more time to heal the wound caused by the sword piercing through his chest when he was stunned by Su Ming using the power of the God of Berserkers. If he did not possess a unique method to find Su Ming, he would have lost him a long time ago.

Yet even so, Su Ming still managed to detect him beforehand every single time he came searching. He could have written it off with some random reason the first time, but now that it had happened again the second time, there was no way that the old man would not be able to know that there was still an unknown mystery to Su Ming.

'As expected of a True Divinity who received the legacy. You're just in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm now, and you've already made me chase after you for so many days. If you had the chance to grow, then you might be able to reach the Berserker Soul Realm.

'You could have run much farther ahead, but you chose not to do so, as if you're trying to provoke me. You wait for me to catch up to you, then try to lure me to the deeper parts of the land of the Shamans...

'Hmph, you're not a Shaman either. Doing this will do you no good either!' The old Berserker let out a cold snort. He closed his eyes, and after some time, as if he could see exactly where Su Ming had gone off to, he opened his eyes and turned into a long arc and flew off.

Su Ming flew in the sky. His face covered by the bamboo hat was calm, but there was a murderous glare in his eyes. However, that person's level of cultivation was simply too high. Su Ming was not his opponent. It would be far too difficult if he wanted to kill this person without using the power of the God of Berserkers.

The only way Su Ming could think of was to use the Shamans to kill this person!

That was why he was flying deeper into the land of the Shamans. He was certain that if he continued flying like this, he would definitely catch someone's attention. As for what he would do to hide his identity when the Shamans arrived, Su Ming had already made preparations.

Afternoon went by quickly. When the sun started shining with its last rays for the day in the horizon and twilight arrived, the old man was two hundred thousand feet behind Su Ming.

The old man had consumed quite a large amount of medicinal liquid during the entire chase. It was fortunate that he had enough stored away, or else it would have been very difficult for him to maintain a high speed such as this.

Due to the Provenance of Wind contained within Su Ming's body, not only was his speed extremely fast, he also wasted little of his energy. This was the power of the Wind Berserker. Su Ming might only be in control of a small part of it, but it was enough.

However, even if it was so, Su Ming had still consumed a large amount of medicine. Nonetheless, his medicine was naturally of a much higher quality compared to the old man's. With the medicine balancing out the difference in the level of power between them, that was why the old man could only arrive at a distance two hundred thousand feet away from Su Ming even after the entire afternoon had gone by.

If that had not been the case, with the huge difference of power between them, it would be entirely impossible for Su Ming to have run away for so many days.

Even when he saw that the old man was already only two hundred thousand feet away from him, Su Ming remained calm. He sent his divine sense to scan the area behind him, then swiftly flew higher once again. With his speed, he instantly shot above the nine heavens and arrived at the highest spot in the sky, where the endless gusts of wind were.

The old man who was one hundred thousand feet behind him nearly cursed out loud the moment Su Ming flew upwards. His face was so dark that it was almost like ice that would never melt, and a sense of powerlessness rose within him.

Over these days, every single time he nearly caught up to Su Ming, he would immediately fly up to the spot among the nine heavens where the high wind was. While Su Ming's speed was not the slightest bit affected, the old man was forced to slow down.

Once they were very far apart from each other, Su Ming would stop staying in the layer of the sky where the high wind was and would descend once again, then cause a huge ruckus at a lower altitude. He would cause loud, booming sounds as he moved forward, as if he was afraid others could not see him.

"Damn it!"

Anger burned in the old man's eyes and a great sense of helplessness rose in his heart. A few days ago, when he was chasing Su Ming down, he had cast an Art that used up quite a lot of his power, causing him to instantly appear eighty thousand feet from Su Ming, then launched an attack which he thought would almost definitely be able to strike him down, but Su Ming had endured through it. He might have ended up heavily injured, but the old man also came out of the encounter looking rather pathetic.

From then onwards, Su Ming no longer gave him a chance to get within eighty thousand feet of him. Usually, when he was two hundred thousand feet, he would immediately fly into the area where the high wind was.

The old man also did not dare use that instant warp Art of his anymore. That Art used up too much of his power, but the main reason for him to not use that power was this - he was wary of Su Ming.

The old man struggled over whether he should continue the chase.

Chapter 366: Unable to Leave

"Young cultivator, I bear no ill will. I only attacked last time because I wanted to make you stay." The old man's words traveled forward like a straight line in the layer with the high wind.

"After all, you're our people's deserter. Leaving the battlefield is an act of betrayal. I attacked you because of this as well! As a True Divinity, I can give you a chance. Come back with me to Sky Mist City. I promise you, your life won't be in danger."

Although the old man had said those words, Su Ming, who was several hundreds of thousands of feet away, did not even turn his head back and continued onward without a single word. The distance between them grew bigger.

"You may have the power of the God of Berserkers, but I'm certain that you don't want to waste the only two chances you have. Besides, this is only a clone of mine, and it would be a fortune of mine to be able to experience the power of the God of Berserkers' jab with my clone." The old man continued speaking with a dark expression on his face.

"How about this? I will swear by my statue of the God of Berserkers that I won't harm you, but you're not allowed to continue running either. Stay by my side and let me examine the power of the God of Berserkers... Don't worry, I won't let you do this for nothing. I'll give you treasures as thanks."

The old man was forced to do this. He longed for the power of the God of Berserkers, but after going through the life threatening crisis, he had grown incredibly wary of Su Ming.

However, this made him really conflicted, because he was only wary of the power that Su Ming could use twice. He was completely unbothered by Su Ming himself. It was that conflict that made him struggle, caught by his own greed between wanting to chase him down and not at the same time.

If he chased him down and forced Su Ming into a corner so he would use one of the chances, then the old man's fate was all but predicted.

Yet if he did not chase him down and just gave up like this after chasing for so long and so far into the land of the Shamans... he found himself unwilling to accept that outcome.

However, even if he continued with the chase, he found it hard to close the distance between them due to the wariness he had in his heart. Once more time passed by and they entered deeper into the land of the Shamans, then he would feel grow more and more uneasy. This sort of dilemma was enough to drive him mad and make him despise Su Ming to the core.

Just as the old man was hesitating and chasing him down, Su Ming had already widened the distance between them by more than 500,000 feet while in the high wind. With this sort of distance between them, he could descend without fear and cause a ruckus at a lower altitude as he charged forward.

This sort of cycle continued for another two days. By then, the ground underneath was no longer grayish black, and green appeared on the earth, a clear sign that they had moved out of the wastelands and were gradually moving closer to the places where Shaman tribes were located.

Only then did that old man finally make his decision. He gritted his teeth and came to a halt, as he glared at Su Ming, who was several hundreds of thousands of feet away. Hatred flashed briefly in his eyes, but he turned around and gave up on the chase. Instead, he returned to his original path and charged back.

In the end, he still chose to gave up. After all, this sort of chase would yield no results. Once he thoroughly weighed out the pros and cons of these two difficult situations, he found that unless his power was at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and possessed an even more powerful divine ability, then he would perhaps stand a better chance at killing Su Ming before he had the chance to activate the power of the God of Berserkers.

Yet now, he could not do this. That was why, instead of continuing with the chase like this, it was better for him to give up completely.

However, right when the old man chose to give up and go back the way he'd come he found, with a dark expression on his face, that Su Ming had also chosen not to continue with his escape. He was instead following behind him as if he had turned the tables and was now chasing him down.

But that was not all. He could have ignored him if that was the case and let Su Ming follow him. He was certain that the youth would not dare return to Sky Mist City. If Su Ming continued following him like this, then before long, he would leave on his own. Besides, if he followed him for a prolonged period of time, then perhaps the old man could have a chance to obtain the power of the God of Berserkers.

To the old man, this was a good thing... That is, if he did not discount the booming sounds behind him and the words he could hear even from a long distance away.

Su Ming's pursuit was followed by intentionally created thunderous booming. Those sounds and the rumbles caused by the occasional punch into the air continued reverberating incessantly in the air.

This was the land of the Shamans, and there was still quite some distance before he could reach Sky Mist City. If the old Berserker was careful, it was possible for him to return quietly, but if... such booming continued behind him, then it would be very difficult for him to return safely.

'Damn it! Damn it ! Damn it!'

The old Berserker felt as if he was being driven insane. He had already given up on chasing Su Ming down and killing him, but the brat did not even appreciate what was good for him and was instead acting as if he was stuck to the old man, causing his return to be filled with trepidation.

The booming was becoming increasingly louder, and the old man did not want to know what would happen if he did not stop Su Ming! The previous few days when he had been chasing the other, these sort of booming sounds had already appeared, and they might have already caught the attention of the Shamans.

Now, this was also happening on his way back. The old man would definitely not believe that there would be no Shamans who would come forth to investigate such a matter.

Not only was the old man going crazy from those sounds, they were also becoming a real headache to him. That was why he simply chose to stop once again, change his direction, and resume chasing Su Ming.

Yet as he changed his direction, Su Ming also did the same thing in the distance. The two of them resumed the role of the pursuer and the pursued. The only thing that did not change were those booming sounds. They rang in the air and did not fade away.

That booming was a noise that made the old man feel incredibly agitated when he heard it, but also fearful at the same time. Even if he was the pursuer, he also had to pay a lot of attention to his surroundings, worried that the noise would draw in the attention of the Shamans.

His current state of mind was just like a person who wanted to move silently in the middle of a night and did not want to be discovered, but there was always loud noises by his side...

The old man's eyes turned red. This was the first time he ever became afraid of someone in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and the reason for it was not because of the power of the God of Berserkers Su Ming had, but because of his actions.

Those actions made him want to tear his hair off his head. After chasing him for a long while, the old man was just about to let slip a roar out of gloom, but he swallowed it down. He turned his head and gave up on the chase once again, charging at full speed back towards Sky Mist City.

Su Ming changed his direction behind him at a leisurely pace and followed behind while creating that booming that shook the sky and earth.

If the old man sped up, then Su Ming would also speed up. If he slowed down, then Su Ming would also slow down. If he stopped, then Su Ming would also stop. There was forever several hundreds of thousands of feet between them.

'I'd like to see just how you'll deal with this once you lure in the Shamans! If you, as a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, am not afraid, then why should I be afraid?'

The old man's eyes were red by then. He was honestly at the end of his wits due to Su Ming's actions, which was why he decided to simply not think too much about it and charge forward without a word. It was as if he was fueling his speed with all his pent up gloom and vexation.

The two of them moved forward one behind the other. No matter how one thought about it, Su Ming looked as if he was the one chasing down the old man, but the gigantic difference of power between them made this chase seem incredibly weird...

A Berserker in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was going after the life of a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...

Once this chase went on for three days, due to Su Ming constantly creating booming sounds all over the land of the Shamans, he finally caught the attention of those in the Shaman Tribe.

In truth, most of the Shamans in that area had gone to war. That was why Su Ming and the old man had not run into Shamans trying to stop them during this period of time.

That was not to say that the batch of Shamans from the battlefield had returned. Su Ming and the old man had instead caught the attention the new batch of Shaman warriors who were heading to the battlefield in Sky Mist City!

More accurately speaking, this was a migrating tribe. The warriors in the tribe had formed teams to protect their tribe as they moved forward, and at the same time, once the tribe had reached the location that was arranged for them, a large number of their people had to head to the Shamans' gathering place located outside Sky Mist City.

There were many migrating tribes like these throughout the entire Shaman Tribe. The tribe Su Ming and the old Berserker ran into was one of them.

They were formed of black shadows that seemed to have covered the sky. Those shadows were closely packed and numbered to several thousands. Each of the black shadows was a largely shrunken mackerel pike!

The large mackerel pike swam through the clouds, and on its back was a Shaman warrior. There were also thousands of Shamans traveling on the ground, causing the earth to tremble. Nine ferocious beasts that looked like turtles but had square shells and were several tens of thousands of feet in size protected them from behind.

There were large many Shamans sitting on the nine strange turtles. There were also some buildings that seemed to have been picked off from the ground and placed on the shells.

Further behind them was a long string of people forming a team whose end could not be seen as they sent dust flying into the air with their march. This was clearly not the migration of a small tribe but a Shaman Tribe leaning on the larger side of the spectrum!

There were bound to be powerful End Shamans in this sort of tribe. As Su Ming followed after the old Berserker as if he was chasing after him, both of them noticed the Shamans who had practically blotted out the sky and earth with their numbers coming from the distance. The Shamans also saw Su Ming and the old Berserker in the distance.

In truth, these Shamans first heard the booming sounds before they saw Su Ming and the old Berserker.

Most of them had their eyes trained on the old Berserker right from the start because of his incredible power, his uncovered face, and because the Shamans could tell that he wasn't a Shaman!

More importantly, because he was escaping! Fleeing in the direction forward for a Berserker in the land of the Shamans was something that logical. Hence it was only logical that the person who was chasing after his life was his enemy, and in the land of the Shamans, the only people who were against the Berserkers were mostly Shamans.

Besides, Su Ming was wearing a straw hat, and when he'd noticed the group of Shamans with his divine sense, he brought out a Spirit Plunder, but he did not place next to himself. Instead, he held it in his hands. Even so, the unique dark light and power of absorption that came from the pill still spread out, causing the air around Su Ming to look as if it was distorting. Which was why, at first glance, he looked rather similar to the young Soul Catcher he'd seen previously.

There were also Su Ming's words, which were spoken in a hoarse and ghastly voice...

"My fellow tribesmen behind me, where are you from? I am Mo Su, a Medial Soul Catcher from Lizard Shaman Tribe. Please aid me in killing this person! He is a powerful Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!"

The old Berserker who seemed to be fleeing rapidly in front almost puked blood when he heard those words. He had no time to speak in his mad dash, and as he was running away, he began cursing in his heart.

'Does he think those Shamans are blind? Medial Soul Catcher, my foot... Huh?!'

His thoughts came to an abrupt halt.

Chapter 367: Autumn Sea

When Su Ming spoke, a Shaman Crystal appeared in his left hand. With one squeeze, the crystal instantly shone with a brilliant light. With a flash in the sky, that light turned into a gigantic lizard above Su Ming!

That lizard was naturally the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe!

There were many uses for Shaman Crystals. Su Ming had learned from Wu Duo that one of their many uses was a way for Shamans to show their tribe's sacred beast as a form of courtesy if they ran into other Shamans in an unfamiliar place.

In the end, he had chosen not to probe into Wu Duo's origins, but had instead chosen to ask about the Shamans' customs and characteristics... Wu Duo had told him everything. He had also somewhat guessed Su Ming's intentions, but he did not expose him because they were people walking down the same path, albeit they were from different races.

They perhaps have not had a deep friendship, but after fighting through numerous battles together, they had slowly come to form a unique rapport, and this way they had come to form a friendship between two people of different races.

Perhaps it was a brittle friendship, but it might also not be that brittle.

At the very least, right now Su Ming was using the method Wu Duo told him to activate the power of the Shaman Crystal. Once he brought out the illusion of the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe based on what he saw in the past and what he remembered, the Shaman Tribe that had stirred up the dust on the land and blotted the sky and earth manifested their own in the form of an illusion in the sky.

From a Shaman Crystal, a gigantic and ferocious beast was called out.

It was a gigantic mackerel pike, one that Su Ming was familiar with and had seen before!

The illusion of the mackerel pike appeared in the sky. Compared to it, the lizard was really insignificant...

However, if the tribe revealed the image of the sacred beast, then it meant that they had acknowledged Su Ming's words and had also accepted his exercise of Shaman etiquette, which was why they had returned the greeting.

The sudden scene caused the fleeing Berserker to widen his eyes in disbelief. He had no knowledge of this sort of Shaman etiquette.

In truth, there were not many people who knew of this sort of etiquette in the land of the Shamans, because it was really insignificant. Even if a people could call out sacred beasts, it usually only took one glance for them to recognize whether other people were Shamans as well.

The most distinct characteristic would be the strength of that person's mental prowess!

At that moment, Su Ming had already spread his divine sense so that it covered his entire body. Then, along with the mysterious air spreading from Spirit Plunder that was hidden from sight in his hand, he gave all those around him a feeling that he was a Soul Catcher, even though he was wearing a bamboo hat.

The old Berserker who was running away might not know about this rule of conduct, but he knew that Su Ming was definitely not part of the Shaman Tribe.

When the group of Shamans appeared behind him, his skin crawled, but as he continued charging forward, with a sinister intention, he said, "Interesting, since when has the True Divinity Wind Berserker of the Berserker Tribe and the scion of the first God of Berserkers become a Shaman? Why didn't I know about this?"

Almost the moment the old man said those words, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He did not explain himself but loosened the grip of his right hand, causing Spirit Plunder in

his hand to float above his head. It shone with a brilliant dark light as if it wanted to absorb everything in the world into it.

Su Ming distinctly remembered that when the young Soul Catcher he killed in the land of the Berserkers saw this pearl, he had said that this was the Soul Catcher Pearl that only End Shamans could create!

This pearl seemed to be rather famous in the Shaman Tribe... Besides, Su Ming also remembered that when he brought out his Spirit Plunder in Lizard Shaman Tribe that the Patriarch of that tribe had also recognized this as an item that belonged to the Shamans, and had been baffled as to why Su Ming could possess and use it.

"Soul Catcher Pearl!"

It was just as Su Ming had predicted, the moment the pearl was brought out, someone from the migrating Shaman Tribe behind them immediately cried out in surprise.

The old Berserker was stunned, and at that moment, an old woman walked out abruptly from the thousands of mackerel pikes in the sky behind Su Ming. The old woman's hair was white and her skin filled with wrinkles. There was a tattoo of a mackerel pike on her face. She held a cane made of fish bone in her hand, and with one step, she appeared right before Su Ming, several tens of thousands of feet behind the old Berserker.

She was a Latter Shaman!

Su Ming's pupils shrank under the straw hat covering his head. The instant the old woman walked past him, he could feel a power that was similar to that of a divine sense from the old woman's body, scanning him.

There was also a man whose hair was so long it was about ten feet in length sitting on the head of a turtle located at the center of the nine turtles on the ground.

The man looked to be in his forties, but there were age spots that only belonged to the elderly covering his skin. He originally had his eyes closed, but at the same time the old woman appeared, he opened his eyes slowly. Within them was a light that could make someone feel shaken to the core.

It was just a gaze, but it was enough to make Su Ming's entire body tremble. It also made the old Berserker, who was fleeing in front, feel as if his soul was about to scatter. His body suddenly came to a stop, as if he was tied up and could not move forward!

"End... Soul Catcher!"

The old Berserker's expression turned incredibly sour. He could not move his body at all, as if his soul had been captured. That was not all, he had also lost control of his

body and was slowly turning around. Then, like a puppet, he started walking towards the old woman.

Terror and shock could be seen clearly in his eyes.

"Take off your straw hat."

Just as the old Berserker started walking over without any form of resistance, as if his body was controlled, the man sitting cross-legged on the turtle on the ground trained his eyes on Su Ming. His gaze was profound and his words were spoken in a strange rhythm.

Su Ming instantly felt a mighty willpower coming forth from the man's eyes. In an instant, it touched his outspread divine sense, turning into a force that caused him to stagger. However, the man immediately pulled back his divine sense, so Su Ming was not harmed.

A thought appeared in Su Ming's head and he slowly took the straw hat down, revealing... a face covered by a black mask!

That mask belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor!

Although he was wearing a mask, Su Ming's eyes also shone with profundity. The unique presence he gained after he reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm was also clearly reflected on his body, even though he did not show his real face.

That profound gaze, the floating Spirit Plunder, and the divine sense that was spread around his body caused the Su Ming now to look as if he was truly a Medial Soul Catcher!

At that moment, his presence became rather similar to the man's on the turtle.

This was a similarity that was only possible between Soul Catchers!

Even if the old Berserker now had his body controlled, he could still see how Su Ming looked like at that moment. Even if his heart was filled with terror, he still could not help but have this thought appear in his head...

'Could it be... he's really a Soul Catcher...?'

"Interesting, I can sense the presence of a Berserker, a Shaman, and an Immortal on you..." The man whose hair was ten feet long was actually an incredibly handsome man. Even if he had those age spots which belonged to the elderly, they did not destroy his good looks. Instead, they gave him a charm brought by age.

"You're the first person whom I can't figure out on sight, tell just which race you belong to. You're like a Soul Catcher, and if other Shamans looked at you, they would think you were a Soul Catcher as well, but... you're not a Soul Catcher!"

"Take off your mask." The man shook his head slightly and commanded leisurely.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. When the man's words echoed by his ears, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he did something bold. Han Mountain Bell was inside him, and within Han Mountain Bell was that strange rod snake.

Su Ming had once released that rod snake during battle in the war, and it had also pierced through the old Berserker's palm. He could still remember clearly that the snake had swallowed the illusionary Candle Dragon that appeared once the young Soul Catcher opened his eyes!

Su Ming had clearly sensed the rod snake's excitement and desire the instant it devoured the Candle Dragon.

Su Ming did not take down the mask, but instead poured all his thoughts into the black stone fragment hanging below his throat. This was his last resort - entering the strange dimension to escape all dangers.

However, there were drawbacks in doing this. This was Su Ming's greatest secret, and unless he absolutely needed to, he did not want to use it.

At the same time he began making preparations to activate the stone, Su Ming opened up a small crack on the Han Mountain Bell contained in his body and released the strange rod snake's presence!

That presence instantly surrounded Su Ming's entire body. However, that presence was clearly very weak, so there were not many who managed to notice it. Only the natural instincts of the ferocious beasts allowed them to notice it, and only some people with unique senses could sense it.

Almost the instant that presence spread from Su Ming's body, all the mackerel pikes in the sky let out piercing shrieks and retreated simultaneously. Terror appeared on their faces, as if they had just sensed something terrifying.

They were not the only ones reacting that way. All the creatures on the ground were acting in the same manner. Even the nine turtle beasts that were one hundred thousand feet in size also started trembling furiously. Eight among the nine started roaring, and those roars did not sound as if they were fighting against something, but were instead roars of terror.

The turtle underneath the long haired man did not roar, but it was shivering incessantly. The long haired man sitting on it was stunned and his eyes became as wide as saucers.

Dark light shone within his eyes and he stared fixedly at Su Ming. Gradually, his expression changed.

"Candle Dragon!"

"I am a Medial Soul Catcher from Lizard Shaman Tribe traveling through the land of the Shamans. Ever since I was born, I already possessed the presence of the Candle Dragon. Senior, you are a Soul Catcher, you should be able to tell whether this presence is real or fake!

"I'm not taking off my mask for personal reasons. Please don't make this hard for me." Su Ming spoke slowly and calmly. In the time he spoke and spread out the rod snake's presence, he completed activating the path to the dimension in the stone. He could enter it any time he wanted now.

Uproars rose all around them. As the creatures roared, the Shamans standing on them started looking at Su Ming differently. To them, besides the mask, he was identical from his head to toe, including his eyes, to the terrifying Soul Catchers they'd met before.

Even the Soul Catchers standing in the crowd underneath had the same feeling.

The long-haired man stared at Su Ming for a few moments before he said languidly, "Our fellow tribesman from Lizard Shaman Tribe, we are now in a time of war. Don't leave now. Join Autumn Sea Tribe and become our tribe's Soul Catcher."

Su Ming frowned.

"I can join you, but you must give that person to me. I want to turn him into a puppet and grant him the status of an Undying."

Chapter 368: Blood of the Shamans

Autumn Sea Tribe was one of the larger tribes in the land of the Shamans. This migrating group was just a part of it. The team was so long that from afar they looked as if they were connected together. They traveled close to each other, and there were also a large amount of gigantic ferocious beasts dragging with them some unique looking buildings with the members of Autumn Sea Tribe sitting on them as they slowly moved forward.

There were thousands of mackerel pikes swimming in the sky, and they looked as if they had blotted out the sky. Whistling sounds reverberated in the air, and there were

also quite a large number of these mackerel pikes who spread out around the perimeter as if patrolling the area.

Su Ming sat on top of a turtle that was 100,000 feet in size. There were nine members of Autumn Sea Tribe sitting around him. The levels of cultivation of these nine people were anything but ordinary. All of them were Medial Shamans.

They had Su Ming surrounded in the middle as if they were flanking him. It was an order from the male End Shaman.

There was a person lying beside Su Ming - the old Berserker. He could not move his body, but his mind remained clear. His heart was filled with shock from what he had seen previously.

He had originally not believed that Su Ming was a Soul Catcher, but the progression of events had made him hesitant. By that point, he was already completely uncertain as to who Su Ming was!

Su Ming remained silent as he sat on the turtle. His expression was calm and not a hint of what he truly felt in his heart could be seen. He was sitting on the second of the nine turtles. The first turtle right before was the male End Shaman's ride.

From where Su Ming was, he could see the long-haired man whose back was turned towards him as he sat on the first turtle in the distance. That length of hair was something Su Ming had never seen before. He was also the first ever End Shaman Su Ming had ever seen before.

When he remembered that an End Shaman had the power equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

'How many End Shamans are there among the Shamans...? There can't be a lot of them. It's just like how there are very few Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.'

Su Ming's understanding towards End Shamans and Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was very limited. This was simply too far away to him.

'It was just one gaze, and he already made a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Stage almost break down... and then he captured him just like that. The strength of an End Shaman should be considered as the peak in the Land of South Morning.

'End Shaman... I wonder what his name is; he must be a famous person in the Shaman and Berserker Tribes.' Without bringing any attention to himself, Su Ming started examining his surroundings.

The tribe was not moving quickly. When dusk arrived, the migrating tribe started slowing down. The members of Autumn Sea Tribe started setting up beast skin tents and building up bonfires skilfully on the desolate land. Everything was done in an orderly manner and there was not a hint of them scrambling about in their actions. It was as if everyone knew exactly what they had to do.

When dusk went by and the sky turned completely dark, the bonfires lit up the area. Even if they were a migrating tribe that was resting at that moment, the area which they occupied was still very large. At the very least, when Su Ming stood up and looked into the distance, he could only vaguely see the end of the line and was unable to determine just how big was this temporary tribal village.

The moon gradually peeked out from the clouds, and firelight flickered on the ground. Even though it was dark in the distance, the tribe was rather well illuminated. There were some children playing around, occasionally, playful laughter would ring in the air. Gradually, as the members of Autumn Sea Tribe brought out food and some of them started roasting meat over the bonfires, the aromatic scent of food filled the air, and bustling sounds permeated the air.

Su Ming sat beside a bonfire and took in everything. If he did not look at the Tattoos, he could even have a false impression that he was not sitting among Shamans, but among Berserkers.

It did not matter whether it was their food or their manner of living, everything between the two races were too similar. The only differences between them were their divine abilities and their Arts.

As Su Ming fell into a daze, he saw three children about seven or eight years of age on the other side of the bonfire. They wore beast skins and their hair was a little messy. They were playing tag. One of the children had big eyes and rosy cheeks; he looked very adorable.

The boy was running in front with cheerful laughter. His two friends chased after him.

"The two of you are too slow. I'll count to three. If you still can't catch up to me, then I won't let you two play with this rattle drum."

The boy running in front held a round-shaped rattle drum with a handle connecting to the drum in his hand. However, the ground was not flat, and as he turned his head around to talk, he tripped over something and instantly fell to the ground.

When he fell, his two friends behind him immediately caught up to him, and the three of them instantly started playing together.

However, as the three of them played around, squabbling sounds started, causing Su Ming to look over.

"It's your fault! You broke the rattle drum! It's your fault!"

"My papa made this for me! You have to give it back!"

The boy who had fallen down previously had his head lowered at that moment and looked as if he was about to cry. The rattle drum he held in his hands now had a tear on it.

The two other children standing before him looked hurt and angry. The three of them started yelling at each other.

Things like this occasionally happened among children. Most of the Shamans around chose to ignore this when such arguments happened. Compared to the innocence of the children, the adult Shamans were feeling heavy-hearted, because before long, they would also have to join the battle, and perhaps in the end, very few of them would survive.

Su Ming looked at the three children and stared at the toy rattle in that boy's hand before he stood up slowly. The instant he got up, the nine Medial Shamans surrounding him instantly trained their gazes on him, and guarded looks appeared in their eyes.

Su Ming ignored those nine gazes trained on him and started walking towards the three squabbling children.

The nine Medial Shamans frowned at Su Ming's actions. One of them that was in between Su Ming and the three children stood up when he started walking over. He stared at Su Ming and was just about to open his mouth when his vision blurred. When the world before him became clear once again, he had already lost sight of Su Ming.

That person was momentarily stunned, before he turned his head around swiftly and saw Su Ming with his back towards him as he walked towards the three children.

As that person's expression changed, the other eight reacted in the same manner. Just as all of them wanted to close in on Su Ming, they saw him arriving beside the three children. He stopped and crouched down.

"Let me see. Maybe I can repair it." Su Ming may have been wearing a mask, but the gentle look in his eyes and the soft tone in his voice was still as clear as day.

The three children were stunned, then looked at Su Ming with wide eyes.

"Uncle, can you repair the rattle drum?"

"My papa made it for me. It's his fault that it's broken."

"Uncle, please repair it. It's my fault that it's broken."

Behind Su Ming, the nine Medial Shamans who wanted to get closer came to an abrupt halt. They had heard Su Ming's words and seen his actions.

Su Ming took the small rattle drum from the boy's hands and examined it. At that instant, nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The similarities between the Shaman and Berserker Tribes had caused even the children's toys to almost be the same.

For example, this rattle drum. Su Ming remembered that his elder had made one for him when he was young. It was a small rattle drum made using beast skins, and there was a small stone tied to both sides of the drum with strings made of straw. If he held it in his hand and turned his wrist a little, the small stones wrapped up in string would hit the surface of the drum and let out rattling sounds.

This was one of Su Ming's favorite toys when he was young. He looked at the rattle drum in his hand and a smile appeared on his face under the mask. One side of the drum was torn, which was why no sound could be produced.

Su Ming lifted his hand and ripped off the torn beast skin, then ripped off a corner of the boy's shirt, then placed it on the drum once again. Once he fixed it in place, he turned his wrist with the drum in hand, and instantly, rattling sounds appeared in the air.

The three children immediately started cheering, and excited looks appeared on their faces. Once they took the repaired rattle drum from Su Ming, two of them looked at each other, then ran into the distance excitedly.

"Uncle, thank you. I'm Abu." The boy who had previously broken the rattle drum when he fell waved at Su Ming and happily ran off to join his friends.

At that moment, Su Ming was not paying any mind to the blood feud between the Shamans and the Berserkers in the Land of South Morning, neither was he paying any attention to the war between both sides that would last for an unknown period of time next to Sky Mist City.

He looked at the innocent children and sighed.

"Brother Mo, I didn't expect that you would help the children repair the rattle drum. You must have seen your past self in them." A cheerful voice came from behind Su Ming.

Along with those words came a young man dressed in a black robe with long hair that went down to his waist. The young man's skin was fair, and there was a Tattoo of a mackerel pike at the center of his brows.

He looked slightly different compared to the other Shamans. Most of the time, the Shamans' Tattoos covered their entire face, but this person's Tattoo only covered the center of his brows. There was not a single hint of a Tattoo anywhere else on his face.

He walked from afar, and as he got closer, respect appeared on the faces of the nine Medial Shamans who were keeping close watch on Su Ming. The young man lifted his hand and waved at them, and the nine people quickly backed away.

"The past is no longer here." Su Ming turned around and cast the young man a flat look.

"The past may be gone, but we have to keep a tight grip of the present, because what you do know will decide your future." The young man also looked at Su Ming, but with a faint smile on his lips.

At that moment, their gazes met.

"I am Ya Mu, a Medial Soul Catcher from Autumn Sea Tribe." The young man spoke with a smile, then turned his gaze away from Su Ming, sitting down at a bonfire.

"Brother Mo, care to have a drink?" As the young man spoke, someone behind him immediately took a few brisk steps forward and placed two pots of wine by his side before backing down respectfully.

Su Ming sat down nearby and shook his head.

The young man brought up a wine pot and took a large swig from it once he opened it. Then he let out a long breath.

The young man placed the wine pot down, then said, seemingly casually, "Brother Mo, you came from the battlefield, right?"

"Why do you say that?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"I can smell the blood of Shamans on you. There must have been plenty of Shamans who died in your hands, you, who also happen to be the True Divinity Wind Berserker." The young man spoke slowly, but the moment he said those words, it was as if a chill hand closed in on Su Ming from within the bustling tribe.

Chapter 369: Nine Li Shaman Tribe

Su Ming remained calm. His expression did not change at all due to the young man's words. It was as if he did not hear him at all.

"Perhaps I should be calling you brother Su, and not... brother Mo." When the young man saw Su Ming reacting this way, he spoke once again, still with a slow tone.

Su Ming smiled faintly and lifted his head to look at the mackerel pikes swimming about in the dark sky. With a glint in his eyes, he took off the mask on his face, placed it by his side and took a big swig from the wine pot at his side.

The instant he took off the mask, all the nine previously retreating Medial Shamans immediately took a few steps forward and stood around them. Their expressions changed and murderous intent shone in their eyes, but they did not attack.

The young man's eyes were instantly trained on Su Ming, like lightning when he saw his sudden movements. He stared at Su Ming's pale face and the scar under his eyes, and after a long while, he let out a cold harrumph.

"You killed many of my tribesmen, and the thickness of the smell of Shaman blood on you can be detected far away. How dare you sit so brazenly among us?!"

"Do you not believe that with just one command from me, your head will immediately fall to the ground and your soul will instantly scatter?!"

"Do you believe that before my head falls to the ground, I won't drag you to hell with me...? Do you believe that once my head falls to the ground, your Autumn Sea Tribe won't find it incredibly hard to even walk down the land of the Shamans?" Su Ming brought up the wine pot and drank another mouthful before he cast the young man a flat look.

"Do you not believe that perhaps my head will not even fall to the ground?"

The young man stared at Su Ming, then suddenly started chuckling after a long while. His chuckles were not loud, but as he started chuckling, the cold look in his eyes disappeared.

"Su Ming, oh Su Ming, this is the first time we met, but you already gave me a lot of surprises. I didn't expect that you, a member of the Berserker Tribe, would repair a rattle drum for the children of my race. I also didn't expect that once I exposed your real identity, you would turn the tables and threaten me when we are in my tribe.

"Do you know that your name has already spread to all the Berserkers? Even if Sky Mist City has issued a gag order, the things that happened that day cannot be hidden away.

"True Divinity Wind Berserker, True Divinity Lightning Berserker, and you even obtained a part of the legacy belonging to the first God of Berserkers. You, who possesses the power of the God of Berserkers, have already caught the attention of all the powerful Berserkers in the land of the Berserkers.

"At the same time, you have also caught the attention of many powerful Shamans."

Su Ming did not speak. He simply continued drinking. The instant he was exposed, his heart had indeed been in turmoil, but he soon calmed down. There were many mysteries that could not be explained clearly about this matter, such as why he was allowed to stay in the tribe and why the young man said all these things even though he had no obligation to tell him about them.

However, once the young man said his piece, Su Ming began to have a vague understanding about the situation.

"I've always been curious about why there were only one Shaman and one Berserker who chased after me when I left Sky Mist City that day and why I didn't run into any other Shamans on the way, but at the very last moment, I encountered all of you.

"Now, I understand it somewhat." Su Ming put the wine pot down and looked at the young man sitting before him, then he said, "Thank you for this."

The young man's pupils shrank, but he shook his head after a long while and sighed.

"It's so boring. I originally thought your expression would change slightly or you would react in an extreme fashion, but I didn't expect that you would remain so calm.

"That's right. My people are fighting on the battlefield now. Our Sacred Lady is also there. She was the one who created the chance for you to escape in secret. She warded off the other powerful Shamans from other tribes chasing you down. There's also someone helping you in secret from Sky Mist City, that's why there were only two people who came after you in the end.

"You ran into us because the Thought Soothsayers from my tribe have predicted your arrival. You can say that you didn't find us, but we were waiting for you." The young man spoke slowly as he looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming fell silent.

After a long while, the young man frowned and asked, "Do you know the reason?"

"The reason is because you're our Shaman Lord's junior brother!" The person who said those words was not the young man, but an old woman who was walking slowly towards them and was speaking in a raspy voice.

That old woman was the End Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe Su Ming had seen during the day!

When the old woman showed up, the nine Medial Shamans around them immediately knelt down on one knee. Their expressions were filled with intense respect and zeal. Even Ya Mu, who was by Su Ming's side, immediately stood up and bowed towards her respectfully.

"A very long time ago, before the land of the Berserkers was divided into five portions, there was a powerful tribe to the south. The leader of the tribe was so strong that his power was at an equal level to the second God of Berserkers.

"That tribe was called Nine Li!

"Something happened between the leader of Nine Li and the second God of Berserkers during that time. We can no longer look into it, but as their descendants, we only know that when the second God of Berserkers was killed by the Immortals in the other worlds, he was cut into pieces, and once the land of the Berserkers was divided, Nine Li Tribe was also divided and scattered... When the leader of Nine Li died, he left behind a will declaring that the tribe's Berserkers would be hence known as Shamans!

"A large amount of these people gradually increased in number and developed into small tribes in the Land of South Morning. They called themselves Shamans, and they are the members of the Shaman Tribe you see today.

"We Shamans are the descendants of the Nine Li Tribe, and we keep the blood of Nine Li pure in wait for the blood descendant of our Shaman Lord to awaken the power that belongs to the Nine Li.

"However, during the long span of time we waited for the descendant of our Shaman Lord to awaken, a part of the Shamans have changed... They gave up on the glory of the Nine Li and contacted the Immortals who came from the other worlds. They are no longer Shamans. They're not fit to be called Shamans who will not bow to any authority in the world...

"They are the lapdogs of Immortals of the other worlds!

"We saved you because your eldest senior brother is the Shaman Lord of Nine Li in this generation! He has arranged for one of Nine Li's three hundred Shaman Souls to be by your side. You are an honored guest of Nine Li Shaman Tribe."

The old woman's voice was ancient and it fell into Su Ming's ears. As he listened to her words, he was shaken. He lowered his head and looked at the bracelet on his wrist. With a single thought, the bracelet immediately turned into black smoke. That black smoke instantly spread and merged together to form a woman's body before him.

The woman gradually gained form. Once her body was completely revealed, she swept her gaze across the old woman and the surroundings with her back turned towards Su Ming.

"Which faction of Nine Li Tribe do you belong to?" For the first time, the woman spoke. Her voice was aloof, and there was a chilling quality to it.

"Autumn Sea Tribe." The instant the old woman saw the woman, excitement appeared on her face. She wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed to her. She was not the only who did so. All the Shamans around the area immediately prostrated themselves before her.

"By the orders of our Young Lord, we are to provide the greatest amount of help we can provide to a certain amount of people in all the tribes that belong to Nine Li Shaman Tribe before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands comes to us.

"In the previous battle, we've already sent the news to the Shamans, but almost all of them no longer have the blood of Nine Li flowing through their veins...

"The Immortals from the other worlds have descended upon us three times within the past hundred years. Each time they come to us, there would be traitors who would ally themselves to them to obtain the skill to reach immortality by offering their blood right to them.

"It is especially so now, with the arrival of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, the ancient legends are beginning to show exactly what they meant, and many more of those from Nine Li Shaman Tribe have surrendered their blood right to become affiliates of the Immortals of the other realms...

"The battle this time was started by the tribes who have affiliated themselves to the Immortals. The few tribes who still have the blood of Nine Li coursing in our veins will face the danger of extermination if we don't follow their orders and send our warriors to war.

"Young Lord, please come back and bring us back to the path of Nine Li..." With an agitated face, the old woman knelt down.

Su Ming's breathing quickened. He suddenly realized that the originally rowdy Autumn Sea Tribe in the area where he stood had become silent. Those from further away might not be looking towards them, but Su Ming had a faint feeling that this area had turned into the center of the attention for tens of thousands of members of the Autumn Sea Tribe.

"Right now, there are less than three years left before the Immortal's fourth descent within this century. This time, there will be more factions of Nine Li Shaman Tribes choosing to join them. After all... the temptation of breaking through the End is one that all End Shamans cannot resist...

"It is especially so after the people have seen just how strong a Hollow Shaman is after the Great Patriarch made his choice in the past...

"From what we could tell, the Immortals have also descended three times within this century among the Berserkers. It is only logical to assume that there is quite a large

number of Berserkers who have come into contact with them as well. In fact, we have our suspicions that Sky Mist City no longer belongs to the Berserkers!"

The old woman spoke quickly, as if she wanted to use this chance to tell everything that she knew to their Shaman Lord through this Shaman Soul of Nine Li!

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. The old woman's words had delivered a great shock to him.

"We believe that Sky Mist City is fighting against the Shaman Tribes that have affiliated themselves to the Immortals from the other worlds because they belong to two or three different factions of power among those Immortals!

"Shaman Lord, what should we do?!" the old woman asked hastily.

The woman formed by the black smoke continued to stay silent.

Su Ming was also silent. He had a sudden feeling that Autumn Sea Tribe saved him in secret and allowed him to stay in their tribe so that they could have a chance to speak to his eldest senior brother. It was not because of Su Ming himself that they did so.

When he remembered his eldest senior brother, Su Ming could not help but be reminded of his Master.

The Nine Li Shaman Soul formed by the black smoke still remained silent.

Suddenly, a calm voice floated towards them from afar. Those words were uttered in an indescribable rhythm. That voice was very pleasant to the ears, but at the same time, it also contained a feeling as if it was trying to stun souls. As that voice echoed around, it made all those who heard it feel buzzing sounds going off in their heads.

Even the Nine Li Shaman Soul Su Ming's eldest senior brother had given him looked as if it was about to scatter under the power of that voice.

"Tell the Shaman Lord that if he still hasn't made a choice, that I, Zong Ze, whose life has almost ended, will chose to surrender my blood right in exchange for a chance to break through the End... If I succeed... If I am no longer myself..." When that voice reached this point, it paused for a moment before it turned into a sigh.

Su Ming knew who exactly that voice belonged to - that End Soul Catcher!

Chapter 370: That Woman Standing on the Mackerel Pike

As that End Soul Catcher sighed, the entire Autumn Sea Tribe in that temporary tribal village fell into dead silence.

Time trickled by slowly. That dead silence turned into a depressive feeling that pressed on all of their hearts, including Su Ming's.

Su Ming had more than once made assumptions regarding his eldest senior brother's origins, but it was only now that he truly understood his eldest senior brother's identity.

'The Lord of Nine Li Shaman Tribe...'

Right when that depressing feeling became stronger, ripples spread out from the black smoke coming from the female Nine Li Shaman Soul. Soon after, a voice Su Ming was familiar with came from within, as if it had traveled a long distance through those ripples.

"Before the Immortals of the other worlds descend upon us for the fourth time, I will come..."

The instant that voice spoke, almost all the people in Autumn Sea Tribe heard it clearly, and all of them prostrated themselves on the ground. Even the mackerel pikes in the sky howled because of that one sentence, causing the dark sky to look as if it had turned into a black sea that was raging with furious waves.

"Please accept our greetings, Lord of Nine Li!" The waves of sound merged together and turned into one voice.

That voice only started disappearing slowly after a long while.

"Youngest junior brother, don't come back to the land of the Berserkers for the time being..." Su Ming's eldest senior brother's voice spoke from within the female Nine Li Shaman Soul, and once he finished saying those words, his voice gradually disappeared.

The female Nine Li Shaman Soul's body also started scattering away to return to Su Ming's wrist. It returned to the form of a bracelet, but the color of the bracelet had become much duller. It was clear that this sort of conversation, even though only two sentences had been delivered, was not an easy task.

At that moment, all the Shamans around Su Ming gradually started rising up from the ground. The old woman cast him a look and no longer paid any attention to him. Instead, she turned around and left. It was as if she had come here just to prove Su Ming right - she was only there to gain a chance to speak to the Shaman Lord of Nine Li.

