

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 402 — Dragon Veins of Earth! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 402 — Dragon Veins of Earth!

Chapter 402: Dragon Veins of Earth!

The sight of Di Tian changing the sky with just a swing of his sleeve fell into the red-haired Su Ming's eyes and great bitterness appeared on his face.

'So his power has already reached this level...? This is the power equivalent to that of a Lord of World Plane... But even so, I won't give up, so what if he's a Lord of World Plane?'

The red-haired Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and forced down the bitterness in his heart. A determined look appeared on his face.

He did not bother himself with Di Tian casting his Art. Instead, he took a step towards the ground and landed on the land several tens of thousands away. The earth was soft, and since it lost some of its soul, Su Ming felt as if he was stepping on mud once he landed, and half of his body sank into the soil.

He chose to sit down cross-legged. Placing his hands on the earth beside him, he closed his eyes, and mumbling sounds started falling off his lips.

At that moment, Di Tian was looking at Su Ming's actions coldly. Once he swung his right arm and changed the sky, he pushed against the sky with all five of his fingers.

"The heaven's punishment is divided in nine levels of Yang and nine levels of Yin. With thy sins, thou shalt bear the punishment of six levels of Yang and seven levels of Yin... Death is assured at the third day of the six upon seven days of punishment. The first day is the punishment of the Dragon of Yin..."

As Di Tian spoke, the Wind of Yin instantly stirred up in the sky of the Immortals. That Wind of Yin had physical form and contained a faint, greenish hue. As it gathered in the sky, the greenish hue reflected the light of the stars, turning into a long dragon, and it immediately started pacing about in the sky while letting out low, ferocious growls.

Once a Dragon of Yin appeared, a large amount of Wind of Yin gathered together, and gradually, more Dragons of Yin appeared in succession, as the greenish hue of the wind reflected the light of the stars. Eventually, there were nine Dragons of Yin and they started roaring at the ground from the sky. Their voices boomed, and a destructive presence spread out from their bodies to travel in all directions.

If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that the Wind of Yin that formed the bodies of these nine Dragons of Yin were made of numerous faces. These faces looked as if they were imprinted onto the bodies of the Dragons of Yin. The protruding parts of their bodies were made of struggling hands and feet. Pain could be seen on the faces, and those wailing voices grouped together to form the Dragons' of Yin roars.

Su Ming sat on the ground with a pale face. There were still specks of blood left at the corners of his mouth. As he continued mumbling, gradually, the ground lost its soft texture. An indistinct presence started seeping out of it.

"Earth of this world, I can feel your damage and your grudge. I can feel the ties between you disappearing and fading away once your body was severed... I need to borrow your power... Please, lend to me the power of the dragon veins belonging to you..."

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air. The presence around him from the ground increased. If anyone looked from the sky, they would find that the ground where Su Ming was had turned into a foggy swamp.

However, compared to the entire Land of South Morning, the earthen aura contained within the small swamp of fog was simply insignificant.

Di Tian started forming seals with his right hand and pointed towards the sky once again.

"The second punishment out of the six upon seven days of punishment is the Illusionary Pus."

Di Tian's voice was calm. When his words traveled out, rumbling sounds immediately rang out in the sky of the Immortals, and gigantic bumps slowly formed in the sky in a descending manner. The insides of each and every one of the boils was murky, and a foul stench spread out, as if these bumps were filled with the most unclean things contained in the world.

This scene would make a person's skin crawl. The entire sky seemed to have turned into a toad's skin. At the same time this happened, a dark light began shining from within. If anyone took a closer look, they would find that these bumps numbered to sixty-seven!

Su Ming's face grew increasingly paler. He opened his eyes, and while the earthen aura he borrowed from around him seemed like quite a lot, in truth, it was not enough. Bitterness appeared on his face.

"Earth of this world, with my name, I call upon you. Earthen aura, turn into a dragon! You have turned into a vein of the earth through ages of nurturing. I need your help. Awaken, dragon veins of the earth! Awaken, power of the earth!"

"Upon my name, wake up!"

Veins popped up on Su Ming's hands, which were pressed against the earth. They held onto the ground with a death grip, and instantly, layers upon layers of fog seeped out from around him. As it spread, it came from the earth of a circular area of ten li, one hundred, one thousand, then ten thousand. Once it began, it turned into a sea of fog that covered ten thousand li, and that area was still spreading outwards.

However, Su Ming still looked bitter. The earthen aura he borrowed might be plentiful and the area was still spreading outwards, but both were all in fragments. Even if that earthen aura could gain the form of a dragon under his divine ability, it would just be an illusion, just like the earthen aura he summoned a few days prior. It was enough for him to deal with normal people, but using it to attack Di Tian was like striking a stone with an egg.

He would only have a chance of fighting against Di Tian if he awakened all the dragon veins in the Land of South Morning, or else, all those thoughts of defeating Di Tian would remain a dream.

"The third punishment out of the six upon seven days of punishment is the Birth of Spirits!" Di Tian's voice echoed in the sky, and his words were filled with might, along with calmness. It was as if he was not bothered that the red-haired Su Ming might try to escape. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he believed he could control everything in the world where he was at the moment.

When he spoke, the murky insides of the sixty-seven protruding boils suddenly shone with a brilliant dark light, and cicada like creatures appeared inside. These creatures may look like cicadas, but they were entirely black. Their appearances were savage, and once they appeared, they started knocking against the bumps from within. Screeches could also be heard from inside.

There was only one of these creatures in each of the boils, and there were sixty-seven of them!

At that moment, Su Ming was staring at the strange sight in the sky from his seated position. The fog around the circular area of one hundred thousand li may already be so thick that it looked like a sea and was giving off a shocking presence, but Su Ming knew that this was absolutely not enough.

"Upon my name, Su Ming, awaken, dragon veins of earth!" With his hands holding onto the ground in a death grip, the red-haired Su Ming let out a low growl.

The instant he growled, the dragon veins of earth that he could not awaken even after so long started responding to him!

The earth of the entire Land of South Morning started trembling lightly at that instant. Those tremors affected the entire area of the continent, and there were four spots that shook especially violently.

South Morning contained four and a half dragon veins. Besides that incomplete dragon vein located to the edge of the land to the east, two of the four dragon veins were in the land of the Shamans, while the remaining two were in the land of the Berserkers.

At that moment, the dragon vein that was responding to Su Ming was one located in an area about several tens of thousands of li away from where he was. It was a dragon vein located in the land of the Shamans. It was not a mountain range... but a long river!

That long river was the now dried up, located not too far away from Su Ming. That part of the river was just a section of its enormous body. In truth, it was heinously difficult for the river to completely dry up. Before long, it would automatically recover.

It was so long that it practically cut through the entire land of the Shamans. As Su Ming spoke, the dragon vein that was the long river responded to him, and at the same time, a large amount of earthen aura instantly shot out from within it, charging towards where Su Ming was.

If anyone looked from the sky, they would find that the earthen aura around Su Ming had become much thicker, especially after the earthen aura from the dragon vein that was the river fused with the rest. It made the area around Su Ming seem as if an azure dragon made of earthen aura had established itself there!

"Thou shalt now receive the six upon seven days of punishment!" Di Tian stared at Su Ming coldly from the sky and lifted his right hand to point at him sitting on the ground.

The nine Dragons of Yin immediately started roaring in the sky and charged towards downwards. The nine Dragons of Yin roared ferociously and the endless faces on their bodies continued wailing, causing the sky to filled with a ghastly air. Even the stars became indistinct.

As they closed in, Su Ming lifted his head and raised his hands from the ground to form seals. He placed his left hand on his right hand, then pointed at the incoming nine Dragons of Yin with one finger.

"Dragon Veins of Earth, Dragon of Earthen Aura, destroy the skies with earth!"

A large amount of blood flowed out from Su Ming's mouth. At the same time, the azure dragon made of earthen aura lying around him lifted its head and let out a howl towards the sky. It did not move its entire body, only lifted its head to charge towards the nine Dragons of Yin.

Compared to the azure dragon, the nine Dragons of Yin could not even be called dragons. They could only be considered as snakes. Both sides collided with each other in midair within an instant. Rumbling sounds exploded from the spot, and they started rapidly spreading outwards, stirring up a large amount of ripples and force, causing cracks that looked like fish scales to appear in the sky, and those cracks continued spreading.

Once the nine Dragons of Yin crashed into the Dragon of Earthen Aura, they started disappearing, turning into nine green threads that charged into the body of the Dragon of Earthen Aura. As they swam in its body, it caused the Dragon of Earthen Aura to let out a pained howl.

A large amount of earthen aura from several hundreds of thousands of li around Su Ming surged towards him, and eventually, it forced the nine threads to disappear into his body.

Yet at that moment, Su Ming's entire body shuddered violently and he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. Nine threads appeared on his body, and those nine threads swam under his skin, plunging him into an indescribable pain. Cold sweat broke out on his entire body. That sort of pain that drilled itself into the heart was one that could make the minds of powerful warriors crumble. However, Su Ming only laughed in the face of that pain.

It was not a chuckle. He threw his head up and laughed.

"This pain is nothing! Di Tian, what else can you do? Just bring it all out!"

Su Ming's face was stark white. As he laughed, the pain in his body became even more violent. The nine threads had already disappeared from his skin and had crawled into his body.

Su Ming decided at that point that he would not endure that pain and simply let it spread through his entire body. He struggled to lift both his hands up and pointed at Di Tian. Immediately, the Dragon of Earthen Aura around him let out a roar and charged upwards.

Di Tian's expression remained as aloof as ever. He stood there and did not move even the slightest bit to dodge the dragon. However, before the Dragon of Earthen Aura managed to close in on him, the sixty-seven protruding bumps in the sky burst open simultaneously, and when they did so, a large amount of liquid fell like rain from the sky.

A foul stench filled the entire world, and as the tainted rainwater fell down, the Dragon of Earthen Aura was drenched. It shuddered and let out a shrill scream of pain. Its body shrank continuously, and the earthen aura around Su Ming also started rapidly shrinking.

Chapter 403: I will not be an Immortal!

At the same time Su Ming went through the pain of the threads crawling into his heart, bumps appeared on various spots of his body.

These bumps were almost the exact same as the bumps that had previously exploded in the sky, causing him to no longer look like a human.

The pain made Su Ming's laughter grow louder. His body shot into the air with one leap, and as the Dragon of Earthen Aura continuously shrank, he started forming seals with his hands. Once he entered the head of the dragon, he brought the Dragon of Earthen Aura with him while charging towards the sky belonging to the Immortals.

As the sixty-seven bumps exploded in the sky, the sixty-seven black cicada like insects with wings growing from their backs charged out!

As these strange insects screeched, they charged towards the Dragon of Earthen Aura. They all crashed into each other in the sky once again. Booming sounds echoed in the air once more. The Dragon of Earthen Aura had already completely flown off the ground and did not care about those insects crawling into its body, neither did Su Ming care about the intense pain in his body. With the Dragon of Earthen Aura, he charged towards the sky belonging to the Immortals.

"Di Tian, if you can bring down heavenly punishment, then I would rather destroy heaven itself and destroy my blood as an Immortal forever. I will no longer be an Immortal!"

As the red-haired Su Ming howled in fury, he crashed into that sky along with the Dragon of Earthen Aura. Booming sounds reverberated through the air. Ripples, waves, and cracks started appearing in the sky!

Yet similarly, that Dragon of Earthen Aura started shattering inch by inch. Once it rammed its entire body into the sky, it crumbled and started dissipating. Su Ming coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. There was not a spot on his body that did not hurt. His entire body was covered by a large amount of bugs, and the aura of death started coming off his body.

As for the sky belonging to the Immortals, it only suffered a ring of cracks, and those cracks were rapidly recovering right as he watched.

"Thine appearance was a mere incident. It is finished. Thy soul shalt disappear under the punishment of six upon seven days. All shalt return to its original state."

"Finished? Not just yet!"

Right after Di Tian said those words, the red-haired Su Ming called out with a strange voice. He spoke that despite having his entire body torn apart by the swarm of black insects, despite having the boils bursting apart on him, despite having the nine threads shredding his organs, and despite having a dense layer of aura of death emanating from his body.

"I remember now. I am not Su Ming... I am Hong Luo! I am the Progenitor Hong Luo!"

Su Ming's eyes were originally closed, but at that moment, he opened them, and there was a brilliant light shining within them. Right at the instant before his soul disappeared, his originally faded memories suddenly cleared up as he was pushed towards his death.

He remembered his identity! He remembered his own name!

"I am the Progenitor Hong Luo, I am the son of the Emperor of Immortals. Aren't I right, my beloved senior brother, Di Tian?!" Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and his body trembled. Immediately, his divine sense shot out and pushed all those insects ten feet backwards, but they were not injured. Those insects rushed towards him once again.

"I remember now. You were wary in the past, that's why you didn't dare kill me but sealed me in Destiny's body! I remember now! Destiny... Haha! Is this body Destiny's body?"

"I remember now. This is the land of the Berserkers. This is the home world of the first God of Berserkers... Once the first God of Berserkers passed away, you invaded this place with the others to execute the plan to kill the second God of Berserkers. When you came back, you brought with you a pair of babies. One of them was dead and the other alive. The one alive must be in whom my soul is residing at this moment!"

"He must be the baby personally named by my father after he examined it himself!" The red-haired Su Ming spoke with an eerie voice.

Di Tian's expression remained aloof. He did not speak but simply lifted his right hand to point at the red-haired Su Ming. Immediately, the boils on Su Ming's body rotted away, and the insects around him swarmed towards him and crawled into those rotting spots. As they devoured in frenzy, the nine threads in Su Ming's body also pierced through his heart!

The aura of death enveloped the red-haired Su Ming, and a strange smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

"My dear senior brother, could you perhaps have forgotten about this one Art I have with me...? This is also the reason you couldn't kill me, right...? Because of the Origin ancient Art we have as members of the Immortals' royal family!"

"Enduring Ten Lives!"

The moment the smile appeared on the red-haired Su Ming's lips, all his life force abruptly disappeared and he breathed his last. However, the instant he died, his disappeared life force immediately reappeared, and this time, his presence became much stronger.

Those black insects that had crawled into his body immediately fell back and exploded outside his body, turning into a large amount of black fog that tumbled backwards. His body started rapidly recovering. The rotting wounds caused by the boils instantly healed. Even the nine threads that had crawled into his body were once again forced under the layer of his skin, and they looked as if they were about to be forced out of his body as well.

"When I say you must die, then you must die, because... there can be no two rulers! " Di Tian's expression still remained unchanged. He said those words unhurriedly, but the moment he spoke them, the recovery of the red-haired Su Ming's life force came to an abrupt halt.

Not only was it forced to a stop, it also started showing signs of reversal. The recovered wounds appeared once again, and the nine threads that had been forced under the skin crawled into Su Ming's body once again. The black insects that had shattered and dissolved into black fog around him appeared out of nowhere, and gathered together to turn into the sixty-seven tiny black insects once again. Then, as if time had went back, they charged towards Su Ming.

"This is the ancient Art that is only inherited by those possessing the blood of the royal family of the Immortals. You actually mastered it...? Looks like my father's fate was grim..." The red-haired Su Ming's face was pale as he spoke bitterly.

"You should not have awakened. It is still long before the seal is to be released. Now, I have restored order, and everything has returned to normal." Di Tian spoke calmly and lifted his right hand, swinging it at the red-haired Su Ming.

Immediately, a gust of wind from emptiness itself appeared before the red-haired Su Ming. The instant it touched his body, he was surrounded by the aura of death. A large part of his body started decaying. The black insects tore at his flesh, and his organs had already been pierced through by those threads. There was only a hint of his life left, and that hint was also rapidly fading.

As the wind from Di Tian's swing landed on Su Ming's body, a gust of red air immediately spread from Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth that turned into an illusory figure behind him. The appearance of that figure was different from Su Ming's. He had a handsome face that gave off a strangely enchanting feeling. That... was the real Hong Luo!

At that moment, his illusory body was rapidly fading away. As his soul was forced out of Su Ming's body, those insects in Su Ming's body crawled out simultaneously to charge at the soul. The nine threads also flew out and seeped into Hong Luo's disappearing soul. At the same time, the sixty-seven boils manifested on Hong Luo's illusory figure, and they were rapidly bursting apart.

"Am I about to die...? Is this how it feels to die...? But I don't regret it!" A dazed look appeared the illusory figure of Hong Luo's soul before he started laughing loudly.

As the soul was separated from Su Ming's body, the wind that was blowing against him surged inside in an overbearing manner, causing the injuries suffered by his organs to instantly recover. The rot on his body also disappeared immediately, causing him to return to the exact same manner before he was injured. The power within his body also started clearing away all of Hong Luo's power, the power which had made him become powerful so swiftly.

All of this was happening just as Di Tian had said. He wanted to restore order. He wanted to return everything back to the state before this accident happened, forcing everything to act according to his will. He would not allow anymore accidents to happen!

Yet right at the instant Di Tian's power started restoring things to their original state in Su Ming's body, Hong Luo, in his daze as he continued disappearing, seemed to have seen something, and a blank look immediately appeared on his face. A glint suddenly shone in his eyes, and he immediately turned his eyes to look towards Su Ming, who had his eyes tightly shut.

"Destiny... Destiny... I understand now, Di Tian, I understand now! So this is your plan! If that's the case, before I die, I will help him!" Hong Luo suddenly laughed loudly. A strange light appeared in his eyes, and the instant his body disappeared, the illusory figure of his soul suddenly erupted in flames.

"The ancient legacy of the blood kin of Immortals - Path to Life!"

As Hong Luo laughed, the illusory figure of his soul continued burning. At that moment, only his head was left, and two rays of dark light shone in his eyes before they flew out and landed on Su Ming's body.

All of this happened too quickly, and for the first time, Di Tian's expression changed. He lifted his right hand and pointed forward. The instant those two rays of dark light closed in on Su Ming, they immediately shattered into dark sparks before scattering away.

Yet at that moment, those scattered dark sparks gathered up together once again, and with a speed Di Tian could not stop, they shot into the center of Su Ming's brows.

Instantly, the energy of the dark sparks erupted in Su Ming's body with a bang, crashing against Di Tian's force that was clearing up the power within him. Those two waves of

force clashed against each other in his body, causing blood to trickle out of the unconscious Su Ming's mouth and his body to pummel down the ground. Right then, even Di Tian did not notice that under the guidance of the dark light left behind by Hong Luo, Su Ming was plummeting towards the mountain in the land of the Shamans underneath, right at the octagonal altar at its top, and straight towards the stone coffin at the center of the altar.

At that moment, even as the illusionary figure of Hong Luo's soul burned and gradually disappeared midair, his laughter and his voice continued echoing endlessly in the world.

"I have practiced Daoism for thirty thousand years... Now I shall turn back and become a mortal, I will not be an Immortal!" Hong Luo's ancient voice gradually faded away, but his words echoed in Di Tian's ears, and they also echoed... in Su Ming's soul!

Su Ming's body landed on the coffin at the center of the octagonal peak of the tower with a crash. Blood flowed out of the corners of his mouth and fell on the coffin.

With an expressionless face, Di Tian turned around and walked towards the peak of the mountain on the ground, or more precisely, towards Su Ming lying at the cover of the coffin at the center of the octagonal altar.

His Emperor's robe had already become dull. Even his crown had lost its golden glow. A large amount of wrinkles had appeared on his face. At that moment, he no longer looked as if he was a middle-aged man. Clearly, the fight against Hong Luo was not as easy as he had made it seem.

"All is over."

Di Tian landed on the octagonal altar, but the instant he got closer to Su Ming, for the first time, his expression drastically changed!

Because he saw a pair of eyes!

Su Ming had opened his eyes!

Chapter 404: Big Brother

The sky was blue and there were white clouds floating past. The sight was gorgeous...

However, the icy coldness beneath his body, the freezing wind around him, his eyes, which he could not open, and the sharp stabs of pain spreading through his body

caused the blue in the sky to only be a color only from his memories and the white clouds to only be a figment of his imagination.

Once everything was torn apart, then what remained was loneliness, grief, and fear that he could not speak of.

"Today is a good day. Big brother, the sky is blue, and there're a lot of white clouds up ahead. Look, that cloud is like a rabbit, and that one is, um... that one kind of looks like a grey wolf."

The tender voice by his ears seemed to make the darkness before his eyes gradually disappear. That voice ripped apart all the shadows and the blue sky returned. There was also a rabbit shaped cloud in the sky. By its side, there also was the cloud in the shape of the wolf.

"Ah, big brother! That cloud looks like you, it really looks like you. There's a cloud by its side, that one's like me." That young voice was the only warmth in that dark world of his. It was also that voice that was explaining the differences of colors to him. It was telling him what was black, what was blue, and what was white.

Every single time that voice spoke, he would stop feeling cold, he would stop feeling lonely, he would stop feeling that there was an innumerable amount of days filled only with night in this endless darkness.

Even if the pain in his body was becoming increasingly more difficult to bear, even if once in a while, he would feel as if there was someone cutting into him to squeeze out his blood, he did not feel that it was unbearable. As long as he could hear that voice often, if he could just listen to that voice for eternity...

"Big brother, cultivation is so tiring. I don't want to be a Cultivator anymore, but father said we must become Cultivators or else you will die. Big brother, don't die. I'll continue with my cultivation. It's not tiring at all..."

'It's not tiring? If it's not tiring, then why does her voice sound so weak? I can't see it, but I can sense it. She's very tired... Is my death related to her cultivation? Father... is it that cold voice? If it is, then don't listen to him, every single time he comes, I go through so much pain I want to die.

'He called me Destiny. Is that my name? It should be, it shouldn't be...'

"Big brother, it's a clear day outside. Ah, the weather has been clear for a very long time. You must really like sunny days, that's why the weather is this way."

'Is the weather clear? Silly girl. The only senses I have left in my body are my hearing and my touch. You're holding an umbrella, but it's not covering my feet. Those water

droplets on my feet must be rain. It should be. I heard from others talking that it has been raining for a month.'

"Big brother, I saw other big sisters... Mm, they're really pretty, but why am I so small? I'm only younger than them by a year. Ah... but I still look like a child.

"But big brother, you look really handsome. Heh heh, I heard from my senior sister that she likes being beside you. Big brother, you have to wake up soon, alright...?

"Father said you're about to wake up soon, but I've been hearing him say that since I was young."

'They like being beside me? But every single time those senior sisters of yours come, a large amount of my presence would disappear. Silly girl, it's not me they like, they just like coming here and absorbing the Immortal qi from my body. I heard them mention it when they were chatting. They thought I couldn't hear it.

'Silly girl, all the people who come here harbor ulterior motives towards us. I heard far too many of their conversations...'

"Big brother, father has been acting really strange lately. He... hits me often... I've been working really hard in my cultivation. I've been listening to his requests and helping his other sect members train. They surround me every single time, and when we train together, I feel my body becoming weaker...

"I can feel that their gazes are different when they look at me. It's as if... they're looking at a medicinal pill."

'Those damn Immortals. Once I open my eyes and I can move my body, I'll kill all of you! I don't care if you absorb my Immortal qi, but how could you lay your hands on her as well?!

'She's still just a child! How could you do this for your own cultivation?! How could you?! Is it not enough that you're absorbing mine? All of you have my Immortal qi in your bodies!

'I swear, if I ever stand up, then I will definitely make all of you pay!'

"Big brother, I'm really tired today... let me lay down beside you. I'm... really tired..."

'Sleep. I'll protect you. I'll transfer my power as an Immortal into your body so that you won't be tired tomorrow.

'If only I could see, then I would be able to tell the difference between day and night, then I could find you among the sea of people around us and hold your hand... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

'If only I could stand up, then I would be able to fly with you in the sky, then I could go to the end of the sky and earth with you... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

'If only I could speak, then I would be able to laugh with you, then I would be able to point at the sky and draw the blue sky and the white clouds... Wouldn't that be wonderful?

'But I can't. I can't see, I can't move, I can't speak. The world I see is dark. There are no colors. The only thing I feel is pain and loneliness.'

"Big brother, I've been feeling really sleepy lately. I feel that I've become shorter. I don't look pretty anymore... No one likes me, I can tell... You're the only one who'll stay by my side, right...?"

"Big brother, does it hurt? Don't be sad. I have a dream, once my level of cultivation rises, I'll take you away..."

'Silly girl, it's useless. I know them. He's not your father, neither is he my father. His name is Di Tian.'

"Big brother, I won't be able to see you for some time. They... They're taking me to a place... Once I come back, I'll come see you again.

"Big brother, you have to wake up soon..."

'I can feel your tears on my body. I can sense that cold gaze looking at me while you're crying.'

"Fei Er, we have to leave now."

'That cold voice echoing in the air gradually faded out. My world turned dark once again. I can't hear her voice anymore. There is no more blue sky, no more white clouds.

'There is only emptiness, loneliness, cold, rain, snow, the chilling wind, that endless pain, and those disgusting people absorbing my power and their revolting presences.

'I also feel time flowing past. I don't know how many years have passed by. That voice I heard by my ears never appeared again... My time has been dark like this ever since.

'I want to open my eyes. I have to open my eyes, because I want to search for you... I want to search for the blue sky that belongs to me. I want to see what shade of blue the sky has, and I want to look for the voices filled with joy.

'I want to go back, because so many years have passed by, and I have lost all contact with you. Where are you...? My sister, are you well?

'I want to speak, because I want to ask all of them how you are now. You... mustn't end up as I am now.

'Because... you are my eyes. When Di Tian brought those two babies back with him, you were the one alive, and I was the one dead.'

A dream.

Su Ming opened his eyes and saw the sky, the clouds, the colors in the world. In his mind, the dream that brought him grief still lingered. Confusion appeared in his eyes, but that confusion only lasted for an instant before it turned into deathly stillness.

Those were a pair of deadly still, terrifyingly calm eyes!

The instant Di Tian saw those eyes, his forever calm heart shuddered!

Su Ming looked at Di Tian and sat up slowly from the coffin, the scar left behind on Dark Mountain was shining with a blood-red light at that moment. That light caused Su Ming to be filled with a strange and eerie air.

The instant he saw Di Tian, his pupils shrank. A countless amount of pictures suddenly flashed past in his eyes and eventually stopped at a void filled with endless darkness. Over there was a middle-aged man who did not wear any Emperor's robe, just a long robe, and he was sitting cross-legged on a gigantic head.

The person wearing the Emperor's robe right now, standing before him, was incredibly similar to that middle-aged man in the void!

"Di Tian, we meet again."

Su Ming lowered his head and rubbed the center of his brows. A barely noticeable glint flashed past his eyes and he sat up on the coffin. His hair was no longer red and had returned to its original shade. The mark of the peach blossom was still there at the center of his brows, but it had become much dimmer.

Di Tian's pupils shrank for the first time. He did not speak, merely stared at Su Ming as if he was observing him.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows with his left hand, then the instant his gaze swept past the coffin by his side, his heart trembled for some unknown reason. It was as if his heart had been emptied out, and a pain that was almost akin to the pain of asphyxiation rose within him.

He saw those scenes filled with darkness once again. Everything in the dream and that young voice... Su Ming's heart trembled. He was greatly confused by everything before

him. He only remembered that he was struck by Madam Ji's Peach Blossom Fiend and that thing had stirred the most primitive desire in his body.

Once he went to White Bull Tribe, he forced that urge down and struggled to return to his cave abode. Before he lost control of himself, he used Han Mountain Bell to seal himself up, then sank into a long coma. Even if he occasionally woke up, he remembered that he was still in Han Mountain Bell.

When he opened his eyes again after the last time he fell unconscious, he saw the person that had made his heart tremble. The man wearing the Emperor's robe was the person who had appeared sitting on the head when he went through that unknown amount of years in the void - the person he saw when Han Mountain's ancestor Possessed him.

This person's appearance made Su Ming's heart tremble. Originally, he should not have been able to control this sudden change of emotion, but for some unknown reason, he managed to control it, and in a very ingenious manner to boot, and it was all done subconsciously. It was as if this was a natural ability that was waking up within him right then.

But that was not all. Su Ming also noticed that his head seemed to be much clearer than before. There were some unfamiliar yet strangely familiar scenes flashing in his mind. They felt like memories he'd had since a long time ago but which had been sealed up, and right then, these memories were showing signs of recovering upon his waking.

It was especially so the instant he saw the coffin. The strong feeling made him pat the coffin lightly while looking calm on the outside. That one pat immediately made the coffin's lid shatter and disappear in an endless amount of shards, causing the thing inside to be revealed clearly.

There was a stone statue lying in the coffin, and that statue was of a girl. She had long hair and did not look incredibly pretty. There was a hint of pain on her face, and that look was enough to make others grow compassionate towards her.

Her petite figure did not seem to have grown fully. She seemed to only be around fifteen or sixteen years of age, but there was an ancient look on her face that could not be hidden away, and it clearly showed her true age.

That statue looked incredibly vivid, containing almost everything that could be found on the girl. Clearly, this was not the work of an ordinary person.

The now awakened Su Ming looked at the stone statue in the coffin and his heart roared loudly. This was the first time he saw this girl, but for some unknown reason, he instant he saw her, extreme pain struck his heart. The young voice from his dreams echoed in his ears once again.

"Big brother, the sky is blue..."

"Big brother, I'm a little tired..."

"Big brother, they're taking me to a place. When I come back, I'll come see you..."

"Big brother, hurry up and wake up..."

Chapter 405: Gate to the Void

Su Ming looked at the stone statue of the petite girl in the coffin. As he looked at her face, that young voice traveled forth from his memories to his ears, causing a hint of sorrow to appear on his face.

"You're awake." Di Tian remained silent for a moment before he spoke calmly. The hint of shock that appeared previously on his face had disappeared by now. He became aloof once again.

"I remember her..." Su Ming mumbled. He suddenly understood. That dream was perhaps... not a dream.

The sorrow in his eyes gradually became stronger and it would not disappear. His eyes glistened and tears fell down from his eyes, falling onto the stone statue.

At the same time, the instant those tears fell on the stone statue, new scenes appeared in his mind... In those scenes, Su Ming saw himself, and that himself had red hair and red robes.

He saw his red-haired self walking out of the cave abode and drawing out earthen aura to turn it into a crimson dragon. He saw himself absorbing power from a large amount of powerful warriors in the land of the Shamans wherever he went, not even letting go of some of the powerful ferocious beasts he could find...

He also saw his red-haired self heading to Autumn Sea Tribe and sealing the heavens with just a lift of his hand. Once he also sealed that Zong Ze in the sky, he brought his hands down and sealed the land, and once he sealed all the members of Autumn Sea Tribe, he walked towards the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe, then picked Wan Qiu up and left the place with his red hair dancing in the wind.

Su Ming saw that Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, saw the entire procedure of his red-haired self casting that Art with Wan Qiu. It was as if Hong Luo's trip during those short few days was flashing past Su Ming's eyes at a much faster pace.

He also saw his red-haired self fighting against the old Immortal and the halberd from the sky executing him in an incredibly domineering way, and also... himself casting the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh on the long-haired woman...

Right up to the moment the sacred mountain of the Shaman Tribe appeared, right up to the moment Di Tian appeared and engaged him in that earth shattering fight. Eventually, his memory stopped at the instant Hong Luo's soul disappeared, while laughing and sending into his body... the Path to Life!

"I have practiced Daoism for thirty thousand years... Now I shall turn back and become a mortal, I will not be an Immortal!" That boisterous laughter stirred up layers of ripples in Su Ming's mind, and when it eventually disappeared, it turned into a hoarse and ancient voice.

"Listen up, boy. I have a deep grudge against Di Tian, but his strength has surpassed what I remember. I don't know how long I have been sealed away, and now I'm about to die as a mortal, but I'm not willing to!

"I am the son of the Emperor of Mortals. With the legacy Art of the royal family - Path to Life, I give you the power to release your seal. This Art will become stronger the higher your level of cultivation is, and it will help you break the seal on your memories!

"It can also transform your blood and let you possess the purest blood among all Immortals... Within that blood rests all my Dao, my Arts, my divine abilities. All of them will belong to you!

"I'm burning up what little remains of my life to cast this Path to Life and send you to the coffin. I can sense that the coffin is very important to you... Don't bother about the threat of facing Di Tian alone. I've already thought about the way to help you solve that problem. As long as you can hear these words, then it'll definitely succeed!

"The Path to Life can only be passed down to one person in each generation of the royal family, and once it's mastered by that person, no matter how talented the others are, they won't be able to learn it. This is a dead set rule! All the scions of this Art can only cast this once in their lives. It doesn't contain any offensive abilities and can only be used to pass down the inheritance...

"That's why Di Tian doesn't know the Path of Life. He also doesn't know that this Art can open the Gate to the Void, which can relocate you! This is originally a path to escape for us in case an emergency happens while we're passing down the inheritance. I left a mark at the place I woke up previously, and the gate can send you back there...

"Once the Gate to the Void opens, Di Tian won't be able to interfere with his power. The Path to Life can also cover up your presence, causing Di Tian's divine sense to be unable to find you.

"Then you'll have a period of time where you'll be truly free... I didn't use this Art earlier because there is only one chance for me to cast it, and if there is no scion for me, I couldn't cast it anyway... Besides, if I used this Art to escape, it'd still be difficult for me to escape being sealed, and I might not have a chance to wake up again. I would... rather die!

"The Gate to the Void is in your heart. Call it, and it will open! Your level of cultivation isn't high, but when you become a powerful warrior someday, help me take my revenge. Kill Di Tian!"

Su Ming felt a sharp stab of pain in his head and those scenes instantly disappeared. In truth, he felt that a long time had passed since the scenes appeared right up till they disappeared, but that lapse of time was just his mind replaying those memories. To outsiders, it only lasted for an instant.

Before his death, Hong Luo's voice had traveled with the Path to Life and avoided Di Tian's divine sense to imprint itself on Su Ming's mind. Only when Su Ming woke up would he be able to hear it.

As he stared at the stone statue in the coffin, Su Ming lifted his right hand and grabbed the edge of the coffin in a death grip.

"You shouldn't have awakened. Your current appearance makes me... very disappointed... Hong Luo was an accident, and I've already restored order. Sleep, Destiny..." After a period of silence, Di Tian spoke slowly.

Yet the instant his words left his mouth, Su Ming turned around swiftly and stared at Di Tian with his deadly still eyes.

"No one can seal off my memories again, and neither can you!" A strand of hair surrounded Su Ming's right index finger without anyone noticing it. This strand of hair was the materialization of the power of a jab from the God of Berserkers, and strangely, when Su Ming's body was under Hong Luo's control, that strand of hair had disappeared as if it had dissipated. Even Hong Luo had been unable to notice it.

Yet now, as Su Ming's will returned, that strand of hair also reappeared on him.

It did not release any sort of presence when it appeared either. That was why even Di Tian did not pay any attention to Su Ming's right hand seizing the coffin. Naturally, he also did not see the extra strand of hair on his finger.

This was Su Ming's trump card. It was also the source of why he could stay calm even after he met Di Tian. He had already decided. The power of that one jab from the God of Berserkers, the power that he could not find in himself to use, on this day, he would use it once!

Even if he did not know whether he could kill this Di Tian when he used this power, this Di Tian that even Hong Luo could not win against, and even if Hong Luo had already made perfect preparations for him to flee before dying.

However, Su Ming did not want to leave just like that!

If he did not want to, then there was no need for him to say anything else!

Di Tian stared at Su Ming with an aloof and expressionless face. The instant Su Ming looked at him, he lifted his right leg and took a step towards him.

"As my son, not only did you disappoint me, you're still acting as childish as ever!" With that one step, a wave instantly shot out of from beneath Di Tian's foot. The strength of that wave was so powerful that it closed in on Su Ming in an instant.

A mighty pressure that could not be challenged swiftly descended on Su Ming, pinning him to his spot. Once the wave swept past his feet, Su Ming shuddered and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Kneel!"

Di Tian's powerful divine sense and willpower gathered on Su Ming's body, making him feel as if there were heavy mountains pressing on him, causing cracking sounds to appear from his knees, and they started trembling violently.

"What right do you have to make me kneel?!" Su Ming gritted his teeth and lifted his head to glare at Di Tian. His legs remained straight. Sharp stabs of pain shot up his body, but they could not make him surrender.

"You rebellious boy. I brought you up, and you refuse to kneel? Kneel down!" Di Tian walked towards Su Ming and closed in on him. At that moment, there was only thirty feet between the two of them.

As Di Tian's aloof voice spoke up, with a bang, blood poured out of Su Ming's knees. He staggered. That mighty willpower and pressure felt as if they had physical substance as they pressed on him, and it was not something he could control with his will. His heart might not kneel, but as that pressure continued pushing him down, his right knee started falling to the ground.

But the moment his knee was about to touch the ground, Su Ming pressed his left hand on the floor and seized it, causing his right knee to hang one inch above it.

"Besides having power that surpasses mine, what else do you have over me?! You can make my body kneel, but you can't make my heart do the same!" Su Ming lifted his head and glared at Di Tian with bloodshot eyes and blood trickling down his mouth. Those deadly still eyes made a deathly still calmness also appear on his face.

"Today, you can make me kneel before you with your power, but in the future... I will definitely make you pay back several fold for what you did today! And it won't just be you, I will make your entire Immortal Tribe kneel under my feet! I will make you lower your head before me!

"I will definitely do it!" Su Ming declared with gritted teeth, his determination clear in each and every one of his words. At the same time, he called out the Gate to the Void in his heart.

Di Tian's expression did not change even a single bit in the face of Su Ming's words. He moved to within twenty feet of Su Ming and stared at him coldly, who was only one inch away from kneeling down. He looked at the veins popping on his face, at the blood on his knees, at him resisting the endless amount of pressure, which was causing a numerous amount of blood capillaries to appear on his left hand, which was pressing against the ground.

"I don't need your heart submitting to me as well, it's enough if your body kneels," Di Tian stated slowly, lifting his right hand and moving to point at the center of Su Ming's brows swiftly. Once that finger fell, then everything would return to the state it was in several days ago. Su Ming's memories would be sealed up once again, and when he woke up once more, he would still be confused about his past and future.

There would also be a pair of eyes behind him constantly watching his every move.

However, the instant Di Tian lifted his finger and was about to touch Su Ming's brows, suddenly, his expression changed. A power that did not belong to Su Ming, a power that seemed like the cold emptiness in the world erupted forth from his body.

That power was so great that the instant it erupted, it made Di Tian's finger freeze. It was as if that power was fighting against him, and within a short few breaths, Di Tian let out a muffled groan and took a step backwards.

With that step backwards, the wave surrounding the area around Su Ming instantly disappeared. The divine sense and pressure pressing on his body was bounced off right away.

As that power erupted from his body, distortions appeared in the emptiness behind him. An oval shaped, gigantic vortex formed up!

At the same time that vortex appeared, all the movements in the world froze!

Chapter 406: Soar to the White Sky!

The instant the world froze, a suction force came from the oval-shaped vortex behind Su Ming. However, it was only absorbing Su Ming alone. All the other substances in the world were of no interest to it.

Di Tian stared at Su Ming and at the gigantic vortex behind him. For the first time, his expression became steely. Without a hint of hesitation, he began forming seals with his right hand and pointed at Su Ming with one finger.

"With the blessings of heaven, by my orders, seal off the sky and earth!" The moment Di Tian's words were spoken and as he pointed forward, the vortex swirling behind Su Ming showed a brief moment of pausing, however, that pause only lasted for an instant before it returned to normal and continued swirling rapidly.

However, during the instant it froze, a freezing glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes. He took a swift step forward, and that step allowed him to appear before Su Ming right at the instant the vortex stopped moving and the power of Illusory Yin in the world froze, he lifted his right hand and moved to seize Su Ming.

"You rebellious boy, come out!"

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. As he moved back, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards Di Tian's incoming palm. That finger was Su Ming's right index finger. It was the finger wrapped with the strand of hair that was the manifestation of the power of the God of Berserkers.

Right when Su Ming pointed at Di Tian, the strand of hair on his finger started burning. A burst of power that belonged to the first God of Berserkers erupted forth.

That power was filled with a domineering presence which stood superior above all else. At the instant that power descended in the world, even the operation of the Gate to the Void was affected, as if it was about to crumble under that power, and this was just some of the power that had spilled out. If Su Ming had pointed at the gate itself, then the Gate to the Void would have definitely not been unable to withstand that pressure.

At that moment, the person who had to withstand that power was Di Tian!

"First God of Berserkers' presence?!" Di Tian's face had a drastic change of expression, along with the appearance of shock, which had seemed to not be part of his repertoire!

Due to the might of the first God of Berserkers, unless the people had bore witness to it with their own eyes, then all manner of divine senses trying to explore the matter of Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers during that moment were pushed off relentlessly.

Besides, due to the uniqueness of the deity statues of the Berserkers descending, the Immortals would rarely release their divine senses at that moment to bring trouble to

themselves. Even Di Tian's projection would let the old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky make most of the decisions because his intelligence was suppressed. That was why he did not have much understanding of Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers.

The old man in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky might have heard some rumors about it, but since he did not see it for himself, he did not know that such an endless amount of rumors would fly all over the land of the Berserkers. Some of these rumors spoke about Su Ming, while the others spoke about someone else. Not only did these rumors talk about Su Ming obtaining the power of the God of Berserkers, but they also talked about his power increasing so much that he had become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm.

There were even some who said Su Ming had obtained the same Enchanted Vessel as the God of Berserkers did in the past. All these rumors were baseless and most of them were incredibly exaggerated, hence most of the people would frown and be dubious about it once they heard it.

That's why, while the old man had regarded this piece of information seriously, he still just made a decision to continue observing Su Ming. It was also why Di Tian's projected clone did not have too much knowledge regarding this!

As Su Ming swung his finger down, the hair on his finger started burning away rapidly. Su Ming saw that there was a black hole the size of a fist around his finger. That black hole moved along with his finger, and the instant it appeared, the frozen sky became dimmer in an instant.

This portion of the sky was not the only one affected. It was the entire sky above the land of the Shamans, the entire sky above the Land of South Morning, even the sky above the Dead Sea, and even spreading to an area so wide they had no idea of knowing how big it was. All of it became dull at that instant.

The dull look in the sky was because all manner of light started gathering in the black hole next to Su Ming's finger with a speed that was unimaginable and a manner that was incomprehensible.

It caused the area around Su Ming to be filled with a piercing light as if all the light in the world had been drawn over in an instant. The earthen aura in the ground also started trembling.

It was not just the Land of South Morning that was affected though, the earthen aura of the other continents beyond South Morning, and even the continents of the Berserker Tribe floating above the Dead Sea started trembling. Then with the same manner and speed as the light in the sky, they appeared in the black hole around Su Ming's finger and were sucked inside swiftly.

The black hole around the finger absorbed the light in the sky and the aura of the earth. With the world contained within it, Su Ming pointed at Di Tian, whose expression had drastically changed at that moment.

"The power of the World Plane! This is the power of the World Plane belonging to the first God of Berserkers!" Di Tian's expression started changing rapidly, and he started retreating hastily. His hands worked to form seals, and he pointed at the heavens with his right hand while pointing at the earth with his left. A voice akin to thunder fell off his lips.

"Power of the first God of Berserkers? Very well, when you were alive, I had not completed my Dao. When I completed my Dao, you already disappeared. The members of the Berserker Tribe believe you to be dead, but I know that you haven't died. Your power had reached the peak of a timeline and you can't improve anymore, that's why you chose to disappear and search for other World Planes with great timelines!

"All the timelines of the worlds form a timeline, and you, who have absorbed all the sources of the worlds, who have reached the peak of the great timeline, show me just how strong you are!

"Today, your power has appeared. It might just be a hint, but I'm also just a projected clone. Let's see just who is stronger between us!" As Di Tian retreated and pointed to the sky and earth with his hands, he let out a low shout.

"Soar to the White Sky!"

As Di Tian let out that roar, a brilliant white glare suddenly shot out from his right hand in that dull world. The brightness of that white glare caused the darkened sky to appear just as white!

That white belonged to the white of the clouds. When it appeared in the sky, with Di Tian's right hand as the center, the endless amount of white light gathered together... and a white sun appeared in the sky he was pointing at!

It was like a gigantic asteroid slowly descending from the sky. At that moment, it had only revealed a small portion of itself, and it was already causing the land of the Berserkers to tremble, the black Dead Sea to roar, and the hearts of numerous people to tremble in fear.

In fact, if the entire Land of South Morning lifted their heads to look up, they would find a gigantic white sun that looked like an asteroid in the sky!

The white glare shining from the sun had practically turned into the most brilliant ray of light in the world!

This scene looked like the apocalypse had arrived today! The sky looked as if it was going to shatter. Cracks appeared on the ground, and due to the movements and roars from the Dead Sea, the speed of the Eastern Wastelands traveling forth instantly increased by several fold!

If it continued with this speed, then it would not take ten years for it to crash into the Land of South Morning. There was a high possibility that the time taken would shrink by a large margin.

Di Tian's face was pale. His Emperor's robe was burning, and the same thing was happening to his crown. They were engulfed in white flames. His skin started withering away at a rapid speed, but as those things burned and his skin withered, the presence of his body became even more shocking.

He started lifting up the hand pointing towards the ground slowly, and his right hand, which had caused day to arrive, slowly fell down. Those two hands were continuously closing in on each other, as if they were about to touch.

His left hand symbolized the power to soar, and his right hand symbolized the day. This continuous breach of distance was the act of soaring!

As Di Tian executed that Art, his appearance instantly turned to that of an old man, and he was still swiftly withering away. His entire appearance now made him look like a corpse, but the brilliant light and monstrous amount of fighting spirit had ignited a life in his eyes.

As Su Ming watched Di Tian's unimaginable strength and that unbelievable Art, he suddenly understood something with a trembling heart. If he did not have the power of the God of Berserkers, then he would have been unable to escape through the Gate to the Void!

Hong Luo might have been powerful and had left behind a way for him, but even he did not expect that Di Tian would possess... a power equivalent to that of the first God of Berserkers!

'He's so powerful... Will I be able to surpass him...?' Bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart. He looked at Di Tian. The strand of hair on his right index finger was rapidly burning away, but... it seemed to be lacking something compared to that great presence and terrifying divine ability of Di Tian.

"It's lacking a soul... it's without life..." Su Ming took a deep breath and quelled the bitterness that arose within him due to Di Tian's might. He mumbled softly, then with quick thought, he lifted his right hand. Using his finger as a pen, he drew a line at Di Tian!

"Berserker Obliteration..."

With the power of the God of Berserkers, the instant that one Berserker Obliteration was drawn, Di Tian's pupils shrank. He let out a low growl, and right at that moment, his hands touched!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened... If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die..." Su Ming closed his eyes. His blood started boiling and burning hotly in his body.

"If the heavens have eyes, then why do they never see that my world is plunged into eternal darkness? If the deities have souls, then why did they divide the sky and seas to the south and north?

I kept my duty to the heavens, so why did they not let me see the darkness of night? I kept my duty to the deities, so why did they tear me into pieces and scatter my memories?!"

With Su Ming's drawn line, the burning hair on his finger started shining with a strangely captivating light. That light flashed and was completely different from the light it gave off when it burned previously. It was as if this time, as it burned, it now possessed a soul, a hint of life... a will!

An even stronger presence erupted forth from that burning strand of hair. The power of that presence caused the white sky to tremble as well, and it caused a pair of eyes to appear in the space above the sky!

Those were a pair of tightly shut eyes!

"If the heavens don't have eyes, then I will step on it and watch myself seal the heavens! If the deities don't have souls, then I swear I will slaughter the deities and become the Emperor!"

Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly. The instant he did so, the gigantic pair of eyes in the sky also opened up. It was also at that moment that Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration sliced through the heavens. Once it connected with Di Tian's hands, it crashed into the light emanating between his palms.

The rumbling sounds made it seem as if two worlds had collided into each other, and the tremors that appeared because of it caused a bang to go off in Su Ming's head and he coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. A great force rammed into his body and he immediately fell backwards, straight into the Gate of the Void behind him that was still unstable and looked as if it was about to crumble at any moment.

His mind instantly faded out. Before he lost his consciousness, he saw Di Tian, who had borne the brunt of the Berserker Obliteration he cast with the power of the God of

Berserkers. His Emperor's robe was torn, his crown had shattered. The white sky had melted and turned into white rain that poured all over the Land of South Morning.

He also saw Di Tian freezing in midair. Blood lines appeared on his body. His expression was extremely odd, and he looked as if he was deeply regretful, as if he had gained an epiphany about something, as if he was overcome with melancholy. Eventually, he closed his eyes, and his body became transparent. He gradually dissipated...

"One of these days, I will definitely surpass Di Tian!" Su Ming mumbled bitterly and closed his eyes.

End of Arc Two.

Chapter 407: Glaciers in the Dead Sea

Arc Three: His Name Shakes Through the Eastern Wastelands

It was cold. Just like the feeling he'd had in that dream...

Cold surrounded him. He could not open his eyes. It was dark all around. This was a very familiar feeling from his dream. It was quiet all around him, so quiet it was rather terrifying. There was not a hint of sound that could be heard.

Besides the cold and the dark, there was nothing else.

'If her voice appears and tells me that the sky is bright now and the clouds look like rabbits... wouldn't that be wonderful?

'But there isn't. That voice still hasn't appeared. That cold is becoming even more freezing. I can't move. I can feel pain continuously surrounding me, but I'm slowly becoming numb towards it... Am I asleep...?

'Who... am I...?'

Time was slowly flowing away. It was unknown just how much time had gone by.

This was a black seabed. There was not a hint of light. This was the deep parts of the sea. There were numerous gigantic ice blocks here. Due to the uniqueness of the seawater, these ice blocks did not float on the sea. Instead, they stayed at the seabed quietly.

Perhaps more accurately speaking, this was not the seabed. This was a glacier... The true seabed was right underneath the glacier. That part... was the deepest part of the sea, and few know exactly how far down it was.

Above that glacier was the black sea. Only the people who had ever been to this place would know exactly how high it was.

There was a protruding ice mountain on the glacier. It was not tall, only about one thousand feet. It was entirely black. No one knew whether that was its original color or whether it was dyed black by the sea.

If anyone looked at it from a closer distance, they would be able to see faintly that there seemed to be something sealed in that ice mountain... If anyone stood there with enough power and a powerful divine sense to see through the ice mountain, then that person would be able to see that there was an oval vortex about one hundred feet in size sealed inside.

That vortex gave people a feeling that it was a gate. It in itself was dark and was sealed within the ice mountain.

By the side of the vortex was a body, which was also sealed within. He was not standing but lying with his eyes closed, and because he was sealed, he was like a statue.

This was a young man with long hair and a pale face. There was a faint mark of a peach blossom at the center of his brows. He wore a torn long robe and there was a dark red patch at his knees. It was frozen blood.

In fact, there were also blood flecks at the corner of his lips. They were also frozen up by the ice.

There was a strand of hair wrapped twice around his right index finger, as well as a red ring on his finger. He looked bitter, but his brows, which were in the shape of blades, gave people a feeling that he was a resolute person.

He lay there quietly and continued to be frozen...

... right up to this day. At the black seabed, within the black ice mountain, cracking sounds rang out from the layers of ice enveloping the young man's body, though they did not shatter.

Yet clearly, although the young man frozen within the ice mountain did not open his eyes, there was a faint hint of life emanating from his body.

Naturally, that person was Su Ming!

He had woken up, but he could not open his eyes or move his body. The chilling presence had already filled up his entire body.

"Where... am I...?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and his divine sense slowly spread out. The instant it touched the layer of ice, it immediately sensed an obstructive force. The power of that obstructive force caused Su Ming's divine sense to only be able to reach several dozens of feet before it could no longer go farther.

'It's all ice all around me, and... the Gate to the Void?' Uncertainty rose in Su Ming's heart. He remembered Hong Luo mentioning that the Gate to the Void would bring him back to his cave abode, but the ice in this place told him clearly that this... was not his cave abode!

'Could it be that Di Tian's final Soar to the White Sky stirred up such a powerful energy after clashing with the power of the God of Berserkers that... some changes happened to the Gate to the Void...?'

Su Ming quickly found the answer. Taking away the possibility of Hong Luo lying, this was the most likely answer.

There was no need for Hong Luo to hide the truth about this, so an answer formed in Su Ming's heart.

However, when he began to feel certain of his answer, new questions popped up in his heart.

'The Gate to the Void... why does it exist? From what I understand about this gate and from what Hong Luo said, it should have disappeared after relocating me.

'But now... even though I can't send my divine sense too far, I can sense that Gate to the Void near me. What is the reason for this...?' Su Ming pondered over it, and after a long while, he forced down his doubts and circulated the power in his body quietly.

This was the first time since he woke up that he went to sense his level of cultivation. When he woke up earlier, due to Di Tian's presence, Hong Luos's words, and the scenes he saw in his dreams, he did not think about going to sense his own power.

At that moment, as he was surrounded by silence and knew that he should be frozen in ice, Su Ming's heart gradually calmed down. When he went on to sense his own power, information started flowing into his mind as if it had been pumped into his head...

It was Hong Luo's Dao during his life, his divine abilities, his Arts, his understanding towards his own cultivation, and all his knowledge towards the Immortal Tribe and their entire cultivation method.

Su Ming's heart trembled. As he felt through this information, a huge wave stirred up in his heart. It crashed into his soul so harshly that he only recovered after a long while.

'Is this the Immortal Tribe...? Three Steps to Heaven... It mixes the sources of multiple worlds and turns it to the sun of a timeline...' More bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart, but similarly, a wave of resolution also formed!

'I once said that I would definitely surpass Di Tian... now, that thought hasn't changed. One of these days, no matter what sort of price I have to pay, I will definitely obtain the power to surpass Di Tian!

'When the time comes...' Su Ming's heart slowly calmed down. He circulated the power in his body, and as time passed by, his flesh gradually did not feel as cold anymore. Life started growing in abundance in his body, and as he recovered, his divine sense also started spreading to a wider area. The power of the obstructive force also became weaker.

Then one day, Su Ming's divine sense shot out of the ice mountain and started spreading in all directions. It instantly covered nearly ten thousand li of that black seawater, and that short distance was because there was a similar obstructive force in the black seawater. Over there, besides the obstructive force in the water, there was also a pressure that oppressed divine senses, or else, Su Ming's divine sense would have been able to spread to an even wider area.

Once he sent his divine sense ten thousand li away, Su Ming saw where he was. He saw the glacier on the seabed, saw himself in that ice mountain along with the Gate to the Void. Similarly, he also saw the black seawater.

However, his divine sense could not continue spreading until he would send it out of the seawater. It was as if compared to the seawater, the area covered by his divine sense was just a small part of the vast sea.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

The layer of ice enveloping his body was slowly melting, causing him to be able to open his eyes. However, he still could not move. He looked at the black seawater beyond the layer of ice and confusion appeared in his eyes, but soon, that confusion disappeared.

'Could it be the Dead Sea?!' Su Ming's pupils shrank.

He pulled back his divine sense. He then covered the area around his body with his divine sense and sent some of it towards the sealed Gate to the Void. After taking a closer look at it, Su Ming found some clues.

‘When the Gate to the Void was going to relocate me, Di Tian’s power interfered with its energy, causing the destination of the relocation to be thrown off track, and it sent me to the ice under the Dead Sea...

‘However, due to Di Tian’s power and this ice sealing it up, it didn’t disappear. Instead, it’s as if it had gained physical form and was made to stay in the world.

‘If that’s the case... if it is operational, then can it activate its relocating abilities and send me back... to my cave abode?’ A pensive look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. The power of Berserker Bones erupted from his body and spread through his body. Cracking sounds rang out, and the ice layer encasing him immediately cracked. However, it had only started cracking. He was still a long way from escaping.

Su Ming frowned and closed his eyes. After a moment, he opened them, and at the instant he did so, profundity filled his gaze. A brilliant light shone in his eyes, and the small person that looked exactly like him sitting at his Dantian region also opened his eyes.

With a bang, the ice encasing Su Ming trembled once again due to the different power that erupted from his body. It was a different power from the power of the Berserker Tribe. While that power did not cause more cracks to appear, the cracks that had originally been there started spreading out.

These two different sorts of power caused two different changes. Su Ming’s eyes sparkled, and he gained a new understanding towards his current level of cultivation.

‘The power of the Berserker Tribe is strong and fierce, that is why it could make the layer of ice crack. The power of the Immortal Tribe is a lasting sort of power and is also gentle, that’s why it made those cracks stretch...’

By changing the types of power multiple times, after a few days, the layer of ice encasing Su Ming’s body shattered, causing him to regain mobility.

However, only the interior part of the layer of ice shattered, the external layer was still around, and it looked like a gigantic shell. The ice around Su Ming was also rapidly growing. Before long, it would turn into a mountain that would seal him up once again.

‘From the descriptions of the Dao Hong Luo gave me as his inheritance, the small human in me is called a Nascent Soul. The level of cultivation belonging to the Immortal Tribe in me should be called the Nascent Soul Stage.

‘However, the Nascent Soul Stage isn’t really that strong. It absolutely can’t compare to Di Tian. But with his powerful divine sense, Hong Luo had allowed this body to cast most of his divine abilities... If that’s the case, then it seems that divine senses are the core of the Immortal Tribe!

'Hong Luo might have died, but in the Dao he left me, he also passed to me a lot of divine abilities and Arts. It's a pity... all of them require powerful divine sense before I can execute them.

'But there are some Arts that can be casted in the Nascent Soul Stage... such as...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a swift step forward, and his body disappeared in an instant. When he reappeared, he was already several dozens of feet away from where he previously was.

It might just be several dozens of feet, and Su Ming could close that distance with that same amount of time with his speed, but he was not using any hint of the power belonging to the Berserker Tribe. He was only using the Immortals' divine abilities!

"Short distance warping..." Su Ming mumbled softly. As he mulled over it, he spread his divine sense once again. This time, he did not check the black seawater beyond the ice mountain. Instead, he swept his divine sense through the glacier.

Suddenly, his expression changed. Within the area of his divine sense, he saw numerous living creatures frozen and sealed up within the endless glacier!

These creatures were almost always sealed at a certain distance away from each other!

Chapter 408: Gate of Relocation

In the rather remote spot where White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were located in the land of the Shamans in South Morning, something had happened to them during these few days that horrified the two tribes.

White Bull Tribe's terror stemmed from Su Ming. He might have left that day, but what the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe had done had sparked the people's anger. Most of the members of the tribe believed that sending their women out for an outsider to satisfy his urges was a great humiliation. They would rather fight and kill than go through this.

Besides, to most of the people, they believed that if they worked together, there was still a chance for them to kill Su Ming. That was why they were skeptical towards their Patriarch's actions.

Even though it had not truly happened, that grudge and skepticism had been planted in their hearts like seeds. The monkey-faced old man in White Bull Tribe knew about it, but he could only remain silent.

Compared to the cruel methods the other Patriarchs employed to control their tribe, the old man was attached to his tribe from the bottom of his heart. Fortunately for him, that grudge and skepticism only lasted for most of the month, and it gradually disappeared a little when that incident that terrified the entire White Bull Tribe transpired.

The reason for this was because of a member of White Bull Tribe venturing out of the tribe alone. That person was a young man, and he had with him the hot-bloodedness and recklessness of that age. He was also the partner of two among the three women who were sent out at that time.

He came to Su Ming's cave abode alone, but when he arrived, he found, to his shock, that the entire mountain range... had disappeared! Everything was gone. The spot where the mountain range and cave abode had been had turned into a flatland. There was no sign of any destruction around the place. It was as if there was no mountain over there to begin with...

When the young man returned to the tribe and the entire White Bull Tribe learned about it, the monkey-faced old man brought some men with him to where Su Ming's cave abode was located previously. After close inspection, confusion also appeared on the old man's face, but it was swiftly covered by the terror towards the unknown.

Not only did the mountain range disappear, even the Shaman Crystal vein had disappeared...

The monkey-faced old man looked at the vast and empty land. For some unknown reason, fear suddenly rose in his heart. It was as if there was a murderous aura looming in the quiet of this land. It made his heart tremble, and he immediately brought his tribe members back to the people. Then with his status as the Patriarch, he placed a gag order on all the tribe members. He forbade all his people from speaking about it, and all those who went against his words were punished severely!

He had a feeling that the strange phenomenon that appeared in the land of the Shamans over the past few days, especially the gigantic white sun that had manifested in the sky was somewhat related to this strange incident. However, he did not have any proof for this, only a feeling that it was that way.

Black Crane Tribe had also sunk into a state of terror similar to that of White Bull Tribe, but it was slightly different. The disappearance of their tribe leader, and Madam Ji, who left and never returned, all of these were a clear sign, telling them that the person who took over the Shaman Crystal vein was not an ordinary person.

In fact, the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe had also brought some people to the place quietly in hopes of investigating. Yet he saw the exact same sight as the people from White Bull Tribe. That was an empty flatland, a completely different sight compared to what he remembered.

The looming murderous aura in the place also caused the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe to feel shaken to the core. He quickly left and told his tribe members to treat that place as forbidden grounds.

Due to the disappearance of the Shaman Crystal vein, Black Crane Tribe and White Bull Tribe also lost their reason to fight against each other.

Time passed by slowly...

A month later, a fiery red ape charged towards the place from the distance. It was momentarily stunned by the empty plains and circled through the place multiple times in search for something...

Eventually, it found that the place had really turned into empty flatland. The cave abode and the mountain range that was once there were gone, even the only person who was amicable to it was gone.

Yet it did not give up. Instead, it lived around the area and would occasionally check the place, trying to search for a way to enter.

All of these people did not know that in truth, the cave abode and mountain range had not disappeared. It was still there, but Hong Luo had cast that divine ability of his and hidden it away, causing other people to be unable to see or sense it, much less touch it. It was as if it had turned into a dimension that was separated from the world.

Within that dimension and beyond the mountain range were two corpses on the ground. More accurately speaking, it should be three corpses, but Madam Ji's corpse had already turned into pieces, and her appearance could no longer be seen.

One of the two remaining corpses was Madam Ji's puppet, who was also her husband, Ji Yun Hai. The other one was the dried up corpse belonging to the tribe leader of Black Crane.

What was left besides them were the numerous black beetles on the ground. These small insects lay on the ground unmoving, but there was not a hint of death that could be found on them. It was as if they were only deep asleep.

The only thing that could be seen flying about in the area was a black line. It was the strange, small snake belonging to Su Ming. That snake was pacing about in the air, occasionally letting out screeching sounds, as if it was searching for something, but it could not find it.

Eventually, it flew to a small virescent sword lying in the bushes not too far away and laid down beside it, occasionally letting out small cries as if it was calling out to something.

The cave abode in the mountain range was beside it, and there was a gigantic medicinal cauldron placed in one of the chambers. The power of the world from all around was still surging into it, causing the medicine inside to go through its slow refinement.

In another stone chamber was an old Berserker, who was lying there unmoving, but his eyelids were shivering; he was showing signs of struggling to open his eyes and wake up.

Yet right when he gathered all his power to open his eyes, the small snake lying in the grass outside the cave abode lifted its head and hissed. It stared at its Master's cave abode, and moved swiftly, swimming through the grass before immediately flying up.

