

Pursuit of the Truth

#Chapter 41 — Si Kong - Read Pursuit of the Truth

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The young man looked to be about 18 to 19 years old. He was strongly built. So much so that he could compete with Lei Chen. In his hands, he held a long spear. The spear was only about five feet long but its black body gave it a shocking and chilling aura. There was also a golden dazzle on the tip of the spear.

However, the spear was essentially not made of stone. It was made out of a material Su Ming had never seen before. He looked back from afar and when his eyes landed on the spear, his heart froze in fear.

It was a very, very familiar feeling.

Yet, he did not know where that familiarity came from. Nonetheless, it made him feel that danger was looming over his head. Su Ming ignored everything else. Only a basic instinctual need for him to remain calm was left.

'That person is not wearing hides but is wearing sackcloth instead. This sort of clothes... This person must have a pretty high status in Dark Dragon Tribe!

'I don't regret going near Dark Dragon Tribe!'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he came to an answer in his heart.

"I did not go within 10,000 feet of the tribe. According to the rules among the tribes, if a person or a pair stands 10,000 feet outside the area of the tribe, he or she bears no ill will! I bear you no ill will. It's just that one of my friends is within your tribe and I wanted to see her." Su Ming ran at the full speed of a fourth level Berserker of the Blood Solidification Realm. His body was bent so low he was almost touching the surface of the snow in order to increase his speed. No tracks were left on the snow. As he ran, he shouted back towards the man pursuing him.

"Oh? If that's the case, if you're truly not an enemy, then don't run anymore. Come with me back to the tribe and we'll have the Elder verify your identity." A cold glare flitted through the young man's eyes. He spoke slowly but his speed did not decrease. He

increased his speed instead and kept his eyes trained on Su Ming as if he was waiting for Su Ming to hesitate.

"As an outsider, how can I just walk into your tribe?" There were no signs of faltering on Su Ming side as he laughed and spoke to the man.

"True. Then what is the name of the person you know?" The young man spoke slowly once again as he continued giving chase. His demeanor did not change but he did narrow his eyes.

"I don't know her name but I do know that she wears white and she's really beautiful." As Su Ming spoke and continued fleeing, he turned back to look at his pursuer.

He saw a hint of murderous intent in the man's eyes when he heard Su Ming's words. He understood then. Su Ming had been wondering why the man would attack him with such ferocity even when he had not gone within 10,000 feet of the tribe. He was still not considered a threat with his current level of power. By right, even if he had drawn the attention of Dark Dragon Tribe upon himself, he should not have instigated such an attack.

There had to be a reason behind it. The young man with an obviously high status within the tribe was pursuing him alone and so, an answer formed within Su Ming's mind.

"I knew it, it's him!" The young man answered with a snort. He took a big step forward and raised his right hand as he continued pursuing Su Ming. A big amount of black mist immediately scattered around him and gathered around the spear on the man's back. A sharp cry echoed through the air after the black mist surrounded the spear a few times. Then, as if the spear was guided by the black mist, it floated above the man's head.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. It was a Berserker Art!

The presence of Qi coming out from the man also proved just how powerful he was. He was slightly more powerful than Su Ming. Judging by the looks of it, he should have been at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm but had only reached it not too long ago. He should have just had a few more blood veins than Su Ming. Nonetheless, since he had a Berserker Vessel, everything was different.

"You can see her after you die." There was more than 7,000 feet between them. Since the two of them had been running at full speed, they were already some distance away from Dark Dragon Tribe. Even so, the man was still the only one giving chase.

As the black mist surrounded the long spear, the sense of danger became even stronger. As the man spoke, his killing intent became even more obvious in his eyes. He pointed at Su Ming with his right hand in one swift motion and immediately, the black spear rushed towards Su Ming with a piercing trill.

As it traveled forward, the golden glow on the tip of the long spear flashed as though it could tear through a void. It came towards Su Ming at an unimaginable speed and within the blink of an eye, it was already within 3,000 feet away from Su Ming.

‘Berserker Vessel!’

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He recognized the object! All 49 blood veins within Su Ming immediately appeared. The circulation of blood within his body increased in an instant, causing the Qi within Su Ming’s body to erupt. The act pushed Su Ming’s speed and agility to the peak and at the very moment the long spear was about to touch him, Su Ming ducked. The wind whistled wildly above his head as the long spear missed the top of his head by about seven inches. It fell on the ground with a loud thud.

The force of the strike was by no means weaker than the one from Dark Dragon Tribe just moments ago.

A normal Berserker at the fourth level of the Blood Solidification Realm would have found it hard to avoid the attack but Su Ming specialized in speed and agility. As soon as he avoided the attack, he did not even spare the long spear on the ground a glance. Instead, a cold glare appeared in his eyes as he ran into the distance.

Su Ming did not even think about snatching the long spear from the ground. It was written within the beast skin scrolls that only Berserkers at the Transcendence Realm could make Berserker Vessels acknowledge them as their masters. Those below the Transcendence Realm would not have been able to do it.

Yet, it was odd that the man threw out the vessel so easily. It could have been taken away by someone else with ease. There had to be something wrong!

It was nearly dark.

Before long, the young man reached the location where the long spear was. An icy glare appeared in his eyes as he snorted. There was a light crease between his brows.

As the son of the tribe leader in Dark Dragon Tribe, Si Kong was probably not the strongest among the younger generation but he was definitely no common Berserker. He had the strength of a fifth level Berserker at the Blood Solidification Realm and had with him a Berserker Vessel. Killing a person who was only at the fourth level of the Blood Solidification Realm was easy.

Yet the person avoided the attack. The act alone made Si Kong wary and alerted him to the cautiousness of the other person.

‘It’s a pity. If he had picked up my Berserker Vessel, he would have died immediately.’

Si Kong hesitated for a moment but once he thought of something, he picked up the long spear carefully and gave chase once more.

Su Ming ran like the wind in the forest. His speed kept increasing as he ran but Si Kong kept up with him. The long spear would occasionally whisk past him and prevented Su Ming from widening the distance between them. There was still a few hundred feet between them as Su Ming ran into the forest.

However if Su Ming truly wanted to escape, it would not have been hard with his speed and knowledge of the forest. However, he did not have the desire to widen the distance between them. This was the second time he saw a Berserker Vessel. The fact that he had experienced its might, his desire to obtain the Vessel increased. He wanted the Vessel!

As he ran, he occasionally looked at the sky. When he saw that the sky had gradually darkened and the moon had appeared, a bright glint twinkled in his eyes.

'Berserker Vessels are all rare items. Hence, he must have another trick up his sleeve for him to throw it out so easily. Now, he's not closing the distance between us. If I were him, I would think about increasing the power of the Berserker Vessel... But looking at how cautious he is, there must be a price for him to pay if he made that move. But I wonder, just how strong is the Vessel's true might?'

Su Ming made a decision.

As Si Kong continued pursuing Su Ming, he began to grow impatient. He did not expect his opponent to be so agile. It was getting dark and he was getting too far away from the tribe. He had made sure not a lot of people knew of his departure from the tribe. If he went back to the tribe late, it would be hard for him to explain himself. He gritted his teeth and grabbed at the air with his right hand. Then for the first time, the long spear surrounded by black mist appeared in his hands.

At that moment, Su Ming suddenly spoke a few hundred feet ahead.

"With how fiercely you're chasing me, I can see that you truly want to kill me! There is no hate between us. Even if you want to kill me, at least give me a reason."

"Why should I bother with idle chatter? You came within the area of my tribe and for that, anyone from my tribe could kill you! Even if we did kill you and Dark Mountain Tribe wanted to seek revenge for you, it's still your own fault!" Si Kong laughed coldly. He held onto the long spear tightly as he continued pursuing Su Ming. Cold waves traveled from the long spear into his arm.