As for the nine Medial Shamans that had stayed beside Su Ming all this while, they seemed to have received a new order and left the area, no longer paying any attention to him.

Only Ya Mu remained in the area while giving Su Ming a smile. He picked up the wine jar and took a big swig from it.

"Great, now the old folks are all gone. There's no else here who will restrict your movements anymore. Brother Su, you can leave at anytime you want. If you don't want to leave, you can also stay here. It'll be better for you, too."

"Just... what exactly is the descent of the Immortals from the other worlds?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he too, picked up the wine jar. Once he took a big swig from it, he looked at Ya Mu.

"They're naturally the Immortals who come from a foreign world. They use a unique method to come to our world. The Immortals' Spells are different from ours, but all those who can descend among us have incredible power.

"In fact, they even have a method for our powerful End Shamans to breakthrough their current level of cultivation and arrive at Hollow... It can even be said that they have a power for those old monsters who have already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm to reach another Realm.

"This is an irresistible temptation for those old monsters, especially for those whose life is reaching an end. The power of the world that will be activated when they break through to that new Realm is a life changer, and it's almost like attaining immortality. It's not just them, even I am tempted by this sort of thing," Ya Mu said with a deep sigh, shrugging.

"Have you met the Immortals before?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

A glint appeared in Ya Mu's eyes and he replied softly, "I have."

"I've seen two Immortals before. They were a man and woman. The man was an old man. He came to Autumn Sea Tribe ten years ago and fought against Sir Zong Ze..."

Su Ming immediately shot up to attention and listened closely to what Ya Mu said.

"I can't tell the details of what happened in that battle, but their battle lasted less than the time taken for an incense stick to burn. I couldn't see how they attacked in the sky, I only saw a gigantic hand up above. That hand repeatedly clenched its fist nine times.

"After those nine times, that Immortal's battle against Sir Zong Ze ended. I saw the old man wearing an incredibly gorgeous robe and walking out of the sky without a word.

"By the way, there were some pictures sewn on the old man's robes. It was a purple dragon, but the dragon held four different items in its claws. One of them was a bottle, the other a pearl, and there was also a small sword. There was another item that was hidden in the clouds, but I couldn't see it.

"Once the old man left, Sir Zong Ze returned to the tribe from the sky... I remember that he had an incredibly sour face at that time. We were all guessing that perhaps... Ah... you know what it is." Ya Ma sighed and drank a mouthful from the wine pot in his hand.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he continued asking. "What about the other one?"

"The other one was a woman..." A nostalgic look appeared in Ya Mu's eyes.

"What can I say about her? She didn't look particularly pretty, but anyone who saw her would be unable to forget that her eyes seemed to contain an entire world on their own...

"She was flying in the sky alone. When I saw her, I could tell at first glance that she was neither a Shaman nor a Berserker, because that presence was... completely different from ours.

"If you somehow manage to see an Immortal, you'll definitely be able to recognize them at first glance. They give off a completely different feeling. Up till now, I can still remember that her expression looked pretty odd when she saw me.

"It was a look of conflict, pity, and there was even a hint of fear... She seemed to be very afraid of me, but she had given me a feeling as if I was facing an End Shaman based on what I could sense from her power. I still can't understand why there would be terror on her face."

Ya Mu drank. As he spoke, he shook his head, as if he still could not understand even now.

Su Ming sat nearby and slowly lifted his head to look at the stars flickering in the dark sky. A profound look gradually appeared in his eyes, and once it fused with the unique presence on his currently unmasked face, an indescribable charm slowly manifested about him.

Ya Mu put down the wine pot and no longer thought about the woman in his memories. He instinctively cast a glance at Su Ming, but the moment he looked at him, he suddenly shuddered, and his expression changed drastically.

"You... you..." Ya Mu was momentarily stunned, then sucked in a deep breath. When Su Ming eventually lowered his head and looked towards him, the profound look in his

eyes had disappeared and had turned into calmness. Only then was Ya Mu shocked by what he saw and he rubbed his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Su Ming asked.

Ya Mu remained silent for a moment before he looked at Su Ming and said slowly, "The feeling you gave me just now was the exact same as the old Immortal and the female Immortal I saw in the past! That's a completely different presence compared to us...

"Sir Zong Ze is right, there's a fog around you that can't be seen through. If it wasn't because we knew for sure that you are a Berserker, then I would definitely think you were a Medial Soul Catcher...

"If I didn't know about your origins, I would have thought you were an Immortal who descended upon us just now."

Ya Mu shook his head and chased away the sudden thought that had appeared in his head. He was certain it was impossible. There was no way a True Divinity Wind Berserker would be an Immortal, neither was it possible for an Immortal to obtain the legacy of the first God of Berserkers. It was the same for the Shamans, they wouldn't be able to get those legacies either.

"An Immortal, huh...?" Su Ming mumbled, and bitterness appeared in his heart.

Compared to Ya Mu's misconception, Su Ming's confusion stemmed from the source of his bitterness. It would have been better if he was completely confused by it, but he... already had several theories as to why he would feel bitter about it.

Those were theories that he did not want to accept, and in fact... could not accept.

"Where is the location of the spot where the Immortals will descend? Approximately when would that be? I also saw a woman with that sort of presence when I was in the battlefield beyond Sky Mist City. Do you know who she is? Where can I find these Immortals?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"You're speaking too quickly. The Immortals won't descend in another three years. I don't know the precise date, but when you see that the sky is still bright even though it should be dark, or when the sky should be bright, but it's dark, then it means that it's time for them to descend.

"I do know the precise location. They'll be descending on the highest mountain in the land of the Shamans - Cloud Shaman Summit. They've been landing there the previous few times.

"As for the Immortal you mentioned that appeared in the battlefield, I don't know who she is, since I've never seen her before, but I do know of a place where you'll definitely

be able to see the Immortals. That would be where the Great Patriarch is now... God of Shamans Temple!

"It's also on top of Cloud Shaman Summit."

As Ya Mu spoke, he stood up. He cast Su Ming a glance, then hesitated for a moment before he brought out a wooden slip from his bosom and handed it to him.

"By the looks of it, you've chosen to leave. This is a map that covers most of the areas in the land of the Shamans. It's an item that only those within Autumn Sea Tribe can have. Take it. It'll be useful to you.

"Even though we're in a time of war, but there are still dangers lurking around if you travel alone. With your current level of cultivation... well, do your best." Ya Mu shook his head and picked up his wine pot before he left Su Ming.

Su Ming took the wooden slip and stood up once he put it away in his bosom. He had indeed chosen to leave. The purpose for him to come to the land of the Shamans was not just to find a breakthrough for his level of cultivation through countless life and death battles, but he also wanted to find out... exactly what was Destiny from those Immortals who came to this world!

The Immortals from the other worlds were going to descend three years later. He had to go, but before that, he had many other things to do, be it him creating medicinal pills and refining the old Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, or even training the Arts of the Wind Berserker and the Lightning Berserker, and also fusing the Crystals of Inheritance with himself.

He needed time to prepare all of these things. There was also the possibility of the rod snake going through a metamorphosis, and also the unknown medicinal pill in the medicinal cauldron he kept in his body, and he also had to refine Han Mountain Bell now, since his level of cultivation had just increased so that he could master the true power of this priceless treasure. All of these things were pending in wait, and Su Ming had to finish doing all of them.

'Three years... Three years later, I have to become stronger!' Determination appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was just about to leave when his expression suddenly changed and he lifted his head swiftly.

At that moment, Ya Mu was still not too far away. Roaring sounds suddenly came from the dark sky, and as the clouds tumbled about in the air, the mackerel pikes in the sky started howling together. Those howls did not seem to be like those that were directed towards enemies, but instead, they sounded like they were welcoming someone, and they simultaneously moved back.

A gigantic mackerel pike pushed through the sea of clouds, and it was so huge that its precise size could not be seen, the people below could only see a part of its body that was revealed out of the sea of clouds!!

That mackerel pike seemed to be treating the sky as its ocean and was drifting towards them. There was a woman holding a bamboo flute standing on its back. That woman's black locks swayed in the air and she wore a white robe. As she got closer, a breathtakingly beautiful face that could make hearts pound came into view!

Chapter 371: Persecution!

This was the third time Su Ming saw that mackerel pike and that woman.

The first time he saw them, he had just Awakened and was on the way to Freezing Sky Clan. He saw this woman coming towards Sky Mist Barrier and heard the booming clashes of her fight against Bai Chang Zai.

From that moment onwards, the image of that mackerel pike and the woman was forever engraved in Su Ming's memories.

The second time he saw them was during the battle of Sky Mist City. He saw the woman joining the battle and also saw the mackerel pike's strange power.

It was also during that time that the woman extended a hand to him in secret and helped Su Ming escape the battlefield.

However, it was only during the third time that Su Ming could see them at such close proximity - the woman and the sacred beast that would leave behind an unforgettable image once a person saw it... the mackerel pike.

Su Ming stood in the tribe and watched the clouds tumbling in the sky, looked at the numerous mackerel pikes who were much more smaller compared to it letting out howls of respect, and stared at the beautiful woman whose hair danced in the air as she held a flute in her hands and swept her gaze across the land.

At that moment, the woman's eyes landed on Su Ming, who was standing within the temporary tribal village built by Autumn Sea Tribe in the land.

But her gaze did not stay. It was as if Su Ming did not exist in her eyes. When the gigantic mackerel pike eventually stopped and floated in the sky above the tribe, the woman walked down with light steps. Her robes fluttered in the air gracefully. When she landed in the tribe, she turned into a white arc and flew towards the center of it.

The time from her appearance to subsequent disappearance into the tribe was not long, but it made all the members of Autumn Sea Tribe fired up. They might not be crying out and causing a commotion, but Su Ming could still see the excitement and fanaticism in all their eyes...

"The Sacred Lady, Wan Qiu..."

Ya Mu, who was standing 100 feet away from Su Ming, was staring at the spot where the woman disappeared with a fanatic but complicated look in his eyes. After a long while, he shook his head and walked into the distance with the wine pot in his hand.

As he left, the area around the bonfire where Su Ming was sitting gradually became silent. Besides the crackling sounds coming from the bonfire as it burned, not many other sounds could be heard. Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then went to the old Berserker whose name he still did not know.

With just one glance from Zong Ze, this old man was sealed within his own body. As time went by, not only did the seal not become weaker, his soul also seemed to have frozen up and his eyes became blank.

Su Ming waved his arm beside the old Berserker, and immediately, he was placed in the storage bag where the Fire Ape was kept. Once he straightened out his robes, Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the temporary tribal village built by Autumn Sea Tribe, then turned back and started walking out.

He was going to leave and search for his own path.

Before he left, he did not visit the End Shamans in Autumn Sea Tribe or the Sacred Lady Wan Qiu. They saved him because they wanted to speak to his eldest senior brother.

This was a trade.

Besides, all the others beside Ya Mu were aloof to him. Once they finished speaking to his eldest senior brother, they had completely ignored him. Su Ming might not be bothered by it, but he would not go asking for trouble on his own.

If they wanted to ignore him, then he would also ignore them. As he turned around, Su Ming gradually walked away. His back seemed to look a little bleak and lonely, making him not fit in with the rest of the people around him.

There was always a veil of confusion surrounding him. However, Su Ming usually hid that confusion deep within him. Only when he was alone would that confusion show itself.

As he continued moving forward, Su Ming walked past several bonfires. Some guards from Autumn Sea Tribe who were on night duty saw him when he walked past, but they also seemed to have received an order. When they saw that Su Ming was leaving and not moving towards some important parts within Autumn Sea Tribe, they did not stop him. They only looked at him coldly.

Right the moment Su Ming was about to walk out of Autumn Sea Tribe, his footsteps suddenly froze, because there was a raspy voice traveling slowly towards him from the deeper parts of the tribe behind him.

"Are you leaving just like that?"

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with this voice. It belonged to the old female End Shaman.

"My tribe saved you twice. Are you not going to repay us?" The old woman's voice was cold and contained no emotion as it echoed around Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent.

"Leave your bracelet behind. It is the Shaman Soul of our Nine Li Tribe, it doesn't belong to you." The old woman's voice came from behind Su Ming, causing ripples to form around Su Ming.

"This is a gift from your Shaman Lord of Nine Li to me." Su Ming turned around and looked around, but he could not see the old woman.

"Or you can choose to stay until the Shaman Lord comes back." Almost the instant Su Ming finished speaking, the old woman spoke once again. As her words were said, the originally empty space before Su Ming suddenly distorted and the old woman walked out from within.

"I'll give you the span of ten breaths to make your choice." The old woman stood there and cast Su Ming a cold glance before ignoring him. To her, Su Ming was just a tool for their tribe to contact their Shaman Lord. If the tool wanted to leave, they would only allow him to do so if he left the bracelet behind.

Besides, Su Ming's level of cultivation was absolutely nothing to her. The weak had no right to bring up any conditions before the strong; they could only submit to the strong.

She was not bothered by Su Ming's identity in the Berserker Tribe either. Even if she heard that he possessed a hint of the God of Berserkers' power, she had never seen that power before. In her eyes, with her status in Nine Li Shaman Tribe and her power as an End Shaman, there was no way that so called power of the God of Berserkers could kill her, especially when she was in her own tribe.

Besides, she also came here on orders. Someone asked her to come and test the power of the God of Berserkers which she did not believe in.

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the bracelet on his wrist. Time trickled by, and when the sixth breath arrived, Su Ming no longer hesitated and took off the bracelet.

He lifted his head and looked at the old woman. He knew that she paid absolutely no mind to him. In fact, her gaze when she looked at him was that of a superior being looking at an ant, and she did not bother hiding it.

Saving him was so that she could speak to his eldest senior brother. Saving him was all for the sake of this bracelet.

In truth, the old woman was not the only one who did it. Even that Zong Ze was the same. Su Ming smiled faintly and looked at the old woman before he threw that bracelet to her.

"From now on, there is no longer any connection between Autumn Sea Tribe and me. You saved me once and obtained a chance to speak to your Shaman Tribe. That is a trade.

"The second time you saved me, you asked for the bracelet. I will count this as a trade. Now, everything has ended. I beg my leave!" Su Ming's eyes were calm as he turned around and walked down the road.

The old woman caught the bracelet, then cast a glance at Su Ming. Her eyes sparkled. She might respect the Shaman Lord, but she was still a powerful Shaman in Autumn Sea Tribe. Besides, the situation in the land of the Shamans was rapidly changing. They could not place all their hopes on the Shaman Lord.

In her eyes, this Su Ming was weak. If he left alone, then he would definitely die in the land of the Shamans. Once this person died, then all his treasures would be taken away by someone else, and that someone else might even be privy to the things on this person that still remained a secret to her.

If that was the case, then it would be better if he stayed!

"The two trades have indeed ended, but since you're a Berserker, why do you have the Soul Catcher Pearl of the Shamans? Leave the Soul Catcher Pearl behind and also explain to us why you have the presence of the Candle Dragon on you. You can leave after that.

"Our tribe won't make things hard for you either. We're just taking your things to keep it for you. When the Shaman Lord comes, I will naturally give them to him.

"Or else..."

Before the old woman even finished speaking, she was interrupted by a long string of laughter from Su Ming.

Su Ming had put up with this for a very long time. If they wanted the bracelet, he could give it to them. This item never belonged to him to begin with. However, Autumn Sea Tribe had deliberately continued to make things difficult after he gave them the bracelet and demanded for his Spirit Plunder, even seeking to examine the secret of him possessing a Soul Catcher's presence.

If Su Ming yielded to their desires in this matter, then what awaited him would be even more instances of him submitting to them!

"Autumn Sea Tribe, do you really think that you have everything about me in your control? You've already taken away the bracelet. This is a warning, do not go overboard!" Su Ming turned around swiftly and a freezing glare appeared in his eyes.

As his words echoed in the air, a large amount of Shamans immediately appeared around him and looked at him coldly, but besides that cold look, there was also scorn.

As for that old woman, a cold sneer formed on her lips and displeasure appeared on her face.

"You ungrateful wretch. The Soul Catcher Pearl will only bring disaster to you. I'm doing this for your own good so that you won't be in so much danger when you're venturing outside. Instead of thanking me, you're acting so arrogantly? I'm curious, on what grounds are you threatening me with your level of cultivation?" A glint appeared in the old woman's eyes, and as she spoke, she took a step forward.

With that one step, the entire ground seemed to tremble. The space between her and Su Ming also seemed to have instantly frozen up. The power of the world around them charged forward at that moment and rushed towards Su Ming.

She did not use any shocking divine abilities, but with just that one step, she could already gather up the power of the world and push it towards Su Ming. That level of strength was not something a person in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could compare to!

She did not want to kill Su Ming. She only wanted to injure him badly so that he would know how exactly a weakling should act before the strong.

Yet the moment she took that one step and the instant the power of the world charged towards Su Ming, he did not do anything else but lifted his right hand and stretch out his index finger. The strand of hair tied on his index finger instantly started burning, and an indescribably mighty power burst forth.

The power was so strong that the instant it burst forth, it created a large amount of booming sounds in the area. The power of the world called upon by the old woman

started immediately shattering layer by layer, as if it could not withstand the indescribably great power that had burst forth from Su Ming's body. The shattered power of the world started sweeping past the area.

All the Shamans around him immediately experienced drastic changes to their expressions. They retreated simultaneously, but even so, they were still struck by the force that was spreading in all directions. All of them coughed up blood and fell back like kites in the wind whose strings were snapped.

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Chapter 372: A Paper Crane!

"Now you know exactly with what I am threatening you with. " Su Ming's words were freezing when he spoke slowly.

The old woman's expression changed rapidly, and she instinctively took a few steps back under that force. Her pupils shrank. As she stared at Su Ming's right index finger, she sucked in a deep breath.

"The power of the God of Berserkers..."

The power only appeared for a brief moment, then disappeared without a trace. It almost felt as if it had never even been there. The strand of hair on Su Ming's right index finger stopped burning.

At the same time, the force in the area also disappeared instantly. There was no lingering force in the area. Su Ming's floating hair also fell down. His clothes no longer danced in the air, but he remained standing there like a mountain. His gaze was cold as he stared at the old woman. The strand of hair on his finger might not be spreading any hint of aura just like before, but once she witnessed its presence when it exploded forth just now, the old woman's breathing quickened.

She stared fixedly at Su Ming's right index finger. It was not as if she had not examined that finger previously, but she had sensed nothing. This was also the reason why she had looked down on the power of the God of Berserkers.

She was, after all, a Shaman, not a Berserker. She did not acknowledge that so called God of Berserkers.

She was a firm believer that power could only be obtained through training. No matter how strong external power was, it was still external power. With her power as an End Shaman, she did not believe that a weak Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could control a great external power and instantly kill her.

Yet that moment, sweat broke out on her forehead. During that instant she witnessed the power of the God of Berserkers, fear rose in her heart. When that presence appeared, she could not even think of fighting back. It was as if her will was completely suppressed. Her mind was blank. She was completely certain that if Su Ming wanted to kill her, then she would not have survived the power of that one finger.

Just as the old woman was seized by terror, Su Ming turned his gaze towards her and stared at her coldly. As his eyes flickered and the area fell into silence, a woman's graceful voice echoed in the midst of the silence.

"Grandma, let him leave."

It was said by a woman who was walking forward from a distance. She wore a white robe and moved to stand beside the old woman. The newcomer was incredibly beautiful. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, and as she stood there, she looked like a deep pool of autumn water.

She was naturally the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, Wan Qiu.

Su Ming's gaze swept past her. He did not speak, merely took a few steps backward, then turned into a long arc that charged into the dark sky. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared.

Even after Su Ming disappeared, the old woman's face was still slightly pale. The brief instant the power of the God of Berserkers had appeared created for the old woman a memory and impact that would be difficult to wipe out.

"I acted too recklessly, grandma." The beautiful woman was frowning as she spoke. She was also shocked. This, too, was the first time she experienced the strength of the power of the God of Berserkers.

The old woman remained silent, then shook her head after a long moment.

"Such strength, that power of the God of Berserkers! I underestimated him. Even if you didn't ask me about it, I would have done the same to experience the power of the God of Berserkers. Perhaps it would be of help for Sir Zong Ze's breakthrough. Did you keep a record of what happened just now?"

There was a complicated look on the old woman's face as she looked in the direction Su Ming had left.

The woman nodded lightly. As she lifted her right hand, an ancient mirror that was about the size of her palm appeared in her hand. There was a layer of fog above the mirror, and when the woman touched it with her left hand, all the fog was instantly absorbed into the mirror. A strong ray of light shot out from the mirror, causing the space around the area to start distorting.

Soon after, as it was distorting, an illusionary scene manifested itself and pictures appeared in the air. Within those pictures was the battle where both Su Ming and the old woman had not really attacked each other, just used the power of the world against the other.

It was vivid, and even the presence and domineering air contained within the power of the God of Berserkers was distinctly preserved.

"It's a pity that with our relationship with that Su Ming, it'll be difficult for us to get in contact with him in the future, and we will have to suffer the wrath of our Shaman Lord as well..." the white-robed woman said softly.

"That Su Ming is not a cause to worry. Once he doesn't have the power of the God of Berserkers, he's just a nobody. There's no need for us to get acquainted with him. Besides, didn't you use your Prediction powers earlier and Predicted his future?"

"That person's life is mediocre and there's nothing out of ordinary in his life. He also won't live long. The only thing we have to worry about is the wrath of our Shaman Lord... But if this thing can be of help to raise Sir Zong Ze's level of cultivation, then it's worth it!" A glint appeared in the old woman's eyes as she stated slowly.

Right up to that moment, she still did not pay too much attention to Su Ming. The only thing she cared about was the power of the God of Berserkers that had made her sense death. In her mind, if he did not have the power of the God of Berserkers, then he was no different from an ant.

"But grandma, when that Su Ming used the power of the God of Berserkers just now, my senses fluctuated. That Su Ming might not be as I Predicted, but is..." The white-robed woman frowned.

"Hmm?" The old woman was stunned. Before she blocked Su Ming, she had been with Wan Qiu and had seen her Predicting Su Ming's future.

The entire process had been incredibly smooth, and they had also seen all of Su Ming's future very clearly. That person's life was nothing special. The middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm was his limit, and he would die several years later in the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands.

Yet now, when she heard Wan Qiu's words that were filled with uncertainty, she could not help but be surprised.

"There's something very strange about him. When I Predicted his future previously, I had been successful. Even now when I Predict his future once again, it's still successful. The answer I get is the same.

"However, when he used the power of the God of Berserkers just now, I suddenly felt uneasy under that mighty power of the world. When I used Prediction again, I only saw a clouded vision. In fact... before I could even see anything, I already felt a life threatening sense of danger." The white-robed woman frowned and closed her eyes as if she was trying to sense something.

"Unless it's a misconception on my part, then there's a strong power that is interfering with any power trying to see into this person's future. That power has covered up his true future, and what is shown to us is a made up future, it's not real!

"If that is the case, then this person... is someone we should perhaps not offend..." Wan Qiu opened her eyes, and a hint of fatigue and puzzlement passed briefly through her eyes.

"It's already over, don't pay it any heed anymore. I don't think that Su Ming is as you say. He's just an ant." The old woman remained silent for a long moment before she spoke slowly.

"Let's go. Come with me to meet Sir Zong Ze." As the old woman spoke, she turned around and left. Wan Qiu stood there and looked in the direction Su Ming had left. She was still frowning, but no longer trying to Predict anymore. Instead, she left with the old woman.

In the area of Sky Mist Barrier, the area that belonged to the Berserkers, was a place covered in ice and snow. At the end of the silvery snow that stretched ten thousand li and at a spot that was far away from Phantom Dais Tribe was a gigantic tribe that seemed to not have any borders.

The size of the tribe was so big and it covered an area so wide that it was a sight that was rarely seen in the Land of South Morning!

It was one of the two great Berserker Tribes in the Land of South Morning - the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky!

Within the territory of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was an incredibly extravagant looking tower. At that moment, there was a person sitting cross-legged in the tower. That person was dressed in a long blue robe, his hair was white, and he was thin. He was currently meditating with his eyes closed.

After a long while, the old man slowly opened his eyes. The instant he did so, distortions and ripples immediately appeared around his body. His entire being soon became

indistinct. Gradually, another person seemed to have appeared on his now indistinct body.

It was a person dressed in an Emperor's cloak and who wore an Emperor's crown. Although the features of his face could not be seen clearly, it could still be seen that this was definitely not an old but a middle-aged man.

That person had profound eyes, and his gaze seemed to be able to see through the tower, penetrate through the emptiness in the air, pass through an endless distance to land on the distant land of the Shamans, on Autumn Sea Tribe's temporary tribal village, and on Wan Qiu, who was in the tribe.

"The Thought Soothsayer of the Shaman Tribe... That strange power actually managed to find some clues even through my interference... But since you didn't probe into it, I will spare you!" the man with the Emperor's crown mumbled to himself with a dull tone.

He lifted his right hand, and there was a paper crane folded out of rice paper in his palm. That crane flew out and charged into the sky through the window. Once it disappeared above the nine heavens, the man closed his eyes once again.

The instant he closed his eyes, the cloudiness and distortions on his body abruptly disappeared, turning into the white-haired old man dressed in the long blue robes once again. He still looked as thin as ever and there was nothing extraordinary about him.

There were ripples spreading around the paper crane that had flown out of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky into the sky above the nine heavens. It disappeared in an instant, and when it reappeared, it was already above the distant Sky Mist City.

Small scale battles between the two sides would occasionally happen in the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. As the army of Shamans assembled together, warriors from the Berserker Tribe would come from all tribes everyday to become a new batch of strength that would protect Sky Mist.

The gigantic stone monument in the city was incredibly eye-catching. All the names listed in the monument were engraved into everyone's minds, and their names would spread through the land to be respected by the people.

There was one name that was now ranked in the 170s. That name was Yue Feng, and he was the sole survivor of a small tribe.

No one seemed to have noticed the paper crane in the sky. With a flap of its wings, it disappeared once again. When it reappeared this time, it was already at the edge of the Land of South Morning where the Dead Sea was spreading.

Waves roared and crashed on the surface of the sea, and there were numerous dark shadows swimming about. The seawater had already flooded the stair shaped mountain ridge and was expanding, bit by bit, towards the land of the Shamans.

In the black seabed in the distance, a gigantic head could be seen faintly. That head was staring coldly at the Land of South Morning.

The paper crane in the sky charged forward once again and disappeared. This time, when it reappeared, it was still above the Dead Sea, but was now incredibly far away from the Land of South Morning.

The seawater underneath seemed to stretch out endlessly and the water on the surface of the sea was sparkling. Occasionally, an Aquatic Dragon that was one hundred thousand feet would leap up from within the sea and rise with a roar... If anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were an endless amount of... Dead Sea creatures, and they were all moving forward in the direction to the Land of South Morning!

There was a gigantic floating object on the seawater. It looked as if it was a corner from a palace that had crumbled. It was floating along the waves of the sea towards the Land of South Morning. Behind it was a countless amount of palace debris such as that one... Among the debris was a piece that looked like it was the spot where plaques were attached to in palaces. There were a few large words on that debris.

"Great Yu Sky Palace."

There was an ancient feeling to those words... Besides the endless amount of Dead Sea Creatures around the debris, there were eight other giant heads, with their eyes wide-open, floating on the surface of the sea. It was as if there were giants walking on the bed of the sea.

With a flash, the paper crane disappeared once again. When it reappeared, it was already in a continent that was far away from the Land of South Morning... On that continent were more than one million people sitting close to each other near the Dead Sea. All of them sat there, covering an area so wide that no one could see the end of the crowd.

Their eyes were all directed to the south, which was the direction of the Land of South Morning!

"There's still ten years..."

The paper crane in the sky shone once again and disappeared. When it reappeared, it was still in the Eastern Wastelands, but it was already in another place of the continent. That was the eastern part of the Eastern Wastelands.

The entire eastern part of the continent was shrouded in black fog. There was not a hint of life within it. The only things that existed there were shrill screams of pain and wails. Suddenly, a gigantic hand shot out of that black fog and caught that paper crane.

"Hidden Dragon Sect, Great Leaf Immortal Sect, I, Tian Lan Dao, am coming!"

Chapter 373: The Strange Mountain Range

One crane, and it saw the sky and earth. One crane, and it saw the barren lands of the Berserkers.

That paper crane might not have a beautiful legend like that belonging to the Harmonious Morus Alba flapping her wings, but it contained a power that seemed to allow it to cross through dimensions. It could be said that it was a newborn when it flew out of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, and it lived until it died in Eastern Wastelands.

Its life was short, but during its short span of life, the entire world seemed to have shrunk in its eyes and it could see everything within the lands and sea it traveled through clearly.

It was a pity that this clear sight did not belong to Su Ming, did not belong to many people. Only the old man who had allowed the crane to fly into the nine heavens, or perhaps more accurately, the man with the Emperor's robe and the crown could see it, for it belonged to him!

Su Ming left Autumn Sea Tribe.

He walked beneath the sky of the Shamans. There were no pursuers behind him, no obstacles before him. All he could see up ahead was the vast sky and the desolate land. Ever since he joined the battle of Sky Mist City, only now could he be truly considered to have shaken off all the restraints placed on him.

As he looked at the sky and earth before him, Su Ming suddenly had the feeling that he had returned to the past when he had first opened his eyes in a mountain range beyond Han Mountain City.

Back then, he had looked at the unfamiliar sky at a loss. His weak power had caused him to be in a state of confusion for a long period of time.

Right now, he was still looking at the unfamiliar sky while walking in the world. The wind moved his hair and revealed the profound eyes underneath.

But right now, while he still might be a little confused, he had a direction. Even though his level of cultivation did not allow him to stand at the peak, he was still like two different sides of a ravine compared to the him in the past.

‘Before the Immortals of the other worlds come once again, I have to make myself stronger...’ Su Ming brought out the mask from his bosom and placed it on his face. He had no intention of taking it down anymore.

This was his way of hiding his identity in the land of the Shamans. Unless he could find a better method, then he would continue wearing the mask.

With the existence of Spirit Plunder and his divine sense, as long as he did not run into any powerful End Shamans, then even if he met Latter Shamans, the possibility of them finding out that he was not a Shaman was not great.

Besides, even if he did run into powerful Shamans who could tell that he was not a Shaman, Su Ming still had a way to explain his identity.

‘If my face... is very alike to the Immortals from the other worlds...? If that is the case...’ Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them once again, there was an inquisitive look in his eyes.

‘But I’m curious, why were the two people who called me Destiny so certain that I... am Destiny?!’

As Su Ming charged through the land, he ran into some Shamans. Most of the time, when they saw him, their outspread perception would touch his divine sense, and then, they would pull it back.

Unless they already knew beforehand, most of them would not be suspicious of Su Ming.

‘Han Mountain’s ancestor was waiting for Destiny to take him away, that’s why I can still reason that he thought I was Destiny when he saw me, seeing that I was the first person he met after waiting for so many years.

‘However, that long-haired woman in the battlefield said that I was Destiny after only seeing me once. That’s where it gets strange.

‘The only reason as to why she called me Destiny in such a time can only be that... she’s seen me before!’ Su Ming was lost in his thoughts. However, these were just his guesses. He did not have real and conclusive information.

He flew for seven days straight, occasionally observing the map on the wooden slip given to him by Ya Mu. He knew that he was getting closer to the center of the land of the Shamans. However, he was just close to it. If he looked at the entire territory of the

land of the Shamans, he would find that he was still in a rather remote area. There was an abundance of greenery in this place, but the wind here was also much stronger compared to the area outside.

He could also smell blood in the air, because most of the wind came from the Dead Sea, sweeping through the land of the Shamans.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the land, as he stood in a range of mountains that was formed through a network of mountains. It was something he'd been doing occasionally while traveling. He would observe the area around him carefully to see whether there were any dangers around him.

However, this time, the instant he swept his gaze past the mountain range on the land, his body came to an abrupt halt. With a light gasp of surprise, he immediately focused his attention over there, while also spreading out his divine sense so that it covered the entirety of the mountain range.

After a moment, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. With his current level of power, while he might not be able to use the power of the world, he still had four Berserker Bones. He, who had arrived at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, could see just how much power of the world was contained in one place.

At first glance, that mountain range looked incredibly normal. Even if anyone took a closer look, they would find that it was still very ordinary looking and there was nothing special about it. Even if they spread their divine sense, even if a Shaman filled the entire area with their perception, it would still appear the same to them.

It was like a perilous mountain. The power of the world there was also very thin, the stench of blood thick in the air, though it wasn't as strong as years back. That was why most of the Shamans who passed through this place, even if they were Latter Shamans, would not pay too much attention to it.

However, in Su Ming's eyes, this place gradually changed. A thick veil seemed to have been lifted from the mountain range before his eyes, and its true form was revealed!

The mountain range began in the east and winded to the north before disappearing in the land in the distance. It looked like a small part of a dragon's back that was revealed as it swam through the land. The mountains towered in the air, and there were plenty of strange looking rocks scattered everywhere. There were also plants growing on them.

However, most of the plants looked incredibly strange. They swayed in the wind and gave off a sense of danger. It was as if these plants were aggressive by nature.

Su Ming stared at the mountain range and lifted his right hand to slashed to his left lightly. He did not activate the power of Bone Sacrifice within him. It looked as if it was a casual slash, but layers of ripples instantly spread through the air. He narrowed his eyes

slightly and reached with his right hand into the ripples, as if he was trying to feel something.

‘The mountain range comes from the east... and goes to the north. The direction where the mountain range moves is the reason it is in the shape of a corner in a square. It looks like a dragon, but in truth, this is a pattern of the Three Evils, naturally formed, but a little incomplete!’ After a long while, a curious glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He descended and circled the entire mountain range once.

It was a crooked mountain range.

‘Separation, Beginning, Nurture, and also, theft, disaster, and time... The area northeast is the pulse of this place. The area southwest is empty. The empty area to the west is Beginning, and the empty area to the south is Nurture. Now, it lacks the spot for Separation. This should originally be an incomplete pattern.’

Su Ming observed the mountain range for a long while, and with what he understood about the Execution of Three Evils Art, he slowly started analyzing the strangeness of this mountain range.

‘However, while the wind coming from the east might not be strong initially, but now, it’s clearly stronger due to the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. There’s also a bloody stench in the wind... If I look at this mountain range as a dragon, then it was originally something dead, but if the wind coming from the east can flow out once it blows past the dragon’s head, then it will seem like the dragon head is alive and it is breathing!

"This is Separation and evil of theft is something I’ve never seen before... the Execution of Three Evils. I gained an epiphany previously in Sky Mist City’s battlefield that this Art can not only be used to cut things down, but can also be used to set things up.

‘By the looks of it, that idea of mine is still a little incomplete. Besides cutting down and setting up patterns, I can also change it. I can change the patterns of the land and turn them into killing intent!

‘What an amazing natural pattern. Not only does it cause the power of the world to gather here, it also created a power of the Three Evils, causing this place to not need too much change to turn into a place to rest the mind and to kill!’ As Su Ming continued observing the place, his expression gradually changed.

The Separation pattern was originally absent from the place, which meant that the evil of theft from the Three Evils was not there. Based from what Su Ming understood, most of the places in the world contained all Three Evils. However, the Three Evils were mostly an invisible existence. Nonetheless, in this place, as times changed, it had naturally turned into this pattern, a pattern that could be seen with the naked eye.

That was a huge difference.

That difference was like comparing something illusionary to something with physical form.

Su Ming fell into pensive silence for a moment. He originally didn't have a clear direction he wanted to go to, but now that he saw the attractive points of the mountain range, a glint appeared in his eyes and he made his decision.

'This isn't a bad place. I can open up a cave abode here and turn it into a place to stay. However, even though this place is rather secluded, there should still be a lot of Shamans around me. If that is the case, I should still be careful.'

With one move, Su Ming flew towards the mountain range. Before long, he was standing at the corner connecting the eastern mountain range to the northern mountain range. That was the spot which looked like that of dragon head's to Su Ming when he was in the sky.

The mountain range in that place was very tall. Hence, most of the wind blowing from the east was blocked off. It gathered there and did not scatter away, causing Su Ming to see a thick layer of fog when he looked down from the peak of the mountain. The stench of blood was also very thick there.

The mountain rocks around were also wet, and there was even dew oozing out of certain places.

'Should I touch it, or should I not...?'

Su Ming hesitated for a moment. He just needed to open up the spot underneath his feet, which was the corner of the mountain range and form a gigantic gap there. Once he did so, then the wind from the east would blow through, and by doing so, it would form the sight of the dragon breathing.

Once he did that, then the power of the world gathering in this place would increase by several fold. Meditating and training in this place would bring about great benefits to Su Ming when he wanted to refine his power. In fact, it would also be incredibly beneficial for him when he created his medicinal pills.

Similarly, if the gap was there and caused the dragon head in this pattern to seem to have been revived, then if he casted the Execution of Three Evils here, the power of that Art would be much greater than when he casted it in the battlefield.

In fact, Su Ming even had a feeling that if he went along with that idea of his, then if he casted the Execution of Three Evils in this place, then it would be as if he was one with this place. The power of the Art that would appear at that time would be enough to send his heart pounding in excitement.

That was only part of the reason. Su Ming had been to quite a lot of places, but this was the first time he had seen this sort of pattern in a mountain range. If he could examine this Three Evils that seemed to have gained physical form over a prolonged period of time, explore its secrets, and feel through its structure, then he would gain a much deeper understanding of his Execution of Three Evils.

'The other Arts left behind by Dark Mountain aren't suitable for me to use anymore. Only the Execution of Three Evils can be used... and besides it, there's only the burning of blood left.'

Su Ming lifted his head to look at the sky. This mountain range was very tall, and if it was night time, the place would look incredibly clear when moonlight spilled down.

However, while there were many benefits if he opened up the gap, there were also a lot of drawbacks. First of all, this place would then turn incredibly conspicuous. Not only would it bring about attention, it might also cause disputes.

Chapter 374: Cutting apart the Mountain and Building His Abode!

If he wanted to change something useless into a treasure, then he needed the power to defend it.

'By the looks of it, no one among the Shamans has figured out anything about this place yet. After all, if I hadn't understood the basis behind the Execution of Three Evils, I wouldn't have been able to figure out the secret in this place either.'

'I wonder if the Immortals who descend to this land can see it. However, the pattern of the place was formed largely due to the bloody wind blowing from the east. If I consider it this way, then this wind only started blowing about a year ago due to the Eastern Wastelands. It's only been a short time since it happened. Even if there are people who could understand the patterns in this place, they wouldn't have had time to notice this area.'

'If I gave up, it would be a pity.'

Resolution appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

He knew for sure that he would not give up on this place, and since he was certain of it, then what he needed to do next was to think of countermeasures for the possible things that might happen in the future and set up his defenses for his first cave in the land of the Shamans.

'I won't change the main body of the pattern for the Three Evils, but there are some minor details that need to be modified.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, then he charged towards the eastern section of the mountain range. His body would occasionally appear within the mountain range, and green light could also be seen shining there. Clearly, Su Ming was using the sharp blade of his Virescent Light Sword to transform the mountain.

A day later, he went to the northern section of the mountain range and did to it what he had previously done to the eastern section. Once he cut off some of the sections of the mountain that did not fit into his requirements, he added some disguises for it, only then did he return to the corner connecting the east and north mountain ranges.

Su Ming stood there and fell into a moment of pensive silence before he took a step forward, charging down towards the canyon containing the thick fog and bloody stench as if he had just fallen down a cliff.

He was so quick that in the blink of an eye, he had already reached the bottom of the cliff. Most of the plants there were purplish black and gave off a very aggressive air. Some of the vines even started swaying and shot towards Su Ming as he fell down.

Su Ming did not bother with them. Once he avoided those vines and arrived at the bottom of the cliff, green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword instantly flew out and slashed down towards the mountain range. Su Ming stood by the side and spread out his divine sense, covering the entire area within it. He examined it once again, and was satisfied.

Over the past few days, he had searched through the place many times and was certain that he did not miss any spot. Besides him, there was no other person in this place.

When Su Ming spread his divine sense to explore the place, the Virescent Light Sword had already opened up a cave on the wall before him. The crushed stones in the cave were also reduced to ashes. By Su Ming's will, the small virescent sword opened up eight stone chambers in the cave, turning the place into a gigantic cave abode that laid within a mountain.

Once the cave abode was formed, the wind blowing from the east brought in the bloody stench from the canyon outside and charged into the cave abode. In an instant, the cave abode was filled with that wind, causing the place to look rather foggy, just like how it was outside.

Su Ming had expected this phenomenon to happen way beforehand. With a calm expression, he walked into the cave abode and his body disappeared in that fog. When he reappeared, he was at the end of the cave abode. There was a gigantic wall that was about 1,000 feet in height. It was the shell of the mountain that was left behind after he had emptied out the place.

The shell was several dozens of feet in breadth. Wind would crash on it and its path forward would be blocked off.

Su Ming stood beside the stone wall and lifted his right hand to press on it. With a light burst of power from his Berserker Bones, a crack instantly spread from his hands. Cracking sounds echoed in the air, and instantly, several cracks that were spreading out went through that stone wall and connected with the outermost layer of the wall.

Su Ming took a few steps away from that spot and went to another side, repeating the same action eight times. Once he did so, there were already several cracks like the first crack on that 1,000 feet stone wall. However, Su Ming had demonstrated skill when he did this. There may be a lot of cracks, but the wall did not show any signs of crumbling.

Almost the instant these cracks were formed and opened up a tunnel connecting the cave with the outside world, a gust of wind blew in from the entrance of the cave. The wind did not remain in the cave but seeped into the cracks and charged into the world outside.

At that moment, the mountain range that previously blocked off the wind could no longer hold back its movements completely. There were gaps in the mountain now, causing the wind to continuously blow out, and the entire pattern in the mountain range instantly became alive.

As wind continuously blew past Su Ming's side and out through the cracks on the stone wall, Su Ming could clearly sense the power of the world from all around the place slowly gathering towards the mountain range. It was as if the dragon's head had awakened and was starting to breathe lightly.

If a person exercised this, then the power of the world would drift towards them, and their power would start circulating in their bodies. Similarly, the breathing formed through this pattern was akin to that of a dragon breathing, like that of a mountain breathing. The entire mountain range trembled lightly, and the power of the world started circulating while traveling in an inconspicuous manner.

The plants that lived in the mountain started shivering, as if they were opening all parts of their bodies to absorb the power of the world that was coming towards them from all directions.

At the same time, Su Ming also sensed clearly that as the mountain started breathing and the dragon's head started exercising its breathing, the Berserker Bones in his body also started acting on their own. As blue light shone, the power of the world continuously seeped into his body and fused together with the four Berserker Bones.

Besides the few who could initially borrow the power of the deity statue to condense their aura of Awakening to turn their bones, all the others in the Bone Sacrifice Realm

would need to use the power of the world to increase their Berserker Bones during the rest of their cultivation.

The power of the world was invisible. Those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not utilize it directly, just absorb it when they exercised their breathing. Once they fused the power of the world into their blood vessels, it would turn into a power that circulated through the entire body. That was the power of Berserker Bones.

Once a certain amount of that power was accumulated, it would gain physical mass and change one of the vertebrae in the spine, gradually transforming it into a Berserker Bone!

Joy appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once he sucked in a large breath of the power of the world around him that came once the mountain started exercising its breathing, he walked briskly out of his cave abode. With one leap, he rose in midair and looked down.

Right then, all the plants in the mountain range were swaying. The power of the world from all around surged forward, causing the place to turn into a whirlpool. The whirlpool might have started off small, but as the power of the world surged forth, it grew increasingly bigger.