When it flew up, the three Spirit Plunders lying around the area were brought up and charged towards the cave abode, crossing through all the paths before appearing in the stone chamber where the old man's body lay. The small snake let out a sharp shriek, flung its body, and the three Spirit Plunders instantly flew towards the top of the old man's head, floating above him in their original positions.

The moment those Spirit Plunders reached him, the old Berserker had actually managed to open up his closed eyes a slit. A low growl that sounded like that of a beast fell from his lips.

At the same time the small snake hissed above the old man, a chilling glare appeared in its eyes. With one swift move, it charged towards him and bit down fiercely on his arm. Immediately, a gust of black smoke spread through the old man's arm, and once it covered his entire body, the old man let out a disgruntled growl. He closed his eyes once again.

The small snake stayed by his side and observed him for a while before flying out of the cave abode and returning to the small virescent sword's side. Then, when it was back there, it occasionally lifted its head and cried out, calling out to something. Its voice echoed in the air...

'This is my home' was what it felt. Everything had to remain in its original state for Master to return...

Before its Master returned, it would protect this place, even if it was for eternity.

Besides, unless there was no one who had a divine sense that surpassed Hong Luo's, then no one in the entire Land of South Morning would be able to find this mountain range. And there was practically no one in the Land of South Morning whose divine sense could surpass Hong Luo's. As for Di Tian, he had already scattered away!

Hong Luo might have died, but his seal was still around. It might be weakening slowly, but it would still take several hundreds of years before it completely disappeared.

Time continued trickling, and in the blink of an eye, Su Ming had already had already been gone from this place for half a year...

During the past six months, White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe did not pay attention to that disappeared mountain range most of the time. Peace returned to their tribes, and there were practically no fights between them. Instead, during the past half a year, they were making preparations to migrate.

If they were to migrate alone, it would be difficult for small tribes like theirs to not run into any sort of danger in the vast land of the Shamans. That was why even if they wanted to move, most of them would wait for slightly larger tribes migrating, and they would join those people when they passed by their place.

Even though they might lose some of their people, but this was the only way for more of their people to survive.

On the day half a year later. Midnight.

A sudden, strong ray of light appeared in the dark sky. That light only lasted for a moment before it disappeared. It might have caught quite a lot of people's attention, but when they focused their gazes over there, the light had already disappeared without a trace.

At the same time that ray of light appeared, the small snake lifted its head swiftly at the disappeared mountain range located right between White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe. Watchfulness shone in its eyes and it continued hissing while keeping its gaze fixed on the empty spot several thousands of feet away from it.

At that moment, a ball of dark light had appeared over there. The ball of light brought with it a mighty pressure that caused the grass on the ground to bend its back, because out of nowhere, a gust of wind began to blow against them.

There was also a large amount of freezing air coming from within that dark ball of light. That freezing air fused with the wind and caused ice to appear on the ground all around the light, and it started spreading outwards slowly.

The small snake did not let out a single sound. It lay on the grass and glared at the dark ball of light coldly. This was where its Master's cave abode was. Right then, its Master had left the place, and if any outsider trespassed into the land, the snake would definitely protect the place.

In truth, during the past half a year, that was what it had been doing. Almost once every few days, it would go and bite that old Berserker so that the person would be in a constant state of weakness but would not die.

It remembered that this was the duty given to that monkey, but now that the monkey was not around, the snake took its place.

At that moment, the small snake's gaze turned colder. It was waiting and was observing just what that dark ball of light was. Time slowly passed by, and after the time of the burning of an incense stick, the ball of light gave off a brilliant flash and its shape changed. That spherical shape gradually turned into an oval, and as it let out an even stronger amount of pressure, fine cracks appeared on it.

Cracking sounds came from within, and during that instant, a person walked out of the oval-shaped light. When he stepped out, the chilling air instantly grew thicker by several fold, causing the area to instantly turn bone-chillingly cold!

The small snake charged out rapidly without a sound. Its eyes sparkled and its poisonous fangs slipped out, but right when it was about to deliver the killing blow on that person with its bite, the killing intent in its eyes suddenly disappeared, and it was replaced by surprised delight. It shrank its poisonous fangs back and let out cries of joy while dashing towards that person.

That person was naturally Su Ming!

At that moment, his face was rife with excitement. When he lifted his right hand, the small snake immediately flew right onto his palm and started crying out happily at him. At the same time, due to his arrival, an unimaginable amount of freezing air that seemed to come from his body spread through the ground, immediately covering the entire land around the area in a thin layer of ice.

Chapter 409: Refining a Puppet

Su Ming lifted his left hand and pushed against the vortex behind him through the air. Immediately, a large amount of freezing air spilled out from his body and enveloped the gate. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and immediately, the Gate to the Void turned into a giant ice block.

Once he was done, Su Ming let out a happy laugh. He looked at the small snake on his palm. He might have not seen it for only half a year, but to him, he had gone through a lot of things during the past six months. It felt like a long time had gone by since he left the cave abode till he came back.

The small snake cried out and hissed on Su Ming's palm. The freezing look in its eyes had been replaced by joy, and it lowered its head to snuggle at Su Ming's palm.

It was too small, only as thick as his finger, and once it started doing something like this, it looked rather adorable.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He might have returned to his cave abode, but the freezing air in his body had not completely dissipated. As it continued spreading from under his feet, the ground at a circular area of several thousands of feet with him as its center was instantly covered in ice. Wisps of white mist rose in the air and floated about, causing the temperature in the area to immediately be reduced by a large half.

That was not all. A large amount of water droplets appeared on Su Ming's body. Those water droplets seeped out of his skin and looked like sweat, but in truth, he knew that those were the results of the freezing air in his body.

A glint appeared in his eyes. All his pores immediately closed up, and at that instant, the freezing air spreading outwards died down somewhat. There were still faint wisps of cold air though.

'I can't let all the freezing air in my body leave, or else it'll take me a long time to get used to the temperature again if I ever go to the glacier at the seabed of the Dead Sea,' Su Ming thought in his heart.

He lifted the small snake and moved his right hand to his shoulder. Once he did so, the small snake immediately flew up and landed on his shoulder, lying down there, looking as if it was lounging on his shoulder.

Su Ming looked at his familiar cave abode, and the excitement in his eyes gradually disappeared. When his gaze fell on the two corpses on the ground, his eyes lit up with a freezing glare.

"Ji Yun Hai..." Su Ming looked at the thin, dried up corpse, and could not help but remember what had happened during his fight with Madam Ji. He walked towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse at an unhurried pace.

Crouching down, he placed his hand on Ji Yun Hai's corpse. After observing it closely for a few moments, a pensive look appeared in his eyes, then he dipped his head down to look at the large amount of black beetles that had not died but had only fallen into deep sleep scattered around Ji Yun Hai's corpse. The strength of these small insects left an incredibly deep impression on Su Ming that day.

'I wonder how many years it has been since Ji Yun Hai died and he was turned into a puppet by Madam Ji. She has died now, and if I could control this puppet, then it'd be able to help me when I go to the glacier!'

Su Ming lifted two fingers and picked up one of the black beetles on the ground, bringing it up to his face. He observed it for a long time.

'This bug... isn't a puppet. How did Madam Ji control it?' Su Ming stared at the small bug for a long while before his eyes suddenly lit up. He looked towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse.

'Could it be that these insects aren't controlled by Madam Ji but by Ji Yun Hai? Even if Ji Yun Hai had been turned into a puppet, the insects are still affected by their own instincts, right?'

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the red ring on his right hand's finger. With a sparkle in his eyes, he stood up and started pacing about outside his cave abode, a frown between his brows.

Sometimes he would look pensive, and at other times delighted, but eventually, his mood became one of uncertainty. It was as if there was something that made it difficult for him to make a decision.

After the burning of an incense stick, Su Ming came to a halt and turned his head to the side, looking at the oval-shaped vortex that sent him back here, placed not too far away from him - the Gate to the Void.

That gate was floating there quietly, covered in ice. It had already turned into a huge block of ice.

'I have no idea how long I've been unconscious, but judging by the changes in the cave abode, once I add all the time together, it shouldn't have been more than a year since I left... and I was in the glacier for about three months after I woke up...'

Su Ming remembered himself being at what seemed like the bottom part of the Dead Sea and the things he went through during the past three months in that dark world in the glacier.

He used half a month to walk out of the glacier for the first time, but right when he walked out, the pressure of the black seawater immediately fell on him, and it was incredibly difficult for him to even move one step.

Then he used another one and a half months to somewhat get used to the pressure in the sea so he could walk about one thousand feet. Once he took each step, he had to lift his foot quickly, or else it would be instantly encased by the glacier. This made it incredibly difficult for him to stop on the glacier, and he had to constantly make sure he kept moving at a fast pace.

At a spot eight hundred something feet away from the ice block where he was previously was the closest thing sealed in the glacier among the countless other living beings there, and he had sensed it earlier with his divine sense.

It was a ferocious looking man with green scales covering his entire body. That man was sixty feet tall and his muscles had swelled up as if there was a shocking amount of power contained within. He had his left hand clenched in a fist, and he held a gigantic club in his right hand.

Su Ming had no idea what that club was made of. It was entirely black, and there were nine sharp teeth sticking out of it. It left a savage impression on people, and at the same time, there was also an air about the club that would leave fear in people's hearts.

That gigantic spiked club was clearly a treasure!

After several days of observation, and once he was certain that the frozen man no longer had a hint of life left in him, he used half a month to test out all sorts of methods to break through that ice. In the end, he had only managed to crack several inches of the ice, and once he stopped, the cracks would automatically close up.

With Su Ming's current level of cultivation, leaving a crack of several inches was already his limit. He was also puzzled by it. After all, he could break through the ice that had encased him, but it was taking him a lot of effort just trying to break that layer of ice sealing the man.

Once Su Ming pondered over it, he obtained his answer - the cause was the length of time the both of them were sealed!

From the unique characteristic of him instantly being frozen the moment his feet landed on the glacier, it was clear that it had not been a long time since he was sealed in his block of ice, which was why he could break out of it. However, it was different for the ice encasing this man. It must have been around for ages.

If Su Ming wanted to break the ice in which the man was sealed, then he needed a higher level of cultivation. After hesitating for a moment, Su Ming used half a month to dig out the Gate to the Void from the ice. Once he examined it for a moment, he went through the gate and returned to the cave abode.

While staring at the Gate to the Void, Su Ming frowned.

'Judging by the Immortals' system, I'm now at the early stage of the Nascent Soul Stage. I don't know what Realm these Nascent Soul Cultivators would be if compared to us Berserkers... but from what I can sense, it should be around my current level now... However, the power of the Immortals is lasting and they're skilled in using divine abilities...

'If that's the case, then I can still make some assessments.' Su Ming averted his gaze from the Gate to the Void and started thinking.

'The early stage of the Nascent Soul Stage is around my current level, where I have four Berserker Bones... if it's the mid stage, then I guess it would be about the level where I have more than ten Bones? If this assumption is correct, then the late Nascent Soul would be equivalent to when I have twenty something bones, and the Soul Formation Stage among the Immortals should be the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...

'That should be it. An epiphany is required for the Immortals' Soul Formation. If the Nascent Divinity is born from the body, then it would be an existence that surpasses the Nascent Soul. As for the Berserker Tribe, once we reach the Berserker Soul Realm, we can manifest our very own statue of the God of Berserkers.

"If I make this comparison, one of them is the Nascent Divinity in the body, and the other is the statue of the God of Berserkers outside the body. They both have similarities!

'As for the Soul Transformation Stage, which is above the Immortals' Soul Formation, that would be... the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm! Then in the Immortals' system, the peak of the First Step, Ascendant, should be the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

'The Immortals' system has a Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang state between the First Step and the Second Step. Judging by that case, then this Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang is equivalent to the full great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm. If they manage to breakthrough, then according to their system, the Immortals will truly arrive at the Second Step!

'It's a pity that the Berserkers' cultivation system has been cut off after the Berserker Soul Realm. But there's definitely a similar Realm among the Berserker Tribe to the Immortal Tribe's Second Step!' Su Ming closed his eyes, and after a long while, he reopened them.

'I'm practicing both the Immortals and Berserkers' cultivation methods... but it's a pity, I can't combine these two powers. When I cast the Immortals' Arts, the power of the Berserkers will fall silent, and when I use the power of the Berserkers, I can't cast the Immortals' divine abilities... besides my divine sense operating as usual, I can't use any other Arts.

'Still, even so, if I use them alternately, then my battle prowess... will be stronger by a large margin compared to when I was half a year ago!' Su Ming clenched his fists. Once he swept his gaze past the land, his eyes fell on the dried up corpse belonging to the tribe leader of Black Crane.

Su Ming walked towards him. He looked at the corpse coldly, and eventually stared at the person's right leg. There was a wound over there that had clearly not recovered, along with a gigantic, dead scorpion.

'This person is the one I injured from Black Crane Tribe.' A chilling glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had been quite puzzled before about Madam Ji's arrival. That distinct killing intent was clearly directed towards him.

Both White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were suspects. However, in his heart, Su Ming held more suspicion towards Black Crane Tribe. When he saw the tribe leader's corpse, a cold sneer appeared at the corners of his lips.

Madam Ji's appearance had made Su Ming experience many things during the past half a year. There were good things and bad things, but his narrow escape from death made it impossible for him to let Black Crane Tribe, who was the instigator for Madam Ji's arrival, off!

Su Ming's eyes were freezing cold. With a swing of his arm, he brought Ji Yun Hai's corpse and the sleeping black beetles back to his cave abode, along with the small virescent sword that came flying towards him automatically with a whistle.

Once he returned to his cave abode, Su Ming immediately went to the stone chamber with the medicinal cauldron. When he saw that everything was as it was, he felt relieved. Then he went to the stone chamber with the old Berserker.

Once he saw that the old man was now covered head to toe in black, and his body was filled with bite marks, Su Ming was momentarily stunned. The small snake on his shoulder immediately lifted its head with a pleased look on its face, looking forward to being praised for its deeds.

Su Ming smiled. Once he swept his gaze past the old Berserker's body, a glint of curiosity appeared in his eyes.

'I'm not a Soul Catcher. Trying to create a Soul Catcher Puppet will be very difficult for me... but now that I have the Immortals' power... Hong Luo had some divine abilities he left with me that can allow Nascent Soul Cultivators to cast their own puppets...' Su Ming stroked his chin, then sent a thought to the small snake on his shoulder.

The small snake immediately flew up and charged out of the cave abode, floating in midair while keeping vigilance of its surroundings, protecting Su Ming.

Chapter 410: Poison Corpse and Clone

'Di Tian's projection should have disappeared under the power of the God of Berserkers... But his clone is already so powerful. If he sends another one or comes

himself...' Su Ming sat down cross-legged in his cave abode, and when he remembered what happened half a year ago, a dark look settled on his face.

'But if he has such power, then why am I so important to him...? Is there a secret on me or perhaps in Di Tian's heart?' Su Ming had been thinking about this question for a very long time, but he still had not found a complete answer.

"Fei Er..." Su Ming said softly. At the same time he said those two words, while there was no grief in his divine sense, but sorrow rose within his heart and body uncontrollably.

He closed his eyes. When he opened them after some time, anguish surfaced in them.

"Perhaps the greatest sorrow in the world is when you don't even know why you're sad..." Su Ming mumbled softly in anguish. He remembered the stone statue of the girl in the coffin. He also understood that everything in the dream was perhaps real, but... there was still a large part of his memories missing, and it was difficult for him to experience that sort of misery in both his body and soul.

'Without deeply etched memories, even the most familiar people will turn into strangers... but no one can wipe away the body's memories. The pain in my heart is reminding me of the existence of this sorrow... but my mind is calm. It's as if my body and soul are separated.

'Just what is this Destiny?!

'Just what is Di Tian's will?!

'Who am I? Was everything in Dark Mountain really just an illusion...?

'Why... why did elder name me Su Ming...?'

'Destiny... Destiny... Once I control my own fate, then who else can call me Destiny?! No one!' Su Ming lifted his head, and his gaze seemed to have penetrated through the cave abode to look at the sky beyond the seal.

After a long while, he closed his eyes and started forming seals with his hands. The Nascent Soul in his body moved in accordance to the seals and cast the divine ability required to refine puppets. The material for it was that old Berserker.

Time trickled by, and in the blink of an eye, another month passed.

During that time, the small snake kept vigilance and observed the surroundings outside, keeping to Su Ming's orders given to it through his thoughts, acting as a protector.

On this day, the power of the world in Su Ming's cave abode suddenly started churning in waves and turned into a vortex in an instant, absorbing all the power of the world around the area. Even the mountain range started roaring, and this continued for most of the day until two people walked out of the cave abode.

The person walking in front was Su Ming. His expression was aloof and he was dressed in a black robe. Behind him stood the old Berserker, whose gaze was blank. He was covered head to toe in black, and there was a ghastly air emanating from him as he followed Su Ming.

Su Ming stopped outside the cave abode and turned his head back to cast a glance at the old Berserker behind him. A faint glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then pointed at him. Immediately, dark light shone in the old man's eyes. He took a step forward and threw a fist towards the sky.

That one fist caused a loud rumble to ring in the sky, along with a large amount of ripples. There was also a wave of black fog that spread out as he threw his fist outwards, and it covered an area of seventy to eighty feet. Not too far away, the small snake lifted its head and stared at the black fog with a quizzical look in its eyes.

The old Berserker stood in midair, unmoving.

Su Ming stared at the old man, then shook his head and sighed.

'This person might just be in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but he practiced some sort of divine ability that not only made his body really sturdy, he could also split his soul up in several parts and hide them in his body.

'With the Immortals' Art to refine puppets, I can only refine two of his Souls and four of his Spirits, I still can't find where he hid that one other Soul and three Spirits of his, or else I would be able to use him to cast divine abilities belonging to the Berserker Soul Realm instead of me being only able to use his physical strength.

'But this is good too. From this Corpse Transformation through All Venom Hong Luo left for me, I can refine a Poison Corpse. I don't need any divine abilities, I just need a strong physical body, because the venom in that body is the best divine ability it has.

'Right now, while I'm only halfway done refining it, but some of the small snake's poison is in his body, and that poison is very domineering. I can use that poison temporarily. Once I run into other sorts of poison in the future, I can let this Poison Corpse absorb it and then slowly refine him into a real Poison Corpse!

'With just a Poison Corpse alone, I might not be able to break that ice just yet. I still need to make more preparations.' Su Ming mulled over his thoughts for some time before he sent out a thought to the Poison Corpse, then he ignored it, returning to his cave abode and isolating himself once again.

The Poison Corpse descended from the sky. It was still covered head to toe in black, but its eyes had become dull once again. It stood outside the cave abode, unmoving.

The small snake in the sky hesitated for a moment before it flew towards the puppet in a flash and laid down on its head while hissing, looking really comfortable.

Time continued trickling by. During these days, Su Ming continued trying to refine Ji Yun Hai's corpse, but every single time he sent his divine sense into Ji Yun Hai's corpse, he could not make his divine sense stay. There was no place for him to leave his Brand there.

Ji Yun Hai's body was empty. Even his organs could not be found. His entire person was like an empty shell, making Su Ming truly puzzled as to how Madam Ji had managed to control it.

He tried a lot of methods, but none of them yielded any results. Su Ming stared at Ji Yun Hai's corpse and thought about it for a long time with a frown on his face, but he could only shake his head and sigh.

'Soul Catchers are really mysterious. Madam Ji's puppet is also different from the young Soul Catcher's puppet I saw in the past. Just how did she control this puppet?

'This is clearly an empty shell!' Su Ming frowned. Suddenly, a focused look appeared on his face and he looked towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse swiftly. A brilliant flash gradually appeared in his eyes.

'Empty shell... empty shell...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. After a moment of pensive silence, he closed his eyes, formed seals with his hands, then tapped on several spots on his body. His entire presence changed, and the small Nascent Soul in him opened his eyes. The spirit in his eyes made it clear that this was indeed Su Ming.

With one move, that small Nascent Soul seeped out from Su Ming's jugular notch, then floated above his head. His body was rather indistinct, as if he would dissipate when wind blew against him. He also shuddered, and it caused shock along with confusion to appear in the small person's eyes.

"The Nascent Soul Cultivators only train their souls. Their bodies are just an empty shell. Their Nascent Souls are their foundations. For a Cultivator, once their Nascent Soul or Nascent Divinity is taken away, it would signify their death. On the other hand, their bodies are less important..." Su Ming's voice tumbled out of that small Nascent Soul. With a dash, it charged towards Ji Yun Hai's corpse and disappeared without a trace.

After a moment, Ji Yun Hai opened his eyes. They were gray, but within the depths of that gray a dark light was flashing. Ji Yun Hai sat up slowly and dipped his head down to inspect his body. After some time, a smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

‘Not bad. So I can use puppets like this as well? It must be different from Madam Ji’s method though...’

At the same time, Su Ming opened his eyes. Once he met Ji Yun Hai’s gaze, a smile appeared on his lips, and at the same time, a rather intrigued look crossed his face.

Su Ming looked at Ji Yun Hai and felt as if he had been split into two. One of them had manifested in Ji Yun Hai’s body with his power in the Immortal Tribe, while the other one was his real self, watching himself casting an Art akin to Possession so that he could control Ji Yun Hai.

Su Ming smiled. Ji Yun Hai, who was under the control of his Nascent Soul, also smiled. He got up, and with one move, booming sounds came from another stone chamber. There was a large amount of black beetles there, and they were all waking up, charging towards him.

Su Ming’s gaze narrowed, but he did not move. Even Ji Yun Hai, who was under his Nascent Soul’s control, did not move. He simply let those beetles approach them and cover up Ji Yun Hai’s entire body, making it seem as if Ji Yun Hai had become another person. If no one took a closer look, they would be unable to tell that this body was not made of flesh and blood but by those insects.

‘If that’s the case, then I can consider this to be another clone for me.’ Su Ming’s spirits were lifted up. He witnessed the might of Di Tian’s projected clone, and now that he obtained this strange puppet as well, his understanding towards the Immortal Tribe increased.

Su Ming was already sitting cross-legged on the ground. With just one thought, a hint of a smile appeared on the dark clone’s face and he took a huge step forward before he walked out of the cave abode.

As he watched the clone leave, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when he turned it over, a crystal the size of a fist appeared in his palm. That was the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. He stared at it, and a strange look appeared on his face.

He had thought of everything he could, but it was simply too difficult for him to fuse with this item. However, during the fight with Madam Ji that day, an idea formed in his head when he saw Madam Ji cast a divine ability when they were fighting against each other.

However, he had lost his consciousness later. Now that he had returned to his cave abode, he could clear his mind and ponder over that idea to see whether it was feasible.

‘It doesn’t matter whether it’s the power of the God of Berserkers or Han Mountain Bell. Even this Immortals’ power is just external power to me. I can’t rely on them too much. My power as a Berserker alone is the foundation for me to become stronger!’

Su Ming stared at the Wind Crystal of Inheritance for several moments before a strange light shone in his eyes.

‘Perhaps this method will work!’ He gritted his teeth.

At that moment, his clone walked out of his cave abode under the control of his Nascent Soul. At the instant he walked out, the small snake lying on the Poison Corpse’s head immediately looked up, and uncertainty appeared in its eyes.

Su Ming’s clone smiled. He swung his right hand at the ground, and the Black Crane tribe leader’s corpse flew towards him. With it in his arms, the clone shot into the sky and turned into a long arc to charge into the distance. Once he was close to the seal Hong Luo made around the mountain range, Su Ming’s clone lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pointed at air. Immediately, ripples appeared right in front of them. Su Ming’s clone stepped into the ripple and disappeared without a trace.

When he reappeared, the clone was standing in midair. When he dipped his head down, he saw an empty mass of land beneath him, not the mountain range. There was also a fiery red ape squatting down not too far away, and it was looking at him with a flabbergasted look.

When he saw the Fire Ape, Su Ming’s clone let out a laugh and joy could be seen radiating off his face. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the Fire Ape. Immediately, ripples appeared in the space before the Fire Ape, revealing the entrance to the cave abode. The Fire Ape was momentarily stunned before it immediately crawled in and disappeared within that entrance.

The smile on Su Ming’s clone gradually disappeared, replaced by coldness. He looked towards the direction of Black Crane Tribe, then charged straight towards it!

Chapter 411: Black Crane

The clone looked like an extremely powerful man from the distance. He was about ten feet tall and had no hair. His entire body was black, and there were waves of murderous aura spreading out from him.

That murderous aura came from those black beetles. At the same time, lying within that murderous aura was a dense life force, and hidden within it was a similarly dense aura of death.

The fusion of life and death could be said to be perfect, and it was enough to shock all those who saw it.

This was not a normal puppet. In fact, it could be said that there were a lot of differences between this clone and the other Soul Catchers' puppets. Due to Su Ming's Nascent Soul, the clone looked like a normal person!

As Su Ming's clone moved forward, black fog tumbled about under his feet. Buzzing sounds could be heard faintly, echoing in the air. If anyone lifted their heads to look from the ground, they would definitely be terrified by this scene.

Black Crane Tribe was not far from this mountain range to begin with. Su Ming's clone would be able to reach it very soon with his current speed. Smoke could be seen coming up from Black Crane Tribe's mountain from the sky in the distance. It was noon at that moment. Clearly, the members of the tribe had lit up fire to cook their food.

Some children were still playing, and the warriors stationed around Black Crane Tribe were not on alert. Most of them were lounging around.

The stone statue that looked like a crane at the top of the mountain cast a shade on the land under the sunlight. As time passed by, that shade started moving slowly.

It was peaceful in the entire tribe, but that peace turned into cries of surprise when Su Ming arrived. The children quickly ran back to their houses, and the expressions of the lounging warriors changed drastically as they looked towards the sky in shock.

Su Ming's clone appeared in the sky above Black Crane Tribe with billowing black fog around him. That black appearance and murderous aura that filled his entire body caused the clone's arrival to be met with commotion from Black Crane Tribe.

He looked at the nervous warriors within that small tribe coldly, then flew down, landing on the peak of the mountain, right on top of the head of that gigantic crane.

As he stood there, Su Ming called out in a deep voice, "Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe, come out!"

Almost at the same time Su Ming's clone said those words, several old men immediately rushed out of their own houses from the tribe underneath. There was a thin old man among these people. He held a bone cane in his hand, and with a steely face, he stared at Su Ming. However, that person was feeling rather terrified in his heart.

He had never met Ji Yun Hai before. At that moment, as he saw Su Ming with this appearance, especially that life force and aura of death that filled his entire body, along with that murderous aura, the old man felt as if he could smell the stench of blood in the air.

"Sir, who are you? I am the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe!" The old man took a step forward and tapped the ground with the cane in his hand before he spoke in a low voice.

Su Ming's divine clone smiled coldly. He did not speak, only lifted his right hand to point at the direction below him. Immediately, a dried up corpse appeared behind him and charged towards the old man. It landed on the ground with a bang. That corpse was naturally the tribe leader of Black Crane.

The instant he saw that corpse, the Patriarch's pupils shrank. When the other tribe members beside him saw that corpse, their expressions also changed, and they couldn't help it.

"What is the meaning of this? Who is this? I have never seen him before." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe gritted his teeth and remarked in a low tone. He had been able to recognize with just one glance that this person was the tribe leader of Black Crane, but he could not admit to his identity no matter what. He could not tell whether this dark man was sent by Madam Ji or by the owner of the mountain range.

Yet no matter who sent him, the Patriarch was not exactly in a position where he could offend either one, which was why he decided to grit his teeth and not admit to his identity.

"It doesn't matter to me whether you admit it or not." A freezing glare appeared in the eyes of Su Ming's clone. He lifted his right hand slowly. This tribe had made him go through all those dangers half a year ago. If Su Ming had not wanted to bring trouble on himself and not destroy this tribe, only choosing to teach them a lesson, then perhaps this would not have happened.

Hong Luo's appearance and the things that happened later might have been extremely meaningful for Su Ming, but it also made him a lot of enemies in the land of the Shamans. The outcome of it all was not exactly very valuable, and there was in no way Su Ming could accept it if the source of it all did not pay for the consequences.

Almost the instant Su Ming lifted his right hand, the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe let out a piercing howl and charged over. Behind him, the other powerful warriors of Black Crane Tribe flew up swiftly and charged towards the close as well.

This was different from White Bull Tribe's restraint. Black Crane Tribe had chosen to attack!

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He might not have gotten himself completely used to this body, but if he worked together with the black beetles, his battle prowess would increase by a large margin.

At that moment, as the people from Black Crane Tribe rushed over, Su Ming let out a cold snort. Immediately, a deafening buzz stirred up around him. Then, as if his body was dissolving, the black beetles scattered away and flew up. At the same moment they turned into a black fog, they charged towards the incoming members of Black Crane Tribe with hisses and killing intent.

At the same time, the true appearance of Su Ming's clone was revealed. The dried up body and gray eyes made all those who saw him feel terrified.

Shrill cries of pain instantly spread through the attackers. Those people who had rushed over were enveloped by a large amount of black beetles. Blood gushed all over the place from their bodies. They no longer rushed forward, but chose to quickly retreat.

Su Ming watched everything aloofly while standing on the crane's head. He lifted his right hand and made a seal before pointing in the direction before him. Immediately, the power of the world around him rushed to him with a boom, gathering up into a gigantic sword before him. He lifted that sword and swung it down in the direction below him.

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe let out a low growl and pushed his hands forward to crash into the incoming sword. His body shuddered, and a purplish red hue appeared on his face, but he managed to keep that sword in midair.

There was not a hint of change on the clone's face. He only said one word coldly.

"Explode!"

Once that word was spoken, the sword suddenly exploded and stirred up a whirlwind that swept through the area. The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe coughed out a mouthful of blood and tumbled backwards.

The instant it happened, Su Ming's clone took a step forward and disappeared. The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe saw this with his own eyes, and a bad feeling immediately rose in his heart. As he turned around, his pupils shrank. He saw a finger coming swiftly to tap at the center of his brows.

That life threatening crisis made the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe bite his tongue and cough out a huge mouthful of blood. His body rapidly withered away and he looked as if he had aged several dozens of years in an instant. His face was covered in wrinkles and his presence weakened. When Su Ming pierced through the center of his brows, his body started scattering away. Clearly, this was just an afterimage.

The old man's body reappeared several hundreds of feet away. His face was ashen and there was fear in it. Shrill cries of pain rang nonstop all around him. All the warriors in the tribe were surrounded by the invincible black beetles. Those bugs were mysterious insects that Ji Yun Hai had personally refined in the past. It could be said that these bugs had also given him that fiendish reputation in the Shaman Tribe.

There was in no way such a small tribe like this would be able to kill these bugs so easily. After all, even Su Ming had only been able to make these bugs fall asleep once he isolated Ji Yun Hai's body.

"Sacred Progenitor of Black Crane, I offer my blood to you as a sacrifice, please awaken!"

When the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe saw his tribe's warriors dying, his eyes became bloodshot. He tore open his chest ferociously and ripped out his own heart right before Su Ming without caring about his blood flowing out nor his life force gradually diminishing. That heart was still beating as the old man held it high above his head.

A sharp look appeared on Su Ming's face. Immediately, he heard a large number of voices crying out similar words by his ears. Those people who were fighting against the black beetles imitated the old man's actions with madness on their faces. They tore open their chests, ripped out their hearts, and held them high in the air.

"Sacred Progenitor of Black Crane, please receive our offerings and awaken... Bring down sacred punishment on this person!"

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe coughed out a mouthful of blood. The instant he finished speaking, cracks appeared on the gigantic crane statue at the top of Black Crane Tribe's mountain. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the stone on the statue turned into numerous fragments that shot out everywhere. At the same time, a black figure flew up from the shattered stone statue, turning into a huge black crane that was one hundred feet in-size!

With a screech, that crane turned into a ray of black light that charged straight towards the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe. It bit down on his heart and swallowed it. Once it did so, the black light shone once again, and in the span of a few breaths, the crane devoured all the offered hearts, then with a chilling gaze, it looked towards Su Ming.

"You're just a puppet at the Berserker Soul Realm. You're not fit for me to attack you. Leave, or else I won't mind making you stay and have you become my toy!" As that cold voice came from the black crane's mouth, an incredibly powerful presence swiftly spread around. That presence was so powerful that it made the weather change slightly, and even the clouds looked as if they had become duller.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He stared at the gigantic black crane, and uncertainty rose in his heart.

"Sir Sacred Progenitor, you can't let him leave!" The old man who had lost his heart was strangely not dead. He was lying down by the side at that moment, struggling to speak.

"Hmm? All right. I'll give you the span of ten breaths. If you don't leave, then I might change my mind and make you stay. I'll have you know that it's been several tens of thousands of years since I last killed someone." The presence within the gigantic black crane increased once again. It looked at Su Ming in a manner of a person looking down on someone else as it spoke slowly.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, then he spread his divine sense swiftly to envelope the area, also scanning through the big crane before he eventually gathered it at the small remaining stone left from the shattered stone statue on the mountain.

"Divine sense!" The expression of the gigantic black crane changed. When it saw Su Ming staring at the remaining half of the stone statue, panic immediately appeared in its eyes, but it disappeared in the blink of an eye, turning instead into ghastliness.

"You're not leaving? Fine! Then stay!" As the huge crane spoke, its presence became stronger once again. Rumbling sounds rang in the air. The wind and clouds tumbled about, and its body grew larger once again, making it now look one thousand feet in size. Its voice was like a tidal wave that spread in all directions.

Yet Su Ming turned a deaf ear to its words and did not even spare it a glance. He walked towards the remaining half of the stone, lifted his right hand, and placed his hand on it.

"You... What are you doing?! Stop! Let's talk peacefully, bro..."

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 412 — Small Chick... - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 412 — Small Chick... Chapter 412: Small Chick...

When Su Ming pressed down on that remaining half of the stone statue, cracks immediately appeared on it. As cracking sounds appeared along with the spread of the cracks, the black crane that had already become one thousand feet big charged towards Su Ming with a huge gust of wind from behind him.

"I gave you a wide path to tread, but you didn't take it. There was no road leading to hell, but you forced your way into it. I'm going to kill you!" With a ferocious expression, the one thousand feet black crane closed in on Su Ming with its gigantic body in a instant, bringing with it a murderous aura. With a flap of its wings, that strong gust of wind immediately forced the people on the ground to be pushed back incessantly.

However, when that wind fell on Su Ming, it only managed to make him stop for a moment and did nothing else. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the one thousand feet black crane, then lifted his right hand and struck down the cracked half of the stone statue.

The instant, his palm struck, the eyes of the Nascent Soul in Su Ming's body sparkled. A mighty power surged from his arm into the stone statue with a bang.

The stone statue immediately shattered in pieces and the fragments shot in all directions, but there was nothing in there. Su Ming could not help but frown.

He had scanned that statue with his divine sense previously, and had clearly felt a faint wave there. It was this wave that stirred up the power of the world in the area and made it turn into that big crane in midair.

"Hmph, fine. Your Grandpa Crane will give you one more chance. If you leave immediately, then I will let this slide, if you don't... then don't blame me for attacking you. I'm telling you, I'm very powerful!" The one thousand feet crane seemed to have let out a sigh of relief and stared at Su Ming in midair while speaking sternly.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He turned around swiftly, and with one step, he arrived at the previously shattered rock at a lightning fast speed. He grabbed one of the stones, then the illusionary shadow of a palm appeared on his right hand. With one squeeze, that illusionary shadow also seized that rock, and with a bang, that rock immediately shattered. There was nothing inside.

But Su Ming did not stop there. In a flash, he arrived at another rock, then did the same thing he'd done previously—he crushed it again.

"You bully!" Panic and terror rose in the one thousand feet large crane in the sky. It looked as if it was beyond rage. With a flap of its wings, it let out a piercing screech.

"You must think I'm full of empty threats, that's why you're not scared. All right, looks like I have to go back on the promise I made years ago. Once I beat you up, let's see whether you still think that way!" As the one thousand feet crane cried out shrilly, it started spinning in midair, and as it did so, black feathers instantly shot out from the vortex.

Su Ming had his hand around a stone at that moment. Once he crushed it, he immediately felt something dangerous charging towards him. He did not turn his head back but took a step forward and his body immediately disappeared.

When he reappeared, he was already a hundred feet away from his previous spot. With a bang in the sky, the ground trembled, a countless number of rocks and dust rolled down the mountain, and a gigantic pit formed below.

At the same time, feathers flew out swiftly from that deep pit. They whistled as they flew into the air and charged towards Su Ming.

"Heh heh, now you see how powerful I am, right? Well, even if you want to leave now, it's too late!" There was smugness in the crane's voice coming from the sky. At that moment, it changed once again and transformed into a vortex. This time, even more feathers charged out and went towards Su Ming.

The entire sky was practically filled with black feathers. All of them were incredibly sharp, and as they whistled in the air, they chased after Su Ming. His clone's gray eyes sparkled. He did not manage to dodge those feathers chasing after him even after several warps.

In fact, as he continued dodging, there were already seven to eight feathers that had managed to pierce his body. They quickly melted and turned into wisps of black smoke that seeped into his body, going straight for his Nascent Soul.

Su Ming let out a sharp cry. His body flashed once again and he reappeared on the ground. The feathers in the sky came after him. The instant they charged towards him from midair, he stretched his arms out wide, and immediately, the black beetles turned into black clouds that came towards him in an instant.

Before those feathers managed to pierce through Su Ming, the black beetles had already covered his entire body, causing the clone to return to being covered head to toe in black, regaining his tall and big man's appearance.

Booming sounds shot up once again, and the feathers fell on Su Ming's body like rain, causing the ground beneath his feet to shatter because of it. The earth sank in, and Su Ming also fell into that pit, sinking further and further down. The feathers stabbed his body, turning into black smoke that tried to seep through the dense black beetles and crawl into him.

In the blink of an eye, booming sounds from the pit filled the air. When all the feathers disappeared, the members of Black Crane Tribe who had witnessed everything immediately cheered.

The large crane in midair also looked incredibly pleased with itself. It flapped its wings and let out a few fake coughs.

"Due to the promise I made in the past, I originally did not want to injure him heavily, but this person did not appreciate my kindness. Oh well, remember to offer me more sacrifices. I'm tired now. I need to..."

As the large crane spoke, its voice suddenly died down, and it narrowed its eyes to the point that it looked as if it wanted to squeeze its eyeballs out of its sockets. It whipped its head around to look at the pit underneath.

Right before its eyes, it saw a pressure spreading from the pit, and it was soon followed by a brilliant flash. As that light shone, a small person about the size of a palm could be seen floating within!

That person's face was dark and he no longer bore Ji Yun Hai's appearance. That small person was naturally Su Ming's Nascent Soul!

The body of this type of Nascent Soul was something the people of Black Crane Tribe had never seen before. Once they saw it, they were all taken aback, and the Patriarch, who had lost his heart but was still alive, also widened his eyes.

"Nascent Soul! You're an Immortal! Damn it! How dare a Nascent Soul like you fly out at your level? Go back! Do you know that just a gust of wind of Yin and your Nascent Soul will shatter? Y-Y-You... Go back!" the large crane immediately cried out in a panic.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul floated out of the pit, and with sparkling eyes, he looked at the screaming crane. The crane was greatly different in his eyes now. It was just an illusion, and only the black feather in its body was real.

Ignoring the black crane, Su Ming immediately lowered his head and swept his gaze through the land with a dark light in his eyes. Then with one step, he immediately warped away. When he reappeared, he was already on a broken stone located not too far away. He seized at the air with his tiny hand, and immediately, that stone charged towards his palm.

"Bro! Let's have a proper talk! Don't..." The large crane immediately cried out, and as it screamed, before Su Ming managed to catch the stone that was being sucked to his hand, that stone exploded and shattered on its own. A black ray of light flew out from within, and inside that light was a small black crane that was the size of a fist.

The small crane looked incredibly cute. It did not have a lot of feathers, only a few. At first glance, it did not look like a crane, but instead was more like a long-necked chick that had its feathers plucked out.

At that moment, the small crane looked like it was in a state of panic. It charged forth, as if it wanted to run away, but with a glint in his eyes, Su Ming's Nascent Soul swiftly gave chase. The small crane let out a shrill cry, and it became much faster, charging straight towards the large crane in the sky.

At the same time, the large crane in the sky shuddered and its body instantly began fading away, eventually turning to a feather, and when the small crane wanted to seize it with its mouth...

Su Ming's Nascent Soul opened his mouth wide and a ray of green light shot out. It was naturally the small virescent sword, and it was charging at a speed much faster than Su Ming's to appear before the small crane.

The few feathers on the small crane's body immediately stood up. It let out a shrill cry and no longer bothered about that black feather. With one turn, it ran off into the distance swiftly, and with just a few flashes, it disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul grabbed the black feather, then fixed his gaze at the spot where the small crane disappeared, quickly giving chase.

"Damn it, I am the Sacred Beast of Celestial Dao. I could have killed a puny Nascent Soul Cultivator like you with just one breath. Now, the cranes have fallen, and the land of the Berserkers is being trampled by others. Y-Y-You... Just you wait!"

The small crane immediately shot forth and avoided that ray of green light that charged by its side. It shuddered in fear, and its pathetic look made it seem even more like it was a long-necked small chick that had lost its feathers... It became even faster.

Su Ming's Nascent Soul was right behind and continued with his relentless pursuit. He had already naturally seen through the strangeness of the crane. It should be from the Immortal Tribe, and now that he ran into it, he would definitely not let it go so easily.

"You were the one who forced me. I'll... I'll fight you!"

When the chick saw Su Ming closing in, it found that the green rays were becoming more frequent, and coupled with the dejection it felt, along with its very important feather being snatched away, that small chick... The more the small crane thought about it, the more upset it became. At that moment, it turned around and madness blossomed in its eyes.

"Celestial Dao, Sacred Light!" it cried out in a shrill voice, opening its mouth wide to breathe out a puff of air at Su Ming. That puff of air was invisible, and the instant it was exhaled, a strong light shone out of nowhere.

The power of the world around them was absorbed towards them, causing the ray of light to shoot through hundreds of thousands of feet as if it was the sun. It did not rush towards Su Ming but exploded abruptly between the two of them!

There were no booms, only an almost violent gust of wind blowing past. There was a powerful propelling force contained in that wind, pushing Su Ming's Nascent Soul back. At the same time, the small crane also let out a shrill cry of pain. It was pushed back, causing its speed as it escaped to increase exponentially, and in the blink of an eye, it disappeared.

"When did this damn Sacred Light of Celestial Dao become so weak?! I wasn't boasting earlier, I could destroy a world with just one breath, but now, I can't even kill a small Nascent Soul Cultivator... Just you wait!"

"I'm a bird that holds onto my grudges! A lot! Immensely" As the small crane left, its voice also gradually became weaker. As for Su Ming, he was pushed back by that violent gust of wind, and his Nascent Soul was left several tens of thousands of feet away. He executed several warps and only then did he manage to avoid the impact of the force. Yet even so, his Nascent Soul had already become quite transparent because of it.

He stood in midair, not bothered by the transparent condition and weakness of his Nascent Soul. Instead, Su Ming stared in the direction the small crane had ran off to, then after some time, he let out a cold harrumph and turned around to leave.

Chapter 413: Crystal Fusion!

The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe was now ashen pale. He stared at the sky with a blank look and a bittersweet smile appeared on his lips. He knew that he would definitely die, and he could not blame anyone for this. If it was not because of his own greed over the Shaman Crystals that caused him to try and destroy White Bull Tribe, he would have not brought such a disaster on his own head.

By his side, most of his tribe members who had offered up their hearts had died. The remaining few old people were by the Patriarch's side, and their faces were ashen, their presences weak.

"Patriarch, please cast the Spell quick. We're begging you. Don't stall anymore. We have to cast the Spell quick, according to the Spell our ancestors left for us. You won't die..." There was a middle-aged man kneeling before the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe at the moment, and that man was speaking anxiously.

"I have to die. If I don't die, then their grudges won't disappear... If I can buy the tribe's peace with my death, then there is at least value in my death!

"This is my fault... I shouldn't have been greedy for the Shaman Crystals... Ha..." the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe said in a pained voiced. He had lived for a long time and was the Patriarch of a tribe, so he was definitely not a stupid person. He knew perfectly well that this time he had to die!

"Patriarch!" Sorrow filled the middle-aged man and the other tribe members' faces.

"Enough, this is already decided! Once I die, take out the three sacred feathers of our tribe and offer it to the man... Use them in hopes for exchanging for the tribe's safety... and then... take our people away. We will have to migrate before the date.

"From now on, you are the Patriarch of your tribe..." Blood poured down from the Patriarch's lips as he looked at the middle-aged man kneeling before him.

Grief was clear on the man's face. He did not speak.

"Remember this. Do not think about taking revenge..." The Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe gave a broken smile and he fell to the side, dead.

He could originally live, but he could not. He could have not died, but for the tribe, he had to die.

As he died, the old men who had lost their hearts also breathed their last. Most of the powerful Shamans in Black Crane Tribe were gone.

When Su Ming's Nascent Soul returned, he saw the Patriarch's corpse and the members of Black Crane Tribe kneeling down on the ground under the lead of a middle-aged man once they saw him.

With a calm expression, Su Ming charged towards the deep pit in the ground. After the burning of an incense stick, his clone slowly flew up from the pit.

"Sir, please forgive us... We are willing to offer you our tribe's sacred items..." Once Su Ming flew out, with sorrow on his face, the middle-aged man from Black Crane Tribe lifted his arms high in the air. There was a stone plate in his hands, and there were three black feathers on it.

There were waves of pressure spreading from those three feathers. Yet compared to the feather Su Ming obtained previously, they were insignificant.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the three feathers coldly. He did not look at the middle-aged man but towards the dead Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe.

He remembered that the old man had not died when his heart was eaten by the small crane. Clearly, there was some sort of secret in Black Crane Tribe's offering that allowed the people who made sacrifices to continue living.

However, the old man still died... Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them a moment later, understanding appeared in his eyes.

"He paid the price, so I'll let it go!" Su Ming averted his gaze and looked towards the normal tribe members in the tribe. Then he walked towards the air and turned into a long arc that gradually disappeared into the horizon.

He did not take the three feathers. Those things were useless to him, but to a small tribe that lost most of their powerful warriors, the use of those feathers was great.

Su Ming was not the type to kill everyone and spare no one. His grudge had disappeared when the Patriarch of Black Crane Tribe and the other powerful warriors died.

Su Ming sat in his cave abode in the mountain range and held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands. There was a long gash on his arm. The blood there had dried up, and there was a variety of emotions on his face.

If anyone took a closer look, then they could see that the size of the Wind Crystal of Inheritance had shrunk slightly!

"When Madam Ji brought out the red ring that day, she took it out from a bone. With that method, she managed to use the ring...

"Else, she wouldn't have had to suffer so much and could have just put it on her finger," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

"I tried putting this thing in the gash on my arm earlier, and when I circulated my Qi, I managed to absorb some of it... but I only managed to absorb a little of it. It wasn't particularly useful..." Su Ming held the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his hands in a tight grip, then gritted his teeth.

'Oh well, I'll try it with my original idea, but I won't do it here. We're at room temperature here. If I use this method, I'll lose too much blood.' Su Ming stood up and took a deep breath before he lifted his head to look at the Fire Ape crouching and leaning against a wall. His lips curled up in a smile.

The Fire Ape also looked at Su Ming and bared its teeth as if it was smiling at him. It looked rather excited.

He walked up and patted the Fire Ape's head, then walked out of his cave abode.

Once he walked out, the small snake on the Poison Corpse's head immediately looked towards him.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence, then gave up on bringing the Poison Corpse on his journey. He sent out a thought and comforted the small snake before walking out of the mountain range towards the frozen Gate to the Void floating in the air.

Standing next to the Gate to the Void, Su Ming closed his eyes, as if he was waiting for something. After a moment, ripples appeared in the sky, and his clone appeared to stand behind him.

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to press against the frozen Gate to the Void. Immediately, the layer of ice shattered slightly. Once a crack showed up, Su Ming moved inside. His clone followed behind him, and with a flash, he disappeared along with Su Ming and the Gate to the Void.

The deep parts of the black seawater and the endless glacier were still as dark as ever. There were numerous living beings sealed in the glacier, keeping their former appearances of when they were alive. They looked as if they were struggling.

The silence around the area seemed to have been there for countless amount of years. The only things that would appear in that black seawater were the occasional creatures of the sea swimming past the area.

In an ice mountain above the glacier was a frozen gate. At that moment, as that gate shone with a dark light, two figures appeared. Naturally, it was Su Ming and his clone!

Once they appeared, they did not move, and it was clear that they were also frozen. It would not be until a few days later when the ice cracked and shattered that Su Ming and his clone would be able to move about in that ice mountain.

The freezing air chilled Su Ming's bones, and he felt as if his flesh and blood were about to freeze. The circulation of his blood had become a lot slower. His clone stood by the side. With those black beetles around, coupled with the fact that this puppet was originally dead to begin with, it was only natural that he did not fear the cold. As his aura of death fused with the freezing air, he could move around with much more nimbleness and ease compared to Su Ming.

His eyes shone brilliantly, and he was prepared to protect his host.

Su Ming sat down on the ice in the area where he could move around with no problems. He closed his eyes and waited for a few hours. When his body was almost frozen, he opened his eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance appeared.

At the same time, his clone opened his mouth and spat out a ray of green light that turned into a small sword. That sword charged towards Su Ming under the control of his Nascent Soul.

With a bang, the small sword stabbed Su Ming's back. The frozen body caused Su Ming to be numb towards the pain and to be at ease with it. He only frowned slightly but did not make a sound.

The small sword stabbed into his back and started cutting apart his flesh downwards, revealing a small part of his spine inside!

Blood spilled out and seeped into the ice. Due to the freezing air, there was not much blood. However, even if the body was frozen, the pain still made Su Ming's breathing quicken.

There were four vertebrae on Su Ming's spine that were shining with a blue light. Those were his Berserker Bones. As the small sword stabbed into his flesh, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in Su Ming's hand floated and circled above his head once before charging straight to his back, plunging itself deep into the opened wound. Once it touched the fifth vertebrae on Su Ming's spine, the crystal stuck itself closely there.

Su Ming's face was pale. His entire body might be frozen, but there was still sweat beading on his forehead. However, there was determination on his face. His right hand was trembling when he lifted it up. He seized at the air, and immediately, half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance appeared in his hand.

He hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth. Immediately, that Lightning Crystal of Inheritance shone and flew up to plunge into the wound on his back, right at his sixth vertebrae. When Su Ming forced both of the Crystals of Inheritance into his body as if he was planting them in himself, he closed his eyes and dispersed the power he was using to resist the cold. His body was slowly covered by ice, and eventually, his entire body froze up, and he turned into an ice statue.

Su Ming's clone sat by the side and observed the surroundings vigilantly, protecting his host.

Time trickled by. Su Ming had no idea how long he would need to complete this slightly insane action of his. In fact, if he did not have his clone by his side, it would be difficult for him to do this. The slightest lapse of attention when he was doing this would perhaps make him freeze to death in his weakness.

Due to his Nascent Soul, his clone could sense his host's condition. Once in a while, he would send a warm wave of power into Su Ming's body, causing him to remain alive while encased in ice. He would be in a state of life and death, which would cause the blood on his back to slowly freeze up so that he could gradually absorb the Crystals' power and gain an epiphany towards them.

At that moment, Su Ming's back looked horrifying. His spine was partially revealed and his flesh was ripped apart. There was a small amount of blood flowing out, but his flesh and blood were slowly growing back and recovering.

However, even if he was recovering, the protruding Wind and Lightning Crystals of Inheritance still looked horrifying.

Yet as time passed by and as the wounds slowly recovered, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance from the two protruding crystals gradually shrank...

Su Ming still had his eyes closed. As pain showed on his face, confusion would sometimes show as well, and occasionally, he would look like he was thinking hard about something, and at other times, he would look delighted...

The Wind Crystal of Inheritance became smaller... right until one day sometime in the future, the protruding Wind Crystal of Inheritance had shrank by a large half. The remaining part might still be protruding from Su Ming's back, but if no one took a closer look, it would be difficult for them to notice it.

On this day, in Su Ming's mind, a storm stirred up... and it was the storm of inheritance!

Chapter 414: Three Styles of Wind Separation!

There was a layer of fog in the gray sky, and there seemed to be a sea of clouds tumbling about in the area. No one would be able to tell whether this was the sea of the sky, or whether it was the sea of the ground at just one glance.

Su Ming could not sense his own body. It was as if he had turned into a gust of wind in the sea of clouds and floated in the world, not knowing where he wanted to go...

Perhaps a long time had passed, or perhaps it had just been a moment. Su Ming, whose mind was a little muddled at that point, suddenly saw a long-haired man sitting in the endless sea of white and gray clouds before him.

That man was tall and thin. He was dressed in green and his hair was very long. He might not look handsome, but there was an elegant grace about him, especially his long and narrow eyes. They looked like the eyes of a woman, and those eyes that seemed like they belonged on a phoenix was an unforgettable sight.

At the same time Su Ming saw this man, the man slowly opened his eyes, and a brilliant light shone within them.

"You came, my scion."

Su Ming's mind trembled. His slightly muddled mind suddenly cleared up, and he remembered that he was absorbing the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in the glacier. He also remembered the storm that stirred up in his head at the end, along with himself appearing in this sea of clouds like a spirit once that storm was over.

"This sort of inheritance is only privy to the first scion. You will be the only one who can see me... The scions after you will not see me, but they will see you," the man with the long and narrow eyes stated slowly in a gentle voice.

"I am the Wind Berserker. I have become a Saint after understanding the power of wind. I fought with the God of Berserkers against the ninth great timeline in the great World containing all regions. Everywhere we went, there was no one who did not dare worship us...

"Now, what remains in this place is a fragment of my will that I left behind when I was about to leave the ninth timeline in the great World with the God of Berserkers to search for other timelines in hopes of seeking a chance for a breakthrough. I left the fragment behind so that the future generation may inherit my title as the Wind Berserker.

"The power of the Wind Berserker changes all the time and it can't be inherited in one go. That's why I separated it into three divine abilities. If you can master them all, then you will have understood a fifth of what it means to be the Wind Berserker.

"The first of the three styles of Wind Separation is Sun Genesis!" The man with the long and narrow eyes spoke slowly, and the moment he said those last words, his eyes sparkled. He lifted his right hand and waved it at the sky above the sea of clouds.

"Push aside the clouds in the sky, and you can make the sea of clouds stir, you can make the sun reveal itself. All you need to activate the power of Sun Genesis is wind!"

As his words echoed in the air, the sea of clouds started tumbling ferociously and turned into a giant vortex. With the man as the center, the vortex encircled such a huge area that it seemed endless, and with booming sounds, it started spinning.

Su Ming stood by the side and watched the sea of clouds spinning. He could even imagine that if anyone looked up from the ground at that moment, they would definitely find themselves witnessing a terrifying sight - a sight where all the clouds in the sky started spinning and turning into a vortex.

"Where does wind come from?" The man with the long and narrow eyes smiled.

"Wind comes when I wave my arms, and I channel it to the sky to move the sea of clouds. When the sea of clouds turns into a vortex, the wind will come back several times stronger!

"More accurately speaking, Sun Genesis is divided into three levels. The first is Wind Propelling, the second is Wind Borrowing, and the final level is... Sun Genesis!"

The man with the long and narrow eyes clenched his right fist, and the instant he formed that fist, the sea of clouds around them that had turned into a vortex, with a rumble, rushed towards the man. Eventually, as Su Ming's mind trembled, he saw the vortex disappearing into the man's right fist!

It was as if the entire process of him clenching his fist happened during the instant the endless sea of clouds rapidly gathered towards him.

It was just as if the man was holding the endlessly rotating sea of clouds in his right hand!

It was as if he now held the boundless power of the wind in the world in his hand.

"Sun Genesis!"

With his right fist, the man punched forward gently, seemingly without any power, but when that punch was delivered, a violent gust of wind that could not be described with

words erupted forth. It felt as if a shocking thunder had crackled during a quiet dawn, as if the a storm spanning one hundred thousand feet had erupted on the quiet surface of a sea, as if an ear-splitting boom had resounded in a meadow!

The violent gust of wind turned into a wind dragon. As it roared, it charged out and tore through the sky, causing a gigantic pit to appear in the air. The wind dragon roared, then crawled into the pit and disappeared.

"The second style, Lunar Burial!" The Wind Berserker narrowed his eyes, and a green glare appeared within them.

"I personally like this style a lot. I didn't create this style on my own either. I gained an epiphany for it from an ancient legend. I also went to a lot of ancient ruins to examine them so that I could finally produce this ancient legend.

"I believe that this Art had existed since the beginning but was only lost in time. I am merely restoring it slightly. In older times, there was a legend that said that when the Ancients die, they are not buried in the sky or the earth. They are instead buried in the wind. The wind is their coffin..."

A smile appeared on the man's lips, but it looked rather sinister. He pointed at the ground with two fingers of his right hand.

When Su Ming lowered his head to look, the ground underneath suddenly turned indistinct. It did not last long, and the ground became clear once again. But once it became distinct, what appeared before Su Ming was no longer the ground he'd seen previously. Instead, it had turned into a place filled with people.

A large number of people whose clothes and appearances could not be seen clear were now on the ground. They all prostrated themselves and Su Ming heard words he could not understand coming out from their mouths in the form of buzzing sounds. From the sky, he could see that these people numbered to several tens of thousands.

They stood close to each other and formed a gigantic circle. The center was empty except for a gigantic wooden tower. At the top of the tower was a bound corpse that hung high in the sky.

"Look closely, my scion!" the man with the long and narrow eyes suddenly said. Su Ming immediately looked down with rapt attention, forcing down his shock, not shifting his eyes from the spot.

The tens of thousands of people surrounding the giant wooden tower on the ground started moving slowly. All of them were walking and looking at the sky. It was as if the circle they had formed was spinning. This scene sparked curiosity in Su Ming's heart.

He could not tell just what sort of connection these people's actions had with Lunar Burial. However, as time passed by, the tens of thousands of people on the ground gradually stopped walking slowly and started running. The tens of thousands of people running altogether caused the circle to start spinning even faster.

'Could it be that the vortex is formed when the people run, and that's how they form wind?' A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

As the tens of thousands of people ran, a wave of hot air spread from all these people. This was a wave that naturally came to be as their Qi circulated in their bodies. Perhaps the hot air from a singular person would not be much, but when tens of thousands of people ran together, it would look incredibly distinct.

Once that hot air spread from their bodies, it started floating into the sky slowly.

At the same time, several hundreds of people immediately shot up from the running crowd and charged into the sky to stand above the bound corpse on the gigantic wooden tower. These hundreds of people sat down cross-legged over there, and a chilling aura spread from their floating bodies. That chilling air immediately spread through the area, causing the place to abruptly turn cold.

What happened next took Su Ming completely by surprise. With his own eyes, he saw the chilling air that was seeping out of these hundreds of people descend to the area underneath, and during that process, that chilling air instantly clashed with the hot air floating upwards.

The instant they clashed, a violent gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, stirring up sharp whistling sounds. At the same time, the tens of thousands of people on the ground opened their mouths and shouted one word.

"Burial!"

The voice shook the sky, causing the tens of thousands of people to run even faster, and more hot air spread from their bodies. The hundreds of people sitting cross-legged and floating in the sky also opened their eyes at that moment and roared simultaneously!

"Lunar!"

The moment they shouted, a larger amount of chilling air spread out and descended to the area underneath. Once it clashed with the hot air, the wind started interacting as if they were convecting heat, and it gave birth to stronger wind. The wind swept past the land and blew against the corpse bound on the gigantic wooden tower, causing the dead man's blood and flesh to rapidly dry up from that indescribably man-made wind, eventually turning into skin and bones, ending up as a dried up corpse.

That was not the end, as the words 'Burial' and 'Lunar' were repeatedly shouted, the wind became stronger, and after an unknown amount of time passed by, as Su Ming's heart was shaken to the core, he saw the dried up corpse turning to ashes. As the wind was born, the ashes disappeared into the world, and once they disappeared, this scene, which was clearly from a ritual, returned to being indistinct and disappeared from Su Ming's eyes.

"That is Lunar Burial," the man with the long and narrow eyes said.

Su Ming looked at the muddled ground that had returned to how it originally was with a blank stare and his heart was in chaos, as if there were waves crashing against it. He was not shocked by the Lunar Burial but stunned by these people's intelligence, and how wind... was formed.

'Is this how wind is formed...? The clash of cold and heat... perhaps I should say it is the transfer between cold and heat that formed wind... Convection... forms wind... That's right, if I throw a punch, I will cause wind to stir, but I've never thought about how that wind came to be. By the looks of it now, wind is born due to the transfer between two auras.'

Su Ming looked as if he had gained an epiphany.

"My scion, wind exists in all parts of the world, but if you can separate the wind from a particular region, thereby causing wind to no longer exist in that region, then you can become the lord of that region!

"Without wind, there is no aura, and without aura, there is no power. When the power of the world is sealed within, when all manner of aura no longer exists, then from then on, the place where you are will be a forbidden area for all lives, and that is Wind Separation!

"The three styles of Wind Separation contain all my understanding towards wind. I am passing it to you, and it will depend on you on how much you can understand out of the Provenance of Wind...

"Also, besides Wind Separation, I will also use the remaining fragment of my will to give you three chances to gain an epiphany. Each of the chances will be for a style of the divine ability. This is your first chance, Epiphany for Sun Genesis!"

The man with the long and narrow eyes disappeared as he spoke. Soon after, a violent gust of wind whistled by and enveloped Su Ming within.

Chapter 415: Three-Headed Dark Turtle!

Time passed by, and in the blink of an eye, it was six months later. A year had gone by since the chaos caused by Hong Luo to the land of the Shamans.

Several large scale battles had happened in the war outside Sky Mist City, while the small scale battles launched over the warzone were already so numerous that they could not be counted. These battles were only becoming more intense.

The defense of Sky Mist City was also gradually being weakened. Most of the powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Tribe were acting as garrisons for Sky Mist City.

There was a rumor regarding the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands spreading out secretly among the Berserkers, and most of those who heard it took it with a grain of salt.

There were no longer any tribes located at the edge of the Dead Sea in the land of the Shamans. Almost a seventh of the tribes had migrated.

However, there were some tribes that did not migrate. These tribes either had no power to migrate or were small tribes that would have difficulties if they moved too far even if they wanted to migrate, which was why they decided... to stay.

White Bull Tribe was one of the tribes in the latter category. They struggled before, pondered over it, had the urge to migrate, had even sent their people to venture out in search for any migrating tribes that would pass by their tribe, but eventually, they had no choice but to give up.

This was a remote land to begin with. If their tribe members traveled far and wide, they would perhaps run into migrating tribes, but that was only a possibility. If they did not meet any of them, then instead of being destroyed, they would rather stay in their tribe.

On the last month of the past six months, the monkey-faced old man, the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, went to the area near Su Ming's mountain range multiple times. He still believed that there was something off about the place. When he learned about the things that happened to Black Crane Tribe, he became even more skeptical of Su Ming's mountain range.