Si Kong's gaze darkened. He snorted and raised his right arm along with the spear. Immediately, countless voices roared from within the forest. A great amount of black

mist flowed out of the spear and gathered around it, turning the spear into an impressive black dragon!

The dragon had numerous claws and its whiskers moved in the air. It looked incredibly ferocious!

"No matter who you are, you must die today!" Si Kong grinned fiercely. His face was pale. Clearly, calling out the might of the spear had brought upon a great toll to his body. Just as he was about to throw the spear towards Su Ming, Su Ming opened his mouth and spoke.

"It's because I saved Bai Ling, right?" Su Ming suddenly said.

When Si Kong heard the name, he was momentarily stunned. The moment his actions faltered, Su Ming stopped running abruptly and turned around to look at him. He raised his right hand as well and swung it in his direction.

A sense of danger he had never felt before arose in Si Kong's heart. He narrowed his eyes as his demeanor changed completely. Just as he was about to throw the spear in his hand, he felt his body quivering. It was as if a huge gust of wind blew against him and also a strong blast of light pierced into his eyes. He saw the shadow of the blood red moon within Su Ming's eyes.

The shadow of the blood red moon became the only thing he saw. He felt a sudden pain in his entire body and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His eyes expressed confusion, bewilderment and bafflement as he fell onto the snow face down.

As he fell, the spear that he did not manage to throw gradually turned back into a common object as the black mist scattered. It fell to the side.

There was blood coming out from his entire body as it seeped into the snow. There was a faint silvery thread around his body which sank deep into his flesh. It felt like with just a slight tug, his entire body would have been torn apart.

He did not die. There was still breath within him. He just became unconscious due to the sudden blast of pain.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He looked at the spear with lingering fear. When the true might of the spear had been brought out by the before him, Su Ming had felt death.

"When you are fighting against someone, do not let your focus waver. Do not hesitate. If it is possible to kill your enemy with one strike within the shortest amount of time, do not wait till the last moment to do so." Su Ming mumbled as he remembered the words in his head.

'He had a Berserker Vessel. It was by pure luck that I won this battle!'

Su Ming squatted down and looked at the unconscious Si Kong. After hesitating briefly, Su Ming chose to bandage his wounds. He did not want Si Kong to die or cause trouble to Dark Mountain Tribe. He deduced that Si Kong would wake up soon.

Soon, a crazed look settled in his eyes as he looked at the long black spear lying by his side. He looked at it carefully and gradually found some clues regarding the spear. On many parts of the spear were tiny thorns that he would have missed if he had not observed the spear carefully!

After looking at it for a long time, Su Ming found and held onto the only small part of the spear that was without thorns carefully. He left the area quickly.

Chapter 42: Returning Debts

Before long, Su Ming quickly returned to the spot. He stood beside the unconscious Si Kong and paced around him for a while. He lifted his head and looked at the sky as well as the moon. The moonlight looked gentle and soft as it shone on the land.

'It's not appropriate for me to take such a precious Berserker Vessel away just like that. I don't have a proper explanation and it can be taken back by Dark Dragon Tribe anytime. Besides, I might even be accused of snatching away treasure... Should I kill him or not?'

Su Ming fell into silence for a moment. He looked at Si Kong and arrived at a decision.

He brought out a few herbs from his bosom and crushed it until they became liquid. Then he rubbed the liquid on Si Kong's lips. After that, he squatted down beside Si Kong and patted Si Kong's head rhythmically with his left hand. It seemed like he wanted to wake him up by slapping him.

Soon after, Si Kong's entire body twitched and he opened his eyes abruptly. When he did so, his eyes were still blurry. Even so, he saw Su Ming's smiling face within his faded field of vision.

Si Kong was momentarily stunned,. Then he widened his eyes. There was still bewilderment and bafflement lingering in his eyes. His mind was blank. He felt like he saw something before he fainted, but at the same time, it could have all just been in his mind. In his fuzzy state, he was beginning to feel confused.

Just as he was about to move, Su Ming swung the black spear in his right hand and pointed the tip of the spear three inches away from Si Kong's throat. If Su Ming pushed forward just a little, Si Kong's throat would have been pierced and he would have died on the spot.

"Don't move."

In Si Kong's eyes, the golden glow on the tip of the spear looked like a ray of light that was about to take his life. It made him tremble slightly. He stared at Su Ming with fear and shock in his eyes.

"What... what do you want to do?! I am the son of Dark Dragon Tribe's tribe leader! If you kill me, the entire Dark Dragon Tribe will not let you escape! I know that you're from Dark Mountain Tribe. If you kill me, Dark Mountain Tribe won't protect you either!" He still could not fathom how he had lost. He just remembered that the person before him swung his hand and then he fainted in great pain. The more he failed to make sense of it, the more mysterious the smiling teenager before him became. That feeling turned into apprehension and with the spear pointing at his throat, he retreated instinctively in fear.

However just as he was about to move backwards, he tasted something bitter on his tongue. He licked his lips on reflex and the bitter taste grew stronger. It made his face turn completely pale. He had a bad hunch about it and there was fear on his face. He raised his hands and wiped it across his mouth. There was brown liquid on his hand.

"You! What did you feed me?!"

"It's nothing. It's just some normal herbs. They're just a bit poisonous," Su Ming said jokingly. His smile was enigmatic.

Si Kong's eyes were filled with despair when he heard those words. His entire body trembled as he felt the bitter taste grow stronger in his mouth. He even felt his tongue tingling.

"You wouldn't dare kill me!" Si Kong lifted his head and glared at Su Ming.

"You can believe what you want. If you don't believe me, there's nothing else I can do to convince you. But I do have the antidote. So, you're the son of the tribe leader from Dark Dragon Tribe? What's your name?" Su Ming was feeling a bit guilty. Nonetheless, he was the type of person who schooled his face to make sure no one could see through him, the guiltier he felt. He smiled as he spoke to Si Kong.

"You... I ... My name is Si Kong. You can't kill me or else it'll only bring trouble to your tribe, you..." Si Kong's eyes were fierce but he was feeling exceptionally nervous. Not only did he feel his tongue tingling, even his chest was throbbing in pain. This added to

the fact that he could not gauge anything from Su Ming's expression. Si Kong felt even more fearful.

"Hey Si Kong, why don't we talk about something?" Su Ming raised his head and looked at the moon as he spoke slowly.

Si Kong's face was pale. He could no longer hide the growing fear in his eyes. He immediately nodded his head.

"I like this stupid spear of yours. How about you sell it to me? I'll buy it for 5,000 stone coins." Su Ming blinked expectantly as he looked at Si Kong.

Si Kong faltered for a moment as he looked at the spear in Su Ming's right hand and the tip pointing against his throat. How could he not have agreed to it? The bitter taste in his mouth and his pursuit for Su Ming's life also forced him to think that Su Ming had definitely fed him some sort of poisonous herb.

He wanted to bet that the person before his eyes did not dare to kill him. After all, he was of high status. If he died, both tribes would definitely go to war.

He was even willing to bet that even if the person before him snatched away the long spear, he still had countless ways to obtain that piece of treasure back with his dad's help.

However, the bitterness in his mouth prevented him from taking the risk. He was afraid. What if... what if...

It was especially so since his head was also hurting because Su Ming had been hitting him pretty harshly earlier. Si Kong only hesitated for a brief moment before nodding his head rapidly.

Su Ming smiled happily. He tore a big piece of fabric from Si Kong's shirt. His action made Si Kong's heart thump loudly against his chest. More blood drained from his already pale face.

"Since this is a trade, we need proof of our deal. Let's write this down. 'I, Si Kong lack money. Hence, I am selling this spear for 5,000 stone coins...'" Su Ming hesitated suddenly as he spoke, then he shook his head.