'Thank goodness I didn't open up the entire thing, or else once that dragon's head starts breathing smoothly, the presence in this place would be much stronger, at least by ten fold.

'And when that time came, perhaps...' Su Ming hesitated for a moment and shook his head, dismissing the thought that suddenly appeared in his head.

He thought that idea was a little surreal.

That idea formed while he was looking down from midair. The mountain range's shape and its breathing made it seem like a dragon's head breathing. If the mountain was completely opened up, then as the wind continued blowing all year long and charging towards this place, as the mountain continued absorbing the power of the world as it exercised its breathing, then the mountain range might move...

"The mountain is connected to the earth, how could it move? That idea is just too surreal." Su Ming might be dissing that idea to himself, but he still could not help but start mulling over it.

'This mountain range is like a dragon's head. Once I open it up completely, it'll seem like it's breathing. Then, if it truly starts moving because of the wind blowing against it, then wouldn't it be as if the Three Evils pattern had just come to life...? If there is a dragon like this moving on the ground, if I can do that, then perhaps, many years in the future, this mountain range will possess a spirit...'

Su Ming scratched his head and cast a few more glances at the mountain range. He saw that the whirlpool in the mountain range had become much bigger, but he was not surprised, as if he had long since expected this. With one move, he appeared beyond the mountain range and found the spot on the outer layer of the mountain connecting to the cracks he had made from within. He stared at it for a long while, then started hiding it away. Once he was certain that no one would be able to find wrong unless they were looking closely, he returned to midair.

'I just opened up a small part of the mountain, and the whirlpool appeared because the mountain had started breathing. It'll disappear completely in a few days. At that time, while the mountain's appearance will look the same, but what is within would have gone through a tremendous change.

'Then I can start carving Runes on it. If only Hu Zi was here. He'd definitely be able to create a Rune specially for this place. Right now, I can only arrange the place with the Runes he gave me.

'Once I disguise them a little, this place will turn into my very first cave abode in the land of the Shamans!'

Satisfaction appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He descended and sat down cross-legged on the mountain. Spirit Plunder was brought out and floated above his head. He wore a mask and was dressed entirely in black. As he meditated, his entire being started giving off a presence that belonged to the Soul Catchers.

After a brief moment of thought, Su Ming touched his storage bag with his right hand. Immediately, red light flashed and the Fire Ape flew out. With the rod in hand, it looked around, and once it did so, surprised delight instantly appeared on its face. It started gesturing and baring its teeth at Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled, and his gaze fell on the mountain range. Gradually, a chilling light appeared in his eyes.

'This place might not be fully opened up, but if someone dares provoke me, then I'll draw them here and cast Execution of Three Evils using the pattern of this place. I can also control the might of that Art. In fact, if I run into powerful enemies, I can just fully open the dragon's head here to activate the full force of the power of the world.

'When that time comes, this place will be an execution ground!'

In the blink of an eye, three days went by. During those three days, there were several Shamans who were attracted by the whirlpool on the land when they flew past. When they wanted to get closer to investigate it, Su Ming would let out a cold harrumph, and they would discover his presence.

"I am practicing a secret Spell here. All trespassers will be killed without question!"

Even if Su Ming was wearing a mask, his entire body radiated with the presence of a Soul Catcher. His profound eyes also made made goosebumps instantly appear on these people's skins.

They were just Fledgeling Shamans, and with just one glance, they could tell that Su Ming was a Medial Shaman, and a Medial Soul Catcher to boot, who happened to be the group of people that were incredibly difficult to deal with once they were Medial Shamans. The Shamans could not help but respectfully wrap their fists in their palms in the distance.

The Shamans might all be members of the same race, but the methods they used when they attacked each other were similarly sinister, especially for Soul Catchers. Their reputation as killers in the land of the Shamans rang far and wide. This sort of people who were skilled in turning the living to the dead and vice versa, and also turning the living into living dead puppets, were an existence that instilled fear among all their enemies.

Besides, rumors had it that Soul Catchers were skilled in a Spell called Curse. They would only need a strand of their enemy's hair or their fingernail, and they would be able to cast that Spell to kill their enemy without being seen.

Because of that, Soul Catchers naturally became a mysterious existence that most people would not dare provoke easily.

"We are members of White Bull Tribe, which is located nearby. We didn't know that you were training here, senior. That is why we came here so carelessly. Please don't be angry, we'll leave immediately."

The leader of the team of people was a middle-aged man. He seemed to only be a Fledgeling Shaman, and the moment he discovered the presence of a Soul Catcher around Su Ming's body, he instantly became nervous and quickly bowed to him respectfully.

His tribe was just a small tribe. If it was just a normal Medial Shaman, things might be still decent but if they ran into Medial Spirit Mediums or Medial Soul Catchers, then they definitely had to be respectful.

Once the man finished speaking, he quickly rounded up his fellow tribe members and left the place hastily. Only when they had flown far away and saw that the Soul Catcher was not going to take action against them, they let out a huge sigh of relief.

Chapter 375: Right Before His Doorstep

To the north of Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range was the group of people led by the middle-aged man. They were hastily leaving the place via the sky, afraid of making that Medial Soul Catcher unhappy if they were slow.

When they were about 100,000 feet away, they started slowing down, and they would occasionally turn their heads back to look. The mountain had already become indistinct when they were that far away from it. If they did not possess a certain level of power, they would only see that the mountain was in the distance.

"Sir Wu Zhu, what should we do now?" the tribe members beside the middle-aged man asked somewhat anxiously.

"That's right, sir Wu Zhu, half a month ago, that place was still normal, but why did a Medial Soul Catcher suddenly appear...?"

"Could it that he's a powerful Shaman Black Crane Tribe invited over and wants to forcefully occupy that place?!"

"Enough already! All of you, quiet!" The middle-aged man frowned, his face filling with resignation. He cast a glance at the people beside him, then at the mountain range where Su Ming was in the distance, then sighed.

"Perhaps that person is just temporarily training over there and will leave before long. After all, it is a barren land and there is nothing there that will attract a Medial Soul Catcher to stay there for long. Let's go, I'll report to the Patriarch when we return to the tribe and have the Patriarch make the decision." As the middle-aged man spoke and shook his head, they quickly left the place.

"He must be someone Black Crane Tribe invited over. That mountain range is very important to both of our tribes. Hah..." a tribe member behind the middle-aged man mumbled, then stopped speaking.

As the crowd left, the area gradually returned to its previous state of silence.

Su Ming, who had been sitting at the top of the mountain and had been observing the whirlpool continuously disappear, suddenly opened his eyes. His gaze was profound and there was a dark light in his eyes when he looked in the direction the members of White Bull Tribe had left.

'The nearby White Bull Tribe...'

Su Ming averted his gaze and looked at the mountain range. If he did not spread out his divine sense in a circular shape but instead gathered it together into one line, he could elongate it to 100,000 feet with his current power, and he had heard every single word exchanged between the members of White Bull Tribe.

'Looks like there are actually people who value this mountain range, but before I changed it, this place was indeed barren and there was really nothing special about it. Then why would that White Bull Tribe and that... Black Crane Tribe have a dispute over it?'

Su Ming was rather surprised by it. He was certain that he had carefully searched through the entire place several times before he had decided to open up his cave abode here, and only when he discovered that there were no signs pointing to anyone's presence that he made his decision.

Yet by the looks of it now, it seemed like there were still some secrets in this place that he did not manage to find.

Su Ming thought about it for a moment before he stood up and looked at the whirlpool formed by the power of the world. It was half the size it was previously, and judging by the looks of it, it would take around two days before it disappeared completely.

At that time, this place would return to normal. Unless anyone entered the mountain range, then it would be difficult for them to find that the place had been modified to become an excellent spot for training.

As for that whirlpool? Those members from White Bull Tribe would have been unable to see it due to the limits of their power. However, due to the accumulation of the power of the world in this place, the feeling it gave to those people had become different, though they were unable to discern the cause for it.

Su Ming investigated the mountain range once again. As he walked through the range, he spread out his divine sense, but he still could not find anything.

'Strange.'

He frowned. After a moment of thought, a glint appeared in his eyes, and the memory of the direction those members of White Bull Tribe came from and left appeared in his head. This time, he did not check inside the mountain range, but charged outwards.

He increased his search zone and placed his focus on the area 10,000 feet away from the mountain range. Even if it was flat ground, Su Ming still searched through it carefully. After several hours, he stood on an uneven plain located some 7,000 feet north to the mountain range. He stared at the ground with sparkling eyes.

Not too far away from him was a dug out hole. That hole was covered by grass and could not be easily discovered, and it was also located beyond the mountain range. Su Ming had focused his searches mostly within the mountain range previously and had not noticed this place.

Even stranger still was that even when Su Ming was standing there and had spread out his divine sense to examine the place, he still did not discover anything off. However, once he sent his divine sense into the hole, he let out a faint gasp of surprise.

About 100 feet into the hole, Su Ming's divine sense was bounced back by a domineering force. It was as if there was a seal placed within that stopped his divine sense from stretching down further.

'Could it be that White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe are fighting over this?'

Su Ming cast a look at the hole on the ground, then walked towards it. He bent his back and walked into the hole. The hole was not big, but it could still fit in one person. Once Su Ming entered the hole, he did not feel any sort of discomfort on his person. However, once he had moved about 100 feet into the hole, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt.

It was the spot where his divine sense was sent coiling back. His eyes sparkled, because he had just seen that there were two items placed on the ground before him.

One of them was a black stone bowl, filled with fresh water. It was the first item.

The second item was placed beside the bowl. It was a black feather stuck in the ground.

It was these two items that had created that force that blocked off Su Ming's divine sense from spreading in. Su Ming stood by the side and looked at them for a long moment with his head dipped down, but he could not find what was so special about these two items.

That feather was just a normal bird's feather, and it was not naturally black either. Some areas on the feather showed that it was originally white. By the looks of it, it was just a white feather that was smeared with burnt charcoal so that its color turned black.

The stone bowl was also just an ordinary bowl. The water within was the same.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and spread out his divine sense swiftly towards the feather. The instant his divine sense touched it, he immediately had a feeling as if the feather no longer existed. In fact, when that feeling appeared, it was as if the cave also disappeared and Su Ming was buried underground.

'No wonder I couldn't detect anything when I was in my cave abode. This feather has concealing powers. It's just an ordinary object, but it possesses such power...' Su Ming covered the feather with his divine sense, and after numerous investigations, his expression suddenly changed.

Because he sensed a faint and weak divine sense contained within the feather. This was not perception but divine sense!

It was the exact same thing as the divine sense he had within his body! This was the second time Su Ming found an item that contained the same divine sense he possessed in the land of the Shamans - no, it should be said that this was the second time he found such a thing in the entire Land of South Morning!

The first time was when he was in the auction held in the land of Freezing Sky.

The divine sense gathered on that feather was very faint and weak. However, it was this divine sense that allowed this ordinary feather to contain the power of disguise. That divine sense had also noticed Su Ming's presence, and was struggling as if it wanted to fight back against the intrusion of his divine sense.

However, compared to Su Ming, who was using the complete power of his divine sense, the divine sense on that feather was rather weak. The instant both divine senses clashed, that faint hint of divine sense instantly vanished, and even the feather turned into ashes that scattered on the ground.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. This was the first time he came into contact with another item that possessed divine sense with his own divine sense. After a moment of pensive silence, he spread out his divine sense once again.

However, this time, under his control, only a small part of his divine sense spread out. The instant it touched the stone bowl, he instantly felt a domineering force coming from it, clashing against him.

All of this happened without a single sound, but Su Ming felt as if his head was buzzing. His divine sense was bounced back, but that feeling quickly disappeared. He let out a cold snort, then increased the strength of his divine sense before he pressed down on that stone bowl.

As if it could not endure that force, the stone bowl cracked. What little power of divine sense was contained within the bowl also disappeared. The bowl cracked and split into two halves. The fresh water contained within spilled out and seeped into the earth.

Su Ming frowned. He had no idea just what those two items were, but was certain that they belonged to White Bull Tribe or Black Crane Tribe. They might even be owned separately by both tribes.

Without the stone bowl and the black feather around, Su Ming closed his eyes and stood there. He did not move, but with no further obstructions in its way, his divine sense charged into the inner parts of the hole. After a moment, his eyes flew open, and a glint of surprise flashed past his eyes.

"So that's how it is."

At the end at the hole, which was about several thousands of feet underneath where he stood, his divine sense saw a karst cave. That karst cave was not big, but on its walls were not a small amount of glittering objects. There were also a lot of signs pointing that there had been mining activities around the area. With just one glance, Su Ming could tell that those glittering objects were Shaman Crystals!

This was a ley-line that was rich with Shaman Crystals.

When Su Ming filled the entire area with his divine sense, he saw that the entire Shaman Crystal vein was actually not big, and a small part of the crystals had already been mined, though there were still nearly 100,000 remaining in the vein. Perhaps that amount was nothing to slightly bigger tribes, but for smaller Shaman Tribes, this was a great fortune.

However, it was clear that the ownership of the place had caused disputes. White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were in conflict precisely because they were trying to fight for this place. However, based on Su Ming's observations, it was clear that mining activities had been going on for several years in this place, and the two tribes were still fighting over this even now. It was not difficult to guess that they had already come up with a solution to this trouble. Although it was not the best possible solution, they could still avoid going to war.

However, all of this changed with Su Ming's sudden appearance.

An odd expression appeared on Su Ming's face. He did not expect that there would be a small treasure trove right before the doorstep of the place he wanted to treat as his cave abode. Once he thought about the great range of troubles that would come in the future when it was clear that White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe would not give up on this place, he felt a headache growing.

'Oh well, since this Shaman Crystal vein is right before my doorstep, then it means that it's fated with me. If that's the case, I can't just give it away.' Su Ming placed his hands behind his back and walked out of the hole. Before he left, he placed a wisp of divine sense in the place.

Chapter 376: What's That Voice

Three days passed by quickly. Once those three days were gone, the whirlpool in the mountain range that created the pattern of Three Evils disappeared. It looked normal, and was still an evil mountain and a barren land.

Su Ming had returned to the cave abode he made, then used a mountain rock to serve as his door, while also using the power of Runes to increase the safety. Once he did so, he began making preparations to stay here for long periods of time.

Su Ming waved his right hand within one of the stone chambers, and instantly, the old Berserker's body appeared in the center of it.

The old man was still immobile. He laid there with his eyes closed, but his mind was awake. His hate towards Su Ming had already reached a monstrous level, and if the slightest chance arose for him, he would cut Su Ming into a thousand pieces!

However, Su Ming would not give him that chance. Once he brought out the old man's body and placed it in the stone chamber, he took a few steps forward and swept his gaze across the body. Then, he suddenly lifted his right hand and tapped his finger on the old man's knees in succession.

Loud cracking sounds reverberated in the air and the old man's kneecaps instantly shattered. Su Ming did not stop. He tapped on all the joints on the old man's arms, and only when all the joints in the old man's body were turned into dust did he stop.

The old man might not be able to move, but he still felt an intense pain traveling through his entire body. It made him open his eyes and glare at Su Ming. If his power was not frozen up, then at the very least, he would use his gaze and deliver a shocking blow that was fatal to Su Ming.

"This is the price of you coming after my life." Su Ming's expression was cold. As he lifted his right hand, green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword appeared in his hand, and he cut open a gash on the old man's arm.

Blood poured out immediately, but Su Ming did not stop there. He continued making similar gashes on all the old man's limbs.

"If this is truly just your clone, then I will wait for your real self to come here." A cold sneer appeared on his lips. Once he let go of the small sword, he brought out some herbs from his storage bag and placed them into the old man's limbs.

After some time, he brought out few more shrubs and planted them in the man's shattered joints. Those herbs were all needed to create Spirit Plunder and they would not serve to heal any form of injury. Once they came into contact with blood, their roots would immediately stretch out and crawl into the old man's flesh to absorb his life force and blood to grow.

Su Ming had done this plenty of times and no one had been able to withstand this sort of pain before. However, while the old man was trembling, his gaze did not change. He continued glaring at Su Ming, as if he wanted to engrave the image in his mind.

That venomous glare and expression that said that he was completely unbothered by the pain was a first to Su Ming.

"As expected of a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm who went through the life threatening crisis of Bone Sacrifice. This mental state of yours is indeed admirable. If your reason wasn't controlled by your greed and you had the confidence to kill me with one blow, you wouldn't have chased after me." Su Ming spoke calmly as he continued planting the herbs.

"It's a pity..." Su Ming shook his head and patted his storage bag with his right hand. Two Spirit Plunders immediately flew out and floated above the old man's forehead, causing the old man's eyes to move towards them, as if they were being absorbed by them.

Su Ming fell silent for a moment, and still felt somewhat uneasy about it. He brought out another Spirit Plunder, causing all three of them to float above the old man's body. Only then were his worries soothed.

"You're powerful. If I didn't have the power of the God of Berserkers, I would've died much earlier in your hands."

Su Ming grabbed at the air with his right hand, and the small virescent sword flew out once again. Once he held it in his hand, he stabbed the sword into the bloody mess in the old man's right arm. With a light tug, the old man's body jerked forward viciously, and his entire right arm fell limp.

The tendon in his right arm had just been torn off, and Su Ming did the same to the tendons in the old man's left arm and his legs. Once he did that, he opened up a few more gashes right on a few spots where his arteries and veins were, causing a large amount of blood to instantly flow out and spill on the stone chamber's floor.

"But your tendons in your arms and legs have already been torn off, all your blood is flowing out of your body, as well as being absorbed by those herbs, and your soul is also being absorbed by my Spirit Plunders.

"Even if your power recovers, let's see just how much of it you can use!" Su Ming stood there and spoke coldly. The old man heard his words, but his gaze was still venomous and did not change even the slightest bit.

Su Ming walked out of the stone chamber and instructed the Fire Ape, who had been watching the entire procedure by his side. "Xiao Hong, tear off his tendons and let his blood flow out of his body once a day."

With an excited look on its face, the Fire Ape bared its teeth and nodded. Its eyes shone and it stared at the old man with animosity.

'Turning that person into a Spirit Plunder is a bit of a waste... Soul Catchers are skilled in using the Undying Spell. That Spell is somewhat similar to the creation of a Spirit Plunder, perhaps I can experiment to see whether I can turn that person into a puppet like that.'

Su Ming remembered how that young Soul Catcher still remained alive even after losing his head.

Immersed in his thoughts, Su Ming arrived at another stone chamber. He placed his right hand on his storage bag. Immediately, yellow light shone brilliantly, and a gigantic cauldron appeared in the stone chamber.

The cauldron was so big that it occupied half of the room. Su Ming had specially made this place to be bigger than the other stone chambers just to store the cauldron in it.

Once the medicinal cauldron was placed inside, an ancient feeling instantly filled the entire place.

As Su Ming looked at the cauldron, his breathing quickened slightly. He knew that there was a medicinal pill being refined inside it, and he had his guesses and desires towards exactly what type was held within, along with what sort of value it possessed.

"This might be a very rare medicinal pill that contains the essence of time within it. A refinement that lasts thousands of years... I wonder just what that medicinal pill would look like."

As Su Ming mumbled, he placed both of his hands on the cauldron and spread his divine sense outward. Immediately, that cauldron lurched forward and distortions appeared around it, as if it was burning with invisible flames.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He brought out his small sword and let it circle around the cauldron once, while occasionally stabbing into the stone walls, causing the power of the world outside to enter through. Immediately, a large portion of the dense power of the world in the cave abode was lured in and surrounded the medicinal cauldron. It was then absorbed to nourish the medicinal pill within.

Su Ming had obtained this medicinal cauldron for quite some time now, but he simply did not have a quiet time where he could continue refining the pill inside it. Now that he had decided to stay in this cave abode for a long period of time, he brought this cauldron out to begin refining what's inside.

He had great hopes for the medicinal pill, and it was precisely because it was an unknown pill that this hope became stronger as he continued refining it.

Su Ming stared at the medicinal cauldron for a long while, then exited the stone chamber to sit down at the central hall of his cave abode. It was quiet all around him. He

lifted his head and looked at the numerous small holes on the ceiling. Moonlight was shining through through them.

This was not the first time Su Ming had created this layout. Now, as he lifted his head to look at the moon in the sky through the holes, he fell into an absentminded state.

Because when he was in the cave in Dark Mountain, he had also lifted his head like this to look at the moon.

He had Xiao Hong keeping him company back then, just like what the Fire Ape was doing now by leaning against the wall not too far away while scratching its fur.

Su Ming stared at the moon and mumbled to himself after a long while, "Dark Mountain, I'll definitely come back!"

The him now was different from when he initially arrived in the Land of South Morning, the bewilderment of being in an unfamiliar land could no longer be found in him. He seemed to have gotten used to being alone and the loneliness when he sat down in his cave abode to meditate and train on this sort of nights.

Su Ming lowered his head and closed his eyes. When he opened them a moment later, serenity could be found in them

When his emotions had also calmed down, bell chimes suddenly echoed within his body. A layer of light surrounded him and spread out swiftly. From the distance, it looked as if there was a bell shaped cover manifesting in the form of an illusion on Su Ming.

It was originally just an illusion, but it slowly gained physical form. After the time taken for the burning of half an incense stick, Su Ming lifted his right hand and made a seal. When he pushed his hand forward, the bell-shaped cover surrounding his body floated forward slowly and went through him. Once it stopped in front of him, that cover turned into Han Mountain Bell.

Dark light flickered within it, and immediately, that strange rod snake flew out of the bell. It circled round the cave abode, and almost the instant it appeared, the Fire Ape lifted its head and bared its teeth, growling at it with a wary look on its face, as if it was showing its might.

The rod snake that had turned into a black line took a turn and charged towards the Fire Ape, causing the Fire Ape to grab its rod and wave it around quickly while jumping about, all the while roaring incessantly.

Su Ming's Brand was on the rod snake's body, that was why he knew that it was just playing around and would not hurt the Fire Ape. Besides, the Fire Ape's body was slowly recovering, and its speed and power were now equivalent to the Berserkers in

the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. When Su Ming saw that neither of the two creatures would get injured, he left them alone and stared at Han Mountain Bell.

This bell was a priceless treasure, but it was a pity that Su Ming could not utilize its full strength and had only taken over four of the nine heads. Besides defense, he could only really use the bell chimes to shock and trap his enemies.

Now, Su Ming's level of cultivation had increased by leaps and bounds. He was prepared to refine Han Mountain Bell once again, to see whether he could bring out even more of this priceless treasure's might.

With a glint in his eyes, Su Ming lifted his right hand to form a few seals, then pointed at Han Mountain Bell.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute!"

The instant Su Ming spoke and made those hand seals, buzzing sounds immediately appeared from Han Mountain Bell. Bell chimes reverberated within the stone chamber and shot out to echo in all directions of the mountain range.

At that moment, there were seven long arcs charging forward from the north outside Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range. Right in front of those long arcs was an old man. He had the face of a monkey and wore a big red robe. His expression was dark and his speed quick. There was also a murderous air surrounding him.

By the looks of it, he was also a Medial Shaman, and a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak of that realm to boot.

As for the six people behind him, two of them were Medial Shamans, and the other were all Fledgeling Shamans who had reached the peak of their realms.

As the seven of them charged forth, the old man leading the team saw the place where Su Ming was residing. With a cold snort, he closed in on it. Just as he was about to descend from midair, he suddenly heard bell chimes coming from within the mountain range.

Those bell chimes were drawn out and appeared slow, but when they fell in the old man's ears, it made his heart and soul tremble, forcing him to stagger a few steps back. He widened his eyes and looked at the mountain range beneath him before he sucked in a deep breath.

"Damn it, the heck's that voice?! " Before the old man could even speak, one of the men behind him cried out.

Chapter 377: This Mountain

"The heck's that voice?"

The monkey-faced old man glared at the man and lifted his hand to slap the man's head.

"What do you think that voice is? 'The heck's that voice'?! Shut your trap!" The old man slapped him again, causing the man to quickly retract his head, but he did not dare move away.

The old man let out a cold snort and no longer bothered himself with the man. With a dark face, he charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming's cave abode was. The six people behind him followed suit. The seven of them turned into seven long arcs and charged towards the ground.

Yet, just when they flew out and before they even got closer to the mountain range, suddenly, bell chimes reverberated in the sky. The bell chimes hummed in the air, causing a visible layer of ripples to appear and start spreading in all directions.

The bell chime and the ripples immediately caused the old man's mind to start trembling once again, and his expression to change. As for the six people behind him, their bodies started swaying and shock appeared on their faces.

"This is the Soul Catcher's Voice. Patriarch, I think... I think we should leave. That's a Medial Soul Catcher."

One of the people behind the old man quickly spoke up to try to persuade the old man, as the bell chimes tolled in the air. That person's face was pale. He was only a Fledgeling Shaman, and the bell chimes seemed to have stirred up a large amount of humming sounds within his body, causing him to almost be unable to stand properly.

"Bullsheet!" The monkey-faced old man glared at him and lifted his hand to slap the head of the person who spoke.

"Your old man's gonna tell you what that voice is. That's the Soul Catcher's Voice, all right, but use your head a bit. Why the heck did we come here for? He only has that voice, and he used it 'cause he's scared! Get it? He's scared, that's why he used that voice!

"Do you know how it came to be? That's the sound of someone striking mountain rock. That's all there is to it! And that sound already scared y'all off your pants?" the monkey-faced old man said with a cold harrumph.

"Patriarch, you're really smart and knowledgeable. So that's the sound of someone striking mountain rock, huh?" The six people quickly nodded their heads, and their gazes were filled with respect as they looked at the old man.

"It would have been better if he stayed quiet. But now that he used his Voice, I know that this boy Soul Catcher, who came out of nowhere, is scared." No one knew exactly how that monkey-faced old man came to that conclusion. He lifted his right hand and slapped each of the six people's heads.

"Ow! Patriarch!" The man who had been the earliest to speak among the six retracted his head once again and whined.

"You lot wait here. Watch as I chase the boy Soul Catcher away. How dare he take over what belongs to our tribe." The monkey-faced old man narrowed his eyes and no longer bothered himself with his six fellow tribesmen. Instead, he turned around and charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming was.

Yet the instant he came to be at a distance 1,000 feet away from the mountain range, suddenly, the bell chimes shot into the air with an even more powerful sound. Booming sounds reverberated and spread through the area, stirring up an even higher amount of ripples, even causing a huge gust of wind that lifted up the old man's hair.

The monkey-faced old man sucked in a sharp breath. He might have told his tribesmen about the voice as if he knew what it was, but in truth, he too, had absolutely no idea what it was. Just by listening to it, it already made fear stir in his heart. But he was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, he could not show fear before his tribesmen.

He gritted his teeth, then as he grumbled in his heart, he rushed out once again.

The six tribesmen behind him could not help but retreat. As they watched their patriarch moving forward and listened to the increasingly stronger humming sounds, they looked at each other.

"The patriarch is serious smart. How the heck did he know that the guy's scared?"

"How else could he be the patriarch and you ain't the patriarch? The patriarch's right. Look, the closer he got, the stronger the voice is. He's clear scared."

"Why do I think it ain't like that...?"

"That's right, he's clear scared."

As the six people continued talking, mumbling, and discussing among themselves, the monkey-faced old man had already arrived at a distance 500 feet away from the mountain range. When he saw that he was about to step on the mountain, he sucked in a huge breath and let out a huge roar.

"This mountain's..."

Yet before he could finish speaking, he widened his eyes and his voice died off. A presence that made his skin crawl shot out abruptly from the mountain range.

As that presence spread out, a gigantic illusion of 1,000 feet abruptly appeared before the old man. That illusion was in the shape of a bell, and once it appeared, a mighty pressure that shook the sky and earth rose up, and it was so great that it even changed the weather.

The pressure crashed into the monkey-faced old man, who was also shaken by the gigantic bell that suddenly appeared, and because of that, without a single word, he quickly fell back.

As he was retreating, a clear bell chime came from within that gigantic illusionary bell. That sound was a lot clearer than before, and when that chime fell into the tribesmen's ears, it made their ears ring.

The monkey-faced old man quickly retreated and returned to his tribe members' side.

"Damn it, the heck's that..." the man behind him cried out in surprise again.

"That sound ain't from striking mountain rocks. The heck's that thing?" The people standing behind the old man sucked in a sharp breath.

"Heck heckity heck. Is that the only word y'all know?!" The old man seemed to have flown into rage due to his embarrassment. He turned his head around and glared at those people, then lifted his hand and slapped their faces again.

"Your old man will tell you the heck that thing is. It's a big bowl!"

Right when the old man finished speaking, another bell chime shot through the air once again, and right before their eyes, the illusionary bell in the sky above the mountain range instantly materialized, revealing its complete form.

Its entire body was colored greenish black and it exuded an ancient presence. As it floated in midair, that presence turned into a mighty pressure that caused the old man and the people behind him to descend to the ground, unable to bear the pressure.

"Patriarch, that... that ain't a bowl..."

"Patriarch, that really ain't a bowl, the heck's that thing?"

The tribe members' faces were all stark pale and they were all shivering. Under the pressure, even their powers had frozen up, and as they shivered, vacant looks appeared on their faces.

"Hmph, let your old man tell y'all. That's a bowl. The boy Soul Catcher is scared, that's why he got that bowl out to scare us. You, and you, get over there. Lure that boy Soul Catcher out for me."

The monkey-faced old man was nervous, but he gritted his teeth and ordered his men as he pointed at two standing by his side. When he saw the both of them not having the courage to go, he glared at them.

Amidst their fear, the two tribe members gritted their teeth and charged out, wanting to get closer to the mountain range. Yet when they had just moved about 100 feet forward, a shocking roar suddenly came from that Han Mountain Bell in the sky.

That roar brought an even greater shock to the hearts and souls compared to the bell chimes, causing the two men to cough out a mouthful of blood, and they instantly fell to the side. When they turned their heads back to look, they saw their four tribesmen standing behind their patriarch also coughing out blood and falling to the ground.

Only the monkey-faced old man remained standing, but his body was shaking.

"Don't think I don't know y'all are playing dead. Just you wait, when I teach that boy Soul Catcher a lesson, I'll spank y'all when we get back."

The old man stomped, then as he spread his arms wide-open, he bit his tongue. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he instantly gained a mighty presence. A huge layer of illusionary white fog also appeared behind him. As that fog tumbled about, the contour of a bull was formed.

The old man lifted his right hand, and with one flip, a gigantic bowl appeared mysteriously in his hand. That bowl was filled with fresh water, and with the bowl in hand, the old man took a step forward while groaning in his heart. He was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, a small tribe. Ever since he heard his tribesmen sending news that a Soul Catcher had appeared around the place a few days ago, he had been indecisive.

He waited for a few days. When the people he sent to investigate the place came back telling him that the place had returned to normal and that the Medial Soul Catcher was no longer around, he decided to bring his tribe members to the place and put up a show. He did not expect, however, that he would run into a voice that would shake his mind and soul when he just arrived.

He could still withstand the first few bell chimes and babble nonsense about the sound's origins, but when the gigantic bell materialized, his heart had already been conquered by fear. However, leaving just like that was not something he as a Patriarch could do. With gritted teeth, he made up his mind to launch a desperate attack. No matter what, he had to rush over and fight against that Medial Soul Catcher.

Besides, in his mind, he believed that even if he was not a Soul Catcher, he had still reached the pinnacle of being a Medial Shaman. There was no guarantee who would win in the fight.

As he rushed out, a serious look appeared on his face. Ripples and waves appeared on the fresh water in the stone bowl and turned into vapor around his body, causing him to be able to resist the bell chimes echoing in the air.

Just as he was moving forward, the two men who fell to the ground immediately opened their eyes and quickly crawled on the ground to return to their tribesmen, who had also fallen to the ground after coughing up blood.

Almost the moment these two people returned, their other four tribesmen also opened their eyes and looked at each other. Then, as if they could read each other's minds, all of them moved back quickly without a word.

Only the old man continued charging forward. Once he got closer to the mountain range, he already had no time to deal with his six tribesmen behind him. He stomped on the ground with his right foot and shot up swiftly from the ground to fly into the sky. At the same time he bellowed loudly once again.

"This mountain's..."

Almost the moment he started speaking the second time, suddenly, wind stirred and clouds surged forth beyond that gigantic Han Mountain Bell in the sky. A large layer of fog appeared, and the shadow of a great ferocious beast that could not be described with words formed inside that fog.

That ferocious beast looked as if it was made by nine Aquatic Beasts fused together, and it towered above everything. As those nine heads spread out, they looked as if they had occupied the sky.

It was also because of this creature's appearance that the old man's words died away abruptly the second time. His eyes went wide, and shock along with terror could be seen within them. He quickly retreated, and goosebumps rose all over his body.

A murderous aura descended upon him with a loud bang.

Five of the nine heads had their eyes closed as if they were sleeping. However, the four remaining heads had their eyes opened, and there was a freezing glare within them. Su Ming's body could be seen inside the four pairs of pupils.

"What is this mountain?" Su Ming's voice came out with a mighty boom from the mouths of the four heads he had occupied.

"This mountain's yers..."

The monkey-faced old man suddenly gained some sense in his head and no longer dared to continue retreating. He quickly smiled obsequiously.

Chapter 378: Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide!

The old man's speech was a little weird. When Su Ming heard it, he frowned.

"Speak properly!"

"Huh? What? This mountain is yours!" The old man was momentarily stunned, then quickly slowed down his speech and repeated his words.

"Who are you?" The four heads of the gigantic creature in the sky cast the old man beneath a glance at the same time as they asked with a booming voice.

"Sir Soul Catcher, this old man's the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, name's Bai Ge. This all's a misunderstanding, just a misunderstanding. I didn't come here for the mountain. I just heard from my tribesmen that you came here so I was a little excited and fired up. That's why I brought my tribesmen here to greet you.

"Um, I even prepared a gift for you. Please accept it. We still have something to do in our tribe, please excuse us." The monkey-faced old man quickly fumbled about in his bosom and brought out a Shaman Crystal that was even smaller than his fingernail. His heart clenched in pain at the thought of parting with it, but he had to give it up. He placed the crystal on the ground respectfully.

Any of the Shaman Crystals Su Ming could bring out were easily bigger than that small Shaman Crystal, but that old man's respectful but also pained expression as he looked at the crystal made it seem as if it was as big as a fist.

"Since you're here, you don't have to leave in a hurry. I'm currently training here and it is inconvenient for me to receive you. Just wait here for a while."

Su Ming frowned. Once he finished speaking, he no longer paid any attention to that man. The old Shaman had extraordinary power. Even if he had yet to attain great completion as a Medial Shaman, but he had already arrived at the peak.

However, Su Ming was not bothered by it. With the Fire Ape and the strange snake protecting him, the old man would not be able to do anything against him. Besides, Su Ming also wanted to use the chance while he refined Han Mountain Bell once again to shock this person.

This was something he thought of when he saw the old man's fear just now.

The monkey-faced old man groaned in his heart when he heard it. He might not be able to tell Su Ming's level of cultivation, but the gigantic ferocious beast in the sky was already enough to shock him and make the old man feel respect towards him.

He was certain that this gigantic ferocious beast was a sacred beast. He might not have ever heard about it, but it was clear that the person in the mountain was practicing an incredibly powerful Spell, which was why he could call out something like the projection of that sacred beast to descend in this place.

'Just where did this person come from? Only four of this sacred beast's heads have awakened, and it's already enough to make me scared. If all the heads wake up...' Bai Ge licked his lips and regretted his decision to come forward. He began to hate that tribesman who told him the enemy in this place had left.

At that moment, Su Ming was sitting in his cave abode with his legs crossed and his eyes shut. His hands were rapidly forming various hand seals before him. All of them were filled with a strange power he had vaguely sensed when he was refining Han Mountain Bell in the past.

As he changed those hand seals, the power of the world in the cave started surging towards him in large amounts to gather on his hands. It was as if those hand seals could allow him to move around the power of the world as he pleased.

Su Ming felt his spirits lift, and his speed grew even faster. Eventually, his hands turned into a blur, and there were numerous afterimages left behind.

The four heads of the nine-headed beast above his cave abode let out a roar towards the sky, causing the weather to change and an endless amount of ripples to spread out.

At that moment, suddenly, one of the slumbering heads shuddered, as if it was about to wake up from the roars of the four heads.

In the cave abode, Su Ming's speed as he made those seals became faster. Sweat beaded on his forehead. His divine sense had completely surged out, as he continued making those hand seals to fuse with the power of the world, then all of them were pumped into Han Mountain Bell. However, no matter how much of that strange power he sent into Han Mountain Bell, it still felt like throwing a stone in an ocean. There was absolutely no reaction.

Suddenly, he felt a faint hint of a reaction. It was as if there was a barrier in Han Mountain Bell. And if he did not break it, then it would be difficult for him to perform a more in depth refinement. The moment Su Ming sensed the barrier's presence, he fired up all his divine sense, then fused it all with the power of the world to continuously crash into it.

"Open up! Come on, open up!" Su Ming mumbled with his eyes closed, and more sweat poured down his forehead.

As Su Ming's spoke, the roars of the four awakened Aquatic Dragon heads grew stronger. They moved about and continued roaring. The waves of sound that were formed shook the world, causing the old man's ears to ring.

His face was pale. He looked at the four Aquatic Dragons in the sky and had the feeling that he was a mere ant.

As the roars reverberated through the sky, the head that was lying at the side started trembling even more furiously. Signs of struggle could be seen on its tightly shut eyes, as if it was about to wake up!

With Su Ming's divine sense continuing to crash against the barrier, the fifth head that had been asleep for an unknown amount of years looked as if it was about to wake up at any moment. The feeling Su Ming had became stronger. He could tell that once that invisible barrier was broken down, then the fifth head would open its eyes.

Taking over the first head meant that he obtained the basic level of control over Han Mountain Bell.

Taking over the second head allowed him to obtain the power to stun souls with Han Mountain Bell's chimes.

Taking over the third head made him feel the strength of the bell's defenses. He obtained the power to fuse that bell into his body so that he could defend himself.

When he took over the fourth head, he had sensed some hand seals in his head, allowing him to control the bell easily to seal things.

While Su Ming might not know what sort of ability he would gain once the fifth head woke up and he took it over, he looked forward to it.

That sort of anticipation became stronger as time passed by. However, the barrier Su Ming could sense within Han Mountain Bell still remained unbroken, even under the continuous barrage.

It was as if there was always a little bit of something lacking!

The roars in the sky were going for almost an hour. The ground, too, trembled under those incessant roars, and there were even stones breaking off from the mountain range and falling to the ground.

Su Ming gradually started trembling, and his divine sense was also starting to wither a little. The Fire Ape was looking rather anxious by his side. With its intelligence, it had grown to feel respect towards the ferocious beast in the sky.

However, to that rod snake, this sort of respect did not exist. There was only a strong sense of brutality within it that made it stare at the gigantic beast in the sky with uncertainty and a murderous aura through the small holes above it.

It was as if it had run into its mortal enemy. Buzzing sounds rose from the rod snake's body and its scales started standing up. If that creature did not have Su Ming's scent, which he was familiar with, then it would have rushed out right the moment it appeared and fought against it until one of them died.

The medicinal cauldron was still as usual in the cave abode. There was not a hint of change in it. However, the old Berserker in the other stone chamber started trembling violently. His face was pale and most of his blood had already flowed out of his body. What remained of it was absorbed madly by the herbs on him. His soul was also being absorbed by the three Spirit Plunders, as if it was being sealed off.

He, who was originally weakened to begin, started to hear booming sounds going off in his head as he continued listening to the continuous barrage of roars, and he started struggling to fight back against it.

He was not the only one acting that way. The six members of White Bull Tribe who were standing beyond the mountain range had all fallen to the ground, trembling. Their faces were pale and bloodless. Four among them had become unconscious, and while there were still two who were awake, they had dazed looks on their faces, and they did not last that much longer either. Soon, they, too, fell to the ground unconscious.

As for the monkey-faced old man, he was sitting cross-legged on the ground while circulating his power. He wanted to fight back, but once he coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood, he found, to his shock, that the voice was growing stronger, and had already reached a level that was difficult for him to resist.

He was very close to the mountain range, unlike his six tribesmen who had run far away since a long time ago. A life threatening sense of danger blossomed in his heart, and in his terror, he immediately drank a mouthful of fresh water from the stone bowl in his hand. A large amount of white fog spread from his body, allowing him to resist it.

'It still won't open!'

Su Ming's hair was a mess, and as he continued forming those hand seals, he lifted his right hand and slammed it on his chest. Immediately, a large amount of spirit stones flew out and scattered around him in the cave abode, over the dust of many of their predecessors.

As these spirit stones appeared, Su Ming's divine sense was replenished. It circulated in his body like liquid in that opened path in his body, making him let out a low roar.

"Open your eyes, fifth head!"

As Su Ming roared, he pushed both of his hands forward. With that one push, all the spirit stones around him exploded once again. His divine sense guided a large amount of power from the world to charge into Han Mountain Bell and straight onto that wall, crashing into it madly.

At the same time, the roars from the four Aquatic Dragons in the sky became stronger. They were not sending their roars all over the place either. All of them went to the struggling and trembling fifth head and started roaring at it fiercely.

Su Ming only felt a shocking boom go off in his head, and his divine sense crashed through that barrier in Han Mountain Bell like a flood. Once it did so, his divine sense surged in, and it was also at that moment that the fifth head opened its eyes. There was a merciless look within them, but Su Ming's shadow was rapidly gathering in the pupils.

Right when Su Ming's shadow was completely formed in the eyes of the fifth head, it lifted its head and let out a roar, mixing its voice with the roars from the other four heads, creating a shocking boom that reverberated in the sky.

"Nine, Headed, Dragon, Southern, Emperor, Absolute, Genocide!" When the five heads roared, a voice speaking could be faintly heard.

The monkey-faced old Shaman could no longer withstand the pressure. He coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell to the side unconscious.

The moment these five heads roared, a large amount of information pertaining to the legacy of Han Mountain Bell appeared in Su Ming's head. Within that chaotic mess, he learned of the ability Han Mountain Bell gained after the fifth head opened its eyes.

It was the power to temporarily allow the Vessel Spirit residing in the bell to gain form!

Su Ming's breathing quickened and excitement brightened his eyes. He brought out a large amount of spirit stones once again and lifted his head to stare at the gigantic ferocious beast in the sky. Resolution appeared on his face.

"I might as well do it in one go! I'll let the sixth head awaken as well!"

Chapter 379: The Sixth Head!

The five heads out of the Nine-Headed Dragon roared, and their voices rumbled like thunder. The monkey-faced old Shaman could no longer withstand the pressure and had fallen unconscious.

The rod snake let out a piercing cry in the cave abode. Judging by its looks, it was facing a great enemy, and looked about to rush out at any moment. However, due to the Brand Su Ming had left in its body and the fact that he owned the five heads of the Nine Headed Dragon, which it regarded hostilely, it forced down its urge to kill.

The old Berserker in the stone chamber still had his eyes shut tightly. His body had also started trembling even more viciously. When the roars from the sky reached him, he looked as if he had reached his limit in his current condition.

Su Ming sat in the hall in his cave abode and continued making the hand seals. The power of the world surged forward and fused with his divine sense to charge into Han Mountain Bell.

There was a ring of spirit stone dust around Su Ming. It was fortunate that he had quite a lot of this currency, which was why he could afford to spend them like this. He continuously brought out large amounts of spirit stones, and once he absorbed the spiritual power in them, he would bring out another similar amount.

With this method, gradually, the power he pushed into Han Mountain Bell became greater. As the five heads continued howling, slowly, the sixth head of the nine-headed beast started trembling.