The old man was polite every single time he came to the place, even after he'd visited it many times. He would respectfully shout outside the mountain range in hopes of meeting Su Ming, but never received any response. However, the old man did not give up. He always came back once every few days.

Time passed by this way, and the Fire Ape laid around lackadaisically within the seal of the mountain range. The small snake flew in midair. As for the Poison Corpse, he

continued standing at the entrance of the cave abode and never moved once during those six months.

The ice on the frozen Gate to the Void still remained during that half a year. It continued releasing cold air and never melted.

Su Ming was sitting cross-legged in the ice mountain located in the glacier surrounded by black seawater. His body was completely frozen up. His clone had protected him for half a year.

There was no longer any blood flowing out of Su Ming's back. His wound had slowly recovered during the six months. By now, there was only a bump that could be seen belonging to the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. As for the Wind Crystal of Inheritance, it practically could not be seen anymore.

There were four Berserker Bones in Su Ming's spine, but at that moment, the fifth vertebrae was shining with a green light, and it seemed as if it had already transformed. Its appearance might not have changed, but it gave people a similar feeling to the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. It was as if the shrunken Wind Crystal of Inheritance had been absorbed by the fifth Berserker Bone.

Another month passed by. On this day, the layer of ice surrounding Su Ming, who had isolated himself there for seven months, suddenly shook. At the same time it started shattering and cracking, Su Ming opened his eyes slowly.

The instant he opened his eyes, besides the profundity in his gaze that already existed before, there was also a vortex that looked like a whirlwind in his eyes. At the same time, the layer of ice around him shattered with a bang, causing Su Ming to regain mobility.

He silently sensed the changes in his body, and he could clearly feel that he had become much stronger compared to how he was before he isolated himself, and more importantly...

"Sun Genesis, huh...?"

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his right hand. There was a brilliant flash in his eyes. In the one chance he had to gain his epiphany during his entire process of understanding the inheritance of the Wind Berserker, he had tried countless times to cast Sun Genesis. In that sort of condition to gain his epiphany, Su Ming had a feeling that he had been reborn in that illusion filled with wind.

He lightly formed a fist and stood up slowly. The instant he stood up, the clone behind him also did the same.

Su Ming did not turn his head back, but instead stared at the shell of the ice mountain and the glacier before him. After a moment of pensive silence, his gaze fell at the spot sealing the green-scaled man eight hundred feet away.

After thinking for some time, Su Ming lifted his right hand and touched the layer of ice before him. Immediately, it cracked. After another moment, it shattered, and black seawater instantly surged in, but the instant the seawater surged in, Su Ming had already walked out of the ice mountain. His clone also followed behind him.

He did not bother about the ice mountain behind him. A wave of pressure descended on them in that black seawater, causing Su Ming to sink, but his expression was calm as he walked forward slowly.

He walked forward until he was eight hundred feet away from the ice mountain. When he arrived at the place sealing that green-scaled man, Su Ming once again felt the difference between his current self and his previous self. Before he fused with the Wind Crystal of Inheritance, walking eight hundred feet was already his limit, but now, he felt that he could still walk several dozens of feet forward.

As he stared at the ice mountain sealing the green scaled man, Su Ming furled his right hand into a fist and punched. At the same time, his clone behind him took a step forward and pointed at the ice through the water.

Immediately, densely packed circles of cracks appeared on the layer of ice Su Ming punched. Green light flashed, and the small sword flew out from his clone to stab into the crack. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when the sword retreated, he pressed his palm on the ice once again.

The process repeated several times, and as the cracks on the layer of ice slowly spread outwards, the crushed ice also fell off.

Su Ming's spirits lifted and he increased his speed. By working with his clone, they gradually dug a hole in the ice mountain, and behind that hole was the black wooden club with nine teeth held by the green scaled man.

As the layer of ice continuously became thinner and when he was just three inches away from the tip of the club, suddenly, a strong current shot forth from the black seawater above the glacier. At the same time, Su Ming heard a muffled growl.

Soon after, a gigantic, muddled figure charged forth from the black seawater. As it closed in, its low growl shook the glacier, causing the the seawater to roll, and the pressure formed made Su Ming's heart shake.

His eyes sparkled. At the moment, there was already a big hole wide enough to fit a person dug out in the ice mountain. He was less than three inches from that club, before

long, he would be able to completely dig through. However, the arrival of that low growl made Su Ming hesitate for a moment before a resolute look appeared on his face.

He immediately curled his right hand into a fist and rammed it against the thin layer of ice. His clone attacked at the same time, intending to break through before the unknown creature came over.

Yet before Su Ming managed to attack, the low growl traveled to his ears as if the sound came right from his side. The seawater around him started distorting, and an incredible force came charging towards him.

Su Ming's expression changed. Without a hint of hesitation, he immediately crawled into the big hole he'd dug out. His clone crawled in at the same time.

The moment they blocked the entrance, Su Ming found out, to his shock, that the entire glacier shuddered. His pupils shrank, and he saw a gigantic ferocious beast with an astonishing presence appearing in the seawater.

It was a two-headed dark turtle!

Two of its gigantic heads were outside its shell and were coldly staring at the layer of ice where Su Ming had hid himself. The moment a fierce glint appeared in its eyes, it swung its tail, and immediately, another head rose on its tail!

This was not a two-headed turtle, but a three-headed dark turtle!

Its body was not really that big, only one thousand feet in-size. It stood on the glacier and not many ripples formed from its aura could be seen. However, the presence of its Qi left Su Ming afraid.

Roar!

The three heads of that dark turtle roared at Su Ming at the same time. However, it only stood and roared. It did not do anything else. Su Ming hid himself in the layer of ice. His clone was slightly further ahead, and they were both sealed up by the newly recovered ice mountain. As Su Ming looked at the three-headed dark turtle outside, he groaned internally.

However, gradually, Su Ming noticed something strange about this dark turtle. The creature only roared and did not attack him. This stunned Su Ming momentarily.

He remained in pensive silence for a moment. As he saw the ice mountain gradually sealing up, he lifted his right hand and punched the newly returned three inch thick layer of ice behind him. Cracks echoed in the air, and the layer of ice became only two inches thick.

It was also at that moment that the three-headed dark turtle roared even more furiously as if it had gone mad. It took a big step forward, and at the same time it got closer to the ice mountain, its tail charged towards the ice mountain with a whistle, but it did not hit the ice. Instead, once it swung down beside the ice mountain, the dark turtle's face became even more savage, and it started growling lowly as it glared at Su Ming.

'The power of its Qi makes it clear that it has incredible power, and it's a power so strong that I've never seen its like before... but it looks as if it doesn't know any divine abilities.' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'And by its previous actions... Could it be that this creature cannot destroy the ice mountain here...? Could it be that it's the guardian beast of the place?'

A thought bloomed in Su Ming's heart and he moved closer to the thin layer of ice. Immediately, the dark turtle outside roared even more fiercely. It swung its tail back and forth, letting out piercing howls.

Su Ming immediately shrank back, putting some distance between himself and the thin layer of ice. The dark turtle clearly relaxed and no longer looked at Su Ming, but instead stared at the green-scaled man that was several inches away from Su Ming, sealed within the thin layer of ice.

Su Ming was incredibly nervous at the moment, but his head was calm. Once he saw the dark turtle's actions, he knew that the longer he stayed in the place, the worse it would be for him. That was why he sent a thought to his clone.

His clone immediately lifted two fingers and tapped at the ice behind them. As it was just a short time since that ice was formed, that one tap immediately broke a small hole. A black beetle instantly flew out and crawled into that hole.

Su Ming stared at the bug. When the dark turtle saw the bug flying out, it only spared it a glance and no longer bothered itself with it. It let the small bug fly eight hundred feet back to where the Gate to the Void was in the ice mountain.

Chapter 416: Snatch the Treasure!

'It's not paying attention to us, but those sealed in the ice...'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. This was not the moment for him to anger that dark turtle now and forcefully take the black club.

After a moment of pensive silence, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes. He lifted his right hand and drew a circle on the layer of ice before him. With one press, the circle instantly shattered, and then he took a step outside to walk out of the hole in the ice mountain.

Su Ming stared at the dark turtle and was already prepared to use his Nascent Soul to escape, but the dark turtle only cast a glance at the clone before it ignored him.

'Could it be that as long as we don't touch the things that are frozen here, then the turtle won't bother us...?'

Su Ming gritted his teeth and walked out slowly from within the hole in the ice mountain. Once he completely came out, his heart started racing. He saw the dark turtle turning its head around to cast a freezing glance at him before averting its gaze. Su Ming let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart.

He walked forward slowly, but once he took a few steps, conflict appeared on his face, but it did not last for long. Su Ming did not stop moving, and as he continued moving forward, his clone immediately moved back and crawled into the hole in the ice mountain.

Su Ming was incredibly nervous as he did these series of actions. He continuously observed that dark turtle, and when he saw that it did not give too much of a reaction, he took a few brisk steps forward until he arrived at the frozen Gate to the Void located eight hundred feet away.

Once he stood inside the ice mountain containing the gate, Su Ming immediately came to stand beside it and started dealing with the ice around it to keep the gate open at all times.

When he finished doing all this, he turned his head around and stared at the frightening dark turtle outside, along with his clone inside the hole.

'Should I snatch it, or should I not...? The turtle is clearly the guardian of this place. All the things that it guards must be extraordinary items. The glacier here is very big too. I have reason to believe... that this turtle is not the only guardian of this place.'

'Besides, when I broke open the ice mountain sealing that green-scaled man last time, that turtle had not appeared. Clearly, the degree of damage I dealt was not big enough. This time, when I almost succeeded, this creature appeared. Now I caught its attention. Even if I come next time when it's not around, it'll still be difficult for me to get closer to that item.'

'I'll take it!' Su Ming's face lit up with determination.

Immediately, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes, who was within the hole of the ice mountain sealing that big man eight hundred feet away. He lifted his right hand and tapped at the thin layer of ice with two of his fingers. Once he tapped at it repeatedly, the layer of ice instantly shattered, revealing the black, spiked club inside!

As if the dark turtle had gone mad, it started roaring, and as it swung its tail back and forth repeatedly, Su Ming's clone pressed on that black, spiked club, wanting to put it away into his storage bag. However, the club did not budge. He could not put it into his storage bag.

With burning resolution, Su Ming immediately made his clone repeatedly break through the ice with his two fingers. When half of the black spiked club was revealed, the clone took hold of it and tore it out. A loud bang reverberated through the area, and the gigantic black wooden club was dragged out.

The dark turtle roared and blocked the ice mountain's exit. There was a murderous look in its eyes as it roared, but at that moment, Su Ming took a step forward and rushed out several hundreds of feet.

At that instant, his clone let out a piercing shriek, and as if it was burning, all the power of his cultivation erupted forth, and he used it all in warping. He rushed forth with that black wooden club, and then his body, along with that wooden club, instantly disappeared.

The instant he disappeared, the dark turtle was stunned. At the same time around five hundred feet away, Su Ming's clone appeared. He looked as he usually did, but Su Ming's Nascent Soul inside had already shrunk quite considerably. It also looked rather unstable, as if it was about to dissipate and turn back into a Core.

When the clone appeared, Su Ming caught it and charged forth with a whistle in the water towards the ice mountain containing the Gate to the Void with his absolute fastest speed.

The dark turtle whipped its head around and let out a livid roar. It lifted its right leg and stomped on the ground. Immediately, the glacier shook and ice needles shot up from the ground. They also came from under the ground from all around Su Ming. As he continued charging forth, they shot out with banging sounds, turning into a fence of ice needles trying to block his path.

At the same time, the turtle's tail swung forth with a whistle in the water, bringing with it a shocking wave. With that one sweep, the seawater parted. All the ice needles that did not manage to block Su Ming were all shattered by the dark turtle's tail, but it did not slow down at all. Instead, the tail traveled forth even faster towards Su Ming.

The dark turtle's hatred towards Su Ming had clearly reached incredibly heights. It did not just swing its tail forth but also opened its mouth wide and blew a puff of white air at

him. When that puff of white air was let out, booming sounds immediately rang out, and the seawater before the dark turtle instantly turned into ice, and it was rapidly spreading forward.

As Su Ming charged forth dragging his clone behind him, he was blocked in his path by the ice needles that shot through the ground, but he did not stop. At the same time he activated his speed, the Provenance of Wind in his body circulated rapidly, causing his speed to increase exponentially, and he charged out of the blockade.

When he saw that he was less than thirty feet away from the ice mountain containing the Gate to the Void, the whistling sound behind him whipped the seawater so hard that it parted. Su Ming felt his skin crawl. His Divine General Armor materialized on his body, and at the same time, Han Mountain Bell showed itself.

The Nascent Soul in his clone coughed out a mouthful of essence and warped once again, causing Su Ming to disappear without a trace the instant the dark turtle's tail rammed into his body.

When they reappeared, they were already beside the Gate to the Void. Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. Han Mountain Bell hummed and shrank back into his body. The Divine General Armor also shattered, but the crisis was not over.

The instant Su Ming reappeared and pulled his clone to step into the Gate to the Void, the dark turtle behind him blew out a white puff of air, and the frozen seawater came towards him in the span of a breath, causing Su Ming's body to be filled with chills. His face instantly turned pale, but his body did not stop. He dragged his clone, and along with the black wooden club his clone held onto, they moved into the Gate to the Void.

The instant Su Ming disappeared, ice instantly covered the ice mountain with the Gate to the Void, causing the ice mountain to instantly become larger by several fold. Once it was frozen in many new, thick layers, the dark turtle floated up and let out mad roars, swishing its tail back and forth as if it was absolutely livid.

Eventually, it decided that it might as well lay there and fix its gaze on the frozen Gate to the Void. It continued staring at it.

The other end of the Gate to the Void located outside the cave abode in the mountain range in the Land of South Morning started flickering with a dark light, then Su Ming and his clone rushed out from within.

Once they charged out, Su Ming's clone fell to the side. The Nascent Soul was already in a state where it had almost completely vanished. The Nascent Soul had his eyes shut tightly in the clone and was silently circulating his Qi to recover.

Su Ming's face was pale. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the Gate to the Void, and fear could be seen lingering on his face. When he remembered what he had just done, Su Ming thought that his actions were a little too crazy.

He sucked in a deep breath and immediately sat down cross-legged on the ground. He did not have time to be bothered with the small snake and the Fire Ape that came towards him, quickly meditating to recover his Qi.

A few days later, Su Ming opened his eyes, and his face regained a slightly healthier color. He let out a long breath and immediately turned his head around to look at the gigantic, black wooden club beside his clone. The nine teeth stuck on that club were letting out rays of freezing light.

The black wooden club was Su Ming's height and it was filled with a savage air. Su Ming stood up and went beside it. After dipping his head down to look at it for a moment, he lifted his right hand and grabbed the wooden club, then a frown appeared between his brows. He sucked in a light breath and lifted that wooden club.

'I wonder what this thing is made of. It's so heavy. It'd be great if it was a little lighter.'

Su Ming gave it a few simple swings, and once those swings brought up whooshing sounds from the movements, he went on to place the wooden club down, but his body suddenly jolted and he widened his eyes to stare at weapon in his hands. He lifted it up once again, then swung it around himself once. Astonishment surfaced in his eyes.

'It grew lighter?

'Become lighter... Just a little lighter still...'

With that gigantic black wooden club in hand, Su Ming continued swinging it about on the spot, and its weight became increasingly lighter. Eventually, Su Ming practically could not feel its weight at all. Once he lifted it up, he leaped into the air and rammed the club against the ground.

The instant the gigantic wooden club crashed onto the ground, the ground trembled with a boom, and a powerful backlash spread from that wooden club straight up through Su Ming's right hand and into his body, making him lurch forward, and he was forced to let go of the club. He took a few steps back, and his face was a mix of red and white. He only recovered after a long while.

'If it just becomes lighter, then the value of this thing doesn't match up to the risk I took earlier...'

Su Ming took a few steps forward and picked up the wooden club once again. Looking at the nine teeth, he hesitated for a moment before he swung it again. He did not leap

up this time, but instead, once he started swinging it and the instant he readied himself to smash it towards the ground...

"Heavier!"

That word fell out of his mouth when the wooden club crashed against the ground. Its weight increased exponentially, and the instant it fell, a shocking boom abruptly resounded in the air. Soon after, the ground trembled, and a large crack started spreading on the surface with rumbling sounds, stretching into the distance. It shot through the seal Hong Luo had placed and appeared in the land beyond. The crack stretched out so far that it was several tens of thousands of feet long.

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. He could not keep a tight grip on the wooden club in his hands, causing it to be flung out from the rebound and fall on the ground beside him. Another boom reverberated in the air.

Su Ming's breathing was quick. He looked at the wooden club in the distance, then at the giant crack on the ground. He suddenly laughed, and his laughter grew louder at each passing moment.

"I, Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, wish to see you, Sir Soul Catcher. Sir, you still remember me? I'm the guy who prepared the three virgins for you in the tribe."

As Su Ming laughed, a weak and complaisant voice came from within the crack on the ground.

The voice might have come from within the crack, but in truth, it came from the spot above the ground outside the seal. The monkey-faced old man from White Bull Tribe looked at the crack that suddenly appeared thirty feet away from him with a pale face, and cold sweat trickled down his body.

'Damn it all! Which bloody idiot is it that made this crack suddenly appear?! He scared the heck out of me!'

The old man wiped his sweat.

Chapter 417: World of Nine Yin!

When Su Ming heard an old man's voice from the crack and that strange accent, he immediately thought of the old, monkey-faced Patriarch from White Bull Tribe.

Su Ming did not like nor hate this person, but his act of offering up three women from his tribe and giving up on having his entire tribe attack had left a rather deep impression on him.

At that moment, when Su Ming heard those words, he pondered over them for a moment before walking out.

The land was empty, but there was a place that sported a gigantic crack out of nowhere, and it was spread far and wide.

The old man from White Bull Tribe stood beside the crack and waited for a long time, but to no avail. So he went to the crack and stretched his head to look inside.

"Damn..."

The old man did not hear Su Ming's laughter in the seal. He only came here once every few days, and once he arrived at the place, he would walk around shouting the same words he said previously, though he himself did not know that his voice had already reached Su Ming's ears. He looked at the crack and started mumbling under his breath.

"Damn what?" Before the old man finished mumbling, Su Ming's cold voice rang out behind him, causing the old man to immediately be stunned. Once he turned around swiftly, surprised delight appeared on his face.

"What? Damn who? There's no damning whoever anywhere. Greetings, Great Soul Catcher." The old man quickly wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast the old man a glance. He did not speak.

The old man was being cautious and was sizing up Su Ming from the corner of his eye as well. Once he saw the mark of the peach blossom at the center of Su Ming's brows, he quickly averted his gaze and put on a complaisant look.

"Sir, this old man told quite a number of the women in my tribe to make preparations this time. You'll definitely be pleased with them. If you aren't, then I'll be a damned old fool from now on!"

"What damned old fool? Stop using the word 'damn'!" Su Ming frowned.

"Okay, okay, then I'll change it to boyo." The old man quickly nodded his head and put on a flattering smile.

As the old man's expression fell into Su Ming's eyes, he scrutinized him. He remembered that this old man was a very tactful person. It did not matter whether it was

their first encounter with each other or his decisive act of sending the three women to him, they were enough to show that this old man was definitely not as he seemed.

"What is it? Speak up." Su Ming said calmly.

The old man was feeling rather nervous. When Su Ming was scrutinizing him, he immediately felt that he was being seen through. This sort of feeling, as if he was standing naked before someone else, made him instinctively avoid looking into Su Ming's eyes.

"It's nothing, really..." The old man hesitated for a moment, and once he said those words, Su Ming turned around and walked into the distance, no longer bothering with the old man.

The Patriarch was momentarily stunned, then quickly walked forward and spoke with a obsequious smile.

"Sir, please wait. This is... This is actually a very difficult thing for me to say. It's like this. You know that the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands is coming in a few years time, and most of the tribes in the land of the Shamans have already migrated.

"But White Bull Tribe is too small and we have a lot of normal tribe members. With my power alone and the other powerful Shamans in my tribe, it's still impossible for us to protect them, that's why... I'd like to ask whether you take on jobs." The old man no longer hesitated and rambled off rapidly as he chased after Su Ming.

Su Ming paused in his footsteps, then turned around to look at the old man.

"What are you using to hire me? If you truly have an attractive pay, why insist on finding me?"

"Sir, the most powerful Shaman around this area is Madam Ji... But Madam Ji has already gone missing..." When the old man said those words, he became even more cautious, even cast a glance at the mark of the peach blossom at the center of Su Ming's brows.

"This is a remote place, and powerful Shamans seldom come here. We're also at war now, so it's really very tough for us to find powerful Shamans we can trust.

"Well, sir, we are kinda like neighbors, and I can trust you. As for the pay, well, I'm going to offer our ancestor's priceless treasure. It's also the sacred item White Bull Tribe inherited, and we offer our sacrifices to it." The old man looked rather pained when he said those words.

"Oh? If you give me your tribe's inheritance, then you will have broken off your own tribe's roots. What difference is there?" Su Ming knew that each Shaman Tribe had a

different item of worship. Some of them contained strange powers while some of them were common objects, but no matter what, these were all a tribe's soul.

Like the lizard statue from Lizard Shaman Tribe, the crane from Black Crane Tribe, and the mackerel pike from Autumn Sea Tribe. All of them were such items.

"If I don't give you this item, it would be difficult to convince you. If our tribe stays here and doesn't move, we will end up dying and being destroyed during the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, but even if we leave, as such a small tribe, it will be very tough for us to survive. No one knows how many of us will end up surviving either.

"In fact, there's a high chance that all of us are going to end up dead. If that's the case, then what use is the tribe's sacred item? Instead of keeping it as our ancestors told us to, I'd rather use it in exchange for a slim chance of survival." The old man forced those words out of his mouth.

In truth, he had thought about what he just said for a very long time before he decided to go to Su Ming for help. After the few brief encounters they had, he had slowly come to realize that Su Ming was the type of person that if no one caused trouble to him, then he would not go and cause trouble to others.

But the most important thing about Su Ming was that if he truly wanted to snatch their things away, then he would not have waited for so long and still not acted.

"I can't agree to this, I'm not leaving this place for some time." Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head.

When the old man heard his words, he looked rather disappointed, but judging by his looks, it seemed that he expected Su Ming to give that answer and was already prepared for it. He spoke once again.

"I understand that you have your problems. How about this? I won't need you to protect us when we migrate, I just need some of your time to help two of my tribesmen to pass the Seal of Soul Catchers. I'll still use the sacred item of our tribe as pay. Sir, how's that sound?"

"Seal of Soul Catchers? How should I help? Tell me the details, but I might not agree to it." This was the first time Su Ming heard of that term.

"Hmm? Sir, you are a Soul Catcher, you should have gone through the Seal of Soul Catchers before..." The old man from White Bull Tribe was suddenly stunned, and a faint sparkle appeared in his eyes.

"I've gone through the Seal of Soul Catchers before, but I didn't have anyone helping me, nor have I helped anyone before." Su Ming looked as calm as ever as he provided a vague explanation.

"Sir, you must have come from a big tribe, no wonder you don't know about this helping thing. Ha... whelp, you can hear it as a joke. The chances for Soul Catchers to appear in small tribes like mine are very tiny. Even if they appear, most of them won't be able to clear the Seal of Soul Catchers alone and obtain the Soul Catcher legacy. That's how hiring powerful Shamans to help came about." The old man put on a confused look on his face before he spoke with a wry smile.

"It'll be the Month of Spirits next month. Sir, you know that the Month of Spirits is the Month of Inheritance for Soul Catchers, set by the God of Shamans Temple. During that month, all the tribes that have the potential to become Soul Catchers will sense the call from the God of Shamans Temple, and the Soul Catcher's Relocation will be activated with the mysterious power of the God of Shamans Temple.

"Right now, I managed to identify two of my tribe members who might have a Soul Catcher's constitution. They will be sent by the power of the God of Shamans Temple to the World of Nine Yin. If it is their destiny, then they will be acknowledged by the Candle Dragon there and begin their path as Soul Catchers.

"Sir, I hope that by using the power of Relocation as a draw, you will go with them and help them so that they would successfully become Soul Catchers." Once the old man from White Bull Tribe finished speaking, he looked at Su Ming nervously. This was the final method he could think of. If Su Ming did not agree to it, then White Bull Tribe would have to forcefully migrate.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head. He did not have knowledge about this, and once he heard about it, he found that there was nothing too attractive about it for him.

"Sir, this is the first time you're helping someone become Soul Catchers. Honestly, from what I know, there are many Soul Catchers who willingly use the chance to be Relocated to the World of Nine Yin with those who have a Soul Catcher's constitution during the Month of Spirits.

"Because every Soul Catcher can only be actively involved in the Relocation once, and it is during the first time they go there. If these Soul Catchers want to enter the World of Nine Yin from then on, they will need to rely on the power of Relocation from the people by their side drawing them in.

"In fact, it's not just Soul Catchers. Spirit Mediums, Thought Soothsayers, and the other Shamans will also use the chance to enter, because you must surely know about that legend saying that there is a corpse of a Candle Dragon buried in the World of Nine Yin.

"In fact, there is one more legend telling that the mysterious Curse came from the World of Nine Yin. Since this World was an ancient ruin to begin with, when it was first discovered, there are quite a few places that the members of the Shaman Tribe have

not explored. There is only a small part in the World that is used for us to obtain the cultivation method of a Soul Catcher.

"Only after we discovered the place did we start researching the Curse..." The old man spoke in extreme detail. With his intelligence, he would have not have spoken in such detail if he was speaking to another Shaman. After all, this was not exactly a secret among the Shamans.

However, it was clear that the old man was speaking in such detail because he, with his intellect, had caught onto a faint trail that there was something off about Su Ming. However, to him, Su Ming's origins did not matter. His only concern was his tribe's survival.

Besides, Su Ming's power had caused the old man to pretend as if he knew nothing even after discovering those clues. He would not tell others about it and bring disaster to his own tribe either.

There was the ghost of a smile on Su Ming's lips. He looked at the old man and did not speak.

The old man let out a fake cough and continued speaking. "The Berserkers should also be looking for ways to enter the World of Nine Yin, because there is a plant called Nine Abyss Flower in that place. It can increase the chances of survival during the life and death disaster they have to go through when they enter the Berserker Soul Realm achieving great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm..."

"Also, there are plenty of serendipitous encounters in the World of Nine Yin..." The old man continued speaking, but Su Ming still remained with that ghost of a smile on his lips, and it made the old man rather scared.

"Tell me your real motive," Su Ming said slowly.

"... About that, I wouldn't dare hide it from you, Sir. My goal is that once those two tribe members of mine obtain the cultivation method to become Soul Catchers, then with their potential, they might be sought after by some middle-sized tribes. It'll be best if they take those two away, and as a price, help our tribe migrate. If we can't manage to do it and the two of them are still taken away, they will still be able to continue passing down the line of our tribe.

"Even in the worst case scenario, if the two of them can find other powerful Shamans and form a deal for us, it'll still be better than our current situation." The old man spoke with a wry smile. After a moment of hesitation, he suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed something from his bosom. When a dark light flashed, a round object appeared in his hand.

"This item is the sacred item of my tribe, please take it first!"

When Su Ming swept his gaze past that round object, his pupils shrank and a large storm raged in his heart!

"This is..." Su Ming waved his arm and immediately seized that round object in his hand!

Chapter 418: It's that Thing!

When the old Patriarch of White Bull Tribe saw Su Ming actually losing his cool, he was momentarily stunned before he became ecstatic. He was not in any sort of pain from parting with the sacred item. No matter how strange and mysterious of a treasure this was, it could not match with the importance of his tribe members in his heart.

If he had to choose, even if he would one day come to know that this item left behind by his ancestors in his tribe for generations was an incredible treasure, he would still not regret his decision... As long as more of his people could survive through this disaster, then there would come a day where the children in his tribe would grow up, and the adults of the tribe would have a chance to see themselves grow white hair.

If he could do this, then he could give up on everything. To him, this was the biggest meaning in his life ever since he became Patriarch!

At the same time he felt that ecstasy in his heart, the old man also felt uneasy. This was the first time he ever saw Su Ming being unable to control his own emotions. When he seized that item, the old man had a misconception that if he retracted his hand, he would definitely bring about a massive storm of killing intent on himself.

The old man took a few steps back and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming. As Su Ming observed his tribe's sacred item, the old man spoke respectfully.

"It doesn't matter whether you will help the weak White Bull Tribe, this item will belong to you... but on behalf of the three hundred seventy-nine people in the tribe, I beg for you to have compassion on us and help us this once..."

As he moved back, this old man, this Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, this person, who was not very attractive, had a sharp mouth and the cheeks of a monkey, knelt down before Su Ming.

He was the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, he had his pride, he was a Medial Shaman, he had his own dignity... In truth, if his tribe did not exist, even if he died, he would die standing. He would not kneel easily.

Yet at that moment, for his own tribe, for the familiar faces there, for the young voices calling him 'Grandpa patriarch', for the young adults he watched grow up in the tribe, he knelt down.

He would never forget how his people treated him kindly when he was young even though he was ugly. He would also never forget himself having a crush on the most beautiful girl in the tribe when he was a young man.

Even less so could he forget the previous Patriarch appointing him as the Patriarch the moment of his death. That kindly gaze and hopeful eyes, all of these things were his warmth. They were the most important things in his life.

For his tribe, it did not matter whether he had to kneel and beg, did not matter whether he had offer up his tribe's sacred item, did not matter whether he had to come under question for his actions by his entire tribe. In fact, he could already imagine that when his people discovered that their sacred item was gone and that the 'sacred item' placed in the tribe right at that moment was a counterfeit he made, they would probably hate and hold a grudge against him for the rest of their lives.

However, he chose to bear through all this! To silently bear through everything, all for the sake of... the continuity of his tribe.

Su Ming was his only hope.

Su Ming's gaze slowly moved from White Bull Tribe's sacred item in his hand to the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe kneeling over there. The intelligence the old man showed was something gained by him through time. His resolution was a part of his personality.

Su Ming might not know all that he had done for his tribe, but he could still somewhat tell some of the things he did.

"I am your only hope?" After a long while, Su Ming spoke slowly. Even if the old man was a Shaman and Su Ming himself came from the Berserkers, even if both of their races were at war, but the old man's actions reminded Su Ming of his elder...

The old man kneeling on the ground nodded lightly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked, "What if I wasn't here?"

"I would choose to merge with Black Crane Tribe, even if the price would be huge... In fact, I can already imagine that Black Crane Tribe will search for the strongest Shaman in this area - Madam Ji. Honestly, if Madam Ji really came looking for trouble, I would still have a way for her to stop..."

The old man lifted his head and looked at Su Ming. His wrinkles and that monkey face made him radiate with wisdom and age at that moment. There was also a deeply rooted fatigue showing on him.

"If those two tribe members of yours cannot find a tribe that will find them to be an asset or manage to find any powerful Shamans who are willing to help you migrate from this place, what will you do?" Su Ming asked calmly.

The old man remained silent, and after a long moment, a smile appeared on his face and he said softly, "This will be our tribe's fate, then. If that's the case, I will stay here with my people and watch the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands come upon us. As we head to our destruction, we will sing our ancient folk songs, dance the dances passed down in our tribe. Death isn't really that terrifying."

Su Ming looked at the old man, and respect gradually appeared on his face. This was a person who deserved his respect. Even if he was a Shaman, when he said those things, Su Ming could not feel any hint of deception in his words.

If he did not truly have those thoughts, even if he said those words, it would be difficult to convince anyone.

"Bring your tribe members here on the eve of the Month of Spirits." Su Ming closed his eyes, then when he reopened them, he spoke with a flat tone before turning around to the sealed mountain range. A wave of ripples spread through the now empty looking place, and he disappeared.

The old man from White Bull Tribe watched Su Ming leave and gratitude appeared on his face. He stood up, wrapped his fist in his hand, and bowed down deeply towards the place before he left with hope.

Su Ming walked out of the air into the sealed mountain range. He held White Bull Tribe's sacred item in his hands and sat down cross-legged beside the black wooden club. As he dipped his head down to look at the item in his hand, an excited look appeared on his face.

"I didn't expect to meet this thing again here... Just... what is it...?" Su Ming took a deep breath. The thing in his hand was a round stone plate.

The stone plate looked very normal. Besides some rather fine carvings on it, there seemed to be nothing else strange about it. There was only a fragment the size of a fingernail embedded at the center of the bowl. The fragment's color was quite different from the stone bowl, which was why it looked quite distinct.

What made Su Ming lose his control before the old man from White Bull Tribe was that embedded fragment in the stone fragment. This fragment the size of a fingernail was entirely black and was letting out rays of dark light!

That item gave Su Ming the exact same feeling as the strange stone fragment hanging off his neck. However, compared to Su Ming's stone fragment, this was much smaller.

This was the only item that could make Su Ming lose his cool. When he seized it, the old man had discovered some clues about him, but these things were nothing compared to him obtaining the item.

Su Ming stared at the fragment, and his face was occasionally filled with confusion, and at other times nostalgia. The memories of the things that happened in Dark Mountain surfaced in his mind subconsciously.

From the moment he obtained the black stone fragment, to the moment he deceived the statue of the God of Berserkers causing him to be able to practice the Ways of the Berserkers, to the moment Dark Mountain was destroyed, to the moment he obtained the inheritance of the Wind and Lightning Berserkers...

The black stone fragment changed everything about him.

Su Ming was caught in a daze for a long time as he looked at the stone plate. When the sun set in the sky, he sighed with a complicated look on his face. Those memories made him want to sigh for the first time.

He calmed his mind down and brought out the black stone hanging on his neck. The instant he placed it in the stone plate, the fragment there immediately shone with a brilliant dark light. At the same time, Su Ming's stone fragment also shone strongly with that dark light, as if they were reflecting off each other.

Soon after, something made Su Ming suck in a sharp breath. The carvings on the stone plate with the fragment embedded inside started shining with a white light, then those carvings started spinning as if they had come alive in Su Ming's eyes.

However, once they spun around three times, their light instantly turned dim. Cracks immediately appeared on the plate and the plate looked as if it was about to shatter. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He put away his own stone fragment, and only then did he manage to prevent this stone plate from shattering completely.

'This stone is embedded in the stone plate, but I wonder what sort of mystery lies within the plate itself. Next time, when the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe comes, I'll have to ask him.' Su Ming stroked the bottom of his chin. He quelled the excitement in his heart and put the stone plate away into his storage bag.

'World of Nine Yin... An ancient ruin, huh? The Nine Abyss Flower can increase the chances of success when I go through the life and death disaster as I try to breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm. I've never heard about it before, but the old man didn't seem like he was lying.

'The Curse actually came from there as well, and it's controlled by the Shamans. If that's the case, then there should be some ancient treasure in the World of Nine Yin, such as...' Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the red ring on his finger. He did not have time to examine this thing up till now.

'The Berserkers are also thinking of ways to enter, huh? Perhaps I'll be able to see some familiar faces there, along with those from the Shaman Tribe...'

When he thought of the Shamans, Su Ming felt a slight headache pounding in his head. The chaos Hong Luo caused made him not know what to say if he ran into Wan Qiu and the others.

He thought about it for a moment, then shook his head and no longer thought about this troublesome thing. He knew that he could not go to the glacier in the Dead Sea for the time being, and the fusion of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance would not be complete within a short time as well.

As he waited for the people from White Bull Tribe coming over, Su Ming decided to examine the Curse. At the same time, he also went on to stabilize his control over the three styles of Wind Separation that he'd gained from the inheritance of the Wind Berserker.

Also, he had to examine that black wooden club which he had snatched after going through that incredible danger to see whether there were any other uses to it.

Besides these, his Nascent Soul in his clone was also heavily injured. He would need to pay a lot of attention to nurse it back to health. However, the power of the world in this place was thick. Even if he did not have any Spirit medicine, he could still lighten the injuries he sustained slowly.

Most of the month passed by in the blink of an eye. During those twenty-odd days, the injuries the clone sustained recovered slightly. Su Ming's Nascent Soul was no longer in a constant state of scattering away. It might still be rather weak, but it regained its liveliness.

As for the black wooden club, while Su Ming could not find a way to put it away into a storage bag, he found out that not only could he change the item's weight at will, he could also change its size. Once he shrank it down, he could bring it with him.

There was also the matter with that red ring. There was a power contained within it that made Su Ming rather enthralled as he examined it. The power of the Curse was incredibly great, causing Su Ming to still be unable to make heads or tails of it in the midst of his confusion. However, every single time his mind was immersed in that ring, he would be caught in a daze.

During one morning, Su Ming emerged from his immersion in that ring. There was still a dazed look on his face, and he only snapped out of it after a long moment.

"The power of the Curse..." he mumbled softly. Suddenly, his expression changed, and he lifted his head to look at the spot outside the seal.

After a moment, the voice of the old man from White Bull Tribe traveled forth faintly from the area outside.

"Sir Soul Catcher, I, the Patriarch of White Bull Tribe, would like to meet you. I brought the tribe members with the Soul Catcher's constitution here."

Su Ming stood up and waved his arm. Immediately, the small snake flew towards him and disappeared on him. At the same time, the Poison Corpse turned into a ray of black light and Su Ming put him away into his storage bag. His Nascent Soul instantly flew out from his clone, and once it crawled into his jugular notch, he put away Ji Yun Hai along with the black beetles that returned to slumber once again. Only then did he lift his right hand and point forward at a moderate speed.

Immediately, ripples appeared in the air before him, and a gap formed up. The old man from White Bull Tribe brought a boy and a girl, both of whom looked nervous, and walked over.

Chapter 419: The Boy and Girl

When the old man from White Bull Tribe, the boy, and the girl entered the sealed area of the mountain range, Su Ming had already put on that black mask on his face and hid his appearance.

He stood there dressed head to toe in black robes. Due to the freezing air still remaining in his body and the layer of ice freezing the Gate to the Void, this place was freezing compared to the burning world outside.

Once the boy and girl anxiously entered the place, they instinctively shuddered. Their breaths came out in white puffs, and their gazes were filled with respect as they looked towards Su Ming. This Medial Soul Catcher had left too deep an impression on them. The scene of the red-haired Su Ming going to their tribe that day was carved deep into their memories.

"Sir, these are the two children." The Patriarch of White Bull Tribe took a few steps forward and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

"The first quarter of the Hour of Spirits tomorrow will be the start of the Month of Spirits. The God of Shamans Temple will cast the ancient Spell, and all the children with the blood of Soul Catchers in the entire land of the Shamans will sense that faint pull. Then, with the call coming from their blood as Soul Catchers and the pull from the Soul Stone, they will be able to be Relocated from this place. You will also need Soul Stones to leave."

As the old man from White Bull Tribe spoke, he brought out three white rocks from his bosom. The three stones were round and looked as if they were sparkling slightly, but they were not transparent.

The three Soul Stones were passed down through generations in White Bull Tribe. It was specially made for those with a Soul Catcher's constitution to activate their power as Soul Catchers. The old man from White Bull Tribe placed all of them respectfully by the side.

"Sir, once you help these two children completely obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, you can just send them back to the Shaman City. You must definitely be thinking of going alone after that. No matter what time, you can come back using the Soul Stone at any place with a Shaman Tower in the World of Nine Yin."

The old man bowed deeply to Su Ming once again, and when he lifted his head, he looked towards the boy and girl. A stern look appeared on his face.

"Listen well, the both of you. You must listen to the Soul Catcher during this trip. If you don't obey his orders and if you harbor any ulterior motives, then think of your tribe! Sir, if these two children don't obey your commands, you have the right to kill them. If they are not willing to care about the troubles of the tribe, then it's better for this sort of person to die in the Word of Nine Yin."

Respect immediately appeared on the girl's and boy's faces. They voiced their compliance with their heads lowered, their hearts beating nervously.

"Sir, if you would please..." The old man from White Bull Tribe cast the boy and girl a complicated look, then eventually looked at Su Ming.

"Let them stay. You can leave now," Su Ming said slowly.

The old man from White Bull Tribe cast another look at the boy and girl once more, then turned around swiftly and walked outside, but the instant he was about to leave the sealed area, Su Ming suddenly opened his mouth.

The old man paused in his footsteps and turned his head around to look at Su Ming.

"It has been generations since anyone has been able to control this item. However, it is recorded in our tribe's ancient records that this item will choose its own owner. Its biggest use is tracking. As for its origins, I'm already looking into it..."

As the old man spoke, he hesitated for a moment and brought out a wooden slip from his bosom, then sent it out gently. The wooden slip floated towards Su Ming, then once he held it in his hand, he scanned it with his divine sense, and he nodded his head.

The old man bowed towards him and walked out of the sealed area. As the ripples filled the air, his body disappeared, and Su Ming, along with the boy and girl, were the only ones left.

Without bothering about the boy and girl, Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the ground, then brought up the wooden slip to examine it closely.

The boy and girl from White Bull Tribe were very pretty, but in their fear, they looked as if they were shivering. They looked at each other, then sat down demurely at a spot not too far away from Su Ming. They remained silent, as if they did not know what to say.

Time passed by slowly, and soon, it was midnight. There were no stars in the dark sky. Even the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and only when it occasionally peeked out would moonlight shine gently on the ground.

It was quiet all around the area. Su Ming held the wooden slip in his hands and closed his eyes, sinking into his thoughts.

Perhaps it was because the boy and girl had remained immobile for too long in this freezing place that their bodies became rather stiff and numb. However, they did not dare stand up. They only used their hands to rub their arms.

When dawn arrived, due to the chilly air that originally existed in the place, the area turned much colder. The boy and girl had already exhausted their minds in the cold and fear, and they gradually began to feel drowsy. However, the moment they started nodding off, a strange cry suddenly came from the mountain range.

The sound came too suddenly, causing the boy and girl to be instantly shocked awake. When they looked over nervously, they saw a fiery red figure charging towards them through the dark from the mountain range not too far away. When it got closer, the boy and girl saw that the creature was a fire-red ape.

The Fire Ape scratched its head and circled around Su Ming several times before it looked at the boy and girl and bared its teeth, showing a ferocious look. It also put up a show that it was drooling and its saliva was dripping all over the floor as it walked towards them while growling.

The boy and girl's faces instantly turned pale. The murderous aura spreading out from the Fire Ape's body caused their originally freezing bodies to shiver even more.

When the Fire Ape rushed towards them, the boy let out a scream and rapidly moved back while rolling and crawling. However, when a huge gust of wind blew past his side, the Fire Ape instantly closed in on him. It did not chase him down, but only looked as if it was having fun while also regarding the boy with scorn. It sat down beside the girl, who looked pale but did not retreat, then turned its head to regard her closely.

The girl looked to be only fifteen or sixteen. She was fair skinned and her eyes were like that of a phoenix. While she might look terrified, she was looking resolutely at the Fire Ape.

The Fire Ape bared its teeth at her, but even so, the girl continued sitting there, though her face became even paler. However, she did not do anything that would show that she was overly panicking.

As if it felt rather bored, the Fire Ape laid down on the spot. Before long, it started snoring. Soon, the girl immediately noticed that it was no longer as cold in the area once it appeared. Waves of heat were spreading from the ape's body, causing her freezing body to gradually become warm.

Her eyes instantly brightened up, and when she looked at the snoring Fire Ape, she no longer felt that it was ferocious. She was originally intelligent to begin with, and knew at that moment that the Fire Ape meant no harm.

"Thank you, senior," the girl stood up and said softly to Su Ming, who was meditating with his eyes closed not too far away.

Su Ming continued meditating there as if he did not hear it.

The girl was not bothered by it. She treaded lightly to the Fire Ape's side and lifted her hand as if she wanted to touch the Fire Ape's fur. But at that moment, the boy who had crawled into the distance and was so terrified that he was shivering immediately widened his eyes. He wanted to remind her of something in his panic but was afraid that the ape would wake up.

The instant the girl almost touched the Fire Ape, it opened its eyes and started growling and baring its teeth at her. It looked incredibly terrifying, as if it wanted to devour her.

Fear emerged in the girl's heart, but she smiled faintly and pressed her right hand resolutely on the Fire Ape's fur, stroking it lightly. The boy's breathing was practically frozen at that point.

The Fire Ape's growls gradually weakened. It cast the girl a look, then decided to lay down once again, letting her stroke its fur. Before long, it looked as if it was enjoying itself, and it made the girl let out tinkling laughter in her joy.

"Ahu, come here. It's alright, this place is warm," the girl called out to the boy.

The boy hesitated for a moment, then right when he was about to move his feet and walk over, the Fire Ape lifted its head and bared its teeth at him. The boy immediately froze in his footsteps, and did not dare get closer no matter what.

Yet even so, the spot where he stood gradually became less cold, and warmth spread through his body.

The night went by just like that. The girl lay against the warm Fire Ape and yawned, actually falling asleep while leaning against it. However, during that night, while being envious of her, though it was envy without any bitterness, the boy found himself to be terrified, and he could not sleep.

While these two teenagers' personalities could not be entirely gauged with the Fire Ape's arrival, but Su Ming could figure them out slightly. When the first rays of sunlight fell in the morning, he opened his eyes and swept his gaze past the boy and girl.

'The boy is just envious, there's no jealousy or bitterness in him. He might be weak-willed, but when he saw his companion doing something so risky, he panicked. He's an honest fellow... but he needs to go through some hardships to become a stronger person.

'As for the girl... This child is bold, but sensitive. She can tell from the details that as long as she doesn't make any mistakes, she won't be in danger. She can also tell that I made the Fire Ape come to get rid of the cold for them.

'In fact, once she makes a decision, she won't give up easily. If she can continue being like this, then she might be able to go farther than the boy in her path of cultivation. However, that sort of personality makes her rather stubborn, and it might cause her to show extremist behavior. She's also the type to easily believe in other people, and she's rather childish...

'Then we talk about the chances of survival, then the chances of her dying are much higher than the boy's. The two people sent by White Bull Tribe aren't too bad.'

Su Ming averted his gaze and closed his eyes once again. He always used himself as the standard when he judged a person.

Time flowed by once again, and when noon arrived, the boy and girl had already woken up. The Fire Ape was nowhere to be found. The instant Su Ming opened his eyes once

again, the three white Soul Stones placed before him suddenly shone with a gentle light.

It was as if they had absorbed the rays of the sun from the sky. However, that light was not strong. Su Ming cast them a look, and lifted his right hand to wave it at the sky. Immediately, a gap appeared in the seal in the air, causing sunlight to descend downwards without any obstructions, illuminating the three Soul Stones.

The boy and girl had also stood up and were looking at the three Soul Stones nervously.

"Se... Senior, can we go over?" The one who spoke was the girl. Her voice was weak. Clearly, in her eyes, Su Ming was still a person who deserved respect.

Once Su Ming nodded his head, the girl took a few brisk steps forward and sat down beside the three Soul Stones. The boy followed close behind with slightly shivering legs before he sat down. The two of them closed their eyes at the same time, then after they did something, the three Soul Stones immediately shone with a piercing light. The light spread outwards swiftly, and once it enveloped Su Ming, it shot into the sky in a strong ray!

The light lasted for the time it takes for an incense stick to burn before it gradually disappeared. As the light dissipated, Su Ming, along with the boy and girl, also disappeared. The gap in the seal in the sky also started closing up gradually, and only then did the place regain its peace and quiet.

When that strong ray of light rose, the old man lifted his head to look at the sky while within White Bull Tribe, and an expectant look appeared on his face.

'The hope of White Bull Tribe... lies in the both of you...'

Note: Soul Stones are not spirit stones!

Chapter 420: World of Nine Yin!

"The World of Nine Yin was discovered by the Nine Li Tribe when the Shaman Tribe just appeared in the land. It is one of the bigger ruins left behind from ancient times. It seems to be located in a different dimension compared to the World of the Berserkers...

"Nine is contained in its name because the Nine Li Tribe was the one who explored the place and occupied a small region within the area. From then on, it became the territory

of the God of Shamans Temple and they built the one and only city belonging to us Shamans in this place.

"The name of the city is Shaman City." The boy's somewhat young voice rang in Su Ming's ears lightly.

In this place, there was a gray sky, covered by tumbling clouds. Occasionally, bolts of lightning would flash past. Thunder boomed in the sky, and due to the clouds sinking because of their heavy weight, it gave people an oppressive feeling.

"The word Yin is due to the dense aura of death contained in this place when it was first discovered. That aura of death could instantly kill a living person, and there are a lot of dangers and threats in this place as well. That's why it was named Yin." As the boy whispered, Su Ming swept his gaze past the area.

They were in a mountain forest filled with fog. There were no leaves on the trees in the forest, but those trees were not dried up. Instead, they had quite the hideous appearance, looking like fingers on a person's hands, and they were scattered all over the mountain range.

"The World of Nine Yin is so big that us Shamans have only occupied a tiny part of it. However, the discoveries we made in several spots in this place allowed three types of cultivation to appear among us.

"One of them are the Soul Catchers. This cultivation method was discovered when our ancestors found a Candle Dragon's complete carcass. Even if there are some records about ancient ferocious beasts like this that only exist in legends, most of those records are incomplete. Most people believe they were just rumors as well.

"It is impossible for there to be a being that can bring daylight by opening its eyes, then plunge the world into darkness by closing its eyes. We thought this was just a myth created by the Ancients because they did not understand how day and night works.

"However, the discovery of this corpse changed everything..." The boy's breathing quickened and anxiety appeared in his eyes as he spoke quickly. Su Ming sat cross-legged on a mountain rock while looking at the hideous mountain forest before him. The boy stood by his side.

As for the girl, she was currently tied up by the branches of a big tree several hundreds of feet away. Her face was pale and she was struggling nonstop. There was a knife in her hands, and that knife was stuck in that tree. Green liquid seeped out of it.

"Continue," Su Ming said languidly.

"The Candle Dragon might be dead, but there is a powerful will left in its complete carcass. The ancestors of Shamans discovered that only certain people with certain

constitutions can absorb a hint of that will into their bodies and use it for their cultivation. With the body as the foundation, the person will practice the divine abilities contained within the Candle Dragon's will!

"This is the origins of Soul Catchers... But for some unknown reason, the Candle Dragon's corpse cannot be brought out of this place, that's why we hold the legacy of the Month of Spirits once every decade... On the beginning of the Month of Spirits, each tribe will bring out the Soul Stones they've prepared and let the tribe members who can let these Soul Stones shine enter the World of Nine Yin through the power of the Soul Stones activated by the God of Shamans Temple's Spell."

The boy's voice was trembling. He saw that the girl's face had turned stark white, and she seemed like she was already losing her grip on the knife. There was even a hint of the aura of death on her face.

However, she was still struggling.

"Senior, please save Lan Lan. She...she's going to die. She should know that she made a mistake now. Please..."

Su Ming's expression still remained as calm as ever. He cast a cold glance at the boy and stated, "Continue."

The boy shuddered, then after remaining silent for a while, he spoke softly once again.

"Besides the Candle Dragon's corpse, they also discovered an altar here. That altar is made of a creature's skull. Rumors say that it's incredibly big. There's a power contained in that altar that won't lose to the Candle Dragon's. That power is not a will, but is instead a strange power that cannot be described.

"Most of the Shamans who fall under the influence of this power will start hallucinating until they die... Only some people will not die after they see those hallucinations. Once they break out of those hallucinations, they will possess a similar power to that altar. Those are Thought Soothsayers..."

As the boy spoke, the girl's struggles gradually grew weaker. She had trouble breathing, and her face was breathless. The knife in her hand fell to the ground. At the same time, the strange tree lifted another branch slowly. The tip of that branch was beyond sharp, and that tip was sent hurling to the girl's forehead.

Yet the moment the branch closed in, green light shone on Su Ming's body. The small virescent sword shot out and swept past that branch with one slash, cutting it down. Then, the small virescent sword flashed one more time and moved on to cut down all the branches on the tree. It also circled the girl once to immediately shatter the branch around her body. She fell to the ground.

She gritted her teeth, and once she struggled to her feet, she grabbed the knife. She did not immediately run back to Su Ming, but instead turned around and stabbed the knife deep into tree, causing it to tremble violently. During that time, the girl pulled out the knife and quickly ran back to Su Ming.

When she was ten feet away from him, she fell to her knees with a crash and her head lowered. She was still pale.

"Senior, I... I made a mistake..."

"What is your mistake?" Su Ming cast the girl a glance. There were many bruises on her skin, and she was also covered in her own blood.

"I should not have gone for the knife on the tree due to my own greed after we were Relocated here and before you said anything about it, then went a hundred feet away from you to try and get it... Please give me one more chance, I won't be so reckless anymore."

The girl had her head bowed down. Fear was still lingering on her face. The thing that had happened just now made her truly feel death and despair.

"You didn't do anything wrong." With a profound gaze, Su Ming looked at the girl through the mask.

She was taken aback. She lifted her head to look at Su Ming, and confusion appeared on her face.

"If you want to obtain something, then you must pay for it. If the reward is great, then the price for it will be greater... Riches will only be gained if you take risks. If you like this knife, then you must be prepared to pay the price when you take it.

"Your experience about that encounter is that price. Think about it carefully. I might have made a promise with your patriarch, but I will only save you three times," Su Ming stated calmly.

"You are bold, but sensitive. You knew that even if you ran into danger, I would save you. You are better than him in this regard. However, even though you are still weak, you have already become very reliant on others and are not cautious enough, nor do you have much awareness of the threats around you. In this regard, you cannot compare to him." Su Ming averted his gaze from the girl and looked at the gray sky in the distance.

"Ahu, continue speaking."

The boy cast a concerned look at the girl kneeling on the ground, then lowered his head and voiced his obedience before he continued speaking beside Su Ming.

"The third place is a mass grave that is the burial ground for an unknown number of corpses. The thickness of the aura of death over there is said to be so thick that it has already gained physical form. That spot is the birthplace of Spirit Mediums.

"Those with a Spirit Medium's constitution are said to be able to sense the grief of the deceased over there, and from there, begin to pity the dead while becoming cold towards the living, and they will gain the power of death from that feeling.

"The area of a million li about the Shaman City is Shaman territory, it is also where the Shamans have set their roots in this land. The area past that one million li is forbidden grounds. All the tribe members who come to this place are not allowed to step into the forbidden grounds...

"Few of those who step outside manage to survive..." As the boy continued speaking, the girl sat down beside Su Ming, and the words he had told her previously echoed in her head. She dipped her head down to look at the knife in her hands, as if she was absorbed in her own thoughts.

"As the Month of Spirits arrives, there will be different people with Soul Catchers' constitutions who will be sent to different locations within the Shaman's territory here, and none of them will be able to control where they are sent to.

"However, once they arrive, they must remember three things. One, do not try and explore the area. Check the mark on the Soul Stone quickly and head to Shaman City with the fastest speed possible.

"Over there, register your identity and your tribe to obtain the map and items provided by the God of Shamans Temple. Only then will you be able to start your journey to obtain the cultivation method of Soul Catchers...

"Two, it is forbidden for any Shamans to fight amongst themselves. All Shamans who have not completed their journey and obtained the cultivation method of Soul Catchers are not allowed to form alliances with those from other tribes who have also come for the journey. Forming alliances and joining teams can only be done after we have completed our journey and obtained the cultivation method for Soul Catchers.

"Three, do not be greedy. Once you completed your journey and obtained the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, immediately head back to Shaman City." Once he said those words, the boy cast Su Ming a glance. When he saw that Su Ming still looked as calm as ever, he continued speaking.

"There are several types of dangers in the World of Nine Yin. The first type is invaders from other worlds. It would be difficult for us to avoid killing each other if we ran into them.

"The second type is from the tribes of the Shaman Tribe itself. Since there are less than a hundred who complete the journey and obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers during each Month of Spirits, we can deduce somewhat that there might be a set amount of people who can obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers.

"Perhaps if there are too many people, it will be difficult for us to absorb a sufficient amount of the Candle Dragon's will, but there might be other reasons as well, so we have to be careful of the other Shamans...

"The third is the numerous seals in this place, along with the threats caused by the countless amounts of ferocious beasts here..." The boy stopped speaking for a moment.

"Senior, I've finished speaking... My patriarch told me to tell you these after I came here. I didn't miss a single word. I already memorized this countless times in the tribe." As the boy spoke, he looked at Su Ming nervously.

Su Ming looked as calm as ever, but he was feeling rather displeased. The Patriarch from White Bull Tribe didn't mention that there would be fights between other Shamans here. If that's the case, he won't be able to complete this task so easily.

However, due to his respect for the old man from White Bull Tribe and the fact that he was shocked by the item the old man brought out, since Su Ming agreed to help, he would not say much about it.

He stood up and said flatly, "Check where Shaman City is and how far it is from here. We'll go and register your tribe there first. We won't stay for long after that. We'll be leaving the city immediately."

The girl immediately brought out the Soul Stone from her bosom, bit her finger, forced out a drop of blood, and pressed her finger on the Soul Stone. The stone immediately shone with a weak light that showed them the way.

"We need to travel approximately three hundred thousand li from here..." The girl let out a sigh of relief and pointed in the direction of the strange forest. They were already considered lucky to be able to be sent to a spot three hundred thousand li away from Shaman City, under the circumstances that they could be randomly Relocated within an area of a million li.

"Let's go." Su Ming walked forward calmly. Green light shone on him, and the small sword circled around them to protect the boy and girl as they followed him into the strange forest.

Chapter 421: Forest

By what the girl originally thought of, Su Ming should have blasted all the weird trees in the forest all along the way and used the fastest way to walk out of the forest.

This was why his current actions were causing confusion in her heart.

Each and every step Su Ming took was made with extreme caution. Most of the time, he would walk in the spots where the trees were not dense. By doing so, their speed became significantly slower.

The girl did not dare speak, but she was starting to become dubious of Su Ming's power in her heart. Nonetheless, the red-haired Su Min had left a very deep impression within her. That was why even though she was skeptical, she still believed that her patriarch's choice was right.

After they had walked for a full day in the forest, several long arcs charged past in the sky, and they came with an astonishing momentum. Wherever they went, the layers of clouds would look as if they were ripped apart. There were five people in those long arcs.

Four among those five people were teenagers, and the one other person was right in front, leading them. He was an incredibly handsome middle-aged man. His expression was as cold as ice, and his whole entire being exuded power. When they passed over the strange forest, that person cast a look downwards, as if he saw Su Ming and the two youths. Once he swept his gaze over them, he chose to ignore them, rushing past the area with the four teenagers behind him.

When the girl saw all of this, she became agitated. She cast Su Ming a glance, and after a long moment of hesitation, still chose to remain silent.

The boy, however, felt completely different from the girl. To him, this was great. They could avoid as much trouble as possible this way, and when he saw the five people flying in the sky, he thought that they were a little too flashy. In the danger filled World of Nine Yin, flying in such a flashy manner was not a good thing.

When the three of them spent their first night in the forest, nine moons appeared in the sky for them. Su Ming's pupils shrank the moment he saw the nine moons shining above him.

The nine moons shone with a gentle light that scattered on the ground, causing the earth to shine in a glittery light, which also made the sky look much gentler. The layers of clouds seemed to have scattered themselves during the night.

"Rest!" Su Ming came to a halt at a place where there were not many strange trees in the area. He spoke in a calm voice, and once he said his piece, he sat down cross-

legged on the ground, then averted his gaze from the moons in the sky and closed his eyes to meditate.

The girl felt that she was being forced into stopping and could do nothing about it. She felt that they should keep moving and head to Shaman City as quickly as possible. In fact, it was to her belief that they should be flying, not walking in the forest. If they continued walking like this, then it was completely unknown just how long they would need to take to cross those three hundred li.

"Lan Lan, do you want to drink?" Just as the girl was feeling as if she was being forced against her own will, the boy moved to her side and brought out a water skin for her.

The girl took the water skin, and after she took a sip, she asked softly, "Ahu, if we continue walking like this, how long do you think it'll take for us to reach Shaman City?"

"I think... it doesn't matter how long it'll take for us. As long as we can ensure our own safety, it'll be okay." The boy called Ahu scratched his head and answered with a smile.

"Safe. That's the only thing you think about all the time. You're always like this in the tribe. This is called being cowardly, get it? Besides, I don't think it's safe for us to walk on the ground, it's only safe if we travel in the sky. We'd be able to leave this weird forest sooner then..." The girl glared at him, displeased. Clearly, she was venting all her frustrations during the day on the boy.

The boy mumbled a few words under his breath and did not dare speak more. It was clear that he was afraid of the girl. After some time, he brought out some food from his bosom and placed them before the girl.

"Eat! That's the only thing you know how to do!" The girl nagged him a little more, and when she saw his expression, she rolled her eyes, then ignored him.

Su Ming might have seemed calm as he sat there, but in truth, he remained vigilant. He had spread out some of his divine sense in the area during the day and found that the weird forest completely covered an area of one hundred li.

In fact, he had a faint feeling that as he walked through this place, there were countless pair of eyes watching them. However, compared to the number of invisible gazes on him, Su Ming noticed that there were even more such gazes within the dark clouds in the sky.

In fact, when Su Ming swept his divine sense through the area, he had felt slight a twinge of surprise in him, which was why he did not choose to fly, especially when he saw the five people flying past in midair during the day. He had immediately sensed all those invisible gazes locking onto the five people with greed, and it made Su Ming completely give up on the idea of flying in the sky.

Even if the path he took in the mountain forest did not reveal anything, this particular trail was only chosen after he had spread out his divine sense and found that it was the road with the least amount of gazes focused on him.

Only by doing so did he feel marginally safer.

However, the boy and girl clearly did not know about this. Su Ming had seen the girl's disgruntlement at being forced to walk on the ground and her thoughts but did not find the need to explain anything.

As he remained seated, Su Ming opened his eyes to a slit, and looked at the nine moons in the sky once again. A glint appeared in his eyes.

'Nine moons... I wonder what would happen... if I cast the Fire Berserkers' Art here and executed the burning of blood...' Su Ming did not act recklessly. That thought only flashed by in his head before it disappeared without a trace.

The night went by without a single word exchanged between them. When morning arrived, Su Ming stood up and continued moving forward with the boy and girl. The path they took that day was even more incomprehensible to the girl, because there were several times where they looked as if they were just going round in circles. The only thing that was similar was that there were fewer trees in the area they traveled through. In fact, there were even certain places where there were absolutely none of those strange trees around.

If she had nothing to compare, perhaps the girl would have endured it, but when dusk almost arrived on the second day, they heard a violent bang from the distance.

When they heard that bang coming towards them, Su Ming stopped and turned around to look. His gaze pierced through the forest, and he saw a half-naked man walking one thousand feet away from him with a savage laugh. There was a gigantic battle axe in his right hand, and wherever he went, the trees would be shattered, leaving behind a large amount of green liquid.

There were two boys following behind that man, and their faces were lit in excitement. They followed closely behind, stepping on that green liquid and passing through the area quickly.

There was a girl sitting on the man's shoulders. The girl also looked to be about fifteen to sixteen years of age. She swung her legs about, looking incredibly smug.

When Su Ming and the two youths looked towards them, both parties could still see each other even though the trees were blocking them and there were one thousand feet between them.