"No can do. Write it this way, 'I, Si Kong swear on my status as the son of the tribe leader of Dark Dragon Tribe. Due to an emergency, I borrowed 5,000 stone coins from Dark Mountain Tribe and I have pawned off this Berserker Vessel for a period of 10 years. I promise I will return 10,000 stone coins after 10 years to obtain this spear back. During this period of time, I cannot exchange the spear back. If I break my promise, let the statue of the God of Berserkers punish me!'" As Su Ming finished speaking, he looked at Si Kong.

A miserable look settled on Si Kong's face after he finished listening to Su Ming's words, especially the last few lines. As he hesitated, he saw Su Ming produce an herb he had never seen before from his bosom. Then he heard Su Ming's voice next to his ear.

"This is the antidote."

Si Kong stared at the herb and gritted his teeth. He brought his hand to his mouth and bit down on his finger before writing on the piece of sackcloth with his blood. Very soon, the entire phrase was written on the cloth.

Su Ming snatched the sackcloth away from and scrutinized it. Excitement appeared in his eyes. He blew at it carefully until the blood dried up before folding it. He then placed it in his bosom and patted it a few times. He smiled as he looked at Si Kong.

"Si Kong, remember this, you have to return your debts. I'm only going to wait for you for 10 years!" Su Ming's eyes were bright with cunning. He placed the herb on the ground and ran into the distance, leaving Si Kong sitting bitterly on the snow.

He picked up the herb quickly. After a brief moment of hesitation, he was still too afraid to eat it. Instead, he got up quickly and ran back to his tribe.

After he left, a person's vague shadow suddenly appeared out of nowhere on the quiet snow plain. It was an old woman with a dark expression on her face. There was a huge staff made of bone in her hands. Perched on top of the staff was a human skull which emitted an eerie glow.

'Is that the baby from all those years ago...? What Berserker Art was that? Not even I can tell... I've never seen it before.'

The old woman looked towards the direction where Su Ming left. Her eyes glowed as if she was deep in thought. After a long while, she turned and walked towards Dark Dragon Tribe, gradually disappearing.

As Su Ming ran in the forest, he occasionally looked at the spear in his hand and giggled foolishly. There was fondness in his eyes. Even Xiao Hong, who was sitting on his shoulders, regarded the spear curiously as it screeched continuously. It could feel a great power hidden within the spear.

'It's your fault for trying to stop me from seeing Bai Ling. Judging by his behavior, he must like Bai Ling. If that's the case, then quite a lot of people must know that I saved Bai Ling...'

Su Ming faltered in his footsteps as he sank into his thoughts.

'I wonder how much Bai Ling told them... If she told them everything, the cave I use to quench herbs is no longer safe...'

Su Ming suddenly felt annoyed. He frowned and thought about it for a long time. He traveled through the forest silently into the night.

Xiao Hong blinked. As it watched Su Ming seemingly troubled by something, a thought appeared in its head. Realization crossed its face and it grinned. It jumped down from Su Ming's shoulder and with a few leaps, disappeared into the forest.

"Remember, don't go back to Black Flame Mountain! Don't go back to the fire cave either!" Su Ming looked at it and quickly shouted.

The forest was Xiao Hong's home. Su Ming was not worried that it would run into danger. He was also not far away from the tribe already. As Su Ming traveled back, he forced himself not to think about the things that troubled him. Instead, he forced himself to be cheerful as he ran back towards the tribe.

When midnight came and the moon in the sky was at its brightest, Su Ming saw some of the tribe's bonfire light from where he stood. He was about to walk out of the forest when he heard rustling sounds coming from behind him. Su Ming turned and he saw Xiao Hong running towards him with excitement and pride on its face.

There was big bundle of black fur in its hands. Once it caught up to Su Ming, it immediately stuffed the bundle of fur into Su Ming's hands. Su Ming at that moment just looked awkward. Then Xiao Hong took a few steps back and pointed at the bundle, then at its own groin. It made a few odd motions as if it was teaching Su Ming how to use the fur...

It patted its chest as it pridefully screeched a few times. It seemed like Xiao Hong was telling Su Ming about the effects of the thing...

Su Ming looked at Xiao Hong and began laughing loudly. When Xiao Hong saw that Su Ming was no longer frowning, it grinned thinking that it had made the right guess and Su Ming was indeed bothered by this.

"Xiao Hong." Su Ming squatted down and motioned towards Xiao Hong. The little monkey immediately ran towards him.

Su Ming looked at Xiao Hong with a gentle gaze in his eyes. He patted its fur softly as he felt his heart warming up due to the little monkey's actions.

"When I'm not around, remember not to go back to Black Flame Mountain. Don't go back to the fire cave either. Go somewhere else. Once I come back, I'll look for you."

"Also, don't skip those pills I gave you just because you think it tastes bad. You have to eat one every day. Eat them along with the herbs just like how I taught you. Remember that," Su Ming spoke softly as he smiled. He glanced at Xiao Hong, then walked back to the tribe.

Chapter 43: Teachings

On the third day of Su Ming's return to the tribe, a group of people led by the elder gathered at the center of the settlement. It was the same place they used for the Berserker's Awakening ceremony. The elder still wore clothes made of sackcloth and his white hair was still decorated by a huge number of tiny braids. He seemed to be in high spirits as he looked at Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Su Ming and another girl who was of the same age as Su Ming.

The girl's name was Wu La. She was one of the people who were found to possess a Berserker Body during the Awakening. A few months had passed since then and she had now arrived at the peak of the second level of the Blood Solidification Realm. It seemed that it was just a matter of time before she would manifest the 11th blood vein and become a Berserker at the third level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

There were two people standing beside the elder. One of them was the Head of the Guards, who also happened to be Bei Ling's father. His strong body made him look like an iron tower but there was a gentleness within his piercing gaze.

The other person was the cold and stoic chief of the hunters, Shan Hen. He looked even more vicious while wearing beast skin. He was never the talkative sort but most of the Berserkers in the tribe respected him. Besides, his hunting team was given the important task of protecting the tribe and providing food so, his status was incredibly high within the tribe.

"Our tribe is small and we cannot compare with Wind Stream Tribe. That is why we have to offer tributes to them once every few years to show our acknowledgment of them as our leader. I usually don't go but this year, I must. Besides us, Dark Dragon Tribe, Black Mountain Tribe and the other small tribes located further ahead will all gather at Wind Stream Tribe."

"As such, this trip will also be a test for all of you. It is your task to stand out among your peers and not embarrass our tribe. It is up to all of you to do this."

"We only chose you lot to come with us because you are all the future leaders of Dark Mountain Tribe. This trip will serve as an experience that will help you in the future."

"Among all of you, Bei Ling has come with us to Wind Stream Tribe twice. He knows some of the details of the trip. You can ask him if you want," the elder spoke slowly. His voice echoed hoarsely in the air around them.

Bei Ling consented to the elder's request in a low voice. His gaze fell upon Lei Chen, then on the girl called Wu La and finally on Su Ming, who was standing by the side. He frowned.

"Elder, will this trip be like the previous two times? Will there be... a test?" Bei Ling hesitated for a moment as he asked the elder respectfully. When the elder nodded, a sharp glint appeared in Bei Ling's eyes and he pointed at Su Ming.

"Elder, I believe Su Ming shouldn't join us. He's not a Berserker. Even if he joins us, he won't be of any use or of any help to us. We should leave his spot for another tribe member."

The moment Bei Ling spoke, Lei Chen's eyes were immediately filled with displeasure. He took a few steps forward and yelled at Bei Ling.

"He can't go just because he's not a Berserker?! Bei Ling, what's the meaning of this?!"

The girl called Wu La retained her composure as she looked at Su Ming, who remained silent. There was disdain in her eyes but she did not join the argument.