As it trembled, Su Ming felt the barrier within Han Mountain Bell once again. He knew clearly that once he broke through it, then he could make the sixth head open its eyes and wake up.

However, with the experience of waking up the fifth head, he knew that breaking through was too difficult, but he did not give up. Instead, he used his spirit stones to support himself and guided the power of the world around to start his repeated assault against the barrier.

He rammed into the barrier with his divine sense five times, and with each crash, that invisible barrier would look as if it was trembling. As it trembled, what would happen outside was that the sixth head would shiver. Its tightly shut eyes would show signs of opening.

However, as long as the invisible barrier did not break, that sixth head would not wake up. Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He formed the hand seals with both of his hands and pushed them forward once again.

"Open!"

A booming sound went off in his head. The barrier within Han Mountain Bell was attacked once again. The sixth head trembled viciously, but it still did not wake up.

Once he tried it eight times, Su Ming understood that if he used the standard procedure, waking the fifth head was the current limit of his power. Clearly, trying to wake up each of the heads after the first four heads in Han Mountain Bell required a vast amount of power as support. It would not be as easy as it was for the previous four heads.

With his current level of power, he only needed a tiny thread of power more to make that sixth head wake up, but that tiny thread was like the distance between two sides of a ravine. He could not cross over it.

‘By the looks of it, I’ll have to borrow external power!’

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He no longer made any seals with his hands but got up and took a few steps backward to arrive at the deepest part of the cave that contained the numerous cracks on its walls, which allowed the mountain range to start breathing.

The instant Su Ming reached that room, he lifted his hands and pressed his palms flat on the wall. The stone wall immediately started trembling and new cracks appeared. Under the power of Su Ming’s palm strike, once they connected with the previous cracks, they went through the stone and connected with the outside world.

Due to the increase of those cracks, the originally weak human like breathing in the mountain suddenly became much stronger. At that moment, the entire mountain range’s breathing instantly became greater, and due to it, the power of the world also charged forth in a much greater quantity, causing a large whirlpool to once again appear.

That whirlpool was formed due to the power of the world gathering together. Once it appeared, it followed Su Ming’s divine sense and started a barrage on Han Mountain Bell.

The barrier within let out a series of cracking noises in Su Ming’s head, as if it was about to shatter. The sixth head also slowly lifted up its body, trembling viciously, and it opened its eyes a small slit.

‘The method is correct. With the help of the pattern in this place, I can break through the limit of that one thread. I just need to persevere through another few breaths and I’ll succeed.’

Yet at that very moment, Su Ming’s face turned pale. That power of the world was too great and his divine sense was like a boat trapped in a raging sea. It was difficult for him to guide it. After all, his level of cultivation was not high enough.

That vast power of the world was about to break through his hold like a wild horse and scatter all around him. Red appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Once the power of the world spread out, even if he could gather it together once again, if he could not use it to wake the sixth head in one shot like he did with the fifth, then if he wanted to try it again, unless he raised his level of cultivation, it would be impossible for him to try again and succeed within a short period of time.

If that was the result he had to face, then Su Ming had to persevere!

He bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. As that blood spilled out, the four Berserker Bones in Su Ming's body started trembling, sending out the entirety of his power of the Bone Sacrifice Realm with an explosive force.

At the same time, the power of the Refined Aura that had already turned into liquid in the opened path within Su Ming's body started circulating rapidly and became thinner until it eventually seemed as if it had disappeared. The disappeared Refined Aura had already completely surged into Su Ming's divine sense, forcing it to be able to control the power of the world when it was just about to crumble.

One breath, two breaths... After two breaths, the vast power of the world started showing signs of scattering away again. Su Ming lifted his right hand, and with lightning speed, jabbed his finger on several spots on his body. All those spots where the parts connecting the opened path into one single whole.

Once he pressed on those spots, he seemed to have forced out the remaining power of the Refined Aura in his body. Along with the help of the power of his Berserker Bones, he finally managed to buy the time for two more breaths before the power of the world started crumbling once again.

It was during the span of these four breaths that the invisible barrier in Han Mountain Bell was completely broken through. As it crumbled, the sixth head opened its eyes, and gray light shone from within. The sixth head had awakened!

It lifted its head to let out a low roar, howling together with the other five heads. Their voices shook the sky and earth, and as they spread in all directions, the old Berserker who was gravely wounded in Su Ming's cave abode could no longer fight back and a large amount of blood mist burst out from his body. He immediately sank into unconsciousness, and it was one where his mind had fallen into a comatose state!

In the sky, Su Ming's shadow appeared in the pupils of the awakened sixth head. As the heads roared together, the might coming from it was shocking. It was a pity that not many people saw it. This place was considered a rather remote spot in the land of the Shamans, or else those who were observant would have noticed.

The Nine-Headed Dragon looked like a sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe. Anyone who saw it would find it hard not to feel fear.

Su Ming sat in the cave abode with a pale face, but his eyes were shining with excitement. He wanted to try opening the eyes of the seventh head, but his body was already very weakened, and he had also wasted a large amount of spirit stones. Besides, he knew that with his current level of cultivation, it was utterly impossible for him to wake the seventh head.

In his silence, he chose to give up on continue trying. Instead, he made some hand seals and pointed above him with his right hand.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide, gather!" Su Ming said in a low voice. As he pointed with his finger, the gigantic body of the Nine Headed Body in the sky quickly turned indistinct, and in the blink of an eye, it became invisible and disappeared.

The huge Han Mountain Bell also shrank in an instant and turned into a ray of dark light that charged towards the mountain range, crawling through a small hole in the ceiling to come and float before Su Ming.

Han Mountain Bell now looked like simple and old looking small bell. It gave off an ancient feeling. When Su Ming looked towards it, he had a feeling as if this thing had become a part of him. Even if he closed his eyes, he could still feel the presence of the bell. With a single thought, he could control this treasure and make it transform.

'The divine ability I gained after waking up sixth head... is this...?'

With his eyes closed, Su Ming went on to sense the change in Han Mountain Bell once the sixth head had awakened. After a long while, he slowly opened his eyes, and there was a stunned look on his face.

He frowned and brought out some medicinal pills. Once he swallowed them, he did not circulate his Qi. Instead, he stood up and paced up and down his cave abode, as if he was hesitating over a difficult decision.

'By the looks of it, even if my level of cultivation has reached a certain state, it's still quite impossible for me to wake the seventh head... but once I wake the seventh head, the change that will occur will reach a terrifying state...'

'If my guess is correct, that is if what I deduced from the Art I gained from the sixth head is right, once the seventh head wakes up, there's a high chance that it will allow a wisp of the Nine-Headed Dragon's True Spirit to descend...'

Su Ming's footsteps came to a halt and determination appeared in his eyes.

'There's no need for me to hesitate over this anymore. The land of the Shamans is filled with dangers, and it'll be difficult for me to avoid being killed. If that's the case...' Su

Ming looked at the floating Han Mountain Bell by his side and a complicated look appeared on his face.

'I'll fulfill the requirements needed to wake up the seventh head!' With a swing of his arm, Han Mountain Bell immediately flew towards him and disappeared once it fused into his body.

'This bell is indeed a priceless treasure, but why did no one try taking it away after it was placed in Han Mountain City so long ago? Why is it that only Si Ma Xin and I could fight over it...?

'There are plenty of powerful warriors in the Berserker Tribe, and there's also the fact about the Immortals coming to our place. Why did they ignore Han Mountain Bell...? Unless... they don't have a method to take it away, or maybe it's because they can't take it away, or perhaps... they don't dare to?' Su Ming had thought about this question before, but he had never obtained a real answer.

He shook his head and decided to not think about it anymore. Instead, he sat down cross-legged and started exercising his breathing. Three days passed by in the blink of an eye.

At that time, the unconscious old Shaman outside the mountain range opened his eyes. He cast his eyes around, before he got up quietly, and checked his surroundings, then slowly retreated.

"Are you going to leave just like that?"

The instant he started retreating, Su Ming's cold voice spoke languidly from the mountain range. When those words fell in the old man's ears, he immediately froze and forced out a smile.

"If there's nothing else, then I won't stay here anymore. It's been a few days since I went back, and there're plenty of things waiting for me back at my tribe. This mountain's yours," said the old man quickly. Right up till the end, he did not manage to see Su Ming's body, and a great sense of wariness towards this Medial Soul Catcher rose within his heart.

The sight he saw before he fainted also terrified him. He no longer had any desire to fight against him.

"Thirty thousand feet around this area..." Su Ming said slowly, but before he could finish his sentence, that old Shaman was already nodding his head furiously.

"Gotcha. No one comes within thirty thousand feet of the place. I'll go tell my people in the tribe to absolutely not come around. Um... if there's nothing else, I'll be off first."

Chapter 380: Madam Ji!

As the old Shaman spoke, he retreated without stop until he reached his six tribesmen who had come with him for this. Then he kicked them, and once those unconscious tribe members of his were kicked awake, he quickly wrapped his fist in his palm as a salute to the mountain and hastily brought them away.

His six tribesmen were all pale, and they were all filled with respect towards the mountain range where Su Ming was, while feeling that it was a mysterious place as well. As they charged back with the old man, their hearts were full of lingering fear.

Only when they were almost back to their tribe did one of the men speak after hesitating for a moment.

"Patriarch, what do we do? Should we ask the statue of our great grand Patriarch to attack?"

"Hur hur, what do we do? Why don'tcha tell me what do we do, you bunch of rascals who only know how to pretend to be dead?! We have one attack left in the statue of our great grand patriarch, and that's going to be used to frighten that Black Crane Tribe!" The monkey-faced old man glared at the man, then turned around to slap the man's head.

"Let me tell y'all. We can't look down on that Medial Soul Catcher. He already brought about such a presence by just activating his divine ability, even if I launch a desperate attack, there's no use. He's a Soul Catcher and an outsider. He can come and go as he pleases, I don't have the confidence to kill him.

"Since that's the case, if your old man dies, then what are you bunch of rascals going to do? What are our tribesmen supposed to do? Even if I win by some stroke of luck and he runs away, he'll find a chance and come back to take revenge. Our tribe can't just up and leave either. This is not a good deal." The old man stroked his beard. He no longer had that silly thought he had previously, there was instead a hint of cunning in his eyes.

"That's why I was so busy flattering him and showed that I was respectful and afraid of him, which is why we managed to get out of a situation where we should have all died. That's what you call adapting to the situation!" The old man's eyes sparkled and looked towards the east.

"By the looks of it, that guy ain't someone that old bird from Black Crane invited over. Let's watch first. Black Crane's old bird is a hot tempered person. He's not as adaptable and sly as your old man. This might even be a good thing to us!" The old man smiled,

then gained a serious look on his face and slapped the heads of all his tribesmen beside him.

"Let's go home! Keep this in your heads. If I don't say anything, don't dare set foot within thirty thousand feet of that mountain... Ah, make that 50,000. Make sure y'all don't step foot within fifty thousand feet of that mountain!"

Once the old Shaman from White Bull Tribe left, Su Ming gained a few days of peace and quiet with no one coming to bother him. He immersed himself in his training, and during his free time, he would look at the moon at night and practice the Art of burning his blood.

At the day, besides observing the medicinal cauldron and observing the old Berserker's physical condition, he also took care of his herbs. He used several of his stone chambers to plant some herbs, once he gathered some soil from nearby, and brought in some dense power of the world.

Other than that, Su Ming used the remainder of his time to study the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance, as well as trying to understand the Provenance of Wind and Origin of Lightning. He searched for a way to cast the Wind Berserker's divine ability along with the Lightning Berserker's Art.

Su Ming was completely immersed in his own world in that rather remote spot in the land of the Shamans, forgetting the ongoing battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, along with the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. The only thing that existed in his mind then was that in three years, he had to make his power increase by a large margin.

Only then could he get in touch with the Immortals and search for the secret behind the word 'Destiny'.

However, the days of peace and quiet were short lived. Seven days later, Su Ming opened his eyes where he was sitting in the cave. Holding the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands, he lifted his head to look at the Fire Ape not too far away from him.

"Chase them away."

An excited look immediately appeared on the Fire Ape's face. It patted its chest, then lifted the rod before turning into a red shadow and disappearing. Before long, that Fire Ape came back with a satisfied look on its face, then spent a long time gesturing to Su Ming.

"Alright, if there are intruders again, you can do things at your own discretion. You're not allowed to hurt a person the first three times he comes, but if he or she comes a fourth time, go ahead and kill them." Su Ming pondered over it for a moment before he nodded

his head, then continued immersing himself in trying to gain an epiphany over wind and lightning.

The Fire Ape instantly became even more excited, and with one leap, it ran out.

During the past few days, there would be a few Shamans who would come to the place and observe the periphery. Most of these people's hair was decorated with some black feathers, a clear distinction from White Bull Tribe.

Once some of these observers came within thirty thousand feet of the mountain range, they would be beaten up by a Fire Ape who would suddenly appear while screeching and swinging the rod in its hand. Most of these Shamans were Fledgling Shamans, and even if they had some divine abilities at their disposal, the Fire Ape was too quick for them. Usually, it would close in on them in a flash, and all those who got close to it would be forced back with a crash, because they were all sent flying with a swing of the rod.

Several times after this happened, the Shamans who had feathers in their heads started to only seldom come to this place, and eventually, none of them came at all. It was as if they knew that this place was off limits and had given up on it.

On the day Su Ming had stayed in his cave abode for half a month, three long arcs charged forth from the east. The person in the lead was a middle-aged man. He looked incredibly tall and strong, and his eyes shone brilliantly. Behind him were two old men. The three of them descended about one hundred thousand feet away from where Su Ming was and stood there while staring at the towering mountain range in the distance.

"Tribe leader, we'll reach the border once we're seventy thousand feet away from the mountain. Our tribesmen have entered that area several times before, and that ape would suddenly appear there. It might not have killed anyone, but it was becoming more and more ruthless. The last tribesman who was struck even had his ribs broken.

"By the looks of it, if we enter its territory anymore, it will come at us with the urge to kill," one of the old men behind the middle-aged man said in a low voice.

"If White Bull Tribe can tolerate this, then it means that the person who took over this place is not any common person. Our tribe also saw the change half a month ago in this place. This person... I think we should wait for the Patriarch to return before we make a decision." The other old man hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low voice.

"That's right. The Patriarch has been away for almost a month. He said before he left that he'd be back in about that time. The Patriarch went out this time to bring back Madam Ji to help us destroy White Bull Tribe, we can wait a few more days."

The two old men tried to persuade him, but the middle-aged man in the middle remained silent for a long moment, then shook his head.

"The Patriarch took a large amount of the tribe's wealth and he still doesn't have a lot of confidence in bringing back Madam Ji of Leaping Stallion Peak. It's a fortunate thing that most of the Shamans now are in fear, and because of the war, our resources are lacking. That's why the Patriarch decided to go and ask Madam Ji to help us.

"But we can only ask her to attack once, and we have to use that attack to kill White Bull Tribe's Bai Ge. We don't have the money to pay for Madam Ji to attack twice, even if we count all the spoils of war from White Bull Tribe. Since that is the case, even if we won't have White Bull Tribe in our way anymore, it's still not worth it.

"We still don't know what this person's level of cultivation is. Besides, while the presence here has been great half a month ago, if we don't test waters and see just what are his limits, then we won't be able to explain ourselves to the Patriarch once he returns.

"Besides, with my power as a Medial Battle Shaman, even if I can't win against him, he won't be able to kill me in a short amount of time unless he is a Latter Shaman or a powerful Soul Catcher with an Undying puppet, either. Otherwise, I can still test waters.

"Don't go into the forbidden land. Just observe from outside. I've already made my decision in this!" The middle-aged man spoke slowly, and fighting spirit burned in his eyes. Cracking sounds came from his body, and his entire person swelled up by a fold, making him look like a small hill. Taking huge steps, he walked towards the mountain.

With each step, the ground would tremble slightly and a murderous aura would spread from his body. It formed a force of impact that swept through the land under his feet, causing the dust to fly into the air.

His speed increased until he was eventually so fast that his movements caused loud crashing noises to echo in the air. Those sounds fused together with the earth's trembles and gathered together to form a force that charged towards the mountain range where Su Ming was.

60,000 feet, 50,000 feet, 40,000 feet... 30,000 feet!

The man traveled forth like a violent gust of wind. When he arrived at the border of 30,000 feet away from the mountain, he did not stop but took a step inside. Yet the instant his feet landed, a roar shot through the air and a red blur moved towards him. At the same time, a piercing bang that sounded as if it was causing the air to convulse charged straight towards the man.

It was a rod that was lifted high in the sky!

A glint appeared in the man's eyes. He did not dodge but simply let out a cold snort and clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it straight at the incoming rod. The

instant his fist crashed into it, booming sounds reverberated through the air. The rod was bounced back, and even the Fire Ape was also forced back by the punch.

The man was not feeling entirely good either. His body froze for a moment, but he soon walked into the area 30,000 feet from the mountain range.

The Fire Ape roared and charged towards him again. A murderous look shone in the tribe leader's eyes and he lifted his hands to slam them both on the ground.

The land trembled suddenly, and as it did so, it seemed to have affected the sky as well, causing ripples to appear there, which made the Fire Ape freeze for a moment.

The instant it did, the man stepped on air and swung his right leg, with a buzz, a huge force was sent charging straight at the Fire Ape.

The Fire Ape's strength allowed it to be completely unbothered by that kick. The instant it lifted that rod and was about to fight against the man once again, the air before it suddenly distorted and Su Ming appeared so quickly that his appearance stirred up a huge gust of wind. He was dressed in black robes and wore the black mask over his face. As his hair danced in the sky, he hurled his fist towards the man's leg.

That punch contained a little of what he had come to understand of the Provenance of Wind and Origin of Lightning during these past few days. As he hurled his fist forward, wind and lightning rumbled in the air with such great intensity that they shook the sky.

Wind caused Su Ming's punch to be so quick that it could not be defended against! Lightning made it seem as if it contained the might of heaven! The power of his Berserker Bones exploded forth, and the instant Su Ming's fist connected with the Shaman's leg, the illusionary form of Han Mountain Bell appeared, as if his punch had become Han Mountain Bell itself!

A loud bang sounded in the air. The man's right leg was instantly broken and his face immediately turned pale. He coughed out a mouthful of blood and his body was swept away by that gust of wind, sending him several hundreds of feet away. He fell outside the barrier, and the two old men who'd come with him immediately went forward to support him.

"Don't bother me. This is a warning. Don't force me to kill. Don't make your family die with you. Don't make your tribe disappear from the land of the Shamans!" Su Ming stood before the Fire Ape and pulled back his right hand as he spoke slowly.

Chapter 381: Black Crane Tribe

The tribe leader of Black Crane was supported by his other two tribesmen. Blood flowed down the corner of his lips, and his right leg was wrecked. It was a bloody mess, and shattered bone could also be seen among it.

The man's blood dripped down to the ground, and the intense pain made his face turn white. Huge beads of sweat trickled down his forehead.

"Let's go!" He gritted his teeth and spoke as if he was hissing through his teeth. The two old men beside him said nothing and quickly brought him to retreat hastily. When they were several thousands of feet away, they turned into long arcs and left the place hastily.

Right up till the end, Su Ming only spoke once. He stared at the man leaving coldly and did not stop them. After all, this was the first time they'd come to the place, and there were still some problems to Su Ming's identity. He only wanted to be here to train in peace and quiet and to understand the ways of wind and lightning so that he could become stronger. He did not want to cause trouble.

He was also an outsider. If he went into too much conflict against those Shamans who had deep roots in this place, even if it was a small tribe, it would still pose a problem.

As for that Shaman Crystal vein, while Su Ming had high hopes for the place, he did not think that it was necessary for him to make it his own. He had tried mining those Shaman Crystals before. If he did not have a special method to do so, they would shatter when he touched them. He had used the small virescent sword to test it before and brought out eight pieces, but in the process, he also broke a similar amount of Shaman Crystals.

Unless he used his hands to dig them out and did not mind wasting a large amount of time digging them out bit by bit, then he would be unable to reap the biggest reward.

That was why Su Ming chose only to stun White Bull Tribe and did not kill them. As for Black Crane Tribe, as long as they did not do anything out of hand, then he would also choose not to kill them. His attacks might be vicious, but they were also used to shock them. Only when the two tribes were wary of him would he have the opportunity of knowing whether they were weak or strong, and then only would the possibility of a peaceful negotiation appear.

As he watched the three people from Black Crane Tribe leave, Su Ming turned around, towards the direction of his cave abode, then turned into an illusion and went back. The Fire Ape looked displeased. It believed that if Su Ming had not appeared, it would still have been able to fight against the man.

With the rod in hand, it swung it in the direction of Su Ming's back several times before it turned into a fiery red blur that started loitering around the area, trying to find other trespassers that were still ignorant enough to come.

Another few days passed by. Su Ming never exited his cave abode during that time, and no one came to bother him. These sort of days might be boring, but Su Ming was not bothered by it. He was used to clearing his mind. He might be in a foreign land now, but in truth, to him, besides Dark Mountain and the ninth summit, almost every other place was a foreign land.

He, who had long since accustomed himself to this sort of lifestyle, continued researching the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. That thing was about the size of a fist and was translucent. There seemed to be wind contained inside, making it seem as if there was wind and clouds tumbling about in the crystal. There was a strangely attractive charm to it.

‘Wind Separation Slash... Provenance of Wind...’ Su Ming frowned and stared at the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hand as he mulled over his thoughts.

‘If I can’t fuse this Wind Crystal of Inheritance with myself, then I won’t be able to gain any epiphany concerning the three styles of Wind Separation. I can also only use the very basic functions for Provenance of Wind. I can only circulate it in my body to make my speed slightly faster.

‘But the Wind Berserker is definitely not just about speed, but... just how can I make the Wind Crystal of Inheritance accept me?’

Su Ming had thought of everything he could during these few days, but even with the help of the black stone fragment, he could not achieve his wish. It did not even give him even the slightest hint of response no matter how much he called out to it.

‘Could it be that no one has the possibility of obtaining the legacy unless the real True Divinity Wind Berserker appears...?’ Su Ming clutched his hand around the Wind Crystal of Inheritance and his face darkened as his eyes flickered.

He knew of all his weaknesses. It did not matter whether it was the power of the God of Berserkers or whether it was Han Mountain Bell, all of these things were external power and were not actually a part of his own power. This external power might belong to him now, but there was also a possibility that it won’t belong to him in the future.

The basis for becoming a powerful warrior was his own level of cultivation and his divine abilities. These were the main things. Yet now, Su Ming was incredibly lacking in divine abilities. Besides Berserker Obliteration, which he created on his own, he only had his speed and the Execution of Three Evils left.

This was fatal if he ever engaged anyone in a battle of Arts, and Su Ming had experienced this firsthand when he traveled into the land of the Shamans. The reason why he was spending so much time in examining the Wind Crystal of Inheritance was so that he could increase the variety of divine abilities and Arts he had at hand.

Yet the results made Su Ming feel rather resigned. However, no matter what, he did not give up and simply continued trying to fuse together with the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. This item was like a key that would open the door to the main parts of the Wind Berserker's legacy.

To the east of Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range was a low mountain range 10,000 li away. There was a mountain over there that was not very tall.

It was very strange, and all those who saw it would not be able to forget it after seeing it once, because the shape of the mountain looked like a crane that had its wings spread and was about to fly!

The crane was a nonexistent creature in the land of the Shamans, and it was the same for the land of the Berserkers. This creature belonged to the Immortals, and was a living being that possessed high intelligence.

However, this mountain that was formed in its shape had appeared in the land of the Shamans, and there was even a tribe in there that was named after a crane. That alone was enough to cause people to think.

However, this place was situated in a remote area, and Black Crane was just a small tribe. Most of its tribe members seldom ventured out either, hence the people who took notice of them were few. It was also the reason why the mysteriousness of Black Crane Tribe did not spread far.

There was a house that was built using mountain rocks in the mountain, and in it was the man whose right leg was shattered. At that moment, his eyes were shut tightly and his body was trembling slightly. He did not cover up his upper body, and sweat poured down his skin like a river.

There was an old woman sitting before him. Her hair was white and there were numerous brown age spots on her face. She placed her dried up hands on the man's right leg.

Strange words that sounded like chants tumbled out of the old woman's lips.

Behind her were five Black Crane tribe members sitting just outside the door to the room where the man was in the house. Their expressions were filled with anxiety, along with anger and hatred.

Their hatred was not aimed towards the man, but would only appear when they occasionally lifted their heads to look into the distance, right in the direction where Su Ming's cave abode was.

"The person who attacked doesn't have any will to kill. I can heal your leg, but it'll take a long time, around half a year or so. During this time, it'll be best if you don't get injured

anymore, or else your leg might really be completely useless." After a long while, the old woman stopped murmuring those strange sounds. She opened her eyes and revealed a pair of murky eyes as she spoke slowly.

Once she finished speaking, the old woman stood up and walked towards the door with a hunched back. Her footsteps were not light as a cultivator's, but they were not heavy. Nonetheless, it was clear that she was a normal person.

"Send the Shaman Healer off." The half-naked man opened his eyes and spoke with a tired look on his face.

A member of Black Crane Tribe immediately stepped forward and supported the old woman as she left.

Once the old woman left, an old man with a full head of white hair instantly stood up among the remaining people in the house. He took a few steps forward and spoke loudly. "Tribe leader, I've already gathered all the warriors in the tribe. We're only waiting for your orders!"

"Tribe leader, we can't just take this lying down. Why should we let this person take over our Shaman Crystal vein? He's just one person, no matter how high his level of cultivation is. We can offer our blood and summon our Crane Ancestor if we really need to!" a ghastly voice stated from another person's mouth. It was a skinny man whose age could not be determined. He sat on the chair like a skeleton.

The rest of the people spoke in succession, and their words were filled with a strong murderous intent.

"Quiet!" The man whose right leg was shattered slapped his right hand on the wooden chair he was sitting on.

"That person is not alone. He has a Fire Ape with him, and I can feel a terrifying presence in that mountain range. It's clear that he still has other tricks up his sleeve.

"Even if we discount that, all of you saw the nine-headed beast that appeared when that strange phenomenon came to be on that day. That beast alone is not something our tribe can handle. I went so that I could do a final test and make a confirmation so that we can provide an explanation to the Patriarch when he comes back. Why are you raring to go? Do you want to die that much?!" The man's eyes were freezing cold as he swept his gaze across the people in the room.

"We'll talk about this once the Patriarch comes back..." Before the man finished speaking, his voice suddenly died away and he lifted his head swiftly.

At the same time, a piercing cry traveled through the sky above the tribe's mountain. It reverberated in the area, and a huge gust of wind also appeared out of nowhere to surround the mountain before making its way through.

The man was not the only one who lifted his head. Looks of anxiety immediately appeared on the faces of all the other tribe members in the house. They stood up, and two among them went up to carry the man as they swiftly went out.

Almost at the moment they walked out, a large amount of tribe members in the other stone houses in the mountain walked out and knelt down with their heads turned towards the sky.

"Welcome back, Patriarch!"

Their voices were like waves that seemed to have fused together with the wind. As their voices and the wind circled around the area, a black long arc charged towards them from the sky. Within the long arc was a huge crane whose eyes were burning with raging flames. It was about 500 feet in size and was covered head to toe in black. It was flapping its wings while getting closer to them.

Standing on the black crane was an old man wearing a long robe made of feathers. There were several black lines on the old man's face. He had wrinkles on his face, but his eyes shone brightly.

There was a person sitting beside him. That person wore a red robe and there were a large number of snakes and insects sewn on it. Those snakes and insects came in all sorts of colors, and they were terrifying to look at. There was a bamboo hat covering the person's head so that their appearance could not be seen clearly, but from the stranger's figure, it could be seen that the person was a woman.

"Madam Ji, this is my tribe. Madam Ji, this way, please." The old man swept his gaze past the ground on the black crane, and a smile appeared on his face. When he looked towards the woman by his side, that smile turned into respect, and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards the woman.

The woman whose age and appearance could not be seen clearly due to the bamboo hat gave a nod, and the black crane under the old man's body instantly charged towards the peak of the mountain. They got closer in an instant, and as they charged forward, a large amount of black mist spread out from the mount's body.

As the crane dived down, more black mist spread out, and right the instant it seemed as if the crane was about to crash into the mountain, it turned into black mist and disappeared. The old man and Madam Ji, who was the woman wearing the bamboo hat, landed on the mountain, right before the man, who was being carried by his tribesmen, and the other people who were in the house.

"Greetings, Madam Ji." The man whose right leg was broken immediately knelt down when he saw the old man and Madam Ji. Yet a sharp pain shot up his right leg due to his action, causing his face to instantly turn pale.

"Hmm? What happened to your leg?" The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe immediately trained his gaze on his leg.

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Chapter 382: Soul Catcher's Voice!

"Patriarch, this is..." The man hesitated for a while, then cast a glance at Madam Ji. The woman might not have revealed her face and had not even said a word, but when she stood there, there was a chilling presence spreading from within her, causing all the people around to feel slightly uncomfortable.

Most of the leaders and powerful Shamans in the tribe standing nearby had heard of Madam Ji and the rumors surrounding that name. Now, when they saw her, all of them were filled with respect towards her.

"It's fine. You can just speak." A cold and dark look appeared in the eyes of the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe.

The tribe leader of Black Crane struggled up his feet. Enduring the intense pain, he spoke of everything that had happened from start to finish, but he did not mention the change in the sky a few days prior.

"I'm not his opponent. Madam Ji, please help us." Once the man finished speaking, he struggled to move and bow to that woman.

A barely noticeable glint appeared in the eyes of the old man dressed in the robe made of black feathers. He was, after all, familiar with the man and could see that something was off, but he did not expose him.

Instead, he narrowed his eyes. He knew that the man could be considered quite careful and would not speak without thinking. If he was almost pleading Madam Ji to act right before his face, then it was clear that the tribe leader believed that even if the old man went himself, he was not the outsider's opponent.

"Madam Ji, about this... could you please attack him?" The old man gritted his teeth. If it had been any other of his tribesmen saying this, he might not have believed them, but this man was Black Crane Tribe's current tribe leader. It was impossible for the old man to not believe him.

"Is that person a Latter Shaman?" Madam Ji suddenly asked.

"He's not a Latter Shaman. Of this, I am certain!" The man quickly asserted.

"If you're wrong, then I will make the entire Black Crane Tribe die with you! A person's life is two thousand Shaman Crystals. If it's two people, four thousand! There's also what we promised before. All White Bull Tribe's Shaman Crystals and their sacred items will belong to me once you break the seals on those items!" The woman in the bamboo hat spoke with a shrill voice, and when she spoke, all those who heard her words felt their hearts and minds tremble.

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe felt his heart ache tremendously at the thought. He hesitated for a moment, but when he saw the man's firm gaze, he knew that there was definitely something off in this matter, which was why he gritted his teeth and nodded.

"Thank you, Madam Ji, once this is finished, I will give you the remaining 2,000 Shaman Crystals."

"I don't mind if you don't give it to me." Madam Ji chuckled, and her chuckles were equally sharp and piercing to the ears.

"I wouldn't dare to." The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his palm to her.

"I'll heal your leg. It's free."

Madam Ji lifted her right hand and pointed it at the man's right leg. Immediately, the whiskers of one of the multicolored scorpions on her robe moved and started swimming about before crawling up her arm to charge straight towards the man's right leg. The man shuddered, and the multicolored scorpion bit through his flesh and crawled into his body.

This pain made the man tremble from head to toe. He wanted to endure through it, but in the end, he could not; he let out a shrill scream of pain before falling to his side. Right when the faces of all the Black Crane tribe members drastically changed, rumbling sounds came from the tribe leader's right leg, and his torn flesh started healing rapidly. After some time, his entire right leg was healed, and not a single wound could be seen.

However, there was a picture of a scorpion shining on his right leg.

With a pale face, the man stood up, and his gaze when he looked at Madam Ji was filled with terror as he wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards her.

"Thank... Thank you, Madam Ji."

"You don't have to thank me. Your flesh and blood can provide my baby seven days of food. If you can't bring out the Shaman Crystals after seven days..." Madam Ji started laughing shrilly.

The entire area was silent, only her laughter could be heard echoing in the air.

"Your leg has healed now, please lead the way." Once Madam Ji finished speaking, she demanded with that sharp voice of hers.

"Madam Ji, do you want to rest for a while? We can still go tomorrow morning..." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe quickly spoke. He still had some things he wanted to talk about in detail with the tribe leader.

"I don't need to rest. I'll just be killing two people. It's not too late if I rest after I come back."

Madam Ji waved her arm and instantly flew up. She pointed at the tribe leader of Black Crane with her right hand, and without his control, the man's right leg leapt into the air, bringing along his entire body. He only managed to turn his head back and cast a deep look at the Patriarch before he turned into a long arc and followed behind Madam Ji. In the blink of an eye, the two of them disappeared into the horizon.

Only when Madam Ji left did the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe's face turn completely dark. He turned around and swept his gaze past his tribesmen gathered around him.

"Tell me what happened over the past month!"

As his tribesmen spoke to him in low murmurs and their words fell into the Patriarch's ears, the old man's expression gradually started changing, and when he heard of the strange sight that appeared in the sky many days prior, along with the nine-headed beast, he sucked in a sharp breath.

"This... This is..." He took a step forward, wanting to chase after the tribe leader, but subsequently froze in his footsteps and fell silent where he stood on the mountain.

In his head, the memory of the tribe leader of Black Crane casting him that deep look appeared in his head.

Madam Ji traveled quickly in the sky. As she moved, a five colored layer of fog appeared under her feet, and it stood out like a sore thumb in the sky. The five colored fog let out a dim fragrance, causing the man from Black Crane Tribe to fall into a slight daze when he sniffed it. He bit his tongue, and only by doing so did his mind remain somewhat clear. In his head, he recalled all the rumors circulating about this Madam Ji and could not help but grow even more respectful towards her.

"We might be in the sky and the wind is blowing harshly against us, which is why the aura from my Five Colored Fog isn't that strong, but to be able to regain your consciousness so soon after taking a breath of it means that your willpower is actually pretty strong."

Madam Ji's sharp voice came through the Five Colored Fog. Her voice might be sharp, but there was a power in it that would make people's minds drift. When it fell into the man's ears, the dazed look appeared in his eyes again.

Almost the moment the dazed look in his eyes appeared, the man was swept up by a huge power and brought into the Five Colored Fog.

"Madam Ji... Please... Please spare me..." The man trembled and gritted his teeth as he forced out those words. Everything within sight was the Five Colored Fog, nothing else, but he could clearly feel a gentle hand touching his back, as if that hand was using its fingers to draw circle. A numbness immediately surged through his entire body, causing the man's face to turn red in an instant and his breathing to quicken.

"Your willpower is very strong. I like your type, so I'll give you a treat..."

The man shuddered. He could feel a puff of hot air in his right ear, and then a soft tongue licked the contour of his ear gently.

A bang went off in the man's head, and he looked as if he had forgotten everything. There was only a primal urge left in his body. His eyes were bloodshot and his breathing grew heavy. A large amount of Five Colored Fog entered his body as he breathed.

Cackling sounds echoed in the fog. That Five Colored Fog charged through the sky and tumbled like waves inside. As wind blew through, a large amount of dim fragrance spread out, and wherever the wind brought that fragrance to, some of the birds and beasts in the area would immediately become so agitated they looked as if they had gone mad.

"Ma... Madam... We're... We're here!" The man trembled. The instant almost all of his will scattered away, he bit his tongue, and the pain of almost biting through his tongue finally allowed him to regain a hint of consciousness. With unparalleled terror, he said these words with great difficulty.

"How disappointing. Oh well, once I finish taking care of the outsider, I'll give you that treat." Madam Ji's voice was no longer sharp but lackadaisical. As her words traveled through the fog, she walked out from within.

She still wore that long red robe covered by multicolored snakes and insects and still wore that bamboo hat. Her face was hidden underneath, causing others to be unable to see her clearly. Once she walked out, Madam Ji lifted her right hand and waved it at the Five Colored Fog behind her.

Immediately, the man within flew out. His entire body was flushed red and his eyes looked as if they were about ready to spit fire. He had already lost his senses and was growling in a low voice.

Once Madam Ji tapped at the center of the man's brows, the tribe leader of Black Crane Tribe immediately shuddered and fell unconscious. His body pummeled to the ground. However, as he plunged down, a wisp of Five Colored Fog surrounded him and his speed as he fell slowed down.

Once it surrounded the man, that wisp of fog turned into the illusionary figure of woman and crawled into the man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. The unconscious man immediately shut his eyes and started growling like a wild animal.

Madam Ji's breathing also quickened slightly in the sky. It was as if she was reacting to the growls coming from the man from Black Crane Tribe. With her face still hidden under the bamboo hat, she licked her lips as she panted, then with a leap, she charged towards the mountain range in the distance.

That mountain range was where Su Ming's cave abode was.

As Madam Ji charged forward, the Five Colored Fog appeared once again under her feet and tumbled about in the area, covering half the sky.

The Fire Ape lay on a big rock at the top of the mountain range with its eyes closed for a nap. Sometimes, it would lift its claws to scratch itself. Suddenly, it opened its eyes and looked at the incoming Five Colored Fog. It twitched its nose slightly, as if it smelled something, then immediately bared its teeth.

In the cave abode, the rod snake, which Su Ming had never called back once he let it out, was lying in one of the many holes on the cave abode's ceiling. At that moment, it immediately shot up and a freezing glint appeared in its eyes.

Right underneath the rod snake was Su Ming, sitting cross-legged in the big hall in that gigantic cave abode of his. He held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his right hand, and he pressed his palm against the air above it. With a frown, he lifted his head.

He had discovered the incoming Five Colored Fog in the sky before the Fire Ape and rod snake did.

Almost the moment he lifted his head and spread his divine sense, the instant that chilling glint appeared in the strange rod snake's eyes, and the second the Fire Ape bared its teeth and snarled, suddenly, from within the Five Colored Fog approaching from the sky, Madam Ji let out... a moan, one that would cause minds to drift.

That voice came too suddenly, and sounded as if it was trying to capture souls. It also spread around incredibly clearly and entered the mountain range, charging right into the cave abode where Su Ming was.

Chapter 383: Virgin Brother

That was a strange sound. In Su Ming's memories, he seemed to have never heard anyone making it before. It sounded like someone crying, but not, like someone moaning, but at the same time not either.

Once he heard it, it felt as if there was someone breathing into his ear gently, and his heart turned into something soft once that sound reached it, causing it to start racing uncontrollably. In fact, the speed of his Qi had also started circulated much quicker.

'What's with this divine ability?'

Su Ming frowned. That voice made him agitated, and his head had even started becoming a mess. A glint appeared in his eyes and he let out a cold harrumph.

Once he let out that harrumph, the powerful might of the four Berserker Bones in his body burst forth and filled his entire body, then went through his throat to turn into a voice that killed, swiftly shooting out of the numerous holes from the cave abode like an airstream.

That voice was like a thunderbolt, filled with the power of lightning contained within Su Ming's Origin Vessel. It was also an epiphany he had gained over the past few days from the Origin of Lightning to turn his voice into that akin to thunder.

Almost the instant his voice shot out of the cave abode, Su Ming stood up and walked out with his hands behind his back. When he left, he was already standing in the sky. He wore a black mask and there was light flashing in the depths of his eyes, one that could not be caught. He stared at the Five Colored Fog that was located not too far away from him coldly.

A sweet scent filled the air in the area around him. That scent made all those who sucked it in feel very comfortable, but if anyone breathed it for a long time, then they would have a feeling as if all their internal organs wanted to escape from their mouths.

"Who are you?" Su Ming asked languidly, his pupils having shrunk down.

The moan from Madam Ji that came from the Five Colored Fog tumbling about in the sky above the mountain range was cut off by that thunderous harrumph. A glint appeared in her eyes that were hidden underneath the bamboo hat.

"What a man who doesn't know the mood. I originally wanted to let you die in pleasure, but since you're so ungrateful to my kindness, then I'll let you die completely depleted of your spirit."

Madam Ji chuckled. Once she saw Su Ming appearing, the final hint of worry in her heart disappeared. In her eyes, as long as she did not run into any Latter Shamans, she could stand above all Medial Shamans due to the cultivation method she'd chosen.

This was also the main reason why she still came to the place even though she had seen through the intention of the tribe leader of Black Crane wanting them to fight against each other. It was also the reason why she made that man from Black Crane Tribe sink into such pleasure on her way to the place.

Madam Ji's voice was gentle and there was not a hint of the previous shrillness in her voice. It was as if there was an endless amount of charm contained within her speech.

As she spoke, she lifted her hand, and the beauty coming from her finger when the sun shone on it seemed as if all women hands would pale in comparison to her fingers' beauty at that moment.

Her fingers were very long, and as she lifted them up, a string of bell like chuckles sounded. Then with a very gentle gesture, she tapped at Su Ming through the air with her right hand.

That one tap immediately caused a wave of ripples to appear at her fingertip. It was as if the entire world had turned into water, and because of the touch of her finger, ripples spread through that layer of water. At the same time, the sweet scent all around the area instantly thickened.

She was very confident. That tap might seem like an ordinary tap, but it was a move in her divine ability, one that she had practiced for a very long time. In the past, most of all those who came up against her would find their minds crumbling under that single tap. They would turn into wild animals controlled by their lust, losing all their reasoning along with all their ability to fight against her. Usually, with just a gesture from her, they would pounce on her, and she would toy with them until they eventually died, completely depleted of their spirit.

She loved that scene a lot. Right then, a smile appeared on her face hidden under the bamboo hat. However, it was also at that instant that her smile froze.

"Hmm?" Madam Ji was momentarily taken aback. She had already executed that tap, but there was absolutely no reaction from Su Ming. It was as if she had lost her power and that had been just an ordinary tap.

Su Ming frowned, finding himself a little puzzled by what exactly that woman wanted to do. The strange cry just now had made him slightly scared, and when he saw the woman tapping on air, a glint had immediately appeared in his eyes. Green light shone at the center of his brows, and the patterns all around him had also started changing with his thoughts.

However, the reason Su Ming frowned was because while that tap had stirred up ripples in the air, he had not felt a single hint of danger. It was just that the instant that woman tapped at the air, some strange pictures had appeared in his head. Nonetheless, those pictures were mostly blurred out and he could not see them clearly.

"I see, so you're a virgin without any experience. No wonder." A glint appeared in Madam Ji's eyes. She licked her lips and started chuckling as if she was very happy.

"Crazy woman." Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. After a swing of his arm, green light instantly shone, and the small virescent sword shot out before him with a sword whistle. Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at it.

Immediately, the Provenance of Wind within him formed a whirlwind in his body. That wind shot out of Su Ming's hand and fell on the small virescent sword, instantly making it shudder, and an illusionary shadow appeared around the sword, covering it fully.

That illusion was a giant sword that was about ten feet long. Once it appeared, a whirlwind started howling around it. This was the new epiphany Su Ming had gained over these days through the Provenance of Wind. If he fused wind with his sword, he could make the small virescent sword's power increase.

Almost the moment the Provenance of Wind formed those whirlwinds turning in his body, lightning began swimming all over Su Ming's skin. Thunder roared within him, and a ray of light formed from lightning shot out from his finger, charging straight into the giant ten feet sword.

Immediately, thunderous rumbles rang from within the sword and it swelled up once again, turning into a gigantic sword that was thirty feet in length. With a single thought, Su Ming sent the sword charging towards Madam Ji.

All of this happened in an instant. As Madam Ji continued chuckling, the gigantic sword of thirty feet sliced down at her with shocking speed.

The sword sliced through the air with a boom, and the sharp roar stirred up a large amount of ripples to spread out and explode with a bang. In fact, as that sword swung

down, the lightning sparks swimming all over it caused thunderous explosions to reverberate through the air.