The girl sitting on the man's shoulders chuckled and asked them, "Hey, you there, which tribe are you from? We came from Tranquil Field Tribe. Where did you come from?"

Lan Lan stared at the girl sitting on the man's shoulders with non-malicious envy. The presence spreading out from the man made it clear that he was a Medial Battle Shaman. When she saw the strange trees shattering under the man's axe and the group of people moving forward with a speed much faster than theirs, her displeasure towards Su Ming grew stronger.

"We're from White Bull Tribe. I'm Lan Lan," the girl immediately said. Su Ming frowned, and the boy went forward to tug at Lan Lan's sleeves.

"The patriarch told us not to get into too much contact with the other tribes before we complete our journey and become Soul Catchers..." Ahu whispered to her.

"White Bull Tribe? I never heard of it before. It must be a small tribe. The path you take is rather remote. Could it be that you're afraid of these trees? How about this? I'll allow you to walk behind us." The girl sitting on the man's shoulders smiled, and her tone contained a slightly arrogant quality to it.

Once she finished speaking, without waiting for Lan Lan's reply, the girl swiftly left with the man and the two boys behind him as the man continued opening the path. One of the two boys turned back to cast a glance at Su Ming and the two youths when they were far into the distance, and there was slight disdain on his face.

"Let's go." Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He averted his gaze, then turned around to continue walking down the path his divine sense had perceived.

During that instant, he could strongly sense those invisible gazes in the forest instantly focusing on the man. His existence was like a ball of fire in the dark, attracting all manner of darkness towards it.

"But... But why do we still have to walk through this place? They already opened the path there! Why can't we take that path?!" Lan Lan could no longer hold her frustration in after having endured for two days.

"And everyone is flying in the sky, and they're traveling really quickly! Even if we don't fly in the sky, we can charge through the forest. We can get out of this stupid forest faster that way and arrive at Shaman City earlier too. If we're earlier, we can also attract other people's attention. This will be good for White Bull Tribe!"

The girl rambled off, and when she spoke, Su Ming acted as if he did not hear her. He did not even turn his head back, and there was not a hint of change in his expression as he continued walking forward.

There was a torn look on the boy's face as he looked at Su Ming walking in the distance, then at Lan Lan.

"Lan Lan, the patriarch chose him to protect us. I think... the senior definitely has his own reasons for his choice..."

"Shut up!" The girl was originally annoyed that Su Ming ignored her, and was directing all her anger at the boy.

He mumbled a few sounds under his breath again and simply let the girl vent her frustrations as he continued trying to console her. Eventually, in the midst of all her disgruntlement, she chased after Su Ming with the boy.

Four days passed by in the blink of an eye. During those four days, the girl saw several people flying in the sky once more, and she had already become skeptical of Su Ming's power.

However, she did not notice that several big trees in the path they took the day previously had faces protruding out of their tree barks, and all of them looked as if they were suffering. However, it was difficult for her to see those faces at first glance as they were all the same color as the tree bark. She would simply think that those were the lines on the tree bark itself.

If she had looked closely, she would have found that those faces belonged to a man, a girl, and two boys...

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 422 — Old Acquaintance - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 422 — Old Acquaintance

Chapter 422: Old Acquaintance

'I don't understand why the patriarch chose him! He's just as cowardly as Ahu! We've already been walking for ten days in the forest!'

Another five days passed by, and Su Ming brought the girl and boy out of the forest. All along the way, they did not run into any sort of danger whatsoever. On the final few days, Su Ming increased his speed by quite a large margin, which caused the girl's resentment to disappear slightly, but it was still very strong.

‘There’s no danger here, and we wasted ten days. Those people who overtook us must have already arrived in Shaman City, but we only managed to travel such a small distance.’

The girl was extremely livid, and Su Ming’s unfazed attitude towards everything had especially made her feel as if she could not vent her frustrations, making her feel really horrible for having to keep her anger in.

Because of that, the boy turned into her punching bag and had to be scolded by her all the time during those few days, but there was never a hint of displeasure on the boy’s face. Every single time, he would try to console and comfort her.

Even after they walked out of the forest and there was an endless plain before the girl, she still did not know that there was a large number of trees in the forest behind her that contained numerous corpses. Those corpses were all impaled by an endless amount of tree branches, and there was liquid flowing out of their bodies, nourishing the trees.

Those corpses were all drying up one by one, and as time passed by, they would become part of the trees...

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the strange forest with a calm expression. Most of the time, he did notice the corpses that were absorbed into the forest using some unknown method.

‘As expected of the World of Nine Yin, it’s already so dangerous even though it’s just the Shamans’ territory... But the Shamans have already occupied this place for many years, and they should know about the dangers within their territory like the back of their hand. If that’s the case, why are the people who come in here acting so recklessly?’

This was something that Su Ming did not understand.

It was explainable as to why White Bull Tribe did not understand the dangers in the place. After all, White Bull Tribe was practically cut off from the world and they were located in a remote region. It was difficult for them to know the details of this place, but there was in no way the other tribes were the same as White Bull Tribe...

As Su Ming was engrossed in his thoughts, his expression suddenly changed, albeit only slightly, and his gaze fell on the forest. Rustling sounds came from within the place, and it was followed soon after by a middle-aged man walking out, exhausted.

Behind him was a boy. His face was pale, and his right arm was withered up!

Su Ming had seen the middle-aged man once before. He was the aloof person who had charged through the sky with four teenagers behind ten days ago!

Not only did Su Ming recognize the middle-aged man, even Ahu and Lan Lan had managed to recognize him with just one glance. Ahu's pupils shrank, and as for Lan Lan, she was momentarily taken aback.

The middle-aged man also saw Su Ming and the other two youths behind him. There was surprise on his face. Clearly, he had also recognized Su Ming. He could remember somewhat that he had seen these three people in that strange forest ten days ago.

At that time, he had been calm, and he did not bother himself too much with those not connected to him. He only noticed these three people because they were walking in the forest and not charging through. That strange action made him give them a second glance, but that was all.

However, when he saw Su Ming, the middle-aged man was shocked in his heart, and a hint of amazement could be seen faintly in his eyes. He found that there was not a hint of injury or patheticalness on Su Ming, but that was not all. The stranger was clearly the same as he was and was tasked to protect these children, but...

No sign of injury or patheticalness could be found on the boy and girl as well. This caused the middle-aged man to not be able to help but be surprised.

He knew too well of the strangeness and terrors of forest by then, and it could be said that he had escaped death narrowly. In fact, he even had to use Enchanted Vessels and divine abilities that could protect his life before he managed to bring one person out, albeit with much difficulty. Yet even so, the boy he managed to bring out already had his right arm rendered useless.

It was because he knew of the changes and the terrors of the forest that he was shocked by the trio's current appearance.

He immediately recalled Su Ming walking leisurely through the forest ten days ago. If he did not run into Su Ming right at that moment, he would not have thought too much into it, but once he did, he immediately recalled his discovery when he was escaping from danger a few days ago.

He had found that the faster he moved in the forest, the more dangerous it was, but if he moved at a relaxed pace, the level of threat would reduce by a large half. Besides his divine abilities, a large part of the reason as to why he managed to escape from the forest with his protégé was this!

When he remembered just how the man had been walking this way since ten days ago, the middle-aged man found himself in shock, but at the same time, he also became wary of Su Ming. He absolutely did not believe that he was merely lucky. This sort of thing had absolutely no connection with any luck whatsoever!

"I am Nan Gong Hen. I'm afraid I've embarrassed myself before you with my current sorry state compared to me ten days ago." Nan Gong Hen smiled wryly and wrapped his fist in his hand towards Su Ming before he bowed. His attitude towards Su Ming was extremely polite.

"There's no embarrassment whatsoever. I am Mo Su." Su Ming returned the greeting with a wrapped fist and replied without even batting an eyelid.

"Fellow tribesman Nan Gong, I remember seeing you fly in the sky a few days ago. Why did you walk out of the forest now?"

"Brother Su, why are you asking what you already know? The forest suddenly changed and caught me off guard. I was surprised when I saw you walking in the forest a few days ago. By the looks of it now, it seems that you have already foreseen this coming." Nan Gong Hen shook his head and laughed bitterly.

"I only thought that this forest was slightly strange. I only got out by pure luck. If I exchanged places with you, it might have been difficult for me to walk out alive," Su Ming stated calmly.

"Brother Mo, there's no need for you to be humble..." Nan Gong Hen shook his head, but he already had quite a good opinion about Su Ming. He cast a glance at Lan Lan and Ahu beside him before asking, "Brother Mo, which tribe are you protecting?"

"Just a remote little tribe. You wouldn't have heard about us before, Brother Nan Gong." Su Ming smiled faintly and avoided the topic.

"We came from White Bull Tribe!" But when the girl saw this middle-aged man, excitement appeared on her face, and she quickly spoke.

Su Ming frowned, and Nan Gong Hen was also taken aback slightly, but he soon smiled and ignored the girl. He had merely asked out of mere politeness and did not expect that Mo Su would answer. The girl butting in already allowed him to somewhat tell that there were some problems between this Mo Su and White Bull Tribe.

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he cast a glance at Su Ming, then wrapped his fist in his palm and spoke politely. "Brother Mo, both of our destinations should be Shaman City. There's still quite some distance before we can reach it. Why don't we team up? We'll be able to take care of each other this way." .

Su Ming did not answer immediately. Instead, he cast the girl a cold glare first, and there was a warning look in his eyes, along with a freezing glint. The girl also knew that she had acted rather recklessly just now. When she saw Su Ming giving her that aloof glare, she immediately lowered her head.

As for the boy, he was looking at Su Ming earnestly.

'Do this one more time, and you will no longer receive my protection. I made a promise with your Patriarch that I would only need to have a single person complete the journey.'

Su Ming's voice echoed in the girl's head, and this method of sending his voice directly into her head without being heard by anyone made the girl's heart tremble.

Once he was done dealing with the girl, uncertainty appeared on Su Ming's face. After some time, as Nan Gong Hen continued waiting, he nodded his head.

Delight immediately appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face and he let out a bark of laughter.

"Brother Mo, in all honesty, with you by my side, I feel slightly more confident, or else, I don't know whether there will be any more sudden changes in the forest.

"This forest is truly strange. The wooden slip provided by the God of Shamans Temple never mentioned anything about the terrors of this forest, and I remember that I never ran into any sort of danger when I first came here with my companions and walked through this forest..."

"Brother Nan Gong, could you let me see the wooden slip? I don't understand the changes in this place either." Su Ming asked unhurriedly. He had only agreed to travel with these two because he was not familiar with this place, and he was also wary of this so called 'sudden change' in this forest.

Nan Gong Hen cast a glance at the boy and girl beside Su Ming. Then, as if he had understood something, he smiled and brought out a wooden slip from his bosom, handing it to Su Ming.

Once Su Ming took it, he scanned it with his divine sense. There was a complete map on the slip, and the map covered an area of one million li. Right at the center of the map was a city.

The Shamans' territory was mapped out clearly.

This was precisely what Su Ming needed. Once he engraved that map in his head, he handed the wooden slip back to Nan Gong Hen, but right at that moment...

"Brother Mo, this is a gift for you. I have another map with me," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

"If that is the case, thank you." Su Ming smiled and saluted Nan Gong Hen with a wrapped fist as a form of thanks. The two of them flew up at the same time and charged towards the sky in the distance. Su Ming did not find any of those gazes focusing on him in this area, so he decided it would be good for them to be able to not walk.

As for the three youths, they were all carried into the air by Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen's divine abilities and flew behind them.

As the five people charged forward, Su Ming spread his divine sense out in the area and observed his surroundings carefully. Nan Gong Hen swiped his right hand across the center of his brows, and immediately, a pair of violet eyes appeared at that spot. Those eyes blinked seven times in succession, then multiple spirits flowed out of Nan Gong Hen's body, turning into a vortex as they swam about in the area, and that vortex covered an area several tens of thousands of feet wide.

Clearly, Nan Gong Hen was a Spirit Medium.

The three youths behind Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen were all quiet. The boy who lost his right arm looked extremely determined, but he would occasionally frown and pain would appear between his brows.

Ahu was looking at Su Ming's back while lost in his thoughts.

As for Lan Lan, while she had been uncertain as to why the powerful Nan Gong Hen in her mind would be so courteous to Su Ming, she still believed that luck was a big reason as to why Su Ming had been able to bring them out of the forest.

Since Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen had to bring three youths with them, the group could not travel too quickly in the sky. They traveled for a few days, and on this day, as they were still flying in the sky, a gigantic ship broke through the clouds in the sky and charged forth from another direction.

There were eight people on that ship. Some of them were sitting cross-legged, some of them were looking into the distance from the railings, and some of them were talking to each other.

At one of the corners of the ship was a girl. She looked incredibly average and not a hint of extraordinariness could be seen on her person. The only thing that stood out about her was the distinct tranquility in her eyes. She was dressed in white and was frowning at that moment, absorbed in her own thoughts. She swept her gaze casually through the area, and when she saw Su Ming, her eyes widened, but her eyes soon filled with uncertainty, and a torn look appeared on her face.

'He might be in the land of the Shamans, but there's no chance for him to come here... Su Ming, where are you...?' the woman thought silently in her heart, sighing.

Chapter 423: Treasure Gambling Event

The ship traveled incredibly quickly, breaking through the clouds. It stirred up a large amount of ripples that reached Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen's east, and as if the sky was the ocean to it, the ship charged past.

The ship was incredibly luxurious and shone with a multitude of colors. The ripples spreading out from within made Lan Lan and Ahu widen their eyes. They looked envious, though it was without resentment.

As for the boy with the withered right arm, he simply lifted his head to cast that ship a glance. His expression remained aloof, and not many changes in his expression could be found.

"That is the Sky Deck Ship from Divine Cyclone Tribe. Among the great tribes in the land of Shamans, that ship is very famous. It is said that when it travels at full speed, it can compete with a Latter Shaman who has arrived at the peak. Its defensive powers are also incredibly strong, that's why it's the best method of transport when going to dangerous places." Nan Gong Hen looked at the ship leaving into the distance, then smiled at Su Ming.

Su Ming seemed rather preoccupied by his thoughts. When he scanned the ship previously with his divine sense, he had felt a power repelling him, which was why he did not force his divine sense inside to explore. However, when he swept his gaze past the few people standing on the ship, there was a girl in white who gave him a feeling that they had met before.

"Brother Mo, are you interested in the Sky Deck Ship?" Nan Gong Hen saw Su Ming looking at the direction where Divine Cyclone Tribe left and asked with a smile.

"Even if a small Shaman like me is interested in the Sky Deck Ship, I can only be envious of the people who own it." Su Ming shook his head.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to belittle yourself. If you truly want to obtain that Sky Deck Ship from Divine Cyclone Tribe, there is a way..." A glint appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes, and he spoke in a hushed tone as he continued traveling with Su Ming.

"Oh? Brother Nan Gong, please enlighten me." Su Ming looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"From what I understand, every single time the World of Nine Yin opens up, Divine Cyclone Tribe comes here not just to help their tribe members obtain the cultivation method for Soul Catchers, but for the treasure gambling event as well.

"Brother Mo, don't tell me that you didn't come here for the event." Nan Gong Hen smiled and cast a glance at Su Ming.

"What does this have to do with the Sky Deck Ship?" Su Ming asked calmly without even batting an eyelid.

"Perhaps you don't know about this, brother Mo, but as long as you have enough luck during the treasure gambling event and manage to find an herb that Divine Cyclone Tribe needs, then they will definitely go to you in attempts to try and exchange for it. At that time, you can just ask for the Sky Deck Ship." Nan Gong Hen let out a boisterous laugh.

"About that..." Su Ming let out a wry laugh and shook his head. He did not continue speaking. His current look could convey a lot of meanings, and it all depended on how the person who saw it interpreted it.

"Brother Mo, are you worried about your own luck? Indeed, this is truly hard to predict. I once met a Medial Shaman who managed to find a Nine Abyss Flower!

"It might have been just a remaining segment of its leaf and it was not complete, but it was still bought by a person from a big tribe at an exorbitant price. Not only is this item useful to Berserkers, it's also very useful to the Latter Shamans." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, his expression was filled with envy.

"Nine Abyss Flower?!" A sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"That's right. Ah... why don't I have that sort of luck? That crystal didn't even look flashy, and no matter what, it didn't look as if it contained the Nine Abyss Flower. It's luck, all of it boils down to luck!" Nan Gong Hen smiled wryly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he suddenly asked, "But the person who found that Nine Abyss Flower must have had a tragic end, right?"

"That's true. But he ended up in that state because he was too greedy and made several mistakes. He should have immediately left, but if he didn't want to leave, it was fine too, as long as he rented the Spirit of Nine Yin from the God of Shamans Temple from the city with half of the items he got in exchange for his Nine Abyss Flower. With the protection of the Spirit of Nine Yin, as long as he didn't go further than one million li from the city, he would basically be safe.

"After all, the World of Nine Yin is very mysterious. Over the years, only one End Shaman is allowed to be on garrison duty here. If two End Shamans appeared, then within a few days, drastic changes would immediately appear in the area, and it might even affect the entire Shaman City...

"I heard that this matter has been pretty accurate so far. That's why the God of Shamans Temple will never allow a second End Shaman coming to this place. They can only come here in turn to be garrisons, though their true goal in coming here is to search for treasure.

"Unless... we act like the time we did that year when we just developed this place. We could bring all the End Shamans and Latter Shamans here and forcefully suppress the changes in the area.

"But this is the time of war. It's just not possible for us to do that. As for Berserkers... Heh heh, even if they do manage to come here, they will at most be at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. All those who are in the middle stage and beyond cannot avoid being found out by the God of Shamans Temple when they are Relocated." Nan Gong Hen seemed to have in depth knowledge about this and told Su Ming with a smile.

Su Ming was as calm as ever. Once he nodded his head, his expression suddenly changed and he looked at Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. There was something slightly off on Su Ming's face, and it made Nan Gong Hen puzzled.

"Brother Nan Gong, the forest was originally supposed to be clear of threats, but there was a change recently. Could that be... the change you were talking about?" Su Ming asked.

Nan Gong's expression changed drastically, and there was a variety of expressions on his face. After some time, he started laughing bitterly.

"It doesn't matter whether it is or isn't. This isn't something we can control. But if that's the case, then we will have to be even more careful... Oh well, once we are in Shaman City, I'll immediately rent a Spirit of Nine Yin, then I'll have a higher chance of protecting my own life. Once I enter the treasure gambling event and let the boy behind me obtain his cultivation method as a Spirit Medium, then I'll immediately leave the place.

"Brother Mo, we might have just got to know each other, but we managed to hit it off right from the start. Here's a piece of advice. Don't be stingy with your money, go and rent a Spirit of Nine Yin as well.

"After all, while the Spirit of Nine Yin cannot leave the World of Nine Yin, it can bring out a battle power so great that it is equivalent to a Latter Shaman's. They are also the locals here. They've signed an eternal treaty with the God of Shamans Temple many years ago." Nan Gong Hen's words were filled with sincerity as he told Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled and nodded.

They continued flying in the air, and several days passed by. Most of the clouds had dispersed on this day, and they could somewhat see the sky. The end could not be seen no matter where they looked, and there was not a single human soul besides theirs that could be spotted.

As the five people continued moving forward, Su Ming suddenly came to a halt, then with a grave look on his face, he spread out his divine sense once he stopped and started checking the area closely.

Nan Gong Hen also came to a stop. He quickly spread out the wandering souls around him and had them search in a wider area, but he did not find any sort of threat in the area, and he could not help but look at Su Ming with a puzzled look in his eyes.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at the empty space before him. When his divine sense had covered that area just now, some of it disappeared, as if it was devoured by some mysterious creature.

It was precisely because of this that he suddenly came to a stop. He sent his divine sense to that area where it had disappeared earlier, and once he scanned through it carefully, that feeling of his divine sense disappearing happened once again. This time, more of his divine sense was devoured.

But strangely, when Nan Gong Hen's wandering souls went through that area, they did not find anything out of ordinary. Su Ming watched those wandering souls circle it, and they did not show any signs of being devoured.

Su Ming's pupils shrank and he frowned. He retracted his divine sense, no longer letting it cover that strange space.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?" Nan Gong Hen was slightly bewildered as he looked at Su Ming.

"There's something wrong over there." Su Ming no longer had that slightly humble tone in his voice which he used when he spoke to Nan Gong Hen earlier. He went straight to the point this time.

When he heard Su Ming's words, Nan Gong Hen became even more cautious. A dark light shone in his eyes, and immediately, the wandering souls around the area let out piercing screams, then all of them surged towards the space Su Ming was looking at.

No matter how he looked at that space, it looked the same as the sky around the area. There was not a hint of abnormality that could be seen. Even if Nan Gong Hen had sent a large amount of wandering souls over to that place and they were circling around it, nothing different happened.

"There's... nothing there." A puzzled look appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face. If Su Ming's actions in the forest had not left a deep impression on him and he had seen that Su Ming and his two protégés were completely unharmed, he would definitely think that Su Ming was deliberately putting on an air of mysteriousness.

Among the three youths behind the two of them, the boy with the withered right arm remained as aloof as ever as he was absorbed by his thoughts. Ahu was very nervous as he stared at the area. He completely believed in Su Ming's words and there was not a hint of doubt within him.

However, Lan Lan frowned and grumbled in her heart.

'Hmph, he's just pretending to be mysterious. There's nothing there, or else it's impossible that Sir Nan Gong wouldn't have noticed anything.'

"Brother Mo..." Nan Gong Hen sent his wandering souls circling several times in that area once again, and once he was certain that there was nothing different over there, he looked towards Su Ming.

"Brother Nan Gong, if you want to go there, I won't stop you. But I suggest that you don't. I'm steering clear of that place." As Su Ming spoke, he turned around and waved his arm, immediately bringing the still grumbling Lan Lan and nervous Ahu to fly in another direction. By the looks of it, he truly intended to skirt around that place.

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment, and as he stared at that obviously normal space, he suddenly lifted his right hand, flipped his palm over, and a ray of black light shot out from his sleeve.

That ray of black light sparkled before him and turned into a black python one hundred feet in size. The python hissed, and a cold glare appeared in its eyes. It looked at Nan Gong Hen, and with one point, it let out a hiss and flew towards the empty space Su Ming had avoided.

In an instant, Nan Gong Hen's pupils shrank as he stared at the black python, and at the same time shock appeared in his eyes. The boy with the withered right arm behind him widened his eyes as well, and for the first time, his expression changed.

Right before their eyes, once that black python entered the area, it suddenly let out a piercing cry, and a large part of its body disappeared into thin air...

It was as if there was an invisible mouth that devoured most of the black python's body in one bite.

Nan Gong Hen felt his skin crawl. He already knew that if he had went in there rashly, then it would be difficult for him to escape from that sudden danger. At that moment, as his heart beat in lingering fear, he cast his gaze at Su Ming, who was flying in another direction. Wariness appeared in his eyes and he quickly flew towards him.

Lan Lan also saw this. Her eyes popped out and she looked at Su Ming's back with a dumbfounded expression. At that instant, she suddenly felt that they did not come out of the forest safely due to pure luck...

Ahu's eyes were shining, and his gaze as he looked at Su Ming was filled with respect.

Chapter 424: Shaman City

"Brother Mo, the depth of your cultivation and your keen perception has really impressed me! Wherever we go to next, as long as you give the word, I will definitely follow you!" Once Nan Gong Hen caught up, there was a slight awkward look on his face as he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

The boy with the withered right arm behind him no longer looked at Su Ming with an aloof gaze. There was instead a hint of curiosity in his eyes.

"I was just lucky. Brother Nan Gong, if you look closely, you will also be able to discover some clues." Su Ming shook his head and spoke calmly.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble. I'll be honest with you, I couldn't tell that the place was that dangerous..." Nan Gong Hen laughed wryly and bowed once more towards Su Ming.

Su Ming smiled and no longer spoke. He continued charging forward with Nan Gong Hen with the three youths behind them.

With Su Ming's divine sense and Nan Gong Hen's wandering souls swimming about in the area, while they might have run into some dangers on the way, they managed to avoid all of them. Even if they had to take certain longer paths, they did not run into any life and death crises.

As time passed by and they got closer to Shaman City, Nan Gong Hen grew to respect Su Ming even more, and he deeply believed that he had made the right choice when he first invited him to travel with him.

Nan Gong Hen was really curious as to how Su Ming managed to deduce the dangers. There were one time during their journey that while he had followed along with Su Ming's suggestion to change their path, he turned around and saw with his own eyes several long arcs charging through the place they avoided. Without any obvious reason, those people suddenly let out piercing, shrill cries, and their bodies exploded into bits and pieces.

Nan Gong Hen was then struck dumb, and thoroughly convinced by what he saw, he trusted Su Ming's judgments and decisions wholeheartedly, following his instructions right down to a tee without any hint of hesitation.

Ahu was already practically holding Su Ming in position akin to that of a god in his mind. The zealous look in his eyes was clear to everyone watching. As for Lan Lan, the things she went through on the way made her skin crawl, even though she was a bold girl. She felt cold chills crawling down her spine, and her gaze as she looked at Su Ming became very different.

The boy following behind Nan Gong Hen was the same. He could remain aloof to everyone, and he treated Nan Gong Hen in the same aloof manner, but when he looked at Su Ming, that aloof gaze disappeared, and it was no longer replaced with curiosity, but with respect.

Somewhere along the way, Su Ming became the leader of the team. When he suggested changing their course, every single one of them would obey without question. Eventually, he did not even need to speak. He just needed to move, and Nan Gong Hen, along with the others, would immediately follow.

'White Bull Tribe is really lucky to have been able to find someone like Brother Mo as a guardian for their tribe members who have been sent for the trial...' Nan Gong Hen would occasionally cast his gaze at Lan Lan and Ahu all along the way and sigh deeply in his heart.

He knew that the others might perhaps have a way to reach Shaman City, but with Nan Gong Hen's power, if he did not have Su Ming guiding the way, it would be difficult for him to protect the boy behind him, and his own life would be in danger as well.

However, the boy and girl from White Bull Tribe were completely unscathed all along their journey, and all of this was because of Mo Su.

One month later, in the midst of that frightening but safe journey, Su Ming and co arrived at the center of the Shaman Tribe's territory - Shaman City. Once they were a hundred li away from Shaman City, they were no longer allowed to travel in the sky. Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen descended from midair and landed on the ground.

Shaman City was not very big, but it was built to look incredibly majestic. It was cubic in shape, and there were gigantic walls of one hundred feet surrounding it. The city was entirely crimson, as if it was dyed in blood. The crimson city walls occasionally shone with a red glare, forming a mighty pressure that would make people's hearts tremble.

There was only one gate to Shaman City, and all people used that gate to enter and exit. From a hundred lis, several unique buildings could be seen shooting off the ground within the city, and they their distinct characteristics stood out.

It was especially so for the stone pillar that shot high into the sky at the center of the city. It gave off an ancient feeling, and at the same time, there was a gigantic head placed at the top of it. That head was one thousand feet in size, and due to some unknown method of preservation, only a small part of it had decayed.

That head's appearance could still be clearly seen. Its inside was empty, and it was lopped on the stone pillar, turning it into the most eye catching building and road mark within Shaman City!

It was a gigantic head that was filled with drooping branches. It had the appearance of a human, but had the skin of a dried up tree bark. The head was entirely brown and its facial features could be seen clearly. Anyone who saw it at first glance would think it was a human head, but if they looked closely, they would find it was clearly a giant block of wood.

There were numerous branches drooping down like tentacles from that gigantic head. The longest of them all was nearly one thousand feet long, and the breadth of each branch was different, along with all their lengths. They were all supported in the air by the stone pillar. If anyone looked from the distance, they would find that the stone pillar looked like a huge long spear that had lifted the head high in the sky.

"We're finally in Shaman City... Brother Mo, I cannot express just how grateful I am for all that you've done during the trip..." Nan Gong Hen looked at Shaman City and let out a huge sigh of relief. He wrapped his fist in his palm to Su Ming with gratitude radiating off his face.

"Brother Nan Gong, you don't have to do this. I also wanted to come to Shaman City. We could take care of each other if we traveled together. Besides, you want to enter the treasure gambling event as well. I've heard quite a lot about it when I was previously in the land of the Shamans, but I didn't manage to enter it due to certain reasons in the past. Now that I'm here, I'd like to experience it no matter what. I will need your help in introducing me to the place." Su Ming said with a smile.

After experiencing all the things on the road, Nan Gong Hen had become even more intent on becoming friends with Su Ming. Once he heard Su Ming's words, he immediately spoke.

"That's easy, I've entered the treasure gambling event a few times before. Since you're here, brother Mo, you should indeed experience it. Perhaps if you're lucky, you will be able to find a priceless treasure. But brother Mo, before we go, we should rent a Spirit of Nine Yin..."

Nan Gong Hen fell silent for a moment, then extended his invitation to Su Ming.

"How about this? If you don't mind, why don't we stay in the same inn in Shaman City? If that's the case, we will be able to communicate with each other easier."

Su Ming thought about it for a moment before he nodded with a smile and expressed his gratitude.

Nan Gong Hen let out a boisterous laugh and walked forward briskly towards Shaman City with Su Ming, bringing with them the three youths behind them. Before long, the group arrived right outside the city. There were already quite a number of people waiting to enter at that moment, and there was already a very long queue in line.

Most of the people in the queue were teenagers, and there would be one Medial Shaman standing in between some of the teenagers acting as their protector.

It did not matter whether it were those teenagers or the Medial Shamans, most of them had injuries on their person. There were even some of them who looked pale, as if they were injured terribly.

The queue waiting to get into the city was very long, but the examination right in front was incredibly strict. There were a dozen something Medial Shaman dressed in uniform standing right outside the city gate. Usually, once they finish each of the examinations, they would receive some money before they allowed the people into the city.

There were quite a number of impatient looking people waiting in the long queue to enter the city, but once they looked at the Medial Shamans in uniform, they would force down their irritation.

However, there would occasionally be someone who arrived and did not need to queue up due to their unique identities. They could walk straight to the gates and enter the city after a simple examination. All of these people belonged to big tribes or had close relations to the God of Shamans Temple.

"There are so many people here! We're gonna have to wait until tomorrow before we can go into the city..."

When Lan Lan saw the long line once she arrived outside the city gate, she sighed. However, she also noticed that most of the teenagers that were like her, waiting in line, looked defeated. Clearly, they had gone through a lot of hardships on their way here. There were even some of them who had grief on their faces, and it was plain as day that their companions had died on the way.

When Lan Lan remembered just how her journey to this place had been more frights than true danger, she could not help but look at Su Ming.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the crowd with a calm look. He did not mind waiting till tomorrow, that matter was not a problem to him.

"We don't need to wait, we can just go in."

Once they arrived near Shaman City, Nan Gong Hen felt his spirits lift up. When he heard Lan Lan's words, the idea of letting Su Ming know the vast amounts of connections he had popped up in his head. After all, to people with their current level of

cultivation, making friends was not because they could get along well, it was also because they could mutually benefit each other.

Su Ming's nonchalant attitude during the entire trip was incredibly valuable in Nan Gong Hen's books, that was why it was necessary for him to befriend Su Ming. However, he felt that he still had yet to show his own value to Su Ming. As he spoke, he brought the group straight to the city.

Su Ming's lips curled up into a light smile. He could somewhat tell what Nan Gong Hen was thinking. Judging by how confident the other looked, he definitely had a way, and if Su Ming did not have to wait, he would naturally choose not to wait in line until tomorrow.

He followed behind Nan Gong Hen, and Lan Lan, along with the two boys, followed suit. The act of those five people not lining up and going straight to the city gate immediately caught a large amount of attention from the crowd. When they looked over, a large number of the Medial Shamans who were protecting the children immediately appeared shocked when they saw Nan Gong Hen. Some of them even wrapped their fists in their palms from the distance and greeted him with a smile.

"So it's you, brother Nan Gong? Which tribe are you protecting this time?"

"Brother Nan Gong, it's been a long while. How are you?"

"Haha, brother Nan Gong, once we get into the city, you and I have to drink till we're drunk."

With a smile on his face, Nan Gong Hen continued walking forward while wrapping his fist in his palm to return his greetings to these people. He was not at all disoriented because there were too many people greeting him. Everything was done methodically, and it was obvious that he was already used to this.

When Nan Gong Hen arrived right outside the city, the Medial Shamans who were dressed in uniforms and were examining the people smiled. They did not examine Su Ming and the others at all, but simply moved out of the way, and when they did so, Su Ming was shocked by the connections Nan Gong Hen had.

There was always a smile on Nan Gong Hen's face. Once he greeted the Medial Shamans guarding the place, he brought Su Ming and the others through the city gate.

As they walked through the city gate's tunnel, Su Ming remarked with a smile, "Brother Nan Gong, the amount of people you know is really impressive, though the reason why the guards from the God of Shamans Temple let us in without an examination isn't because you were close to them, am I right?"

"Brother Mo, it seems like I've made a fool of myself before you. I like making friends, and since my father also has a large number of friends, I've grown up in the God of Shamans Temple since I was young... That's why, please excuse me for making a fool of myself," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

Su Ming smiled. He was just about to speak when his smile suddenly froze and his pupils shrank. He saw a woman walking towards him from inside the city through the tunnel.

Chapter 425: I Understand Him

It was an incredibly cold and beautiful woman with violet hair. The woman looked to be around twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. She was tall and dressed in purple robes. There was a white whip tied to her waist, causing her waist to curve in beautifully before the lines curved out in an exaggerated fashion to show off her posterior and her long legs.

Her long hair danced in the wind as she moved. It would not be an exaggeration to compare her to ice due to the chilling look in her eyes and the aloof look on her petite face. The woman's beautiful face especially gave her a unique, cold beauty when paired with her indifference.

Su Ming laughed wryly in his heart, though no one could see any hint of it since he had his mask on his face. He knew this woman... or more accurately speaking, he'd seen this woman when she was naked before...

That woman was the one from the God of Shamans Temple which Progenitor Hong Luo had met when he was in control of Su Ming's body, and because the woman did not have enough aura of Yin, he did not cast the Art of the Dragon Subject, Yin Simurgh, on her.

'Hong Luo... why did you say you were Su Ming...?'

Su Ming laughed even more wryly in his heart and felt a massive headache in his head. When he saw this woman, a feeling as if he was falsely accused formed in his heart, and he could say nothing about it.

When he had woken up, he had seen everything that happened when Hong Luo controlled his body. He even had a feeling that he was Hong Luo himself. With that feeling around, he could remember clearly that this woman had looked at him with eyes burning with hatred.

'If she learns that I am... me... Hah...' Su Ming forced down the torn feeling in his heart and looked at the woman walking over with a calm look on his face.

Nan Gong Hen was originally smiling by the side, but when he saw the woman, his smile froze as well. And just like Su Ming's, it was then replaced with a wry one.

Nan Gong Hen let out a fake cough and asked that cold woman, "Sis, are you going out?"

"So you're not dead yet?" The woman who was as cold as ice remarked coolly when she was ten feet away from Nan Gong Hen and Su Ming. If anyone ignored that chill in her voice, they would find that it was actually very pleasant to the ears.

Nan Gong Hen fake-coughed again, choking for a moment due to the woman's words, then as he laughed wryly, he shook his head.

"Sis, how could you say that to your elder brother? Oh well, let me introduce to you, this is..."

"Not interested," the woman said coldly, and without even casting a glance at Su Ming, she walked past through them.

Nan Gong Hen quickly made way for her. Su Ming sighed and moved out of the way as well. The woman walked through and out of the city gate.

"Who is that?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but still asked. He had to know of her identity so that he could think of ways to avoid her in the future.

"That's my little sister, Nan Gong Shan. Ha... she's been becoming more and more indifferent because of the cultivation method she's practicing. I know it's not a big matter, but one year ago, when she was in isolation, something happened, causing her aura of Yin to become even thicker, and now she has become like this..." Nan Gong Hen said with a wry laugh. He walked through the tunnel with Su Ming and entered Shaman City.

Sounds of a bustle entered their ears, and they could see that the city itself was very lively. There were a large number of Shamans inside, and when they stood there, they had a feeling as if they had forgotten that they were in the World of Nine Yin.

When Su Ming heard Nan Gong Hen speaking about the accident a year ago, he felt a little guilty, and he sighed in his heart. He did not expect that Nan Gong Hen, whom he met on the way here, would be this woman's big brother.

"I didn't expect that she would be here. Brother Mo, I hope you don't mind my sister's cold attitude. Ha... speaking of that accident, did you hear about that unrivaled Shaman

who suddenly appeared one year ago in our land?" Nan Gong Hen shook his head, and once he explained his sister's attitude to Su Ming, he started chatting casually with him.

Su Ming laughed even more wryly in his heart. He cast a look at Nan Gong Hen, and when he saw that Nan Gong Hen was just talking about him casually and not pointing fingers at him, Su Ming shook his head.

"I have been in isolation for many years. I've heard others mentioning the incident a year ago, but I don't know much about it."

Nan Gong Hen sighed, then led Su Ming and the other three youths through the streets of Shaman City. It was very lively on both sides of the street. There were all sorts of shops there, and most of them sold some of the Shamans' necessities. Besides these, there were also shops selling unique items that could only be found in the World of Nine Yin.

Compared to the perils outside, this place was an incredibly relaxing place, and it looked peaceful here.

"Speaking of a year ago, a Shaman so powerful he was unrivaled appeared in our land. That person's level of cultivation was so high that he had actually surpassed an End Shaman!" When Nan Gong Hen said those words, respect and yearning appeared on his face.

"He actually possesses power that surpasses an End Shaman. I wonder how he did it. When he appeared, in a few days, he challenged multiple powerful Shamans, and every single time those who fought against him lost, he would use a special method and absorb half of their power!

"Most of the people believe that he is evil, but I don't think so!" A hint of excitement appeared in Nan Gong Hen's voice, making it clear that he was not at all calm when he spoke of this person.

Su Ming blinked and did not say anything.

"I know that he thinks that these so called 'powerful' Shamans aren't worthy of having any power born out of cultivation, which is why he didn't take their lives but took away a large part of their power. This is him telling those losers without saying a single word that if they can surpass him some day, they can go find him and retrieve that power he took!

"I know it, I understand him, I get him!

"This is a great sentiment showed by that person. This is the true quality of a powerful warrior. All those who lose must give up their power, and this is also a way to motivate them!

"I always believed that he's a Shaman, or else why would he show such compassion to those so called 'powerful' Shamans'? He's doing this to urge them on in their training, he's personally motivating them to improve!" Nan Gong Hen said agitatedly.

Su Ming... was stunned.

"Brother Mo, I'm telling you the truth. I'm not the only one who feels this way. There are quite a few of those who lost who have similar feelings. I asked them before." Respect appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes.

"I respect this unparalleled Shaman from the bottom of my heart. He actually... went out his way to motivate even those ferocious beasts! Just how great must he be to be able to do even this?

"During those few days, there were plenty of ferocious beasts who had great luck and ran into him, and their minds were all stimulated. Perhaps one of them will turn into a sacred beast!"

Su Ming was rendered completely speechless. He instinctively raised his hand to touch his nose, but ended up touching his mask instead. His lips under the mask were curled up into a wry smile.

Lan Lan and Ahu's eyes were shining brilliantly when they heard Nan Gong Hen's voice. Their hearts were filled with excitement, and they looked thrilled. Even the aloof boy with the withered right arm was filled with respect and zeal.

"Then... Just how strong is he?" Lan Lan could not help but ask.

"How strong? Heh heh, with just one flick of his hand, Sir Zong Ze from Autumn Sea Tribe was sealed in the sky and could not move. All the tribe members of Autumn Sea Tribe were immobilized when he pressed down on the ground. They were all sealed and could not move an inch, and could only watch... as he descended and went to their Sacred Lady's side, hugged her, and flew away with her...

"This is a great love story. I'm really envious of it." Nan Gong Hen let out a long sigh.

Su Ming could not help but let out a few dry coughs. The story sounded off when he heard it from other people's mouths, because he knew that... the truth was in no way what Nan Gong Hen had just said.

When Lan Lan heard his words, her eyes shone, and when Ahu saw how Lan Lan reacted, he made a decision in his heart.

"The Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe returned a few days later with the blood dragon he gave her. Now, besides the sacred mackerel pike, Autumn Sea Tribe has another sacred beast...

"Hah, honestly, my little sister isn't too bad either, why didn't he choose her...?" Nan Gong Hen shook his head. When he looked at Su Ming, he felt that there was something strange about Su Ming's current demeanor.

"Brother Mo, what's wrong?"

"It's nothing, I'm just really moved... by this person's actions..." Su Ming sighed.

"Honestly, my little sister also met that person, but... they just weren't fated to be. It's also because of that encounter that my sister started harboring unrequited feelings for him and became bitter, that's why she's even more indifferent now." Nan Gong Hen brought Su Ming and the others across several streets and sighed as he walked.

"Where is he now? What is his name?" Ahu could not help but ask.

"He went missing. I suspect that he felt that there was no longer anyone left in the land of the Shamans for him to motivate, that's why he chose to leave... His name... is Su Ming!

"The red-haired Su Ming!" When Nan Gong Hen said that name, excitement and idolization appeared on his face once again.

Su Ming froze for a moment and could only laugh wryly in his heart. That was the only thing he could do, to laugh wryly. He was originally prepared for this, but when he heard about it with his own ears, that feeling was still a little different from what he had expected.

Su Ming let out a fake cough and was just about to change the topic when Ahu suddenly sprang a question behind him.

"Red hair? His hair is red?"

"That's right. It doesn't matter whether it's from other people's accounts or from what I saw, we all know that he has long red hair, purple lips, and the mark of a peach blossom at the center of his brows. Those are his greatest characteristics. If you ever have a chance to run into this person, you must bow down to worship him, because his greatness is not something the people can understand, but I do!

"I know what he's doing, I can comprehend his deeds, I understand him..." Nan Gong Hen said softly.

"Red hair, pale face, purple lips... the mark of a peach blossom..." Lan Lan mumbled. She had a vague feeling that she had seen a person with such a description before, and when she lifted her head and saw Su Ming turning over to look at her, her expression drastically changed.

She just remembered. A year ago, a person with such an appearance appeared above their tribe, and a year later, this person was standing before her with a mask over his face.

Since she was behind Nan Gong Hen, he could not see her change of expression, and Su Ming's gaze at the moment caused Lan Lan's heart to tremble. She quickly lowered her head, and her heart was filled with anxiety, along with shock.

Ahu's face was stark white, but when he saw Su Ming's face, his expression immediately turned normal, as if nothing had happened. He held Lan Lan's hand, but his back was already covered in cold sweat.

Su Ming cast a flat look at Lan Lan and Ahu before he averted his gaze and looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"You saw him before?"

Chapter 426: The Rise of Cold

"Hah, I only managed to see his back..." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, he shook his head regretfully. At that moment, the group had already arrived at a rather remote area in Shaman City. Right before them was a normal looking inn.

"We're here. Brother Mo, this is where I stay every time I come here. It's very quiet here. Please go rest for a while. Once morning arrives, we'll go rent a Spirit of Nine Yin."

Nan Gong Hen walked into the inn, and immediately, after having a brief exchange with the innkeeper, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. With the regret of having only seen the red-haired Su Ming's back still lingering on his face, he brought the boy with the withered right arm and headed to their rooms.

"Come with me," Su Ming said flatly to the children, then turned around to walk towards his own room once he received instructions from the innkeeper.

Lan Lan's face was pale. She became hesitant, even though she was usually bold. However, the usually timid Ahu grabbed Lan Lan's hand and gave her a nod with a determined look on his face. Then, pulling her along, he followed behind Su Ming.

For the first time, Lan Lan let Ahu pull her, and nibbling on her bottom lip, she slowly followed Su Ming into his room.

There were only a few people staying in the inn. Most of the rooms were empty, and every single one of these rooms had its own seal. Once a person stepped inside, that seal would be activated.

When the door to the room fell shut, Su Ming stood by the window and looked at the quiet street outside, as well as the fog-covered sky. It was almost noon outside. He could hear muffled noises filled with excitement coming from the distance, but when they fell into his ears, those sounds were so weak that they felt as if they had traveled through several layers of something before they fell into his ears.

This was not a bad place to stay. He could avoid being bothered, and could obtain some form of peace.

He spread out his divine sense and had it surround the room without making a sound, causing no one to be able to find out what was going on in the room as long as they did not send out a wave of power that would cause ripples in the air surpassing the amount caused by Su Ming's divine sense.

Su Ming also sent his divine sense to Nan Gong Hen's room as he spread it out. Under his divine sense and his scrutiny, he saw that once Nan Gong Hen returned to his room, he first had a melancholic look on his face as if he was deeply moved by something, then he sat down cross-legged to meditate. When he showed no other actions after a long while, Su Ming left a trail of his divine sense to continue observing Nan Gong Hen, then turned around to look at Lan Lan and Ahu.

The two teenagers had already waited for a long time, but they did not dare have even a hint of impatience within them. Lan Lan's face turned even paler, and Ahu clutched Lan Lan's hand even tighter.

When she met Su Ming's gaze, Lan Lan shuddered.

"Se... Senior..."

Ahu's current manner of conduct was completely different from how he showed himself to others usually. With a resolute look on his face, he pulled Lan Lan down and knelt on the ground with her.

"Senior, please cast a Spell on us to wipe away our memories just now to avoid us revealing anything subconsciously. If we did, not only will it bring trouble to you, we will also bring disaster on ourselves."

Su Ming did not speak. After sweeping his gaze across the two youths, he closed his eyes and fell into deep thought.

This was an accident. However, Su Ming was already prepared for this accident to happen when he agreed to White Bull Tribe's Patriarch's request. After all, Hong Luo's

actions were too flashy, and it was difficult for people to not remember his looks and traits.

However, he did not expect that this would happen so quickly. Just one Nan Gong Hen, and his appearance when he was his red-haired self was completely revealed.

But fortunately for him, Nan Gong Hen had been talking about it casually when they were in the city, and judging by his looks, he did not seem to have grown any suspicions towards him. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked at the two youths once again.

"Knowing about this will bring more harm than good to you. Not only will it possibly make you lose your life, you might also bring about total annihilation to your tribe..." Su Ming did not lie. Once the two children revealed any hints, then White Bull Tribe would be in danger.

"Senior..." Ahu's face turned pale. Lan Lan, too, was in the same condition.

Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly, and with a flick of his wrist, the boy and girl immediately fell to the side unconscious. Su Ming was still as calm as ever. If he did not have the Immortal's Nascent Soul and learned a method to wipe out other people's memories from the legacy Hong Luo left him, he would not have agreed to escort anyone in the World of Nine Yin.

He was already prepared for this a long time ago. He just did not expect that he would be using it so early.

Two hours later, Lan Lan and Ahu walked out of Su Ming's room with dazed looks in their eyes. After returning to their rooms, they only started recovering gradually after the time taken for the burning of an incense stick. Not a hint of the red-haired Su Ming was left in their memories.

Teenagers would never be able to keep still. Once Lan Lan regained her senses, she could not contain her desire to go out and take a look around Shaman City, especially now that noon had just passed by and it was still bright outside. So she went with Ahu and invited the boy with the withered right arm to go with them. Once the three of them obtained permission from Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen, they left the inn.

Time trickled by. When it was almost evening, while sitting with his legs crossed, Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards the door. After a moment, knocking fell into his ears, and it was soon followed by Nan Gong Hen's cheerful voice.

"Brother Mo, dusk in the World of Nine Yin is incredibly beautiful, and it's even more so when the nine moons show up. Why don't we drink and admire the sky together?"

A large part of the reason why Nan Gong Hen could have so many friends was because he spoke with a cheery tone and because he was the type of person who would take the initiative and invite people to drink with him.

When Su Ming heard Nan Gong Hen's words, he smiled and went to the door. Once he pushed it open, he saw Nan Gong Hen carrying two pots of wine standing outside his room.

Since Su Ming had covered the entire inn within his divine sense, all of Nan Gong Hen's actions, and even everything that happened in the inn could be detected by him. Nan Gong Hen did not bring out those two pots of wine himself. He had instead asked the innkeeper for them, and these pots of wine had just been brought out from the underground wine cellar.

Su Ming had also scanned the innkeeper and the wine with his divine sense, and detected no problems. Besides, Nan Gong Hen had also drunk one pot when he was in his room, and it seemed like because he thought that wine when drunk without any company was tasteless, he came to Su Ming.

Su Ming knew about all of this, and took over a pot of wine with a smile, then took a big swig from it. Nan Gong Hen's eyes shone brilliantly, and as he laughed heartily, they walked towards the top level of the inn.

The top level of the inn was a balcony loft. There were several tables placed there and the balcony did not have a lot of things acting as shelter, causing the air to enter the space from all directions and circulate freely there. They sat at a table by the edge and looked towards the fire-red shade in the sky. It was very comfortable.

"I like the World of Nine Yin a lot, and I come here almost every single time it's opened..." Nan Gong Hen said with a deep sigh while drinking and looking at the sky in the distance.

Su Ming's gaze fell on the fire-red shade in the sky and he remarked in a calm tone, "This is indeed a good place. It's difficult to imagine that it was an ancient ruin."

"Heh heh, look at the peace we have here and think about the dangers outside. Think about the area one million li away where not even our ancestors have managed to explore, and here we are, drinking and looking at the moon appearing. This is just so friggin' comfortable!" Nan Gong Hen laughed boisterously and drank a huge mouthful.

"Brother Mo, do you know what my dream is? I want to go past those one million li and go to a place no one has ever gone to before, and I want to drink over there while looking at the dusk and watching the moon appearing!" Nan Gong Hen looked at the faint shadow of the moon that was gradually appearing in the red sky and spoke with a smile.

"Over there, I wouldn't have to be bothered by any wars, I could ignore my father's dreams for me, I wouldn't have to think about anything, just my own dreams... and over there, I would wait for a person." Nan Gong Hen let out a light sigh.

"Oh?" Su Ming took a sip of his wine and looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"Brother Mo, you must have wondered why I always come here. It's not just because I like this place—I really like it, by the way—but I come here every time because I made a promise with someone, and that's the more important reason..."

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a moment before he spoke with an agonized voice. "I will wait for her here. She went past those one million lis... And we made a promise that I'll wait for her here. But it's been so many years, and she still isn't back."

"Promise..." Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the pot of wine in his hand. He brought it up and took a big swig from it. His gaze fell on the sky in the distance, and in the midst of that red, the first moon gradually appeared.

"If you truly can't forget her, then why don't you go and look for her in that area?!" Right at that moment, an aloof voice traveled forth from the loft. Su Ming's divine sense focused together. He had only managed to notice this person appearing one breath before that voice spoke!

Several breaths later, an aloof woman walked up the stairs. That person was naturally Nan Gong Hen's little sister, who also happened to be the one person Su Ming kind of did not want to see at the moment.

The woman did not even look at him. Once she walked over, she sat by the side and took the pot of wine from Nan Gong Hen's hands. Immediately, white, chilling air spread out from within, and it was obvious that the wine inside the pot had chilled over instantly. She brought it up and took a big mouthful from it.

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked at the woman, only speaking after a long while. "I will, I definitely will!"

Su Ming watched the siblings by the side and was just about to search for an excuse to leave when his expression suddenly changed. A freezing glint immediately appeared in his eyes and he got up to look at a distant spot in the city.

"Brother Nan Gong, I have something I have to deal with. Please excuse me." As Su Ming spoke, the freezing look in his eyes became even colder, and with one move, he turned into a long arc and flew off the balcony.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. When he lifted his head to look, the cold woman by his side turned her gaze on Su Ming's departing back for the first time, and her pupils suddenly shrank.

At that moment, in a bustling street located in a downtown area to the north of Shaman City was a shop, and Lan Lan was standing in that shop seething in rage. Ahu looked a little frightened by her side, and as for the boy with the withered right arm, his face was pale and his expression bitter.

Right before them stood an extravagantly dressed boy with scorn on his face. There was a married woman standing by his side, and she held herself in a beautiful manner. No signs of time or age could be seen on her face. Her eyes were calm.

There were three expressionless men standing behind the boy and woman. The ripples spreading off the three men showed that they were all Medial Shamans.

"Qi Dong was the one who first took a fancy to this herb, and he even paid for it! How could you be so unreasonable and snatch it away?!" Lan Lan demanded furiously.

"Qi Dong, I didn't expect I would run into you here. Judging by your right arm, you must be thinking about using this herb to heal it. Don't you worry, I'll have someone buy all of these herbs in the city. If you come and beg me, I can give you some of it. If you kowtow to me, then I will give you a shrub... but right now, I'm feeling horrible. Chase them out!" the rich boy said with a smile, and his final sentence was spoken to the Medial Shamans behind him.

"Bei Er, don't go causing trouble to other people intentionally. That's impolite. Since he bought this herb first, then we'll give it to them after we break their legs and throw them out."

The woman spoke with a bland voice, then turned around and no longer bothered with them, looking at the other things in the shop, as if this sort of thing would not catch much of her attention. Since she gave the order, there would naturally be someone who would carry it out.

Chapter 427: A Misunderstanding? That's Not Enough!

Once the boy called Bei Er heard the woman's words, a hint of cruelty appeared on his lips. Then he looked at the boy with the withered right arm with a smug look on his face.

The right arm of the boy who came with Lan Lan and the others was now withered up so badly that it looked to be only skin and bones. His face turned even paler.

"How could you do this? We've never bothered you before, and we already paid for this herb! You're the ones who're trying to snatch it from us!"

"Your power is great, how could you bully us children?! Don't you feel ashamed?!" Lan Lan's face was red from anger. She was terrified, but among the three of them, Qi Dong was keeping silent like a block of wood, and Ahu was being as timid and cowardly as ever.

While Lan Lan was terrified, she was still screaming in rage. When she saw Qi Dong's pale face, she gritted her teeth!

"Our guardian is Mo Su, and his guardian is Nan Gong Hen. If you dare hurt us, the both of them will never forgive you!"

When she saw that one of the expressionless Medial Shamans started walking towards them, Lan Lan shouted loudly and protected Qi Dong and Ahu as they retreated. Her face was already stark pale, but she continued keeping up a brave front.

"Nan Gong Hen..." The woman who had already turned around to look at the other items frowned slightly when she heard Nan Gong Hen's name.

"Since it's Nan Gong Hen, I'll just take one leg off each of you. As for that little girl, she has a quick mouth. Cut her tongue off."

"Understood, Ma'am." The Medial Shaman who was walking towards Lan Lan and the other two bows was a thin middle-aged man. At that moment, he turned towards the woman and bowed to her while voicing his obedience to her respectfully. Then he turned around and walked towards Lan Lan and the others without any sort of expression.

Under the pressure coming from him as a Medial Shaman, Lan Lan shuddered. Ahu's eyes were filled with terror, and Qi Dong lowered his head bitterly. It was impossible for the three of them to leave the place. The pressure was like the might of heaven to the three of them.

"Qi Bei, First Mistress, this has nothing to do with the both of them. We only came together to Shaman City because we were heading down the same path. My matter doesn't concern them. If you truly wanted to deal punishment, you can break my legs and my remaining arm, I will take their place." The boy with the withered right arm lifted his head at the moment, and with a bitter expression on his face, he took a few steps forward.

The boy's words did not catch the woman's attention. As if she did not hear them, she picked up a black wooden hair stick in the shop and looked at it with her head lowered. The boy by her side cast Qi Dong a glance with a cold sneer on his face. The smugness and disdain on his face was as clear as day.

The middle-aged Medial Shaman who was walking towards Lan Lan and the other two boys did not stop for even a moment. As he got closer, the cold chill spreading from his body made despair appear in the three teenagers' eyes.

Qi Dong's eyes turned red. With a roar, as he moved back, he used his body and knocked Lan Lan and Ahu towards the door to the shop.

"Run! Ahu, take Lan Lan and run!"

Lan Lan hesitated. Ahu grabbed her hand by her side and immediately rushed towards the gate in his anxiety. However, right at the instant he and Lan Lan managed to reach the door, a gust of wind shot out from nowhere and blew against them from before them. It immediately caused Lan Lan and Ahu to shudder before their bodies were forced back against their will, as if they had knocked into a wall. As they moved back, they coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Our guardian is Mo Su, he won't forgive you!" Lan Lan wiped away her blood and glared at the Medial Shaman fiercely. Ahu sucked in a deep breath by her side. His face might be pale and his chest hurt, but he stood before Lan Lan with an unwavering determination on his face, just like a mountain.

Qi Dong laughed brokenly, and when he looked at Lan Lan and Ahu, there was a deep, apologetic look on his face. He regretted his actions immensely. He should not have come out. It would have been fine if he alone was harmed, but getting others involved was not his intention.

The middle-aged Medial smiled coldly and did not have the responsibility a person of his status should feel as a high-ranked Shaman. His attacks against the three defenseless children were incredibly brutal.

"Mo Su? I've never heard of any powerful Medial Shamans who goes by that name before. I'd like to see just how this person won't 'forgive' me."

The middle-aged Medial Shaman took one step forward and leapt past Qi Dong. With a swing of his arm, he flung Ahu aside, and Ahu was instantly sent tumbling to the side, causing the middle-aged Medial Shaman to arrive at the pale-faced and despair filled Lan Lan.

With a cold sneer, the middle-aged Medial Shaman lifted his right hand swiftly and moved to point towards Lan Lan's right leg. The moment his finger touched her leg, the it would immediately shatter to pieces, and she would forever be rendered lame.

By the side, Ahu let out a piercing howl as if he had gone mad and was about to charge forward. As for Qi Dong, his heart was pain, but he did not hesitate. He, too, charged forward.

But the two children were not even Fledgling Shamans. It was impossible for them to overtake that middle-aged Medial Shaman, and even if they did manage to pounce on him, they could do nothing against him.

The middle-aged Medial Shaman's right hand was as quick as lightning, and with a speed that seemed as if there was nothing that could hope to match up to it, he went straight for the despairing Lan Lan's right leg.

However, it looked as if there was nothing that could match up to his right hand, it was not as if there was truly no one who could stop it. Right at the instant there was only three inches between the middle-aged Medial Shaman's right index finger and Lan Lan's right leg, a voice that could chill one right down to the soul traveled forth from the sky outside the shop.

"Don't you dare!"

The voice echoed in the air, sounding as if it was still coming from the distance, but if anyone listened carefully, they would feel as if that voice was right by their ear. The moment the middle-aged Medial Shaman heard that voice, his index finger was suddenly held by a right hand that suddenly appeared beside him!

It was a cold hand attached to a black sleeve. As the hand appeared, a masked man dressed in black appeared beside the middle-aged Medial Shaman as well.

"Didn't you want to see how exactly I would 'not forgive you'? I'll show you!"

Naturally, that masked man was Su Ming. It only took the span of a breath from the moment he spoke to the moment he appeared. Right when he grabbed the middle-aged Medial Shaman's right index finger, that man's expression immediately changed drastically.

However, right when his expression changed, Su Ming crushed his finger with his right hand. A sharp crack rang in the air. The Medial Shaman let out a groan and his face instantly turned pale. His right index finger had been crushed to bits.

His heart trembled, and by instinct, he wanted to retreat, but before he even took two steps back, he saw blood pouring out from the cracks of Su Ming's fingers. Right before him, Su Ming's eyes under the mask shone with a profound light and he lifted his right hand to swing it at the Medial Shaman before him.

With that one swing, the gust of wind that this person used to deal with Lan Lan and Ahu appeared out of nowhere with an intensity far greater than before, turning into a whirlwind that swept this person inside. Green light shone at the center of Su Ming's brows, and the small virescent sword charged out with a sharp whistle, piercing through that whirlwind, and as blood scattered into the air, green light flickered.

The whirlwind disappeared, and what was left on the spot was the middle-aged Medial Shaman with his eyes wide open in disbelief. There was a bloodied wound at the center of his brows that pierced through his entire skull. He fell to the side, convulsing a few times before he breathed his last and died.

All of this, right from the moment Su Ming appeared to the moment the middle-aged Medial Shaman died, only lasted for the span of a few breaths. It happened so fast that it was unbelievable, so quick that no one could react to it.

The woman who was inspecting the black wooden hair stick turned around swiftly. With an electrifying gaze, she looked at Su Ming, and a stern look appeared on her face.

The boy beside her turned pale in the blink of an eye. To him, that span of time that only lasted for a few breaths was only an instant. Yet it was as if the world had turned upside down after that instant. It made his head go off in a bang, and he stood there with his mind in a blank state.

The two Medial Shamans beside the woman were originally expressionless, but both their faces instantly changed at that moment. Their gazes were immediately filled with shock as they stared at Su Ming. They knew it themselves that they could not kill a fellow Shaman at the same level so quickly and clearly. It was as if the middle-aged Medial Shaman was so weak that he could not withstand one blow before this person.

When Lan Lan saw Su Ming, she was also taken aback. This was the first time she saw Su Ming attack, and with just one attack, he had managed to make this person who had made her sink into despair die instantly. That sort of power and that sort of murderous aura made all the doubts she had towards Su Ming disappear without a trace.

At the same time, right after she saw him, she was like a child who had met her parent after she was bullied, and immediately felt hurt and reliant on him.

"Senior..." Lan Lan's eyes turned red and she sounded almost in tears.

"Senior!" Ahu's face was filled with excitement as he stood by the side, and he bowed deeply towards Su Ming with a fist wrapped in his palm.

Even Qi Dong came to Su Ming's side with excited haste. That aloof boy seemed to not know how to convey his emotions, so he could only kneel down towards Su Ming and kowtow several times.

The woman's face was stern as she stared at Su Ming. After some time, a gentle smile suddenly appeared on her countenance. "Sir, how may I address you? This might perhaps be a misunderstanding. I am a member of Eastern Goosefoot Tribe. We've always liked getting to know the powerful Shamans from other tribes, do you have anyone that you may be familiar with in our tribe?"

The woman might no longer be young, but her beauty still remained. When she smiled, she gave off a feeling as if she was charm personified, and with that beauty of hers, she did not look as if she was deliberately doing it. She instead gave others a feeling that this was natural for her. This was completely different from Madam Ji's charm; they gave off two different kinds of appeal.

"The reason for this is because my son likes this herb and got into a conflict with this boy. It doesn't matter who is right or wrong, you have already punished my guard. This is a misunderstanding, could you let it slide?" the woman asked gently, twirling her hair with a finger.

"It's not like that! They were being bullies! We already paid for that herb, but they wanted to break our legs, I..." Lan Lan immediately said by the side.

"Enough!" Su Ming's gaze was calm when he interrupted Lan Lan's words. Lan Lan immediately fell silent obediently and no longer spoke.

"I don't care who is right or wrong. You hurt my people, and you want to call it off by saying it's a misunderstanding? That's not enough!" Su Ming declared coldly. This was the ninth summit's principle, and it was also Su Ming's own principle.

Chapter 428: One Hundred Million Soul Devouring Heaven!

Once the woman heard Su Ming's cold words, a murderous glare appeared in the her eyes. She already told him her tribe and had even humbled herself because she did not want to offend this person who could marginally be considered to a powerhouse even among the powerful Shamans.