"Elder, we can only bring four from the younger generation within the tribe every time we join the worship. For the previous tests, I was the only one from Dark Mountain Tribe who was listed as one of the top 50 younger warriorBerserkers. Lei Chen's joining us this year so, perhaps he can also get a place. Even Wu La, despite not having reached a high level in her training yet has activated nine glows from the statue of the God of Berserkers during her Awakening. Perhaps she can get into the top 100."

"Such a result is much better than the previous years. If there's one more person who can get into the top 100, isn't that even better? Su Ming is just wasting space," Bei Ling spoke calmly, refusing to even look at Lei Chen, who was glaring at him in anger.

"Su Ming will not join the test. I'm bringing him along for another purpose," the elder spoke slowly.

Bei Ling wanted to continue speaking but the Head of the Guards, who was then standing behind the elder glared at him sternly. It made Bei Ling swallow whatever words he was about to say. Bei Ling had always been afraid of his father, ever since he was young.

"Alright, we don't have much time. Let's go." The elder raised his right hand and motioned at the clear sky. Thunder roared instantly and spread to all corners of the earth. The white clouds in the sky started turning dark.

At the same time, a Berserker Mark formed by numerous blood veins appeared clearly on the elder's face. It was a python. Once the Berserker Mark appeared, the dark clouds in the sky fluctuated as if they were moved by a pair of invisible hands. They gathered together in the blink of an eye and turned abruptly into a gigantic and ferocious black python that was about 100 feet long!

The sight shocked both Lei Chen and Wu La. They stood there, stunned. As for Bei Ling, he was barely able to maintain his calm. He was forcing himself to remain cool.

Su Ming stood by the side and looked at the gigantic black python. He took a deep breath and a longing look appeared in his eyes.

The Head of the Guards, who was standing behind the elder looked at the gigantic python with a hint of respect. A fanatic look also briefly flashed across Shan Hen's eyes as he looked at the giant python.

Although the python was transfigured from clouds, the scales on its body could be seen clearly. Its body's strong presence came crashing on them. The python swung its head. Its red eyes were filled with a vicious glare but the glare gradually disappeared and was replaced by a gentle look. It descended from the skies and lowered its head as it laid beside the elder submissively.

The elder lifted his feet and climbed up the python. He stood on its head.

"Come ."

Bei Ling was the first to take a leap and step on the giant python's back. Once he sat down cross-legged, Lei Chen and Wu La also jumped onto the python. Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he also leapt onto its back. Just as he was about to take a few steps back and sit beside Lei Chen, the elder's voice traveled into his ears.

"Su Ming, come to my side!" There was a severe tone in the elder's voice, which made Su Ming walk anxiously towards the elder. The moment he sat down, he saw the elder glaring at him.

"Elder... I was wrong... I did something really terrible..." Su Ming immediately whispered.

The elder ignored him. He waited instead for the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen to get onto the dark python. Then, he waved his right hand and the dark python immediately roared at the sky and flew into the clouds.

The tribe beneath them rapidly shrank before their eyes until it was just a small dot as the dark python continued climbing up into the sky. The winds blew past furiously like roaring thunder. It turned Su Ming's face pale.

It was the same for Lei Chen and the others. However, the Head of the Guards and the chief of the hunters stood at the middle and on the tail of the python respectively, protecting them.

As for Su Ming, his breathing became rapid under the assault of the fierce wind but soon after, a gentle power surrounded him. It was the might from the elder. It helped Su Ming bear through the discomfort of his first time in the sky.

"So, now you know you did wrong? Pray tell, what did you do wrong? It was that La Su from Dark Dragon Tribe who borrowed 5,000 stone coins from you and pawned off his spear, wasn't it?" There may have been winds bellowing around them but the elder's voice still made its way into Su Ming's ears clearly. With the might of the elder's Qi around them, no one else on the dark python could hear them besides themselves.

"Um..." Su Ming felt really awkward. When he returned to the tribe, he had eagerly gone to the elder to tell him about his exploits. Yet when the elder heard of his tale, his mood darkened and he scolded Su Ming. He even took the long spear away. This caused Su Ming to continuously sigh gloomily in his own house, unable to understand where he went wrong.

"Elder, I'm sorry... I shouldn't have taken Si Kong's Berserker Vessel, I shouldn't have been greedy..." Su Ming said carefully as he continued observing the elder's mood anxiously.

"I shouldn't have made him write the blood vow either. Ah... elder, I'm really sorry." Su Ming looked at the elder with wide eyes.

"Oh? Are these your only mistakes? Is there nothing else? Think again. Think carefully about where you did wrong," the elder spoke slowly as he gave Su Ming a look

Su Ming was stunned and unconsciously scratched his head. He thought about the elder's words carefully. There seemed to be an underlying meaning to it. Besides the wrongs he listed, did he commit any other mistakes?

Su Ming frowned and thought carefully. Suddenly, a cold glint appeared briefly in his eyes and he lifted his head swiftly.

"Elder, I understand. I should have killed him and gotten rid of his body before taking his Berserker Vessel!"

When he heard Su Ming's words, the elder's pupils very clearly shrank and he stared at Su Ming in surprised. It did not appear like he was looking at the youth before him but he was looking and thinking about something that Su Ming did not seem to understand.

"Oh? Why do you think you made a mistake there? Why should you have killed him?" The elder looked at Su Ming and asked gently.

"Because he was going to kill me. Elder, you didn't know about this but he really wanted to kill me. If I wasn't careful, you wouldn't be seeing me anymore. But... but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I thought if I really killed him, I would bring about serious trouble to the tribe..." Su Ming explained softly after a moment of hesitation. As he recalled what happened a few days ago, fear still lingered in his heart.

"You're right... Su Ming, you must remember this. When you meet someone who wants to kill you, you must get rid of the danger!" The elder closed his eyes. After a long while, he opened them slowly and looked at Su Ming kindly.

"But that is not the mistake I'm talking about. Think, what else did you not consider? Killing people is easy but how can you guarantee your own safety after you have killed someone? If you are in danger, how do you find a way to survive in hopeless situation?" The elder looked at Su Ming and asked softly.

Su Ming scratched his head. He displayed exceptional abilities and judgments but in the end, he was still a teenager. His head was still slightly muddled by the elder's words but he was even more bewildered.

"Think carefully. Don't give me an answer just yet. Once you have understood it, you can tell me. You must learn how to think and reflect on your actions." The elder closed his eyes.

These sort of things happened multiple times when Su Ming was growing up. The elder would often do this.; The elder's teachings played a critical role in Su Ming's growth.

Su Ming sank into deep thought as he recalled everything that happened that day. From the moment he was ambushed by the long spear to Si Kong's pursuit, right up till the end...

Time passed by slowly. After a while, an hour passed by. When they were still less than halfway from Wind Stream Tribe, a strong wind blew from afar, causing the dark python to shake all of a sudden. The people on top of the python also jerked along with its movements. As Su Ming's body jolted due to the sudden movement, a thought flashed in his head like lightning.

"Elder... I know now..." As Su Ming mumbled, a sheen of cold sweat formed on his back.

Chapter 44: Mo Sang

"Oh? What is it that you have now understood?" The elder opened his eyes and looked at Su Ming.

"I cannot kill Si Kong! Even if he was the tribe leader's son, he would not have been able to activate the long spear that was defending the tribe! More importantly, he would not have been able to hide the fact that he came out and killed me on his own from the entire Dark Mountain Tribe!" The more Su Ming spoke, the more shocked and fearful he became. His body was already drenched in cold sweat.

"It may have seemed like he came out to chase me on his own but in reality..." Su Ming's pupils shrank in fear.

"But in reality, the Elder and tribe leader of Dark Dragon Tribe probably knew about him coming out to kill me! But they did not stop him. Instead, they let it happen!"