"Virgin brother, that's such a stroooong stroke."

Madam Ji's chuckles carried a sickeningly sweet tone. She took a step backward and lifted her right hand to draw a circle before her. The instant she drew that circle, black light shone in it, then as if the circle could separate space, a chilling presence spread from it, making it seem as if the world within was different from the world outside.

As that light shone, a hand shot out from inside the circle. That hand was covered in black hair and filled with a powerful presence. The nails on that hand were sharp, and once it stretched out, it crashed into the big sword that was slashing down towards it.

Muffled sounds echoed in the air, causing airwaves to appear and spread in all directions. Su Ming's strike was parried by that hand that came out of the circle. The sword stayed in midair, as if it was unable to cut through that hand and injure Madam Ji, who was standing behind the circle.

"Virgin brother, how could you be so merciless? If you leave a scar on my body, then I wouldn't be pretty anymore when we have fun together later." Madam Ji's flirtatious voice had a quality that made people agitated, but when she saw that Su Ming did not show even a hint of change when his strike was parried, her heart suddenly lurched and a bad feeling rose within her.

Right then, countless bolts of lightning suddenly exploded forth from the parried sword and spread out swiftly. There were also seven balls of lightning that shot out from the tip of the sword, surrounding the area in an instant.

"Explode!" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

When that word left his mouth, the sky and earth roared. The balls of lightning that came from the sword exploded at the same time, causing a large amount of lightning to shoot out in all directions.

Madam Ji retreated quickly, but the force that came from the explosions charged straight towards her, and when the balls of lightning exploded, lightning appeared all over the place, covering the area so densely that the area of one thousand feet around them seemed to have turned into a lightning hell. The light from the bolts was piercing to the eyes, showing off the might of lightning.

Madam Ji's expression under the bamboo hat changed. She retreated, and the Five Colored Fog enveloped her. Once it completely covered her up, she no longer retreated, and it brought her up into the sky.

Yet the instant the Five Colored Fog rose into the air, the gigantic sword started shattering inch by inch, breaking into a large amount of fragments. Those fragments let out a sharp screech that sliced through the air, and they were sucked into the violent gust of wind to turn into part of the whirlwind, then like a sharp blade, they charged towards the Five Colored Fog.

Booming sounds rumbled in the air nonstop. The series of killing moves Su Ming executed were all created through the epiphany he had gained from wind and lightning during these past few days, and could only be used after he fused both elements on his sword. This was the first time he used it, and once he saw its outstanding power, Su Ming's desire to absorb the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance grew stronger.

At the same time the sword fragment whirlwind was sucked into the Five Colored Fog, Su Ming moved forward without a sound and turned into a long arc, closing in on the vortex in the span of a breath. He closed his right hand into a fist and hurled it straight at the Five Colored Fog through the air.

That punch stirred up a strong gust of wind, but Su Ming did not stop and delivered another five punches in succession. All his punches stirred up wind, and each of them caused ripples to spread through the air. The wind and ripples seemed to have overlapped with each other, and in an instant, a large gust formed, charging straight towards the Five Colored Fog.

Right when the sword fragment whirlwind crashed into the Five Colored Fog, booming sounds mixed with a shrill screech of anger shot out of the Five Colored Fog. As it reverberated in the air, a powerful force charged out from within the fog and spread swiftly through the area.

That force came straight into Su Ming's face like a mountain range crashing into him. He immediately retreated, and at the same time, the sword fragment whirlwind fell apart and scattered away. At the same time, the huge gust of wind that Su Ming had stirred up with his five punches seemed to have fallen on a barrier and, with a bang, dissipated into nothing.

Yet even so, once the Five Colored Fog suffered through Su Ming's consecutive attacks, it also could not stay in shape any longer. With a bang, it split into several pieces, revealing the back of a monster that was entirely black and covered in hair from head to toe inside. That monster's back was turned towards Su Ming and its arms were closed around something, as if he was hugging it. Once the fog dissipated completely, Su Ming saw that the monster seemed to be protecting a middle-aged woman in his embrace.

The bamboo hat on the woman's head had already shattered, revealing her beautiful locks, her eyes that looked like the springs in autumn, and also her face... which was originally one that would cause hearts to pound once they looked at it.

It was a pity. There was a scar that had been left behind, marring her face for many years now, spreading through the entirety of her petite face. The scar was dark reddish in color, and some of the woman's flesh from under her skin had even been exposed outside. It looked... terrifying.

Chapter 384: Madam Ji's Husband

As the monster covered entirely in black hair slowly opened his arms, Madam Ji lifted her right hand while standing in his embrace and touched the scar on her face. Her eyes, which were like the springs of autumn, turned towards Su Ming, and her gaze was filled with hate.

"You are the first person to see this scar on my face ever since I got it... I will have you scream and wail for seven days and seven nights. I will drain all your flesh and blood, and once I turn all your spirit and essence into my nourishment. I will let you die a painful death... I will let you suffer a pain worse than death!" Madam Ji opened her mouth and let out a piercing screech.

"Madam, you talk too much," Su Ming mocked her and took a few steps back. This woman was the first powerful enemy he had run into ever since he left Autumn Sea Tribe. Judging by her divine abilities, she seemed like a Soul Catcher, but there was something slightly different about her as well. The series of killing moves Su Ming had executed previously had also not caused much damage to her.

That monster that was covered entirely in black hair and standing beside the woman seemed like a puppet. There was a thick amount of life force emanating from it, but its strength was strikingly different from the other Soul Catchers' puppets that Su Ming had encountered in the land of the Berserkers. Once Soul Catchers fused those puppets together with their bodies using that strange method of theirs, those puppets would give off a feeling as if they were alive yet dead at the same time.

Su Ming felt a strong threat from that monster's body, and it made him grow cautious. Besides the power of the God of Berserkers, he now had two killing moves. However, one of them required him to use the pattern existing in this place, while the other would need him to open the mouth of the dragon's head completely, causing the power of the world to surge in. The pattern in this place would then cause the power of the Execution of Three Evils to reach a terrifying state.

However, unless he absolutely needed to, Su Ming did not want to use this method, because once he did, then there would be no way he could hide this place anymore. Anyone would be able to see that this was a great place to train.

Besides, the woman alone was already a problem enough, and the appearance of the puppet gave Su Ming a sense of danger as if he was facing off a Latter Shaman. Su Ming could only estimate the power of the Execution of Three Evils, he did not have confidence that he could kill them both in succession.

There was also one more killing move - the power of materialization he gained after awakening the fifth head on Han Mountain Bell. However, after examining that move during the past few days, he noticed that casting that Art could be described as a double edged sword.

It would be great if he killed the enemy, because Su Ming had to sacrifice about a ninth of his power to cast the Art allowing the Nine-Headed Dragon to materialize. If he did it, it would practically mean that both sides had to suffer great losses, and if his opponent was not dead and still had some divine abilities left, then Su Ming himself would surely be the one to die.

That was why once he turned over those two killing moves in his head rapidly, Su Ming made a decision. It was not as if he could not use them, but he had to wait for the crucial moment, and once he cast those Arts, he had to make sure he could kill the opponent.

'It's a pity that I still haven't refined that Berserker into my puppet and still can't fuse with the Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance, or else this battle would definitely be much easier and I would have more chances of winning.'

Su Ming sighed. As he retreated, he stared at Madam Ji and the monster beside her with burning eyes.

"I'll definitely make your life a living hell!"

Madam Ji touched the scar on her face. As she screamed, the multicolored scorpions and poisonous snakes that seemed to be embroidered on her red robes started moving together.

The scorpions leaped into the air, and their colors let out a strangely captivating light in the dusk. The poisonous snakes hissed with their forked tongues out of their mouths, and once they appeared beside Madam Ji, they rushed towards Su Ming.

These poisonous creatures were not ordinary beings. As they traveled in midair, their numbers rapidly grew from several dozens to several hundreds, then to thousands, and until they covered the sky and earth, causing a sight that would make anyone's skin crawl.

As Su Ming moved back, he swept his gaze past those poisonous creatures, then fixed his eyes on the black-haired monster and Madam Ji with a frown between his brows. Those poisonous creatures looked very ferocious, but in truth, at their level, killing these

creatures was very easy. It was clear that Madam Ji knew about this, but she still let those poisonous creatures out, and this was something that made Su Ming hesitate.

Right then, a buzzing roar suddenly came from his side. There was a chilling tone to that sound, along with an extreme and imposing, domineering presence that seemed to be able to make all ferocious creatures submit to it.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that roar. It came from his rod snake, after all. At that moment, with a flash, the snake appeared right before Su Ming, and as it hissed, all the poisonous creatures pouncing on him shuddered as if they were stunned. Su Ming also saw the black-haired monster shuddering as well, and his life force started showing signs of disorderliness.

However, before Su Ming even had time to think about the things that caused his hesitation, a violent gust of wind charged towards him from his back. With bloodshot eyes and a brutal, murderous air, the Fire Ape stormed out with the rod held high above its head, straight towards those poisonous creatures. With one swing of the rod, it swept up a huge gust of wind in its wake.

"Xiao Hong, move back!" Su Ming's eyes were immediately fixed on it and he instantly commanded. He lifted his right hand and was just ready to chase away those poisonous creatures, not to kill them, but the moment his voice shot out, the Fire Ape only paused for a moment and then completely ignored him.

Its eyes were completely red and it was panting harshly. It looked completely the same as the man from Black Crane Tribe who was previously in the Five Colored Fog.

It swung that rod, and banging sounds reverberated in the air. A large amount of scorpions and poisonous snakes exploded while hissing. Red and green liquid shot out from their bodies, and when the liquid spread out, it immediately let out hissing sounds as if having crashed into something in the air, turning into the Five Colored Fog in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, with Su Ming at the center, a large amount of Five Colored Fog shot up everywhere the liquid from those poisonous creatures had touched. At the same time, the sweet scent Su Ming had smelled before in midair suddenly became much stronger.

Right then, the black-haired monster beside Madam Ji lifted his head. A dark light shining with greed appeared in his eyes, and with a buzz coming from his body, he lifted his foot and turned into a black shadow that charged straight towards Su Ming.

Madam Ji kept her gaze fixed on Su Ming, the hatred in her eyes growing stronger, and moaning sounds started slowly spilling out of her mouth. As those moans echoed in the air, they reverberated at a much stronger frequency compared to before.

The sun was setting, and the evening looked as if it was about to be over. The moon showed its silhouette right across the sun, and on that day, the moon was full!

Madam Ji's moans continued nonstop, and they sounded like those of a man and a woman copulating. When they spilled out from her mouth, pleasure appeared on her face, and she looked as if she was enjoying it, but the hate in her eyes did not decrease. It instead became stronger.

She was fondling herself, and as she moved her hands all over her body, she started unbuttoning her red robe, revealing her pearly white skin.

As those seductive, coquettish moans filled the air, the man from Black Crane Tribe started foaming at his mouth and his body started convulsing unconsciously. His eyes were shut tight, but his face was flushed red. Heavy breathing and muffled groans could be heard coming from his mouth.

The dark light in the eyes of the black-haired puppet charging towards Su Ming became stronger and his speed became faster.

Su Ming frowned. The Fire Ape was becoming more agitated as it continued moaning and attacking those poisonous creatures, creating even more Five Colored Fog as it did so. Clearly, its thoughts had been affected by those moans.

That black-haired puppet closed in within an instant and opened his mouth, while also lifting its arms. Judging by its actions, it looked as if it wanted to hug Su Ming.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and blue light shone on his body. A faint blue armor materialized and covered him. That armor was different from the Armor of Bone Sacrifice, and unless he knew, it would be nigh impossible to recognize it at first glance.

Right then, Su Ming took a few swift steps backwards before charging out. The Provenance of Wind started stirring within him, causing his speed to instantly increase exponentially. With a string of afterimages left behind, he arrived before the black-haired monster and hurled his fist forward.

A loud bang echoed in the air, and from the distance, the black-haired monster looked as if half of its body was blown apart by Su Ming, and he exploded into a large amount of black fog.

What was left behind before Su Ming was a dried up body. That body fell backwards with his arms still spread outwards. That scattered black fog looked as if it was the man's flesh, blown away from the body.

Su Ming's pupils shrank at the sight. He had clearly seen that his fist had not touched that black-haired monster. Instead, when his fist was about seven inches away, the body dissolved on its own.

As if the fog was disintegrating, it turned into a large amount of black beetles. All of them were about the size of a fingernail, and they started spreading out instead of staying closely packed to each other. In the distance, those beetles looked like black fog.

The only thing that did not disintegrate was the dried up and thin body. That person's eyes were closed and there was a rotting smell coming from him. It was clear that the body was a corpse, and one that had died since who knows how many years ago.

Right when Su Ming's pupils shrank, that dried up corpse suddenly opened his eyes. They were a pair of gray eyes, and even the pupils were gray. The corpse stared at Su Ming and opened his mouth, revealing sharp teeth. Then he lunged at Su Ming.

The moment he pounced, all the black beetles that had scattered around them instantly charged towards Su Ming with a buzz. It was a terrifying sight to behold from the distance. The black fog before Su Ming was going in to devour him, and that corpse with the gray eyes was lunging towards him at such an extreme speed that it was already less than five feet away from him!

In the distance, Madam Ji's moans became louder. She had already taken off half of her clothes, and her exposed, pearly white skin gave off a lustful air. As she stripped off her clothing, a scar could be vaguely seen below her right breast. That scar was not long, but it looked as if someone had left it behind after penetrating through her skin with their hand!

"Don't let him die so easily, my husband. Ji Yun Hai... tear his skin down, plant the insects' eggs in him, and let him scream in pain as you did all those years ago. As he screams, I will suck away all his essence... You have to watch by the side..." Madam Ji said as she continued moaning. The meaning of her words was enough to make anyone who might have heard them shiver!

The rotten stench came crashing towards Su Ming. The armor gained its complete form and covered him entirely in an instant. With a stern face, he lifted his right hand up, and the moment the dried up corpse lunged at him, he started forming hand seals with his right hand.

He bent his index finger so that it would touch his thumb, and immediately, the illusionary shadow of the minimized Han Mountain Bell appeared on his palm. Then, as Su Ming lifted three of his fingers and turned his palm downward, Han Mountain Bell started gaining physical form.

Finally, he clenched his fist together before opening his hand and pushed his palm towards that corpse.

Chapter 385: Ji Yun Hai

"Ji Yun Hai is the best Soul Catcher beneath Hollow Shaman among all the Shamans in the Land of South Morning. He is known as the person who is most likely to become a Hollow Soul Catcher among all the Latter Soul Catchers.

"It's a pity... he has gone missing for many years, or else if he joined in this battle, then he would definitely be able to cast that wide area Spell of his that would allow him to kill a large amount of people, a spell that he's very proficient with and is his unique Soul Capturing ability."

The number of Shaman tents seemed endless and covered seventy thousand li of the land of the Shamans outside Sky Mist City. Those tents were spread around the place to the extent that their end could not be seen. There were more than one hundred thousand Shamans over there, and there were also a large number of warriors from other Shaman Tribes joining their numbers everyday, so they continued growing stronger.

There was a tall mountain by the endless sea of tents. If anyone with a certain level of cultivation went to stand atop the mountain, they would be able to see the faint contour of Sky Mist City from there.

At that moment, there was a woman standing at the top of the mountain. She had long, flowing locks, and appeared elegant. Her gaze was profound, and she contained a different temperament compared to the other Shamans. That bearing gave her an ethereal air, and that serene demeanor of hers seemed to be able to affect the others around her, causing all those who stood beside her to feel their hearts calming down.

"There haven't been many powerful End Shamans who appeared in the entire Shaman Tribe over the years, and as time went by, now, there are only eight left among us... and there are three among them who still haven't submitted themselves to the Immortals."

There were about a dozen Shamans standing beside the woman, and there were both men and women in that group. Only three of them were in their middle ages, while the rest were all elderly folk. The person who was speaking at that moment was an old man with a head full of white hair. He held a cane with a crocodile's head in his hand, and he was speaking as he stared at Sky Mist City.

"Speaking of Ji Yun Hai, that person was originally a member of Heaven Follower Tribe. When Heaven Follower Tribe was destroyed, this person survived, then he obtained some sort of chance, and his Soul Catcher's path became different from others.

"He's skilled in using poisonous insects and came up with the Nine Colored Poison Fog. That Origin of his, the Heaven Follower Insect, had also reached an Undying state after he refined it. Once that sea of bugs appears, even powerful Hollow Shamans would have a problem dealing with them.

"If he was here by your side, my Immortal friend, not only could we kill the Berserkers, we could also use the Heaven Follower Insect to send your orders to the entire Shaman Army so that we could gather as one and the Berserkers wouldn't be able to intervene.

"This unique Soul Catcher is very rare, but it's a pity. The last time I heard of him was around a dozen years ago. I heard that he had taken a woman his wife, and then all news about him disappeared." The old man shook his head and continued talking about the next person, introducing all the elites of the Shamans to the long haired woman.

It was difficult for all the people there, including the woman, to know that the Ji Yun Hai they were speaking of was now in a remote spot far away from them in the land of the Shamans, and was currently pouncing on Su Ming with gray eyes and with the aura of death completely surrounding him.

The endless black beetles surrounding him were the Heaven Follower Insects, and all of them were refined by Ji Yun Hai personally to become Undying insects!

However, even if the old man was talking about Ji Yun Hai with a regretful tone on the mountain beyond Sky Mist City, if he was standing where Su Ming was now and saw the man with his own eyes, he would also have a difficult time recognizing that the dried up monster with gray eyes was Ji Yun Hai.

Not only had his appearance changed drastically, his level of cultivation had also fallen. He did not look as if he was a Latter Shaman, but had sank to the level of a Medial Shaman.

The only thing that did not change about him was the slight presence of a powerful Shaman, the one he had when he was still powerful. It was as if that presence would not die and would not be destroyed, remaining like an Undying - the essence of what a Soul Catcher practiced, or perhaps it was... unwillingness, something that did not want to go away, bringing with it an endless storm of enmity and hatred.

As Ji Yun Hai closed in, a chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and as he formed those three different seals, Han Mountain Bell seemed to have gained physical form and appeared outside his palm. Then he pushed it swiftly at the lunging Ji Yun Hai, straight towards his chest.

With that one push, Su Ming immediately felt a large amount of power surging up his hand and traveling through his entire body in an instant, causing a sickeningly sweet taste to fill his mouth, and a mouthful of blood spilled out of his mouth. He staggered and fell back a few steps, and with each step, a strong wave of ripples would form in the air.

Once he retreated several hundreds of feet back, the cloth covering Su Ming's right arm exploded with a bang, revealing the veins that had popped up on his arm. Some of them had even swelled up and exploded. Blood mist scattered into the air, and Su Ming's face instantly turned pale.

At the same time, the sea of insects charged towards Su Ming. Buzzing sounds filled the air, and it was enough to make all those who heard it feel their skins crawl.

Su Ming might be in a sorry state, but Ji Yun Hai also shuddered, and the mark of Han Mountain Bell immediately appeared on the spot where Su Ming's palm had pressed on his chest. That mark then spread through Ji Yun Hai's entire body like a flood. If anyone looked over at that instant, they would also see Han Mountain Bell's illusion surrounding Ji Yun Hai's body.

"Seal!" Su Ming let out a low shout.

If Ji Yun Hai still had some form of intelligence left and knew how to retreat, then Su Ming knew it would be rather difficult for him to seal that person. But now, Ji Yun Hai was just a puppet that did not know how to think and could only move when told. His reactions, naturally, could not compare to a living person, especially when Su Ming had even risked getting injured to get closer to him to finally seal him up with Han Mountain Bell.

As Su Ming shouted his command, Han Mountain Bell immediately turned from an illusion to a physical entity around Ji Yun Hai's still lunging body. Once Han Mountain Bell completely manifested, it trapped Ji Yun Hai within.

Buzzing sounds hummed in the air and Han Mountain Bell floated in the sky. Crashing sounds continuously came from within; it sounded as if Ji Yun Hai was repeatedly ramming himself against the bell.

The endless amount of Heaven Follower Insects in that black insect fog froze in their pounce towards Su Ming once Ji Yun Hai was sealed by Han Mountain Bell.

"Break!"

Su Ming had already awakened six of the heads in Han Mountain Bell. Besides gaining control over some new power, he had also gained more understanding towards the few divine abilities that belonged to the bell.

This break, which was the move followed after activating the seal, brought a change as to how Su Ming could use Han Mountain Bell, one that he gained through the epiphany he obtained during these past few days. Once that word fell from his lips, bell chimes immediately spread from Han Mountain Bell. As they reverberated in the air, all of Ji Yun Hai's presence disappeared without a trace in an instant.

If that was just the case, then this seal was not that much different from a normal seal. However, Ji Yun Hai's presence was not the only thing that disappeared, the connection between him and the Heaven Follower Insects, one that was akin to that of a blood connection and not to that of a control he held over them through his aura, also disappeared.

Almost the instant the word 'break' fell off Su Ming's mouth and Han Mountain Bell started chiming, the black sea of insects that was lunging forward froze once again, and soon after, as if they had lost their dictator and their will, they fell to the ground right before Su Ming.

Cold sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead. The battle between the puppet Ji Yun Hai might have been short, but it had been incredibly perilous. The sea of insects had been an incredibly great threat towards, along with Ji Yun Hai himself. If he had not been dead and was alive, then Su Ming would definitely have not been his opponent.

Yet now, even if this person had been long dead and had turned into a puppet, if Su Ming wanted to kill him, he would have to do so by using an incredibly powerful killing move. If he could not, then he would have to seal him.

Su Ming's face was dark. The instant the sea of insects fell to the ground, he cast his gaze towards that Madam Ji, but when he did so, Madam Ji had already shed the last piece of her clothing, revealing her curvy body.

If no one looked at the scar that was about the size of a fist under her right breast and did not pay attention to another one, red in color, on her face, then they would see a body that seemed to contain all the blessings of the world.

She looked at Su Ming and lifted her hands to clasp them above her head. Once she did so, she started moving, dancing in a primal way right before his eyes. That dance was not pleasant, but if anyone looked at it for any period of time they would feel their throats drying up and their hearts pounding. Their blood flow would increase, and all sorts of thoughts would start clogging up their minds.

Because while that dance was primal, every single time that body moved, it would seem to bring out the most primal urges within a person, and as Madam Ji continued moving, the illusionary forms of other women started appearing in the air. They wore revealing satin dresses, and once they appeared, they started dancing as well.

In the blink of an eye, the number of illusionary women increased and surrounded Su Ming. In fact, some of them were so close to Su Ming there seemed to be virtually no distance between them, and once they started moving, a dim fragrance filled the air...

Su Ming would perhaps not have been affected too much if that was all, but... the bodies of the women that appeared in those illusions were filled with seduction, bringing out his most primal urge, and as they moved, their appearances started changing.

Tian Lan Meng, wearing a white satin dress, passing by before Su Ming with a gentle smile...

Bai Su, Bai Ling, these two girls with almost the exact same appearance, dancing in that way that would make hearts race... All of it fell into Su Ming's eyes.

Han Cang Zi, Han Fei Zi... and the rest appeared as well. Their seductive bodies that were only partially hidden, their different figures tempted Su Ming, causing his breathing to become distinctly labored.

Even the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, Wan Qiu, also wore a purple satin dress and walked towards Su Ming with a beautiful posture and pace from the distance.

A look of struggle appeared on Su Ming's face as he looked at those familiar faces. Murkiness clouded his eyes, and they were no longer clear. Right then, he saw Wan Qiu turning into Madam Ji, and she was walking over with a flirtatious look.

Su Ming's eyes seemed to be burning with fire, but there was a dullness to them. At the same time, his breathing grew more labored and he started growling instinctively.

At that moment, Su Ming looked almost the same as how Xiao Hong did previously. Lust seemed to be burning in his dull eyes, turning them red.

His breathing was hot and labored. Sweat dripped down from under his mask, and he pounced on Madam Ji, who was walking towards him.

Cackling laughter spilled out of Madam Ji's lips and a pleased expression appeared on her face. The hatred in her eyes turned into a cruel intent to kill. That one Style of hers would bring out the lust within a person's heart, and even Ji Yun Hai's desires had been drawn out in a moment of carelessness, that was why Madam Ji was not at all dubious of Su Ming's actions at that moment.

Chapter 386: Curse!

"I will definitely make you scream and wail for seven days and seven nights before you die, and once I suck all your blood and essence, I will turn you into a dried corpse!"

With a leap, Madam Ji charged towards Su Ming. The instant she got closer, all the expressions on the familiar figures around Su Ming twisted, and all of them swiftly charged towards him from all directions.

At the same time, that Five Colored Fog in the air started churning and swept towards Su Ming from all directions. Madam Ji was the quickest of all to arrive. When she was less than five feet away from him, she lifted her right hand and a black fork appeared on her palm. Then, right when she was about to stab that fork into the center of Su Ming's brows—

The murky look in Su Ming's eyes was replaced by a hint of mockery, and along with it, a pair of clear eyes. At that moment, there was not a hint of lust on his face. All of that which happened before was an intentional act, and there was only one purpose for it—he wanted to draw Madam Ji closer, then kill her in one move!

Madam Ji had a lot of tricks up her sleeve, and Su Ming was worried that she might still have other moves left. That was why he used himself as bait to lure her in!

The moment she saw the mocking look in Su Ming's eyes, Madam Ji's expression drastically changed. Her heart let out a loud thump. She wanted to retreat, but it was already too late. Su Ming took a swift step forward, and he was so quick that he arrived before her in the blink of an eye. He lifted his left hand and grabbed Madam Ji's right hand which held the fork, and at the same time, he rammed his body straight into her chest.

Madam Ji shuddered and cracking sounds came from her body. She fell back and blood flowed out of her lips. Dismay and shock appeared on her face, along with a hint of terror. However, before she could retreat a little further away, Su Ming had already activated that terrifying speed of his and caught up to her once again. With one sweep of his leg, he kicked Madam Ji's head.

Bang!

Madam Ji coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. Her head had snapped to the side and her body was flung out. However, Su Ming frowned. He did not notice any aura of death from the woman's body. Instead, her life force had become even more exuberant. He let out a cold harrumph.

Su Ming did not stop. He took a step forward and caught up to her once again, then lifted his right hand and curled it into a fist in midair. Immediately, bolts of lightning started swimming in the sky. The instant he unfurled his right hand, bolts of lightning swiftly gathered together to turn into balls of lightning.

Thunder rumbled, and the balls of lightning let out a piercing lightning in Su Ming's hand, then he pushed them all into the center of Madam Ji's brows.

A loud bang rang in the sky, and Madam Ji let out a shrill scream of pain. However, Su Ming's attack had not ended. With one move, he once again closed in on her and lifted his left hand. Immediately, a whirlwind swiftly formed in the air, and once it closed in on Madam Ji, it started spinning rapidly, causing blood and flesh to fly all over in the air.

Madam Ji was repeatedly injured during her retreat. She wanted to resist, but when Su Ming closed in on her, he made a hand seal with his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, the distant Han Mountain Bell suddenly let out a bell chime that stunned the heart and soul.

The bell chime came too suddenly. When it fell into Madam Ji's ears, it made the woman's movements as she tried to resist slow down. The instant her mind and soul shuddered, green light shone before Su Ming, and the small virescent sword shot out with a flash. Under the control of Su Ming's divine sense, it charged towards Madam Ji's head.

In that instant, a large amount of blood sprayed into the air. As the small sword swept by, a head flew up. It was night, and the full moon hung high in the sky. At that moment, that head flew up with blood scattering all around it.

However, Su Ming did not relax even when Madam Ji's head flew into the sky. Instead, when her head shot up, the life-threatening sensation became much stronger. The instant his pupils shrank, he saw Madam Ji, who had already lost her head, lift up her right hand to grab the head that had been separated from her body. Madness and hatred appeared in her eyes, and as she stared at Su Ming, she let out a piercing screech.

That screech turned into a wave of sound that stirred up ripples in the air. The strength of that wave of sound was like a needle that stabbed into Su Ming's ears, making his ears ring. He immediately moved back, and at the same time, he drew several circles before him with his right hand.

With each circle he drew, the power of the wave of sound would be reduced. Each of those circles was a whirlwind, and after drawing several of those circles and having retreated about three hundred feet, blood flowed out of his ears.

'Could it be that all Soul Catchers have refined their bodies until they're all Undying?!' Su Ming's mood went sour. Madam Ji not being dead was not surprising to him. Her current state was the same as the young Soul Catcher he had met in the past.

Spirit Plunder had amazing effects when used against these Undyings, but the power of this Madam Ji was different from that young Soul Catcher.

It was as if she did not just practice the cultivation method of a Soul Catcher alone.

As Su Ming moved back, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the mountain range behind him. Immediately, from his cave abode in the mountain range, the three Spirit Plunders floating above the old Berserker's head to freeze him in place turned into three long arcs that shone with a dark light and shot out of the cave abode to charge towards Su Ming's right hand.

Yet the moment he summoned them, Madam Ji had already grabbed her head and placed it back on her neck. Her blood and flesh quickly grew back in place, and in the blink of an eye, her head had fused back with her neck. At the same time, she lifted her right hand, and in her palm was a drop of fresh blood.

That blood did not belong to her, but to Su Ming. This was a drop of blood she had obtained secretly when he coughed out his blood previously!

She was holding that drop of blood with a dead grip in her fist at that moment and did not bother with the three pearls that were rapidly charging towards Su Ming, giving her a sense of pressure. She narrowed her eyes into slits.

"The Shamans' Lord of Nine Li, after the ninth morning since the day you were born... the power of your companion that which you have abandoned has turned into the desolate shadows in the world and fused into the path of life for all the living, and hence, all those with souls must live and die. If they exist, there will come a day when they will disappear, and if they are blessed... there will come a day when they are cursed!

"I offer my blood and life to the desolate shadows of the world, and with this person's blood as the lure, rob him of his blood and life! Curse!"

Madam Ji's body started rapidly withering away, and in the blink of an eye, she looked as if she had turned into a dried up corpse. She also aged. Her beautiful face became ashen, and her lascivious body turned ugly.

A bang came from her right hand, and that drop of Su Ming's blood exploded, turning into blood mist that entered Madam Ji's eyes, nose, ears, and mouth as she inhaled.

Killing intent appeared in Madam Ji's eyes. Curse was the strongest spell for Soul Catchers. In fact, this Spell did not come from the Candle Dragon. Instead, through the research of generations of Soul Catchers, they had come up with this powerful killing move along with those walking down the path of Spirit Mediums and Thought Soothsayers using some unique methods.

There were even rumors that said that this Spell was not created by Shamans but was left behind on some items from ages back in the form of pictures. It only gradually turned into this spell after some people started examining them.

This Spell could be casted by Spirit Mediums and Thought Soothsayers, but the Spell's power when casted by Soul Catchers was the strangest and most unpredictable! However, it was not something that everyone could cast either. The Spell's chants were the most classified secret among the Shamans and the records of that chant were only kept in big tribes, and most of them were incomplete. The complete chant only existed in the God of Shamans Temple.

Not even Ji Yun Hai could obtain the complete chant with his status. He could only get the incomplete chant. However, he had come across an ancient artifact that had been left behind since ages past by chance, and with his genius, he had discovered how to cast the Curse through much trial and error. Yet by doing so, he had also brought disaster upon himself.

Madam Ji's Curse came from her husband, Ji Yun Hai. However, with her potential, she could only master the basics, and she could only make offerings to the ancestor of the Shaman Tribe - The Soul of Nine Li. If it had been Ji Yun Han, then he would have been able to make an offering to a powerful existence that existed before the Shaman and Berserker Tribes in exchange for a terrifying power.

The instant Madam Ji sucked in the blood mist, Su Ming started trembling. A gigantic vortex of blood suddenly appeared in the air above his head. That vortex appeared too suddenly, and the instant it manifested, it started rapidly turning.

As it turned, Su Ming instantly discovered that his body had been frozen in place and he could only move in an area of ten feet. He could not leave it. White mist started spreading from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and that mist was rapidly sucked away by that vortex.

His body started withering away slowly and a grayish hue appeared at the roots of his hair. His blood, his life force, his everything were being sucked away incessantly by that vortex.

That was not all. Su Ming also discovered that his organs were beginning to fail him, as if they were rotting away. Even his breath had the smell of decay.

Madam Ji's face was dark where she stood outside the vortex. Casting that Spell had also put a huge burden on her. But she had already made up her mind. Once she killed Su Ming, she would definitely go back to Black Crane Tribe and eradicate it.

"Enjoy the feeling of death as it comes to you. Look at your flesh withering away. Watch your life seeping out of your body. See yourself turning into a corpse. This is the result of you offending me!" Madam Ji's face was filled with malice. Her voice was shrill, her face was ugly, and she was so dried up and thin, she looked like a skeleton.

"Noisy."

A chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Even if his actions were restricted and he could only move in an area of ten feet, he was not afraid. He had a move that could allow him to leave. In truth, he only needed to use the power of the God of Berserkers once and he could walk out of that place.

However, he did not do that. The power of Curse had incited a great deal of interest for Su Ming. He lifted his head and stared at the vortex with sparkling eyes as his life force and blood were drained from his body. He completely ignored Madam Ji and sat down in that area to examine that vortex.

When she saw Su Ming's conceited actions, Madam Ji's lips curled up into a cold sneer, and her heart burned with an even stronger anger.

Time passed by, and seven breaths later, Su Ming's body had already dried up, but his eyes were still sparkling. He seemed to have discovered something from the vortex, but there were many things that remained unclear to him.

The moon was hanging high in the sky at that moment. With a glint in his eyes, Su Ming lifted his right index finger, placed it by his mouth, bit through it, and swiped his finger across his left eye, then smeared his blood on his right eye as well.

Burning of blood!

With the power of burning of blood, he could obtain life force and use it to gain more time to allow himself to examine this vortex. Su Ming had formed a very great interest towards this strange Spell.

This was not the first time he had heard of Curse. In truth, he'd heard of this mysterious Spell among the Shaman Tribe from Wu Duo. Very few people had control over this Spell, so now, this was the first time he saw it, and there was no way he would give up on a chance like this.

There was a graceful-looking, long-haired man dressed in a white robe that looked somewhat similar to Su Ming in the daily small scale battle between the Shamans and Berserkers outside Sky Mist City. Almost the instant Su Ming began the burning of his blood, that man took a Shaman's life with a cruel smile on his lips.

"Big brother Yue Feng, your rank should reach the top sixty this time once we return to the city after the battle." There were some Berserkers beside the man, and these were the words spoken by one of them with a smile as they continued fighting.

"I'm not thinking about that. The ranking is not important to me. What I care about is this war for us, Berserkers." Yue Feng shook his head, and there was a hint of worry on his face. His words and his expression immediately caused the people around him to grow respectful of him.

Yet at that moment, Yue Feng suddenly shuddered, and for a moment, a hint that something bad was going to happen, along with a sense of danger, appeared in his heart. He was just about to examine his surroundings when his expression drastically changed. He coughed out a large mouthful of blood and his face aged by ten years in an instant.

'Su Ming! It's Su Ming!! He's casting an Art!' Disbelief appeared in Yue Feng's eyes as he screamed madly in his heart.

Chapter 387: Assumptions Towards the Curse

This Yue Feng was naturally He Feng, who had hidden away when Su Ming left the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. This person had swallowed a Berserker and turned into him, and his days in Sky Mist City had been rather fruitful over these days. His ambitions had also become increasingly savage.

In fact, he had even made the decision that once his power had grown stronger, he would devour Su Ming and turn into him to travel through the land. The reason for his ambitions was because he had obtained a sliver of memory regarding a particular inheritance when he was fusing with the Wings of the Moon. He did not tell Su Ming about this and had been training in secret.

These days, besides gaining battle achievements in the battlefield, he had used up all his other time to seal away the Wings of the Moon in his body. It caused Su Ming to be unable to use these creatures anymore because He Feng had turned them into one with him.

He was certain that he had sealed up most of them through the legacy he had gained in his memories, and his confidence had grown even more. However, he would never have expected that such a large amount of his life force would start draining away so suddenly in the battlefield. The loss of his life force shocked He Feng and also horrified him.

He did not even need to think about it too deeply and could instantly guess that this was Su Ming casting his Art!

'Damn it! I've already sealed up the Wings of the Moon in me, so how did Su Ming manage to cast his Art?!'

With a pale face, He Feng stumbled and staggered a few steps back on the battlefield. His companions went to him and protected him with surprise on their faces. At the same time, they also asked about his condition.

"It's nothing. I injured my body yesterday night when I was training. I originally decided to heal myself today, but when I remembered that we have to fight, I forced down the injuries, and what happened just now was my injuries acting up..."

"Thank you for your concern. I hope you will all help protect me for a moment, just until I force down my injuries once again!" He Feng said in a low voice and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the crowd. After the people around him nodded their heads, he sat down without a hint of hesitation and tapped a few spots on his body with both his hands.

Yet at that very moment, He Feng's expression changed drastically once again. His face started withering away in that strange manner once more, and sharp pain traveled through his entire body and soul, causing He Feng to be unable to help himself but let out a cry of pain. His cheeks sank and his body started drying up rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he looked as if he had turned into a dried up corpse.

That strange change made all the Berserkers around him terrified.

Horror appeared in He Feng's eyes. He could clearly feel his life force and essence draining away from his body, forcefully absorbed by some power from above, but when he lifted his head to look up, he saw that the sky above him was calm.

In fact, the draining of his blood, his essence, and his life force, had nothing to do with the Wings of the Moon. It was absolutely useless whether he had chosen to seal them or not.

'It must be Su Ming. He... What is he... Just how did he do it?'

Terror filled He Feng's heart. He had come to a sudden realization that even if Su Ming had left him, and even if he had escaped from his eyes... If Su Ming wanted to punish him, he could do so from wherever he was, and it horrified him.

However, what He Feng did not expect was that Su Ming was not even casting an Art on him. In fact, he could not even be considered to have cast an Art.

At that moment, Su Ming's eyes were shining brightly as he stared at the vortex in the sky above him. As it turned each time, Su Ming's expression would occasionally be filled with astonishment, then with delight, but it would also turn into confusion soon, and eventually, he became subject to ever changing moods.

Madam Ji was only skin and bones, her appearance ugly. She stared at Su Ming not too far in the distance with scorn and malice in her eyes. She had naturally seen his actions, but she did not believe that he would be able to find any clues about her Curse.

Yet even so, Madam Ji had also become doubtful once she saw how long Su Ming persevered under her Curse. While he had become thin in her eyes, he still had a long way to go before he became a dried up corpse.

It was as if ever since he performed the burning of blood and the moon in the sky shone with that strangely alluring red, the great power of the Curse had shifted from him. It was as if there was some other, seriously unfortunate, person who was suffering in his stead.

Su Ming had not even thought about letting He Feng take his place. He had originally cast the burning of blood with the intention of slowing the draining of his life force and blood. However, he did not expect that once he cast that Art, he would sense a power belonging to a Fire Berserker in the direction of the land of the Berserkers.

The instant he sensed that power, the force of the Curse gathered on Su Ming's body was mysteriously shifted away, falling onto He Feng through Su Ming, as if he was a medium.

'I am the Lord of the Fire Berserkers, that is why when I cast the burning of blood, the strange power of the Curse will be sent to my people to bear. Once they are unable to withstand it any longer, only then will I continue suffering through it.

'Now, the only Fire Berserker besides me in this world... is the Fire Berserker I created, He Feng!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he gained more understanding towards the power of the Curse.

He looked at the vortex in the sky. His eyes sparkled, and he felt as if he had gained a vague sort of epiphany. However, this epiphany was insignificant for him to master Curse.

'Curse... what if curses fall on those that come from the same source! He Feng is the Fire Berserker I created, that is why he can be said to be from the same source as me. Which is why he is within the area of effect of the Curse... But besides affecting those related through one source, does the Curse also affect those related by blood...?' Uncertainty appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

He remembered that Wu Duo did not mention the power of cursing those who came from the same source when he talked about the mysterious Curse in the land of the Shamans. He mentioned instead that it seemed to affect those related by blood, and had even said that there was once a Shaman who was cursed by a powerful Soul Catcher, and all those related to him by blood in his tribe, even if barely, died.

Eventually, as most of the people in the tribe were connected by blood, more than half of the people died.

'If what Wu Duo said is true and Curse will really affect those connected by blood, then the power of that Spell shouldn't be that great, or else, should there be powerful Shamans in the Shaman Tribe, they could just Curse the entire Berserker Tribe... and let them all die, or they could also let the Berserkers be forever unable to break through a certain Realm... Huh?!'

Su Ming widened his eyes. This was some of the assumptions he had made after he saw the power of the Curse. However, the answers he had obtained through these assumptions stunned him.

'Ever since the third God of Berserkers died, all my tribesmen have only been able to reach the Berserker Soul Realm and it was difficult for them to break through that state... They said that only when the fourth God of Berserkers appears would the entire Berserker Tribe be able to continue forth past the Berserker Soul Realm... This is... Could this be... Perhaps I'm thinking too much.'

Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he only managed to calm it down after a long moment had passed.

Right when Su Ming was stunned by his own thoughts and obtained that epiphany, He Feng's shrill screams of pain echoed through the battlefield outside Sky Mist City. His body had already withered away until he no longer looked like a human, and a large amount of decaying spots also appeared on his body. They let out a rotten stench, causing shock to appear on the faces of the people around him.

He Feng could clearly feel his blood and essence scattering away rapidly, and his life force was also draining away swiftly from his body. His mind had become muddled, and the feeling of death loomed over his heart and soul once again, turning into a strong sense of fear.

"Master... I was wrong! I really did wrong this time!" He Feng's screams were fixed with pleas for mercy. Once his companions heard those words, especially of him calling out to his Master, they were all momentarily stunned.

Right then, He Feng suddenly shook violently and turned into a puddle of blood. Even his blood had also melted away, but since he had obtained that body by devouring it, even if it had disappeared, He Feng's soul was still around and was floating as a ball of black shadow.

With a flash, that black shadow appeared beside a Berserker, then opened its mouth wide to swallow the young man. Before anyone could react to it, the young man let out a pained scream and his entire body was swallowed up by that black shadow.

"Big brother Yue Feng, you..."

"He's not Yue Feng! He's the Shaman who killed Yue Feng! Kill him!"

All the Berserkers gathered around swiftly attacked, but when their divine abilities closed in on the young man enveloped by He Feng, the black shadow disappeared and the young man's face was revealed. It was a face that had withered away...

In the land of the Shamans, the vortex in the sky beyond Su Ming's cave abode in the mountain range had started dissipating, as if it was very difficult for it to maintain its form. Madam Ji was so stunned that her mouth was hanging open in shock. With a blank look, she stared at Su Ming, who had only become slightly thinner, almost unable to believe her own eyes.

She knew well of the strength of the Curse. Even a Latter Shaman who fell under it accidentally would lose a large amount of their life force if he or she did not end up dead. However, Su Ming was practically unharmed right before her eyes. The drainage of his life force could also be considered insignificant.

This strange sight made Madam Ji suck in a sharp breath. Her face instantly turned pale, but she did not retreat. Instead, madness appeared in her eyes. She knew that the Curse would exist for the span of ten more breaths, and after those ten breaths, it would disappear. Then, this Su Ming would be able to get out of that restricted area of ten feet.

"I don't believe that I can't kill you today! Once I kill you, I'll turn you into a puppet, and you will turn into my defender along with Ji Yun Hai. With your divine abilities and your strange skills, you must also be quite well known in the Shaman Tribe. But today, you must die!"

The killing intent in Madam Ji's eyes became stronger. She took a few steps backwards and spread her arms wide open before sucking in a deep breath.