After all, there were not many of those from Eastern Goosefoot in Shaman City. In fact, to her, what she did today could not be considered going too far. She was already being merciful to that Qi Dong boy, and as for that boy and girl, she was only asking for one of their legs to be broken. She was not trying to take their lives.

This man had already killed one of her people, and she even tolerated it, but judging by his words, he was being completely unreasonable. That was going too far.

"Sir, aren't you being too arrogant?!" the woman demanded coldly, but right when she finished speaking, Su Ming shook his head and moved towards them.

"Kill him!" Murderous intent shone in the woman's eyes. To her, since Su Ming did not appreciate her good will, then she would have his head stay in this place.

"When I attack you, you are not allowed to strike back..."

When Su Ming walked over, the two Medial Shamans closed in on him quickly. One of them was a Battle Shaman, and the other a Spirit Medium. At that moment, the Spirit Medium bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, which turned into a large amount of vengeful spirits. With piercing howls, they pounced on Su Ming.

At the same time, the Battle Shaman took a huge step forward with an incredibly stern countenance, stirring up a violent gust of wind. Golden light shone on his body, and he looked as if he was dressed in golden armor. With an incredibly mighty bearing, he threw a punch at Su Ming.

That one punch instantly caused sounds as if the wind was broken through. There was also a suction force spreading out from the punch, causing the space around them to distort. Clearly, the Battle Shaman's punch was not any ordinary fist.

However, right when his fist was about to land on Su Ming, Su Ming looked as if he did not intend to dodge and was simply going to let that punch hit him. But right at that instant, he moved slightly, and the Battle Shaman's fist landed on empty air. At the same time, Su Ming appeared to the Battle Shaman's right.

"If you strike back, I will strike back heavily," Su Ming stated calmly.

He formed multiple seals with his right hand, and during the instant his Nascent Soul's power spread from his body, the seals had already changed several times. He pressed his hand on the Battle Shaman's ribs, and the man shuddered.

His face instantly turned pale, and at the same time, Su Ming retracted his Nascent Soul's power. The Berserkers' power that was used to refine the body erupted on his right hand. He clenched his fist and struck.

The Battle Shaman coughed out fresh blood and moved to the side with a groan, unable to stop Su Ming at all. As he moved back, a black bruise appeared on his ribs, and a strange round mark showed up there.

The mark looked as if it could absorb the man's flesh and blood, causing the man to rapidly wither away as he retreated. Once that black round mark started absorbing his flesh and blood, a large amount of his flesh started rotting away.

The appearance of that mark might have made it seem like it was an easy thing to do, but in truth, it was what Su Ming had obtained when researching the Curse while he was in isolation. Attacking with his Nascent Soul's power was to cut off the circulation path that was almost like those passages for Qi circulation in his opponent's body, and that punch filled with the Berserker power was to temporarily stop the recovery of his opponent's flesh and blood, and it was followed by Su Ming sending out the Curse's power through his hand.

Just by doing these things, he could cause the person to not have any sort of cultivation circulation. When the blood and flesh started to be unable to recover on their own, they would begin absorbing everything else in the body to aid in their recovery with an explosive force!

Waves of black mist spread out from that round mark, causing the man to scream in pain. With a shocked look filled with terror, he tried to stop that mark under his ribs from rotting away, but it was difficult to do. He could only scream in pain and convey a terror that would strike fear in other people's hearts.

"If you intend to injure me heavily, I will strike back fatally." Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the man and walked towards the Medial Spirit Medium. The vengeful spirits that had spread out from the Spirit Medium were circling Su Ming, but right at the instant they were about to pounce on him, a bell chime came from within Su Ming's body.

The bell chime rang mightily, and the instant it rang out, those vengeful spirits instantly let out screams of pain and swiftly retreated in desperation. It was as if there was an existence within Su Ming's body that terrified them.

However, before they could retreat too far away, they immediately started letting out shrill screams, and as if there was a great suction force from Su Ming's body, they were sucked towards him. In the span of a breath, they were dragged into Su Ming's pores, disappearing without a trace.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and not a hint of change in expression could be seen on his face. It was as if he knew a long time ago that this would happen. This was the power of the bell he obtained after the sixth head had awakened on Han Mountain Bell. He would need to absorb enough souls to awaken the seventh head.

After Hong Luo passed away and Su Ming subsequently regained his senses, he checked Han Mountain Bell as well. The three heads Hong Luo shocked awake earlier had fallen asleep once again after his death, but Su Ming could feel that even though the three heads went back to sleep, they had become much easier to awaken compared to before.

'Absorb one hundred million vengeful spirits to attain the power of Han Mountain Bell's sixth head - One Hundred Million Soul Devouring Heaven...'

When the Spirit Medium saw Su Ming forcefully absorbing those vengeful spirits into his body and even felt the connection between him and them breaking in an instant, his face turned pale. He lifted his right hand abruptly and slapped his own forehead. Immediately, veins popped up there.

This scene made the Spirit Medium look incredibly hideous. He did not look like a person, but was more like a malicious spirit. He let out a piercing howl, and a large amount of black mist seeped out from all over his body.

"If you strike a fatal blow, then I will have your family die with you..." Su Ming's words were spoken slowly, and when he said them, he had already appeared before the Spirit Medium.

The Spirit Medium shuddered. Su Ming's words and swift decisiveness when he killed previously rose in his mind instantly. Those words were spoken calmly, but the meaning behind them had a domineering presence so mighty it seemed to be able to shoot straight into the sky and blow apart everything.

That presence was so overbearing that no one could go against it, could not even resist it, or else, they would only die. One of Spirit Medium's companions corpse was still on the ground, while his second companion was still wailing in pain, most of his body already decayed...

As that black mist completely surrounded that Spirit Medium and veins popped out on his face, he lifted his right hand and swiftly chopped down on his right leg. Immediately, a thud came from his right leg, and it was cut off. Blood poured out of his wound, but it was instantly sealed off by the black mist. His face was bloodless as he held a hand on the wall beside him, then turned to look at Su Ming respectfully.

Su Ming's eyes remained on the Spirit Medium for a moment before he turned away and looked at the woman, whose eyes were now filled with terror.

"I am the daughter of Eastern Goosefoot's tribe leader! Our tribe is only slightly smaller than a big tribe, and this time, my tribe uncle is among those who are coming to Shaman City, and he is a Latter Shaman!

"If you dare hurt us, Eastern Goosefoot Tribe will never let you off! You're dead meat!"

The woman let out a piercing screech. The moment Su Ming looked towards her and she said those words, a strong light flashed in her right hand and turned into a light screen, protecting her along with the boy whose face was now filled with terror and who was trembling in fear.

At the same time that screen of light appeared, an explosive power spread out from it swiftly. The face of the Spirit Medium who had cut off his own right leg changed. Black mist surrounded him and he swiftly flew off, charging out of the shop.

Almost the instant he left, the shop where Su Ming was let out a violent boom. The sound spread through most of Shaman City, causing most of the people to take notice of it.

The shop was ripped apart under that boom, and its parts fell down layer by layer, shattering and exploding into numerous pieces that scattered through the area, causing the street to look as if a pit had appeared in it, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

Dust flew into the air, and within the dust, the onlookers could faintly see that the woman and boy were protected by a screen of light, and they were completely unscathed. Su Ming stood before them, looking as calm as ever, and nothing much had changed on him. As for the three children, they were surrounded by a ray of dark light, uninjured as the shop crumbled around them.

The woman glared at Su Ming with hatred from behind the screen of light. The gracefulness she possessed was long gone. That hateful look made her seem rather similar to Madam Ji.

As the boom echoed in the air, two long arcs charged over from the sky in the distance, closing in the span of a breath and descending beside Su Ming before turning into a man and a woman.

The man was naturally Nan Gong Hen, and the woman was Nan Gong Shan, who donned a cold demeanor right after she appeared. She stared at Su Ming's back, immersed in her own thoughts.

Nan Gong Hen swept his gaze past his surroundings with a dark face. When he saw the Medial Shaman who had the center of his brows pierced through, his gaze paused on him for a moment, but when he saw the man who had completely rotted away but was not dead and was lying there wailing weakly, his pupils shrank.

"Brother Mo, this is..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment. He had naturally seen the hatred filled woman behind that screen of light.

"Nan Gong Hen, this has nothing to do with you! This is a personal grudge between Eastern Goosefoot Tribe and him!"

Once the woman saw Nan Gong Hen, she immediately spoke. She was the daughter of a tribe leader and was very knowledgeable of the world since she was young. At that moment, she immediately deduced that if Nan Gong Hen joined in, then the situation would turn incredibly undesirable for her.

"Mo, if you dare to, then don't leave Shaman City immediately. Right now, I've already activated my screen of light, and my tribe uncle will instantly rush here. I'd like to see whether you will still be as arrogant before a Latter Shaman!"

"Even if you want to mitigate the situation, it's already impossible!" she said, her voice laced with malice.

Nan Gong Hen's face turned dark and he turned around to cast a look at the boy with the withered right arm. When he promised this boy to help him through his journey to become a Spirit Medium, he already knew about his ties to Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, but he was not bothered by it. He was certain that Eastern Goosefoot Tribe knew of his status in the God of Shamans Temple, and it was not a problem for him.

However, the change in the current situation had Mo Su dragged into play. This gave Nan Gong Hen a massive headache. He could already tell what had transpired with just one glance. If he pulled himself out of this matter, then it would be impossible for him to continue being friends with Su Ming.

Chapter 429: The Might of One Blow!

"This is a misunderstanding..." Nan Gong Hen laughed wryly, but the moment he said those words and before he could even finish his sentence, the woman behind the screen of light immediately barked coldly.

"Nan Gong Hen, he killed three of my guards!"

Nan Gong Hen's words died in his mouth. He was just racking his brain and thinking of what to say when Su Ming smiled.

"Brother Nan Gong, don't get involved in this. Help me take care of the two children. Once I'm finished with this, let's continue drinking." As Su Ming spoke, he looked towards the woman behind the screen of light.

"As for that Latter Shaman from your tribe, I'd like to see just how much stronger he would be if compared to me!"

Su Ming was not lying or exaggerating. He had his Nascent Soul clone, had that Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm, and had the legacy of the Wind Berserker, he truly wanted to know just how wide was the distance between him and a Latter Shaman!

As for the problem of him exposing his identity... Well, Su Ming's power was incredibly mixed at the moment. He had with him the power of Immortals, Berserkers, and the Shamans' Curse. Unless there was an End Shaman around, it would be difficult for anyone to figure out his identity.

After all, Hong Luo's Path to Life had wiped away Su Ming's presence, and if even Di Tian found it hard to detect him, it would be much more so for other people.

Su Ming's words made Nan Gong Hen immediately swallow the words he had thought of to mediate the situation. He looked towards Su Ming with internal shock, and began estimating Su Ming's power once again. Judging by his look, it seemed like he really intended to fight against a Latter Shaman. If this came out of any other Medial Shaman, Nan Gong Hen would absolutely not believe them.

However, the surprises Su Ming had given him were aplenty. The strange perception he showed all their way here that allowed him to detect danger could be said to be incomprehensible. There was also the matter about the two corpses he saw just now. The first one had clearly died with just one strike.

The strange one was the second corpse. Judging by its look, it seemed like... the Curse. This left Nan Gong Hen in shock, and at the same time, he found himself unable to speak. He nodded instead to Su Ming.

When the woman heard that Su Ming wanted to fight against a Latter Shaman, she looked as if she had just heard a great joke. Derision appeared on her face.

"You boast without shame and act with extreme conceitedness. You're just a puny Medial Shaman, and you dare say such words? When my tribe uncle comes here, let's see whether you will still dare say such words!"

The boy beside her let out a huge sigh of relief. With the protection of the light screen, he had become much less afraid. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming coldly, with hate burning in his eyes.

This incident happened in an incredibly busy street in Shaman City. As things continued unfolding between them, they had already attracted a large amount of attention. The onlookers did not feel any sort of pressure towards these sort of exciting incidents, and most of them were watching around them with the intention to be entertained.

If anyone swept through the place broadly, they would find that there were several hundreds of people watching. There were even some Shamans who were rushing over when they heard their companions sending news to them.

"Isn't that Madam Zhao from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe? She was the most beautiful woman in Eastern Goosefoot Tribe in the past..."

"Eastern Goosefoot Tribe might not be a big tribe, but it's already considered one of the bigger tribes. There might be no End Shamans in the tribe, but I heard that they have four Latter Shamans. Who is that masked person? How did he offend Eastern Goosefoot Tribe?"

"Interesting. Madam Zhao was actually forced to bring out the Light Screen of Protection. I remember that only the core members of these larger tribes have a protective Spell with them. Once that screen of light is activated, the tribe members from all around the area will immediately notice it."

Su Ming placed his hands behind his back and stood there, looking at the sky without a single word.

The three children now looked rather alarmed, but when they saw Su Ming's relaxed demeanor, they slowly calmed down and their eyes became filled with anticipation, but there was still a hint of anxiety in them.

Time passed by slowly, and half the burning of an incense stick later, the woman behind the screen of light grew anxious. By right, once the screen of light was activated, her tribe uncle from her tribe should arrive quickly, but he was not here, even now.

Su Ming's relaxed and calm demeanor at the moment also gave her some pressure.

"The time for half the burning of an incense stick has passed by, but your Latter Shaman still isn't here." Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and looked at the woman behind the screen of light, speaking in a languid manner.

"If that's the case, then I won't wait anymore." As Su Ming spoke, he walked towards the screen of light.

The boy beside the woman immediately became nervous, but the woman only smiled coldly. She did not believe that Su Ming could break this screen of light in a short period of time.

Su Ming walked leisurely towards the screen of light and tapped at it lightly with his right hand. Immediately, a great rebound shot up and bounced his right hand several inches back.

When the woman saw this, she let out a sigh of relief in her heart and said with a cold sneer, "You won't be able to break this screen of light!"

Su Ming gave the woman a calm look, then turned around, walking in the air towards the distance with his back facing the screen of light.

"Why are you leaving? Could it be that you no longer dare to wait! Even if my tribe uncle is late, what can you do to us?! The protection by this screen of light is not something you can break!"

"Didn't you say you're going to break our legs?! Didn't you say you'll be waiting for my tribe uncle to arrive?! Why are you afraid now?!"

The woman immediately mocked him. She was worried that Su Ming would escape, and her words were filled with provocative intent.

She was not the only one acting this way. The Shamans who were watching around them also laughed. Clearly, they were mocking Su Ming's departure even though he had been so tough earlier.

However, most of the people agreed to Su Ming's actions. After all, that Latter Shaman would arrive at any moment, and if he continued waiting, then he would be bringing his own death on his head.

If it was anyone else, they might have run away much earlier.

Su Ming ignored the woman. Once he was one hundred something feet away, he came to an abrupt halt, and as he lifted his right hand, he turned around swiftly. Immediately, a black spiked club appeared in his right hand!

That spiked club was entirely black, and when it appeared, a primal, wild feeling shot out from it. Once Su Ming held that club, he turned around. He then raised that spiked club and dropped it toward the screen of light one hundred something feet away beneath him.

The instant that spiked club was released, its size instantly changed, turning to become one hundred something feet long. The breadth of that club was equally shocking, causing the area to instantly burst into an uproar, and during that moment, the club let out a hum in the sky, bringing with it a sharp howl as it broke through the air.

It was as if the club contained an unimaginable weight, and it drew the line of a black fan as it traveled downwards. The woman widened her eyes, and at the instant shock appeared on her face, it was as if a huge mountain fell down on the screen of light, covering the moon in the sky and forming a long shadow on the ground.

A boom that shook the sky and earth erupted from the screen of light at that instant, and it was so loud that it was deafening. The instant that boom drowned out the uproars from the onlookers, the screen of light shone with a powerful light.

As it flashed violently, the top of the screen of light was pierced through by nine teeth, while the booming sound continued echoing in the air. The entire screen of light let out a cracking sound that screamed that it was no longer able to endure the hit. It shattered, and with a bang, it exploded with the force that drowned the area!

Right then, with the screen's mighty power still lingering around, that shocking spiked club fell on the ground with a boom, causing the ground to shake a few times. The houses and streets in the area also trembled, and dust flew into the air.

As the ground trembled, a circle of fine cracks appeared. Those cracks spread through the area with rumbling sounds, and they covered around one thousand feet, causing the floor to be in a state where anyone would suck in a sharp breath once they saw it out of terror.

There was not a hint of damage on the gigantic spiked club. As it exuded the primal and wild presence, there was also a cold air around it. At the same time, all the people who

witnessed this scene sucked in a sharp breath. They were all shocked to the core, stunned by the sight.

Returning to the ground, Su Ming picked up the club once again, slowly. The spiked club quickly shrank and eventually disappeared from Su Ming's hand. The woman's face was stark white. She staggered back a few steps, stared at the ground, then at Su Ming. Her face was filled with shock, and she was staring at him, aghast.

The boy beside her fell to the ground, shivering, so terrified that he was on the verge of a breakdown.

"I can't break it?" Su Ming asked flatly.

After a short period of silence, a powerful commotion immediately broke out around them. The scene just now was deeply embedded into the minds of those who witnessed what happened, and it would not disappear.

The might of that one blow from the spiked club and the power of that imposing presence was enough to make everyone be unable to even think about resisting when they came face to face with it.

"Who is he?! Just... Just what is that Enchanted Vessel?!"

"Just one blow, and he managed to forcefully break that screen of light. What incredible power!"

"He used the strength of the Enchanted Vessel. I think the spiked club's weight alone has already reached a terrifying extent, that's why he only needed to use that strength alone and it's already enough to make that screen of light shatter..."

"But no matter what, a normal Medial Shaman would not have any power to try and strike back when they go against this person!"

As the onlookers continued talking, despair appeared in the woman's eyes for the first time. She was beginning to feel faint hints of regret for treating the three youths that way earlier...

Nan Gong Hen sucked in a sharp breath. When he saw Su Ming putting away that black spiked club, Su Ming's power in his estimations increased once again. He knew that even if he could dodge that blow, he would have to pay a heavy price for it. He was originally rather wary of Su Ming to begin with, and that wariness grew deeper at this moment, but at the same time, his desire to befriend him grew more fervent.

A glint appeared in Nan Gong Shan's eyes. When she looked at Su Ming, uncertainty appeared in her eyes.

As for Lan Lan and Ahu, once they recovered from their shock, they immediately started cheering. They were still children, after all, and it was easy for them to begin idolizing powerful warriors, especially those on their side. In their eyes at that moment, Su Ming's strength made them so excited that it seemed like they were the ones who just delivered that blow.

As the woman sank into despair, the screen of light exploded, and as her body started trembling, a cold harrumph suddenly came from the sky in the distance. Five long arcs charged towards the commotion from the sky. The person in the lead was an old man with a head full of silver hair. His was steely, and the four people following behind him all possessed extraordinary power!

The five of them had clearly ignored the rule that forbade flying within one hundred li of Shaman City and were closing in rapidly.

In her despair, the woman looked as if she had just found hope. She stood up swiftly and called out agitatedly, "Tribe uncle!"

A grave look appeared on Su Ming's face under the mask, but his eyes were overflowing with fighting spirit. He sucked in a deep breath and began circulating his power. Rings of dust started spreading under his feet, and he lifted his head to look over.

Chapter 430: First Fight against a Latter Shaman

The silver-haired old man charged towards the ground with a steely face, arriving to stand before the woman in an instant. At the same time, the four people behind him descended around them.

"Tribe uncle, this person..." When the woman saw the old man arriving, she finally let out a huge sigh of relief in her heart, but just as she was about to speak...

"Quiet!" The silver-haired old man let out a cold snort. His voice was like a clap of thunder, making the woman immediately jolt and lower her head, not daring to speak anymore.

The boy by her side also trembled and lowered his head, not daring to speak.

"Take them both away. Causing trouble right the moment you arrive in Shaman City, hmph." The silver-haired old man did not even spare Su Ming a glance and started speaking to his followers by his side in a low voice.

"Senior, that person can't leave just yet," Su Ming said unhurriedly from where he stood nearby.

When his voice was heard, the old man finally cast his gaze at Su Ming. His face was cold, and once he gave him a once-over, he averted his gaze and looked at Nan Gong Hen, who was smiling wryly at the side.

"Nan Gong laddie, is this person related to the God of Shamans Temple?"

"That's..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he gritted his teeth. "Senior Tie Mu, brother Mo might not have any sort of connection to the God of Shamans Temple, but he is my friend, I..."

Right when Nan Gong Hen said those words, the silver-haired old man swiftly waved his arms, and immediately, a violent gust of wind appeared out of nowhere, turning into an illusionary wave before him that charged straight forward.

The wave came too suddenly, and a barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The instant the illusionary wave came crashing towards him, he took a step forward, then to his left, to his right, to the back, and continued moving until he took eight continuous steps, looking as if he was walking in circles. Immediately, a whirlwind stirred up around him, charging forward to crash into that wave.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The whirlwind beyond Su Ming lasted for several breaths before it instantly dissipated away. At the same time that whirlwind scattered away, he took four steps backwards. With each step he took, the ground would tremble, and a footprint would be deeply imprinted on the floor. When he took his fourth step, fine cracks instantly started spreading on the ground underneath his feet.

In fact, as the cracks spread on the ground, an illusionary wave of water also covered the entire area.

When that illusionary wave came crashing towards them, Nan Gong Hen's expression changed drastically and he staggered a several dozens of feet backward before he managed to stop. As for Nan Gong Shan, since she was originally not too close to begin with, by just activating the cold Qi in her entire body, she managed to not even move.

"Then don't get involved!" At that moment, the silver-haired old man's voice traveled towards them hoarsely.

"As for you, tell me the name of your tribe." The silver-haired old man brought his arm down and looked at Su Ming with a ghastly expression.

As a great Shaman, he had gone through far too many things, and his intelligence was definitely not something that the woman could compare to. Even then, he was

suppressing his anger, wanting to be absolutely certain of this person's origins before he decided to what extent he wanted to injure him.

As long as Su Ming was not related to the God of Shamans Temple, as long as he was not from some big tribe, as long as he did not belong to a tribe who was on friendly terms with Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, then he could kill this person without any worry.

He wanted an answer, an answer from the person's mouth itself. If he did not want to answer, it was fine. He could still kill him, and he would still be in the right. Even if he truly had some sort of background, the people around him could be his witness. Tie Mu had indeed asked, but he refused to answer. Then no matter what his background was, it was no longer related to Tie Mu.

"I come from a small tribe, I believe you wouldn't know about it, senior Tie Mu." Su Ming smiled. He learned of the old man's name from Nan Gong Hen just now, and at that moment, he saluted the old man with a bow and a wrapped his fist with a calm face.

"You came from a small tribe and are unrelated to the God of Shamans Temple, then... what sort of stupid courage made you kill my tribe members?!" A chilling glare appeared in Tie Mu's eyes. "Kill him right here!"

Right when Tie Mu spoke, the four men behind him immediately turned into four long arcs and charged towards Su Ming with killing intent shining in their eyes.

Su Ming stood in his spot, and right when the four people closed in on him, a light crease appeared between his brows. He took a step forward with his right foot, and the instant he landed, he shot forth with an extreme speed.

In a flash, he charged through the four incoming long arcs, and as he lifted his right hand, green light shone, and the small virescent sword was instantly enlarged. As Su Ming got closer, he swung the sword downwards, and it immediately stirred up a sharp whistle as it cut down towards Tie Mu.

Tie Mu let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his right hand and furled it into a fist, hurling it straight at the sword cutting down towards him. The instant he punched forward, the illusionary, bellowing waves behind him moved along with his fist. The seawater turned into raging waves that circled his right hand, causing the old man's fist to be completely invisible from the distance. All the onlookers could see were the waves rolling furiously.

Bang!

The wave crashed into Su Ming's Virescent Light Sword. At the same time, a great power shot into Su Ming's body from the sword. Su Ming groaned, and Han Mountain Bell manifested as an illusion outside his body. With a flash, he appeared on the other side of the old man, then with a red glare on two of his fingers of his right hand, he pointed towards the old man with an extreme speed.

The old man frowned, then closed his eyes instantly before reopening them swiftly. As he opened and closed his eyes, he let out a low roar. That roar was like a clap of thunder, and once it fell from the old man's mouth, it turned into a wave of sound that bellowed in the sky, causing a large amount of ripples to appear in the air around them. In fact, as the air trembled, tiny, faint cracks appeared in space.

Su Ming bore the brunt of the wave of sound. Sharp stabs of pain traveled up those two fingers of his. He immediately retreated and activated his full speed to move back eighty feet away before he managed to stand still. A trickle of blood flowed down the corner of his lips.

At the same time, the four long arcs charged towards him from behind. When they were just about to close in on him, Tie Mu suddenly shouted at them.

"The four of you, go back! You're not his opponent!" The four long arcs froze for a moment, then immediately shot up into the sky. Then in midair, they rushed towards Tie Mu to arrive behind him, reappearing as people from those arcs. The four of them were frowning and looking at Su Ming with hostility.

"As expected of a Latter Shaman... As a Latter Battle Shaman, your physical strength has surpassed that of a mortal and become that which belongs to saints, senior Tie Mu. I am a person without talents, so I would like to ask for your help to teach me again." Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corner of his lips, and his eyes overflowed with battle intent.

"Overconfident fool. Within five breaths, I'll take your life!" Tie Mu lifted his right foot and stomped on the ground. With that one step, the ground immediately started trembling violently. A strong rebound shot out from underneath Su Ming, and he jumped into the sky.

But the instant Su Ming jumped up, Tie Mu used the power of that step and leaped into the air. He clenched his fist and hurled it straight towards where Su Ming was.

The illusionary waves behind him manifested as he struck, rolling about fiercely, then turned into a gigantic greenback shark. When that shark opened its mouth wide and charged towards Su Ming, the first breath passed by!

It was followed soon after by Tie Mu retracting his fist swiftly, then hurling it out once again. The second fist caused the sky and earth to rumble, and the wave spread out through the area abruptly, covering almost half of the sky. At the same time, the wave was stirred up, charging towards Su Ming, it turned into a black octopus with many tentacles that rushed towards Su Ming among the waves.

This was the second breath!

When the third breath arrived, Tie Mu struck the third time in midair. With that one fist, the illusionary wave enveloping half of the sky stirred up once again, turning into a gigantic dark turtle that swung its tail towards Su Ming with a force that caused a loud boom to rang out in the air, the sound that only appeared when there was a shock wave in the air!

Once Tie Ma delivered those three punches, he watched Su Ming from midair, and his gaze was as if he was looking at a dead person. He had the confidence that this somewhat powerful Medial Shaman could not last through the first three Styles of his Four Beast Fist.

The Shamans watching underneath on the ground were all shocked to the core, and all of them gained a deeper understanding towards the might of Latter Shamans. All of them were stunned silent.

Su Ming looked at the waves roaring in the sky and the three ferocious sea creatures charging towards him, and the seawater surrounding him also let Su Ming know that it was impossible for him to dodge it. At that instant, a brilliant flash appeared in his eyes.

"A Latter Battle Shaman..."

Su Ming immediately lifted his arms, and they started leaving behind afterimages as he started forming seals with his hands. After they were changed several times, a black light suddenly shone around his body. Han Mountain Bell manifested in the form of an illusion, and the instant it covered his entire body, a shocking roar shot out from it.

As that roar rang out and the three ferocious sea creatures closed in, a thing that made all of the people underneath dumb with shock happened right before their eyes.

That thing was a ferocious beast, a gigantic, ferocious beast with nine heads, six of which had their eyes open while lifting up towards the sky! The ferocious creature manifested from Han Mountain Bell, and the moment it appeared, the power of the world surged towards it from all around, causing the creature's body to instantly gain physical form. As it roared, the six heads crashed into the three sea creatures.

Tie Mu's expression changed for the first time. Su Ming's strength surprised him greatly, and at that moment, without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand once again and delivered the fourth punch.

That punch immediately made all the seawater around Su Ming stir up and surge even higher into the sky, causing the area around him to be void of seawater. At the same time, the water that rose into the sky above Su Ming gathered together to form a gigantic fist.

That fist was entirely azure blue and was made of seawater. It looked to be several hundreds of feet in size, and at that moment, it fell down, straight towards the nine headed beast.

Booming sounds instantly reverberated in the air and spread through the entire Shaman City, catching all the Shamans' attention. In fact, the Berserkers and Immortals who had come alone to Shaman City also immediately looked over with changes in their expressions.

As the booming sounds lingered in the air at the spot where Su Ming and Tie Mu were fighting, the illusionary seawater disappeared, the three sea creatures were torn apart, the gigantic fist in the sky also shattered inch by inch and dissipated into nothingness.

Tie Mu's face was dark as he stood in midair. He looked at Su Ming right across him, who was revealed after the nine-headed beast also shattered and disappeared.

"You are quite good, but if you want to fight against me, you are still... overestimating yourself!" Tie Mu let out a cold harrumph. He took a step towards Su Ming, and the killing intent in his eyes shone brilliantly.

"Am I now?" Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corner of his lips and grinned.

Chapter 431: Seven Art Divine Ability!

When Tie Mu saw Su Ming's grin, he frowned.

He was not the only reacting this way. All the people underneath were puzzled when they saw Su Ming's grin and heard his words. Su Ming might have performed extraordinarily while going off against a Latter Battle Shaman, but that was all. He was simply extraordinary. The possibility of the two of them fighting on equal ground was simply not in existence.

Even if Su Ming had looked as if he had used all his strength and made Tie Mu to be in a slight disadvantage, but besides his face being slightly darker, Tie Mu was completely unscathed. On the other hand, the blood at the corner of Su Ming's mouth looked quite terrifying.

By almost everyone's estimations, Tie Mu only needed to attack one more time and Su Ming would absolutely not be able to stand up to it. His only outcome would be death.

"Hah, he's just a Medial Shaman, how could he go and challenge a Latter Shaman? I already said it just now, this person is definitely going to die..."

"His courage is praiseworthy, but... he's not smart enough. This sort of challenge is no different than seeking death."

"That's a Latter Shaman. An old monster who can become a Latter Shaman is an absolute powerhouse among the Shamans. There's no way a Medial Shaman will be able to win against him!"

As those pairs of gazes looked over, Nan Gong Hen felt torn, but resolution appeared in his eyes. He had already formed his plan. He will use this battle to have senior Tie Mu quell his anger first, then no matter what, he would do everything he could to try and save Mo Su. On his father's behalf, that Tie Mu should be willing to spare Mo Su.

As for Nan Gong Shan, she was frowning. Her aloof gaze still remained on Su Ming. The uncertainty in her eyes became stronger.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath in the sky, and with a move, a layer of black fog immediately seeped out from his chest, rapidly spreading out around him, but in an instant, it gathered together once more and turned into a tall person who was entirely black.

That person did not have any hair and was entirely black, from head to toe. The moonlight was reflecting off of him slightly, as if his skin was made of scales. His eyes, which were revealed for all to see, were cold.

That was Su Ming's Nascent Soul clone, the puppet that was formed with Ji Yun Hai's corpse!

Once that clone appeared, green light flashed at the center of Su Ming's brows. The small virescent sword flew up and began circling round the clone's head, letting off rays of freezing light and sword whistles.

The instant the clone appeared, cries of surprise immediately rang from the crowd underneath. Quite a few of them had already recognized what Su Ming's clone was!

"A Soul Catcher's puppet! That person's a Soul Catcher!"

"He's a Soul Catcher? And here I was wondering why his gaze seemed a little strange to me when I saw his eyes just now. So he's a Soul Catcher!"

"Why didn't he use any of the Soul Catcher's Spells just now, even though he's a Soul Catcher? But that puppet is a Soul Catcher's Puppet, all right! I won't be wrong about this!"

Tie Mu's brows crinkled slightly. Su Ming's methods had surprised him. From his experiences, this person definitely did not come from a small tribe. He could tell just by looking at the puppet itself that it was an incredibly extraordinary item, and that was if he

ignored that flying sword that was very similar to those belonging to Immortals and that bell which was clearly a valuable treasure.

In fact, he even had a vague feeling that the puppet was somewhat familiar, but he could not recall where he had seen it before, and more importantly, he could sense that the puppet was a threat to him!

This threat might be faint and indistinct, but it was enough to make him be on guard.

"Senior Tie Mu, I am an untalented person, I would like to challenge you again!" Su Ming declared slowly, and the fighting spirit in his eyes burned even stronger.

"No wonder you are not afraid of me, so you had this supporting you, but do you really think that with just one puppet you can fight against me?! To me, you are still... overestimating yourself!"

Tie Mu's lips curled up in a cold sneer and he took a step forward. He had already made a decision. He would end this quickly, or else his reputation would be ruined for taking such a long time to kill a Medial Shaman while so many people in Shaman City were watching.

As he took that one step, blue light shone on Tie Mu's face, especially in his pupils. There were even wave like ripples in his eyes, and with a flash, he charged towards Su Ming.

An incredibly imposing presence spread out from his body. The pressure coming from it immediately caused banging sounds to ring in the air around him.

Su Ming immediately retreated, and as he lifted his right hand, black light shone in it. The spiked club immediately manifested. At the same time, his Nascent Soul clone charged forward.

As he charged forward, Su Ming's clone lifted his right hand, formed a seal with his hand, and seized at the ground. A circular area of several thousands of feet lurched. It was soon followed by a large amount of white mist that shot out from the ground. It charged into the sky in a moment, and it turned into an azure dragon of one thousand feet long.

"Earthen Aura Dragon Vein!"

This was Hong Luo's unique divine ability, and he had only used it when he was fighting against Di Tian. Most of the people had not even heard of it before. If Hong Luo was the one casting it, he could gather up the earthen aura from a circular area of ten thousand li and perhaps even wider, and in fact, he could even summon the true Deity of Dragon Veins.

However, the clone's power was still not comparable to Hong Luo's. He was still just a Nascent Soul, yet Su Ming had already obtained Hong Luo's legacy through the Path of Life. He learned most of Hong Luo's divine abilities and Arts. After a year of mulling over these things, he could also cast some of them, but the power of these Arts was much weaker.

However, Hong Luo's enemy was Di Tian, and Su Ming's current opponent was the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu, who was much weaker than Di Tian, and in fact, could not even hope to compare!

At that moment, as the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon appeared, Tie Mu's expression changed. He moved forward even quicker, and the moment he got closer, without a word, Su Ming's clone grabbed that Earthen Aura Azure Dragon and yanked it up!

When the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon appeared, sounds of a violent commotion broke out among the crowd underneath. Su Ming's divine ability was something they had never seen before, and when they saw the clone actually being capable to absorb the aura of the earth, the shock in their hearts became even stronger.

The instant the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon crashed into Tie Mu, Tie Mu lifted his right hand and hurled his fist forward.

"Four Oceans Ode, First Ode: Eastern Ocean!" he growled, and when he hurled his punch outwards, an ocean manifested before him once again. The azure blue ocean raged madly and charged towards the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon.

The seawater looked to be almost the same as Tie Mu's previous divine ability, but if anyone looked closer, they would immediately notice that this seawater seemed as if it was real. It was as if it was truly there and not just an illusion.

In fact, the humidity and distinctive smell of the sea even came crashing into Su Ming's face.

The instant the ocean crashed into the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon, rumbling sounds reverberated through the entire sky.

"Second Ode: Southern Ocean!" Tie Mu spread out his left hand and pushed it in the direction of the south. Instantly, a red ocean manifested to his south. The water made it seem as if it was an ocean of blood. As it roared, the waves came tumbling and crashing down on the clone and Su Ming himself.

The clone ignored it, and instead started forming seals rapidly, then pushed to his sides swiftly.

"The world changes constantly but will eventually end up the same in the end¹, the white mountains and black waters may seem different but are all the same... Transformation to Divinity!"

Seven types of divine abilities were contained in those three sentences, and this was the strongest divine ability Hong Luo had among all his Arts during the early stages of his cultivation. He had obtained this from an Immortal ruin, and he had no idea of its origins.

However, even if it was Hong Luo, he had only come to scrape the surface of these seven divine abilities. He did not explore them but had instead placed the vital points of these divine abilities on the communication with Earthen Aura to turn the aura of the earth to blood for the execution of Ten Lives of Subjects.

Hong Luo believed that earth possessed life. If Earthen Aura was the earth's breath, then it must surely possess blood as well, just like humans. Its blood was not the rivers, not the sea, but was hidden deep under the ground.

Only Earthen Aura would contain some of the blood of earth. He borrowed Earthen Aura to bring out this blood, and only then could he execute the Art of Purge the Heavens, and because earth contained life, that was why by borrowing and fusing with it, he could cast the Origin Divine Ability of the Immortals - Ten Lives of Subjects!

It could be said that Hong Luo walked down the traditional path of the Immortals. As for the seven Arts, he had only explored them slightly. However, on Su Ming's side, with his clone's current level of cultivation, it was impossible for him to cast Purge the Heavens. Hence, he focused his attention on the seven Arts Hong Luo had somewhat ignored, because some of those Arts could be used by Nascent Soul Cultivators!

"Nine Transformations!"

At that moment, as Su Ming's clone formed those seals and pushed to both sides while saying those words. Immediately, the clone shuddered, and he swiftly clenched his right hand before punching at Tie Mu through the air, even though he was still far in the distance.

The punch seemed like it contained no strength, but at that moment, Su Ming's clone, no matter whether it was his expression or his actions, looked exactly the same as Tie Mu when he executed the first Ode of the Four Oceans!

Transformation could be understood as a deeper level of imitation. An imitation of an opponent's divine abilities and Arts with the user's own power.

After Su Ming's clone hurled out that fist, an azure sea immediately appeared before him. Besides being a little smaller, that ocean was no different from the one summoned by Tie Mu's Spell!

Shock appeared on Tie Mu's face, but what made him even more surprised was the actions the clone did next!

Imitation was just a part of the Nine Transformations Art. The true Transformation came from after the imitation. This divine ability would start changing as if it was evolving, and the first, the second... and up to the ninth Transformation would happen!

Each Transformation would cause this Art's power increase to exponentially, but the power of cultivation for it would also increase!

"First Transformation!"

Su Ming's clone spoke swiftly, and as his voice reverberated in the air, his body charged into the ocean he had summoned. Once he blended with the ocean, it started looking as if it was boiling.

At the same time wisps of white smoke appeared, and the ocean started expanding swiftly. Raging waves soared in the sky, and a large amount of bubbles continuously popped and reappeared. As those bubbles broke, red liquid spread out from within them, looking as if it wanted to dye the seawater red.

"Third Ode: Western Sea!" Killing intent flashed in Tie Mu's eyes. He was shocked by Su Ming's strength, but he was still confident that he could use his power to subdue this person!

However, Su Ming's strength was something he had never expected, because he never thought that a Medial Shaman would be able to fight against him to this point through his varied methods.

In fact, he could already imagine that if he let this person escape, then it would definitely not be a good thing for his tribe. If he was already so powerful now, then if he had a chance to become a Latter Shaman, the enmity they had formed today would cause Eastern Goosefoot Tribe to have to pay a terrible price in the future!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 432 — To Go Forward, Retreat! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 432 — To Go Forward, Retreat! Chapter 432: To Go Forward, Retreat!

Tie Mu was already feeling rather regretful in his heart, and his anger towards the trouble the woman caused burned hotly. However, this was not the time for him to think

about it. He had to use the chance before this person announced his background and tribe to kill him or injure him badly.

He turned around, and his right leg swept forth like a violent gust of wind. Immediately, a rolling yellow ocean manifested to his west, rolling about and sweeping up a large amount of illusionary yellow sand that raged in the sky.

"Fourth Ode: Northern Sea!" Tie Mu growled, and as his body spun around, he swept his left leg to the north. Soon after, a black sea manifested to the north, and it came crashing towards with roaring waves.

Su Ming retreated, and as he did so, he lifted the spiked club in his hands and swung it around. As his clone fought against Tie Mu, the spiked club in Su Ming's hand had already been swung around four times, and each circle was bigger than the last. After those four circles, the spiked club had become incredibly long, and it was so heavy that it was the maximum weight that Su Ming's physical body could bear.

Su Ming's goal in this battle was to test his combat capabilities, not to risk his life in this. That was why after swinging that club four times, he no longer added to the spiked club's weight. Even if he had wondered many times in his heart just... how much weight he could add to the spiked club he had taken from the glacier.

The four circles caused deafening sounds in the sky. Each hum caused the crowd underneath to feel fear in their hearts after they heard it. The instant Tie Mu's Four Ocean Ode crashed into the Earthen Aura Azure Dragon and the ocean formed from the First Transformation from the Nine Transformation Art belonging to Su Ming's clone, Su Ming's spiked club drew a big arc, forming the shape of a gigantic fan in the sky, and covered the light from the nine moons in an instant, then crashed down on the illusionary oceans and Tie Mu.

Booming sounds shook the sky and earth. The illusionary oceans immediately shattered, and they were destroyed due to two sources of power. One of them came internally from the clone, and the other crashed into it externally, due to Su Ming's spiked club landing on it from the sky.

As the oceans crumbled, the sea the clone had made was also blown away, blending into the ocean around it, dyeing the air a faint shade of red. At the same time, the clone quickly retreated, and in the span of a few breaths, he returned to Su Ming's side.

However, the instant the clone warped backwards, a furious roar came from the disappearing illusionary ocean before him. Looking disheveled, Tie Mu closed in on the clone in an instant. His eyes were bloodshot, and he spread his right hand wide open, seizing the clone just as quickly as he was moving.

He grabbed the clone's throat, and right when Tie Mu wanted to savagely crush what he thought was a puppet, suddenly, a loud hum echoed in the air around Su Ming's clone,

and he swiftly turned into a large layer of black fog that was spreading through the area quickly.

That black fog was formed of multiple black beetles. In fact, the part Tie Mu's right hand had seized was made up of black beetles. He did not even catch the real body of the clone. The clone's real body was staring at Tie Mu coldly as he retreated swiftly.

As those black beetles spread out while Tie Mu was taken aback by the sight, the clone's appearance was clearly shown before him. Once Tie Mu saw that dried up body and those gray eyes, his expression changed drastically for the first time. His pupils even shrank, and disbelief along with shock rose on his face.

"Ji Yun Hai! You're Ji Yun Hai!" Tie Mu's expression changed drastically. He had recognized the owner of those gray eyes. It was Ji Yun Hai, the man who he had been briefly acquainted with in the past!

It was especially easy to remember him when he saw the black beetles pouncing on him from all around with a howl. Those beetles made Tie Mu absolutely certain that this person was Ji Yun Hai!

However, once he was certain that the person before him was Ji Yun Hai, a deep wave of dread rose instantly within his heart. He came to an abrupt stop and looked towards Su Ming.

At that moment, once Su Ming brought that club down, sharp pain shot up his right hand, and most of his body was completely numb. As he quickly retreated, his face turned slightly pale.

The spiked club rapidly shrank, and once Su Ming put it away, his clone returned to his side with a warp.

Tie Mu stared at Su Ming, while a huge storm raged in his heart. He simply could not imagine how such a powerful Latter Shaman like Ji Yun Hai could be turned into a puppet by someone else!

This sort of thing made Tie Mu instantly feel terror towards Su Ming.

He sucked in a sharp breath, and with a jolt of his body, the pouncing black beetles were immediately bounced several dozens of feet away, but they rushed towards him again without fear of death.

'There's no mistaking this. These are Ji Yun Hai's Origin Shaman Bugs... How... How could he be turned into someone else's puppet?!' Tie Mu stared at Ji Yun Hai, who was standing beside Su Ming, and his face gradually turned pale.

'He has valuable treasures, has Ji Yun Hai acting as his puppet, is a Soul Catcher, and his divine abilities are also strange and unpredictable... Just who... is this person?!

As Tie Mu was feeling shocked to the core, an intense commotion had broken out among the crowd underneath. Even Nan Gong Hen was in a state of disbelief.

"Ji Yun Hai! Senior Tie Mu said that the puppet is Ji Yun Hai!"

"He's talking about that Ji Yun Hai, the best Soul Catcher under all End Shamans, the one who had disappeared for many years!"

"This person actually managed to turn Ji Yun Hai into his puppet. If he didn't refine it on his own, it would be impossible for that person to control him..."

"He might be in a disadvantage in this battle, but he's already incredibly strong to be able to battle against a Latter Shaman up to this point!"

Nan Gong Hen remained stunned for a long time before he eventually started laughing wryly. His estimation of Su Ming's power had changed multiple times and he had originally thought it would not change anymore, but by the looks of it, he had still underestimated Su Ming by a long mile.

Tie Mu waved his arm in the sky, and once he shoved all the black beetles around him away, he forcefully shifted his eyes from Ji Yun Hai's body and looked towards Su Ming.

"I'll ask you one more time. Which tribe do you belong to?!" Tie Mu voiced his question word by word.

"It's just a small tribe. You wouldn't have heard it before, senior Tie Mu." Su Ming's answer remained the same, and his expression was calm. His power circulated in his body, and his fighting spirit continued burning in his eyes.

"What an ungrateful brat. Even if you have Ji Yun Hai as your puppet, but I was only using a portion of my power just now... I gave you a chance, if you're not going to tell me the truth, then I will capture you today and have the adults in your tribe come and get you!"

Tie Mu's thoughts had already changed, and he was beginning to be unwilling to kill Su Ming. He already had a plan in his head. If this person really had some background behind him, then someone would surely come to help him shortly.

If no one came, then it would mean that this person truly did not have any sort of background behind him. If that was the case, it would still not be too late for Tie Mu to kill him.

"If that is the case, then I will have to ask to learn from you once again." Su Ming smiled faintly. With a freezing glint in his eyes, he waved his right hand, and immediately, black smoke appeared and thickened beside him. When it gathered together and shrank, his Poison Corpse formed!

The appearance of that Poison Corpse and the presence he exuded clearly showed that his original status was that of a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

There was no light in the Poison Corpse's eyes, but the imposing presence, the dark shade that covered all of its body, and the distortions that appeared in the air because of the poison that was clearly spreading from him not only caught the crowd around the area completely off guard, it also stunned Tie Mu momentarily. Right after, his expression immediately changed!

As his expression changed, Tie Mu also began laughing wryly in his heart.

'Just what is this person's background? Not only does he have Ji Yun Hai, he also has a puppet made from a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, and this puppet is clearly filled with poison... And the boy has way too many skills at his disposal. By the looks of it, he still has a lot he hasn't revealed. Damn it, just how in the world did I run into this monster?!

'He isn't a Medial Shaman, this is... he's just plain going too far!'

Tie Mu could not stop laughing wryly in his heart. If it was just Ji Yun Hai's puppet, he still had the confidence of fighting against him at full power... but if this person threw in that clearly extraordinary Poison Corpse into the mix... Even if he could win this battle, there would be grave consequences for him.

If they were outside, it would have been fine, but they had just entered the World of Nine Yin, and Eastern Goosefoot Tribe had yet to execute their plan. He could not get hurt.

He was right. Su Ming did indeed still have some skills he had not revealed. He had still yet to use his three Wind Separation Slashes, and that was if he did not mention all his other attacks. Through this battle, as Su Ming's puppets appeared one after another, he found the difference between him and a Latter Shaman.

If he attacked alone, he would not be able to hold his own in the fight. If his clone appeared, he could still somewhat put up a fight, but if he also brought out his Poison Corpse, then he could fight against an initial stage Latter Shaman, and he would not necessarily lose to that Shaman!

This was the first time Su Ming felt himself becoming stronger in the land of the Shamans. This sort of feeling made him experience a myriad of emotions.

'Some of my attacks are external forces. I wonder when will I be able to use my own true power to fight against a Latter Shaman without using a clone or a puppet...'

Tie Mu hesitated for a moment and let out a long sigh. He cast a complicated look at Su Ming, then without another word, he turned around and charged towards the ground, landing beside the woman who was now struck dumb by Su Ming's attacks, then he lifted his hand, and slapped her across the face.

The woman coughed out blood and fell to the side. Her cheek became swollen, and she lowered her head, not daring to speak. While she was observing Mo Su and the old man's battle, she had already known that she had caused trouble...

"Sir, you killed several of my tribe members, and I've now punished her as well. Let us now put this matter behind us. If you still want to continue fighting, then I will fight you to the end!" Tie Mu turned his head around and looked at Su Ming coldly.

"Senior, your level of cultivation runs deep, and I am not your match. Even if I used all my strength, I am still in a disadvantage, I wouldn't dare continue..." Su Ming smiled wryly and wrapped his fist in his palm towards the old man with a respectful expression.

When Tie Mu saw Su Ming's attitude and heard his words, his expression warmed up slightly. This person might have attacked and fought against him, but he still remained rather polite. He always addressed Tie Mu as his senior, and he was even helping him retain his dignity before these people.

His tact made Tie Mu be unable to feel too angry towards him. In fact, he even had the feeling that there was a high possibility that his own people were the ones who provoked him first.

Subconsciously, he dispelled the thought of hunting down Su Ming after he was done with his task. Tie Mu even grew slightly fond of him.

In addition to his wariness towards Su Ming's varied methods and his suspicions towards his status, that slight fondness grew in Tie Mu's heart, and he cast a deep look at Su Ming.

"Well, you young folks do need to be impulsive in certain things. Since my tribe was the one who was unreasonable in this matter, I can understand why you attacked. You don't need to be humble about this either. This battle ended in a tie!"

Tie Mu's expression became much warmer. Once he finished speaking, he turned around and had his tribe members bring the boy and woman to leave through the air. When they left, there was a yellow spot at the cloth between the boy's legs, and there was the stench of urine coming from there.

The boy who was not even a Fledging Shaman, he would never forget the battle this day.

Once the people from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe left, the people around the area looked towards Su Ming. Their eyes were filled with non malicious envy and respect. No matter what, Su Ming's strength were deeply etched into all their hearts. Before long, the entire Shaman City would know about the battle between Mo Su and Tie Mu.

Chapter 433: Skeleton of an Evil Spirit

The one who was the most excited was Lan Lan. She looked at Su Ming with eyes shining with elation. At that moment, Su Ming was the most powerful protector in the world.

Ahu was even more elated. The zealousness and reverence on his face was the same that all powerful warriors would have when they were still teenagers towards powerful warriors they looked up to. At that moment, Su Ming was the person Ahu wanted to imitate in his heart.

Even Qi Dong was the same. He had seen Su Ming and watched his battle with the Latter Shaman. The shock and excitement in his heart made him be unable to regain his senses even after a long time.

'One of these days, I will be as strong as he is. I will make Eastern Goosefoot Tribe pay several times back for what they did to me!' Qi Dong gritted her teeth and clenched his fist, eyes burning with determination.

Under the people's scrutiny, Su Ming put away his Poison Corpse and clone in midair, put away all the black beetles and everything else, then with one single move, landed on the ground.

"Brother Mo... you hid yourself too deeply. I only know now that you have such great battle prowess with you, and here I was wondering how I should be helping you just now..." Nan Gong Hen gave a wry laugh and walked forward to wrap his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

Su Ming shook his head and said, "I was just lucky. Senior Tie Mu did not use his full power, or else I would have been unable to last as well."

"Brother Mo, you don't have to be so humble... Oh well, you've always been like this. But this battle will make your name ring through all of the Shaman City. It's a good thing as well. After all, the World of Nine Yin is cut off from the outside world, and everything

is decided through your own level of cultivation and your power. Only powerful warriors will be able to gain firm ground and gain other people's respect here."

As Nan Gong Hen spoke, a squad of guards from the God of Shamans Temple came from the distance. All of these people possessed extraordinary power, and all of them were Medial Shamans. Once these people arrived, they immediately dispersed the crowd.

However, no one came forth to interrogate Su Ming. Instead, as they walked past him, they would wrap their fists in their palms towards him as a form of greeting, and their expressions were all full of politeness and respect.

In truth, they had arrived a long time ago, but it was impossible for them to get involved and try to stop a Latter Shaman's attack. They could only hang around at a spot far away and wait for Su Ming to be killed before they could come and clear up the battlefield.

However, the things that happened after left all these people shocked to the core. When they saw the people from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe leave, respect towards Su Ming filled their hearts. No matter where they were, powerful warriors would always be respected!

As these people went away, Su Ming and Nan Gong Hen returned to their quiet inn. On the way, Su Ming swept his gaze past Nan Gong Shan, and he found that the woman had a constant frown on her face, as if she was uncertain about something. Once he mulled over it for a while, he understood what was bothering her.

Nan Gong Shan's emotions must be incredibly mixed. She knew that Hong Luo was so powerful that it was impossible for her to take revenge on him. She could only feel bitter about it. Perhaps she had seen some form of familiarity on Su Ming and became suspicious of him.

But even though Su Ming had shown extraordinary power and could even hold his own against Tie Mu, in her eyes, if he was truly that person, then the battle would have definitely not unfolded this way...

That was why her suspicions towards Su Ming had turned into uncertainty, though in truth, she no longer suspected him of anything.

After giving it some thought, Su Ming had already guessed most of what she was thinking. This additional benefit which he obtained through this battle actually helped him get rid of a lot of trouble.

On that night, the three teenagers went to sleep late due to their excitement. To them, the incident that happened that day was something they would never be able to forget in their lives.

Nan Gong Hen's attitude towards Su Ming became distinctly much friendlier. When the next morning arrived, he went to invite Su Ming to the God of Shamans Temple branch to rent the protection of the Spirit of Nine Yin.

"The treasure gambling event should be held a month later. Most of the people from the tribes should already be here by then, as for those who are not here by then, well, the chances are, they won't be able to come here anymore.

"We might still have one more month, but I think you haven't rented a Spirit of Nine Yin before. We might need to spend quite a fortune, but we have a month's time to get familiar with it, and it will be a great help to us in the future."

As they moved towards the God of Shamans Temple branch located in this place, Nan Gong Hen explained with a smile, "The treasure gambling event will last for several days. When it's over, the crowd will disperse, and we will bring the teenagers from our tribes to go activate their paths of cultivation. At that time, we will have to split up.

"Brother Mo, you can take a look around Shaman City during this month. After all, this is the World of Nine Yin. There are plenty of items here that are not available outside, and because of the hype of the treasure gambling event, you'll also be able to see a lot of rare items being sold here." As Nan Gong Hen continued speaking to Su Ming, he greeted his friends he met on the way with a smile.

Once again, Nan Gong Hen demonstrated just how wide his connections were. Su Ming saw at least several dozens of people showing close ties to him on their way to the temple, and once most of these people greeted Nan Gong Hen, they would size up Su Ming, and he could see the reverence hidden in their gazes.

"Brother Mo, you became famous through that one battle. The deal about you not losing to a Latter Shaman with just the power of a Medial Shaman has already spread through the city, it's clear from the people's gazes around us," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile.

Su Ming was just about to give a comment about that when Nan Gong Hen quickly added a sentence, "Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble anymore..."

Su Ming gave him a faint smile and did not continue speaking.

They did not walk for long before they arrived at a spot near the center of Shaman City, outside a gigantic palace. The palace was filled with a dignified air. There was a long staircase of ten thousand feet to reach it, and there were a large number of guards from the God of Shamans Temple around the area. All the Shamans who came to this place were mostly silent, and all of them did not linger around for a long time as they came in and out.

There were distortions in the air behind the palace. There seemed to be a vortex spinning around without a sound over there, and it gave others a feeling that there was another world contained within.

Further down was a gigantic stone pillar standing erect and towering above the ground. There were numerous seals shining with an unknown color on the stone pillar, and right at the top of it was the gigantic head Su Ming had seen outside the city, the head that looked like it belonged to a person but was dried up like a block of wood.

When Su Ming got closer to the area, he could feel a great pressure that enveloped the sky and earth. Obviously, even if this was not the core of Shaman City, it was an important spot.

"Before I came here, I spent a lot of time and effort to prepare my offerings. I should be able to move the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer." As Nan Gong Hen led Su Ming onto the stairs, he mumbled under his breath.

Once Su Ming heard it, a glint appeared in his eyes, but he did not ask in detail. Both of them walked up the stairs, and once they were right before the palace's door, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

He saw a gigantic oval shaped vortex before the door floating seven inches off the ground. The moment Su Ming saw it, he was immediately reminded of the Gate to the Void.

'This is... Could it be that this is also a Gate to the Void?' Once Su Ming gave it a few closer looks, he averted his gaze from the vortex and looked towards the hall behind it.

The door was open and it was empty inside. There was only a skeleton placed in the center. Its feet were chained down, and it was sitting down with its legs crossed. The skeleton looked to be of the same size as an average human being. However, at its skull, or perhaps more precisely at its forehead, was a vertical slit. By the looks of it, there was an eye there when this person was alive.

There were eight gigantic circular grass meadows around the skeleton. At that moment, there were two people sitting cross-legged on the grass meadows. One of them was a man dressed in a purple robe, some golden threads sparkling on it, and his long, red hair tied in a ponytail.

There were wrinkles covering his hands and they looked rather dried up and withered. However, he had the appearance of a middle-aged man, and it gave him a rather strange air.

The other person was an old man. He looked really ordinary, dressed in a sackcloth, his face covered in wrinkles. He looked really miserable, while his eyes were closed as if he was deeply immersed in his own thoughts.

There was not a hint of presence from within the palace, as if the world inside the palace and the world outside were two different dimensions. Those outside could see it, but they were separated from it.

"We can't enter that place... Er, perhaps you can, brother Mo. Only Latter Shamans can go in there and gain enlightenment before the skeleton..."

"Do you see the old senior by the skeleton? He's the Latter Shaman Chen Huan from Wise Winter Tribe. The other senior in the purple robe is the Temple Elder of God of Shamans Temple. He only has one word to his name - Mu," Nan Gong Hen explained.

Su Ming stared at the skeleton chained down in the palace and asked calmly, "What is that skeleton?"

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he whispered his answer to Su Ming, "I only know it's an Evil Spirit of Nine Yin that was killed when this place was developed in the past... I heard that the Shaman Tribe suffered huge losses when they killed this person in the past..."

"All right, brother Mo, we'll have to temporarily part ways here. You'll reach Nine Yin Hall once you walk through the vortex. I'll be choosing from the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer.

"Normal treasures such as Shaman Crystals will only allow you to choose your Spirit of Nine Yin from the first layer. You'll only know the details once you get in there. Brother Mo, act within your abilities, choose according to how long you'll stay in the World of Nine Yin. Once I come out, I'll wait for you outside." Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm as a farewell to Su Ming, then turned around and moved into the vortex and disappeared.

Su Ming scrutinized the vortex for a moment, and right when he was about to move in, suddenly, a light shone from within the vortex. A person appeared from inside, and at the same time, a gentle power spread out and pushed Su Ming back a few steps. The person in the vortex rapidly gained physical form and walked out.

That was a tall but thin young man. He had an indifferent look on his face, was dressed in black, and there were multiple small braids decorating his hair.

The instant Su Ming saw this person, a glint appeared in his eyes, and his lips curled up in a faint smile under the mask.

Once that person walked out, he instinctively looked at Su Ming, then immediately looked away. Just as he was about to leave, he suddenly paused in his footsteps, turned his head back, took a few closer looks at Su Ming, then turned around and left the area with a calm look.

Su Ming no longer hesitated and lifted his foot to step into the vortex. As the vortex shone, he disappeared in it and was gone without a trace.

After Su Ming entered the vortex, the young man who walked out from it previously turned his head back from the stairs and uncertainty appeared on his face.

"Have I met that person before...?" The young man lifted his right hand and pressed it against the center of his brows. He stood there for a moment, then opened his eyes slowly, revealing the puzzlement within.

Chapter 434: Spirit of Yin

When Nan Gong Hen stepped into the vortex, he turned his head back to cast a look behind him. He might have accepted the fact that Mo Su's battle prowess was equivalent to that of a Latter Shaman and deep down in his heart believed that his own ability would not compare to Mo Su, but he still felt that if he made his offerings and rented a Spirit of Nine Yin, then his power would surpass Mo Su's by a large margin.

After all, he had come to the World of Nine Yin many times in the past, and since the Calamity of Eastern Wastelands was about to arrive, this would perhaps be his last chance.

That was why it could be said that he had spent an endless amount of energy to prepare the offerings for the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth layer based on his understanding towards the Spirits of Nine Yin before he came to this world. He had full confidence that even if it would be difficult for him to rent the Spirits of Nine Yin from the fifth layer, he could still rent those in the fourth layer.

That was why after he entered the first layer, he didn't stop for even a moment. He walked through three doors in succession and went straight to the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth layer.

'Mo Su might be strong, but once I rent a Spirit of Nine Yin from the fourth or fifth layer, then I might be able to fight on equal ground with him, and perhaps... surpass him!' Nan Gong Hen was filled with confidence, and looked pleased with what he would gain soon through his preparations.

Moving aside from Nan Gong Hen, once Su Ming disappeared into the vortex outside the palace and reappeared, he swept his gaze around his surroundings, and he was shocked by what he saw.

This was a dimension filled with fog. It was difficult to see its end with the naked eye. It was extremely quiet in the area, and besides the gigantic mountain before him, it was empty ground everywhere else around him.

The mountain shot into the clouds. It looked incredibly lofty, and there was also a wave of mighty pressure that descended on him at the same time. But that was not all. If that was the case, it would not have shocked Su Ming. The one thing that made his breath still for a moment was the multiple statues located on the gigantic mountain.

Each of these statues were the height of an average human being. They were decked in simple armor and their faces were covered by a helmet. Their hair was braided, making them look rough, but at the same time, they exuded a strong, imposing presence.

That was the presence that belonged to powerful warriors!

They all held different weapons in their hands. Some of them had long spears, some scimitars, some battle axes, and there were many other different types of weapons as well. Some of them held large shields in their hands.

There were several hundreds of statues in the mountain, and they stood quiet and still in different locations.

Besides Su Ming, there were several dozens of other Shamans there. Those Shamans were very quiet and did not bother each other. Some of them were pacing around the area as if they were choosing their statues. Some of them stood beside a statue with their right hands pressed on top of it as if they were sensing something.

Su Ming's arrival did not catch any of their attention. After a moment, a faint glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked upwards. There was another towering mountain above this mountain. This second mountain floated in the sky and shone with a dark light. It also looked rather indistinct.

However, he could see faintly that there were many such statues on the second mountain as well...

When he looked even higher, Su Ming saw the third mountain, the fourth, the fifth... Until his sight was blocked by emptiness and he could no longer see what was higher clearly.

The height of this place was difficult to describe with words. The sky seemed like it would reach so high it would never end, causing the distance between each of the mountains to be far apart from each other.

'Nan Gong Hen once mentioned that there are nine layers to this place, and the higher you go, the stronger the Spirits of Nine Yin will be. Then by the looks of it, the nine

layers he mentioned are these mountains... Then if that's the case, there should be nine mountains.'

With his head lifted, Su Ming observed these mountains for some time before he averted his gaze and walked towards the mountain before him.

There was a staircase winding up the mountain right up to the top. There were even some paths branching off along the way. Each of these paths would lead to those statues, and if someone walked up the main staircase and past all these branching paths, then that person would be able to walk past all of the statues in the mountain.

There were two statues right at the bottom of the mountain stairs. These two statues were clearly better than those in the mountain, and they wore less armor. In their hands they held long spears. The tips of the spears were pointed downwards but were still about ten feet off the ground, and these spears were twenty something feet long. All those who wanted to go up the mountain needed to walk past the tips of the spears.