"Also... they were probably right behind him all along, watching the fight between Si Kong and me!" Su Ming took a sharp breath. He was not afraid of all that. He was only afraid of someone witnessing him using the power of the moon. The more he analyzed the situation, the more terrified he became. The whole picture was slowly revealing itself right before his eyes.

Shortly after however, Su Ming frowned. His eyes were clouded with bewilderment.

"I suppose you don't understand why the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe or the tribe leader allowed you to take the spear so easily even though they were following the two of you?" The elder spoke calmly and revealed Su Ming's biggest doubt at that moment.

Su Ming did not speak but he continued thinking. After a while, he looked at the vast world beyond them far away and spoke slowly.

"It could not have been the tribe leader following Si Kong and me. If it had been him, he would not have continued hiding when he saw Si Kong being wounded."

"I believe the one who followed us was... the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe! But I don't understand, why did the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe allow me to take away that Berserker Vessel?"

"That's right! The one following you was the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe, Lei Su!" The elder's eyes glowed brightly with praise.

"Your analysis is correct. If it had been the tribe leader of Dark Dragon Tribe, he would not have stood by as you bullied his son. As for your question, I can give you the answer!"

"This may have seemed like a pursuit after your life but in reality, Dark Dragon Tribe would not have killed you! After all, you saved Bai Ling. If they killed you after you did

them a favor, it would have incited the wrath of Dark Mountain Tribe. They would not do that especially since we're at such a critical moment right now!" The elder's eyes shone with wisdom as he helped Su Ming continue with his analysis.

"Were they trying to scare me?" Su Ming's eyes were filled with understanding but in a matter of moments, worry replaced it.

"Haha! They wanted to scare people like you who have eyes on a girl from their tribe. Once you've been scared off, you won't approach Dark Dragon Tribe anymore because you're afraid!"

"Si Kong did not know about this. His killing intent was real. Lei Su, the Elder from Dark Dragon Tribe must have used his affection towards Bai Ling to incite his anger. If you were not a match for him, you would have been injured at most. Then she would act in secret, making it seem as if you escaped from death."

"You're still too young. You can't see the entire picture. If it was me, I would not have ran. I would have sauntered into their tribe and searched for the girl I liked right in front of their faces. You are her savior and also my child. How could they dare harm you?" The elder smiled and spoke as he patted Su Ming's head.

Su Ming was stunned. His face was filled with remorse.

"This might have been a test from Dark Dragon Tribe for you. After all, the lass you like is Lei Su's granddaughter." The elder was still smiling as he looked at Su Ming.

"Elder, that Elder from Dark Dragon Tribe is too sly!" Su Ming's face was bitter. When the elder explained everything to him, he finally understood what happened.

"Don't feel so disheartened. Besides not understanding their motive, you did pretty well. Lei Su must not have expected this. Not only were you not battered by Si Kong's pursuit, you also managed to win against him!"

"As for why Lei Su allowed you to take that Berserker Vessel away..." The elder's eyes twinkled briefly with understanding.

"Since you weren't scared off, she must have let you take it on purpose. Letting you take the spear was for the purpose of telling me that they've repaid their debt to you for saving Bai Ling! Dark Dragon Tribe is slightly different from us, especially Lei Su. She is not that familiar with Berserker Arts but she is good at creating Berserker Vessels. They are not true Berserker Vessels but counterfeits!"

"Take for example, that spear of yours. It's a counterfeit Berserker Vessel. It was created based on one of the three great Berserker Vessels in the old Dark Mountain Tribe, the spear - Blood Scales." The elder raised his right hand and slapped Su Ming's

arm. Immediately, he felt a chill traveling into his arm. Instantly, a black line appeared slowly on his right arm.

"I have already groomed the spear for you and made some changes. I've changed the dark dragon into a black eagle. It can now fuse into your body. And if you want to, you can summon it by thinking about it," The elder raised his right hand and smiled as he spoke.

Su Ming looked at the black line on his right arm and was about to speak after a moment of hesitation.

"I know what you want to say. Let me ask you, when you took the Berserker Vessel that Dark Dragon Tribe gave you as payment for saving Bai Ling, what were you thinking?"

"Are you going to return the spear in exchange for a chance to see that lass again or are you going to keep it and not see the lass ever again?" The elder grinned as he asked.

Su Ming fell into silence for a moment. Then he laughed suddenly.

"Si Kong pawned off this spear for 5,000 coins. Obviously, I can't return it. As for Bai Ling... I am her savior." Su Ming winked.

The elder laughed out loudly and patted Su Ming's head. His eyes were filled with praise.

Bei Ling sat cross-legged on the middle section of the dark python. He was facing the elder's and Su Ming's backs. He did not know what they were talking about but as he saw the elder grinning and Su Ming smiling, he lowered his head.

His eyes flared with jealousy.

'Su Ming, if you were a Berserker, I wouldn't have minded. But when you went through your first Awakening, you were proven to not possess a Berserker Body. Why does Ah Xin like a normal person like you? More importantly, why is the elder so good towards you? Is it because you were adopted by the elder?!

'You are not even related by blood. I am the hope of the tribe but the elder has never smiled at me before... Even my father is like this. He always says you have the potential to become the Head of the Guards!

'Su Ming, if you weren't here, Chen Xin, my father and even the elder would not treat me the way they are treating me now. Su Ming, you thought I was cold towards you because of Chen Xin and you wanted to explain to me. You don't realize that I don't want to hear your explanations! You're just a stray child. You don't even belong to Dark Mountain Tribe. You don't even look like a member of the Berserker Tribe! What right

do you have to try and explain your situation to me? Why should I even waste my time listening to your explanations?'

Bei Ling's breathing quickened with rage. It took a long while before recovering. When he lifted his head again, he was just like before, cold and aloof.

Bei Ling's father, the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe, who was standing not too far away from Bei Ling was frowning. He glanced at Bei Ling, then at Su Ming's back and sighed quietly.

A strange glow appeared briefly in Shan Hen's eyes. He was standing at the tail of the python right beside Lei Chen. No one knew what he was thinking about. As someone who had always maintained a stoic personality in the tribe, very few could actually see into his thoughts.

Time began to pass by quickly as they traveled from Dark Mountain Tribe to Wind Stream Tribe. If Su Ming had chosen to run on foot, he would have taken almost two days to travel from Dark Mountain Tribe to Wind Stream Tribe. On the elder's python, they managed to see the outline of an extremely big tribe far in the distance in less than two hours.

Right in the middle of the tribe was a giant city made of mudstone. The city did not seem big from the sky but as the python descended, its entire form was revealed clearly before Su Ming's eyes.

The majestic city was filled with many houses made of mudstone. It did not look messy and was very tidy. It could not compare with the ruins of the Fire Berserker Tribe Su Ming saw but it was still much stronger than Dark Mountain Tribe, where he was staying.

That moat alone was not something Dark Mountain Tribe could own.

The city walls were several feet tall. If a person stood on the ground, he would have needed to lift up his head to see it. Even though Su Ming was in midair, his heart trembled as he looked at the walls of the city. He was not the only one affected. Lei Chen, who was also leaning over the python and looking downwards, was filled with admiration as well as awe.

Wu La was also the same. She looked at the giant city made of mudstone with a dumbfounded expression. She had never seen anything like it before. Only Bei Ling remained calm.

Thousands of people could stay within the big city and there would still be space left. In the middle of the city was a humongous pentagon-shaped altar. It was completely black and dozens of feet tall. There was a vague picture of a bird carved on it. It gave off an ancient feeling and was the most striking feature in the city.

The mudstone city alone could not show the might of Wind Stream Tribe as the ruler of the region and conqueror of the area, capable of receiving tributes from the numerous small tribes around them. It was also the only tribe qualified to communicate with celestial beings. To top it off, there were also six other tribes like Dark Mountain Tribe around the mudstone city!

The six tribes were originally only affiliated to Wind Stream Tribe. At that point, they had already become a part of Wind Stream Tribe.