With that one breath, a huge gust of wind charged towards Madam Ji, and when it entered her mouth, a Tattoo suddenly appeared on her ugly face!

That Tattoo was a hideous looking head, and the size of the head was definitely not of an adult's... but an infant's!

The span of ten breaths slowly trickled by. Su Ming eventually stopped examining that Curse. The previous research had allowed a slight epiphany, but if he wanted to gain the true Curse, he would need to figure out a way to get it from Madam Ji.

A stern look appeared on his face. This Madam Ji might not be a Latter Shaman, but she was one of the extremely powerful Medial Shamans Su Ming had ever encountered before. Her methods were also numerous and varied.

Yet the more that was the case, the more Su Ming dispelled the thought of immediately using the power of the God of Berserkers and all his other killing moves.

He did not have a lot of experience in fighting against Shamans. Large scale battles could not be counted in that number. This sort of battle where two people tried to kill each other with Arts and Spells was something Su Ming lacked experience in. Now that he ran into someone who was skilled in this and had a large variety of Spells, he did not want to give up on such an opportunity.

Chapter 388: You Say I'm Malicious?

Madam Ji's expression was fierce, causing the Tattoo on her face to become increasingly more frightening. That infant's appearance and the dark look in its eyes caused it to seem like Madam Ji had four eyes staring at Su Ming.

She lifted her hands and moved her fingers in a strange manner. Very soon, distorted ripples appeared before her. As those ripples spread out, Madam Ji let out a piercing screech.

"Ghost Impregnation Shaman Tribe has always offered living spirits as sacrifices since past generations. As the only Ghost Wife, I offer my body to summon my tribe's sacred spirit!" Madam Ji's shrill voice was piercing to the ears and sounded like bones grating against each other, and layers of echoes stirred up all around them.

The instant she said those words, Su Ming's pupils shrank. He clearly saw Madam Ji's sunken belly on her dried up body start wiggling, as if there was something in it that was crawling about as if it was in a hole, and it was also swelling up rapidly.

At that moment, Madam Ji seemed to have turned into a pregnant woman!

She was continuously sucking in a large amount of wind and her belly swelled up even further, eventually, she looked as if she had been carrying for ten months. However, when compared to the withered state in the other parts of her body, her swelled up belly made her look terrifying.

Veins popped up on Madam Ji's swollen stomach, and on her belly were bumps that were about the size of a fist each. All of them started popping up all over her belly, and shrill laughter came out of Madam Ji's mouth. She stared at Su Ming with eyes that burned murderously.

"My husband, Ji Yun Hai was sealed by your hands, my Soul Catcher's Allure was useless towards you, my Curse was ineffective as well. Ever since I married Ji Yun Hai, I have never been injured. Since I can't kill you, then I will let my baby... I will let my tribe's sacred spirit, Ghost Child, kill you!"

Madam Ji's belly became bigger, and a strange tone seeped into her laughter. She pressed her left hand to her swollen belly and seized the air with her right hand.

Immediately, a toy drum appeared in her hands, and once she let go, that drum floated by her side.

The vortex in the sky above Su Ming dissipated, and the restriction placed upon him was also rapidly weakening. He stared at Madam Ji and spoke slowly. "You malicious woman. Not only did you kill your own husband, you're also using your own child to cast a Spell!"

"Malicious?" Madam Ji laughed loudly, and the hatred in her laughter was incredibly strong. She looked at Su Ming and said shrilly, "I'm malicious? That's only because you haven't seen a truly malicious person. Ghost Impregnation Tribe might be mysterious, but we've always set ourselves apart from the world. But now, I am the only one remaining of my tribe. All my other tribe members are dead, and they were all murdered by Ji Yun Hai when he used them to experiment with his Curse in the past..."

"From the elderly folk who did not have a hint of shamanic power in them to newborn infants. Have you ever seen the elderly clawing through their chests and tearing out their hearts to eat them just so they could be released from suffering? Have you ever seen newborn infants crying in pain while they rot away and die?!"

"Have you ever seen the pain of all the men in a tribe having their bones grow out of their flesh? Have you ever seen all the women in the tribe being forced to watch their own family suffering this way but being unable to control their own lust? To only laugh foolishly, coquettishly and pounce on the enemy of your tribe, who made all your tribe members suffer so terribly, while crying and spreading your legs, and thrusting your hips lustfully?!"

"You haven't seen any of these before, so what right do you have to say I am malicious?!" Madam Ji shouted shrilly. Agitation and hatred appeared on her face, along with grief and agony. She lifted her right hand and seized at the air once again, and this time, what appeared in her hand was a toy bow, which floated beside the drum.

"I'm malicious? I'm indeed malicious, but all my malice is due to Ji Yun Hai, it's all because of him! He killed all my tribe members just so he could experiment with his Curse. At that time, I cried while moving my body against him. I hate him, I hate myself. I begged the heavens for help, I begged all the gods and spirits for help, as long as someone helped me, I could sacrifice everything..."

"But no one helped me. The gods and spirits closed their eyes and coldly walked away. Dark clouds appeared in the sky and used rain to wash away all traces of what happened. When that nightmare was over, all the men in the tribe were dead, and I saw among them my husband, my father, my mother, and my newborn daughter..."

"Can you understand that sort of pain?! But that nightmare didn't end at that point, Ji Yun Hai used a Spell on all the women in the tribe so that they would show signs of pregnancy.

"He didn't just want to use my tribe to test his newly refined Curse, he also took an interest towards the sacred spirit of my tribe, the sacred spirit of Ghost Impregnation Tribe that we have been offering sacrifices to for several generations, the Ghost Child!

"He wanted to use a diabolical method and force all the women to give birth to the Ghost Child so that he could use it to bear the power of his Curse and make his Curse even stronger!" Madam Ji had never said these things to anyone before and had hidden them in her heart for many years.

At that moment, she was fighting to try to kill Su Ming and was forced to this extent. Because of this, in her bout of madness, due to Su Ming calling her malicious, she poured out all the words in her heart to him.

"Everyone died. My elder sister, my mother, all of my sisters in the tribe had their stomachs cut open by Ji Yun Hai, and because they weren't pregnant with the Ghost Child, they died... Why do you think I'm alive? It's because I was successfully pregnant with the Ghost Child. A long time is needed to carry the Ghost Child, that is why I didn't die. I was taken away by Ji Yun Hai... He wanted to wait for the birth of the Ghost Child!

"I turned into his toy. The reason why I am so lewd is because the Curses he planted in me have increased over the years. I became the specimen for his Curse.

"Am I then considered among the malicious people in the world?! I was pure in the past! I believed that the sky would forever be blue! I believed the dark clouds would only last for a moment! But the truth is, the blue in the sky is also a form of oppression!

"That's why I thought of everything I could to please Ji Yun Hai, and eventually, after using every method I had in my disposal, I finally found his weakness. After a full sixty years, when the Ghost Child was born, I killed him! I turned him into a puppet, but the price was that my Ghost Child dissipated. There's only a hint left in my body, and it turned into a Spell I did not want to use.

"I originally thought everything would end at the moment of his death. I originally thought I would be free and could search for a new life, I would settle in a remote corner and live out the remainder of my days...

"But do you know what? DO you know...? I got used to this sort of lifestyle. I'm already used to the pleasures of lust. I've changed... I'm no longer me. I'm no longer my past self..." Tears fell out of Madam Ji's eyes. As she screamed at Su Ming, she lifted her right hand, and this time, a baby's skull appeared in her palm.

That skull was blood-red, and it floated beside the small drum along with the toy bow and arrow.

Madam Ji's words fell into Su Ming's ears. The restrictions placed on his body had completely disappeared, but a look of conflict appeared on his face. From Madam Ji's expressions and her voice, he could tell that what she said was very likely to have transpired.

Vaguely, he seemed to be able to see a pure, innocent figure that had disappeared in the passages of time standing behind Madam Ji.

"It wasn't anyone else who made this scar on my face, I did it. Every single time I couldn't control myself, I would tear it open and ruin my own face so that it won't heal, but it's useless... it's useless... I can't control my own body... All of this is because of Ji Yun Hai!"

Madam Ji looked as if she had lost her mind. At that moment, with that huge belly of hers and eyes filled with hatred, she glared at Su Ming.

"I'll kill you, then absorb your flesh and essence to make you bear my suffering! Ghost Child, my baby, be born. Choose your path. If you choose to help mama, then... kill him!" Madam Ji's shrill voice suddenly became gentle. She stroked her belly, and the instant pain appeared on her face, Wisps of black mist suddenly spread from her stomach.

As the black mist appeared, Madam Ji's belly started sinking rapidly. In the blink of an eye, an infant's cry rang out, and right before Su Ming's eyes, that vast amount of black mist gathered together and turned into a black infant in front of Madam Ji.

There was a black horn on the infant's head and golden patterns on his face. Right then, it opened its mouth, revealing sharp teeth, then crawled towards the spot with the small drum, the bow and arrow, and the infant's skull.

A ghastly chill immediately enveloped the area when the Ghost Child appeared. However, it was clear that this Ghost Child was incomplete. Its body was rapidly dissipating, and the chill was also swiftly disappearing, allowing the normal temperature to return. It was just as Madam Ji said, this Ghost Child was just the shadow left behind after it dissipated in the past.

Su Ming sighed and took a step forward to charge towards Madam Ji. He lifted his right hand, and a faint light shone. Then right when a vast amount of power spread from Su Ming's body—

The Ghost Child took one swift leap forward and appeared beside the baby's skull, then once it grabbed the skull, it opened its mouth and bit down on it. Crunching sounds reverberated through the air, and he crushed the baby's skull with his bite. When he

swallowed the skull, he lifted his head, and with eyes shining darkly when he looked towards Su Ming, he charged out.

"Kill him!" As Madam Ji screamed shrilly, the Ghost Child had already closed in on Su Ming.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and Su Ming was forced back. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. The Ghost Child was invisible. All of Su Ming's attacks felt as if he had just attacked air. However, that was not all. The force that hit the air had appeared on his own body with a method Su Ming could not understand.

He had never seen such a strange Spell before. As he retreated, a glint appeared in his eyes. It was not as if he did not have any killing moves for invisible objects. He lifted his right hand swiftly, then drew one line towards the Ghost Child!

One line - Berserker Obliteration!

This was the first Style Su Ming had created himself. It was also the strongest Art among all the divine abilities he possessed! Right now, as he had arrived at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, the power of the four Berserker Bones in his body was activated for the first time. The instant that stroke was finished, an ancient voice reverberated in the air, and it belonged to Su Ming's very own God of Berserkers Song!

That voice spread out, filled with a majestic might. As Su Ming drew that one line, the Ghost Child let out a shrill scream of pain. If he had been in his peak condition, he might have been fine, but he was now a manifestation of a hint of what remained of him in the past.

He was dissipating quickly enough to begin with, and now, he'd run into Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration which could cut through space itself. That one line fell on his body.

It was also at that moment when the stroke fell down that Su Ming's identity was revealed, for the God of Berserkers Song reverberated in the air and his clothes were torn apart due to the powerful force emanating from within his body, revealing his Berserker Mark.

"You're... You're a Berserker!"

Due to the injuries sustained by her Ghost Child, Madam Ji coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and her expression changed drastically.

Chapter 389: The Death of Madam Ji!

The Ghost Child fell back and his body started rapidly disappearing while crying out shrilly. When he returned to Madam Ji's side, there was only a small part of him left. Just as he was about to completely disappear, he looked towards Madam Ji, the murderous look in his eyes gone, replaced by a dependence and a reluctance to part.

As a complicated look surfaced on Madam Ji's face, the Ghost Child went towards the floating small drum and grabbed it, then gave Madam Ji a smile that belonged only to babies, and with the smile on his face, his body gradually disappeared. Ashes to ashes...

"My baby... you also left me..." Madam Ji was momentarily stunned, then lifted her head to look at Su Ming walking over from the distance. There was no longer hatred in her eyes, only a cold desire for death.

"You're very strong... If you can continue becoming stronger, then I will give you a valuable treasure! This treasure is the source of Ji Yun Hai's Curse, a Spell that came from an age where there were no Berserkers or Shamans... It was because he obtained this item that he managed to learn the Curse!" As Madam Ji spoke, she lifted her right hand and pressed it on the fist sized scar beneath her right breast.

The instant she pressed on it, all five of her right hand's fingers pierced through her flesh and sank into her body. She staggered a few steps backwards, and when she took out her right hand, a rib appeared in her hand.

That rib belonged to her!

There was a red ring fixed on it.

Madam Ji crushed that rib and started forming hand seals with her left hand as words that were difficult to understand fell from her lips. Once she did so and the rib was crushed, the red ring instantly floated in the sky, and with a red flash and a buzz, it disappeared.

Su Ming's expression changed. His divine sense was still spread around the area, and during that instant just now, he could vaguely feel that the ring had not disappeared but had instead expanded by several times its size. The spot where he and Madam Ji were at this moment was within that enlarged ring.

Su Ming did not even have time to think. A buzzing sound appeared by his ears, and soon after, he saw a red line in the horizon in the distance. In an instant, the world in his eyes had turned blood-red.

If anyone looked from high up in the sky downwards at that moment, they would see that there was a circular red line that was shrinking from several tens of thousands of

feet around Su Ming, and the speed at which it shrank was so fast that it was indescribable.

Su Ming did not even have time to dodge. In fact, he did not even have time to execute any of his killing moves. He did not even have time to lift his hand, and the red line that was shrinking around him had already arrived a hundred feet away from him.

That red line was the ring!

Once that ring was enlarged and surrounded Su Ming, it started swiftly shrinking. It did not come with a great momentum, but the sense of danger it brought him was rare. Once it shrank down completely, his body would definitely be unable to withstand it and he would shatter, not just his body but his soul as well.

It was too quick. Before he even had time to resist, the red line had already closed in on him, and with a bang, Su Ming's body crumbled and blood mist scattered into the air. What remained in midair was that small red ring that floated there, unmoving.

The Fire Ape was gone. When Su Ming and Madam Ji were fighting, it had left the place. As for the strange rod snake, it had hidden itself on the ground obediently, under Su Ming's orders from a long time ago, and was staring at Madam Ji coldly.

Madam Ji looked at the spot where Su Ming had disappeared before her, then looked at the floating ring, and her entire being relaxed. A shrill laughter escaped through her lips, and the malice in her laughter was as thick as ever.

"Ji Yun Hai was sealed by your hands, my Soul Catcher's Spell was useless towards you, my Curse could not kill you, even if the Ghost Child attacked you, you still had ways to fight against it, but now, you still died.

"You aren't the first powerful warrior I've killed using this ring, and you won't be last. A Berserker... I didn't expect that you would be a Berserker!

"But it doesn't matter, your body has already been crushed by the ring. Under that powerful force, even your soul has scattered into nothingness."

Madam Ji's breathing quickened, and her laughter grew even more wanton. This might not be her last move, but it was one of the killing moves she would definitely not use easily.

She could only control that ring once and with great difficulty. Every time she used it, her head would feel as if it was going to be ripped apart and she would lose all her senses. She would need about half a month before she could return to normal.

She lifted her right hand, and the ring flew to her while wobbling in the air. Once she held it in her hands, she turned around to leave. She had already made her decision. When she had fully recovered, she would go massacre Black Crane Tribe.

Yet the moment she turned around, dark light suddenly shone at the spot where the ring floated once it shrank down, and Su Ming swiftly materialized in the air. His entire body was drenched in blood, and the mask on his face was no longer there. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, and his right leg was no longer nimble. The moment he appeared, he charged towards Madam Ji with a speed as quick as lightning.

During that moment just now, Su Ming did not have any time to execute any killing moves, but he had already learned how to constantly keep the stone fragment's dimension open when he was being hunted down by that old Berserker. That was how he managed dodged that calamity in this battle. However, the ring's speed was simply too quick. Even if Su Ming had managed to escape into the stone's dimension, he had still been injured.

"Impossible!"

Madam Ji's expression changed drastically and disbelief appeared on her face. She was just about to retreat, but Su Ming was closing in on her quickly. As green light shone, Madam Ji let out a shrill cry and her head flew up. Her arms were also cut off from her body. Her legs exploded at the same time, and the instant they turned into blood mist, Su Ming's sword swept past her body and she was cut into four pieces!

All of this happened in an instant. When Su Ming reappeared, he was already far in the distance and was panting harshly, but he did not relax his guard. Instead, the moment Madam Ji's body was cut into pieces, he lifted his right hand and started making hand seals before pointing towards Han Mountain Bell in the distance.

He had already decided not to continue getting entangled with this woman. This Madam Ji had too many killing moves and they were dangerous and varied, causing Su Ming to fear her, especially just now, when he was practically at death's door. He no longer hesitated and activated the power of materialization he'd received after awakening the fifth head on Han Mountain Bell.

Even if a large amount of his power would be absorbed, Madam Ji's large variety of attacks should also have reached its end. The chances of killing her at this moment with this skill compared to him activating this skill previously had become much higher.

Right when Su Ming made those hand seals, a shrill screech came from Madam Ji's shredded body. Her exploded legs recovered in an instant and her torn arms swiftly returned to her. In the blink of an eye, her body appeared before him unscathed.

However, the presence of her power had become much weaker. Her face was sickly pale, and as she let out that shrill screech, a demented expression formed on her face.

As she screeched, a large amount of Five Colored Fog spread from within her body. The Five Colored Fog in the air also started rapidly gathering towards her.

At the same time, the tribe leader of Black Crane Tribe in the distance shuddered and started withering away rapidly. In the blink of an eye, he turned into mere skin and bones, and once that happened, while he still had his eyes shut, he coughed out blood, then his head fell to the side and he breathed his last.

Once he died, a gust of strangely alluring Five Colored Fog crawled out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and started gathering rapidly towards Madam Ji in the distance.

"This is my final killing move. There's no way I won't be able to kill you with this!" Madam Ji screeched with her shrill voice, and the Five Colored Fog around her started tumbling and surging, then a bundle of it split apart from the rest, forming a five colored peach blossom by the side, but it had not bloomed. It was just a bud!

When that five colored peach blossom appeared, a lascivious presence immediately spread out.

"Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend! This is the result of Ji Yun Hai Cursing me for sixty years. He originally wanted to use my body to refine that Curse, and once I died, he would take it out, and it would have turned into a Fiend!

"I have used my life to force out the Peach Blossom Fiend, there's no way you're not going to die now!!" As Madam Ji screamed, the fog around her swiftly dissipated to turn into another twelve five colored peach blossom buds, adding together with that one bud from before, they now numbered thirteen!

Immediately after, an illusionary shadow appeared behind Madam Ji's body. It was a branch that looked like it came from a tree, and it was using her body as its core. At the same time that branch materialized, it connected with the thirteen peach blossom buds and turned into a peach blossom branch with thirteen flowers in midair!

"Die!"

Madam Ji coughed out blood and an endless amount of bloody cracks appeared on her body. Those were the cracks that were left behind every single time her body had shattered over the years. At that moment, all of them appeared, making it seem as if her body was made up of patches. Fresh blood flowed out of those cracks, and it was clear that this Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend was her final killing move.

The instant she opened her mouth, the thirteen peach blossom buds on the peach blossom branch in midair bloomed swiftly. Once all of them had blossomed, they fell off the branch and charged towards Su Ming.

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute Genocide!"

Su Ming's face was pale at that moment. A cold glare shone in his eyes, and he had also finished forming the hand seals. He pointed at Han Mountain Bell, and instantly, a strong bell chime was rang out. As that bell chime rang in the air, the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared grandly in the sky above Han Mountain Bell.

Six of the heads of the gigantic Nine-Headed Dragon had awakened, and Su Ming's shadow was within their pupils. Once they let out a shocking roar, the six heads moved together, and with a presence that shook the sky and earth, they charged towards the Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend that was rushing towards Su Ming.

The strong boom that followed could be heard even from White Bull Tribe. The booming sound from Su Ming's side had also traveled to Black Crane Tribe, causing terror to appear in all the tribe members of the two tribes, and all of them turned in the direction the sound had come from.

When the Thirteen Peach Blossom Fiend crashed into the Nine-Headed Dragon amid that boom, they started dissipating one by one, and with each flower that disappeared, the cracks on Madam Ji's body would tear open wider. Blood covered her entire body.

When there were only four of the thirteen peach blossoms left, despair rose in Madam Ji's eyes. She let out a shrill screech, and with madness on her face, she exploded. She knew that she was definitely going to die, which was why she had decided to bring forward her own death to drag Su Ming into hell with her.

The moment she chose to self-destruct and die, three of the four peach blossoms also crumbled. Their destruction caused the five colors on the final peach blossom to turn into one, which was pink, a shade of pink that was filled with an air of lust!

That pink peach blossom shot through the Nine-Headed Dragon's illusory form, and when most of it had dissipated, it appeared before Su Ming, turning into a wisp of pink air that made his expression change. Just as he was about to escape into the stone's dimension, that pink air closed in on him and seeped into his nostrils!

Su Ming twisted and was forced out of the stone's dimension. His face turned red instantly and struggle appeared in his eyes. Reason and lust started fighting viciously for control.

Chapter 390: Outburst

It was quiet all around. Moonlight scattered on the ground, and if anyone looked at the air alone, they would feel that the moon was filled with a gentle color. However, if they cast their eyes on the ground, they would be terrified. There was a large amount of torn

pieces of flesh there that were mixed with quite a large amount of blood. The wind was stirring up the bloody stench, causing it to stay around the area for a long time.

Among one of the torn pieces of flesh was a red ring. It was flashing with a red light, and not too far away, in another spot littered with flesh and blood, was a pink bag, but the bag was also torn.

There was a dried up corpse on the land far away. That corpse belonged to the man from Black Crane Tribe. He had died a horrible death and was practically left with only skin and bones. There was not a hint of flesh or blood remaining on him, and he looked like a dried up twig. His original appearance could no longer be seen. His eyes were sunken and he looked like a skeleton.

All his life force and essence had disappeared without a trace. A rotten stench spread from the lower half of his body, and it mixed with the bloody stench in the wind to turn into an indescribably terrible stench.

Xiao Hong had gone missing. When Su Ming was fighting against Madam Ji, it had run off as if it had gone mad.

Su Ming sat on the ground under the moonlight. He was trembling and had his eyes shut tightly. His cheeks were flushed pink, and a large amount of veins popped up on his skin. There was pain and struggle on his face.

It had been very difficult for him to dodge Madam Ji's counter before she died, the final Peach Blossom Fiend. Once its aura seeped into his ears, nose, ears, and mouth, a high uncontrollable urge and lust immediately rose within his body. That lust was madly attacking his reason, and once his lust won against everything, then he would be unable to control his own actions.

Su Ming's head was a mess. All the women he had seen in his life flashed by, and their appearances came along with moans and seductive movements, causing his breathing to become increasingly faster.

He had no idea how much time had passed by the time he opened his eyes. His eyes were bloodshot and he looked incredibly savage, especially since there seemed to be a ball of fire burning at the depths of his pupils. As that ball of fire burned, Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar towards the sky.

His roar reverberated in the air and spread in all directions.

'This isn't a simple aphrodisiac, it's a Curse that brings out the most primal urges in the body!'

The struggle on Su Ming's expression became stronger. He could still keep his reason at the moment, albeit with great difficulty, and with whatever remained of his logic, he

quickly analyzed that feeling in his body. It was not difficult for him to figure out that the so called Peach Blossom Fiend was the thing that was planted in Madam Ji's body by Ji Yun Hai in the past.

That item had been continuously perfected, increasing in number, over the span of sixty years, causing it to be incredibly violent.

'All the images in my head are lewd and evil. If I let my lust control my body, then I will end up like Madam Ji. Even if I find a woman and succumb to my urges, I will definitely not be able to break the Spell. And I have a feeling that once I'm unable to control myself and sink into my desires, it will last forever and will be extremely difficult for me to get out of ...

'Unless I use my own power and force down my urges!' Su Ming lifted his right hand quickly, and with a red glare in his eyes, he quickly tapped a few spots in succession on his body, but it did no good. Even the black stone fragment hanging on his neck did not react.

'The black stone can allow me to not be bothered by external things, but now... Now, there isn't any external factors causing a threat to me. It's that Peach Blossom Fiend increasing my lust by several fold. If that is the case, then it's only natural that the black stone is useless...'

Su Ming trembled even more violently. His hair was no longer pure black, but gradually, at the roots of his hair, a fiery red shade could be seen.

That red hue from the roots of his hair started spreading rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, half of Su Ming's hair had turned into a brilliant shade of red. At the same time, the pink hue on his face sank down, causing his face to return to that pale shade. However, the pink hue that had gone away had now gathered at Su Ming's chest.

The veins that had popped up on his face looked as if they were about to explode. At the center of his brows, the mark of the sword flashed and the small virescent sword was forced out. It started flying around him while whistling in the air, as if it was very anxious. Su Ming lifted his hands and brought them down to seize the earth by his sides, plunging his hands deep into the ground.

As the mark of the sword disappeared from the center of his brows, gradually, the mark of a peach blossom appeared. At the same time, most of his hair turned red as well. His appearance had changed so drastically that, compared to his calm self from before, he looked like a completely different person.

A large amount of sweat broke out on his body. The appearance of that sweat caused an indescribable scent to start spreading from Su Ming's body, and if any woman smelled it, their minds would immediately turn into a mess and they would be unable to control themselves.

Su Ming's expression became increasingly pained. He had practically used all his strength to fix his hands to the ground, but the power of that Peach Blossom Fiend was too strong. After persevering for a long while, when the mark of the peach blossom completely formed, his hair turned completely red, and at that moment, Su Ming could no longer suppress his lust. He lifted his head and let out the strongest roar ever since he came to the land of the Shamans.

ROAR!

As he roared, Su Ming flew into the sky with red eyes. There was no longer any hint of reason in his eyes, only that urge caused by the most primal desire within him. Once he flew up, Su Ming charged in the direction before him without any hint of hesitation - the north.

He was so fast that he turned into a long arc in midair and disappeared in the blink of an eye, not even retrieving Han Mountain Bell, that red ring, or the other objects. He simply charged forward like that, and in a short moment, he crossed the distance of 10,000 li.

As he charged forward, Su Ming continued growling. Those growls echoed in the air as he moved forth, and sounded like something from a wild beast, instilling fear among all those who heard it.

It was midnight. Most of the tribe members in White Bull Tribe, which was located to the north, was asleep. Almost all who were awake were members of the tribe patrolling around the area, and the only other one who was not asleep and not a patroller was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe.

That monkey-faced old man was sitting up straight in his house and holding a small plate of round peas the size of a fingernail in his hand. Occasionally, he would eat one of them while looking very content.

However, just as he narrowed his eyes and picked up another pea to chew down on it once he brought it to his mouth, an earth shaking howl suddenly reached his ears. The appearance of that voice stunned the old man.

Once he opened his eyes, his expression suddenly changed drastically. He did not care about the plate of peas scattering on the floor and quickly rushed out of his house. When he lifted his head to look at the sky, his pupils shrank and shock appeared in his eyes.

A long arc charged through the sky and closed in in the blink of an eye, turning into Su Ming. His long red hair, crazed eyes, and the strong growls were enough to let anyone tell with just one glance that there was something wrong with him.

That monkey-faced old man's heart trembled and he immediately let out a piercing howl. That howl instantly woke up the slumbering tribe, and all the tribe members

walked out of their houses in shock. At the instant the men and women saw Su Ming in midair, he also saw them.

Struggle appeared once again in Su Ming's eyes, causing his growls to become increasingly stronger. The monkey-faced old man immediately flew up and stared at him as if he was facing off a powerful enemy.

All the warriors from all over the tribe stared up as well. The moment the old man gave his command, they would attack without care for their own safety to protect their own tribe.

That monkey-faced old man was groaning in his heart at that moment. He clearly saw that Su Ming was in a near state of madness. While he had no idea what made him this way, it was still clear that he no longer had any shred of reason left in him. Once a person like this went into a state of frenzy, then the damage that would be brought to their tribe would be incredibly great.

When the women in the tribe walked out of their houses and looked towards the sky in fear, the old man clearly saw Su Ming trembling, and the struggles on his face made him seem as if he was about to break down.

"Go back!"

The old man let out a low shout, and the normal tribe members that walked out of the houses quickly retreated while shivering. However, the moment those women started moving back, their bodies suddenly jolted and a red flush appeared on their faces. With a dazed look in their eyes, they looked towards Su Ming in the sky as if they had lost their senses.

This change immediately attracted all the attention and shock from the rest of the people in the tribe. Some of the warriors even let out angry howls and were just about to attack Su Ming, but the instant they were about to launch their attacks, they were immediately held back by the Patriarch.

The old man stared at Su Ming. He could already tell from Su Ming's current condition that if they launched the preemptive strike and he counterattacked, then he would definitely flip out. At that moment, it would mean disaster to the entire White Bull Tribe.

More importantly, the old man could clearly sense a strong sense of danger coming from Su Ming's body. That threat made his heart tremble. He had a vague feeling that this Su Ming was even more terrifying than when he had met him previously.

This was simply a feeling. He had no evidence to back it up.

He could not tell much with his level of cultivation. He could only vaguely feel that the strong sense of danger came from within Su Ming's body, as if there was a terrifying power that was enough to make him shiver contained inside him.

It was as if... that existence was slowly waking up...

"It's aphrodisiac!"

The old man saw the strangeness on the women in the fear amidst his own fear. Once he linked it to that faint feeling, that terror in his heart, he gritted his teeth and made a decision that would anger all his tribe members, but they would not dare resist.

In fact, that decision could even threaten his own position! Even he himself found it hard to voice it out, but he had a strong feeling that once Su Ming went mad, then what awaited their tribe was complete annihilation.

It was especially so since he just sensed that power that terrified him once again from within Su Ming's body. The signs that the power was waking up grew increasingly clearer. In fact, most of the other tribe members had also sensed it, and their hearts shivered.

"Xia La, Ahua, Xiao Yun... The three of you, fly up!"

Once the old man gritted his teeth and said those words, the only three women in the tribe who practiced the ways of the Shamans flew up with glazed eyes and walked towards Su Ming, who was still struggling in midair.

Chapter 391: I Like Red

"Patriarch!" Some tribe members immediately cried out anxiously beside the old man.

"Quiet! This is already decided!" The old man's accent lost its prominence. He licked his lips nervously and kept his gaze fixed on Su Ming.

He hoped that once he offered up these three women, he could satisfy Su Ming's current state and resolve that horror that made his heart tremble in fear. If he could resolve it... then it was worth sacrificing these three women!

The three women who flew up were not old and looked to be in their twenties. They might not be incredibly beautiful, but they were still pleasant to the eyes, especially when their cheeks were flushed red and their eyes were glazed over. That appearance of theirs that made them ripe for picking was enough to make anyone tempted.

Yet the moment these three people got closer to Su Ming, he lifted his right hand swiftly and struck his chest, coughing out a huge mouthful of blood.

"Get lost!"

A hint of clarity appeared in Su Ming's red eyes once he coughed out a mouthful of blood. With a low growl, he cast his eyes to the ground, and once his gaze fell on the old man, Su Ming forced himself to turn around, then turned into a long arc and charged out, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

When he left, the three women shuddered and expressions of wakefulness appeared on their faces. All the other women in the tribe also regained their senses, and their faces turned pale. The sight just now struck terror in their hearts.

The monkey-faced old man fell silent for a moment, then looked in the direction where Su Ming left. He did not speak even after a long time had gone past.

Su Ming continued charging forth and the clarity in his eyes became increasingly weaker. During that moment just now, if he had not started desperately struggling against himself and succumbed to his desires by copulating with those three women, then what awaited him would be eternal depravity.

"... I will definitely win!" Su Ming did not go anywhere else. He instead charged to the mountain range where his cave abode was. Before long, he returned to the place. The only hint of clarity in his eyes was almost completely gone, and he would not even have enough time to return to his cave abode.

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pointed at Han Mountain Bell. The bell instantly flew towards him and once it grew larger in the sky, Ji Yun Hai's corpse fell down. As Madam Ji's aura of death disappeared from him, the puppet that was made from the corpse lost its intelligence and fell to the ground unmoving.

Right at the instant the clarity in Su Ming's completely disappeared, Han Mountain Bell let out a huge buzz and covered him up, trapping Su Ming's body on the ground. Rumbling sounds reverberating from within the bell, along with Su Ming's roars and growls.

Time passed by, and it was soon dawn. Han Mountain Bell was stuck to the ground, and Su Ming did not continue causing any ruckus inside. His body started shivering violently as he sat cross-legged inside. Control was an easy thing to say, but when his desire was increased by that Peach Blossom Fiend by several dozens of fold, even nearing a hundred fold, trying to control it was nigh impossible.

In a flash, three days passed by. During these three days, not a single soul came to the area where Su Ming was. It did not matter whether it was White Bull Tribe or Black

Crane Tribe, none of them appeared. In fact, there was not even a single passerby who went by the area.

These three days were like three years to Su Ming, and could even be said to be like thirty years. He continued struggling, refusing to be controlled. Even if there were occasional moments of him falling into a daze, due to Han Mountain Bell's seal, he could not go out, and when his mind was clear, he would pay full attention to suppressing his urges.

After suppressing himself for three days, Su Ming had become much thinner. His robes were torn, his hair was completely red, and his expression was filled with ferociousness. Similarly, as his mind went through three days of chaos and madness, an invisible barrier formed in his head. That barrier was like a seal. Its existence was something Su Ming had never noticed before, and even at that moment, he still did not notice its presence.

If that primal desire of his had not been enlarged by several fold and continued raging in his body while plunging him into madness, that seal might perhaps never have appeared. As that urge crashed into Su Ming's mind like the waves in an ocean, it also crashed into that barrier acting as a seal!

During the dawn three days later, as Su Ming continued howling, cracking sounds suddenly rang in his mind, and that invisible barrier, that seal that even he himself did not know of, started showing cracks as that primal desire continued raging in his body.

At the same time, a boom went off in Su Ming's head. He had been struggling for three days, and now lost his consciousness once again at that moment. However, he did not fall into a coma even though he lost his consciousness. Instead, his hands were fixed onto the ground under Han Mountain Bell while he lifted his head and let out a roar that still shook the sky and earth, even though Han Mountain Bell was between them.

As he continued roaring, an indescribably terrifying power erupted from within his body. Even though it was only spreading outwards, the strength of that power immediately lifted Han Mountain Bell with a bang and flung it into midair.

At the same time, Su Ming flew up into the air. With a bang, the ground exploded. Su Ming appeared in midair. His breathing was rapid, and there was not a hint of reason in his eyes. There was only red. The mark of the peach blossom at the center of his brows had bloomed in a strangely alluring manner. His face was pale, but there was a purple tinge to his lips, which gave him an indescribable appearance when it was set to contrast with his full head of fire-red long hair.

His pupils could no longer be seen in his eyes. His eyes were completely colored red. It took a long while before he eventually stopped roaring while standing in midair. After a long moment, he turned his head slowly and a strangely captivating smile appeared on his purple lips. He dipped his head down and swept his gaze across the land.

The ground immediately trembled when he did so, as if there was a power contained within his gaze that was so strong that even the ground could not withstand it. Some of the spots on the ground even exploded, and cracks appeared.

When Su Ming swept his gaze over the rod snake, that snake actually shuddered and immediately curled up on the ground, not daring to meet his gaze. Its mind was telling it that this Su Ming was someone that it could definitely not get close to.

Its shuddering body made it seem as if it was absolutely terrified of Su Ming's gaze. The small virescent sword also fell the ground and started shivering.

Su Ming's gaze paused for a moment on that rod snake, and the red glare in his eyes gave a brilliant flash before he averted his gaze from it. As he moved his gaze away, he lifted his right hand. The fingernails on his right hand were now three inches long and were incredibly sharp. The edges of his fingernails shone with a black glare, and he seized at the ground through the air.

The red ring from the torn piece of flesh immediately flew out and turned into a long arc. Su Ming grabbed it and wore it on his middle finger. Once he did so, he lifted his head slowly and looked at the Han Mountain Bell floating in midair.

He let out a cold harrumph and pointed at it. Immediately, that bell let out a powerful bell chime, and the gigantic body of the Nine Headed Dragon appeared suddenly in midair above the bell. The six awakened heads no longer had Su Ming's shadow within their eyes, but were instead entirely red. Those heads roared ferociously at Su Ming.

The three heads that were still asleep started trembling nonstop, as if they did not dare face the current Su Ming, just like the rod snake.

In the face of the Nine-Headed Dragon's roars, Su Ming took a step forward. With that one step, he arrived right beside Han Mountain Bell. Completely ignoring that roaring Nine-Headed Dragon, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the bell.

The instant his right hand fell on the bell, the Nine-Headed Dragon immediately let out a shrill cry of pain. The three heads that had their eyes shut tight opened them simultaneously. Their eyes were covered entirely in red, and the nine heads howled together.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and Han Mountain Bell instantly shrank. The Nine-Headed Dragon above it also completely vanished. Su Ming opened his mouth and swallowed the bell.

Once he finished doing that, he seized at the sky with his right hand. With that one grab, the entire sky instantly distorted, as if it was sucked in when Su Ming clutched his hand towards its direction. Then he swung his hand around him.

Immediately, a screen of light appeared below Su Ming. The puppet that was Ji Yun Hai, the rod snake, and everything within the circular area of 100,000 feet, including the mountain range and his cave abode, was completely surrounded in the light screen like a seal, closing them off completely.

Su Ming stood outside the light screen and lifted his head to look at the sky. After a long moment of silence, he suddenly let out a low growl. That growl was not loud, but it made the weather change. Even the moon in the sky looked as if it was about to crumble. A powerful wave of ripples spread out in all directions, and as they created rumbling sounds in the air, those ripples covered all of heaven. A large vortex appeared in the dark sky, and as that vortex started moving, Su Ming's roars started spreading even further into the land.

"I... like red," Su Ming mumbled hoarsely. A red robe abruptly appeared on his body, and when it set in comparison to his long red hair, it made him look incredibly strange and fascinating.

There was a mountain in the land of the Shamans that was surrounded by a sea of clouds. At the peak of the mountain was a big hall, and within that hall was a white-haired old man sitting alone in there. There were nine skulls surrounding him, and each of those skulls were lit with a green flame.

The old man's face was originally calm, but the instant this Su Ming, whose presence changed drastically after he awakened, let out that roar, the old man opened his eyes swiftly. His expression changed and he stood up hastily. The flames in the nine skulls around him were all instantly extinguished.

"This presence... Who is it?!"

There was an old man wearing a Daoist robe taking a stroll in the sky above in the land of the Shamans. There was a giant sword under his feet, and it was cutting through the air at an extreme speed. Yet at that moment, the giant sword suddenly trembled. The old man also came to an abrupt halt and his expression went through an instant, drastic change.

"This is... Whose presence is this?!" He immediately lifted his right hand and started forming seals to attempt to predict it, but he only managed to go through half of it before he coughed out a mouthful of blood.

At that moment, many people from different spots in the land of the Shamans walked out with shock on their faces, and these people were all Immortals and Shamans!

Zong Ze was sitting cross-legged on the giant turtle in Autumn Sea Tribe. The tribe was still migrating and were about to reach their destination. His expression was calm his long hair fallen around him. Yet at that very moment, he opened his eyes swiftly, and a hint of shock could be seen on his face.

'The power of that roar...' His eyes sparkled and he suddenly stood up to look at the sky in the distance.

Wan Qiu was right beside him, and she saw the change in expression on Zong Ze's face. She looked towards him.

"Sir Zong Ze?"

"Someone has broken through the state of End among us Shamans. That roar he let out just now... His power... Just who is he?" Zong Ze mumbled and sucked in a sharp breath.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 392 — Progenitor Hong Luo - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 392 — Progenitor Hong Luo

Chapter 392: Progenitor Hong Luo

There was an underground palace located deep beneath Sky Mist City.

The layout of the underground palace was different from the other buildings in the land of the Berserkers. It was built with eight corners, its walls made entirely of spirit stones. It shone in a large variety of colors, and even though it was underground, the light still shone in all directions, and there was a thick layer of spiritual energy spreading through the area.

There were eight doors on the octagonal building. All of them were shut tightly. At the center of the building was a main hall. There were two gigantic statues of people over there, and one of the statues wore a long robe. There was the picture of Taichi sewn around the chest area on his robe. That person was forming seals behind his back with his left hand. His right hand was lifted to pinch his beard. He might just be a statue, but his gaze was still electrifying and he looked alive.

The other statue was a middle-aged man with the body of a Daoist but the temperament of an Immortal. That man also wore a long robe, but the symbol of Taichi could not be found on his robe. There was instead a long leaf embroidered there.

That leaf was green and let out a sensation that it was overflowing with life. The middle-aged man's face was cold and lifeless, but his eyes were filled with a dignified air. He had his right hand lifted to form seals, and his left hand was placed upon his right hand, as if he was executing some sort of powerful divine ability.

There were five stone chairs located underneath the two statues in the shade, and at that moment, there were people sitting on three of the stone chairs. However, two of the people sitting on the stone chairs could not be seen clearly. Only the person sitting on the third stone chair could be seen clearly, and that person was Sky Mist's ancestor, whose face was dark as clouds.

A limited amount of powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans had noticed Su Ming's roar, and as they were all shocked by its appearance, Sky Mist's ancestor spoke.

"A mysterious powerful Shaman has appeared in the land of the Shamans. You have all heard that person's roar just now."

"That person shouldn't be from Hidden Dragon Sect. After all, there is still three years before the date they descend. No sect has the ability to bring forward the date when they descend. They can only come to this place on the allocated date by activating the Rune on Realm Mountain," one of the two people in the shade remarked hoarsely.

"Neither is it possible for him to be someone from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. There are incredibly few of those who descend from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. I don't think there are more than three who have come here, and they're all in the main tribes or clans in the land of the Berserkers. They won't go to the Shamans."

"No matter who this mysterious powerful warrior is, he's not allowed to ruin our plans. Since that person suddenly appeared in the land of the Shamans, then the people from Hidden Dragon Sect will deal with him."

"In truth, I still don't understand it. The God of Berserkers in the land of the Berserkers has died and it's impossible for a new God of Berserkers to appear. Without the God of Berserkers, why should we Immortals be afraid of them!

"The inheritance of Nine Li among the Shamans has also mostly disappeared, and there's only a hint of it left. Those who obtain that inheritance will at most reach Ascendance. We of Sky Mist Sect only need to send out a senior to destroy the entire Berserker Tribe. Why do we need to work together with the other two sects and carry this plan where we keep descending over the past thousands of years?"

The person who spoke next was Sky Mist's ancestor. He let out a few barks of chilling laughter before he said languidly, "Hmph. You descended to this place thousands of years ago and don't know the details. If this place was really as simple as you think it is, then I wouldn't be spending half of my life here. We cannot reveal ourselves and even have to suppress our power so that we won't reveal the presence of Immortals too strongly, or else... Heh heh, you can go ahead and try it!"

"Enough. Stop fighting, the both of you. Fellow Daoist Tian Lan has been here for thousands of years, and his knowledge of this place has surpassed mine and yours, Fellow Daoist Sun Yang. We should listen to Fellow Daoist Tian Lan. But I am also

curious. Just what sort of secret is hidden in the land of the Berserkers that you would stay so long here. Did you figure out anything?" The person among the trio who had not spoken voiced out his thoughts calmly at that moment.

"Fellow Daoist Chang, how polite of you." Sky Mist's ancestor smiled and his words towards the man named Chang became gentler, though he was highly concerned about this person's identity.

"My status in the sect might be ordinary, but I've been in the land of the Berserkers for several thousands of years. I believe I am somewhat knowledgeable towards this place. There is a secret in this place. I don't know it, but if we completely reveal our presence as Immortals here, then we will die.