Su Ming walked closer to these two statues, and once he sized them up, he walked past the tips and stepped on the staircase leading up the mountain. He did not continue going up the mountain when he arrived at the first branching path but walked on this path leading to the right, then stood before the first statue standing erect there.

This was a statue whose appearance could not be seen clearly, and who held a battle axe in his hand. He was about Su Ming's height, and there was a primeval air spreading out it. At the same time, there was also the imposing presence of a powerful warrior surrounding this statue.

After a moment of thought, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the instant he was about to place it on the statue, just like what the other people did, the entire mountain suddenly shuddered.

A strong ray of light also burst forth from the path, and as that ray of light began shining and the mountain shuddered, most of the people in the mountain looked towards that direction.

Right when Su Ming focused his attention on that spot, he saw a statue from which the light was coming from. That light spread to an area of one hundred thousand feet, and ripples along with distortions also came from his body. Gradually, the statue started giving off a feeling as if he was a melting block of ice, and he was revived!

Green light shone on his armor, and he lifted his helmet-clad head slowly. The green light was also shining in his eyes.

Standing right before the statue was a female Shaman. The woman looked really excited, and once she wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards the statue, the

warrior lifted his right leg and stomped on the ground, shooting straight up into the sky, and he pointed the scimitar in his hand towards the woman.

She flew up swiftly and floated in midair to stand beside the revived statue. The statue shone a few times, and his body shrank abruptly, turning into a green ray of light that charged towards the woman. Eventually, he landed on the back of her right hand and turned into a golden mark.

The woman did not stay any longer. With an excited look on her face, she turned around and charged towards the vortex at the bottom of the mountain.

When the woman left, the mountain stilled. The gazes filled with complicated feelings and envy were gone, and the mountain slowly regained its silence.

Su Ming looked in the direction the woman had left, took a deep breath, then turned his head around to look at the statue beside him. Anticipation appeared in his eyes. During that instant, he had clearly felt a presence that was equivalent to Tie Mu's from the revived statue, and judging by the presence, the statue was definitely a Latter Shaman, and in terms of the Berserker Tribe, that would be saying that the statue was as powerful as someone in the Berserker Soul Realm!

'So... This is the Spirit of Nine Yin... But Nan Gong Hen mentioned before that the Spirits of Nine Yin cannot leave this world. If that wasn't the case, then with the amount of Spirits here... It doesn't matter whether it's Shamans or Berserkers, no one could fight against them!' Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath, shocked.

'Just what sort of secret is contained in the World of Nine Yin? It has the Candle Dragon's carcass, the burial ground of Spirit Mediums, and the altar for Thought Soothsayers...

'And this is just within one million li of this area. As for the area beyond that distance... there must be an endless amount of mysteries there... Just what sort of existence is the World of Nine Yin? An ancient ruin, huh...?'

Su Ming remained silent for a while, then looked at the statue before him and placed his right hand on it. The instant he did so, he immediately felt waves stirring in his head, and it was soon followed by a serene voice echoing inside his mind.

"There are two types of offerings I receive. One, I want a thousand Nascent Stones per day, which are also known as Shaman Crystals, Berserker Stones, and also spirit stones. I only want high quality stones, not subpar ones.

"Two, I want a Scattering Dust pill once every seven days."

The voice echoed in Su Ming's head, eventually turning into a lingering echo and gradually disappeared. Su Ming lifted his right hand. His eyes might look calm, but there was already a huge storm raging in his heart.

'Scattering Dust?!' Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he only recovered after a long while. He lifted his head and looked at the statue. Slowly, his eyes were filled with confusion.

Scattering Dust was the first medicinal pill he had created in that strange dimension. He had never heard of that pill from anyone else before, and only when he created Spirit Plunder did he understand that his herb quenching methods were somewhat related to the Shamans'...

In fact, his Spirit Plunder was also known as Soul Catcher Stone, and could only be created after much effort from End Soul Catchers. Su Ming also believed that the method these End Soul Catchers used to create this Spirit Plunder was completely different from his.

'Soul Catchers originate from the World of Nine Yin, then is it possible... that the End Soul Catchers also obtained the method to create their Spirit Plunder here...? Then, could it be... that my herb quenching methods also come from this place?!'

Su Ming was shocked. He had never been able to puzzle through the origins of the black stone fragment. In fact, he had even theorized before that this item was a part of Di Tian's plan.

He stared at the statue for a long time, then moved to the next statue. Once he placed his hand on it, a voice spoke in his head. Besides a different request for its first offering, the voice still requested Scattering Dust for its second offering.

After Su Ming tested several dozens of statues, he noticed that all of the statues in the first mountain should be the same. They all requested different things for their first offering, but the second offering was always the same.

'Most of the requests for the first offering are different for each statue, and some of them are really weird. By the looks of it, Nan Gong is right. The Spirits of Nine Yin here are all the natives of this world, and they once helped the Shaman Tribe gain footing in this place...

'Then, if that's the case, these statues are the same as me. They are all alive and not dead. They are... all alive! As long as I fulfill their requests, they will become my guards... If that's the case, then perhaps they only helped the Shamans gain footing here after the Shamans paid a huge price for them!

'But... just what are they...?' Su Ming took a few steps back. When he was observing these statues, two more were revived and rose into the air then left with someone.

There was a variety of emotions on Su Ming's face. After a moment, he suddenly lifted his head, and his gaze fell on the second mountain, the third, the fourth, and right up to the indistinct end at the sky.

'If that is the case, I won't bother about the origins of the Spirits of Nine Yin first. Perhaps I can... rent... the strongest guard here!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and they shone brilliantly.

Chapter 435: Dark Yin Warrior!

Nan Gong Hen was standing on the fourth mountain in the sky, right before a gigantic, dark silver statue of three hundred something feet, and he had hesitation etched on his face.

The presence exuded by the statue far exceeded all of its kind in the first mountain. His body was not just much stronger than his contemporaries, but he was filled with an air that struck fear in people's hearts. There were many scars on his body, and there was a feeling of age coming from them.

He held a gigantic battle axe in his hand, and it was about one hundred feet big. The murderous aura around it made Nan Gong Hen not dare to get closer to it.

'This is the Dark Bronze Spirit of Nine Yin, and he is the strongest existence in the fourth mountain. Very few people have been able to rent it. From what I know, he has only ventured out eight times!

'Once I go to the fifth layer, there will only be Platinum Spirits of Nine Yin there. But while the Platinum Spirits of Nine Yin are stronger the Dark Bronzes, they are only at the base level of the fifth layer. Compared to the strongest Dark Bronze here, the difference between them isn't really that great... but the price this statue gave... it's just too ridiculous! It's even more expensive than the fifth layer!'

Nan Gong Hen remained incredibly indecisive. Before he came to this place, his original plan was to reach the fifth layer, but once he saw the Dark Bronze statue, he wavered in his decision once again.

Just as he was hesitating, Nan Gong Hen cast a look at the land beneath the mountain. From this place, he could see the third, second, and first mountains vaguely.

'Oh well, I might as well go to the fifth mountain and take a look before I make a decision!' Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and left the statue reluctantly, then moved to the top of the mountain.

"Hah... the amount of money we have in our hands is different, while I'm hesitating about whether I should be choosing the fourth or fifth mountain, Mo Su should only be at most be able to make offerings to the Spirits of Nine Yin in the second mountain. After all, without ample preparation, it would be difficult for anyone to start making offerings in the third mountain and above," Nan Gong Hen mumbled under his breath, and he felt a little pleased in his heart, and that feeling dissipated some of the dejectedness he felt just now.

'Once I rent my Spirit of Nine Yin, then at the very least, I would be able to turn tables on him!' Nan Gong Hen smiled faintly, and his spirits lifted.

At that moment, Su Ming was walking calmly up the stairs of the second mountain. There were fewer statues in the second mountain compared to the first. There were only about to one hundred or so, and their armor was more complete. They also had more varied weapons.

The pressure of the powerful from their bodies was also stronger than those in the first mountain. By the looks of it, while they might not be in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, they should be at least at the peak of the initial stage of that Realm.

There were less than ten Shamans in the second mountain, and all of them had dark expressions on their faces as they wandered about the statues, as if they were uncertain about which one they should choose.

Su Ming casually chose a statue and pressed his right hand against it. After a moment, when he lifted his right hand and a glint appeared in his eyes.

'Five thousand superior Shaman Crystals per day... then if I stay here for a month, I would need one hundred fifty thousand Shaman Crystals, and if I stay here for several months, I would need several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals. This sort of price is unthinkable for a person in a small tribe. Even a person from a middle-sized tribe would need to tighten his belt to rent this.

'They also added more Scattering Dusts. They want three pills once every three days.'

Su Ming remembered that the Shaman Crystal vein White Bull Tribe and Black Crane Tribe were fighting for had less than twenty thousand Shaman Crystals, and those that could be considered superior quality should be rare and in between. Even if he extracted all of these and brought them here, he might not even be able to get this Spirit of Nine Yin to follow him for four days.

'No wonder the person who found the Nine Abyss Flower didn't come and rent a Spirit of Nine Yin. The price... is too high! But in other words, Scattering Dusts are hard to get even if someone offers to buy one for several tens of thousands of Shaman Crystals. If I just bring out one, while the price for it may be great, but if I can bring three out in one

go, then the price will blow up exponentially.' Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest, and he walked to the top of the second mountain.

He did not stop any longer. Once he reached the top of the mountain, he stepped into the Relocation Rune in this place, and with a flash, he disappeared from this place. When he reappeared, he was already at the much higher third mountain.

There were already less than one hundred statues in the third mountain, only about a few dozen. The armor these statues wore practically covered them from head to toe, and most of them were decked in complete sets. They were also about two hundred feet tall, looking like tiny hills. The pressure they exuded made Su Ming's breathing quicken.

The strength of that pressure was much greater than what he felt from Tie Mu. In fact, it was much stronger than the Berserker now turned Poison Corpse he had met, who was in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

'Could it be... that these statues are already an existence equivalent to those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm? If that's truly the case, then those in the fourth mountain would be at the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and those in the fifth mountain... would be in the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm?

'If that's the case, then what sort of power do those in the sixth, seventh... and up to the ninth have?!

Su Ming walked around in the third mountain. Not counting him, there were six Shamans standing beside different statues, as if they were communicating with them. When Su Ming had only travelled one hundred feet into the third mountain, suddenly, the mountain trembled. He immediately saw a gigantic statue reviving, and once the warrior opened his eyes, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky.

His roars shook the sky and earth, causing the space around the area to distort. Soon after, the statue flew up and swung the gigantic, long halberd in midair. The presence he exuded instantly made Su Ming feel an immense pressure.

As the statue flew up, a tall and lean, long-haired man dressed in a blue robe laughed and jumped up to stand on the statue's shoulder. The statue did not seem to mind, turning into a long arc and charging to the exit with the man.

Su Ming's expectations grew stronger. He took a few brisk steps, and once he arrived at the top of the third mountain, he stepped into the Relocation Rune, disappearing into it. All those in the third mountain could see the Rune flashing. Three of the few remaining people lifted their heads to look over, but their expressions were calm, and there were not many changes on their faces.

After all, there were some people who could not offer more money, but would still try to go to a higher level to have a look before they left. They had seen many of such people before.

When Su Ming appeared at the fourth mountain, Nan Gong Hen was in the fifth mountain looking at a statue that was four hundred feet tall and was no longer black but so white it was like silver. There were some fine runic symbols on his armor, and he looked incredibly gorgeous and extraordinary.

His appearance alone was already far better than the statues' in the fourth layer.

'Twenty five thousand Shaman Crystals per day, and I must pay for ninety days in a go... or I can offer some items that are rare even in the World of Nine Yin... this price is still a little reasonable. It's far less than the guy from the fourth layer. That one from the fourth layer actually asked for thirty thousand Shaman Crystals, the nerve! And I even have to pay for at least one hundred eight days in a go.'

Nan Gong Hen automatically ignored the other rental alternatives the statue offered besides the Shaman Crystals. To him, Shaman Crystals were the main focus.

When he was observing these statues, he had also noticed the Relocation Light from the third mountain. He turned his head around and cast a glance at the area underneath before ignoring it. Instead, he walked to the next statue. He wanted to choose a statue that was the cheapest in the area but whose strength was not that much different from the others.

'It's a pity that these Spirits of Nine Yin are all so prideful, and each of them increasingly so. There is absolutely no room for negotiation. If I tried to haggle, I wouldn't hear any sort of answer. It'd be as if they were ignoring me.' Nan Gong Hen shook his head.

Including Su Ming, there were only three people in the fourth mountain choosing their Spirits of Nine Yin. There was one who was standing by the mountainside, and there was one who stood at the three hundred something feet tall dark bronze statue covered in scars where Nan Gong Hen had lingered around earlier while struggling in uncertainty. That person also looked undecided.

It was an old man. By the looks of it, he had arrived at the peak of a Medial Shaman and was only a step away from becoming a Latter Shaman. He stared at the statue and sighed.

As Su Ming walked on the fourth mountain and looked at these statues that were much higher than those in the third mountain, he found that there were less than fifty of them in this place.

As he continued walking forward, Su Ming's gaze was immediately attracted by a scar-ridden statue at the mountainside. The statue was the one Nan Gong Hen had been observing earlier, and he was also the cause of the old man's sighing.

Su Ming walked towards the statue slowly and he looked over calmly. There was nothing around the statue, neither was there any other of his kind in his vicinity. He stood there alone, and his armor was filled with scratches. It was plain that he had gone through much battle throughout his life. The murderous aura spreading out from that gigantic battle axe made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

The old man cast Su Ming a glance, then ignored him. Instead, he continued wavering in his decision, and the struggle in his eyes became stronger.

Once Su Ming walked closer, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the statue. The instant he did so, a hoarse voice immediately echoed in his mind.

'Thirty thousand Shaman Crystals per day. If you want my protection, then you need to pay for one hundred eighty days in one go. If you agree to it, then I will protect you from all danger within my power, but not anything beyond.' The voice only said those words, and once he finished, his words lingered in the air before dispersing.

Su Ming was stunned. This was the first Spirit of Nine Yin he had met that only stated the amount of Shaman Crystals he wanted but did not mention the equivalent amount of medicinal pills as an alternative.

As Su Ming was caught in a daze, the old man by his side seemed to have made his decision. He had thought about it for a long time. After all, this was a hefty sum. If it was thirty thousand per day, then it would be about five million superior Shaman Crystals for one hundred eighty days. Even to big tribes, this was an incredible fortune. No one would offer this amount of money easily.

Once the old man made his decision, he no longer bothered with Su Ming. He pressed his right hand on the statue as if he was communicating with the Spirit of Nine Yin. After a moment, light immediately started shining in the statue's eyes. A powerful presence instantly spread out from his body, and his presence swept through the area like a vortex, causing his body to rapidly reawaken.

'I am the best warrior of this layer. Choosing me is better for you than choosing those tribe members of mine in the fifth layer.' Humming sounds traveled out of the statue's mouth. This was the first time Su Ming had seen one of these statues speaking, and a sharp glint instantly shone in his eyes.

As the old man's face was lit with excitement, Su Ming suddenly sent a trail of his divine sense into the reviving statue.

'If it's Scattering Dusts, what is your price?'

Chapter 436: Old Man!

The voice Su Ming delivered through his divine sense could only be heard by the Spirit of Nine Yin, the old man by the side could not hear it. Once the reviving gigantic warrior statue heard Su Ming's words, he turned his head around swiftly and stared at him.

At the same time, his body stopped regaining life.

The old man was stunned.

"You have Scattering Dusts?"

Su Ming took a few steps back and looked at the statue, whose voice was reverberating like thunder in his head.

"Sir, if I want your protection, how many Scattering Dusts do you require?" Su Ming sent his divine sense out with a calm look.

However, the old man was not stupid. He saw the statue looking at Su Ming at that moment, and knew that the unexpected occurrence was due to him, but this place banned fights, and they were not the ones who chose the Spirits of Nine Yin. They were chosen based on the will of the Spirits of Nine Yin. At that moment, he stared at Su Ming coldly, and while there was aloofness in his eyes, there was also a freezing glare, along with contempt.

After all, the amount of Shaman Crystals required to obtain the protection of this Spirit of Nine Yin was too great! He did not believe that this person would be able to produce this amount of Shaman Crystals!

"I want ten Scattering Dusts every seven days. Even if you only have ten, I will still protect you for seven days. If you only have five, then I will protect you for three days and a half. If you only have one, then I will protect you for one day!"

As the voice of the Spirit of Nine Yin echoed in Su Ming's head, he started calculating how many Scattering Dusts he had in his disposal. He only had less than two hundred of these pills right now, but as long as he had enough materials, then he could immediately start making them, and he was incredibly familiar with the procedures of making this pill, so even if he would end up wasting some, he would only waste about a tenth of materials.

"Would you accept South Asunders?" Su Ming mulled over his thoughts for a moment before he sent his divine sense into the statue once again to test waters.

"South Asunder?! You have South Asunder?!" Strong light immediately began shining in the gigantic statue's eyes. Even the voice that was reverberating in Su Ming's head had become agitated.

His body started trembling slightly, and the halted revival was activated once again. However, his eyes were fixed on Su Ming, and he no longer paid any attention to the old man.

"Sir, you're going overboard. Leave immediately, if you continue fighting over him with me..." The old man immediately became nervous and growled threateningly at Su Ming, but before he could finish speaking, the gigantic statue suddenly stretched out his left hand and grabbed the old man. As the old man cried out in surprise, the statue tossed him down the mountain.

"Get lost! Don't bother me when I'm making a deal!" That old man's body immediately turned into a long arc and he was tossed down the fourth mountain.

"It doesn't matter whether it's South Asunder or Mountain Spirit, if you bring five of either, I will offer you seven days of protection."

The statue's voice buzzed in Su Ming's head. He was incredibly excited by the mention of South Asunder. After all, he had been here for many years, and while he had met people who brought out Scattering Dusts before, most of the time, the number was incredibly small, and the effects of the pills were weak, making it painfully obvious that they had obtained it from some spot in the World of Nine Yin.

However, Su Ming gave him the feeling that he had quite the number of this pill, and he had even mentioned South Asunder. This made the Spirit of Nine Yin excited.

"Looks like you've found a pill storage. How about this, if you have better medicinal pills like Spirit Plunders, then with just one, I will protect you for 60 days!

"If you think that my power can't satisfy your requirements, then I know an old man in the fifth mountain who should originally have been in the sixth layer, but if you Shamans want to get up there, you would need to be at least a Latter Shaman or else it'll be difficult for you to get in there.

"That's why the old man came down to the fifth layer... One Spirit Plunder and he will protect you for 10 days. I'll go and talk to him, perhaps we can increase the time he can protect you, but the condition is, you have to give me South Asunders and Scattering Dusts!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he immediately asked, "That old man you speak of, what is his level of cultivation?"

"By your standards, he's an End Shaman," the gigantic statue immediately said, and an expectant look appeared on his face.

Su Ming's heart pounded in his chest. He wanted to go to many places in the World of Nine Yin. That Candle Dragon's corpse alone was already a place he wanted to go to, then there was the burial ground of Spirit Mediums, which might be of help for awakening the seventh head in Han Mountain Bell and allow him to obtain the One Hundred Million Souls Devouring Heaven Art.

Then there was the deal about the Thought Soothsayers as well. If that altar could make Thought Soothsayers appear, then if it was possible, Su Ming would like to go and see the birthplace of Thought Soothsayers.

Also, his main purpose was the Nine Abyss Flower. This flower could increase the chances of surviving through a life threatening crisis when one was entering the Berserker Soul Realm once they attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. This was an item that Su Ming had to get no matter what.

Also, he had to think about the problem of his identity possibly getting exposed. If that happened, then if he could obtain the protection of a Spirit of Nine Yin at the level of an End Shaman, then he could be like fish in water in this place... In fact, it would even be possible for him to go and explore the area one million li away.

"All right!"

Once he thought about it, Su Ming nodded and brought out a small bottle from his bosom, then threw it at the Spirit of Nine Yin that had completely regained its life. That Spirit of Nine Yin grabbed that small bottle, and with a method, from which Su Ming could not even feel any ripples with his divine sense, laughter came from under the Spirit of Nine Yin's helmet.

"My name is Li Huo. According to the treaty made between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you." As Li Huo laughed, he took a step forward, and once he stood before Su Ming, he lifted the gigantic battle axe, and the action caused howling sounds to reverberate in the air. A violent gust of wind swept through the area.

Li Huo's huge body rapidly shrank in that wind and turned into a dark silver light that charged towards Su Ming's left hand. He suddenly lifted his right hand and received that dark light with that hand. The dark light hesitated for a moment, then turned into a mark on the back of Su Ming's right hand. It flashed a few times.

"Boy, let's go to the fifth layer. I'll tell you where that old man is, or else it'll be very difficult for you to find him."

Li Huo's voice echoed in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at the mark on the back of his hand, then lifted his head before moving briskly towards the top of this mountain.

He was not afraid of this Li Huo causing any problems. He had still one chance to use the power of the God of Berserkers, and there was enough power in it acting as a deterrent even if he did not use that one last chance.

Even if that person had the power equivalent to an End Shaman, Su Ming could still intimidate him!

After a moment, Su Ming arrived at the top of the mountain, and as the light from the Relocation Rune shone, he disappeared within. When he reappeared, he was already on the fifth mountain.

Besides him, only Nan Gong Hen was in this mountain.

Nan Gong Hen was moving about the mountain, occasionally coming to a stop to in search of a silver statue that he thought would be more reasonable. He had seen the light from the Relocation Rune in the fourth mountain, but did not pay too much attention to it. He simply continued browsing through the few statues in the mountain.

It was only when he was at the mountainside that his footsteps come to a halt and he looked towards the mountain staircase in the distance with a strange look - He saw Su Ming slowly walking up the stairs.

He blinked, then Nan Gong Hen let out a dry cough and gave Su Ming a smile.

"When I saw the light from the fourth mountain's Relocation Rune, I was wondering who it was. I didn't expect it would be you, brother Mo. Since you're here, why don't we take a look around together?"

When Su Ming saw Nan Gong Hen, he wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted him with a smile with his usual calm look on his face.

"I was expecting to meet you here, brother Nan Gong. You mentioned before that you were going to choose a Spirit of Nine Yin here."

"Brother Mo, it seems like I've made a fool of myself before you. All of the Spirits of Nine Yin here need several millions of Shaman Crystals before we can tempt them. In truth, if I had not made preparations for this, I wouldn't choose any of the spirits here," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile, and there was a slightly pleased expression on his face. After all, the amount of Shaman Crystals he had to spend to choose a spirit in the fifth layer was enough to render anyone speechless.

Nan Gong Hen pointed at a statue and started providing explanations to Su Ming. "Come, brother Mo, let me introduce you to this place. Look at this Spirit of Nine Yin, his armor is giving off pressure, but his weapon is a scimitar. This spirit should be one specializing in defense, but his battle prowess is slightly weaker than the other Spirits of Nine Yin here."

When Su Ming looked over, he heard Li Huo snorting coldly in his ear.

"Your companion didn't reveal much. Ta Ka's scimitar is so sharp that if I ran into him, I would feel my skin crawl. His armor, however, is rather mediocre."

Nan Gong Hen continued introducing the statues to him and would occasionally place his hand on the statues to find their price. Su Ming always had a smile in place and did not open his mouth to speak much. All this while, he was listening to Li Huo rebutting Nan Gong Hen's views, and by the end, he was looking down on Nan Gong Hen even more.

"Brother Mo, you might not be able to provide any offerings in the fifth, but you can look around as well to broaden your perspectives. I walked up to the fifth layer in the past as well." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, he arrived at a spot where two statues stood erect on the other side of the mountain.

One of the statues was large and the other small. The big one was four hundred something feet tall, while the small one was only two hundred something. That small one did not hold any weapons in his hands and looked incredibly ordinary. The big statue, on the other hand, was holding a long spear, and he looked incredibly heroic and extraordinary.

Nan Gong Hen placed one hand on each of the statues. After a while, a brilliant light began shining in his eyes. He looked at the statue that was four hundred something feet tall and excitement filled his face.

"Brother Mo, look at this spirit. His price is thirty-two thousand Shaman Crystals per day, and he's the most expensive statue in this place, but don't just judge him because he's expensive. This spirit is definitely the strongest one here!"

"Look at the spirit beside him. His price might only be twenty thousand Shaman Crystals per day, but... I definitely won't choose him!" Nan Gong Hen was originally still wavering about his decision, but when he saw Su Ming standing by his side, resolution immediately appeared on his face.

"I'll choose this one!" As he spoke, he placed his palm on the statue again.

"Idiot, Su Han might be in the fifth layer, but he's definitely not the strongest. Your friend's an idiot, that old man beside him is the friggin' strongest monster here. That's what the old man likes. He'll use himself to set up a contrast and to serve as a

comparison to scare Su Han so that he will raise his own price. Just you watch, a large part of the offerings Su Han obtains will be given to the old man!

"Boy, the one I'm talking about is him. Place your hand on him, I'll talk to him!" Li Huo's voice traveled into Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen with a wry smile, because he knew that even if he advised him against it, Nan Gong Hen would also not listen to him. He then walked towards the statue that was only two hundred something feet tall.

Chapter 437: You Have a Good Eye!

Nan Gong Hen's statue shone with a strong light, and the statue started rapidly regaining life. At that moment, Su Ming pressed his right hand against the two hundred something feet statue.

Nan Gong Hen also saw Su Ming's actions, but he did not bother himself too much with it. In his eyes, Su Ming was just checking out the statue's price. Even if the statue was not expensive, not all people were capable of making offerings to him and taking him away.

'I browsed through the entire mountain once, and the price for this one is the highest. The prices offered by the Spirits of Nine Yin are based on their abilities. If he dares make this price, then I will pay for it!

'By the looks of it, he's the strongest in the fifth layer!'

Nan Gong Hen might be finding it painful to part with the Shaman Crystals, but he trusted his own judgment. As he watched the light from the statue shine in an area that spanned to one hundred thousand feet, as the incredibly extraordinary statue looked as if it was about to completely regain life, and as light shone in his eyes, his breathing started quickening.

After a moment, once the statue was completely revived, he lifted his long spear and struck the ground. At the same time, he shot up in the sky with a whistle. Only a pair of brightly burning eyes could be seen on his face, which were covered by the helmet. He lowered his head and cast Nan Gong Hen a glance.

That gaze was slightly strange, as if it contained an array of complicated emotions, a deep sentiment...

"By the treaty formed between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you until you are no longer able to fulfill the requirements of the offerings." The Spirit of Nine Yin in midair said these words slowly. His voice echoed in the area, and humming sounds could be heard, making him sound incredibly exceptional.

Nan Gong Hen was just about to fly up excitedly when the statue on which Su Ming had placed his right hand immediately started shining by his side. The light was incredibly dim, but the statue was rapidly regaining life. An ancient gaze gradually appeared where his eyes were.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then widened his eyes swiftly.

"Brother... brother Mo, you rented him?"

Nan Gong Hen sucked in a deep breath, and his face was filled with disbelief. Once he saw Su Ming nodding his head, Nan Gong Hen's expression immediately became strange, and he opened his mouth as if he wanted to say something, but after a moment of hesitation, he cast Su Ming a compassionate glance.

While Nan Gong Hen might find himself in a sort of disbelieving state in regards to Su Ming's financial power, but the truth was right before him, the other must have some sort of means and methods to obtain money, which no one else knew about.

However, Nan Gong Hen thought that Su Ming's choice... was kind of not worth it, or perhaps more accurately, it was extremely not worth it.

"Ha... brother Mo... you should have told me sooner, there are plenty of Spirits of Nine Yin here that are... Oh well, since you've already made your choice, then I won't say anything." Nan Gong Hen shook his head with a wry smile, and his compassion grew stronger.

There was a strange look on Su Ming's face, covered by the mask. When he saw the pitying look on Nan Gong Hen's face, the same look appeared in his eyes.

The statue beside Su Ming had already completely resuscitated. He moved his body for a while, and cracking sounds came from within him, as if he could not bear with moving. This made Nan Gong Hen pity Su Ming even more.

It was especially so when the Spirit of Nine Yin started slowly shrinking as he moved until he stood there like a normal person with a bent back. This was clearly a hunchbacked, old Spirit of Nine Yin. His armor might be silver, but it was dark and dull. When he wore it on his body, he looked rather sloppy.

When Nan Gong Hen saw this, he sighed in his heart. He could already understand just how good of a judge of character Su Ming was. In his mind, this was no longer a

problem with being a bad judge of character, this was a problem of his intelligence going down the drain.

"Lad, choosing me is your fortune. Oh well, I'll protect you all the way on behalf of your Spirit Plunders, but we're doing it according to the deal we made. I will not calculate the price by days, but with each three times I attack, you have to give me a Spirit Plunder."

The old man's voice echoed in Su Ming's head. He looked at the hunchbacked old man before him. This old man might be wearing a helmet and was decked in armor, but he looked incredibly strange in this appearance.

However, Su Ming was very respectful towards him. He wrapped his fist in his palm to salute the old man.

"I will do my best to fulfill your requirements, senior."

The old man was quite satisfied with Su Ming's show of respect, so he took off his helmet, held it under his armpit, revealing a very unique countenance.

His dark skin looked like wood, and when set against his long silver hair, it made the hair incredibly eye-catching. Once Su Ming saw the old man's face, his pupils shrank. This person's appearance was highly similar to the gigantic head that was placed high on top the stone pillar in Shaman City. Clearly, they were from the same tribe!

The old man's face was filled with wrinkles and his eyes were unfocused. After a yawn, he swept his gaze past Nan Gong Hen, and his lips curled up in a smile.

In Su Ming's eyes, that smile looked quite nasty.

The old man grinned and said in a raspy voice, "You, boy. This man is a heroic and exceptional one. You did well to choose the best lad in my tribe. Not bad indeed. You have a good eye!"

Nan Gong Hen's sympathy towards Su Ming increased once again. Just as he was about to open his mouth and say something, he suddenly widened his eyes and saw the old man lifting his head to look at the Spirit of Nine Yin he had rented, then said something that stunned him in place.

"Hey, dummy, where's my share?!" The old man glared and looked at Nan Gong Hen's Spirit of Nine Yin standing in midair. At that moment, Su Han, the spirit, brought out a ball of glittering light from his bosom obediently and handed it to the old man respectfully.

The old man shook the ball with his hand, then nodded his head, satisfied. He quickly put it away into his own bosom, all while not forgetting to address the stunned Nan Gong Hen in the process.

"Boy, you have a really good eye. Don't worry, if that dummy is disobedient, then I'll teach him a lesson afterwards. Don't you worry, all the tribesmen I introduce are absolutely free of problems!

"Hey, how about we go now? It's been a long time since I went out. I wonder how many things have changed in the outside world." The old man turned his head around and looked at Su Ming, urging him on.

Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a compassionate glance, then let out a fake cough before he walked forward. The old man had his hands placed behind his back, following behind him with a swagger, even humming a little tune, all while looking incredibly smug.

Nan Gong Hen only recovered after a long while. He looked at the old man leaving into the distance before he lifted his head and looked at the Spirit of Nine Yin called Su Han. He suddenly felt that this originally heroic and extraordinary spirit looked like a rather rigid person... In fact, he seemed kind of silly...

His mind kept going back to the moment the old man had demanded his reward and his acts of praising Nan Gong Hen himself. He shuddered, then slapped his own head before he started laughing wryly.

'This is the first time... I heard about of the Spirits of Nine Yin conning people!'

Just like that, Nan Gong Hen brought with him regret and dispiritedness, along with the Spirit of Nine Yin that had turned into a mark on the back of his hand, then left the dimension through the vortex in the air with Su Ming... and the old man who made him grit his teeth but whom he did not dare offend.

The instant the old man walked out, he lifted his head and looked at the gigantic head lifted up high on the stone pillar. A complicated look along with nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The complication quickly disappeared and he averted his gaze to look at the shackled skeleton in the palace behind the vortex.

The instant he saw him, the old man sighed.

"Lad, I'm going to meet an old friend of mine. As long as you are in the city, I'll be able to detect you. When you want to leave, I'll appear.

"If you need me to attack, then call out the name I told you, and I will naturally attack!" The old man said with a flat tone, then took a step forward. His body instantly disappeared.

When the old man left, Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming with a wry smile.

"Brother Mo... ha... I'll cut myself off here. I'd like to go back and clear my mind in the inn, then... communicate with my Spirit of Nine Yin. Once the treasure gambling even starts, I'll come out. Are you coming with me or do you want to go explore Shaman City?"

Su Ming felt some degree of pity towards Nan Gong Hen, but just when he was about to speak, a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes, because he saw a person looking at him while standing at the foot of the palace's stairs.

"Brother Nan Gong, please go back first. I'll be exploring the area here." Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm to bid farewell.

Nan Gong Hen, who was feeling incredibly dispirited, did not have any mood to say anything anymore. He shook his head and left the place quickly...

Once Nan Gong Hen left, Su Ming looked towards the person standing at the bottom of the stairs, and their gazes met. His lips curled up into a smile under the mask, and he walked down the stairs.

As he got closer to the person who was observing him, the thin young man who was dressed in black robes and had various small braids decorating his hair started, his pupils shrinking, but he continued standing there without moving.

When Su Ming walked down that long staircase and arrived right before the person, the young man suddenly smiled. His shrunken pupils dilated. He looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm, giving him a small bow.

"It's a great joy in life to be able to meet an old friend in foreign land. I was wondering why I thought you were familiar. Now I remember. Brother Su, you still look as graceful as when we parted ways," the young man said with a smile.

He was Wu Duo, the person who Su Ming had met when he was heading to Sky Mist City and the person who had a mysterious background and seemed like a Thought Soothsayer from the Shamans!

"Brother Su, you don't have to argue with me, I'm very certain of this. We're not strangers, since I waited for you here and could identify you, then it proves that I'm not that sort of despicable person, or else, there would be no need for me to do this.

"Brother Su, your disguise is really great. It doesn't matter whether it's your presence or the general air you give off, no one would be able to find any clues about you. Even if I used any of Thought Soothsayer Spells to look into you, I wouldn't be able to find any answers.

"However, ever since I was young, I possessed a talent no one else had. I'm very sensitive to smells. Brother Su, you can change everything, but you neglected to

change your smell." Wu Duo spoke with a faint smile, and his words were filled with sincerity.

"My name is Mo Su." Su Ming looked at Wu Duo.

"My name is Zhong Yi. Brother Mo, it's a great pleasure to meet you for the first time. Would you mind finding a place with me so that we can sit?" Wu Duo cast a glance at the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin on the back of Su Ming's right hand, then spoke in a whisper. "You must have come here for the treasure gambling event as well. I know quite a lot about this. Perhaps we can even work together..."

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment, then nodded.

Chapter 438: Crimson Stone

The Shaman City belonging in the World of Nine Yin was built a very long time ago. Even now, besides the city giving off an ancient feeling to others, it did not give off too much of a feeling of decline. Instead, as time went by, the city was continuously improved, causing it to be incredibly prosperous.

It was especially so each time the World of Nine Yin was opened up and a large amount of Shamans surged in, which would cause the city to bustle with activity, and there were numerous shops which would still be visited even at night.

It was a bit past noon. In a two story inn located in the west of the city were Wu Duo and Su Ming, who were sitting at a table while looking at a river running through the entire Shaman City. Sounds of running water echoed in their ears, adding another sort of taste to the wine they drank.

"The person who fought against the Latter Shaman from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe yesterday must have been you then, brother Mo. When I saw you walking out from the place of the Spirits of Nine Yin with Nan Gong Hen by your side, I could already guess." Wu Duo smiled, and there were all sorts of emotions in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

"I didn't expect that in a few years since the last time we met, your level of cultivation would have went up by leaps and bounds. It's indeed impressive!"

Su Ming shook his head and said slowly, "Being able to fight against senior Tie Mu was just pure luck on my part."

"Oh? Brother Mo, you don't have to be humble. I might not have seen it, but when I heard about it from others, I could tell that you definitely did not manage to survive by pure luck." Wu Duo smiled and took a sip of wine.

When he heard Wu Duo phrasing it as such, Su Ming smiled faintly and no longer spoke about that. Instead, he looked at Wu Duo and said calmly, "Brother Zhong, what are the details of the treasure gambling event you mentioned? I don't know much about it, so I hope you would be able to tell me."

"Brother Mo, you must obtain a sufficient amount of Shaman Crystals before the treasure gambling event. Only then will it be possible to reap any sort of rewards from the event. Of course, if you're only going there to take a look and not to join it, then you won't need to do this."

Wu Duo took a sip of wine, cast Su Ming a look, then said with a smile. "This treasure gambling event is actually a unique thing that only appears in the World of Nine Yin. It is divided into two parts. All people who have more than one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals can join the first part of the event.

"Only those who have become Latter Shamans can gain from the second part. Most people whose level of cultivation is not high enough would not choose to enter the second part, unless they have great luck. If not, most of them would end up really badly." Wu Duo spoke in great detail. He knew that Su Ming might have gained some knowledge about the event, but since he was not a Shaman, there must still be some details that he was not entirely clear about.

"Oh? Please, I would like to hear it." Su Ming brought the wine cup to his lips and took a sip.

Wu Duo gathered his thoughts for a while, then looked around before he asked in a whisper, "Brother Mo, do you know why this place is called the World of Nine Yin and do you know how this name came to be?" .

Su Ming looked at Wu Duo. He did not speak. He knew that Wu Duo did not require any answer from him.

"Besides the Yin Spirit Tribe telling the name to the Shamans' ancestors in the past, it originated from a stone monument that was once erected at a spot somewhere in this place.

"There were only four words on the stone monument, and they were 'World of Nine Yin'. As for the Yin Spirit Tribe, it's this..." Wu Duo said, then lifted his left hand to reveal the glowing mark on the back of his hand.

"In the past, when the Shamans' ancestors arrived in the World of Nine Yin, they somehow got into contact with Yin Spirit Tribe, allowing them to be able to get their help

to occupy an area of one million li in this place in one go, though it was over a period of many years. They also managed to get their help to build Shaman City.

"The treasure gambling event is actually largely connected to the spot where Shaman City is built." Wu Duo's voice was soft. It did not spread too far, and only Su Ming could hear it clearly.

"They chose to build Shaman City on the ground right underneath our feet because there is a gigantic secret in this area. It was very difficult for outsiders to learn about this secret, and it was not until many years later, when an End Shaman who participated in building the city told his descendants of this secret before he died that more Shamans learned about this through a series of complicated events.

"Heh heh, brother Mo, it's definitely difficult for you to guess this. Before we built Shaman City over this land, this place was a giant pit! There were many crimson colored stones stored in it. There was nothing strange about those stones, but we could not send our senses and perceptions into them. When we cracked them open gently, we found some strange herbs inside!

"The famous Nine Abyss Flower is one of them! In fact, there are still plenty of herbs that are not recorded by the Shamans, and even those from Nine Li Tribe cannot recognize them. They should be treasures of immeasurable worth that were rare even during ancient times, and have long since become extinct!

"However..." A brilliant flash passed through Wu Duo's eyes.

"Most of the Crimson Stones have nothing inside. Well, actually, they might have had something inside before, but because they had been around for too long, those things gradually dissipated.

"Only few among the Crimson Stones contain herbs, and even so, most of them have already turned into fossils. There are no longer any sort of medicinal properties within them. And even if some herbs still contain medicinal properties, there won't be much of it left anyway.

"However, there is no absolute in this world. Some of these Crimson Stones that have been cracked open before were found to contain herbs that still contain seven tens of their medicinal properties! In fact... from what I know, there were nine times over the years where complete, undamaged herbs that still retained all of their medicinal properties were found in these Crimson Stones!

"These herbs are all incredibly old, and each of them could be called a priceless treasure! But it all depends on luck. If you're lucky, perhaps the herb's original value itself is already high to begin with. If you're not lucky, then it would be an ordinary leaf. Even if it was still fresh, it would still be..." Wu Duo sighed deeply with feeling.

As Su Ming listened to Wu Duo's words, his eyes began sparkling.

"We calculate the value of the herbs based on two things. One of them is the quality of the herb itself, and the other is the medicinal properties the herb contains compared to other herbs with the same effects.

"Herbs are not the only things contained in Crimson Stones either. There are also ancient Enchanted Vessels and some skill manuals. All of these are things you might find in there. It just depends on whether you can find them and whether the item you get can still be used...

"Due to its mysteriousness and because even End Shamans will have difficulties in finding any sort of clue from these stones, this luck-based cracking of Crimson Stones has gradually turned into the treasure gambling event!

"This sort of heart pounding excitement is something many people cannot resist... The Crimson Stones that can only be bought with a large amount of Shaman Crystals can be said to be able to make a person rise to great heights in an instant... and it can also make a person lose everything in an instant as well." Wu Duo licked his lips. Clearly, he was very passionate about this treasure gambling event.

"These Crimson Stones are valuable. Even if it is incredibly rare for herbs and treasures to appear within them, with the God of Shamans Temple's power and influence, there's absolutely no need for them to hold this treasure gambling event. They could just crack open all the stones on their own. By doing so, they wouldn't have to lose anything!" Su Ming frowned.

"Brother Mo, you might not know about this, but that's what the God of Shamans Temple did in the beginning, but as time passed by and the secret of this place spread through the entire Shaman Tribe... Heh heh, the God of Shamans Temple's influence might be great, but the big tribes in the land of the Shamans would absolutely not let it monopolize the chance of obtaining priceless treasures.

"Even those middle-sized tribes have set their sights on this event. It's only under the pressure of all the tribes in the land of the Shamans that the God of Shamans Temple brings out a portion of the Crimson Stones every single time they open up this place and host this treasure gambling event!" Wu Duo explained.

Su Ming pondered over this for a moment before he voiced his thoughts. "Even so, the big tribes must have also joined the team of people who developed this place. It's impossible that they didn't know about this. If that's the case, what you're saying is a little far-fetched.

"Besides, how could there still be Crimson Stones in this place after such a long time? And by the looks of it, they still have quite a lot of these things left. This is something I don't understand as well."

Wu Duo hesitated for a while before he said with a lack of confidence, "Perhaps there are some reasons that I don't know of regarding the former matter you speak of, but no matter what they may be, the God of Shamans Temple has been hosting this treasure gambling event involving all Shaman Tribes for many years..."

"There is in no way you can fake this, and there have been people who have indeed been able to find valuable herbs in these stones. The nine times I spoke of are examples.

"As for the second, well, brother Mo, you still don't really understand this World of Nine Yin. The amount of Crimson Stones in this world is incredibly large, but we can't extract too many of them in one go. We can only get them out slowly. That is how the God of Shamans Temple is able to bring out these Crimson Stones every single time they open up the place.

"Legend has it that there are several huge tunnels underneath Shaman City. These tunnels were all dug out through the years, during the process of mining for these Crimson Stones.

"But it's true that the number of Crimson Stones that are brought out is smaller with each treasure gambling event. I didn't come here when this place was open to public the last time, but I heard later that they only brought out about ten thousand of these stones. It's a little fewer than the previous times."

Su Ming thought about it quietly for a while. There might be some things he still did not understand about this, but Wu Duo did not seem to know everything either, which could only mean that these things were not privy to a Medial Shaman.

"Brother Zhong, is the second part of the treasure gambling event you speak of a small scale event that is limited to only certain people who have certain levels of cultivation, and is held in another place that is like a trading zone, in a manner almost like an auction?"

"Wrong guess. There is indeed small scale auctions like these during the treasure gambling event, but those are held in private. They are not considered as the second part of the event. The second part of the event is incredibly bloody, and people frequently die in this part! Its name is also known as Stone Looting Event!

"The End Shaman who is protecting Shaman City will definitely not take action. This is a contest between Latter Shamans, and the location is in one of the three small Crimson Stone veins that are usually closed off to public. They are all located within these one million li.

"Some Crimson Stones will gush out of these small Crimson Stone veins once in a while. After some preparations, the God of Shamans Temple will be able to make these

veins gush out a large amount of Crimson Stones for a short period of time. It depends on the person's abilities on how many they are able to loot.

"When the time comes, a Relocation Rune will be activated. The original rule states that everyone with any sort of level of cultivation can enter it, but few Medial Shamans go. But since there's that Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, the pressure of the threat of death from this disaster will drive those who want to survive through it mad. The number of those who will risk their lives in this event will be a lot higher compared to previous times.

"What I want to discuss with you is the second part... If you're willing to help me, then I will give you some of the Crimson Stones I'll obtain. I can promise you, if everything goes smoothly, then we will get a large amount of Crimson Stones!" Wu Duo looked at Su Ming with an expectant look.

Chapter 439: Selling Items!

Su Ming did not immediately speak. Instead, a pensive look appeared on his face.

After some time, he asked unhurriedly, "Brother Zhong, what method do you have to be able to obtain a large amount of Crimson Stones from under the noses of numerous Latter Shamans during the second part of the treasure gambling event?"

"This is..." Wu Duo hesitated for a moment, then shook his head. He continued, "Please forgive me for this, brother Mo. If you're willing to work with me, then I will tell you in detail. The only thing I can say is that for this to work, I've already enlisted three of my Shaman friends for help. Our likeliness to succeed is six out of ten, but if you join us, then we will have seven or even eight!" Once he finished speaking, Wu Duo looked at Su Ming with eyes filled with sincerity.

After a moment, Su Ming shook his head and replied in a hushed voice, "I need to think about this. I can't give you an answer at the moment."

He could understand why Wu Duo could not tell him in detail. After all, if Su Ming was the one making the deal, he would react like this most of the time as well. However, this was too much of a risk, and if he was just to place his judgment based on the rewards itself, then unless the rewards were truly great, he was otherwise not the type to take risks for something unknown, which in this case, were the Crimson Stones, whose existences were already a gamble on their own.

"All right, I hope you'll think about it carefully. I hope to be able to work with you again, brother Mo." Wu Duo was not expecting that Su Ming would immediately agree to this

either. After all, trying to fight over the Crimson Stones against Latter Shamans would end in their deaths if they were even the slightest bit careless. The fact that Su Ming did not reject him right from the get go was already a good thing in Wu Duo's books.

He knew that Su Ming was a cautious person. It was something he had learned when they had met and worked together before. He also knew that if Su Ming said that he would think about it, then he would definitely do so instead of using it as an excuse. That was why he did not continue trying to persuade him. After all, even if he truly wanted Su Ming to join him, if he said too much, it would just end up backfiring on him.

Wu Duo talked to Su Ming a little more about the legends in the World of Nine Yin, and when dusk was about to arrive, the two of them left the place.

Su Ming did not immediately return to the inn, but started taking a stroll around Shaman City. There were quite a large number of shops there, and they were selling a lot of items Su Ming had never seen or heard of before. In fact, there were also some herbs that were usually rare in the world outside being sold in large quantities here.

In Shaman City itself, Su Ming could already find about seven to eight of the herbs drawn on the bamboo slip he had, which had a large amount of medicinal herbs listed on it. This made him incredibly excited. After all, while Su Ming was still reluctant to use the Spirit Plunders he had to open the next door in that strange dimension, but as time passed by, there would come a day where he would still need to create the medicinal pills that came after Spirit Plunder.

Even if he did not know what the next medicinal pill was called, and neither did he know what sort of herbs he needed, but if he bought some of every type of herb he could find, he would still be able to get some that were useful to him.

In his excitement, Su Ming spent almost all of his time the next few days in search of herbs in Shaman City. Not only did he manage to find a large number of medicinal herbs listed on the bamboo slip, he also found all the materials required to make Scattering Dust, South Asunder, Mountain Spirit, and even Spirit Plunder!

All of these materials were sold separately and in small amounts. In fact, there were quite a number of these herbs that were used in other manners, but in Su Ming's eyes, these herbs were all treasures.

However, the number of Shaman Crystals Su Ming had was incredibly limited. While the price for these herbs was not high, if Su Ming wanted to buy all of them, then he would still need to spend quite a lot of Shaman Crystals. Besides, Wu Duo had also mentioned that if he wanted to try his luck during the treasure gambling event, he would need to prepare a large amount of Shaman Crystals.

Nonetheless, Su Ming did not have too much of an interest towards this treasure gambling event. To him, the percentage of being able to win was simply too low in this

sort of treasure gambles. He did not have too many Shaman Crystals for him to gamble anyway. The disparity between the effort and reward was simply too great.

'I can choose not to enter the treasure gambling event, but I'm almost running out of Shaman Crystals to buy these herbs. This is a little troublesome...'

Half a month later, Su Ming stood by the window in his room at the inn, caught in a mix of joy and gloom. He was happy because he had browsed through almost all of the shops in Shaman City and bought a large amount of medicinal herbs, causing him to be confident in being able to create more medicinal pills. He could even create about ten Spirit Plunders from the herbs he had at hand, though it was still a problem for him to get living dead people.

But he was feeling dejected because he was running low on Shaman Crystals. When he saw that there were some medicinal herbs that he could not buy, he was worried that once he missed this chance, there would be required an unknown amount of time before he could come to the World of Nine Yin again.

'Oh well, I'll have to sell medicinal pills. Thank goodness I've been asking around in secret when I was buying herbs, so I know quite a bit about this. While the selling and trading of medicinal herbs is incredibly rare here, but there are still people who do it.'

A glint flashed through Su Ming's eyes, and he made his decision. He had been asking about by beating around the bush during the past few days to know whether medicinal pills such as Scattering Dust could be sold.

Once he walked almost the entire Shaman City, he had actually managed to find a shop with two Scattering Dusts, though there were barely any medicinal properties left in them. However, the smell of the pill allowed Su Ming to recognize that it's method of creation should be identical to his own Scattering Dust, even though there were still some details that were different about them.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, then once he turned it over, three Scattering Dusts immediately appeared on his palm. The color of the three Scattering Dusts was radiant, and they were letting off wisps of refreshing medicinal fragrance, making them incredibly exceptional.

He stared at the three Scattering Dusts in his hand, then put them away. Once he did so, he sat down cross-legged on the bed in his room and started meditating with his eyes closed. During the past half a month, he did not have time to bother with Lan Lan and Ahu, but he had left the Brand of his divine sense on them. If the two of them got into any sort of danger, then Su Ming would rush over just like he did half a month ago.

Su Ming had made a promise. If he had not agreed to the Patriarch's request from White Bull Tribe, he could have ignored them, but since he made a promise, then he would fulfill his promise to the best of his abilities. Outsiders would only be able to see

and think about the rewards he would gain based on the importance he placed on fulfilling promises, but in truth, in his heart, he did not want to break any more promises to anyone else...

That was why even though it did not seem like Su Ming was placing a lot of attention towards Lan Lan and Ahu, that was not the case in reality.

Night went by. When the next morning arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a glint appeared within them. He got up and left the room. Nan Gong Hen was still in isolation, having not left his room during the past half a month. Su Ming swept his gaze past Nan Gong Hen's room, then looked away and left the inn.

After a brief stroll through Shaman City, he changed his appearance without anyone noticing him. His mask was no longer on his face, and he wore a straw hat on his head. He looked a little more built than he originally was. Outsiders would not be able to see the details on the extra mass he gained, but in truth, Ji Yun Hai's black beetles had already stuck themselves on Su Ming's body under his clone's will, causing his body to become taller and buffer by one whole size.

Once he was done changing his appearance, Su Ming appeared outside a large shop in a rather lively street. It was a six story shop, and there were only about ten of such shops in Shaman City.

There was a stone monument stuck right in front of the shop, and there were three huge words carved with a flourish on it - Nine Shaman Pavilion!

Su Ming came to this Nine Shaman Pavilion twice during the past half a month, purchasing a large amount of herbs each time. He knew that this was a place with nearly all types of herbs, and besides herbs, this pavilion sold almost everything else. It did not matter whether it was Enchanted Vessels, weapons, unique items belonging to the World of Nine Yin, or even some information not privy to others. The things they sold were quite all-rounded.

Su Ming averted his gaze. He was wearing a bamboo hat at the moment and had his divine sense enveloping his entire body, which also had the power of his Nascent Soul fused within, causing his aura to be incredibly mixed up, but also looking quite balanced. He walked into Nine Shaman Pavilion.

The ground floor of the pavilion was huge and looked incredibly spacious. There were three big, broad stone walls that were several dozens of feet tall right at the center of the building. On these stone walls there were some glowing words, and there were some Shamans who were reading them at the moment.

Occasionally, they would walk hastily towards the shop attendants dressed in uniforms waiting on both sides of the stone walls. Usually, after a brief, hushed exchange, the

attendants would guide them to enter one of the dozens of closed off chambers located around the hall on the ground floor.

Su Ming had come to this place twice before, so this was his third time here. He was already familiar with the place. He knew that the glowing words on the three stone walls were the items that were for sale, and if people were interested, they could go to the shop attendants to make a deal.

Right at the back of the hall on the ground floor was a Relocation Rune that was several dozens of feet big. This Rune would only relocate a person to one place, and it was the first floor, and besides this Relocation Rune, there was no other way to enter the first floor.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the hall. No one was able to see his appearance, since it was covered by the straw hat, but that messy but balanced aura had captured the shop attendants' attention. One of them, a middle-aged man, immediately took a few steps forward to stand in front of Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards him.

"My friend, how may I serve you?" The middle-aged man was a Medial Shaman, and he did not seem too weak. He looked at Su Ming with a smile on his face.

"I'm here to sell things," Su Ming said flatly, and his words were few.

"Oh? Sir, what are you selling? Nine Shaman Pavilion will offer a satisfactory price for any and all sorts of treasures in the world based on the price they should have." As the man smiled, he sent his perception outward, and when it gathered on Su Ming, a great wave of power immediately bounced off him, causing the man's expression to change, and he instinctively took a few steps back.

"Since when did Nine Shaman Pavilion started being so oblivious to the rules?!" Su Ming's raspy voice came from underneath the bamboo hat. His voice was incredibly ghastly and sounded as if it was a terrifyingly biting, cold chill.

When the middle-aged man was bounced off by Su Ming's divine sense, he felt as if there was thunder booming in his head. The strength of that divine sense was so great that even Latter Shamans would feel fear towards it, much less this male Medial Shaman. The man's face immediately turned pale, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and flung his right hand outward, immediately tossing out a small white bottle.

"Bring this to your manager. I will only wait for the time of the burning of an incense stick on whether you will accept this or not!" Su Ming's voice echoed in the air in an aloof manner.

The middle-aged man instinctively caught the small white bottle, and while he was shocked and terrified by Su Ming's power, he opened the bottle and sniffed it after lowering his head. He frowned. There was a medicinal fragrance within that small bottle that smelled rather extraordinary, but the bottle was empty. There was only some of that fragrance lingering inside.

Out of caution, once the man wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming and bowed, he walked towards the Relocation Rune, then disappeared with a flash.

Su Ming stood in the hall and his expression remained as calm as ever under the straw hat. However, before half the time required for an incense stick to burn after the man disappeared, the Relocation Rune shone once again, and the man walked out with a look of shock on his face. Behind him was an old man.

Chapter 440: Su Ming's Shock

There were not many changes on Su Ming's face while he remained hidden under the straw hat. However, he did focus his attention and sized up the old man. He looked to be a Medial Shaman as well, but Su Ming noticed that while the Relocation Rune shone and the middle-aged man with Su Ming's bottle was the first one to walk out, he instinctively slowed down a little, causing the old man to be able to overtake him and making the middle-aged man to be the one following.

When this minor detail fell into Su Ming's eyes, it allowed him to find some clues.

There was still shock on the middle-aged man's face. When the old man looked towards Su Ming, he took a few quick steps forward and stopped ten feet away from Su Ming.

"I am Zuo Dao Ming. Sir, this way, please!" The old man turned all his attention towards Su Ming and was very polite towards him. He even wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

Su Ming gave him a slight nod, then walked forward in a relaxed manner. The old man followed behind him. When the both of them walked past the spot where the middle-aged man was, the man immediately lowered his head and bowed respectfully.

Su Ming did not bother with the man. He walked straight towards the Relocation Rune with the old man beside him, then as the Relocation Rune shone, they disappeared.

Only when Su Ming left the place did the middle-aged man let out a breath of relief. The memory of him bringing the small bottle to the first floor resurfaced in his mind. The manager of the first floor had originally been displeased about it, but when he took the

small bottle over and sniffed it, his expression immediately changed drastically and he quickly went to the second floor. By this point, the man already had no idea which floor manager was in possession of that small bottle.

However, by the looks of it, that small bottle was definitely not any common item, but the man simply could not wrap his mind around just what made that bottle so extraordinary.

The light from the Relocation Rune made Su Ming's vision blur slightly. A slight medicinal fragrance wafted into his nostrils. That scent was very odd, but when he tried to get a detailed sniff, it was gone.

Besides that medicinal scent, the first thing Su Ming saw was a man sitting by a desk made of purple wood, positioned right ahead of him. That man wore a white, long robe, and his face was as fair as a piece of jade. The man was incredibly handsome, and while he was a little old, the thin beard on his face made him seem even more striking.

He had his head lowered as he sat by the desk, and he was holding Su Ming's bottle in his hand. There was a slight crease between his brows, making it seem as if he was frowning. Occasionally, he would take a sniff from it, and then he would close his eyes slightly.

"Grandmaster Yu, I brought him here." Once the old man by Su Ming's side bowed to the white-robed man respectfully, he took a few steps back into the Relocation Rune. This man might not have given him even the slightest bit of attention, but he did not mind. The Rune shone once again and he disappeared.

At that moment, only Su Ming and the white-robed man remained at this floor of the pavilion.

Su Ming remained calm. He could not really gauge this man's level of cultivation. When his divine sense fell on the person, a gentle power bounced it away, but that power was not alive. It actually felt quite rigid. Clearly, this person did not have a power that far surpassed Su Ming's own but instead had some treasure that made it hard for others to examine him using divine sense.

If Su Ming truly wanted to check this man's power, then he would need to force his way through. While he had the confidence that he would be able to break this power that bounced him off, there was no need for him to do so.

The white-robed man did not speak, and neither did Su Ming. He swept his gaze across the floor. This was a room that absolutely could not compare to the size of the ground floor; it was only about a third of it. There were a dozen something illusory, glowing objects floating around, causing this floor to be brightly illuminated.

There were black stone boards spread on the floor and even some sculptures that protruded off the walls around them. These sculptures were not of birds, but were an endless amount of plants and flowers that looked alive. It was a pity that they did not have color, or else there was a possibility that a person would feel confused as to where he was when he cast his first glance into the room.

Right before Su Ming and behind the white-robed man sitting by the long purple wooden table was a window. Sunlight shone through it, making the room seem like a fantasy.

When Su Ming was about to look away from the window, his gaze suddenly focused, and he cast a scrutinizing look at the sky outside the window, and then, he felt his heart quiver.

What he saw was an endless mass of sky; he could not see the ground.

'This isn't the first floor... If it was, then I would be able to see the ground. Judging by the height, this floor is at least the third floor.' Su Ming no longer looked at the window, but cast his gaze at the center of the floor.

There were three incense burners of the same size there. They were all about half the height of a person, and it would take two men to fully encircle them. Wisps of green smoke floated up from them, turning into layers of smoke rings that spread in all directions.

The incense burners were not of a single color, but were instead of a variety of them. They looked incredibly pretty, but Su Ming only let his gaze stay on them for a moment before he looked at the thing placed at the center of these three incense burners.

It was an oval-shaped stone. It was dark red and did not look smooth. It actually looked very ugly. There were even a lot of holes decked on it, and judging by the looks of these holes, they did not seem as if they were formed naturally, but were made by man.

That stone was very big and surpassed the height of those incense burners. It was twenty something feet tall, and it was about the size of several of these incense burners. It was placed at the center of this floor and stood out like a sore thumb.

As the wisps of smoke rising from the three incense burners turned into smoke rings in midair and started spreading out, some of them were absorbed by the small holes on the stone. Later, they would seep out from another hole. There had to be some sort of unique changes made within the stone that caused the smoke that seeped out of the stone to turn into smoke butterflies that looked as if they were dancing in midair.

Even though they disappeared quickly, new smoke butterflies would reappear. The cycle repeated, and it could be even said that the sight could not be compared with anything else in the world.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and stood before the big stone to look at the wisps of smoke surrounding that stone before turning into pairs of butterflies that danced with each other. Suddenly, the faint medicinal fragrance that he'd sensed before spread out faintly once again. The origin of it was between the stone and the three incense burners. Su Ming could smell it straight away, but when he tried searching for it, the smell was already gone again.

As he looked at the stone, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He extended his divine sense to the stone, but the instant his divine sense touched it, it was immediately absorbed by a powerful suction force. It was like a piece of stone sinking into the ocean. Unless he withdrew his divine sense right when he touched the stone, perhaps a large amount of his divine sense would be devoured.

Su Ming's expression changed under the straw hat. He stared at the stone, and a surprised glint appeared in his eyes.

Right at that moment, the faint and indistinct medicinal fragrance reached him once again. This time, even though the fragrance was still as faint as ever, but it was a little thicker than before. When Su Ming smelled it, while his expression remained as usual under the straw hat, he was already shocked to the core.

Because right at that instant, he felt a faint ripple spreading out from the storage bag in his bosom. That ripple might only have lasted for an instant and everything returned to normal right at the next moment, but Su Ming knew that he was not imagining things.

Besides his clone and the Poison Corpse, there seemed to be nothing else that could send out ripples from his storage bag, but the thing that made Su Ming shocked was not the clone, neither was it the Poison Corpse... Naturally, it was not the strange snake either. It was instead a material Su Ming had obtained a long time ago to create medicine!

It was a small, black, humanoid creature contained within a gigantic mountain rock as if it was sealed within! Su Ming had obtained that rock from the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan outside Freezing Sky Clan. It was one of the main ingredients to make the Welcoming of Deities.

Those ripples came from the mountain rock, or more accurately speaking, they came from the small black humanoid that looked as if it was dead!

This item had once caused a small stir in the past, and after that, due to the Battle of Sky Mist, Su Ming hadn't had the time to ask around about what happened to the person from Enlightenment Gathering Tribe. In fact, he had already forgotten about this.

When he saw the ripples from the mountain rock, Su Ming was shocked.

He might have only seen this stone once, but through the discussions he had with Wu Duo, if he still could not recognize that this was the Crimson Stone that was used in the treasure gambling event, then he was no longer Su Ming.

‘A small number of these Crimson Stones used for the treasure gambling event contain either completely fossilized, partially fossilized, or... herbs that are not fossilized at all. This is... incredibly alike to the small black humanoid contained in my mountain rock! However, one of them contains herbs, and the other a humanoid thing!’

‘Wu Duo also said before that there are not just herbs contained within these Crimson Stones, there are many other things contained inside as well!’ Booming sounds were going off in Su Ming’s head. He had never linked these two items together before, but the mountain rock’s ripples had lifted a corner of the fog’s mystery!

‘Could it be that the mountain rock containing this black humanoid actually came from this place?!’ Su Ming was in shock as he looked at the stone before him. He was absolutely certain that the fragrance did not come from the incense burners’ smoke from that stone.