Su Ming stared at the gigantic tribe on the ground with a dumbfounded expression. The might of Wind Stream Tribe had far surpassed his imaginations. A tribe like this was as powerful as the gods to Su Ming. The tribe could destroy any enemy who came their way.

As the python approached the area, Su Ming saw many of the tribe members from Wind Stream Tribe lifting their heads as if they were looking at them. Su Ming was not sure whether it was just in his imagination but among the unfamiliar faces, he saw a sort of arrogance in their demeanor.

"This is Wind Stream Tribe!" The elder's voice echoed from above the python.

"The affiliated tribe from Dark Mountain Tribe in the past has now... become the most powerful in the area!"

"Elder, was Dark Mountain Tribe as powerful as Wind Stream Tribe in the past?" Wu La asked.

The elder did not speak but there was a dim look in his eyes.

At that moment, a gentle laughter traveled from within Wind Stream Tribe.

"Mo Sang, thank you for coming to Wind Stream Tribe!"

Chapter 45: So, You Are Su Ming?

At the center of the pentagonal altar was a middle aged man wearing a purple robe. He lifted his head as he looked at them with a smile on his face.

There was some distance between Su Ming and the middle aged man. Yet for some unknown reason, the moment Su Ming heard his voice and looked at him, he saw the image of the man appearing before his eyes as if he was looking at him at close proximity.

The strange sight stunned Su Ming. At the same time, as the man's laughter traveled to his ears, the Qi within his body began circulating as though he lost control of it. It felt like just one glance from the man would make the blood in his entire body burst forth and he would die instantly.

Su Ming was not the only one who felt that way. Lei Chen, Wu La, and even Bei Ling felt the same way. Lei Chen shuddered as his eyes were filled with disbelief.

Wu La too, was trembling. It was as though the middle aged man she could clearly see before her eyes had some sort of incredible strength that made her want to bow down and worship him.

Even Bei Ling's father, the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe was trembling slightly. Slowly, he lowered his head before the man who was walking towards them in midair from the altar below.

Besides the Head of the Guards, Shan Hen, the chief of the hunters was breathing rapidly. A hint of fanaticism and anticipation materialized in his eyes. This was an incredibly rare look for him. He was usually stoic and reserved.

'Transcendence Realm!'

Su Ming cried out in his heart. At that moment, these two words formed in his head!

'Those who arrive at the Transcendence Realm can walk in the skies. They can show their Berserker Mark to the skies and with their mouths, activate their Berserker Blood. With their Qi, they can break through the sky!'

These were the words written in the beast skin scroll describing the Transcendence Realm.

Su Ming stared at the man in purple walking towards them on air, with a astounded expression. He seemed to be in his 40s and was on the leaner side of the spectrum. However, he looked extremely handsome. There were not a lot of signs showing that he was a member of the Berserker Tribe. The only sign that hinted it was a pair of bone earrings he wore.

Su Ming had never seen such a beautiful material as the one his purple robe was made from. Coarse linen and sackcloth could in no way have compared to that, much less beast skin and hides.

As he walked towards them, Wind Stream Tribe started twisting behind him. It appeared that for a moment, everything disappeared from the world and all that was left was him.

What was more, the wind stopped howling and the clouds also froze in the sky!

The middle aged man's long hair flowed behind his back. He smiled as he approached them slowly. His smile was like the spring breeze, causing the Qi and blood within Su Ming as well as the rest of them to gradually calm down. Yet as the middle aged man came closer still, they were overwhelmed by a feeling of suffocation. It was like they were too afraid to take a deep breath.

His eyes seemed to contain the sky. When other people looked into them, their minds went blank. It was as if all their secrets would be exposed before him, as though they were standing naked right in front of him.

The python also appeared to be frozen in midair at that moment. It did not move an inch as though it felt the man's terrifying aura. The elder slowly stood up straight. The expression within his eyes was unreadable when the man appeared. It was carefully hidden.

"Greetings, Wind Stream Berserker Lord." The elder's face was old and wizened as he stood up and bowed before the middle aged man.

"Mo Sang, there's no need for this between us." The man's voice was gentle but he did not stop the elder from bowing. When the elder was done, he swung his right hand through the air like he was going to help the elder up using his Qi.

Yet instead of standing, the elder's body trembled and he bowed once more under the pressure of the force! After that, the force on the elder's body collapsed. As it dissipated, the elder stood up straight.

The man in purple looked at the elder deeply. He smiled and shook his head as he pointed at the elder.

"Your temper is still the same as when you were young. So many years have passed, why did you decide to come see me now?"

"I have thought about your request all those years ago and I have arrived at a decision," The elder looked like he always did as he spoke slowly.

When the man in purple heard his words, his demeanor changed. He was sharp with concentration.

Su Ming and the rest had already stood up and they were standing at the side respectfully. Su Ming was standing the closest to the elder and he could somewhat feel how the elder felt as he looked at his former friend. He could also understand why the elder refused to come to Wind Stream.

As he looked at the elder's old and wizened face, he glanced at the man in purple nervously as his heart pounded against his chest. Su Ming recalled what the elder told him some time ago.

"The Elder from Wind Stream Tribe was not my match before he was 20. When he was 34, he could only barely keep up with me. At that time, my name was known in all the tribes around the region!"

Su Ming felt his heart twisting. Just as he was about to avert his gaze, the man in purple smiled and looked at him. With just a glance, there was loud roar in Su Ming's head. He could clearly tell that the man had seen through the disguise the elder gave him.

Just as Su Ming's body began trembling and was on the verge of breaking down, the man turned away and looked towards Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La, the chief of the hunters, Shan Hen and Dark Mountain Tribe's Head of the Guards.

"Greetings, Wind Stream Berserker Lord." Shan Hen was the first to bow, his actions were quickly followed by the others.

Lei Chen's heart pounded against his chest. He was so nervous his face had become pale. It was the same for Wu La. Even Bei Ling was no longer aloof He was respectful.

"I remember you. You're Bei Ling, right?" The man pointed at Bei Ling.

Bei Ling was momentarily stunned. Then his eyes were filled with joy as he quickly spoke with a trembling voice.

"Berserker... Berserker Lord, I am Bei Ling."

The man in purple smiled as he nodded. He looked at the elder and was just about to speak when his demeanor changed and he looked into the distance. The elder still stood silently by the side. However, he also seemed to have noticed something and looked towards the same direction.

There seemed to be a typhoon roaring in the distance. A gigantic black line-like creature descended quickly upon them. As the black line approached them, it became apparent that it was actually a massive dragon. It was about hundreds of feet long.

The dragon was hundreds of feet and it looked vicious. Black mist surrounded it as it moved forward. There were six people standing on it!

As Su Ming looked at the approaching dragon, he saw a white figure standing among the six people. He smiled.

The person who stood in front was an old woman with silver hair. She wore a black robe. Although she looked slightly wizened, it was still obvious that she was incredibly beautiful when she was young. Nonetheless, her face was so cold people felt like they were freezing just by looking at her.

Su Ming could tell the elder's gaze had changed when he looked at the old woman from Dark Dragon Tribe.

Behind the old woman stood a giant, built like an iron tower. The man was incredibly tall. His face was also cold and the presence of his Qi was so strong he seemed as though he slightly surpassed Shan Hen and the Head of the Guards.

Standing by the old woman's side was a girl in white. The girl's eyes, as beautiful as they were, held a hint of sorrow that did not seem to disperse. Yet when she saw Su Ming, her sorrow immediately disappeared. It was replaced by shock and joy.

She even winked at Su Ming.

There was another familiar face among the other three people left. It was Si Kong. He stood on the dragon's back as he glared at Su Ming. There was hatred in his eyes.