"I believe the Sect Leader and the Sect Elders know about the secrets of the Berserker Tribe. Isn't our plan here to open the Tunnel of Descending here so that the Sect Leader and the others could come here with their full power?"

"However, since you asked, Fellow Daoist Chang, then I will tell you what I have analyzed over the past years. From my analysis, I believe that the secrets in this place are related to... how we come to the land of the Berserkers." Sky Mist's ancestor hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a low tone.

"Are you saying...?" The man named Chang opened his eyes wide and he clutched the armrest on the stone chair with his right hand.

"This is just my suspicion. After all, all the Fellow Daoists who come to the land of the Berserkers, even the Evil Sect in the Eastern Wastelands, come from the same place. No matter who it is, we have to go through that person to come to this place.

"It's a pity that the person's body is sealed up by a powerful fog. I have never been able to see his face clearly, or else, I might have been able to discover some clues."

The underground palace fell into silence, and after a long moment, the man named Chang sighed.

"If that is the case, then let's stop making guesses anymore. If it's truly related to that person, then it's definitely not something people like us can take part in or interfere with. We just need to fulfill our role in the plan..."

Deep within the land of the Berserkers far away from Sky Mist City was a land of ice and snow. The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located there.

There was a white-haired old man sitting cross-legged in one of the towers. As the three people talked to each other in that strange place under Sky Mist City, he opened his eyes swiftly and shock appeared in his eyes. He stood up hastily and pushed the door

to his room open. A freezing gust of wind blew against his face and made his hair dance. He looked at the sky in the distance with an extremely grave face.

After a long while, he lifted his right hand and started forming seals as if he was calculating something. The space behind him distorted, and a figure wearing the Emperor's robe appeared faintly behind him.

"Damn it, his seal has weakened. This should have been impossible, how did he do it?! This is not part of the plan. I have to find out who appeared after the seal weakened as soon as possible!"

The white-haired old man frowned and anxiety appeared on his face. He turned around and returned to his house, then immediately sat down cross-legged. His hands continued forming seals nonstop, and his eyes shone brightly. Time flashed by in his eyes as he executed a wide area prediction.

His expression started changing from astonishment to shock, then he let out a sigh of relief, though eventually, he settled on being temperamental. After a long while, he gave up on the predictions and sat there stunned for a long moment.

"Progenitor Hong Luo... He appeared... but there's still three years until the Day of Descending... Right now, I can't contact my Master... Oh well, since Master let me bring his projected self to the Berserker Tribe, he must have been thinking of letting me use it to prevent such accidents from happening." The old man hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth and suddenly lifted his right hand to point behind himself.

Immediately, the middle-aged man wearing the Emperor's robe and crown in the distortions started materializing. After a long moment, he walked out from behind the old man like a real person and stood before him with an expressionless and cold face.

"It's a pity that with the interference of the power in the land of the Berserkers, Master's projection has lost his intelligence and has turned into a puppet. It'll only act according to its nature." The old man sighed and got up to bow towards the expressionless middle-aged man who looked like an Emperor.

"Master, Destiny's seal has been lifted and something unforeseen occurred. Progenitor Hong Luo has appeared. Please take action and restore order!" As the old man spoke, he bit the tip of his tongue. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he quickly flung his right hand towards that blood mist. Immediately, three bloody, runic symbols appeared in the blood mist and fell on the body of the man who was like an Emperor.

A glint appeared swiftly in the eyes of the puppet, and a hint of intelligence manifested in his eyes. He cast the old man a cold look, then turned around to take a step forward. His body became invisible and he disappeared.

"Thank goodness Master gave me his projection, or else we wouldn't be able to suppress the awakened Progenitor Hong Luo... It should be fine. As long as it's not those three old coots who awakened, it should be fine... I hope it's fine..."

The old man frowned and shook his head. He, too, did not have any confidence. The rumors that once circulated around Progenitor Hong Luo among the Immortals made the old man incredibly wary.

"In the past, it was rumored that Progenitor Hong Luo was naturally brutal and immensely enjoyed killing. He also loved challenging the strong and then killing them cruelly... In the end, Sir Di Tian took action, and he... sealed Progenitor Hong Luo in Destiny's body." The old man sighed.

The entire weather in the Land of South Morning could be said to have changed due to Su Ming's roar. It was impossible for Su Ming to not know what was happening... though perhaps he could no longer be known as Su Ming anymore.

"I like red... but who... who am I?!" The red-haired Su Ming stood in the sky above the land of the Shamans. His eyes were crimson red, and there was a hint of confusion within them.

"Di Tian... I am not Di Tian. My enemy's name is Di Tian!" After a long while, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. He did not bellow, but the arrogance and wildness on his face was as clear as day.

"Di Tian, you and I cannot live under the same roof! I will kill you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pushed down on the ground in the distance through the air. That push immediately caused the land to tremble viciously and cracks started appearing rapidly on the ground. As they spread out, they covered a distance of more than one hundred thousand feet. At the same time, Su Ming formed his right hand into a claw and swiped at the air above him.

"Earthen Aura Fiendish Dragon," he mumbled. Wisps of white mist crawled out of the endless cracks on the ground. They rose into the sky together and the earth withered away as if it had lost its life force. It was as if all the life force on earth had been taken away by Su Ming.

The white mist gathered up and started tumbling about violently. In the blink of an eye, the white mist turned into a gigantic white dragon. The dragon's eyes were red and its body was white, but soon, that white body turned red, resulting in a gigantic red dragon that was several tens of thousands of feet big. With a roar, it rushed towards Su Ming and stopped under his feet, allowing Su Ming to stand on its head. Once he did so, the dragon moved its gigantic body and charged into the distance.

Su Ming stood on the dragon's head. His long red hair danced in the wind.

"Who am I...? Just who am I...? Su Ming... That's right, I'm Su Ming! My enemy is Di Tian! I have to kill him!" A hint of brutality appeared on Su Ming's lips.

Chapter 393: Powerful!

"But I shouldn't be so weak. I wasn't originally so weak..." Su Ming stood on the gigantic red dragon, and as they moved forward, he dipped his head down to look at his own body. He parted his purple lips and sucked in a breath in the direction before him.

With that one inhale, the weather instantly changed. The wind and clouds tumbled back, and with an astonishing momentum, the power of the world from all around him gathered up at a maddening pace, and it was all sucked into Su Ming's mouth.

Banging sounds rang all over his body. The liquid existing within that opened path in his body instantly increased by several fold. As it continued increasing, that liquid started circulating rapidly through the path. Due to its continuous increase, almost in an instant, the beginning and end of the trail of liquid in that path connected together, turning into a complete circuit. At the same time, a booming sound rang out.

Once the beginning and end of the trail of liquid connected together to form a complete circuit nine times in his body, nine consecutive booms rang within him. The liquid in that path disappeared in an instant. Almost the moment it disappeared, a round core about the size of a fingernail appeared in Su Ming's stomach!

That core shone with a golden light, causing Su Ming's body to be surrounded by that light, but that was not the end. At the same time that golden core appeared and Su Ming continued sucking in the power of the world through his parted purple lips, the dense power of the world rapidly fused into that path, turning into liquid to circulate through that path once again before blending into the golden core. This process repeated for an unknown amount of times, and eventually, the golden core in Su Ming's dantian region swelled up to the size of a fist.

Su Ming continued charging forth in the sky. Wherever the gigantic red dragon passed by, the people in the land of the Shamans who saw it would feel their hearts trembling, and fear shot up swiftly within them.

Su Ming's power might not be great, but as his red hair appeared and as the will that was sealed up within him woke up when the seal was shattered due to the attack from his own desires, his divine sense manifested within him with a powerful might that it had never possessed before. The power of that divine sense was what the powerful warriors in the Land of South Morning had sensed, the power that surpassed the state of End.

As he moved forward, Su Ming continued absorbing the power of the world. Gradually, wherever he passed by in the land of the Shamans, the earth would become dull as if it had lost its life. The grass on the land withered away, the layers of clouds in the sky crumbled, but in turn, a crack appeared in that golden core within Su Ming's body.

That crack continued spreading, looking as if there was a new life about to be born from within. A unique presence spread out and surrounded Su Ming.

"This body is too weak... It has inherited my divine sense, but it can only show off a tenth of my power, but with the aid of my divine sense, I can make it grow much stronger, and I'll be able to bring out about a fifth of my power..." Su Ming mumbled. With red eyes, he lifted his right hand and struck his body. That one strike immediately caused the cracked golden core in his body to explode. As the golden core exploded, a small human with red hair with the exact same appearance as his appeared within his body.

"Still too weak. With a body like this and a level of cultivation like this, how can I kill Di Tian?!" The gigantic red dragon stopped in midair. As Su Ming stood on the dragon's head, his expression darkened.

"I can feel it. I only have seven days to stay awake this time. Seven days later, I will fall asleep again... Seven days. Damn you, seven days. It's impossible for me to make this body reach a level where I can kill Di Tian in seven days..."

"The only way for me is to... cast that Secret Art. I'll use that Secret Art to stimulate this body so that I can gain the strongest power possible within a short period of time! I remember that there are two Secret Arts that will allow me to do so!" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and a frightening expression appeared on his face.

"One of them is the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh. This Secret Art requires nine virgins with absolute Yin physiques. I will have to use their power of Yin to fuse with my divine sense, so that all my potential and life can be brought out in a short period of time!

"The other Secret Art requires me to search for the powerful warriors in this place and absorb the power of Essence from their bodies, which will allow me to become powerful for a short amount of time," Su Ming mumbled. His eyes sparkled, and he spread out his divine sense.

In an instant, his divine sense swept through a large part of the land of the Shamans. Based on his requirements, his divine sense quickly searched through the area which it expanded to, and then, Su Ming turned his head around to look at the sky in the distance.

"There aren't any who fulfill the requirements for the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, but this woman... even though she only fits the requirements a little, she's still

adequate. There are quite a few who fit the requirements for the second Secret Art, though." The gigantic red dragon beneath Su Ming let out a roar and charged into the space in the sky before disappearing without a trace.

Soon, the sky above a plain of grass in the land of the Shamans suddenly distorted and a long red dragon charged out with a howl. Without even stopping for even a brief moment, he crashed into the ground.

A furious howl could be heard in the midst of that loud rumble as it reverberated in the sky. The ground shattered under that rumble and a large crack appeared. An endless amount of red fog crawled out as the gigantic dragon crashed into the ground and surrounded the area, causing the place to be shrouded in red fog. At the same time a howl came from within the fog, a red figure in the sky charged into the fog with a ferocious expression.

The continuous rumbles lasted for an hour, then the area fell silent. That red fog gathered together and once it turned into that gigantic red dragon again, it shot up from the ground and flew towards the sky. At the same time it flew up, two figures were revealed in a deep pit on the ground.

One of them stood there with red robes, red hair, and a pair of strange, purple lips. That person was naturally the red-haired Su Ming. His right hand was pressing on an old man's head.

That old man shivered as he knelt before Su Ming. He had his hands fixed on the ground with a pained expression on his face. As his body was wracked with violent shivers, wisps of white smoke crawled out from his eyes, ears, nose, and lips, and they quickly seeped into Su Ming's body.

This process lasted for some time before Su Ming let go of his right hand. He turned around and took a step into the air to land on the long, red dragon. As the dragon let out a howl, it charged into space and disappeared once again.

The old man kneeling on the ground coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. With a pale face, he looked in the direction Su Ming had left with shock and fear. His body was incredibly weakened, but he immediately struggled up to his feet regardless of his weakened body and quickly left the area.

Within a mountain range in the land of the Shamans were two gigantic ferocious beasts of 10,000 feet big fighting against each other. One of them looked like a tiger but had a pair of wings. Its roars shook the sky and earth.

The creature fighting against the tiger was a ball of flesh that floated in midair. That ball of flesh continued wiggling around, causing black liquid to fall on the ground, letting out sizzling sounds once it touched the earth. There were numerous tentacles on its body,

and at the end of each of the tentacles was a big moth. There were many sharp teeth within those mouths, and they were all fighting against that tiger-like creature.

That fight had lasted for several days, but on this day, as they continued fighting against each other, suddenly, a blood-red dragon charged out from the space in the sky above them with a howl. At the same time it charged towards the two beasts, it stirred up a large amount of red fog in the area. The two beasts were shocked, and when they lifted their heads to look, a red figure jumped into the fog. Loud, rumbling sounds traveled out from the fog, along with the ferocious beasts' furious howls and roars.

After some time, the red fog gathered together to turn into the dragon. Su Ming stood on the dragon's head. As the dragon rose into sky and disappeared into nothingness, the tiger-like beast lay in the mountain range on the verge of death. The disgusting ball of flesh was split in half and a large amount of black blood corroded the ground around it, and it was letting out a rotten stench.

The same sight appeared in many places in the land of the Shamans during that day. In their shock, all the hidden powerful Shamans were forced to face an existence that terrified them, and all of them had a large amount of their power sucked away.

Most of the ferocious beasts went through the same fate.

It was midnight. Within a valley in the land of the Shamans was a beautiful woman. She was trembling while staring fixedly at the person standing before her.

With red robes, a head full of red hair, and purple lips, that person exuded a cold presence. He was naturally the red-haired Su Ming. At that moment, he had his right index finger pointing at the center of the woman's brows with a frown on his face, though no one had any idea what he was thinking about.

"Who are you?!" the woman cried out in a shrill voice. As she trembled, her eyes became filled with despair.

There were eight corpses around her, and all of them had died horrible deaths. It was difficult for her to forget what happened moments ago. She was just training there quietly, but this red-haired man suddenly appeared, and with just one swing of his arm, all her followers started fighting and killing each other as if they had gone mad.

"I am a disciple of the God of Shamans Temple. If you touch me, the entire God of Shamans Temple won't let you get away with it!" The despair in the woman's eyes became increasingly prominent.

The red-haired Su Ming looked as calm as ever and did not bother himself with the woman's shrill screeches. He kept his right hand on the center of the woman's brows. After a long while, he frowned.

"It's a pity. You might be a virgin, but your aura of Yin is not enough. It must be related to the cultivation method you're practicing. You must be training here because the aura of Yin in this place is strong as well." Su Ming shook his head, then lowered his right index finger from the center of her brows. He tapped the woman's robes, and immediately, her robes were ripped into pieces and disappeared.

With tears and hate in her eyes, the woman closed her eyes.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the woman's body. He did not seem like he was looking at a body, but his cold gaze made it seem like he was just looking at an ingredient. After a long while, he shook his head once again.

"The damage to your aura of Yin is too great. You aren't up to standard." Su Ming turned around and no longer bothered himself with the woman. He was just about to leave when the woman spoke.

"Just who are you?!" She swiftly opened her eyes.

"I am Su Ming." With one move, the red-haired Su Ming disappeared from the place.

"Su Ming... Su Ming!" The woman gritted her teeth and engraved that name deep into her mind.

This day was like a disaster to the powerful warriors in the Shaman Tribe. As Su Ming discovered these warriors within the area in his divine sense, as he went to them, as he continued attacking and absorbing their power, his level of cultivation grew at a shocking pace, and he became increasingly stronger.

Chapter 394: I Came for Her!

Autumn Sea Tribe still had yet to complete their migration, but they were about to reach their destination. They were moving slowly at the edges of the land of the Shamans. There were numerous mackerel pikes swimming in the sky. The turtles on the ground were also moving slowly. The End Shaman, Zong Ze, was sitting cross-legged on his turtle. At that moment, his expression was dark, and he was occupied by his thoughts.

By his side, Wan Qiu also kept her silence while occasionally looking towards Zong Ze.

Time trickled by. They should have set up camp to rest during this dark night, but Zong Ze felt a sense of danger in his heart, which was why he asked his tribe to continue moving through the night, causing the entire tribe to stay alert of their surroundings.

Only by doing so could they keep their battle power up to the best of their abilities when danger descended on them.

Wan Qiu looked at the sky and saw stars decorating the entire night sky. The warriors in the tribe were still in rather good condition, but most of the normal tribe members and the children were already tired.

"Sir Zong Ze... should we let the tribe rest for a while...?" Wan Qiu bit her bottom lip and asked softly.

Zong Ze remained silent for a moment and was just about to speak when his expression immediately changed. He stood up swiftly and lifted his head to look at the sky in the distance. His face turned incredibly dark.

Wan Qiu was taken aback for a moment. When she looked over as well, she did not see any changes in the dark sky. Just as she began to feel uncertain, a flash of red shot out suddenly from the dark sky, followed soon after by a roar that shook the sky. In that quiet night, that roar thundered in the air, shaking the sky so much that the mackerel pikes shuddered. The turtles on the ground also started trembling.

That red light was a gigantic red dragon that was 100,000 feet long. That dragon seemed to have crawled out from empty air. Once it appeared, it roared, and its roars spread in all directions. There was a man in red robes and long, fiery red hair standing on its head. Naturally, that man was Su Ming!

However, his current appearance had drastically changed from his original look. Those purple lips of his especially filled him with a strange air.

However, even if that was the case, all those who had seen him before could still find a trace of the original Su Ming from his current appearance, just like Wan Qiu did. When she saw him, her eyes immediately widened in disbelief.

Even Zong Ze was stunned when he saw Su Ming. He could clearly recognize that the person standing on the blood dragon in the sky was the powerful warrior that appeared during the day in the land of the Shamans. However, he absolutely did not expect that the mysterious powerful warrior would be Su Ming!

There were also several other people who recognized Su Ming, including that old female Latter Shaman. Once they saw Su Ming, they were all surprised.

"Sir, why did you come here deep in the middle of night?" It did not matter whether this mysterious powerful warrior was Su Ming or not, Zong Ze was still wary. At that moment, he leapt up and appeared in midair to stand before Su Ming.

"You... are very strong, but you're not my opponent." Su Ming swept his crimson eyes past Zong Ze, then scanned through the entire Autumn Sea Tribe on the ground. Suddenly, he narrowed his eyes and trained his gaze on Wan Qiu.

"I came for her." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at Wan Qiu with his index finger, along with the three inch long fingernail attached to that appendage.

The moment Su Ming pointed at her, Wan Qiu's expression immediately changed. She frowned, and an aloof look appeared in her eyes.

"How preposterous. Sir, you're going too far by asking for Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady!" Zong Ze said coldly with a dark look on his face. His eyes glinted, and he had already prepared himself for a big fight.

"I'm not asking for your opinion. I'm telling you that I'm taking her away." As he spoke, the red-haired Su Ming took a step forward with a calm expression, seemingly ignoring Zong Ze. He started walking towards the ground where Autumn Sea Tribe was.

Killing intent shone in Zong Ze's eyes. He might be wary of the feeling Su Ming brought to him at the moment, but he had to take action. With a move, he rushed towards Su Ming within an instant. As he lifted his right hand, the power of Soul Catchers erupted forth from his body. It also faded out under that power, making it seem as if he had become one with the world. The illusionary shadow of the Candle Dragon also appeared faintly behind him.

Once that shocking power appeared on Zong Ze's body, even the dark sky seemed to have frozen up. However, the moment he closed in on Su Ming, Su Ming did not even spare him a glance. He only lifted his right hand, and the instant Zong Ze arrived, he made a seal. Once that seal appeared, Su Ming changed that gesture, and within that short instant, he had already changed the hand seal nine times.

"I grant you the crimson eyes of the night..." As Su Ming spoke with a calm tone, he changed those hand seals nine times. With every single word he spoke, he would change a hand seal, and once he finished saying those nine words, he pushed outward.

With that one push, two red dots suddenly appeared in the dark sky. If anyone took a closer look at those red dots, they would find that they were two stars. At the instant those two stars turned red, a heavenly might descended upon Zong Ze, who was closing in on Su Ming.

A violent shudder wracked Zong Ze's body and his expression drastically changed, because he had just discovered that his body was frozen in midair and he could not move an inch.

"I grant you the violet lips of the sky..." Su Ming walked over to the pale Wan Qiu, and as he spoke, he formed nine seals once again with his right hand and pushed towards the ground.

The ground shook with a loud rumble, and as if it had melted, layers of ripples appeared on the land, which was followed soon by a piercing ray of light shooting out from within the ripples. With just one push, Su Ming made the land disappear.

In its place was a brilliant and bright piece of sky!

The earth had turned into the sky! As the people stood on the ground, they felt as if they were standing on the sky. This strange change caused the members of Autumn Sea Tribe around the area to let out cries of surprise. However, right at the moment they shouted in surprise, they immediately noticed that their bodies seemed to be frozen in place, and none of them could move even a single bit.

All of them could not move, including Wan Qiu, including the old female Latter Shaman.

Zong Ze's pupils shrank in the dark. His breathing quickened, and disbelief appeared on his face. He might have been expecting Su Ming to be strong, but he did not expect that he would be so powerful. This was not any sort of divine ability or Art, this was the physical materialization of his divine sense!

'He turned his divine sense into his willpower and sealed up everything that belonged to the night. He imprisoned all the living souls in this morning sky. This person... this person... just what is his level of cultivation?!' Zong Ze's face turned pale with shock.

Su Ming's floating red robes, bewitching red hair, pale face, and purple lips gave him a unique charm. The red-haired Su Ming walked towards Wan Qiu, his target, right under the people's shocked gazes, in the face of the fear directed towards him from the powerful End Shaman in the sky, and in the midst of the growls coming from the Earthen Aura Fiendish Dragon.

Wan Qiu's beautiful face was already void of blood. She looked at Su Ming walking towards her, watched him seal Zong Ze by just lifting his hand, the person who was like a deity in their tribe, then with another wave of his hand, seal up the entire land. This mighty power was something she had never seen before in her life.

Su Ming approached her slowly, but there was less than 1,000 feet between him and Wan Qiu. The instant it seemed like he would arrive before her with just another step, Su Ming suddenly frowned. When he did so, a muffled roar suddenly came from the sky in the distance.

As that roaring sound echoed, a mackerel pike so huge that no one could see its end at first glance appeared high up in the sky. That mackerel pike glared at Su Ming as if it was facing off a powerful enemy and let out a low growl in the sky.

"A blood descent of the Northern Nether Sea...?" Su Ming lifted his head to cast a glance at the gigantic mackerel pike, and a brilliant spark appeared in his eyes.

He immediately gave up on walking towards Wan Qiu. Instead, with a glint in his eyes, he flew up in an instant. The piercing whistle as he broke through air rang through the sky, and Su Ming charged straight towards the gigantic mackerel pike in the sky.

A powerful killing intent appeared on him, and the strength of that killing intent could be clearly felt by all the people in Autumn Sea Tribe.

"No!" Wan Qiu trembled. There were tears in her eyes as she let out that weak, wobbly cry. She could feel the killing intent on Su Ming's body, and she did not believe that the mackerel pike could win against this him, who could even seal away Sir Zong Ze.

Despair appeared in her eyes and her body shook violently. Su Ming's appearance and his strength was something she absolutely had not predicted. In fact, under that seal, she was also the only one who could hear her own weak cry.

She watched Su Ming fly up, and as he closed in on that gigantic mackerel pike, she screamed in her heart, telling that mackerel pike to leave.

A shrill howl fell out of the lips of the mackerel pike in the sky, followed by a red fog that covered all of heaven. The mackerel pike's shrill howls grew stronger within that fog, making Wan Qiu feel as if there were blades piercing through her heart repeatedly.

The entire land fell into silence. Even Zong Ze, too, fell silent.

The fog in the sky dissipated an hour later. The mackerel pike continued floating in the sky, but it had become much smaller and was filled with the aura of death. However, it was not truly dead. There was still a hint of life left within it.

Su Ming walked down from midair. There was still blood at the corner of his lips, blood that belonged to that mackerel pike. His presence had clearly become much stronger than before.

"Since you don't want it to die, I'll spare it!" Su Ming walked towards Wan Qiu and stood before her, then lifted his right hand to press at the center of the woman's brows. After a long while, a smile appeared on his face.

"Not bad. You might also not really fulfill the requirements, but it's adequate." As Su Ming spoke, he held Wan Qiu in his arms. Just as he was about to turn around and leave, he suddenly turned his head after taking a few steps, and his crimson eyes fell on the old female Latter Shaman standing not too far in the distance.

"I don't know why, but among all these people, I just don't like you." As Su Ming spoke, the red glint in his eyes instantly flared up, then he turned around and left.

The moment he was gone, the old woman's face instantly turned red as if her blood was boiling. Pain appeared on her face and her head exploded a moment later. Her body was torn from limb to limb, and the moment she died, wisps of white smoke left her body. A portion of it seeped into Su Ming, and the other portion circled in the air a few times before it moved toward another direction, crawling into the body of a pale young man standing in the crowd, causing his body to shudder and his level of cultivation to show signs of increasing. That young man... was Ya Mu!

When Wan Qiu saw the old woman die, she shuddered, and the brightness in her eyes faded away.

Chapter 395: He is Destiny!

The man and the dragon came and brought Wan Qiu away with them. Besides the strength of his power, the red-haired Su Ming also brought with him a domineering presence that could not be found on the usual Su Ming.

That domineering presence caused Wan Qiu to revere him while harboring mixed feelings within her heart, even though he left in silence.

As dawn was about to be over, the red-haired Su Ming stood on a remote mountain far from Autumn Sea Tribe. The blood dragon hovered in the sky and would protect the area when Su Ming casted that Secret Art.

Wan Qiu stood behind him and watched the red-haired man before her with a complicated look. Besides a slight similarity in his appearance, this person was completely different from the Su Ming in her memories.

"I am going to use you to cast a Secret Art. You can be as unwilling as you like, but if you control yourself and do this willingly, then you'll be in less pain." Once the red-haired Su Ming finished speaking, he turned around and his gaze fell on Wan Qiu.

"Are... you Su Ming?" Wan Qiu remained silent for a moment before she bit her lip and asked in a bare whisper.

"Yes!" As Su Ming answered, he lifted his right hand and swung it before him. Immediately, a layer of red fog spread out and covered Wan Qiu within. He took a step forward and walked into the fog.

Time passed by slowly. The sky gradually brightened up. Noon came, and the sunlight brought down scorching heat onto the ground. However, it was freezing cold in the

remote mountain where the blood dragon was. As the cold wave of air crashed into the heatwave, distortions appeared in the air.

The noon sun weakened, the entire afternoon, too, passed by. When the setting sun dyed the sky red and started disappearing slowly, the red fog at the peak of the remote mountain also started slowly thinning out.

When midnight arrived and moonlight illuminated the land with its gentle rays, the fog at the peak of the mountain disappeared completely. The red-haired Su Ming walked out from within. His lips were no longer purple, but had already returned to a pink hue. However, his long hair was still in that strangely captivating bright red shade. Once it was set against his red robes, it made him seem as if he had turned into another person.

"Di Tian..." Su Ming mumbled. He stood at the peak of the mountain and spread out his divine sense swiftly. This time, his divine sense had become even greater than it was a day before yesterday. Once it covered the area, Su Ming closed his eyes.

A moment later, he opened his eyes and looked towards the south.

"I don't know where that is, and there's no need for me to know where that is either... I only need to know that I can leave from that place and go to the Realm of the Immortals.

"There is a large amount of Immortals' presence in the mountain to the south. I can go back to the Realm of the Immortals from there." Su Ming looked at the south and took a step forward. Immediately, the blood dragon moved with him as if it wanted to follow him.

"Acknowledge her as your master. You were a dragon vein that existed on earth, but once you manifested I imbued you with my divine sense and you gained your intelligence from there. Now, I am going to leave. Stay here and become her guardian beast."

Su Ming did not turn his head back. With one step forward, his body gradually turned invisible and he disappeared in midair. The blood dragon was momentarily stunned and lingered around in midair for a moment before letting out a broken-hearted howl.

It could not bear to part with this master of his, whom it had only been with for two days, because in its memories, the blood dragon was born because of its master.

As the blood dragon let out its broken-hearted howl, Wan Qiu opened her eyes at the peak of the mountain. She looked in the direction Su Ming had left. She had heard his words, and she fell silent.

All her clothes were left intact and not a single article of clothing was missing on her, and in fact, she felt as if she had just fallen asleep and had had a dream. Her expression turned incredibly complicated. She had an indescribable feeling towards this Su Ming. She should hate him, but she could not find a reason for her to hate him deeply. She should be confused, but she could not find the source.

That mixed feeling of hers made Wan Qiu lie on the mountain for a very long time before she stood up, exhausted, then walked down the mountain in a daze. The blood dragon followed behind her in accordance to Su Ming's will.

This was the third day. Su Ming knew that he did not have much time left. He could feel the signs of slumber rising once again within him, but he still had yet to kill Di Tian. He could not find it in himself to accept wasting his time like this, not after he woke up through so much difficulty.

He walked in the sky, towards a destination that could not be seen with his naked eye but could be detected with his divine sense - a mountain located to the south of the land.

The Immortals' presence was strong in that mountain. It was also the spot with the highest amount of dimensional cracks Su Ming could see with his divine sense. He was very certain that he could return to the Realm of the Immortals over there, and once he went back, he would use the shortest amount of time possible to find Di Tian and fight against him once more!

'It's a pity that the woman only fulfilled certain requirements for the Secret Art and couldn't bring out the full potential...' Su Ming shook his head. This was already the woman who best fit the requirements among all those he could find.

As he moved forward, he came closer to the mountain he could not see in his eyes. Gradually, the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger. His long red hair and red robes caused his entire person to look as if he had stirred up a sea of blood that was closing in rapidly on the mountain.

However, as Su Ming continued charging forward, he came to a sudden halt. His body was revealed in that sea of blood, and as he stared at the quiet emptiness before him, a chilling glint appeared in his eyes.

At the same time, the space in the distance distorted and out came two people. They were a man and a woman, and one of them was old, while the other young.

The old man wore a Daoist robe. His expression when he appeared was grave, and he was staring at Su Ming with brightly burning eyes.

The woman beside him had long hair, and she was the female Immortal Su Ming had run into previously in Sky Mist City's battlefield!

The instant she saw Su Ming with his current appearance, the woman's eyes widened and her breathing quickened. Disbelief appeared on her face.

"Sir, which sect did you come from? I am Bai Er Yuan from Hidden Dragon Sect..."

"Begone!" The red-haired Su Ming said coldly and cut off the old man's words. He walked forward. He did not have much time and did not want waste it over here.

The old man stared at Su Ming with a dark face, but did not attack. He could feel a strong sense of danger from Su Ming, and that sense of danger was rarely found ever since he came to the land of the Berserkers.

"Heh heh. My fellow Daoist, are you in a hurry? If that is the case, then I won't try to stop you." The old man had lived for a long time and had already learned how to be adaptable. If he did not have full confidence, he would not easily strike. Even if he had come on orders and brought that woman along, if he really needed to release the seal on his own power, then he could use that woman to stall time.

Besides, he could tell from the direction Su Ming was going to that there was only one possible thing that could attract his attention - the Mountain of Descending. Once he recalled that the sect's powerful warriors were in the mountain, the old man took a few steps back and cupped his fist as a show of respect before bowing with a smile.

Once that old man moved back, Su Ming walked past him, and right when they looked as if they were not going to fight against each other, the long-haired woman suddenly spoke quickly with an ashen face.

"He's Destiny! He wants to go back to the Realm of the Immortals!"

Right when the word 'Destiny' fell out of the woman's mouth, the red-haired Su Ming's footsteps suddenly came to a halt. At the same time, once that old man got over his momentary shock, his expression changed drastically.

"What did you say?!"

"I saw Destiny before. He's Destiny!" A complicated and terrified look appeared on the long-haired woman's face. As she spoke, she moved back.

Su Ming frowned, then took a swift step forward, but right at the instant he took that one step, the old man behind him let out a low growl.

"Fellow Daoist, stop!" The old man's white hair floated in the air, and a strong wave of pressure erupted forth from his body.

The instant Su Ming turned around and looked over coldly, the old man had already finished forming hand seals with his right hand and pointed at the sky. Immediately, the

wind and clouds moved, and a large runic symbol appeared above. The runic symbol shone with a golden light and charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

At the same time, as the old man swung his arm forward, and a large amount of runic symbols appeared around Su Ming. These runic symbols shone with a strange light and started spinning rapidly around Su Ming.

"Cover up the Berserkers' heavens for me. I'm going to release my seal to make him stay in this place for a while. Once I release my seal, all our fellow sect members will immediately notice and come to kill him!" The old man's anxious words fell into the long-haired woman's ears.

The long-haired woman looked at Su Ming with a complicated expression as she retreated with a pale face. She had originally not wanted to speak, but after a moment of hesitation and after she thought about the terrifying disaster that will appear in the Realm of the Immortals once Destiny returned, she still chose to reveal his identity.

As she moved back, she brought out a small white bottle from her bosom, and with a complicated look on her face, she poured out a drop of blood from within. Once that drop of blood fell out, she formed some seals with her hands and opened her mouth to suck in that drop of blood. That droplet was instantly sucked into her mouth, and the woman's gaze turned even more profound. She lifted her hands and pointed at the sky, and immediately, darkness appeared in the sky above, as if it was covered up by a layer.

The old man's hair started moving even without wind. His presence grew increasingly stronger. In an instant, he had already surpassed the state of End among the Shamans and reached an unknown level. Yet even so, he was still incredibly wary of Su Ming.

Once the seals suppressing the old man's power were broken, the invisible layer in the sky distorted. Bolts of lightning started swimming about in those distortions, and the air around them started tumbling about like fog. It was as if there was something in the air.

A mighty pressure enveloped the world and started spreading rapidly towards the surroundings.

"Since you're seeking death, then I will grant you your wish!" The red-haired Su Ming spoke coldly, and once he swept his gaze past the old man, whose presence increased explosively, he looked at the long-haired woman.

"As for you, you fulfill the requirements. You'll be able to let my power recover a little more." As Su Ming spoke, a hint of brutality appeared on his lips in the form of a smile. That smile was strangely captivating, and when that smile entered the old man's eyes, it made his heart thump. When that smile entered the long-haired woman's eyes, it made her think of something, and a hint of absent-mindedness appeared on her face.

At the same time these extreme changes appeared, the middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's cloak and crown walked out of the air, right above Sky Mist City, at the part connecting the land of the Shamans and the land of the Berserkers. That man was expressionless and his eyes were cold. Once he appeared, he did not look at the land underneath. Instead, he took a step towards the land of the Shamans, and his body instantly faded away before he disappeared into nothingness.

Chapter 396: Hidden Dragon Dao

The red-haired Su Ming smiled coldly and simply looked at the old man while his presence continued growing stronger. Even as he was facing the numerous runic symbols floating around him and the gigantic golden runic symbol charging towards him in the sky, he turned a blind eye towards all of it and was completely not bothered.

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!"

Ever since the old man heard the word 'Destiny', his expression turned incredibly grave, along with a slight hint of nervousness. At that moment, as he spread out his arms, his hair started moving without wind and his robes started fluttering about. Once the long-haired woman formed an invisible barrier with an Art using a drop of blood from the bottle to cover up the Berserkers' heavens, the old man revealed a large part of his power, and he immediately attacked with one of the great divine abilities of Hidden Dragon Sect.

The moment the last three words fell out of his mouth, the old man lifted his arm. His face instantly turned red. He had his lips shut tight, holding in a breath of his Primordial Qi, and he waved his arm at Su Ming.

With that one swing, huge banging sounds instantly rang in the air before the old man, then right before their eyes, a sea of fire appeared as if the air itself was burning. The sea of fire continued spreading out, and in the blink of an eye, it had already covered up the entire area.

At that moment, the old man opened his mouth, and he breathed out that puff of Primordial Qi contained in his previously shut mouth. That one puff caused a violent gust of wind to stir and swept through the area, and it gathered up the sea of fire around them to charge towards Su Ming!

From the distance, it looked as if the sky was burning, and the sea of fire looked as if it wanted to swallow Su Ming. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the sea of fire enveloped Su Ming in an instant. It was also at that moment that the golden runic

symbol in the sky and the other runic symbols around Su Ming charged towards him along with the sea of fire to kill him.

Those thunderous rumbling sounds shook the sky and earth. The red-haired Su Ming stood in the air with a cold smile and did not move a single inch, simply allowing those runic symbols around him to attach themselves to his body, the gigantic golden runic symbol from the sky to stick to his head with a huge bang, and gave permission to the sea of fire around him to drown him in flames.

Those divine abilities struck Su Ming, but not only was there not a hint of happiness on the old man's face, his eyes also went so wide that it looked as if they were about to fall out of his eye sockets. He sucked in a sharp breath with disbelief on his face.

The sea of fire that had enveloped Su Ming shrank swiftly from its previously grand and flashy state in the span of a few breaths until it eventually disappeared completely. Su Ming continued standing there and only opened his mouth to suck in a breath.

The sea of fire that had spread around him was completely sucked into his mouth, as if his body itself was a bottomless pit. At the same moment, all the golden runic symbols on Su Ming's body became dimmer and eventually disappeared from his skin as if they had melted. The gigantic golden seal on his head also faded out at a rapid pace and eventually turned into a wisp of golden air that crawled into Su Ming's jugular notch.

Su Ming's face was as calm as ever. As he continued smiling coldly, a hint of derision appeared in his eyes, and he said languidly, "Too weak. I will give you two more chances to attack me."

The old man's expressions kept changing as he stared at Su Ming and he started groaning in his heart. He might have heard about some of the rumors about Destiny, but he had never expected him to be so terrifying. That Fire in Sleeves he casted just now was enough for him to fight against those in the Berserker Soul Realm, but this Destiny was completely unharmed.

'Damn it, why is he Destiny? If he wasn't, then I wouldn't have to risk my life trying to stall him here. The celestial phenomenon has appeared now, so the others from the sect should be coming soon...' The old man's eyes sparkled and the desire to retreat appeared in his heart. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's smile turned even colder before him.

"If you don't attack within three breaths, then I will let you have a taste of my divine abilities." As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and curled his fingers into a fist, then swiftly unfurled them. Once he did so, he pressed his palm against the air.

That one push immediately caused the ground beneath him to tremble, and cracks suddenly appeared. At the same time, a vast amount of earthen aura shot up with a

loud rumble like a wave of air, sealing up a circular area of five thousand li, turning the place into a cage.

Not a single shadow of a person could be seen if anyone looked from the distance. They would only be able to see an indistinct wall of air that surrounded the place and was linked to the sky.

This sort of divine ability, this sort of Art that used earthen aura caused the old man's pupils to shrink. He instinctively took a few steps back and shock appeared in his eyes. Sweat broke out on his forehead, and as he groaned in his heart, he also grew to hate that long-haired woman whose face had turned equally pale. If the woman had not revealed his identity, there would be no need for him to attack.

He was stuck. When Su Ming spoke, the old man remembered what he said about three breaths and knew he did not have any time to think more. The old man's hair danced wildly in the air and veins popped up on his face. He lifted his right hand and started forming seals before him so quickly that in the blink of an eye, numerous after images flashed before him as if they were connected together.

As the old man made those seals, the veins that had popped up on his face started twisting and moving, turning into a pattern that looked like the stripes on a tiger's face!

An incredibly powerful presence erupted forth from his body. The power of that presence caused wind to stir and clouds to tumble in the sky above the land of the Shamans and beyond the invisible screen of light casted by the long-haired woman to serve as their cover. The sky became indistinct, and muffled whistles could be heard traveling forth.

It was followed soon after by a bolt of lightning charging forth with a thunderous crackle from that dull and indistinct sky. A large crack formed above, and when it appeared, an indescribable pressure stretched out, descending on them.

Su Ming lifted his head and stared at the crack. A rarely seen look of seriousness appeared on his face. As for the old man, his heart was trembling in fear at the moment. When he saw the crack above him, he gritted his teeth and continued forming seals to cast another Art.

As for the long-haired woman, there was a layer of blood-red light surrounding her, and it shone from within her. It seemed like it had yet to become bright, but it had an incredibly powerful defensive ability. As the person chosen by the sect to cover the sky of Berserkers, her safety was usually the most important thing in a battle of Arts.

Yet at that moment, her face had turned pale. Blood flowed out of the corner of her mouth. Clearly, maintaining the Art to cover the sky of Berserkers was something she could not do for long.

More importantly, there was something off about her expression. She was not looking at the old man, but kept her eyes trained on Su Ming. There was a complicated look in her eyes. Occasionally, she would look as if she was in a daze, as if she was not sure whether revealing his identity had been the right thing to do.

She would never forget. When she was just an Outer Sect disciple of Hidden Dragon Sect, she became part of a team that was given a secret mission due to a selection. There were nearly a hundred girls in that team. At that time, she had been cowardly, and she was only at the sixth level of Qi Condensation. She was also very weak. She did not want to become a Cultivator, and only wanted to go back home and be with her parents.

It was not her wish to be an Outer Sect disciple of Hidden Dragon Sect either. It was simply because she was the only one in the family that had the physique to become a Cultivator. For the sake of her family to continue the line of Cultivators, she had to enter Hidden Dragon Sect.

Once she joined that team, she was sent to a strange place along her other fellow sisters. Only seven from among the one hundred something people remained over there, and the others were all not chosen. She... was one of the seven chosen.

It was also in that strange place that she lived for one hundred eighty years...

The long-haired woman bit down on her lip. With a dazed look in her eyes, she looked at Su Ming blankly, as if she had forgotten about everything.

As the crack appeared in the sky and the terrifying pressure appeared, the old man continued forming those seals with his right hand, then suddenly lifted his hand and pointed at Su Ming.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger!"

That one finger caused the twisted tiger stripes on his face to float before him in the form of an illusion of a tiger's head. That tiger roared, and as it charged out, its body and limbs appeared to give it complete form, turning it into a semi-transparent tiger. As it charged out, its body lengthened in the face of wind, and its body stretched out to about several hundreds of feet long. It charged towards Su Ming with a roar.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Hidden Dragon!"

Cloud and fog seeped out in a circular area of five thousand li, as if the area had turned into a sea of clouds. As the sea of clouds tumbled about, a python like body would occasionally show up inside, making it seem as if there was a gigantic python swimming about in the fog.

Almost at the moment the tiger pounced on Su Ming, a gigantic head shot out from the fog of clouds behind him. When that head appeared, a gust of wind filled with a bloody stench swept through the area, and two long whiskers shook in the air. That was not a python, but a ferocious dragon head.

That dragon only revealed its head, and most of its body remained hidden in the clouds. Once it appeared, the dragon roared at Su Ming and charged towards him.

Before him was the semi-transparent tiger, and behind him was the ferocious dragon hidden in the clouds. Su Ming stood in the middle with a strange glint in his eyes. He did not dodge, but turned his body sideways and lifted his left hand to grab the tiger pouncing towards him. Then with two fingers pressed together, he pointed towards the dragon closing in from behind him.

"Complete Manifestations of Crimson Net, Reincarnations of the World!" Su Ming spoke slowly.

The instant he opened his mouth, his voice drowned out the tiger's howl and the dragon's roar. He turned his left hand into a claw and pressed it on the incoming tiger's head. When he did so, a hint of ghastliness appeared on Su Ming's lips. No one knew what sort of method he used, but with one swing of his left arm, a burst of energy was sucked into his body through his left arm from the tiger's body, and that energy was then transferred to his right hand. Immediately, Su Ming's right hand and his entire arm turned into a tiger that was the exact same tiger as the one before him!

From the distance, the tiger before Su Ming had not changed. Once the right hand turned into a tiger, his hand crashed into that dragon, but at that moment, a similar sight appeared. Su Ming left hand, pressed against the tiger's head, twisted and turned into the dragon!

This scene made it seem as if a dragon and a tiger shot out of Su Ming's body. The dragon and tiger fought against each other, and right in midair, the tiger and dragon formed from the old man's divine abilities crashed into each other.

Chapter 397: Heaven's Halbert!