After all, the smoke from the incense burners was constantly around, and was unlike the medicinal fragrance, which was always faint and indistinct.

Su Ming stood there for a moment before he took a few steps forward and got closer to the stone. He closed his eyes, and after a long while, the medicinal fragrance appeared once again. He sucked in a huge breath, and as he breathed in, a large amount of that medicinal fragrance entered through his nostrils and surged right into his mind. At that instant, he placed his divine sense on his storage bag to observe the black humanoid sealed in the mountain rock.

It was right at that instant that Su Ming felt the small black humanoid shuddering a little, and he felt those ripples clearly. More ripples spread out, and if it was not in the storage bag and Su Ming didn’t have his divine sense hiding it, then the people around him would have definitely been able to sense it as plain as day.

Soon after, Su Ming’s divine sense immediately saw black light flickering on the mountain rock in the storage bag and the small black humanoid shivering. Then, right in the midst of it all, a faint and blurry picture appeared at the center of its brows.

That picture was of an herb with seven leaves, and each tip of these leaves was sharp, looking like that of a poisonous snake’s head. In fact, there was even one of the poisonous snake-head-like leaves that would occasionally hiss with its forked tongue out of its mouth, and it looked as if it was alive!

However, that was the only leaf that acted in that manner. The other leaves were dull, as if they were void of life, and only contained the shape of a poisonous snake’s head.

"Sir, you have been watching this Crimson Stone for a long time. Could it be that you've seen it before?" As Su Ming's heart was filled with shock, a gentle voice reached in his ears.

"Sir, you have been watching the small bottle for a long time as well. Could it be that you've smelled that medicinal scent before too?" Su Ming asked flatly, having turned around and quelled the shock in his heart.

Chapter 441: Dragon Leaf

"I bought this Crimson Stone many years ago at a treasure gambling event, but even after digging out all those holes to explore the stone, I didn't manage to find anything. Breaking it would be a waste, so I wrote a method and turned it into a decoration to generate these dancing butterflies." The white-robed man smiled faintly. He lowered his head and looked at the bottle in his hand, and faint sentiment appeared on his face.

"As for this medicinal fragrance, not only have I smelled it before, I have even seen the treasure. Judging by the medicinal fragrance remaining in this bottle, there should have been many Scattering Dusts contained inside before, and it has been less than three days since they were taken out." The white-robed man lifted his head and looked towards Su Ming.

"Sir, how many Scattering Dusts do you have? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion want all of them!"

"How much will you offer?" Su Ming's expression was calm when he asked languidly.

"It doesn't matter whether you want Enchanted Vessels, Shaman Crystals, information, medicinal herbs, or anything else. Choose one of them, and I will give you a satisfactory answer," the white-robed man said firmly.

"Shaman Crystals," Su Ming said calmly.

"I will give you twenty thousand superior Shaman Crystals for one Scattering Dust. The more you have, the more I will offer you." The white-robed man smiled faintly.

If Su Ming had mentioned anything else, he might not have been able to offer such a deal. However, since he asked for Shaman Crystals and since Nine Shaman Pavilion had prepared a large amount of Shaman Crystals for the treasure gambling event, offering this amount was not a loss for them in his eyes.

"I don't quite understand. Why is this Scattering Dust so valuable?" Su Ming asked.

"Haha! Sir, why do you ask even though you already know the answer? These Scattering Dusts can help us obtain the protection of the Spirits of Nine Yin, and since they are rare, it would be an incredibly fortuitous event for us if we were able to find any. So it is only natural that the price for them is high."

The white-robed man smiled, then said with a shake of his head, "If you have three, I can give you thirty thousand Shaman Crystals for each. If you have nine, I can give you fifty thousand Shaman Crystals for each. If you have more than nine, then I will add five thousand Shaman Crystals to each additional Scattering Dust!"

"Sir, how many do you have?"

A light crease appeared between Su Ming's brows, though it was hidden by the straw hat. The price this man offered was filled with temptation, and based on his reaction, he was certain that these Scattering Dusts were not just for him to obtain those Spirits of Nine Yin. There was a high possibility that he had another use for these medicinal pills.

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment, but since he needed a large quantity of Shaman Crystals at the moment, he decided to simply force down his doubts. He said slowly, "The price of one for thirty thousand isn't high. That's not enough for us to split among ourselves."

"Oh? Sir, so you know the value of these Scattering Dusts as well? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion..."

The white-robed man's face was calm, but a thought had bloomed in his head. The 'we' in Su Ming's words had caught his attention. Clearly, this person was not acting alone but was a member of a group... When this thought appeared in his head, the white-robed man shook his head with a smile, and as he spoke, his words were cut off by Su Ming, who interrupted with a low voice.

"There were only three Scattering Dusts in the bottle," he stated flatly.

The moment these words came out, the white-robed man's pupils shrank and his expression immediately changed. He brought up the small bottle and took a sniff once more before he closed his eyes.

After a long while, he opened them and looked towards Su Ming.

"From what I deduced, there should have been at least seven to eight of these pills in this bottle. But since you're certain that there were only three, then it's clear that their quality is much higher than of those I've met before."

The white-robed man remained silent for a moment before he said, "If that's the case, and if your Scattering Dusts are indeed of high quality, then I will buy each of them for

fifty thousand Shaman Crystals! However, I must take a look before I can make my final decision."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and as he flipped it over, he flicked his hand towards the white-robed man. Immediately, a ray of green light containing a medicinal pill within shone and charged to the man.

The instant the man lifted his hand to grab it, the pill suddenly sped up, causing the man to grab at air, and during that moment, the medicinal pill closed in on the center of his brows. As the man's expression changed, the pill came to a halt three inches away from the center of his brows and stayed there, remaining still while floating in the air.

The man's pupils shrank. He hesitated for a moment, then lifted his hand slowly and grabbed that Scattering Dust. A hint of wariness appeared in his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming.

To him, if the stranger could throw that Scattering Dust to him so confidently, then it simply went to show just how confident this person was in his heart. Unless, of course, he was a moron. If he was not, then if this person could do such a thing without any hesitation, then it meant that he was very confident and was completely not bothered by the possibility of the white-robed man doing anything that could bring harm to him.

But if that was all Su Ming did, the white-robed man would have still continued making assumptions, but when that Scattering Dust flew towards him, the sudden change of speed actually gave him no chance to dodge. The blatant intimidation forced the white-robed man to believe in his own assumptions.

He brought that Scattering Dust to his eye and looked at it carefully, then sniffed it. His expression changed constantly. He was first stunned, then surprised, and his face gradually settled on disbelief. Eventually, he sighed. He tapped his bosom with his left hand, and when he lifted his hand, there was a green medicinal pill on his palm.

It did not matter whether it was the size or the color, the medicinal pill he had was incredibly similar to Su Ming's Scattering Dust, but the feeling these two pills gave to others was this - One was dull, and the other was overflowing with life.

The difference of quality between the two was instantly determined!

Once the white-robed man finished comparing both pills, he put away his Scattering Dust, then brought out another item from his bosom with his left hand. It was a brocade box. Once he placed that box on the purple wooden desk by the side, he opened it cautiously right before Su Ming.

Su Ming looked over at the box, and his eyes immediately shrank. There was a three-leaved herb inside.

Two of the three leaves seemed to have withered, and the one that was not withered was sharp like a poisonous snake's head. However, while it might not have withered, it looked rather listless, as if it no longer had much life left inside.

The white-robed man cautiously brought Su Ming's Scattering Dust towards the living leaf with two of his fingers pinching that pill, but right the instant he brought that Scattering Dust close to the leaf, the leaf that looked like a poisonous snake's head suddenly lifted itself and even hissed while sticking out a tiny forked tongue with hints of green in it, just like a real poisonous snake. It charged straight towards that Scattering Dust.

The white-robed man swiftly pulled his right hand back and brought his left hand to the lid of the box, slamming it shut with a bang. His lips curled up into a smile.

"There's no wrong about this. If it can make the Dragon Leaf Grass so excited, then it's definitely Scattering Dust. You actually have Scattering Dusts that have perfect quality? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion will buy all three of your pills for seventy thousand Shaman Crystals each. If you have more, I can add to the price!" The white-robed man looked towards Su Ming, waiting for his answer.

"I only have three. I'm fine with seventy thousand for each, but I want that stone!" Su Ming stated calmly, pointing towards the Crimson Stone at the center of the incense burners.

The white-robed man hesitated for a moment. "About that... While that stone is a useless stone, but when I bought it, I spent a lot of Shaman Crystals to get it... If you can sell one more Scattering Dust to us, then we might be able to make a deal for it."

"I only have three." When Su Ming saw that the man still couldn't make his decision, he turned around and walked towards the Relocation Rune.

"Brother, wait. All right, I'll just treat this as a gift for a friend. I'll give the stone to you!" the white-robed man immediately said.

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Su Ming stopped moving, then turned his head around to look at the white-haired man.

The man lifted his left hand and brought out a storage bag from his bosom. Once he briefly sorted and counted the things inside, he threw it towards Su Ming, and that bag immediately charged towards him. Once he caught it, Su Ming turned his attention towards it.

There were exactly two hundred and ten thousand Shaman Crystals in there. This large sum of money was perhaps nothing to the people in the World of Nine Yin, but to Su Ming, this was the largest amount of Shaman Crystals he had ever possessed.

However, compared to these Shaman Crystals, Su Ming was more concerned about the Crimson Stone placed in the middle of the room! He took a few steps forward, and right under the white-robed man's eyes, he walked up to it, then lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, the gigantic Crimson Stone disappeared into his storage bag. However, Su Ming was very cautious, he did not place the stone in the same bag as the black humanoid but in another bag.

Once he placed the Crimson Stone away, Su Ming brought out the remaining Scattering Dusts from his bosom and flicked his wrist at the white-robed man. Immediately, those Scattering Dusts flew out. Once the man caught them, Su Ming turned around and walked towards the Relocation Rune.

The Relocation Rune shone. When Su Ming disappeared, the white-robed man lifted his head and a dark expression appeared on his face. He looked as if he was hesitating about something, but at that moment, ripples suddenly appeared behind him, and an old man wearing a long black robe walked out with a snake-head cane in his hand.

The white-robed man immediately lowered his head and bowed towards him. He looked incredibly respectful.

Once the old man walked out, he looked at the Relocation Rune, which Su Ming had used to leave, and spoke in a hoarse voice. "This person's power is very diverse. I can feel a sort of threat coming from him. Don't think about anything else."

The white-robed man lifted his head and asked hesitantly, "He could make you feel threatened, my liege? Could it be... This person is an End Shaman?"

The old man remained silent for a moment before he asked unhurriedly, "There's that possibility. Just what is the deal with your Crimson Stone? And how many Scattering Dusts do we still need?"

"My liege, I obtained this Crimson Stone by chance in the past. It was one of the stones used during the past treasure gambling events. I originally wanted to examine it, but it was empty. It's a useless stone.

"As for the amount of Scattering Dusts we still need, with the three good quality pills we obtained today, we will still need two more and we'll be all ready!" the white-robed man immediately said.

"Two more..." The old man fell into a moment of pensive silence before he turned around and disappeared into the distorted ripples.

As for Su Ming, once he walked out of Nine Shaman Pavilion, he did not immediately return to the inn, but started taking a stroll around Shaman City. He had his divine sense spread outwards, and once he was certain no one was following him, he returned to his original appearance and put on the black mask. When evening arrived, he had already gone to a large number shops in Shaman City and spent almost one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals to buy all the medicinal herbs he needed before he returned to the inn with a calm expression.

Once he returned to his room, it was already slightly dark outside. Su Ming sat down cross-legged and filled the entire area with his divine sense, causing the place to be within his control. Then, he took a deep breath, and brought out the mountain rock he had bought from the auction hosted outside Freezing Sky Clan from his storage bag. As he looked at the small, black humanoid sitting cross-legged inside, Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"Just what is this thing... I only know that its finger is one of the main components I need to create the Welcoming of Deities..." he mumbled, and he sized up that small black humanoid.

There were certain properties within this mountain rock that were similar to a Crimson Stone's, but it was difficult to use divine sense to perform a complete check. Su Ming had not linked the both of them together before, but at that moment, as he looked at this rock, he began to find an increasing amount of similarities between them.

After a moment, Su Ming averted his gaze and lifted his right hand to slap his storage bag. Immediately, as a dark red light shone, that gigantic Crimson Stone appeared before him.

The instant that Crimson Stone appeared, Su Ming immediately saw the small black humanoid in the mountain rock shuddering as if it was struggling to open its eyes. The picture at the center of its brows began flashing, and the seven poisonous, snake-head-shaped leaves appeared once again.

The small black humanoid began trembling more furiously with each passing moment. Waves of black mist began spreading outwards from its body as if a drop of ink had fallen into water and was spreading outwards through that transparent mountain rock.

At that moment, Su Ming's pupils shrank. A sense of danger suddenly formed in his heart, and it was one that arrived incredibly abruptly.

"Give it to me... Give it to me..." Suddenly, a hoarse and hate filled voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. When that voice spoke, Su Ming's divine sense, which was hanging around in the room, immediately sensed a cold chill. That voice seemed to have come from ages ago, and his words were filled with longing and age. It could make the people who heard it feel as if they were rotting away.

"Give it... to me... I promise you a life of riches... I will give you a life where you are given the highest form of respect... Give it... to me..."

There was a strange power contained in the voice. As it spread around the room, it stirred up Su Ming's divine sense, causing an endless amount of distortions to appear around him, and all the things that contained physical form in the room looked so indistinct that they even lost their general form.

Su Ming's gaze sharpened. As his divine sense was shaken and sent into a state of agitation, he let out a cold harrumph and cut off that voice that was spreading outwards. With a wave of his arm, he immediately put away that mountain rock containing the small black humanoid into his storage bag and placed a seal outside the bag rapidly with his divine sense!

"Give it to me... Give it to me... Give it... to me..." The voice in the storage bag started fading away only after a long while. It grew increasingly weaker, and eventually, under Su Ming's observing eyes, the small black humanoid slowly calmed down. The black mist that had spread out also started flowing backwards, little by little, returning to the small humanoid's body.

As the black mist disappeared, that sense of danger Su Ming had felt also went away. His eyes sparkled, and when he turned his head back to look at his surroundings, his pupils shrank. All the things in the room had turned to dust. When Su Ming looked at them, that dust was disappearing into the ground.

The entire room was now empty.

Only the Crimson Stone remained a quiet existence before Su Ming. Not a hint of change could be seen on it.

Su Ming remained silent for a long while, and a frown could be seen constantly between his brows. This was the first time Su Ming had heard that small, black, humanoid's voice. He had originally thought that it was a dead thing, but now... it did not seem so.

'Just what is that small, black, humanoid thing...? Why did such a change happen to it when it saw that Crimson Stone? And could it be that the flashing picture at the center of its brows is actually the thing contained within the Crimson Stone?' Su Ming looked at the Crimson Stone, and a look of resolution appeared briefly in his eyes.

'I can put aside the matter of what that small black humanoid is for now. As for the Crimson Stone... If it is empty, then nothing will change. But if there really is a medicinal herb in there that no one could find, and that medicinal herb is really the picture at the center of the small humanoid's brows, then...'

Su Ming stood up and moved beside the Crimson Stone. After casting it a few glances, he lifted his right hand and pressed it on the ground. With that, the Crimson Stone immediately started trembling and chips fell off.

Su Ming frowned. The power of that one palm strike just now was enough for him to split apart mountains and break stones, but when it fell on that Crimson Stone, only a small part of its outer layer was crushed.

He looked towards the numerous small holes on the Crimson Stone, took a few steps back, then green light shone at the center of his brows. The small sword immediately flew out, and with a sword whistle, green light began shining brilliantly. The small sword charged towards the stone and sliced down on it.

With that one slash, rumbling sounds immediately rang out. If Su Ming had not sealed his surroundings with his divine sense, that sound would have immediately spread through the entire inn.

Once those rumbling sounds died down, the small sword was lifted up. A crack that was about three inches deep appeared on the outer layer of the Crimson Stone that was positioned before Su Ming. When he saw this, Su Ming's expression changed.

'What a sturdy rock!' Su Ming remained in pensive silent for a moment, then lifted his right hand and pointed at the small sword. It immediately closed in on the Crimson Stone with a whistle again. This time, the sword did not try cutting down the stone. Instead, Su Ming plunged the sword into the stone with the intention of piercing it through.

With a bang, the small sword was buried deep into the stone, straight up to its hilt. This scene made Su Ming's eyes sparkle. After a moment, the small sword flew out, changed position, then stabbed the stone again.

He repeated the process multiple times, right until the holes that the sword had created after stabbing into the stone and subsequently pulled out formed a straight line that split the Crimson Stone right down from the center.

'This stone is really strange. If I try cutting it down, I can only cut three inches into it, but it's easier if I pierce through it with the tip of a sword...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and after one seal, he pointed at the small sword. It immediately rose into midair, and as it shone, the sword swiftly grew larger. Once it turned into a sword that was nearly ten feet long, it cut straight down at the Crimson

Stone beneath it, right at its center, where the straight line formed by the numerous amount of sword holes was.

With that one slash, rumbling sounds mixed with cracking sounds rang out, formed as the spaces between the small holes shattered and these holes connected together. As the rumbling sounds disappeared, due to the sharpness of that large virescent sword, when Su Ming lifted it, the Crimson Stone before him shuddered, crumbled, and split into two halves right from the center.

The center of each half of this big stone was empty. If they were connected together, they would create a spherical empty space. By the looks of it, someone had used some sort of method to separate that part from the stone.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and stared at the two halves of the big stone. Eventually, his eyes fell on the right half of the stone. The faint medicinal fragrance he had detected came from this half.

After a moment of pensive silent, Su Ming controlled the small virescent sword and cut down on that half of the stone, just like he had done before. When he had split that half of the stone into eight pieces, Su Ming picked up one of them.

This was an uneven stone piece that was about the size of two palms. As Su Ming held it, a faint medicinal fragrance wafted into his nose. The source of that scent was indeed from this stone piece.

In fact, Su Ming could even see the broken part of a leaf at the spot he was looking at right then. The leaf had already fused together with the stone piece, but if he took a closer look, he could still that it truly existed.

It was a leaf, but when Su Ming had cut the stone down, he had cut off a corner of that leaf.

Holding the stone in one hand, he used the other to strike the piece repeatedly. His actions were very gentle. A large amount of chips fell off, and gradually, the stone piece became smaller. After two hours, there was only a half of that stone piece remaining in Su Ming's hands.

He stared at it blankly, but gradually, a sharp glint appeared in his eyes, because the stone piece in his hand was no longer dark red, but transparent...

That transparency was the exact same as the mountain rock's containing the small black humanoid!

Within that transparent stone was a medicinal herb with seven leaves. Six of them no longer had any signs of life, and one of them had even lost a corner as it had extended to the surface of the stone.

However, there was a long leaf with a tip that looked like a snake. Although it was sealed within the stone, it still looked as if it was alive.

Chapter 443: World of Nine Sanctities?

If Su Ming compared the mountain rock with the small black humanoid with the stone in his hand, he would find that the level of transparency of both stones was the same, and by the looks of it, even the components of both stones were the exact same! The only things different were that one was big, and the other small, and one of them contained a medicinal herb, while the other a small, black humanoid.

'The small, black humanoid came from here! And here I was wondering why the materials for the Welcoming of Deities were so hard to find. Besides obtaining the ninth leg of the spider, which I obtained from Han Mountain City by complete coincidence, I'm positive that the black humanoid will only appear in this place!

'If that's the case, then that tail scale from the python should be an item that can only be found here as well. Perhaps I can gather all the materials required for the Welcoming of Deities from the World of Nine Yin!'

Su Ming stared at the transparent rock in his hand and at the seven-leafed medicinal herb inside. The herb's form was incredibly similar to the herb he saw in Nine Shaman Pavilion earlier in the day. The only difference between them was that his herb had seven leaves, while the white-robed man's had only three.

Even if he compared the living leaves, the white-robed man's herb was already very obviously withered, but the herb in Su Ming's hand was overflowing with life, though something caught his attention as he observed that herb, something that made him narrow his eyes. Because he saw that the remaining six leaves showed clear signs that they were bitten and torn off.

Those bite marks seemed to be left behind by a poisonous snake...

As Su Ming looked at the lively leaf, a picture formed in his head. In that picture, he saw that once this Dragon Leaf Grass was sealed inside the Crimson Stone, it bit down on one of the leaves by its side and absorbed its life to survive through the endless passage of time. After an unknown amount of time went by, it bit down on another leaf. Once it bit down on all the leaves by its side, it managed to persevere and survive.

"If that's the case, I can understand why it managed to survive... but perhaps, it's not like this," Su Ming mumbled. The herb might be in that transparent piece of stone, but he could still feel a presence akin to that of a ferocious beast coming from inside.

But this was clearly a medicinal herb!

It was this brutal presence belonging to a ferocious beast that made Su Ming feel that perhaps during the instant the herb was sealed, this leaf had swiftly killed the other leaves and absorbed their essence. It also made sure that no other leaves could share the nutrients from the roots with it. By doing so, it had greatly increased the chances of its own survival.

Su Ming could not determine the value of the herb in his hand, and neither did he know of the effects of this medicinal herb. He only knew that the white-robed man had used this herb to test whether his Scattering Dust was real.

Judging by the white-robed man's cautious attitude when he handled the herb, this thing should be extremely valuable. If that was truth, then Su Ming had reason to believe that the herb in his hand was even rarer.

After a moment of pensive silence, he put away the transparent stone into his storage bag and returned to his sitting position in the empty room. His eyes sparkled with an introspective light.

'I was originally uninterested in the treasure gambling event, but... by the looks of it, I must join this event, and not just that, I'm going to use the small black humanoid's unique ability to reap the greatest rewards possible!

'As for attracting attention and bringing trouble to myself... I now have the warrior spirit's protection and the chances of having the Spirit of Nine Yin equivalent of an End Shaman attack for me. If that is the case, I might as well... be flashy in the World of Nine Yin!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was a cautious person, but there was also a resolute being lying within that cautious man.

As long as he believed that there was something beneficial for him, he would take action without any hesitation! If the treasure gambling event only relied on luck, he would not have entered. He would not have wanted to waste his time on these sort of things that gave him no certainty of success.

However, the situation now was completely different. Once Su Ming learned of the strangeness of the small black humanoid, he felt his heart start beating in excitement. Even if he put aside the value of the medicinal herbs, there were other items in the Crimson Stones, and once he added all of these things together, this was practically a fortuitous event and serendipity to him. There was in no way Su Ming would give up on a chance like this.

'Looks like I will change my decision regarding Wu Duo's offer. I hesitated before because I didn't want to join, but now... joining that thing is not of a problem to me!'

A cold glint flashed in Su Ming's eyes. Once he understood that he was going to bring up a storm due to this serendipity, he closed his eyes and immersed himself in his meditation. Since he was most certainly going to join this treasure gambling event, most definitely going to be the center of attention during the event, and absolutely going to cause great bloodshed...

...then right now, he chose to isolate himself during the remaining two weeks he had left till the event. He chose to use this amount of time to make sure that he was in peak condition, so that he could be ready... for the surprise he would bring to these people!

As the treasure gambling event slowly crept in on the people, more Shamans arrived to Shaman City from all directions every single day. These people who managed to rush over were either lucky that they were Relocated not too far away from Shaman City, or they had extraordinary power, which was why they could eventually reach Shaman City from anywhere within those one million lis.

Shaman City was incredibly lively at the moment. Everyday, numerous intense trades were made, and these trades did not decline in number even when night time arrived.

Even so, there were still very few people who went to the Spirits of Nine Yin. After all, the prices for renting these Spirits of Nine Yin were too high... Besides those from middle-sized tribes or larger tribes who could afford them, most of the others could only sigh in envy.

Half a month gradually passed by with the bustle of activity in the city every single day. Lan Lan and Ahu also stopped wandering about Shaman City after the first few days and chose to stay inside. After all, the situation in Shaman City was a little complicated by then. There were too many people in the city, and these two children, who were not even Fledgling Shamans and who came from small tribes, were nothing but ants to these people.

If they did not have Su Ming's protection, forget surviving in Shaman City, they might not have even been able to see the walls of Shaman City and would have died on their way there.

The last night before the treasure gambling event was the quietest night in the entire Shaman City during the past few days. Almost every single one of the shops had closed and stopped operations early in the day. Most of the Shamans had also returned to their lodgings to meditate in silence so that they could be in the best possible condition to participate in the Shaman Tribe's great treasure gambling event hosted in the World of Nine Yin.

This would be a festival, a competition between their financial abilities, a clash of luck, and most of all, a test filled with bloodshed!

There was a pavilion located northeast in Shaman City. This was not an inn, neither was it a shop. It was instead the permanent lodgings of Autumn Sea Tribe in this place.

At that moment, there was a woman standing under the moonlight in a room at the top floor of the pavilion. The woman's hair floated in air, and she was dressed in a pink robe. Moonlight fell on her face, revealing a beautiful countenance that would make people's hearts race. She was so beautiful that not a single flaw could be found on her face... Besides her frowning brows and the faint dash of gloominess between them.

The wind was not strong, but it managed to lift up the woman's black locks to float them in the air. She had been standing there for a long time. When the wind gradually became stronger, she lifted her right hand and caught her windblown hair. Under the moonlight, when she lifted her arm, the mark of a crimson dragon could be seen on her snowy white arm!

Wan Qiu, the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe...

In another direction in Shaman City was a very extravagantly decorated shop, and in that shop was a woman in white. There were several people standing respectfully before her. All of them were incredibly nervous, and were talking to the woman in hushed whispers.

However, while the woman was listening to their words, the occasional dazed and exhausted look gave people the feeling of her having lost her soul.

The woman's beauty could not compare to Wan Qiu, but there was something ethereal about her. The profound eyes and the gracefulness that radiated off her allowed others to be able to tell that this woman was not from the Shaman Tribe!

She was from the Immortal Tribe. She... was a Celestial Maiden.

In another direction in Shaman City was another pavilion located not too far away from where Su Ming was. Inside it, there was a middle-aged man sitting cross-legged. He was a skinny man, filled with a dignified air, without any anger on his face, the air of a leader. Sitting before him properly were two women.

These two women were almost identical in appearance, but one of them had a gentle look, and the other aloof. Their clothes were also different. The two of them sat in the room with their eyes closed, and they were both exercising their breathing.

"Meng Er, You Er, I will have the both of you by my side during this trip, but it is up to your serendipity this time as to who I will choose to take up my mantle and inherit my legacy." After a long time, the middle-aged man opened his eyes, and his eyes were filled with profundity when he spoke with a hoarse voice.

If Su Ming was there and heard the man's voice, he would definitely find it familiar. If he listened to it carefully and thought about it, then it was highly likely that he would remember that this voice only belonged to one person, and that was Sky Mist's ancestor!

One of the two women was Tian Lan Meng, and the other was Tian Lan You! When Sky Mist's ancestor spoke, the two women opened their eyes at the same time.

A resolute look appeared in Tian Lan You's eyes, and as for Tian Lan Meng, she lowered her head and sighed in her heart.

"Once the treasure gambling event ends, your trials will start!" Sky Mist's ancestor swept his gaze past Tian Lan Meng and a light crease formed between his brows, but he did not say anything.

Time slowly passed by. The nine moons in the sky faded away and dawn gradually approached, causing the world to be plunged into darkness...

In that darkness, Shaman City turned into a large shadow, and if anyone looked from the distance at the city, it would look as if it was a ferocious beast hiding in the dark.

At that moment, on a mountain nearby stood a person dressed in black robes. He looked at Shaman City, and a glint appeared in his eyes.

"I don't know why my master's projection disappeared after his fight with Hong Luo. Now I can't contact him for a short period of time... but I'm still here, so that means that Hong Luo must be gone. Then Destiny... is not a problem to fear!

"Destiny, do you think you can escape from my gaze...? Before master's second projection descends upon me, I will restore order and use this chance to land a great achievement..."

An aloof voice fell from the person's mouth. That person was Di Tian's servant, an Immortal that existed solely for Su Ming in the land of the Berserkers.

"The only thing I have to pay attention to is the End Shaman in this place... and the frightening legend of the World of Nine Sanctities..." The person mumbled to himself and walked towards Shaman City.

Light gradually appeared in the sky at dawn. The darkness on the ground was like a black veil that covered the land and was slowly lifted by an invisible hand, causing the earth to gradually brighten up...

A new day arrived. The treasure gambling event... was about to start!

Chapter 444: Great Treasure Gambling Event!

When sunlight shone through the window into Su Ming's room, he opened his eyes for the first time since he isolated himself half a month ago in meditation. A sharp glint appeared in his eyes. He had already reached the peak of his condition.

As sunlight brightened up the entire room, and Su Ming brought out a small blue bottle from his storage bag at a moderate pace. Once he uncorked the bottle, he took a sniff from it.

'Sea Marrow... This thing can allow me to recover rapidly, perhaps I will be able to use it here.' Su Ming put away the small blue bottle and stood up. Once he smoothed out his robes, he pushed open the door and walked out.

When he walked out, a door nearby also flew open, and Nan Gong Hen walked out of his room full of confidence and spirit. Once he saw Su Ming, he let out a boisterous laugh and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, it's been a month since we last met, and you look even more refined than before!"

Su Ming smiled faintly, and when he cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen, he was slightly shocked.

"Brother Nan Gong, your power seems to have become considerably greater. Looks like you didn't just fuse with the Spirit of Nine Yin, you also had a serendipitous event happen to you."

"Haha, this improvement is nothing. But my communication with Sir Han was quite successful," Nan Gong Hen said with a smile and walked down the stairs with Su Ming.

When the both of them walked down, Lan Lan, Ahu, and Qi Dong also walked out of their rooms and bowed respectfully to greet them.

Su Ming looked at Ahu and Lan Lan. The boy and girl were filled with excitement and eagerness. Clearly, they also knew that this was the day of the Shaman Tribe's great treasure gambling event.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"Brother Nan Gong, I have a request."

Nan Gong Hen swept his gaze past Lan Lan and Ahu, smiled, and asked, "Is it related to these two children?"

"That's right. By the looks of it, they really want to see this treasure gambling event. Once we go there, I hope that you would be willing to take care of them in my place and let them return safely. There might be some changes on my side, and I might be stalled." Su Ming gathered his thoughts for a while, then wrapped his fist in his palm to Nan Gong Hen.

"That's easy. Brother Mo, you don't have to worry. If I can't even protect a pair of children, then I would be too embarrassed to face you." Nan Gong Hen spoke solemnly, with a stern expression on his face.

"Thank you very much!" Su Ming nodded.

"Brother Mo, let's not talk anymore. We should be heading to the treasure gambling event. Whether or not we can reap any rewards will entirely depend on our luck!" Nan Gong Hen said quickly, and once Su Ming agreed, the two of them brought the three youths and left the inn. Nan Gong Hen led the way with familiar ease, and the group moved further into the distance as they charged down the streets.

Almost all the people in Shaman City had left their own lodgings and were rushing at full speed towards the center of the city - the spot where the treasure gambling event was hosted.

At that moment, there were a thousand something Crimson Stones of various sizes floating in the sky above the center of Shaman City. The larger ones were about one hundred feet tall, and the small ones were about the size of a human head. They were densely packed, and while there were only one thousand something of those stones, when people looked over, these stones looked as if they had covered the entire sky.

When the crowd looked over, the sight was a shock to their eyes, and it made them feel as if there was a strong pressure on them.

Those stones shone with a crimson light that looked as if it had dyed half of the sky red. It made people's breathing quicken. The area under those Crimson Stones in the sky was divided into eight part, and there was a platform elevated off the ground. At that moment, there were countless people on that platform.

There was a densely packed crowd around this platform. They did not have the right to be on the platform, but they still had the right to buy Crimson Stones. That was why even though they were standing on the ground, they were still very excited.

There were eight halls floating in the sky right at the center of the floating Crimson Stones, and the platform on the ground. Each of these halls were shining brilliantly, and the people inside were clearly of incredibly high status.

There were nearly a hundred strange Enchanted Vessels floating around the eight big halls. These Enchanted Vessels sparkled and were shaped in the form of a ring, and it

looked as if there were numerous rays of light criss-crossing against each other. As they shone, they also let off a sharp feeling.

These Enchanted Vessels were all slowly spinning around. Each time two of these light rings crossed paths, there would be a sizzling sound. These sounds were incredibly piercing to the ears, and they spread in all directions.

Further down, more people were rushing towards the place from all around Shaman City. Su Ming was among them. If they did not have Nan Gong Hen around, they would only be able to join the treasure gambling event with the crowd standing at the outer ring around the platform. However, with Nan Gong Hen's status, he could bring Su Ming and the others through the crowd and charge straight towards the platform, and they actually found reserved spots near the front.

The people around them were talking to each other animatedly, and their voices rose into a clamor of noise. Almost all of the people's gazes were focused on the floating Crimson Stones in the sky. Those gazes were filled with eagerness, yearning, excitement, and hope...

"It's about to start. Brother Mo, this is the first batch of Crimson Stones that will be sold. Once we start, everyone will fly into midair and examine those Crimson Stones. The stones have numbers right before them, and if you like any of them, remember the number, for there will be held an auction for these Crimson Stones after that.

"The one who offers the highest bid gets the stone!" Eagerness appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes, and he began providing explanations to Su Ming.

Su Ming, sitting in his seat, lifted his head to look at the Crimson Stones in the sky. His eyes were sparkling. There were far too many people here, and there were quite a lot of powerful warriors among them as well. It was not convenient for Su Ming to spread his divine sense outward, so he could not locate Wu Duo for the time being.

However, based on his own judgment, even if he did not go and find Wu Duo, Wu Duo would think of a way to find him.

He listened to the commotion in the place. The voices had now fused together to turn into a buzzing that reverberated through the area, causing the treasure gambling event to already be incredibly lively, even though it had not even started.

"This time, I'll definitely find a medicinal herb. I already prepared a large amount of Shaman Crystals for this treasure event before I came here!"

"This treasure gambling event is a mere gamble for us to reach extreme ecstasy for one instant and for that instant of excitement when we place everything on the line. There's no way I won't get it this time! I'll buy ten stones this round!"

"Heh heh. Compared to buying Crimson Stones, I'm more interested in others opening the stones once they buy them. Their expressions when they find that the Crimson Stones they bought are completely worthless after they spent a large amount of Shaman Crystals to buy them are so very exciting!"

The buzzing filled the air and time trickled by. Once another incense stick finished burning, the one thousand something Crimson Stones floating in the sky suddenly started shining brilliantly. Once that light dyed the entire sky crimson, a hoarse and ancient voice traveled towards the crowd slowly.

"Everyone, most of you came here to gamble for treasure!" As that ancient voice reverberated in the air, the people gradually fell silent, and right before their gazes, the sky distorted, and a person walked out slowly from within.

That person appeared indistinct and his face could not be seen clearly. The crowd could only see that he had a head full of white hair. He looked like an old man, but when he stood there, the pressure he exuded was almost comparable to the pressure of the one thousand something Crimson Stones gathered together, causing the people's gazes to be attracted towards him.

"He's the Great Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. It's said that he's already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman!" Nan Gong Hen said in a hushed voice. Su Ming already had his eyes opened, and at that moment, he looked at the indistinct person in the sky, nodding his head.

"Since most of you came to gamble for treasure, then I won't waste my breath here. The God of Shamans Temple prepared ten batches of Crimson Stones for the treasure gambling event this time! Each batch contains one thousand Crimson Stones. We have already numbered each of these Crimson Stones based on the rules. You may all now go and choose!

"We have also prepared Enchanted Vessels that are specifically used to open these Crimson Stones. If you use these Enchanted Vessels to crack open your stones, you can let everyone see what is inside your stone even more clearly!" The indistinct old man lifted his hand and pointed at the ring shaped Enchanted Vessels floating in midair.

"However, I will have to remind all of you once again. I don't care about the Crimson Stones you gained through other means, but all the Crimson Stones you bought during the treasure gambling event must be cracked opened on the spot, and you can't just cut it slightly. You must use this Enchanted Vessel to completely shatter it!

"Once we are certain that there are truly no medicinal herbs or anything else inside, we will consider the process of cracking that particular stone open finished. If there are any of you who refuse to follow the rules, then don't blame me for turning against you!" When the old man said the final few sentences, his voice became incredibly sullen.

"Now, the treasure gambling event starts!" Once the old man finished speaking, he waved his arm forward and flew towards one of the floating halls to sit down cross-legged within it. Then, with brightly flashing eyes, he looked downwards.

When Su Ming heard the old man's words, he frowned, but quickly stopped doing so. It was clear that this God of Shamans Temple was worried about some people managing to find treasures without their knowledge, which was why they decided to enforce these kind of rules. By doing so, they could practically control everything in their hands.

By the looks of it, while the people around him might be displeased with this, but most of them had already accepted it, so it was obvious that this rule did not just appear in this event for the first time but had always been around.

'No wonder Nan Gong Hen knew about the number of rare medicinal herbs that were found during the treasure gambling event. This sort of treasure gambling event then can't really be considered as such anymore.'

As Su Ming sank into his thoughts, some people flew up into the sky, straight towards the one thousand Crimson Stones in the sky. Soon after, more people flew up. Long arcs charged into the sky with loud howls, and in an instant, those Crimson Stones in the sky were surrounded by a large number of people.

The buzzing of discussions rose up once again, breaking the silence just now, causing the atmosphere to become lively as well.

Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming and got up, then charged towards the sky. Su Ming remained on his seat for a while in silence before he stood up and walked towards the sky as well. As for the youths who could not fly up, they could only watch from the ground in the midst of their excitement.

There were far too many stones in the sky, and most of them were surrounded by a large number of people. These people would either be staring at the stones with sparkling eyes, discussing amongst themselves in hushed tones, or examining the stones while circling around. However, there were seals placed around these Crimson Stones, so people could only look at them but not touch. Else there would be quite a large number of those who would touch them personally to test whether there were truly treasures contained within.

Su Ming walked over slowly and moved past the crowd. He swept his gaze past every single one of these Crimson Stones and kept a close eye on the small black humanoid in his storage bag with his divine sense.

Chapter 445: Unusual Light

"This stone doesn't look too bad. Look at the pattern. This is a horizontal pattern. I'm certain that there is an Enchanted Vessel in this stone. I did an analysis about this before. Vertical patterns are mostly medicinal herbs. Enchanted Vessels will only appear in those with horizontal patterns!"

"The light shining from this Crimson Stone is the strongest. From my years of experience, there is a seven out of ten chance that this stone isn't empty!"

As Su Ming walked past the people in the air, sounds of discussion fell into his ears. His gaze continuously swept past the Crimson Stones, and when it moved forward, he would also get closer to those stones. However, even after he had walked past a hundred something of the Crimson Stones, he did not smell a single hint of any medicinal fragrance. There was also not a single hint of change in the small black humanoid in his storage bag.

With a calm expression, Su Ming continued walking forward. Time passed by, and when he had walked past five hundred something Crimson Stones, he still had not smelled any medicinal fragrance. The small black humanoid was also as it was originally.

'Could it be that the small black humanoid only notices Dragon Leaf Grass?' Su Ming frowned. He continued walking forward, and when he walked past another hundred something Crimson Stones, he came to a sudden halt. He might not have detected any medicinal fragrance, but the small black humanoid in his storage bag had started trembling furiously.

As it trembled, a picture started flashing rapidly at the center of his brows.

Su Ming focused his gaze on a Crimson Stone that was slightly taller than a person. Besides its size, the stone was no different from the other ones. Su Ming got closer to it, and when came close to that Crimson Stone, the small black humanoid in his storage bag started trembling even more furiously. Soon after, the flashing picture at the center of his brows gathered together and manifested itself.

It was a black flower, and it only had three petals. Each of the petals wore the ferocious looking face of a ghost. However, the three petals looked rather withered, though there was still some life remaining at its roots.

A barely noticeable glint flashed past Su Ming's eyes, and he remembered the stone's number - 697.

He did not linger around that Crimson Stone, and without batting an eyelid, he walked to the next stone. When he had seen every single one of the Crimson Stones, a bitter smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, which was hidden under the mask.

'Looks like the small black humanoid is only sensitive towards medicinal herbs, or else why would all three of the stones that made excited it consist of only herbs?

'But this is good as well. Among the three of them, there is one that actually has a purple venomous wasp in it...'

Su Ming focused his gaze on the stone numbered 949. That stone was not big and was only about half the height of a normal person. The medicinal herb in it had completely withered away and was fossilized, however, Su Ming saw a purple poisonous wasp at its stamen!

The poisonous wasp looked as if it was deep in sleep and remained still. However, while its life was faint and weak, there was still a hint of it, which meant that it wasn't yet dead!

When Su Ming returned from midair, he waited for a little while longer. More people came back, and all of them harbored their own thoughts in their hearts as they looked at the Crimson Stones in the sky.

"Time's up. Everyone, please move back. We will first auction off a hundred Crimson Stones, and once we finish cutting them, we will continue with the auction!"

The indistinct old man sitting in one of the halls belonging to the God of Shamans Temple spoke slowly. His voice was like thunder rumbling that shook the air, causing the few remaining people who were still lingering around the Crimson Stones to move back to the ground reluctantly with various changes in their expressions.

"Crimson Stone No.1. Based on its size, the starting bid is one hundred thousand Shaman Crystals. The minimum increase in bid is twenty thousand. You may begin!" the old man with the indistinct figure stated calmly.

The Crimson Stones continued floating in the sky, but all the people who had examined them, they were already incredibly familiar with the numbers on them.

Crimson Stone No.1 was a gigantic rock that was thirty feet tall. There was nothing strange about its appearance, besides the slight difference that its patterns were horizontal, not vertical.

Once the old man finished speaking, someone from the crowd immediately shouted, "120,000!"

There might be plenty of people joining the treasure gambling event hosted by the God of Shamans Temple, but seldom would there be people who would place their bids carelessly. If they did not have the power to buy, then they would end up having made a fool of the God of Shamans Temple and made a fool of all the Shamans in the place. This sort of person would not be able to walk out of the World of Nine Yin alive!

"180,000!"

"260,000!"

"320,000!"

"400,000!"

The voices that called for the bids rose continuously, and it was clear that there were quite a lot of people who had noticed the uniqueness of this Crimson Stone. Su Ming sat there and looked at Crimson Stone No.1. He only knew that there should not be any medicinal herbs in that stone, as to whether there was anything else, he could only guess.

"This is a horizontal pattern. Horizontal patterns are rare, and I remember that during the few times they appeared, most of them contained items inside..." Nan Gong Hen mumbled in his seat, and a glint appeared in his eyes.

"500,000!"

Once he shouted that bid, Su Ming smiled wryly and shook his head. He only had about a hundred thousand Shaman Crystals on his person at this moment. Compared to these people, he was really low on funds.

However, since he already chose to come here, he had naturally made some preparations for this event. To prevent incidents where the people did not have enough Shaman Crystals, they could exchange their items for Shaman Crystals, and the God of Shamans Temple were not the only people who would buy them. There were also quite a lot of people who would use the chance to buy them.

Once Nan Gong Hen shouted his bid, while the people around them continued talking among themselves, no one continued placing any bids. The old man who was now sitting at the roof of the hall in the sky swept a glance towards Nan Gong Hen, and without even announcing to whom that stone belonged to, he started the auction for Crimson Stone No.2 leisurely.

This was something that sparked Su Ming's curiosity. He had attended Western Sea Clan's auction outside Freezing Sky Clan before, and in terms of extravagance, Western Sea Clan's auction was incredibly gorgeous. But if placed in comparison with the Shaman Tribe's auction, the Shamans' auction was more straightforward, and was also larger!

In fact, even the auctioneers' attitudes were completely different. The auctioneer from Western Sea Clan would mostly introduce the items to buyers, doing so with the idea of tempting them to buy those things. However, the Shaman Tribe was clearly holding onto an attitude that said they did not care whether these people bought these stones or not.

However, the more they acted this way, the better the results were. In fact, Su Ming could even feel most of the Shamans around him fighting over the stones...

But soon, he thought of Wu Duo's words and remembered that the God of Shamans Temple was clearly forced into this and was resigned to it, which was why they hosted this treasure gambling event. With that in mind, the people's attitude right then was understandable.

The auction went on quickly. Besides Nan Gong Hen buying Crimson Stone No.1 for 500,000, most of the other Crimson Stones numbered 1 to 100 were sold for 100,000 something Shaman Crystals, or several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals.

When the first one hundred were auctioned off, Su Ming paid attention to the people cutting the stones. He wanted to see just how they would cut those Crimson Stones open.

Nan Gong Hen flew up nervously, and the other ninety-nine people joined him, moving to those Enchanted light rings in midair. The first one hundred Crimson Stones descended automatically from the sky and charged towards the hundred people, and by some unknown method, they flew straight to their respective buyers.

Su Ming gave them a few more scrutinizing looks and understood a little about what was going on. The stones went to their respective buyers because the Enchanted Vessels also had numbers on them, and Nan Gong Hen was naturally standing right before the ring numbered one, which meant that Crimson Stone No.1 was not flying towards him, but that Enchanted Vessel No.1.

As the people stood beside the Enchanted Vessels and the Crimson Stones descended on them, their expressions became different: most of them looked rather nervous, but they were also expectant.

Compared to them, the crowd of Shamans underneath were even more excited. All of them looked towards them, and the sounds of their discussions continuously rose into the air.

Su Ming turned his attention towards the people in the sky. The buzzing sounds rang incessantly by his ears. He saw Nan Gong Hen taking a deep breath, then lifting his right hand to seize the Crimson Stone in the air. The Crimson Stone immediately floated towards him slowly, and when it got closer to the light ring, the Enchanted Vessel immediately let out a buzzing noise and grew larger in an instant. Once it enveloped the Crimson Stone within, it started spinning about rapidly.

As it spun, a large amount of chips fell from midair. Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at those Enchanted Vessels. This Enchanted Vessel was spinning incredibly quickly, which was how it could make that Crimson Stone become smaller slowly.

‘These Enchanted Vessels are used specifically to cut Crimson Stones...’

As Su Ming watched, he saw Nan Gong Hen lifting his right hand rapidly and pointing towards the Enchanted Vessel. At that instant, sizzling sounds spread out, and the Enchanted Vessel that was spinning at high speed slowly stopped. Most of the Crimson Stone was already chipped away by then. Nan Gong Hen walked over in his anxiety and looked at it for a long moment before pointing at the Enchanted Vessel again.

Immediately, as the Enchanted Vessel shone, a sharp needle appeared. That needle charged towards the Crimson Stone, and as it hummed in the air, it shot straight through the stone!

This repeated many times, and eventually, Nan Gong Hen sighed. As the people saw this, sounds of discussions rose into the air once again.

"He bought it for 500,000, but it looks like there's nothing in there..."

"That's right. There wasn't any unusual light shining just now when he was chipping it away, so it's clear that this Crimson Stone isn't pure..."

"Even if there's any unusual light, it's still useless. There has been plenty of stones that shone with those lights before, but all of them only contained fossilized objects. The ones that are truly useful are rare and in-between."

"Oh well, just break it! It's just a worthless stone!"

Nan Gong Hen was rather unwilling to give up. He glared at the stone, then with gritted teeth, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel once again. Immediately, that Enchanted Vessel shot through the Crimson Stone in multiple places in succession. Suddenly, when the needle shot through the Crimson Stone one final time, a powerful red light shone through a small hole violently. When that light appeared, cries of surprise immediately erupted from the people underneath.

Su Ming, too, immediately focused his attention on that light. Cries of surprise and shock rose all around him and rang in his ears.

"It's the unusual light! That light has appeared!"

"This is the light that will only appear when there is indeed something contained within a Crimson Stone!"

Nan Gong Hen's face was filled with excitement. Just as he was about to continue, a voice suddenly came from one of the eight halls around him.

"Nan Gong Hen, sell that stone to me! I'll buy it for 800,000 Shaman Crystals!"

Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment. His eyes were a little bloodshot as he stared at the unusual light coming from the Crimson Stone. Without another word, he lifted his right hand once again and pointed forward. Immediately, the light ring started spinning rapidly. The Crimson Stone grew smaller, and eventually, when the light ring stopped, what appeared before Nan Gong Hen was a transparent stone that was the size of a fist!

There was nothing in the stone... However, one of its corners was cracked, and there was a sign that it had been pierced through.

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then his expression started changing, eventually settling on a bitter smile.

"There was indeed an item contained within the stone, but as time passed by, and because you did not cut through the stone correctly, the item has dissolved into wind. It's a pity, a true pity!" the old man sitting cross-legged on the hall remarked slowly.

Chapter 446: Shadow

After Nan Gong Hen, the other people started cutting away at their Crimson Stones with the Enchanted light rings. Occasionally, that unusual light would appear, and each time it happened, it would attract the crowd's attention.

However, every single time they cut the stones open, every single person would bring out a storage bag and place it on the Enchanted light ring. Only then would they be able to let this Enchanted Vessel operate properly.

Once Su Ming observed several people opening the stones, he averted his gaze to Nan Gong Hen, who came back dejected.

"Brother Mo, my luck is a little too rotten this time in the World of Nine Yin, isn't it...? When I went to rent my Spirit of Nine Yin, I was conned by that old man, and the Crimson Stone I fancied did indeed have something in it, but I broke it..."

Nan Gong Hen laughed bitterly as he watched the Shamans cutting through the Crimson Stones in the sky and listened to the commotion and discussions from the people around them, then sighed.

Su Ming originally wanted to comfort him, but when he was about to open his mouth, he found himself not knowing how to console him. In fact, he even had a feeling that Nan Gong Hen... did indeed have rotten luck.

"Uncle Nan Gong, it's alright. It's just a broken stone. You can buy more afterwards, you'll definitely be able to get a treasure." Lan Lan blinked, then started consoling him.

"It's 500,000! 500,000!" Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked at the floating Crimson Stones in the sky. A refusal to admit defeat rose in his eyes.

"Ahem, I think if we aren't too confident, then it's better not to continue with this sort of gamble. Just now, I truly experienced what the people said by being overcome by extreme ecstasy for an instant and falling into despair in an instant."

Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a glance, and when he saw that refusal in his eyes, he knew that all forms of persuasion and words of comfort were useless. He sighed and no longer spoke.

He still could not understand just why these people could be so passionate about this treasure gambling, especially when they were clearly relying on their luck.

As he was immersed in his thoughts, an intense uproar suddenly broke out among the people around them.

"A dual-colored light! It's... It's a dual-colored light!"

"There's no wrong about that. A dual-colored light actually appeared? Damn it, I remember that Crimson Stone no. 87. I... I knew that stone was promising since the start!"

"He sure got himself a good deal. That person spent less than 200,000, and now that the unusual light appeared, the stone's price will instantly increase by several fold. Now that the rare dual-colored light appeared, the value of the stone will reach 1,000,000!"

As cries of surprise rose in the large area, Su Ming lifted his head and looked over. With just one glance, he saw one Crimson Stone among the many Enchanted light rings shining red and blue. These two rays of light criss-crossed and illuminated an entire area of one hundred something feet.

There was an old man standing beside the Enchanted light ring. That old man was now filled with excitement and ecstasy and started laughing heartily on the spot. His eyes shone brilliantly, and with his right hand, he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel through the air. Immediately, the spinning Enchanted light ring started slowing down, and when it finally stopped, the dual-colored light shone incredibly distinctly before the crowd.

"Continue cutting! By the looks of it, you just need to pierce a hole in there and perhaps a shadow will appear. The moment the shadow appears, the price of the stone will become even higher!"

"I don't think so. The dual-colored light is already rare enough. The chances of a shadow appearing are not high..."

As the old man stopped cutting the stone, the people around started discussing among themselves once again, and some of them even tried cajoling him at the top of their voices. Jealousy, envy, and all sorts of complicated emotions were shown clearly in their words.

"Owner of Crimson Stone No.87, you don't need to continue cutting. We of Deity Ensnaring Tribe will buy that stone for 1,000,000 Shaman Crystals!" a calm voice said from one of the eight halls in the sky.

"You want to buy a dual-colored light stone with just 1,000,000? That stone has two colors, which means that there is definitely something in there. Owner of Crimson Stone No.87, I am Tie Mu from Eastern Goosefoot Tribe, I'll give you 1,300,000 Shaman Crystals, sell it to me!" A voice Su Ming was familiar with spoke from another hall. That voice naturally belonged to the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu.

A hesitant look appeared on the face of the Crimson Stone's owner. He looked at the Crimson Stone, then looked at the two halls the voices had come from. Clearly, the lesson Nan Gong Hen had just received was now clearly making him unable to make up his mind.

"Cut it! Continue cutting into it! Damn it, why are you tempted with just these words? I tossed in 500,000 for mine, and I still finished cutting through the entire stone!" Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and glared at the sky while standing beside Su Ming. More blood capillaries showed up in his eyes.

"Brother Nan Gong, what is the deal with this dual light?" Su Ming might have considerable knowledge about the treasure gambling event, but compared to the people who came to this event every single time, there were still certain things he did not know of. When he saw those red and blue lights, he asked Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen sighed and started explaining to Su Ming.

"Brother Mo, you might not know about this, but before we cut into these Crimson Stones, there is no way for us of knowing what is inside no matter what sort of method we use, but when we cut them open, there are patterns for it.

"That unusual light is one of the patterns. If there is a ray of light, then it means that the stone is not empty. Perhaps there is a treasure inside, but it could also be a fossilized item, which makes it useless.

"However, if two rays of light appear, then it means that even if it is a fossilized item, it can still be used somewhat... We based this on past experiences. In the history of the

treasure gambling event, the highest amount of lights that shone in one go was seven in total, and a rare treasure was found!

"As for the shadow they mentioned, it is also one of the patterns we found. However, the chances of a shadow appearing are less than of those unusual lights. The principle is that the item contained within the Crimson Stone was originally sealed off from the world, and the instant it comes in contact with the world outside, a strange shadow appears for an instant!

"If those unusual lights appear, then it means that there are items contained in the stone, if a shadow appears, then it proves that the item inside is definitely not an ordinary object! However, not all cases are like this, or else I wouldn't have needed to hesitate when I found an unusual light when I was cracking open my stone.

"In the past, there have been stones that looked promising during the treasure gambling event. They shone with those unusual lights, and some of them even had shadows, but when they were eventually cracked open, they were all empty...

"That is why these so called patterns in the treasure gambling event are all what has been figured out by the goers after groping about for some sort of pattern while observing these stones. They can be said to be true, but they can also be considered false as well..."

As the both of them spoke to each other, the old man who bought Crimson Stone No.87 seemed to have made his decision. Just as he lifted his right hand with the intention to do something, suddenly, a woman's voice came from one of the eight halls.

"If you cut it down, then perhaps a shadow will appear, but that is if you cut open the entire stone, or else you will still only find a dual-colored light. The stone's price will not increase. In fact, there is a possibility that its price will drop. There is even the possibility of you spoiling whatever is inside.

"If I were you, I would sell it now. No matter what, you would still earn a profit. We of Autumn Sea Tribe are willing to buy that stone for 1,500,000."

The instant that voice spoke, a barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, though his expression remained unchanged. He could tell that the voice belonged to the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe - Wan Qiu.

An expression of struggle appeared on the owner of Crimson Stone No.87 as he stood in the sky. After a long while, he sighed and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the hall from had come the voice of Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady.

"If the Great Tribe of Autumn Sea likes this stone, then I am willing to sell it."

Once the old man said those words, a long arc immediately flew out from the great hall. There was an old man in the long arc. His hair was grey and he wore a blue robe. When he walked out, the ripples showing his power appeared faintly. He was a powerful Latter Shaman.

He walked towards the old man slowly and threw a storage bag by his feet. Without sparing the old man even a glance, he stared at the Crimson Stone in the light ring, and after a long while, he frowned.

"Why aren't you leaving?"

The old man quickly retreated, and as he moved back reluctantly, he kept on turning his head to look at the Crimson Stone.

However, before he even returned to the ground, the Enchanted light ring was immediately activated. Buzzing sounds reverberated in the air, and the Crimson Stone instantly shrank. The Latter Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe controlled that light ring several times to continue cutting away. He then took a step forward, and with a growl, lifted his right hand and slammed his hand on the stone.

With that one slap, the Crimson Stone that had shrank down immensely and had large amounts of small holes instantly cracked, and the crack connected all the small holes that had pierced through the stone together. With a bang, the stone fell into pieces, and a transparent mountain rock about the size of a head floated into the old man's palm.

The mountain rock was crystal clear, and within it was an iron piece. That iron piece was covered in rust and looked incredibly normal, but there was a faint murderous aura that was spreading out from inside it.

"It's an Enchanted treasure! It's definitely an Enchanted treasure!"

"It's an Enchanted treasure from the World of Nine Yin, one that has come from ages ago!"

"Autumn Sea Tribe really got themselves a good haul this time. They managed to buy an Enchanted treasure with 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals and without a single risk taken. Heh heh, it's hard to determine the value of that item."

Su Ming stared at the transparent mountain rock in the old Latter Shaman's hand and a glint appeared in his eyes. By his side, Nan Gong Hen looked incredibly dejected, and it was clear that he was plagued by what had happened to him.

The old man who sold the stone for 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals was momentarily stunned, then a variety of emotions flitted through his face. The complicated feeling in his heart would not lose to Nan Gong Hen's. He had sold that stone away because he

could not bear the thought of 1,500,000 Shaman Crystals disappearing from his hands within an instant.

The old Latter Shaman from Autumn Sea Tribe smiled as he stood in the sky, then with a flip of his right hand, the mountain rock immediately disappeared. He turned around and walked towards Autumn Sea Tribe's hall. The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was sitting and meditating at the roof of another temple remained expressionless, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his pupils had shrank the moment he saw the mountain rock being excavated.

"We will now continue with the auction of Crimson Stones No.101 to No.200!"

When the first one hundred Crimson Stones were all cracked open, the atmosphere in the area had reached its peak, and the crowd became even more enthusiastic in buying the second batch of stones.

"200,000!"

"300,000!"

"350,000!"

"500,000!"

"600,000!"

As the Crimson Stones were auctioned off, the bids continued without stop. Before long, all the stones were bought by the people in a manner as if they were fighting against each other for them.

Nan Gong Hen had wanted to place a bid several times but forced down his urge. As for Su Ming, he simply continued watching and did not join in the bid. He was waiting, waiting for Crimson Stones No.697, 901, and 949.

Su Ming was absolutely certain about these three stones, and as for the others, he would not gamble for them.

Time trickled away, and the second batch of Crimson Stones was cut down. Two of them had shone with that unusual light, but in the end, when they were both cut open, one of them was empty inside, and several hundreds of thousands of Shaman Crystals were gone down the drain just like that.

While there was an item in the other stone, when it was cracked open, the item contained within was already completely fossilized. It crumbled into dust from the slightest touch, disappearing into the air.

Chapter 447: 697!

Su Ming waited patiently and continued watching as the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth batches of Crimson Stones were sold off, then subsequently cracked open by their buyers right before all the Shamans.

The whole time, besides waiting, Su Ming also observed how the people control those light rings, as well as the strangeness of that Enchanted light ring, especially the act of placing a storage bag on it before it could be activated. These observations allowed Su Ming to figure out that the amount of Shaman Crystals those people had bought the stones for should be contained within those storage bags.

Su Ming was also observing the almost crazed Shamans who had their emotions completely ignited around him.

Su Ming had made some brief calculations. Among the opened five hundred Crimson Stones, there were twelve that had shone with that unusual light, but only five of them had contained anything inside, and the rest of them were empty.

Yet even so, only two of the five stones that contained physical items made the crowd burst into commotion. One of them was the piece bought by Autumn Sea Tribe and the other was the rock containing a lock of black hair inside!

The lock of hair inside that palm-sized transparent mountain rock looked alive, as if it still contained ample amounts of life force. It seemed that if anyone crushed that mountain rock, they would be able to extract it in its complete form.

Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple was visibly taken by this item, and he bought it at an exorbitant price!

Time continued passing by. It was not midnight. However, under the illumination of the numerous lights from the Crimson Stones in the sky, the entire land looked no different than it was during the day.

During the time, Nan Gong Hen gritted and bought another Crimson Stone, but...

"Brother Mo, I'm not going to continue anymore, I'll just watch... Ah... I'm just not fated with these one thousand Crimson Stones... Brother Mo, aren't you going to buy some?" Nan Gong Hen looked as if he had submitted to his fate and sighed beside Su Ming.

The three youths beside them were already stunned by what they'd seen. Their faces were filled with shock. The intense atmosphere could easily affect the emotions of all the people in the area, and their self-control would be whittled down to the extreme.

Su Ming nodded. At the moment, the voice of the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spread through the land languidly.

"The treasure gambling event will not stop until we have sold off all the one thousand Crimson Stones. If there are any of you who are unwilling to continue, you may leave at any time you please. Now, we will begin the auction for Crimson Stones No.601 to 700!" The old man swept his gaze across the land with a calm expression as he spoke.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had been waiting for an entire day for this moment!

"230,000!"

"370,000!"

"420,000!"

It might already be midnight, but the liveliness in the place did not diminish. Instead, it only became even more intense. The bids these people placed had only become higher!

Su Ming kept his silence. He was still waiting, and when Crimson Stone no. 696 was bought by someone else for 420,000, the auction for Crimson Stone no. 697 started!

The Crimson Stone that was slightly taller than a person looked no different from the other stones and it did not have a flashy appearance. However, only Su Ming knew that there was a three-petaled flower contained inside. Although two of these petals had already withered away, the last remaining petal was alive!

"150,000!"

The instant the auction for this Crimson Stone started, someone immediately shouted his bid. This was not because the person who placed the bid had discovered the uniqueness of this stone, but because this was simply what happened once all the Crimson Stones were placed on bid.

"180,000!"

"200,000!"

"230,000!"

The people continued placing their bids nonstop. Su Ming's expression remained calm, and once someone called out a bid of 230,000, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he placed his first bid ever since he came to the treasure gambling event!

"300,000!"

When Nan Gong Hen heard Su Ming's loud voice, he immediately looked towards him.

The three youths also became incredibly excited.

"350,000!" another person from the crowd placed a bid.

There were too many people in the area, and it was impossible for Su Ming to know who had placed that bid if he did not spread his divine sense. However, since the God of Shamans Temple hosted this event, it was rare for anyone to place a fake bid. If they did such a thing, then they would need to understand the consequences of their actions.

"400,000!" Su Ming called out without any hesitation.

400,000 was the average price for the Crimson Stones brought out during the latter half of the auction. If they offered a higher price, then if they failed, they would have to suffer the huge pain of such a great loss. Unless they were really confident, the people would usually stop placing bids at this moment. After all, there were still many Crimson Stones after this, and there was no need for them to concentrate on that one piece.

"420,000!" At the moment most people would stop placing bids, someone placed another bid.

"450,000!" Su Ming stated calmly with a calm expression on his face.

Several breaths passed by, and when no one else continued placing bids, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple started the auction for Crimson Stone No.698.

After a moment, once the Crimson Stones for this batch were all sold off, the people who bought the Crimson Stones flew up with excitement, calmness, or eagerness, straight up towards the one hundred Enchanted light rings.