The other people were a young boy and a girl about Su Ming's age. From the looks of it, they were siblings. They were both silent. The girl was larger. She looked busty but she had a beautiful appearance.

Once the dragon approached them, the old man and the other people on the dragon bowed towards the man in purple. Their faces were all respectful. Even the dragon underneath them trembled. It seemed terrified of the man.

The man in purple was still smiling. He nodded to acknowledge Dark Dragon Tribe's homage. A person then came towards them at a blinding speed from Wind Stream Tribe. There was purple mist surrounding his feet. As he appeared in midair, he bowed towards the man in purple.

The person was an old man wearing a white robe. He was Shi Hai, who took away Su Ming's pill the other day!

"Shi Hai, treat our guests well." Once the man in purple finished speaking and Shi Hai expressed his compliance, he looked at the elder of Dark Mountain Tribe, Mo Sang.

"Mo Sang, there is a tribe that offered me some Morus Alba Cloud Leaves as tribute. I know that you were fond of this a long time ago. I was waiting for you to come so that I could enjoy it with you."

The elder nodded his head and turned around to talk with the Head of the Guards. After that, he took a few steps forward and to Su Ming's surprise, the elder also walked in midair towards the man in purple. Then they flew downwards to the city made of mudstone.

As he watched the man in purple, a faint look of yearning appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'Transcendence Realm... I wonder if I can also become so powerful!'

As Su Ming was looking forward to it quietly in his head, Shi Hai peered at them with a smile on his face.

"Besides these young ones, the rest of us are already well-acquainted with each other. You are early. The rest of the tribes have yet to arrive. Allow me to guide you into Wind Stream City!" Shi Hai still had other matters on his mind. He quenched those thoughts as he smiled and spoke politely. He guided the people's descent into the city made of mudstone.

During that time, Lei Chen moved to stand beside Su Ming. He seemed to remember what happened at the square when he saw Bai Ling and felt slightly guilty about it. He thought that if he stood beside Su Ming, he could perhaps push all the blame on him.

Su Ming would occasionally look at Bai Ling. There was also a smile on Bai Ling's face and she would meet his gaze sometimes. When their gazes met, Su Ming's heartbeat quickened.

Not long after, the people from both tribes went into Wind Stream City and landed on a large square. The dragon's body scattered and transfigured into a large amount of black mist, quickly fusing into the body of the old woman from Dark Dragon Tribe.

As for the python, it transfigured into white clouds and disappeared into the sky.

There were already tribe members from Wind Stream Tribe waiting on the big square. Under Shi Hai's orders, some people came forward to guide them courteously towards their lodgings during their stay at the city.

However, the politeness was only for show. Underneath all that politeness was still arrogance.

Su Ming and the rest were about to follow after Shan Hen and the Head of the Guards to their lodgings, when a voice traveled forth from Dark Dragon Tribe.

"So, you are Su Ming?"

Su Ming stopped. When he turned around, he saw the old woman from Dark Dragon Tribe looking at him darkly.

Chapter 46: This Year, I Am 16 Years Old

Su Ming was feeling nervous. He was filled with anxiety not just because the person talking to him was the Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe but, also because she was Bai Ling's grandmother.

Some of it was also due to the theories and analysis the elder told him on their way to Wind Stream Tribe.

"I am Su Ming. Greetings, Elder of Dark Dragon Tribe." Su Ming took a deep breath and bowed before the old woman reverentially.

The old woman's face was dark as she stared at Su Ming. No one knew what she was thinking. Still, the people around them became quiet because of this. Their guides from Wind Stream Tribe also turned their gazes towards Su Ming. Even Shi Hai, who was about to leave burdened by his thoughts, stopped and looked towards them feeling slightly surprised.

Su Ming was only a normal child to him. There was not an ounce of Qi from him. After he took a look at Su Ming, he averted his gaze and no longer thought about the conflict between the two small tribes. Instead, his heart was filled with worry. He had been searching for the Fallen Berserker who created the strange medicine for a long time but found no clues whatsoever. A few days ago, the Elder had asked him about it, making Shi Hai even more troubled because he had no idea where to start.

'Could the Fallen Berserker have left this place...? Ah, if that's the case where should I even start looking?'

Lei Chen stood beside Su Ming. He glared at the old woman who was looking at Su Ming. He was respectful towards the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe but there was not an ounce of respect from him towards the old woman.

Bei Ling frowned as he looked at Su Ming. A hint of displeasure appeared briefly in his eyes. He could not understand how Su Ming could have possibly offended Dark Dragon Tribe.

"So many years have passed, you've grown up..." The old woman stared at Su Ming for a long time before she spoke slowly. There was no hint of happiness or anger in her tone of voice.

Su Ming became even more nervous. He stood there, not knowing what to say. As of then, he could feel everyone's gaze falling upon him. It was something he seldom experienced and he was incredibly unaccustomed to it.

Bai Ling, who was standing behind the old woman looked pale. She unconsciously held onto the corner of her shirt tightly with both of her hands. As for Si Kong, who was standing beside her, he glared at Su Ming and looked at him mockingly.

"It's a pity..." The old woman stared at Su Ming and continued speaking slowly. "The elder only brought you up but he did not teach you how to be civilized. You should at least think about your status!" The old woman did not speak much but there was a hint of mockery in her voice. It was a huge clash against her status as the Elder.

Su Ming's face immediately grew pale. It was his biggest weakness and he had it hidden within his heart but the woman had revealed it before so many people. Su Ming bit his lip and kept his silence.

"Elder!" When Bai Ling saw the pale look on Su Ming's face, her heart clenched painfully. She immediately spoke up and she looked at the old woman angrily.

Lei Chen, who was standing beside Su Ming, immediately glared at the old woman. He did not care who she was. When he saw that Su Ming was being humiliated, he burned with anger and was about to march forward.

However the moment he took a step forward, a strange light appeared in the old woman's eyes. Lei Chen's body suddenly convulsed. That moment, the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe, who had been standing quietly by the side frowned. He immediately took a step forward.

Right after, his demeanor changed. A sharp presence erupted from his body and surrounded the area. When it stopped outside Lei Chen's body, a muffled sound echoed in the air. Lei Chen's face was pale as he took a few steps back.

"Lord Elder, there's no need to do this to the children from my tribe," The face of the Head of the Guards was dark as he spoke slowly.

Just as he was about to take another step forward, the man standing behind the old woman lifted his head abruptly and stepped forward as well. A slightly stronger presence of power than the Head of the Guards' presented itself.

Immediately Shan Hen, who had been keeping his silence, narrowed his eyes and a cold glint flashed across his eyes like a poisonous serpent. He glared coldly at the man from Dark Dragon Tribe.

The air crackled with tension!

Shi Hai watched the scene not far away. A mocking smile appeared on his lips. In his eyes, the two small tribes were originally one but they had become enemies. He fell silent but did not stop them. Instead, he stood by the side and watched as the scene unfolded.

Su Ming lowered his head and still remained silent. Lei Chen's anger had yet to disappear. He was afraid but just as he was about to speak, Su Ming raised his right hand and grabbed Lei Chen's arm.

Lei Chen was stunned. Su Ming lifted his head slowly. His face was still pale. His frail body made him look like a La Su who would never grow up. There was still a hint of youthfulness on his face which had not disappeared. This was due to a lack of experiences in life that would eventually come in time. Without experiencing the difficulties and trials of life, he was still a child.

His eyes were clear. They were very clean and clear, only tainted by a little bit of impurity. He bit his lower lip. As he looked at the old woman from Dark Dragon Tribe, he let go of his grip on Lei Chen's arm and walked forward.

The gazes of all those around were still on him but he did not mind. Instead, he took one step at a time, walking past Lei Chen and the Head of the Guards until he was 10 feet away from the old woman.

He stood there and looked quietly at the old woman who was still staring at him.