"I remember that there is an ancient Art in Hidden Dragon Sect called Hidden Execution of Justice. Do you know that Art?"

As thunderous rumbles shook the sky and earth, the old man coughed out a mouthful of blood. He staggered a few steps back, and Su Ming's calm voice appeared by his ears.

Right before his eyes where the dragon and tiger fighting against each other. He saw the dragon shattering and the tiger letting out a piercing howl before they disappeared. Su Ming walked out slowly from within.

His expression was as calm as ever. Not a hint of change could be seen on him. He stood there and looked at the old man coldly.

"You still have one chance. As long as you cast that style and let me see Hidden Dragon Sect's ancient Art, I won't kill you."

"Do you really mean it?!"

The old man's face was pale. He could tell that this Destiny knew that he was stalling for time and was completely not bothered by it, and it made him slightly terrified to realize it. The two clashes of divine abilities between them had also made the old man realize in shock that the power of this Destiny surpassed his imagination.

He could not understand how this person could have such power and the crack in the Berserkers' heavens only locked down on him while not causing even a hint of trouble or interference for this person.

He was deeply regretful at the moment. In the face of this Su Ming, who did absolutely nothing to counter his attacks, he felt deep fear. When he heard Su Ming's words, he fell silent for a moment before he gritted his teeth and asked.

Su Ming frowned and answered languidly, "You just need to believe it."

A variety of expressions flitted through the old man's face. He had spread out his divine sense around the area previously and knew that everything around him had been sealed away. The power of that seal alone made it difficult for him to flee. He had no other choice. It did not matter whether what Su Ming said was real, he could only believe that there was that one chance. After a moment, he gritted his teeth.

"With your power, surely you will not degrade yourself to deceive me, senior. Since you want to see it, I will cast that Art, but it is difficult for me to completely cast the Hidden Execution of Justice. I can only cast it somewhat..."

As the old man spoke, he lifted his hands and tapped at his chest a few times in succession. Immediately, a red flush appeared on his face. He made some seals with his right hand and pointed before him.

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!" The old man swung his arm, and the seals in his right hand changed before he tapped his right eye. Immediately, a yellow light appeared in his right eye. In fact, the moment the fire appeared, some of the fire that appeared on the old man's sleeve was sucked in straight into his right eye.

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon!"

The old man changed the seals on his right hand once again. A large amount of after images formed by hand seals appeared before him. Fog surrounded the area, and a dragon seemed to swim inside. Veins popped up on his face and the tiger's stripes appeared once again. The yellow light in his right eye flashed, and the old man's veins started swimming about on his face as if they were sucked into his right eye.

The moment they disappeared, a large amount of blood capillaries appeared in the old man's right eye. The instant the red in his eyes formed tiger stripes, the fog around them also rushed to him rapidly. Once it was absorbed into his right eye, a roaring and moving dragon appeared in the old man's right pupil!

"Hidden Dragon Ninth Dao, Autumn Harvest Winter Storage!" The old man shuddered, and as he gritted his teeth, blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. His left hand worked to form the hand seals, and he pointed before him once again.

"Hidden Dragon Eighth Dao, Hidden in Secret!"

"Hidden Dragon Seventh Dao, Covering Tracks in Shadows!"

"Hidden Dragon Second Dao, Concealment... in the Void!" The old man had cast a large variety of divine abilities in one go. Right at the moment these divine abilities appeared, they were immediately absorbed into his right eye.

After casting those six divine abilities, the old man's right eye appeared opaque. However, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his eye seemed to be split into Yin and Yang, and the picture of the Eight Trigrams appeared vaguely in his eyes.

It was also at that moment that the mighty pressure from the giant crack in the sky became stronger. With a boom, an object slowly descended from within the crack!

It was a bronze-colored halberd! There was an arc at the tip of the halberd, and when it let out a chilling presence, the entire sky darkened as it descended. The clouds disappeared, and cracks indicating that space was shattering appeared, as if the world could not withstand this item descending upon it and was about to crumble.

A powerful divine sense spread from the halberd. In an instant, that divine sense enveloped the entire area. The halberd turned about slowly, as if it was searching for something.

Almost the instant that halberd appeared, all the clouds in the sky of the entire Land of South Morning started tumbling about, no matter where in South Morning they were. A strange howl resounded and echoed through the sky.

That old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky in the land of the Berserkers opened his eyes at that moment. A hint of reticence appeared in his eyes as he stared fixedly at the sky.

There was a handsome middle-aged man within the sixth gate in Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. He was smiling and talking to the eight disciples of Heaven Gate before him. Occasionally, laughter could be heard ringing in the air. Those disciples would also laugh along with him respectfully. They looked to be in incredible harmony, but suddenly, the instant the strange howl reverberated in the air and the clouds tumbled about in the sky, the middle-aged man's expression changed and his smile disappeared. He lifted his head, and his pupils shrank. He stared at the sky, and there was a hint of anxiety in his pupils.

Within Western Sea Clan was a sea floating in the sky, an illusion formed by the powerful warriors in the clan. There were many islands on the surface of the sea, but that sea was in the sky, looking like a mirage, creating a huge clash to the eyes.

At that moment, there was an old man whose body looked like that of an ape on one of the islands above that sea. He wore a straw hat and had a fish bone sticking out of the corner of his mouth. He held a fishing rod in his hands and leaned against a big rock. He was fishing without a shred of worry at a sea underneath a cliff. Occasionally, he would hum a tune, and he looked incredibly relaxed.

Yet very soon, he swallowed that fish bone and looked towards the sky with one swift movement. A variety of expressions flashed through his face, and after a long while, he stood up as if he was deep in thought. After a moment, he let out a long sigh and shook his head with a wry smile before crouching down once again and resuming his fishing. However, from the complicated look in his eyes, it could be seen that he no longer had any desire to fish.

The three people in the underground palace in Sky Mist City, including Sky Mist's ancestor, looked up at the same time. A cold smirk formed on Sky Mist's ancestor's lips. As for the other two, looks of shock appeared on their faces.

"This is what happens to Immortals who reveal their power. Now, my fellow Daoists, do you understand?" Sky Mist's ancestor asked slowly.

The same sight appeared in several locations in the land of the Shamans when the phenomenon appeared in the sky. The Immortals were not the only ones who sensed this in the Land of South Morning. Some of the powerful warriors in the older generation of the Shamans and Berserkers also noticed this strange change, and all of them harbored different thoughts in their minds...

The long-haired woman's face turned pale underneath the halberd. As she looked at the halberd beyond the barrier, panic appeared in her eyes. Once she saw it form beyond the invisible barrier, she immediately shone with a red light, and that flash of red allowed

them to hide themselves away from the halberd's divine sense. The halberd might be turning around and sweeping through the land and sky with its divine sense, but it did not seem to be able to see the Immortals beneath it.

The old man was feeling very nervous. In his fear, he formed those hand seals with his right hand, and once he tapped his right eye, he looked towards Su Ming.

"Senior, I can only fuse in six divine abilities and only cast a shred of Hidden Execution of Justice's power. I won't be able to maintain the Art for a long time either..."

As the old man spoke, he saw Su Ming walking towards him. Conflict appeared in his heart. The moment Su Ming arrived less than five hundred feet away from him, killing intent rose in the old man's heart. He was still used to having control in his heart.

"Hidden Execution of Justice!" With that growl, blood poured out of the old man's lips. Light shone from his right eye and illuminated an area of 100,000 feet. It shone brightly, like a sun, and within the Eight Trigrams in his right pupil, Su Ming's reflection appeared.

Yet the moment the old man let out that low growl, he suddenly let out a shrill cry of pain. Right before his eyes, he saw Su Ming taking a step forward and disappearing, and when he reappeared, he was already beside him.

Without any expression on his face, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and before the old man could dodge him, he seized the old man's right eye, and with one pull, he dragged out that right eye.

There was even some threads of blood and flesh connected to that eyeball. Once Su Ming pulled it out, those blood threads shattered. The old man's cries of pain shot out right after and he quickly retreated.

Su Ming did not bother himself with the retreating old man. Instead, he simply dipped his head down to look at the bloody eyeball in his right hand, and a pleased smile appeared on his lips.

"Not bad. With this inferior Hidden Execution of Justice, my chances of returning to the Realm of the Immortals has increased." Su Ming did not lift his head as he mumbled, he just raised his left hand and tore at the sky.

That casual rip caused the blood-red barrier covering the Berserkers' heavens to shudder and let out banging sounds. At the same time, it started shattering inch by inch, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into an innumerable amount of fragments that disappeared into nothingness. At the instant the barrier disappeared, the divine sense of the halberd in the sky swept towards them abruptly and locked onto the old man.

"You said you wouldn't kill me!"

The old man was already scared out of his wits and was madly suppressing his power, trying to hide his presence as an Immortal. At the same time, he let out a roar and his body turned into a bloody shadow, charging towards the distance at a shocking speed. He was so fast that he seemed to have turned invisible, as if he was piercing through space itself.

The halberd in the sky was completely not bothered by the old man's escape. It slowly turned its body and pointed itself in the direction where the old man left, then with a buzz, the halberd disappeared into the sky.

When it reappeared, it was already in the air ten thousand li away. It tapped at the area underneath gently, and there was an immediate shrill scream. The old man's body was revealed in the air, and when he coughed out blood, madness appeared in his eyes. He no longer tried dodging, but in a fit of insanity, he chose to self-destruct. He knew that he was going to die, but the grudge he held before his death made him choose to self-destruct without care of the consequences!

With a bang, the old man's body exploded, but the halberd seemed completely not bothered by it. It tapped down once again, and the old man's exploding body was bizarrely frozen in midair. It was as if his time was frozen and he could not continue with his own destruction. Instead, once he was touched by that halberd, his entire body melted and turned into a pool of blood that scattered to the ground...

Chapter 398: Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel!

Once the old man died, the bronze-colored halberd slowly turned its body and spread its divine sense swiftly in all directions around it. The light instantly covered Sky Mist City, and to the south, east, west, and north - the four corners of South Morning.

It covered the entire Land of South Morning.

At that moment, almost all the outsiders in the Land of South Morning felt their hearts trembling in fear no matter what level of cultivation they had. Even the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky felt the same.

There was no point to the Immortals being powerful. At that moment, when the halberd descended, they did not dare reveal even a hint of their presence. All their eyes were filled with terror and anxiety, and that emotion was clear proof of the power of the person who left that halberd behind in the past. It was enough to prove that all outsiders in the land of the Berserkers... were in the end, outsiders!

The halberd in the sky moved forward slowly. Once it spread out its divine sense, a buzzing sound suddenly appeared from its body, and that buzz instantly covered the entire Land of South Morning, reverberating in its sky. That sound... was like a provocation!

It was as if the halberd was provoking all the Immortals hidden in the Land of South Morning to see who would dare to reveal their presence!

"So strong..." There were four old men standing on a plain of grass beyond the Immortals' Mountain of Descending, the mountain which the Shamans could not see with their naked eye and which Su Ming was headed to. The four old men all looked at the sky with terror ridden, pale faces.

Once they had noticed the strange sight in the sky, they immediately moved, but when they walked out of the place, they had no choice but to descend. They did not dare continue fly in the sky.

"This is the Berserker Tribe... the terrifying, mysterious Berserker Tribe!"

"No wonder the Sect Leader yearned for the Berserker Tribe so much and even told us not to reveal our presence as Immortals too much. If we truly have to reveal our presence, we must have Celestial Maidens by our side to cover the Berserkers' heavens..."

"This is the third time I saw it appear. You appeared later, but I saw it twice before. Every single time, it would come due to a fellow Daoist not believing in the mysteries of the place and revealing his power, bringing his own death on his head."

Even Sky Mist's ancestor looked nervous under Sky Mist City. The other two people's faces were drained of blood, and they quickly suppressed all their power and presence. Shock and terror could be seen in their eyes.

"The Berserkers actually have such a powerful item...? That one strike from that weapon is already equivalent to the peak of the Second Step. Even if the Sect Leader or the others come, they will have trouble preventing this weapon from killing them!"

"This... This... This Enchanted Vessel completely defies logic!"

"Just what is this place? This is just a vessel, and it already contains such insane power?! The Berserker Tribe is weak and the Shaman Tribe is insignificant, so why does a weak world like this have such a vessel!"

"Could it be that this is the reason why the Sect Leader and the Sect Elders place so much value on the land of the Berserkers? This is simply too terrifying. I just can't imagine the weak Berserker Tribe possessing such an Enchanted Vessel that doesn't

even belong to their league! That Enchanted Vessel also clearly has Spiritual Sense. Who... who left it behind? Who... does it belong to?"

"Could it be... the first God of Berserkers?! That person who wrote down a humiliating part of our history, who enslaved us Immortals, who caused the death of a seventh of our people, who made the powerful Immortals prostrate to the Berserker Tribe if they wanted to form their own sects and could only do so if they were given approval...? The first God of Berserkers?!"

"Fellow Daoist Tian Lan, if the Land of South Morning has this thing, then does it mean that there are other Enchanted Vessels like this in the other continents in the land of Berserkers?!"

The people in the underground palace were plunged into shock when that halberd appeared. After a long time, Sky Mist's ancestor spoke in a low voice.

"The other three continents have these so called sacred vessel of the Berserker Tribe lying around as well. However, compared to them, the truly terrifying one is the tribal vessel of the Berserker Tribe in Great Yu Dynasty... The Great Barren Cauldron. If this thing can be considered a tribal vessel, then you can only imagine just how powerful that one is!"

Besides the underground palace in Sky Mist City, all the other Immortals in the land of the Berserkers fell into silence as the halberd continued letting out that provoking buzz. They did not dare let out a shred of their presence as Immortals.

In the face of the Berserker Tribe's sacred vessel that could kill them in one hit, fear would rise in the people's hearts. Such a powerful Enchanted Vessel was rare even among the Immortals, and trying to subdue an Enchanted Vessel like this was so difficult it was practically impossible.

As buzzing sounds reverberated in the sky, all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning fell into dead silence, except... a middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's robe and crown walking in the sky from Sky Mist City.

That person had an expressionless face and there was not a hint of the presence of an Immortal on him. He did not have any intelligence either, only a natural instinct, and because he did not have any intelligence, that was why even if he heard that provocative buzz and felt the pressure in the sky, he was not bothered by it.

Since he only had his natural instincts, that was why even as he moved, his presence as an Immortal was not evident. Besides, there was something on his body that caused the halberd to ignore him once it scanned through him with its divine sense like it did the deceased old man when he was shielded away by that barrier previously.

The halberd floated slowly in the sky for a distance before it stopped letting out that provocative buzz. It returned to the crack in the sky and slowly disappeared inside. Once it did so, that crack recovered and the pressure disappeared. The world returned to normal.

Yet even so, all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning felt their hearts trembling in fear, and most of them will, for a long time into the future, act extremely cautiously.

Su Ming had his head lifted and kept his gaze trained on the halberd right until it disappeared. There was a spark of curiosity in his eyes, before it eventually turned into regret and he sighed.

"It's a pity... that I can't subdue this weapon, or else..." The red-haired Su Ming shook his head and turned his gaze towards the long-haired woman nearby.

Right up till the end, the woman did not reveal too much of her presence as an Immortal. Casting the Art to cover the Berserkers' heavens mostly required the blood in the bottle, which was why even if the halberd appeared and killed the old man, it ignored her.

At that moment, she also looked towards Su Ming. Her petite body shivered in midair, and when Su Ming cast a glance at her, she averted her gaze.

With an aloof look, Su Ming walked towards her. The long-haired woman's face was pale and she took a few steps backwards, but she had already made her decision in her heart. She stopped retreating, lifted her head stubbornly, and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming walked up to the woman and once he sized her up, he lifted his right index finger and used his fingernail to touch the center of the woman's brows.

After a long while, he lifted his finger.

"I should kill you, but you fit my requirements, so I will spare you." The red-haired Su Ming spoke slowly, and with a swing of his arm, a gust of red wind appeared out of nowhere, lifting up the long-haired woman along with him to charge towards the horizon. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared.

Several hundreds of thousands of li away from the Mountain of Descending in the land of the Shamans that still could not be seen with the naked eye was an incredibly famous forest. And it was famous due to its beauty.

It was a fiery red forest. The red maple leaves there were special because no matter the season, they would always remain in their fiery red hue. From the distance, when the red leaves in the forest swayed in the wind, they would look like blazing flames.

At that moment, a gust of wind blew through the red leaves in the forest, causing sashaying sounds. The wind brought with it a cool breeze, and there were some leaves that twirled about in the air, dancing with it.

Fallen leaves covered the entire ground. Most of these leaves were red, though some of them had already started showing colors of withering. These leaves covered the entire ground, causing the people to feel as if they were walking in fire when when they stepped on it.

The red-haired Su Ming had brought the long-haired woman here two hours ago. Amidst the wind and the sashaying sounds of the leaves, the leaves around the area were like red fog that swirled in the air, forming a gigantic ball of maple leaves that existed quietly in the center of the forest.

When the sun set in the horizon, the light at dusk caused the fiery red hue in the place to be dyed in gold, giving it a different sort of beauty. At the same time, the ball of maple leaves in the forest slowly dissipated. When it did so and the leaves fell down, Su Ming walked out from within.

His hair seemed to have fused together with the maple leaves in the place. Even if some of them fell on his hair, no one would be able to notice it at first glance, and it was the same for his red robes. He, who walked out of the maple leaves, looked as if he was born in the fire-red forest.

His face was no longer pale and had a hint of red. His lips had already recovered to the normal shade of pink. However, the mark of peach blossoms at the center of his brows had become much more brilliant.

There was a woman sitting cross-legged among the scattered maple leaves behind Su Ming. The woman's long hair spilled on her shoulders. At that moment, she opened her eyes and looked at the leaving man. The complicated look in her eyes became even more prominent. Her robes were fully intact and not a single article was missing, but her face had become much paler.

"I've always been waiting for this day... I wasn't sure of it myself... I just wanted to see this Su Ming... You are him, but just a part of him..."

"You aren't awake yet..." she mumbled softly. There was an absent-minded look on her face. In her mind, she seemed to have returned to 180 years ago when she was still a coward and a weak girl from a small family who possessed the physique to become a Cultivator.

Under the guidance of her fellow sect members, she went to that place with over a hundred fellow disciples, and over there, she saw a person...

As that long-haired woman continued letting her mind wander, the red-haired Su Ming had gone further away. Gradually, he walked out of the fire-red forest and moved towards the evening sky. The wind sent him off, and there were a few maple leaves dancing in it... It was a truly... beautiful sight.

It did not matter whether it was Wan Qiu or the long-haired woman, the red-haired Su Ming never truly touched their bodies. The Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh only required their aura of Yin.

In fact, even if he had killed a lot of people on the way here, he did not feel that there was anything abnormal about it. However, if the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky learned about it, he would definitely be able to find a few terrifying clues in his actions. In fact, he would definitely do everything he could without care of the consequences to notify his Master once he discovered this.

Chapter 399: Di Tian!

Di Tian

The red-haired Su Ming walked in midair and looked in the direction where the Immortals' Mountain of Descending was located. He took a deep breath, and his eyes shone with a red glare.

"Di Tian, I'm coming!" He took a step forward, and the instant his foot landed, his body distorted, and in the blink of an eye, that distorted body started gradually disappearing.

Three breaths after Su Ming disappeared, ripples appeared in the air at the spot where he had been previously, and a middle-aged man wearing an Emperor's robe and crown walked out from within those ripples. His face was as expressionless as ever. He cast a glance at the spot where Su Ming had been, then took one step and disappeared once again.

There was a mountain in the land of the Shamans that could not be seen with the naked eye. Even if the person stood before it, they would still be unable to see it. In fact, even if they ran straight into the mountain, not a hint of impact would be felt. Their bodies would pass straight through it as if there was nothing but air in the mountain.

That mountain was where the mysterious God of Shamans Temple was located in the land of the Shamans. It was also the spot where the Immortals on the Shamans' side chose to descend every single time.

When Su Ming walked out of thin air, there was a long and fierce river beneath him. The water was very quick and splashing sounds could be heard coming from it. If anyone looked down from the sky, they would find that the river was not too wide, but if that same person looked from one side of the river on the ground to the other, they would find that the river was several tens of thousands of feet wide.

The water was not very clear but slightly murky. No one could see how deep it was. If they placed their hands into the river and grabbed some of the water, they would find their hands filled with a lot of black sand.

Su Ming stood with his eyes closed and his divine sense spread around him. He saw a gigantic mountain that reached the clouds right in the middle of the long river. It stood erect in the river, causing the river to seem as if it was cut off, but in truth, the river's waters simply passed through the mountain and continued flowing downstream.

The entire mountain was black and shrouded in fog. There were black halls built in some corners of the mountain, and these halls looked closely packed to each other at first glance. No one knew just how many there were. There were several winding trails built on the mountain, and they were all covered in stone. It was a great contrast to the black hue on the mountain.

The highest number of halls were found near the peak of the mountain, and they surrounded the mountain in a circle. Some of them were even built in the mountain itself, as if someone had simply dug a hole to turn it into a hall.

Su Ming scanned through the mountain with his divine sense and eventually gathered it at the top. There was a tall tower at the summit, and it had eighteen levels. The top was not sharp, but built in an octagonal shape. Those corners were spread out like a person spreading out his fingers, and that person had his hand lifted with his palm turned towards the sky as if he was trying to push against heaven itself.

At the center of the octagonal peak of the tower was an altar like structure. It was flat, and there was a rectangular object placed at the very center of the altar.

That item was built entirely out of black stones and was connected as one with the altar. It looked like a coffin... perhaps more accurately speaking, it was a coffin.

Occasionally, rays of black lightning would spread from the coffin and they would be absorbed by the octagonal peak of the tower. When sizzling sounds started, the bolts of lightning would then shoot out and charge towards the sky, eventually being swallowed by the clouds in the sky.

It could be vaguely seen that the clouds in the sky were very thick and floated heavily up there. However, that was the sight detected by divine sense. If anyone opened their eyes to look, they would find that there were no clouds in the sky, merely stars glowing faintly at dusk.

Su Ming retrieved his divine sense and opened his eyes to take a step forward in the air before him. The instant his foot landed, a layer of ripples suddenly appeared in the air before him. Those ripples fluctuated violently as if they wanted to prevent him from entering, but it only lasted for a moment before Su Ming took a step into those ripples, and his entire being disappeared from above the long river.

Almost the instant Su Ming disappeared, the man wearing the Emperor's robe and crown appeared in the sky. Without even a hint of hesitation, he took a step in the same direction as where Su Ming went.

When Su Ming reappeared, he was still standing in the sky, but there were now clouds swirling about above his head, and the fiercely running river was no longer beneath him. What laid under him now was the mountain that could not be seen with the naked eye.

The instant he appeared, he found the mountain enveloped in a state of silence, but he noticed multiple anxious sounds of breathing existing within the mountain. He did not bother himself with any of these, instead, with one move, he turned into a long arc that charged towards the tall tower at the peak of the mountain. However, right when he flew over, ripples appeared once again behind him, and the man with the Emperor's crown, the man who had been chasing him down all this while, walked out with one step.

Su Ming was still standing in midair at that time, but he came to an abrupt halt and turned his head back swiftly to stare at the man with the Emperor's robe and crown walking out from thin air. His pupils shrank, his red hair danced in the air, and killing intent appeared in his eyes.

"Di Tian!" The red-haired Su Ming's heart thumped against his chest. He had his divine sense spread around him all the way as he traveled here, but he had never noticed anyone following him. When he saw the appearance of his pursuer clearly, his heart lurched within him, and he was instantly filled with monstrous killing intent.

This person was the one he wanted nothing short but to kill - Di Tian!

There was nothing that was more important to the red-haired Su Ming than the person he wanted to kill suddenly appearing before him. Even if this was just Di Tian's projection, if he was to compare finding Di Tian in the Realm of the Immortals within a few days to fighting against his projection right at this moment, without a moment of hesitation, Su Ming would choose the second choice!

Even if his logic would not allow him to make such a decision, all his power erupted forth from his body at that moment, causing booming sounds to reverberate in the world around him as if it could not withstand his power.

At that moment, due to Di Tian's appearance, the red-haired Su Ming did not notice a ray of light flashing through the cracks of the coffin on the altar at the octagonal peak of the tower, located on the tall tower at the peak of the mountain behind him...

Di Tian, who was dressed in the Emperor's robe and the crown, had an aloof expression on his face, as if he was made of ice itself. There was not a shred of emotion in his eyes, and from the moment he appeared, he did not stop for even an instant and simply walked towards the red-haired Su Ming.

A shocking presence spread from his body. He was like a sovereign descending upon the world, and no matter where he was, the place would end up as his territory. There was no one in the world, no power that could make him stop.

If he wanted to kill someone, then with just one command, that person would definitely die!

If he wanted someone to stay, then he would similarly just need one command, and the world would obey him!

As long as he was there, all the living would tremble, no matter whether they were Shaman or Berserker. That domineering presence was one of utmost dominance and majesty.

"When I lift mine hand, I can repair the defects of the sky and earth. What right dost thou have to call mine name? When I swing my arm, I can submerge the sun and moon. What right dost thou have to not kneel before me?!"

Di Tian spoke flatly. His voice was not loud. However, when his words tumbled out of his mouth, they sounded like thunder and spread in all directions, sounding as if the heavens itself was speaking.

Chapter 400: Battle Against Di Tian!

Hearing Di Tian's calmly spoken domineering words was like facing the might of heaven itself. When he spoke, it felt like the heaven itself was interrogating all the living. And Di Tian, especially dressed in that cloak and that unique crown, looked as if he ruled over all realms and was in control of all the lives in the universe.

With that supreme majesty, he looked down on Su Ming. His voice was not loud, but there was a will within them that allowed no dispute, no disobedience. The world had to obey.

It was as if all the living had to tremble once they heard his words and must kneel down to worship. Endless respect and fear must appear in their hearts.

"What a load of bull!" The red-haired Su Ming's answer to Di Tian's domineering words were merely those five words! His hair burned in that fiery shade of red and the crimson light in his eyes was extremely bright when he stared at Di Tian.

He said languidly, "What does it have to do with me whether you can repair the defects of the sky and earth? Repairing things is a task given to laborers, why are you bragging about it?! What does it have to do with me whether you can submerge the sun and moon? Do the sun and moon need to bath? Is that supposed to make you mightier than the others?"

"But since you like this sort of status, then I will fulfill your dreams!" The red-haired Su Ming looked at the incoming Di Tian and lifted his right hand swiftly to form a seal before he connected his index finger with his thumb. Once they formed a circle, he seized at the ground through the air.

Following his actions, the earth immediately started trembling violently.

At that moment, Di Tian lifted two fingers of his right hand and pointed casually at Su Ming. The instant he did so, Su Ming's body jolted, as if an invisible force had just crashed into him, pushing him so he instantly tumbled backwards. He was forced back several thousands of feet and cast out of the mountain.

Su Ming's vision blurred. The mountain disappeared, replaced by the flowing river on the ground. Everything returned to the sight he'd seen when he was outside the mountain's barrier.

Su Ming's face darkened. As he fell back, he began forming seals with both hands. He seized at the ground once again through the air and veins popped up all over his face. He let out a low growl.

At the same time, Di Tian took a step forward in Su Ming's direction, walking out of the area of the mountain in the land of the Shamans as well. His expression was as calm as ever, and not a hint of emotion could be seen. He looked at Su Ming and lifted his right hand once again. This time, he did not use just two fingers but sliced down with four.

That one slash caused the sky before Di Tian to suddenly let out cracking sounds. Four gigantic cracks abruptly split the sky. It was dark inside those cracks, and a great chill spread out from within.

When the sky was cut down by Di Tian's four fingers, it was unable to bear it and was ripped apart. Those four cracks were like four twisting black dragons that charged towards Su Ming at incredible speed.

The instant the four cracks arrived less than a hundred feet away from Su Ming, he lifted his head swiftly, and the hands seizing the ground through the air swiped upward along with his head's movements.

"Earth, Rise!"

A strange glow appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the instant he brought his hands upward, the ground underneath started trembling violently, and cracks swiftly appeared, causing the long river to look as if it was about to crumble. A large amount of water surged into those cracks, but that was nothing compared to the illusions that formed once the ground started trembling.

Once those illusions started overlapping with each other, the earth's soul seemed to have escaped its body and started floating outwards. This sight appeared all over the ground in a circular area of ten thousand li around them.

It did not matter whether it was the river or the plains, the instant their illusions started overlapping each other and the moment Su Ming lifted his hands, the earth's soul floated up and appeared before him, turning into a gigantic mass of land. That mass of land stood straight, like a gigantic shield blocking the four cracks!

It might have been a simple illusion, but from the distance, that erect mass of land was a shocking sight to behold!

Once the earth lost its soul, the long river dried up and a large amount of cracks formed on the ground. The soil started showing signs of crumbling away, and it seemed as if anyone took even one step there, they would sink into the earth.

The grass on the plains withered away and died, and a dismal atmosphere overtook the land.

Almost the instant the shield, formed by the earth's soul, rose in front of Su Ming, a loud crash rang in the sky. The four cracks rammed into the earth's soul, turning into an endless amount of rumbling that spread in all directions.

The four cracks might have seemed like ordinary cracks, but in truth, the power contained within them was incredibly shocking. Once they crashed into the mass of land formed by the earth's soul, three of them disappeared. The final crack imprinted itself on the earth's soul, causing the illusionary mass of land to be repeatedly forced back as loud rumbling sounds rang in the air, pushing Su Ming's body to also continuously move back as well.

However, the red-haired Su Ming did not show a hint of panic on his face. Instead, with a dark smile, he shouted out two words with a voice akin to thunder.

"Sky, Shatter!"

The moment those words fell out his lips, the illusionary mass of land formed by the earth's soul increased its speed as it moved back, and once it pushed Su Ming several tens of thousands of feet back, a shocking boom reverberated behind him.

The appearance of those rumbling sounds made it seem as if Su Ming had crashed into air itself while being pushed back by the illusionary mass of land. It was as if the air itself was not limitless but contained a barrier, and that crash caused a big hole to appear in the sky!

Right when the hole appeared, the earth's soul let out a whistle and charged into it, tearing at it and destroying it, causing the hole that had appeared in the sky due to the crash to widen swiftly to nearly ten thousand feet in size. From the distance, it seemed as if the sky was leaking and a large amount of freezing air spilled out from within to spread through the land.

An endless amount of suction force came from within the hole, causing a large amount of soil to immediately fly up and be swallowed up. In fact, the mountain in the land of the Shamans that was originally hidden and could not be seen with the naked eye started distorting where it was hidden away. Clearly, it was only barely hanging on under the power of that suction.

'With my current power, I can't cause the sky to shatter, but with the power of the earth, I can use its soul to crash into the sky's spirit, so I'm still able to tear the sky apart somewhat. Since you want to repair the sky, then go on and repair it!

'Since you left your projection in this unknown world, then this place must be incredibly important to you. If that's the case, let's see whether you'll repair it!'

With one move, the red-haired Su Ming appeared in another place. He seized at the ground with both his hands once again, and as the ground rumbled, another illusionary mass of land formed by the earth's soul appeared in midair. As Su Ming moved back, he used its power and rammed it against the air, causing it to let out a ripping sound, and the second gigantic hole of ten thousand feet wide appeared!

An even stronger suction force spread out, and the area hiding the mountain in the land of the Shamans crumbled. The space around it continued distorting, causing the mountain that had remained hidden from the naked eye for numerous years to reveal itself!

That suction force caused the mountain to tremble, as if it was about to be pulled off the ground and sucked into the hole.

Di Tian remained expressionless. As he stood in midair, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal before clenching his fist. The instant he did so, Su Ming's robes immediately started dancing in the air, and his red hair was also swept up by a violent gust of wind.

He immediately noticed that the power of the world from afar started charging towards where they were with a shocking speed. This was not due to the holes in the sky absorbing them but was brought towards them by Di Tian's action of clenching his fist.

The power of the world came towards them from such a wide area that it made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

'It's just a projection, and he already has this amount of power...? Damn it! Just how many years have passed? The Di Tian in my memories is definitely not this strong!

'Just... how many years have passed by...?' A dazed look appeared on the red-haired Su Ming's face, but he instantly snapped out of it and a glint appeared in his eyes.

'Whatever, if I can't even kill his projection, then I can forget about killing his original body!' Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and seized at the air. Immediately, a bloody eyeball appeared in his hand.

This was naturally the eye containing the Hidden Execution of Justice, which he had just obtained from the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect!

When Di Tian was about to unfurl his fist and press his palm against the first hole in the sky to make the power of the world to gather together to charge towards it in an attempt to mend it, Su Ming tossed up the eyeball in his hand. He rapidly started forming seals with his hands, continuously creating new seals to fuse with the eyeball. His expression was incredibly grave and the variety of seals was so diverse that it surpassed the amount of seals the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect had been able to form.

The revealed mountain on the ground started trembling even more furiously. A large amount of soil was sucked into the sky, and the base of the mountain had also floated several inches from off the ground as the mountain continued trembling.

At that moment, as Di Tian pressed his palm at the first hole and the power of the world continuously surged in, the first crack in the sky started closing up rapidly, shrinking swiftly. While Su Ming was pushing in that large amount of seals into the eyeball, the first hole disappeared, completely mended. Not a hint of it could be seen; the sky looked completely normal.

Soon after, the expressionless Di Tian used the same method to point at the second hole. As the power of the world surged towards it, Di Tian turned his head around and looked at Su Ming, then lifted his foot to take one step towards him.

He disappeared, and almost the instant it happened, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Without even the slightest hint of hesitation, he immediately moved back with that eyeball. When he had retreated ten thousand feet away, a bang rang at the space he'd stood previously. Numerous cracks formed at that spot, as if an invisible fist had crashed into that space.

Those cracks disappeared soon after they appeared, and Di Tian walked out from within, then he took another step towards Su Ming once again.

However, this time, the instant Di Tian took that one step, Su Ming, who was ten thousand feet away, suddenly lifted his head. Killing intent flashed in his eyes, and he pushed his hands forward, pushing that eyeball towards where Di Tian was.

"Hidden Execution of Justice!"

Chapter 401: Execute Heavenly Punishment!

When Su Ming spoke, the eyeball grew larger, continuing to move forward, and swiftly became the size of a fist. Red capillaries spread all over its surface, and the Eight Trigrams appeared faintly on it. Due to its unique appearance, the eyeball gave off a strange and savage presence.

The instant Su Ming flung that eyeball forward, a faint glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes, but he did not stop even for a moment. He simply continued with his actions, as if there was no one and no power in the world that could make him stop even for a single moment if he wanted to continue advancing forward.

Even the ancient art of Hidden Dragon Sect could not do so!

Besides, even if the ancient Art had a great reputation for its power, the old man from Hidden Dragon Sect had only been able to cast a shred of that Art. Even if the red-haired Su Ming could push it slightly closer to perfection, it still could not compare to the true form of the ancient Art. Yet even so, since it was an ancient Art, it was of an incredibly high level among all the divine abilities and Arts. The power it contained was enough to destroy the sky and earth.

Once that eyeball swelled up, the Eight Trigrams within flashed, and a dark power shot out from inside. At the same time that power spread out, the originally bright sky suddenly darkened. Mumbling sounds could be heard echoing in the air, causing people to be unable to hear what was being said clearly.

The sounds grew louder and the number of voices increased. Eventually, they reached a volume so shocking it could shake the sky and earth, deafening the ears. It was as if there was an endless amount of invisible people in the area mumbling at the same time. Right then, the Eight Trigrams in the eyeball started turning slowly, increasing in speed, and in the blink of an eye, the eyeball could no longer be seen clearly.

With his ever calm face, Di Tian walked over, as if he was completely unconcerned by the strangeness of the eyeball and the endless mumbling voices around him. He merely formed a seal with his right hand, and as he moved forward, he pointed at that eyeball with it.

"I am the heavens. All manner of living exists beneath the sky. Under my rule, all the living are given different souls. If I am unwilling, I can retrieve those souls... Heavenly Deprivation of Souls."

The moment Di Tian calmly said those words, without a shred of emotion, he pointed at the eyeball in the air with his right index finger.

The instant he did so, the turning of the Eight Trigrams in the eyeball started slowing down, and the mumbling voices around them that had just reached a certain volume instantly showed signs of weakening, becoming much softer.

By the looks of it, it would only take the span of a few breaths before they would completely disappear!

Su Ming's expression immediately darkened. He was once again shocked by Di Tian's power. As his expression changed, he instantly bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, then let out a low shout.

"Hidden, Shatter!"

"Execution of Justice, Explode!"

The instant Su Ming's words were spoken, the blood capillaries in the eyeball shone with a red glare and a large amount of light spread through the eyeball. It exploded abruptly, and the swirling Eight Trigrams within broke away. Once they absorbed the force of the eyeball's explosion, the Eight Trigrams continued swirling. They then charged towards Di Tian with a howl.

At the same time, the volume of the mumbling voices around the area increased exponentially. All of them rushed towards Di Tian, causing a large amount of ripples and distortions to appear around him.

Su Ming knew that it was difficult for this Art to have a great effect on Di Tian. However, it should be able to hold him back for several breaths. Su Ming did not bother looking at the outcome of the ancient Art.

He swiftly moved back, and as he did so, he started forming seals with his hands. His red hair shone with an enchanting glow, and the crimson hue in his eyes was even more brilliant. In fact, his entire body, including his skin, was shining with such a bright shade of red that it seemed to illuminate the sky.

That shade of red was like blood, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

'I don't believe that I can't even kill your projection!' A ferocious expression appeared on Su Ming's face. As he formed seals, he turned around abruptly, transforming into a red

whirlwind. Howling sounds reverberated in the air, and a large amount of bloody spots immediately appeared on Su Ming's skin.

Once those blood spots appeared, a large amount of fresh blood seeped out of his skin, and right at the moment that blood appeared, it was immediately sucked into the whirlwind. After several breaths, a layer of blood fog filled the entire area outside the red whirlwind!

It was Su Ming's blood.

"Blood Art!" Su Ming's voice came from within the whirlwind. At that moment, his face was pale. Most of his blood had been forced out of his body to cast the forbidden divine ability that he could only cast when he was at the peak of his condition!

The moment Su Ming spoke up, the whirlwind, inside of which he was in, came to an abrupt halt, and once the whirlwind froze for an instant, the blood fog used the whirlwind's turning force to spread out. It covered the entire sky, dyeing it instantly red. At the same time, Su Ming stomped downwards with his right foot and threw himself higher, disappearing into the blood fog.

"Purge the Heavens!"

When Su Ming disappeared into the sky, it was as if the sky roared. The instant muffled buzzing sounds spread out, the blood fog started multiplying swiftly. It only took an instant for the fog to increase so much that it turned into a wave of blood.

With the sky as the sea, and with crimson as its color, the entire sky turned into an endless sea of blood. That sea roared and raged in the sky, bringing up a large amount of furious waves. From the distance, this scene was like the apocalypse, and if anyone saw it, their hearts would tremble in disbelief.

From the sea of blood that filled the entire sky, a gigantic face protruded. It covered about half of the sea, and that face belonged to Su Ming!

It was as if the sea of blood was his hair and his body had become so big it could not be measured. He stood in the sky like the might of heaven itself and roared at Di Tian, then, bringing the sea of blood with him, he charged.

At that moment, the distortions and ripples caused by the endless mumbling voices from the Hidden Execution of Justice disappeared around Di Tian, revealing his body within. He lifted his right hand, and on his palm were the Eight Trigrams that had charged towards him while spinning.

Holding the Eight Trigrams in his hand, he lifted his head to look at the sky. He curled his right hand into a fist, and the Eight Trigrams immediately crumbled, turning into an

endless amount of fragments that fell and scattered away. They turned into glittering sparks of light that shone for a moment before they faded away and disappeared.

"With a swing of mine arm, I can submerge the sun and moon. How dare thou art use tainted blood to stain the sky ere me?"

With a calm expression on his face, Di Tian spoke with a dull tone, and as he did so, he swung his arm towards the sky, right in the face of the rapidly incoming sea of blood and Su Ming's bloody figure within.

That one swing immediately caused his Emperor's robe to shine, before fading off a little. Some wrinkles also appeared on his skin, but it would be difficult to notice unless someone looked closely.

However, clearly, while this swing of the arm intending to submerge the sun and moon might seem easy to do, in truth, to Di Tian, this was not an ordinary swing of his arm.

Golden light erupted forth from his body. Following the movements of his swing, the golden light appeared and spread swiftly in the sky above him, seemingly turning into a gigantic golden sea under that sea of blood. There was a colossal amount of power contained within that gigantic golden sea.

If the sea of blood gave others a feeling that the red-haired Su Ming was an evil incarnate, then compared to the strangeness of the sea of blood, if anyone was watching by the side, they would feel that Di Tian was filled with righteousness and justice!

A large amount of waves churned in that golden sea, and as it continued closing in on that sea of blood, its appearance changed into that of a sleeve. It was a golden sleeve formed by the golden sea. It swung at the incoming sea of blood.

Both crashed into each other in an instant. A shocking boom resounded in the sky and spread through a small part of the land of the Shamans, causing the ground to tremble. As the sound spread, all the powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans noticed it, all the powerful warriors in the land of the Berserkers sensed it, and they were all shaken to the core.

The booming sounds continued to reverberate in the air, and the sea of blood in the sky was destroyed. When that golden sleeve swung at it, it shattered, and once it turned back into the blood fog, it crumbled once again. Eventually, the fragmented blood-fog gathered in midair and turned back into Su Ming.

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. His face was pale, and that fiery red hair of his had also become dull. There were multiple tears on his robes, and once he formed, he was forced back several thousands of feet. He coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, and a crimson glare appeared in his eyes.

'I can't accept this. It's impossible that I can't even fight against a clone of his!'

Su Ming stared at Di Tian, who stood in the distance. The strength of this Di Tian had surpassed what he was in his faded memories. It made him feel bitter, but at the same time, also incredibly disgruntled.

Di Tian's face was still as aloof as ever. He lifted his foot and walked towards Su Ming.

Since the start, he had been like this, taking his time doing everything, like a king walking in his own world. It was as if even if the sky crumbled and the earth shattered, he would not show a hint of emotion. Perhaps there was truly nothing in the world that could affect him in the slightest bit.

"Since thou art unwilling to be sealed, I wilt grant thy wish. I wilt scatter thy soul and separate thy spirit from this body... Thou has't breathed thy last breath far into the past, yet due to mine seal, I allowed thee to escape heaven's punishment. Now, as thou wilt be scattered away, thou must receive heaven's punishment once again.

"I am the heavens, and I shalt bestow unto thee... Heaven's Punishment!"

Di Tian spoke slowly, and as he walked towards Su Ming, he lifted his right hand and swung it at the sky.

"Thou art not a soul of this land. There is no need for the Berserkers' heavens to execute their punishment unto thee. Times hath changed, and the heavens now belong to the Immortals!" With a swing of Di Tian's arm, a strange change appeared in the sky. It suddenly darkened, and this was not due to the sky being covered up. Instead, the sky which could be seen had turned into night, as if the sun and moon had reversed their positions!

Stars shone in the sky, but those stars grew indistinct, and some of them began moving. In the blink of an eye, a shocking sight appeared in the sky. The stars were enough to make any Shaman or Berserker feel that they were unfamiliar with them when they looked up. This... was no longer the sky belonging to the Berserker Tribe!

The sky caused all the Immortals in the Land of South Morning show expressions of fear and confusion, because this sky belonged to the Immortals!

If the real Su Ming was awake at this moment, he would definitely be able to recognize that the sky was almost the exact same as the illusionary starry sky that appeared above Dark Mountain in the past when his elder had used the flag pole and changed the sky!