"Brother Mo, good luck!" Nan Gong Hen wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, who gave him a nod, sucked in a deep breath, and with one single move, charged towards the sky.

This was the first time he appeared before the eyes of the Shamans to buy his own Crimson Stone in the treasure gambling event. This was also the first time he would cut open his Crimson Stone before the crowd!

This, too, would be the start of Su Ming's parade!

The one hundred long arcs rushed to their respective Enchanted light rings. Su Ming had bought Crimson Stone No.697, and his designated Enchanted light ring was the 97th ring. While he stood there, he looked at the flashing Enchanted Vessel calmly. He watched as the light ring slowly turned about in its place while a sizzling sounded when the lights criss-crossed with each other.

After a moment, the Crimson Stones numbered 601 to 700 charged towards their buyers. When they appeared before the crowd, Su Ming looked at the Crimson Stone. It was indeed the one he had seen previously. In fact, he could even smell that faint and indistinct medicinal fragrance once again.

Most of the people around him brought out bags containing their Shaman Crystals with different expressions on their faces, but the expectant look was on all them. They placed their bags on their respective Enchanted light rings, and strong light shone from the Enchanted Vessels, as if they had just been ignited.

The crowd also started breathing quicker, standing underneath. Their gazes were fixed on the people in the sky. They wanted to know whether there would be any light coming from the Crimson Stones and whether any treasure would be found!

When ninety-nine of the Enchanted light rings in the sky had been lit up and these people could start cutting their stones, only Su Ming's Enchanted Vessel was not lit, and that created an incredibly obvious spectacle in the sky.

This sort of thing had never appeared today. The people's gazes underneath were instantly gathered on Su Ming, and at the same time they became attracted to the mask on his face, they also recognized him!

"It's him!"

"He reached a tie against Tie Mu, Eastern Goosefoot Tribe's Latter Shaman! His name is Mo Su!"

"Unless he hid his true level of cultivation, then this person is definitely the strongest among all Medial Shamans!"

"I saw him fighting against senior Tie Mu that day. The might of that battle is something no Medial Shaman could fight against!"

At the same time, the instant Su Ming became the center of attention, the expressions of the people in four of the eight halls in the sky changed as they became affected by different emotions.

Tie Mu sat inside his hall, and there were other members of his tribe sitting around him. The woman was among them, and as she stared at Su Ming, hatred shone briefly in her eyes.

'It's him...'

Tie Mu stared Su Ming. While he had come into some conflict with Su Ming, but due to the other's politeness, he had become slightly fond of him. When he saw Su Ming, he remained expressionless, and the killing intent he had harbored some time ago was no longer there.

Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady Wan Qiu stood on the stairs in the other hall as she looked at Su Ming standing in the dark sky and under the illumination of the flashing crimson light in the dark. She frowned.

'Their bodies are similar, but... the presence this person gives off seems to be... slightly different from his.' As Wan Qiu became immersed in her thoughts, the red mark of the dragon on her right arm shone faintly.

While Sky Mist's ancestor remained seated calmly in the third hall, Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You, who were sitting before him, looked at the world outside. Tian Lan Meng's gaze was focused on Su Ming's body, and there was uncertainty in her eyes.

In the fourth hall was a long-haired woman in white. She stared at Su Ming blankly, and there was confusion along with a mix of complicated emotions in her eyes. If she was not the Celestial Maiden and could still sense the presence coming from that body, which albeit faint, still existed, she would not have been able to recognize that the person she was looking at right now... was him.

"Why did you appear here...? Do you know just what sort of danger you just brought on yourself by appearing here...?" The long-haired woman mumbled in a voice only she could hear, and the confusion in her eyes disappeared to be replaced by a hint of anxiety.

At the same time, there was a person in black robes standing among the crowd on the ground. He lifted his head slightly and a cold sneer appeared on his lips as he stared at Su Ming with a freezing glint in his eyes.

"Owner of Crimson Stone No.697, bring out the sufficient amount of Shaman Crystals and light up your Enchanted Vessel!" When the people's gazes were focused on Su Ming, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple looked at him and spoke in a low voice.

"I don't have enough Shaman Crystals." Su Ming's expression remained as calm as usual when he looked towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

The Grand Elder was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, and he no longer showed his emotions on his face. At that moment, he looked at Su Ming with his usual calm look on his face and stated unhurriedly, "I will give you the span of three

breaths. After three breaths, if you still can't bring out something of equal value to the required Shaman Crystals, then I will kill you on the spot."

Naturally, Su Ming was prepared for this since a long time ago. Without another word, he brought out a storage bag he had prepared and threw it towards the Grand Elder.

The storage bag came to a stop before the old man. He cast Su Ming a cold glance, then lifted his hand to take it. After sweeping a look through the contents, while remaining expressionless, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted light ring before Su Ming. The Enchanted Vessel was immediately lit up, and it was ready to be used at any time!

While the old man might looked as calm as ever, his heart was in shock, because he saw five Scattering Dusts in the storage bag! He had seen Scattering Dusts before and had even consumed one of them. When he saw them, the unique feeling of the Scattering Dusts allowed him to be able to recognize the authenticity of these items with just one glance.

The quality of the Scattering Dusts in the storage bag was also much higher than the quality of the one he had taken!

Chapter 448: Ghost Spirit Flower!

Only Su Ming and the old man knew about what Su Ming gave to him. Although the people had seen the transaction, it was impossible for them to know the details. That was also why the old man from the God of Shamans Temple had remained silent but lit up Su Ming's Enchanted Vessel after he saw the five Scattering Dusts.

Since no one knew what Su Ming had given him, he just needed to bring out an item to replace the contents after this, and these five Scattering Dusts that were clearly of much higher quality would become his own personal belongings.

This sort of trade that seemed obvious to all but was actually very secretive was something the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple had no reason to decline. In fact, he was very happy with the results, and there was a slight difference in the manner he looked at Su Ming. Besides, he believed that even if he wanted to learn about the origins of these Scattering Dusts, he could do so with ease.

'This person has a lot of experience under his belt and is also a wise one...' Once the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple put away the storage bag and cast Su Ming a glance, he no longer bothered himself with him.

Due to this matter, the number of gazes fixed on Su Ming was much greater compared to the other people. However, as the sizzling sounds spread out and the others began to nervously cut into their Crimson Stones, the gazes gathered on his person gradually spread out.

Su Ming did not look at the others. He simply stared at the Enchanted light ring before him and lifted his right hand to place it on the ring. When he closed his eyes, he immediately had a feeling as if he had become one with the Enchanted Vessel, and he felt that he could control the ring to do all sorts of things when cutting the stone.

He had only watched other people doing so previously. Now that it was his turn to control it, he experienced the feeling for a moment before he lifted his left hand and pointed at the Crimson Stone. Instantly, the stone charged towards the light ring. Once it was swiftly enveloped by the light ring, the Enchanted Vessel started spinning slowly, and each time it spun, a large amount of chips would fall off.

As the light ring spun, Su Ming kept his eyes closed and spread his divine sense in his storage bag to gather on the small black humanoid. After a moment, when Su Ming detected that faint medicinal fragrance once again, he saw the small black humanoid shuddering. The center of its brows flashed, and the strange black flower with the three petals floated above its head once again.

Compared to Su Ming's slow speed, there were already quite a few people who had cut open their Crimson Stones in disappointment, causing the Shaman Crystals they spent to instantly go down the drain.

As time passed by, more of these people who were cutting into their Crimson Stones left with long sighs and disappointed looks on their faces, returning to the crowd with nothing to gain when their Crimson Stones were shattered completely by those light rings.

At that moment, there were only a dozen something people left in the sky who were still cutting into their Crimson Stones. After some time, rumbling sounds echoed, and seven more people's Crimson Stones shattered completely to reveal absolutely nothing within. These people left with bitter smiles on their faces.

Right then, there were only four people left in the air who were still cutting into their Crimson Stones, including Su Ming.

Su Ming still had his eyes closed and did not bother about these people. He continued spinning that light ring slowly, causing the Crimson Stone to gradually shrink. He occasionally adjusted the Enchanted Vessel's angle while keeping his divine sense focused on the small black humanoid to observe the picture flashing at the center of its brows.

Several breaths went by once again, and once another Crimson Stone shattered, only three people were left in the sky cutting into their stones. However, right at that moment, the Crimson Stone belonging to the Shaman who looked like a young teenage boy among the three people left suddenly shone with a strong red light!

The instant that red light spread out, an ecstatic look appeared on the boy's face.

"It's a light! Haha! I just got myself a light"

The people underneath also looked over, and the instant they saw the ray of unusual light, their spirits were lifted.

However, as the boy's laughter echoed in the sky and he was filled with excitement, another Crimson Stone shone with that same piercing red light as well!

It shone with that unusual light as well! The owner of that Crimson Stone was a middle-aged man. He was built tall and large, which was a clear indicator that he was a Battle Shaman. He licked his lips and laughed. He was right next to Su Ming. Su Ming was number 97, and he was number 96.

Two of the three remaining Crimson Stones shone with that unusual light. This immediately caught an immense amount of attention from the crowd underneath. Uproars and sounds of discussion rose all around the area.

"Two rays of light appeared at the same time, their luck is really..."

"Damn it, I remember that number. So he's the one who offered 50,000 more than me just now? This... This is..."

As discussions rang in the area, Nan Gong Hen cast a glance at Su Ming and shook his head. For some unknown reason, he felt a little better.

As the two people who found those rays of unusual light continued scraping off their Crimson Stones excitedly and even controlled those sharp needles to pierce through the stones, Su Ming continued changing the Crimson Stone's position with his eyes closed and made the light ring spin as he scraped off the external layers of the stone.

Moments later, under the crowd's expectant gazes, the boy who had found that ray of unusual light gritted his teeth in his excitement and had a sharp needle from the light ring pierce through. After repeating the action several times and as the light ring continued with its operations rapidly, the Crimson Stone split into two with a bang.

It was empty...

The boy was momentarily stunned, and just like Nan Gong Hen, he continued cutting at it, refusing to accept the truth. When the Crimson Stone had completely shattered, a

transparent mountain rock the size of a fingernail appeared in his hand, but there was still nothing contained within it.

The boy turned pale. The sudden drop to disappointment from his ecstasy came too fast and was too great. It was rather difficult for him to handle it.

When the crowd underneath saw this, they sighed, and as their sighs echoed in the air, someone suddenly let out a cry of surprise.

"Dual color... That's... That's a dual-colored light! The dual-colored light has appeared again!"

"It's really dual-colored! Two dual-colored lights actually appeared among these one thousand stones today!"

As the cries of surprise rang in the air, all the people's gazes were lured towards the middle-aged man beside Su Ming. At that moment, the middle-aged man was filled with uncontrollable excitement. The Crimson Stone before him was shining in blue and red light!

Amid the buzzing commotion, someone immediately yelled a price to buy that stone. At that moment, Su Ming was immersed in the picture at the center of the small black humanoid's brows in his storage room. He could tell that the picture was not immobile. Instead, as he continued scraping his Crimson Stone, it would change.

In fact, when he adjusted the position of the stone, the flower would also start turning. Su Ming was very careful with his actions. Right then, he opened his eyes swiftly, and with a sparkle in his eyes, he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel with his right hand. Immediately, a sharp needle appeared on the spinning light ring.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming controlled that sharp needle to pierce through one of the sides of the Crimson Stone. Once he repeated the action several times and as the light ring increased its speed as it spun, a bang rang from within the stone, and a small part of Su Ming's Crimson Stone was split off.

As the light ring slowly stopped, Su Ming stood there and sank into his thoughts for a moment. At that time, the man beside him began laughing. He did not bother with the prices being thrown at him. He first cast a smug look at Su Ming, then turned his head around and controlled the light ring to slice down at the stone. At the same time he slashed down, a resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he pointed at the Enchanted Vessel.

The Enchanted Vessel spun and cut down another small portion of the Crimson Stone before him. He had completed his action almost at the same time as the man, and once the two completed the cuts, the dual colored light coming from the Crimson Stone before the man started shining furiously, and it looked as if it was even stronger than

before. That was enough to make all the people around the area to be visibly taken by it. Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple focused his gaze on that stone.

At the same time, as the dual-colored light shone furiously, the sky near Su Ming, behind the man's Crimson Stone suddenly distorted, and as those distorted ripples appeared, a gigantic picture showed up!

Within that picture was a black flower! The flower contained three petals, and each of the petals contained the face of a skeletal ghost. They looked incredibly hideous, causing the black flower to appear terrifying. However, the picture was incredibly blurry, and the onlookers could only see the overall shape of the flower.

The instant the illusionary shadow of the flower appeared, the strongest and most intense cries of surprise as well as uproars rose in this treasure gambling event. There was even an unknown amount of people who had stood up. In fact, some of them had almost flown into the sky instinctively.

"A shadow! That's a shadow!"

"A... A shadow actually appeared? What flower is that?"

"A Ghost Spirit Flower! That's... That's a Ghost Spirit Flower! It's a three-petaled Ghost Spirit Flower!"

"Dual colors and a shadow. Damn it, that Battle Shaman really made a killing this time. We just need to see how far his flower has fossilized. If the fossilization is only of a seven portions of the whole thing and it still contains a three tenths of its medicinal properties, then he will definitely get a price higher than the hair that was sold just now!!"

For the first time, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple could not hide a brief instance of shock that shook him. He stood up and stared at the illusionary picture of the three-petaled Ghost Spirit Flower with desire shining in his eyes.

He was not the only one. At that moment, almost every single person within the eight halls in the area were staring fixedly at the picture!

"Ghost Spirit Flower... This flower cannot be made into medicine, but it can give birth to a Ghost Spirit, which is its biggest use. This Ghost Spirit can go anywhere it likes, and it is practically impossible for all seals in the world to try and stop it. Once it hides itself away, it will be incredibly difficult to find that Ghost Spirit... Legend has it that if someone obtained the five-petaled Ghost Spirit Flower, then the Five Ghost Spell might appear..."

"The Five Ghost Spell can be fused into the caster's body, and once it is done, the caster will turn into a spirit that cannot be seen even if heaven decided to open its eyes!"

That Battle Shaman really has insane luck. He... He actually managed to find the Ghost Spirit Flower! Wait, something's not right..." Nan Gong Hen was stunned in his place, and as he mumbled to himself, he suddenly widened his eyes.

The Battle Shaman was laughing maniacally in the sky at the moment. He looked so worked up that it seemed like his blood vessels were about to burst. He shivered, and the only thing lacking in his whole bout of excitement was him lifting his head and roaring at the sky. However, gradually, his expression changed to one of disbelief, and he whipped his head around to look at Su Ming.

At the same time, more people had also begun to tell that something was off...

"What a scam!! The man didn't get that shadow, it's the person beside him who got it!"

"The man still has that dual-colored light, but that Mo Su beside him was the one who got that shadow of the Ghost Spirit Flower just now..."

The noise from the uproars became more intense, and the numerous pairs of eyes straight up ignored the middle-aged man to focus on Su Ming. Their discussions shook the sky and earth.

Su Ming's expression remained calm, but he was also beginning to feel a little nervous. He did not expect that a shadow would appear for him.

"My boy Mo Su, sell that Crimson Stone to me. Heh heh, we can negotiate the price!" Tie Mu's voice immediately traveled forth from within the eight halls. At the same time, Tie Mu even walked out of his hall and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming as he chuckled.

Chapter 449: I Wonder, How Much Will You Offer Now?

"Sir, if you sell that stone to the Great Tribe of Sky World, then we are willing to pay 3,000,000 Shaman Crystals for it!" Another person walked out rapidly from another hall and wrapped his fist in his palm with a smile towards Su Ming. It was a middle-aged scholar who was dressed very elegantly. However, there was also a unique temperament within him.

"We... of Autumn Sea Tribe are willing to buy that stone for 4,000,000 Shaman Crystals." Once Tie Mu and the person from the Great Tribe of Sky World walked out, Wan Qiu's gentle voice came from the third hall.

When she spoke up, she walked out in all her tall and slim glory, with her hair spilling down her shoulders and dancing in the wind, causing her to be filled with so much beauty that she could cause hearts to race. She looked at Su Ming, and there was a scrutinizing look in her gaze, as if she wanted to see through the mask at his true appearance.

"You're thinking of buying that Ghost Spirit Flower with just 4,000,000 Shaman Crystals? Even though you can't turn that flower into medicine, but once you are able to hide yourself successfully with it, it will be practically impossible to find you in the world. We're buying that flower with 5,000,000!"

Once Wan Qiu spoke, a cold harrumph traveled through the air.

That cold harrumph belonged to a woman that walked out from another hall. Her white robes, profound gaze, and the graceful presence made it clear that she was the Celestial Maiden from the Immortal's Hidden Dragon Sect!

She had no idea why herself, but when she saw the Sacred Lady from Autumn Sea Tribe, she despised her, especially when she saw the scrutiny in her eyes when she looked at Su Ming. She detested that look.

Wan Qiu frowned and looked towards the Celestial Maiden dressed in white. The gazes of these two outstanding and beautiful women clashed in midair.

"I'll offer 6,000,000!" When the two women's gazes clashed with each other, a gentle voice traveled forth slowly from the hall to the side. That voice was very gentle and even sounded slightly fragile, and with the voice came a woman with long hair. While she was not breathtakingly beautiful, she was a woman that gave others a feeling that she was a very gentle person.

That woman... was Tian Lan Meng.

When she walked out, there was a smile on her face. She ignored Wan Qiu and the Celestial Maiden in white turning to look at her, choosing instead to look at Su Ming as she spoke softly.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. He looked at Wan Qiu, then at the Celestial Maiden in white, then finally at Tian Lan Meng, who was walking. He suddenly felt a slight headache pounding against his head.

"Elder sister, you look quite unfamiliar. Where did you come from?" The Celestial Maiden in white immediately looked towards Tian Lan Meng. That gentle temperament of hers also displeased her.

"Elder sister, you must be joking. Compared to you, I wouldn't dare call myself your elder sister. As to where I come from, I believe I am not obliged to tell you. However,

compared to us, the Sacred Lady from Autumn Sea Tribe must have the clearest background." Tian Lan Meng let out a gentle chuckle. Her voice was feathery soft, but her words were incredibly sharp.

Wan Qiu frowned, and once she swept her gaze past the Celestial Maiden in white and Tian Lan Meng, she looked towards Su Ming.

Once she did so, the Celestial Maiden in white immediately did the same thing and looked towards Su Ming. Even Tian Lan Meng did the same thing and looked towards him with a gentle gaze and with natural ease.

Su Ming was not the only stunned by the sudden appearance of the three women, even Tie Mu was momentarily taken aback. He cast an odd look towards Su Ming, then at the three women, and suddenly started laughing.

"The God of Shamans Temple will be taking this item!"

At that moment, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke unhurriedly. His voice was not loud, but the moment it traveled forth, it stirred up a ripple in the area. As that ripple spread out, all the people felt as if a clap of thunder had just struck beside their ears, and it actually managed to cause the loud discussions in the area to fall silent in an instant.

The domineering presence in that voice made Su Ming feel that if he chose to disobey, then his only outcome would be death. It was a straight up disregard for his existence!

Su Ming frowned under the mask.

"I wonder, how much is the God of Shamans Temple offering?" Su Ming looked towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

"A shadow might have appeared, but we can't be certain whether there is truly something within the stone. 1,000,000 Shaman Crystals!" The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple stated calmly.

If the man beside Su Ming who had found that dual-colored light had done so at any other time, he would definitely be the center of attention. However, he could only become a decoration, standing there with incredible disgruntlement.

While the rays of unusual light were rare, but there would be some that would shine with that unusual light among the hundred of the Crimson Stones. It had already appeared twice, but this was the first time a shadow had formed!

Su Ming's lips curled up in a cold smile. He wanted to buy his Crimson Stone with just 1,000,000? That could not even be considered a price. Without another word, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the Enchanted light ring. It immediately started

spinning swiftly before slicing down on the Crimson Stone once again. The resolution he showed as he cut down on the stone shocked and scared all those who saw it.

After all, if he did not cut down on that stone carefully, then he would destroy the treasure inside!

However, with that one slash, not only did Su Ming not destroy that stone, he even made the crowd underneath erupt forth with intense cries of surprise in the midst of their silence.

"It's the light! The light has appeared!"

A red light shone from the cut in Su Ming's Crimson Stone. Adding together with the shadow that showed up just now, the appearance of the light exponentially increased the possibility that there was a medicinal herb in the stone!

Nan Gong Hen was incredibly excited and agitated. When he saw Su Ming's actions in midair, he also felt his heart stop in fear and shock. However, just as he, along with many others, thought that Su Ming would stop, he cast the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple a glance.

"Now, how much will you offer?"

Once he finished asking, Su Ming pointed at the Enchanted Vessel. As that Enchanted light ring buzzed, it sliced down on the stone once again, and with a bang, another corner of the Crimson Stone was cut off, and the second ray of light appeared!

The two glowing rays caused the uproars in the crowd underneath to become so intense it looked as if those sounds could not be forced down!

"Dual-colored lights and a shadow, the Ghost Spirit Flower is definitely in that stone!!"

"That Mo Su sure is resolute. He didn't even look at the stone and cut down twice. That's... That's way too risky!"

Su Ming looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple and asked languidly, "Now, how much will you offer?"

"3,000,000!" The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple glared at Su Ming, and his expression gradually turned freezing cold.

Su Ming smiled, then as he lifted his right hand, he decided to stop using the Enchanted light ring to continue cutting into the stone and seized at the air. Immediately, the Crimson Stone that was now only half the height of a normal person floated towards him.

With a flash of green in his hand, the small sword shot out and pierced through the Crimson Stone. Once it made several holes, Su Ming slammed his hand onto the stone. Fine cracks appeared, and a small part of it crumbled with a bang.

When that small part of the stone shattered, distorted ripples appeared in the air above the Crimson Stone once again, and gradually, a second shadow appeared!

The picture was still that of the Ghost Spirit Flower, but it was no longer as blurred out as before. Instead, it was now much clearer.

"Dual colors and dual shadows!"

"I'm completely certain that there is a Ghost Spirit Flower in this stone, and the rate of its fossilization will not be more than seven tenths of the entire flower!"

"Over the numerous treasure gambling events organized, the dual colors and dual shadows have only appeared fifteen times. I didn't expect that I would be able to see this sight with my own eyes today!"

As the crowd underneath were engaged in intense discussions, Su Ming looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple once again.

"I wonder, how much will you offer now?"

Chapter 450: The Arrival of God Seal!

"Still 3,000,000."

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple glared at Su Ming coldly. To him, while this person had been a little smart just now, but clearly, he was not tactful. Even if he could fight against a Latter Shaman, under the Grand Elder's immense power, this person would only be able to crumble like a leaf torn apart by furious wind, and he would not be able to resist.

To him, this price was already enough. In the past, the highest price that had been offered by the God of Shamans Temple ever had been 5,000,000. With that price in comparison, if this person did not agree to 3,000,000, then there was no longer any need for the Grand Elder to seek his approval for the price.

Su Ming cast the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple a glance. If he had not made precise preparations beforehand, then as of now, his only way would be to sell the stone.

However, since Su Ming had the courage to stand there and had even dared to say such words to the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, then naturally, he already knew what was going to happen next.

At that moment, he chose not to speak any longer. Instead, he lifted his right hand, and with a flash of green, he cut down on the Crimson Stone. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming continued cutting the stone while referring to the picture on the center of the small, black humanoid's brows.

After some time, right under numerous pairs of eyes, the Crimson Stone shattered with a bang, and as a large amount of stone chips fell off and scattered away, a transparent mountain rock about the size of a head appeared in Su Ming's palm!

The mountain rock was translucent and glittered with crystalline sparkles, making it seem as if it contained light. There was a black flower sealed within. Two of its petals had fossilized, but there was one petal that was still overflowing with life. The face of the malicious ghost on the black petal looked as if it was smiling savagely.

The instant the Ghost Spirit Flower was excavated and revealed before the people's gazes, a shocking uproar broke out along with it. Some of the pairs of eyes that were focused on the flower were filled with jealousy, some with envy, some with madness, some with complicated feelings, along with all sorts of other emotions. All of human expressions could be found in the crowd on the ground.

"It's truly the Ghost Spirit Flower, and... one of the petals is still very much alive!"

"That petal is already fully grown and has lived for many years. As long as the method is correct, this person can produce his very first Ghost!"

"Damn it, I placed a bid for this stone in the start, but... but why didn't I continue fighting for it?!"

As the people's voices around the area turned into buzzing, Nan Gong Hen widened his eyes and his breathing quickened. He stared at Su Ming, and a brilliant shine gradually appeared in his eyes.

'Brother Mo's luck is seriously insane. He just offhandedly bought a Crimson Stone and managed to get a Ghost Spirit Flower. The fossilization of the whole flower is over a six tenths, but if we look at just that one petal... then this is a complete flower that is not at all affected by the fossilization!

'The value of that flower is at least 7,000,000!'

Su Ming looked at the mountain rock floating above his palm, and with a flip of his hand, it immediately disappeared. Then, without even looking at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, he turned around and walked towards the crowd underneath.

The people who had walked out of the eight halls just now simply cast their gazes at Su Ming but did not stop him. After all, the price given by the God of Shamans Temple was simply too low, and if any of them were in Su Ming's place, they would not accept it either.

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple was also looking at Su Ming's back as he walked to the ground. His expression was still as sullen as ever, but he did not speak. In his mind, while the Ghost Spirit Flower was a good item, it was still not valuable enough for him to snatch it right before the people. As long as Su Ming was in the World of Nine Yin, then everything was possible. He did not need to rush into things for now.

As for the man who was beside Su Ming and had managed to obtain the dual-colored light, when he saw the strange atmosphere around him, he hesitated for a moment before he decided to simply grit his teeth and continue cutting into his stone. As he continued and as the dual-colored light shone, the people's gazes gradually gathered on him.

Su Ming returned to the ground and back to his seat. The three youths immediately gathered around him excitedly, and the Shamans around the area too wrapped their fists in their palms to greet him. They originally wanted to approach him, but Nan Gong Hen glared at all of them and pushed them all away with a cold harrumph, completely not bothering with the boisterous and friendly personality he displayed before the people previously.

Towards Su Ming, Nan Gong Hen was filled with non-malicious envy that could not be concealed. He looked at Su Ming, then thought about himself, and as he laughed wryly, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Brother Mo... I'm impressed, I'm absolutely impressed!"

In Nan Gong Hen's eyes, Su Ming was a man filled with astonishing wonders. He could bring Nan Gong Hen through a foreign world filled with threats and arrive at Shaman City safely while avoiding all dangers. He could fight against Tie Mu with just his power as a Medial Shaman. More importantly, after that fight, his relationship with Tie Mu had turned into one as if they had never tried to kill each other. From Tie Mu's words, he seemed to have somewhat acknowledged Su Ming.

When they were in the land of the Spirits of Nine Yin, Su Ming had also shocked Nan Gong Hen because he had absolutely not expected that Su Ming would rent that shameless guardian Spirit of Nine Yin, and just when he had thought Su Ming had to be a pitiful man, he found out that he himself was the pitiful one.

It was as if there was a mysterious layer of fog surrounding Su Ming. The more you wanted to see through him and the more you wanted to get into his mind, the more you would be lost trying to figure him out.

Now, when Nan Gong Hen witnessed Su Ming buying that Crimson Stone offhandedly and causing such a huge stir when he extracted that Ghost Spirit Flower, he came to a sudden realization.

‘There must be some mysterious power in Mo Su. That power is invisible and doesn’t have form. It cannot be seen, cannot be touched, but its existence will cause others to be unable to figure him out... Yup, if I stay beside a person with this sort of power, then perhaps I will also get some of that power...’

Nan Gong Hen’s eyes shone brilliantly. He giggled as he looked at Su Ming, but soon changed his expression and whispered softly.

"Brother Mo, we have to be careful of the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. That person’s power is incredibly great and he’s brutal... My father is also in a constant state of isolation as well, so he’s not as intimidating as before, I might not be able to use his name to keep this person down..." With a face as if Su Ming was an accomplice of his, Nan Gong Hen talked to him with a frown.

At that moment, the Crimson Stones numbered 701 to 800 were in auction. Perhaps it was because Su Ming had managed to find the Ghost Spirit Flower, as of then, the subsequent Crimson Stones that were being auctioned had reached a rather heated state.

"Brother Mo, you also have to pay attention. If we take a fancy to any other Crimson Stone and enter the bidding, the people around us will also begin bidding for it in a mad craze..." As Nan Gong Hen spoke, the intention to work with Su Ming truly rose within him, and he begun addressing Su Ming and himself as ‘we’.

"Er... brother Nan Gong, you don’t have to worry about that. While I do have some Crimson Stones I like, I’m lacking in Shaman Crystals. I won’t place any more bids." Su Ming shook his head.

"I have! Brother Mo, don’t worry. You just have to place your bids. We’re definitely going to make a huge profit this time. I prepared a lot of Shaman Crystals for the treasure gambling event this time! By that time, we brothers can... Heh heh, we can talk about how we’ll split up our profits later." Nan Gong Hen’s whole entire face was lit up with a smile, and there was an eager look in his eyes.

He had come to a great revelation - He must follow Su Ming closely and fight together with him. If he did that, then no matter how bad it would be, he would still not be... as pitiful as he was when he was conned to use several millions of Shaman Crystals to rent a Spirit of Nine Yin, or when all 500,000 of his Shaman Crystals went flying out of his hands in an instant, or when all his other misfortunes happened to him.

"Is that so...?" Su Ming cast Nan Gong Hen a glance.

"Brother Mo, you don't have to hesitate anymore. It's fine. We managed to hit it off right from the start, these materialistic things are nothing compared to our friendship. If you need them, then take it. I will not even frown!" Nan Gong Hen patted his chest.

"All right." Su Ming had no reason to decline. Once he finished speaking, he immediately shouted his bid towards the Crimson Stone in auction at the moment - Crimson Stone No.836.

"500,000!"

Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned. He had originally thought that Su Ming would still remain reserved, and then he would persuade him a little more, and eventually, both of them would reach a consensus while beating around the bush due to their own needs. However, Su Ming had stopped being courteous and immediately jumped right into the auction.

In all honesty, Nan Gong Hen was still a little worried in his heart. After all, his Shaman Crystals did not fall from the sky into his hands. He had in fact obtained them through much effort. When Su Ming offhandedly placed a bid of 500,000, his heart immediately clenched in pain, but he had to look completely not bothered. In fact, he had to even smile and nod towards Su Ming to show that he was being generous.

"Brother Mo, how is the quality of that Crimson Stone?" Nan Gong Hen stared at the Crimson Stone in the sky. No matter what, it did not seem any different from the other stones.

The previous highest bid for this stone was 430,000, but when Su Ming placed his bid of 500,000, it was as if a stone had been thrown at the surface of the water that was the crowd around them, and it immediately caught an immense amount of attention from all the people.

It was just as Nan Gong Hen had expected. In truth, many people were paying attention to Su Ming's side and were already prepared to follow his footsteps the moment he placed a bid to buy another Crimson Stone.

When they heard Su Ming calling out his bid of 500,000, many people instantly felt fired up and started shouting their bids.

"550,000!"

"600,000!"

"640,000!"

"660,000!"

When Su Ming saw that the price for the Crimson Stone was getting higher, he turned his head around to cast Nan Gong Hen a glance, who was carefully hiding his anxiety underneath his calm attitude.

"Brother Nan Gong, how many Shaman Crystals do you have?"

"Er... I still have 2,000,000 something, I think..." Nan Gong Hen's heart lurched into his throat.

"750,000!" Once Su Ming heard his answer, he yelled out his bid once again. When his voice fell into Nan Gong Hen's ears, it made his heart constrict, and he felt conflicted, but he still had to force out a smile, all while looking approving of Su Ming's actions.

"Brother Mo, how is the quality of the stone?" Nan Gong Hen's heart was already racing in his chest as he instinctively asked.

"I don't know." Su Ming's words almost made Nan Gong Hen's vision turn completely black.

"800,000!" Once Su Ming shouted his bid, someone else immediately placed another bid. Clearly, he was fully intent on snatching away the Crimson Stone Su Ming had taken an interest to.

There was already red in Nan Gong Hen's eyes. He glared at the spot where the voice that placed that bid came from and whispered to Su Ming, "Should we add?"

"Forget it, we'll place our bids for our next stone." Su Ming shook his head. That Crimson Stone was eventually bought by someone with the high price of 800,000 Shaman Crystals.

Chapter 452

Nan Gong Hen's heart was convulsing wildly in his heart when he heard Su Ming's words. If Nan Gong Hen himself was using his own Shaman Crystals to buy that Crimson Stone, he would not feel this way, but when he was looking at someone else using his Shaman Crystals to place bids, the feeling was completely different.

He had been completely willing to do so and had even made this proposal to Su Ming, but even so, when he truly came face to face with this reality he still could not help but feel his heart clench in pain.

When Crimson Stone No.837 was to be auctioned off, Su Ming placed a bid once again, and with each subsequent stone, he would do the same thing. With each bid he placed, Nan Gong Hen's heart would surge intensely, and he was already a mess of nerves from hearing Su Ming continuously placing those bids.

In fact, there were some times when Su Ming would place his bid in such a resolute manner that he gave the others a feeling that he absolutely wanted to get it. Based on this, the crowd started competing for that particular stone even more intensely.

However, there were still many people who had seen that there was something off with Su Ming's actions, but since this was a gamble in the first place, they could not say anything about it.

Gradually, Nan Gong Hen also saw the meaning behind Su Ming's actions as he placed those bids, but just as he was feeling delighted about it, Su Ming started bidding at a pace that made Nan Gong Hen's heart lurch in fear.

"800,000!"

"900,000!"

"1,000,000!!"

"Brother... Brother Mo, this..." Nan Gong Hen was just about to speak when Su Ming stood up.

"1,500,000!"

He placed that bid without any hesitation and swept his gaze across the crowd, putting on a look that he was definitely going to get that stone. When Nan Gong Hen saw Su Ming's look, he became slightly excited in the midst of his anxiety. With bloodshot eyes, he also glared at the people around them, making it seem like if there was anyone else who placed another bid, then he would become his mortal enemy!

"1,600,000!" A low voice suddenly shot out from among the crowd, and the person who placed that bid was the man who had obtained the dual-colored light beside Su Ming. The man gritted his teeth, and his eyes were similarly bloodshot.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, and when he gritted his teeth and shouted, "1,800,000!" Nan Gong Hen's anxiety had reached its peak, and his breathing had even begun to quicken.

"1,900,000!"

The man lifted his head and stared at Crimson Stone No. 897, and the more he looked at it, the more he felt that it was similar to Crimson Stone No.697. Besides, he had been continuously observing Su Ming, and Su Ming had been the most persistent when he placed his bids for this stone, that was why he had gritted his teeth to place such a gamble.

"2,000,000!" Yet after the man placed his bid, another voice immediately roared, but this time, it was not Su Ming who had shouted, it was Nan Gong Hen, who screamed at the top of his voice.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"2,100,000!!" The man was already close to the brink of asphyxiation as he shouted madly.

Nan Gong Hen widened his eyes, and just as he was about to continue, Su Ming let out a fake cough and pulled Nan Gong Hen's arm.

"We're giving up."

"Okay... Huh?"

Nan Gong Hen instinctively nodded, then was immediately stunned, though realization dawned on him soon after. He looked at Su Ming with a wry smile as he mumbled in his heart that he was not a dumb idiot, he was just influenced by the atmosphere in the area. Once he understood the meaning behind Su Ming's actions, he could do nothing but laugh wryly.

'Damn it, it's only because these aren't his Shaman Crystals. If I was in his place, I would also have the guts to do the same thing...' Nan Gong Hen grumbled in his heart, but still had to force a smile on his face while looking generous.

"These Shaman Crystals are nothing. If you like this Crimson Stone, then we'll fight for it!" Nan Gong Hen said in a rather bold tone.

As he looked at Nan Gong Hen, Su Ming blinked. In truth, when the man shouted that bid of 1,800,000, he had already given up. After all, he was placing his bids at random so that no one would be able to tell what he wanted to truly buy, that was why Nan Gong Hen's shout had made even Su Ming nervous.

Each time he placed a bid for Crimson Stones numbered 830 to 900, he would leave some space for himself to retreat by doing so cautiously. Besides, this batch of Crimson Stones had to be cracked open at the same time, and there were always other lucky people around. By doing so, he had dug a hole for many people to fall into.

When these one hundred Crimson Stones were cracked open, the atmosphere grew so intense that it had become even more heated up than before. After all, most of these buyers had spent a much larger amount of money, and had even snatched them away from Su Ming's hands, especially that Crimson Stone sold for 2,100,000. That was the stone that was sold for the highest price in this auction.

However, as the Crimson Stones were cracked open and as they rumbled in the air before they shattered, the shouts from the crowd became even stronger, but all those voices were filled with disappointment.

Nan Gong Hen looked at the one hundred people in the sky returning with pale and dejected faces, and a smug look appeared on his face.

It was especially so for person with the Crimson Stone that was bought for 2,100,000. When it completely shattered under the crowd's nervous gazes, the man stood stunned in the air for a moment before coughing out a mouthful of blood and staggering back. The cutting of this batch was then over.

It was strange as well. Among the one hundred Crimson Stone, only one of them shone with a faint ray of unusual light, but it was no different from others; it was empty.

Once the cracking was over and the last batch of Crimson Stones to be auctioned off from the one thousand stones arrived, the crowd had obviously become wary of Su Ming. The thought of following in his footsteps had become much weaker.

Which was why Su Ming only needed to spend 400,000 to buy Crimson Stone No.901...

Once that short auction was over, Su Ming had bought four Crimson Stones. Besides numbers 901 and 949, there were another two which had fallen into Su Ming's hands because there was no one else who was willing to continue placing bids.

Nan Gong Hen had spent nearly 2,000,000 Shaman Crystals when the final sum came out. It made his heart clench in pain, but he was most anxious that he might be just wasting all his money. He had looked over at Su Ming multiple times, but since the other's expression could not be seen due to his mask, it made Nan Gong Hen even more anxious.

When the time came for these stones to be cut open, Su Ming flew into the midair. His appearance immediately attracted numerous pairs of gazes, especially Nan Gong Hen's, who was incessantly longing for a miracle to happen.

'It'll definitely work! It'll absolutely work!' Nan Gong Hen gulped. As of then, Su Ming was the only thing that existed in his world.

When Su Ming stood beside the Enchanted light rings, not only was the crowd on the ground looking at him, the people from the eight halls around also looked over, including that Grand Elder from the God of Shamans Temple.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel. Immediately, that Enchanted Vessel expanded and enveloped Crimson Stone No.901 within. Sizzling reverberated in the air, and even the other people who were supposed to be cracking open their stones decided to first look at Su Ming.

Su Ming closed his eyes and focused his divine sense on the small black humanoid in his storage bag. Gradually, as the small humanoid shuddered, a picture slowly appeared at the center of his brows. Within that picture was a four-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass!

Su Ming had known about the existence of that Dragon Leaf Grass beforehand. Two of its leaves had already fossilized and withered away. While there were still two that were alive, they did not have enough life force within them and looked rather wilted. It could not compare to the seven-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass Su Ming had. In fact, it was rather similar to the one the white-robed man from Nine Shaman Pavilion had brought out.

With skillful movements, Su Ming opened his eyes right under the people's gazes, and the light ring he controlled started spinning rapidly. With a boom, it split that Crimson Stone in half, and once it was split apart, a dual-colored light immediately appeared.

But that was not all, as Su Ming turned the Crimson Stone around and cut down once again, a golden light was added to that dual-colored light!

Red, blue, and gold intertwined with each other and immediately began shining in the crowd's sight. This time, even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple could not keep his cool. His expression visibly changed, and he was filled with shock.

If even he was reacting this way, then it was much more so for the other people. After a short period of silence, the crowd immediately burst into an uproar that caused such a powerful wave of sound that it surged into the sky.

Nan Gong Hen was the most worked up and excited among them. He stood there and laughed heartily towards the sky. That excited look was akin to the sort of uncontrollable excitement that would only be experienced by gamblers who saw the light of victory during the instant that determined their win or loss after placing most of their money as a gambling chip.

"Three-colored light..."

"Just where did this Mo Su come from? How... How could he have such insane luck? He was the one who found that Ghost Spirit Flower previously, and now, he got himself a three-colored light for his second stone!"

"My boy Mo, why don't you sell that Crimson Stone to me? I'll give you 1,500,000 for it!" Tie Mu immediately rushed to speak.

Su Ming turned around and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Tie Mu, then lifted his right hand and pointed at the Enchanted Vessel again. With one slash, a large part of the Crimson Stone was cut off once again. At the same time, the light ring spun rapidly, and as dust scattered into the air, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple

stared ahead with a grim face. He was not looking at that Crimson Stone, but at Su Ming!

He refused to believe that there would be such a lucky person in the world!

"Sir, why don't you sell that stone to our tribe? We're willing to pay 1,800,000 for it!" As the light ring spun, another person quickly shouted his price.

Su Ming did not bother himself with the person. He continued controlling the light ring to cut into the stone, and after some time, a glint appeared in his eyes and he lifted his right hand swiftly to tap the wrecked stone. With that one tap, the stone crumbled with a bang, and what appeared in Su Ming's palm was a small transparent mountain rock. The Dragon Leaf Grass could be seen clearly.

"Dragon Leaf Grass! That's a four-leaved Dragon Leaf Grass!!"

"Two of them are still alive. That herb might not be as valuable as Ghost Spirit Flower, but it's still a rare item. I heard that it can cure all the poison in the world, and this is an effect that is unique to this herb!"

"We of Wave Gatherer Tribe are willing to pay 2,700,000 Shaman Crystals for Dragon Leaf Grass!"

"You want to buy that Dragon Leaf Grass with just 2,700,000? We of Nine Shaman Pavilion are willing to pay 3,200,000 for it!"

Nan Gong Hen's heart thundered against his chest. He had never felt this sort of excitement ever since he entered the World of Nine Yin. As he listened to the voices making those offerings, his breathing became increasingly quicker.

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. The herb he had was obviously of a much higher quality than the one in his hand. He dipped his head down and cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen, then threw the transparent mountain rock in his hand to him.

"Brother Nan Gong, you should decide on how you will deal with this stone."

Nan Gong Hen laughed heartily towards the sky, then charged into midair with one leap. Once he caught that transparent mountain rock, he grinned at the people around him. The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple frowned.

Chapter 453

The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple did not bother himself with how Nan Gong Hen would deal with that Dragon Leaf Grass. Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air, then the second stone flew towards him. Once he placed that mountain rock into the Enchanted Vessel, Su Ming immediately pointed at the ring, and buzzing

sounds reverberated in the air. He had bought this Crimson Stone at random and had absolutely no idea what was in there.

At that moment, as the Enchanted Vessel started spinning around rapidly, the Crimson Stone became smaller, and eventually, it crumbled, and there was nothing inside.

When the onlookers saw Su Ming's failure, they felt a little bit better about themselves. If Su Ming had found another item, then it would be difficult for them to believe that this was still luck...

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever; he did not feel too much pain at his loss. He seized the third Crimson Stone through the air, and once he placed it in the Enchanted Vessel, he cut down into it without any hesitation.

Su Ming had originally not thought about managing to find anything, but right after he cut into that stone, suddenly, a ray of unusual light shone from the cut.

The appearance of that light immediately caught the attention of numerous pairs of gazes.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, and while there was not much change on his face, his heart begun racing. This was different from when he cut open those Crimson Stones when he was confident that there was something inside. This sort of feeling towards the unknown, this sort of feeling where his heart shook with excitement, this sort of feeling where he did not know what was contained inside the Crimson Stone made Su Ming understand for the first time why these people were so enthusiastic about the treasure gambling event.

Su Ming's heartbeat quickened slightly. With his eyes fixed on the Crimson Stone, he controlled the light ring and started scraping its surface rapidly. As he did so, the Crimson Stone became smaller. After a moment, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. A sharp needle immediately appeared from the light ring and pierced through the Crimson Stone. After repeating the same action several times, he had the light ring cut the stone once again, and immediately, only a small part of the Crimson Stone was left.

However, there was only one ray of unusual light on that small half of the Crimson Stone, but even though there was only one ray, that light was incredibly eye-catching!

Su Ming's heart raced even quicker. This was something he had never felt before. Just as he was hesitating on how he should cut into the stone once again, the people who had finished trading with Nan Gong Hen looked towards him.

"Ahem, my boy Mo, since the Dragon Leaf Grass has been sold to Nine Shaman Pavilion, why don't you sell that stone to me? I'll pay you 1,500,000 for it."

"I'll pay 1,700,000 for it!" Wan Qiu said calmly at that moment. Right up to that moment, she had her eyes fixed on Su Ming to continue observing him.

Once she spoke, the Celestial Maiden in white also named her price, and Tian Lan Meng followed suit.

When he saw Tian Lan Meng, Su Ming's heart surged, but this was not the moment for them to get acquainted with each other. Besides, Su Ming, who had left the land of the Berserkers, also felt a little complicated towards Tian Lan Meng.

When he saw the three women speaking altogether again, he fell into pensive silence for a moment. He was a little reluctant to sell the stone just like this, which was why he decided that he might as well cut into it once again.

As he cut into the stone and as those rumbling sounds echoed in the air, when the Crimson Stone was fully cracked open, the ray of unusual light disappeared. When Su Ming saw that the stone was empty, a bitter smile appeared on his lips.

He had finally come to understand this heart pounding feeling, and had also come to understand how exactly Nan Gong Hen felt when he smiled this way.

'I could have sold it for 1,000,000 something Shaman Crystals, but now...' Su Ming sighed deeply. This sort of feeling that came from treasure gambling could indeed stir up a person's desires.

The two consecutive failures made the gazes gathered on Su Ming become much more normal. In most people's eyes, Su Ming perhaps really possessed a certain amount of luck.

Even the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Tribe had shifted his gaze away from Su Ming.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Once he had experienced the excitement that came from gambling, he still felt that being completely certain that he would gain something was what he preferred the most. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, Crimson Stone No.949 floated slowly towards him.

As he stared at this Crimson Stone, Su Ming hesitated.

He was pretty certain that the item contained within this Crimson Stone would perhaps cause an even greater stir than when he extracted that Ghost Spirit Flower. Even though the herb in there had withered, but at its roots, which also did not have a lot of life force left, there was a venomous wasp sleeping inside!

That wasp was clearly an ancient being that came from ages ago. It was difficult to predict whether it was strong or weak, but based on what Su Ming had heard from Wu

Duo and Nan Gong Hen about these Crimson Stones people had been extracting medicinal herbs, Enchanted treasures, and all sorts of other things... just not living beings!

It was just like the small black humanoid. While it could be considered as a living being, compared to the venomous wasp in the Crimson Stone before him, the wasp was truly alive!

'Living beings are even rarer than every other type of objects... Once I crack this stone open, then I will definitely cause a stir in this place...' Su Ming swept his gaze past the crowd underneath, then the people in the eight halls, and even the sullen Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple before he averted his gaze and looked at his Crimson Stone.

'Well, I'd like to see just how you would dare to steal my things!'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He, who had come to an agreement with the old Spirit of Nine Yin that could fight against an End Shaman, now had the right to say these words.

He calmed his breathing and started getting prepared for the madness that might come from the item he was going to extract. Once he spent a moment to get ready, he slowly lifted his hand and pressed it on the Enchanted light ring. Immediately, the lights from the light ring criss-crossed each other and started scraping at the stone.

Su Ming's stern look gradually made the people who were watching him from underneath to become serious as well. At that moment, Su Ming had his eyes closed. The small, black humanoid did not tremble too harshly under his divine sense, and it proved Su Ming's assumptions regarding him true. It would only react strongly towards medicinal herbs.

Right now, most of the medicinal herb in the Crimson Stone had withered, and only the roots had any form of life remaining. That was why its stimulation towards the small humanoid was much weaker.

Just as Su Ming was about to start cutting into the stone according to the picture at the center of the small humanoid's brows which he saw through his divine sense, he was suddenly stunned, because he saw the small black humanoid in his storage bag shrinking slightly.

This shrinking meant that it was flinching back. It was not trembling. Su Ming was certain that it was not a figment of his imagination. Uncertainty appeared in his heart. However, his expression remained as usual as he controlled the light ring to continue scraping at the stone. As the speed with which the ring scraped away at the stone increased and as more of the stone dissipated into dust, Su Ming discovered to his shock that the small black humanoid in his storage bag flinched away once again!

It was flinching away, in a manner that was filled with fear. There was even an expression of pain and fear on his face at the moment. Su Ming looked at the change, and bewilderment rose in his heart.

Before the Crimson Stone was scraped away, the small, black humanoid still looked normal, but as it shrank and the thing inside was gradually revealed, the small, black humanoid started showing obvious changes in his expression.

Su Ming opened his eyes and frowned, but did not stop controlling that light ring. He only became even more cautious. Slowly but certainly, once most of the Crimson Stone was gone, that small black humanoid of his was already utterly horrified.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's gaze, and he decided to simply control the light ring and slice down at that Crimson Stone. That one cut immediately caused the mountain rock to lose another huge chunk of itself.

Right at that moment, distorted ripples appeared in the sky above the Crimson Stone. Soon after, an indistinct picture formed between the sky and earth!

That picture was that of an incredibly ordinary looking green plant. It had quite a lot of leaves and was entirely green. If someone absolutely had to mention something different about it, then they would mention that there was a golden line within each of its leaves!

Although the picture was indistinct, the golden lines were very clear.

The instant the shadow appeared, the crowd underneath burst into an uproar once again. However, the commotion this time only lasted for a moment before it fell into dead silence the next instant.

The reason for that dead silence was the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, who had flown into the sky from the hall for the first time. His hair moved without wind, and there was an expression on his face, it was so stern, like nothing seen on his face before. In fact, the onlookers could even see his excitement faintly, one so great that he could not control!

To an old monster who had walked down the path of cultivation for many years and was already half way into becoming an End Shaman, there were very few things in the world that would cause him to be so excited. However, right at that moment, the old man could no longer control his own emotions!

All of this was due to the shadow that appeared in the sky!

"God String... That's the God String Leaf!!" Nan Gong Hen mumbled, then his expression changed and he cried out his last few words in surprise. As his voice

reached others, Tie Mu also recognized the medicinal herb which he had once seen in an illustrated book!

"This is... Could this truly be the God String Leaf? One of the legendary nine mysterious treasures in the World of Nine Yin, the auxiliary leaf of the God Sealing Flower?!"

Wan Qiu was filled with disbelief. She stared at the indistinct medicinal herb in that illusionary picture, and her breathing quickened.

The Celestial Maiden in white shuddered. She looked at the illusionary picture, then at Su Ming, and her face turned pale.

Tian Lan Meng frowned, but before she had time to think, a hoarse voice spoke behind her. As it did, Sky Mist's ancestor walked out of the hall for the first time!

"The nine mysterious treasures of the World of Nine Yin were pictures carved into the back of the stone monument erected in this place in the past. One of them has the name of the God Sealing Flower. There is a unique characteristic to this flower, and when it blooms, its auxiliary leaf, the Golden String Leaf, would appear around it. They are also known as the God String Leaf.

"This God String Leaf has no use... but its appearance means that the nine mysterious treasures are not legends. They... are real!" The voice of Sky Mist's ancestor echoed in Tian Lan Meng's ears. She could hear just how worked up her ancestor was from his voice.

"God Sealing Flower... God Sealing Flower... Legend has it that the flower's nectar contains the power of the World Plane. Just drinking a sip of it... would cause your appearance to never change, for your power to instantly increase exponentially, and so quickly that it could turn a mortal into an Immortal!

"It can make us Cultivators surpass our current Realms and improve by leaps and bounds. It can also let us sense the power of the World Plane!

"This Crimson Stone, or perhaps even the Crimson Stones after this... will have that God Sealing Flower, or else the Golden String Leaf wouldn't have appeared out of nowhere!"

"My fellow tribesmen, Nan Gong Hen of the God of Shamans Temple was the one who bought this stone. If anyone dares to snatch the stone away from me, then don't blame me for turning against you and killing you. Guards of the God of Shamans, where are you?!"

Once the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple saw that illusionary picture, he took a huge step forward and a monstrous presence surged out from his entire body as he walked towards Su Ming, though he absolutely paid no heed about Su Ming. He

cared only about the other people from the big tribes. As for Su Ming, he was only an existence akin to an ant before him!

At the moment his words reached the crowd, several hundreds of presences instantly burst forth from within Shaman City. They turned into long arcs and charged forth towards this place from all over Shaman City.

Chapter 451: Appearance of the Spirit of Nine Yin!

All the people within those hundreds of long arcs were like arrows that had been fired off their bows. As they charged forth, they brought with them powerful presences as if they were coming together from all directions to become one, as if they wanted to tear through air.

These people were one of the backbones of the God of Shamans Temple, which they had developed over numerous years. They were stationed in the World of Nine Yin at all times and would not easily leave. They came from all sorts of tribes, but at that moment, they were no longer thinking about glory or their sense of belonging towards their own families, but only about the God of Shamans Temple!

Each of them had gone through bloody hardships, experienced the biting, cold brutality of life and death trails. In fact, none of them had names anymore. They only had the battle titles left behind by their predecessors.

Most of them had yet to become Latter Shamans, but even the weakest among them was a Medial Shaman!

As they charged forth, a monstrous, murderous aura spread out from their bodies, causing a large vortex formed by murderous aura to appear and start spinning in the air slowly.

The Guards of the God of Shamans would not easily leave, but now that they had appeared, it could be seen that their arrival signalled that the God of Shamans Temple would stop at nothing to get Su Ming's Crimson Stone!

Tie Mu's expression changed. Once he swept his gaze past the vortex that was formed from the murderous aura coming from the charging long arcs, he looked at Su Ming's Crimson Stone. Then with a dark face, he took a few steps backwards, but he did not return to his hall with his tribe members as a signal of giving up on the stone.

He was waiting, waiting to see what the other tribes would choose.

The middle-aged man from one of the big tribes in the land of the Shamans, the Great Tribe of Sky World, had once offered a price to Su Ming when the Ghost Spirit Flower appeared but stopped when the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke. At that moment, his expression had also turned dark, but in the World of Nine Yin, it was difficult for any big tribes to go against the God of Shamans Temple.

Because the number of people from the God of Shamans Temple who had taken up permanent residence in this place far surpassed the number of all those from big tribes!

Wan Qiu was looking at Su Ming with a slightly complicated look on her face, as if she was hesitating about something.

The Celestial Maiden in white bit her lip. She knew about some of the secrets in the World of Nine Yin, and she also knew that once her sect members learned about this Crimson Stone, they would definitely not give up on it, since it might perhaps truly contain the God Sealing Flower, and she would not be able to stop them... All she could do was to take one step forward.

"You can take that Crimson Stone, but I ask that the God of Shamans Temple does not injure this person!"

As the Celestial Maiden's words were spoken, the Grand Elder who was walking towards Su Ming came to a brief pause. He turned his head around and cast the woman a flat look. A faint glint flashed through his eyes and he nodded.

He was not bothered by the woman, but he was indeed mindful of her status and background... the Immortal Tribe's Hidden Dragon Sect. After all, the relationship between the God of Shamans Temple and Hidden Dragon Sect was rather delicate at the moment.

If the woman had demanded that the God of Shamans Temple did not take that stone, then the old man could just ignore her. After all, not only did that stone belong to the God of Shamans Temple, it would also be highly valued by Hidden Dragon Sect, but she only asked that they did not hurt that little junior, who was really just an ant to him. It was only natural that he did not reject such a small thing.

Tian Lan Meng lowered her head. Even up to that point, she did not speak, and no one would be able to know what she was thinking about.

The crowd underneath had already fallen completely silent. Their gazes were focused on the people in the sky, especially on Su Ming. Most of the people were focused on him.

Some of those gazes were filled with sentiment, some with satisfaction, some with pleasure over Su Ming's misfortune, and some with pity.

The development of everything that had transpired had decided Su Ming's fate. He looked as if he had no power to fight against these people and could only be controlled by other people. After all, power was deciding factor for everything in this place!

How could a puny Medial Shaman hope to fight against the God of Shamans Temple? Even if he could fight against a Latter Shaman, he was still just an ant to the old man who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman.

Nan Gong Hen's face turned pale. He did not expect that the cutting of stones would develop this way. If the old man from the God of Shamans Temple had been alone, he would not have been afraid. In fact, he would even help Su Ming fight against him.

After all, his father was still around. Nan Gong Hen knew that the old man could not do much towards him, at most, he would teach him a lesson.

However, the sudden setback right before his eyes caught him completely by surprise. This was no longer a matter of just the Grand Elder. The Guards of the God of Shamans had made their move. The appearance of the God String Leaf had caused the intensity of this issue to reach incredible heights. This Crimson Stone was no longer what the Grand Elder wanted, but what the God of Shamans Temple wanted!

How should he choose...?

Nan Gong Hen's face turned even paler. On one hand, this was the God of Shamans Temple which he had grown up in since he was young, and to which he was intimately connected, and on the other hand was a friend he had just gotten to know not too long ago.

However, this friend had saved his life... This friend gave him a feeling that they had managed to hit it off incredibly well, even though they had just recently gotten to know each other. This friend had only agreed to buy that Crimson Stone under his request...

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. Almost the instant the old man said those words, he stopped cutting and slapped his right hand against the Crimson Stone containing that God String Leaf. Immediately, he put away that stone into his storage bag and looked at the development of the situation calmly.

He watched the old man from the God of Shamans Temple saying those overbearing words and performing those domineering actions simply because he had a high level of cultivation. He saw the aloof Guards of the God of Shamans in those long arcs around him. He caught Tie Mu shrinking back. He perceived Wan Qiu's hesitation.

Similarly, he also saw Tian Lan Meng, who had lowered her head, and along with her, Sky Mist's ancestor, whose familiar presence made Su Ming's pupils shrink when he walked out.

He also saw that Celestial Maiden in white being the one and only person who spoke for him in this place. Su Ming could sense her concern from her words, but it was difficult to tell whether the source of that concern was because he was that Destiny in her mind, or whether it was because of something else.

But no matter what, Su Ming remembered what the woman in white did.

‘Everything in the world is a cause, if there are no intense changes and if there is nothing that would turn the tides of the world, then it would be difficult for us to see the real nature of people, who are affected by the things in the world... I understand what the elder meant now.’ Su Ming’s face remained calm, and a faint smile even appeared at the corners of his lips.

He looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple walking towards him, looked at the different sorts of gazes from the crowd underneath who were looking at him, looked at Nan Gong Hen who was struggling in his mind, and Su Ming smiled even more brilliantly.

At that moment, he was the center of attention, but this sort of attention was not what he wanted in his heart. An epiphany emerged in his heart, and at the same time, Su Ming felt a hint of loneliness.

He was alone, standing before several tens of thousands of people...

"This is the law of the jungle, a path that would never change no matter how much time passes..." Su Ming sighed softly. With one single move, an illusionary shadow immediately flashed beside him, and his Nascent Soul clone appeared.

The instant his clone appeared, Su Ming’s presence instantly increased by several fold, making him feel as if he was a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak!

As his clone appeared, a faint commotion broke out among the crowd underneath. However, among all the people who were watching Su Ming in the sky, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was walking towards him with an expressionless face was still completely not bothered by it. To the Grand Elder, Su Ming was still an ant.

"Nascent Soul!" The Celestial Maiden was stunned and her eyes went wide.

Sky Mist’s ancestor, who had been watching the entire thing unfold while immersed in his thoughts, narrowed his eyes.

Almost the instant the clone appeared, Su Ming lifted his left hand and swung it behind him. In a moment, a black layer of fog suddenly spread out and filled the area, as it tumbled about beside Su Ming, the Poison Corpse appeared!

As the Poison Corpse walked out, its poison-shrouded appearance and dull eyes caused Su Ming to give others a feeling that he had surpassed being a Medial Shaman who had reached the peak. The clone, the Poison Corpse, and his own self seemed to have gathered together to turn into one full, complete body!

A faint glint appeared in the Grand Elder's eyes, but he was still calm. At that moment, he was less than one thousand feet away from Su Ming. His footsteps were slow, and with each step that fell on empty air, low rumbling sounds would spread out. In fact, the air was also trembling, as if the old man's feet were not stepping on air but on a physical entity!

"Warrior Spirit of Nine Yin!"

With a solemn look on his face, Su Ming swung his right arm before him, and immediately, as the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin shone furiously, a bloodthirsty laughter rang through the air, and the mark disappeared from the back of Su Ming's hand. In the boundless sky, a red bolt of lightning appeared out of nowhere and descended with a boom.

That bolt of lightning came from the ends of the world, and the instant it descended, a thunderous boom reverberated in the air, and it was followed suit by another eight thunderous claps. Then, right before Su Ming, a tall figure swiftly revealed himself from within the bolt of lightning.

That person was three hundred feet tall and looked like a giant. He had an incredibly strong build, and as he stood there, he looked like a tall mountain standing erect on the ground!

His dark silver armor, crimson hair, healed over scars, and the monstrous murderous aura and battle will caused the Spirit of Nine Yin Su Ming summoned to look as if he was the God of War himself!

"It's been many years since I've killed a person outside. Today, perhaps I'll be able to kill till I'm satisfied!" The Spirit of Nine Yin, covered entirely in armor, spoke with a booming voice that spread to all eight corners of the earth.

The instant he appeared, the old man's face finally changed. He came to a halt, and he was not the only one who did so. All the other people around him did the same thing.

The eyes of Sky Mist's ancestor sparkled, and a smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

As for the crowd underneath, the instant that Spirit of Nine Yin appeared, a buzzing noise immediately stirred from among them.

"I was wondering why he was so fearless, so it's because he rented a Spirit of Nine Yin!"

"I remember that Spirit of Nine Yin. He... He's a spirit from the fourth layer, but the price for his protection is too great. I can't believe that someone managed to bring him out!"

"By the looks of it, he has the power of a Latter Shaman. I wonder who would win if he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple..."

Almost the instant the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple froze, a freezing glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His clone lifted his right hand swiftly, and the Virescent Light Sword charged forth with a flash, while a large amount of the black beetles on his body spread out to cover the sky.

The Poison Corpse opened his mouth and let out a muffled roar. Black veins popped up all over his body, and a vast amount of poison mist gushed out from his pores. Even his fingernails on both of his hands instantly grew longer and started shining with a sharp glint.

At the same time, Su Ming took a deep breath and lifted his left hand to point at the sky. This was the first of the three styles of Wind Separation, the starting move of Sun Genesis!

"If you want what belongs to me, then you must bear the consequences. Even if you are the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, it is still the same!

"Protector Spirit of Nine Yin, come, fight with me against this person!"

The moment Su Ming's voice spread, the Spirit of Nine Yin before him let out a roar towards the skies. He lifted his right hand, and a gigantic battle axe that was about the same height as he was appeared!

Translator's Thoughts

Mogumoguchan Mogumoguchan

Preview to next chapter: Fight!

Su Ming can put up quite a decent fight, eh?