"I don't have any sense of propriety. I don't have parents. In your eyes, I have neither any right nor status... But, my elder once told me that you only see one part of the rain in the world. You will never know how much rain there is when it stops..."

"You can only see the surface of the muddy water on the ground and never the bottom... This year, I am only 16 years old..." Su Ming lowered his head and spoke softly. Once he finished speaking, he turned around and walked away slowly.

Lei Chen followed Su Ming and turned around to glare at the old woman as he let out a light huff.

When the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen saw that the old woman no longer spoke, they retreated slowly. They left under the guidance of the escorts from Wind Stream Tribe with Bei Ling and Wu La.

The old woman watched Su Ming's retreating back and frowned. There was an unreadable glint in her eyes as she turned around and walked to the back.

"Bai Ling, come with me." Bai Ling stood there and watched Su Ming's retreating figure. Her heart was in a mess. When she heard her grandmother's words, she left silently with her.

Every time each tribe came to pay their respects, they were invited into the mudstone city and brought to their designated lodgings. There, they stayed until everyone finished paying their respects. Dark Mountain Tribe was allocated to the south of the mudstone city. It was a giant house made of nine connecting houses. There were some fences around the house, making it look as if it was isolated from the other parts of the tribe.

At that moment, all the members of Dark Mountain Tribe were gathered in one of the house. All of them sat down with their legs crossed as they listened to the Head of the Guards, who was sitting before them.

"The amount of people in Wind Stream Tribe far surpasses the amount of people in Dark Mountain Tribe. As such, the number of Berserkers they have also surpasses ours. Besides, with Wind Stream Tribe as the leader around the area, the tributes they receive when all the other tribes pay homage to them once every few years also allow them to obtain all sorts of herbs."

"They even have several statues of the God of Berserkers!" The Head of the Guards spoke slowly as he swept his gaze across the people around him.

"Our tribe cannot hope to compare with a middle sized tribe. I don't know just how many Berserkers there are in Wind Stream Tribe but there must be at least hundreds of them!"

"These Berserkers have enough herbs and all sorts of inheritances from the different statues of the God of Berserkers here. Their might is not something a small tribe can compare with. The speed of their training is much faster than ours, their resources are much better than ours, even the possibilities of talented people appearing among them is far higher than our tribe."

"During this time, Shan Hen and I will not limit your movements. We brought you here so that you can experience the might of a medium sized tribe and the power of a strong peer from Wind Stream Tribe!"

"I want all of you to make some friends while you are here. It does not matter whether they are from Wind Stream Tribe or from other tribes. Except for our enemy, Black Mountain Tribe you can get to know the members from any other tribe." As the Head of the Guards spoke, his gaze fell upon Su Ming, who remained silent.

"At the same time, I also want you to meet other outstanding people from the other tribes. Find out just how much different you are from them and also set your own target... But remember this, you are not allowed to fight within Wind Stream Tribe!"

"Don't worry. We are not the only ones who came here for this purpose. The other tribes also came with similar purposes. Additionally, you might be staying for quite some time in Wind Stream Tribe. When we come to pay homage and offer tributes once every few years, Wind Stream Tribe will also organize a test. If you can obtain a good place in the test, it will do you good individually."

"Bei Ling, you have been visiting Wind Stream Tribe for a couple of years. You know this place well. Come and introduce us to the strong peers in Wind Stream Tribe."

Bei Ling who was sitting by the side, nodded once he heard those words.

"There are a lot of strong Berserkers in Wind Stream Tribe. Among those of the same age, there are seven people we have to pay attention to... especially the first one, Ye Wang. He is..."

As Bei Ling made the introductions, Su Ming sat by the side. He still remained silent. The words spoken by the old woman made him feel miserable. Even on his way to the place, her words still echoed in his head. Su Ming closed his eyes and clenched his fists.

"Su Ming!" A cold voice suddenly made its way into Su Ming's ears. He turned around and saw the chief of the hunters, Shan Hen sitting behind him with his legs crossed.

"Why did the Elder from Dark Dragon Tribe speak to you in such a way?" Shan Hen looked at Su Ming calmly and spoke in a low tone.

"It's nothing," Su Ming was silent for a moment before he shook his head and spoke.

Shan Hen frowned slightly. A strange glimmer appeared briefly in his eyes. Just as he was about to speak, he lifted his head abruptly and peered outside the house. At the same time, the Head of the Guards also looked towards the same direction intently.

There was a guide from Wind Stream Tribe, who looked to be in his 30s walking towards their house quickly.

"Who is Su Ming? The Elder has summoned you. Please, come with me!"

Su Ming was stunned. He stood up and looked at the Head of the Guards sitting in front to seek his permission. When he gave a small nod, Su Ming walked out of the house and stood before the Wind Stream Tribe member.

"I am Su Ming," he said calmly.

The Wind Stream Tribe member scrutinized Su Ming for a few moments and turned around to leave. Su Ming hesitated for a moment before following him. Just as he was about to walk out of the house, he heard Bei Ling's voice from behind.

"In the past, the number of people who took the test usually numbered at nearly 100. The ones who usually took the top 50 spots almost entirely belonged to Wind Stream Tribe... It is especially so for the top 10 places. From my knowledge, there has not been a single outsider who has managed to get into the top 10 ranks for the past 50 years... It should be the same for the test this year. Remember this, cooperate with me to get into one of the top 50!"

"As long I can get into one of the places in the top 50, even if I'm in the last few ranks, it'll still be a huge accomplishment for Dark Mountain Tribe!"

Chapter 47: The Elder's Secret!

Su Ming walked quietly within the walls of the mudstone city belonging to Wind Stream Tribe. In front of him, the tribe member who was serving as his guide walked with an arrogant air that Su Ming could clearly see.

'He does indeed have the right to be arrogant...'

Su Ming looked at the city before him and at the mudstone houses. In his mind, he remembered the houses made of wood and hides in his tribe. Compared to them... no, there was in fact no room for comparison.

During the journey, Su Ming saw far too many members of Wind Stream Tribe. In fact, he had never even seen so many Berserkers in all the 16 years of his life. The city was bustling with activity. Even the beast skins the men and women wore were of much better quality than Su Ming's.

There were even a number of them who wore sackcloth that only the elder could wear in their tribe. These people were all Berserkers with exceptionally strong presence of Qi.

'A middle sized tribe...'

Su Ming looked at his surroundings, then at the walls of the city far into the distance. He remembered seeing six other tribes, which were like Dark Mountain Tribe outside the city walls when he was still in midair. It was obvious that the citizens there did not have the right to live within the city permanently. They could only live outside.

On the way, Su Ming saw a lot of houses which were used for trading purposes. There may not have been a lot of people there but each person who walked in and out of the houses, shook Su Ming's heart.

The land which he walked on was not made out of dirt either. It was covered by rocks which were pressed flat using some unknown method. When he stepped on it, the ground was hard. Su Ming, who was used to soft terrain, was not used to it.

Su Ming also saw several giant bows about hundreds of feet long hanging on the walls of the mudstone city. They were entirely black and gave off a vengeful aura. It made those who looked at them chills down their spines.

"Are you done looking?" A piercing voice turned Su Ming's attention away from his surroundings. It was the guide from Wind Stream Tribe. He looked at Su Ming as he smiled.

His smile had an air of arrogance which turned it into a mocking smile. He was not laughing at Su Ming alone but jeering at the people who came from smaller tribes and had similar expressions of awe.

"You can look around later. You'll be staying here for a while so, you can wander around as much as you like any time you want. I suggest that you get out of your house at night. You should go out and walk around. The night scenery in your tribe cannot compare with the likes of the night scenery in Wind Stream Tribe."

"Follow me now. We can't have the Elder waiting for long." The tribe member patted Su Ming's shoulder, then turned around and walked forward even more quickly.

Su Ming followed quickly in silence.

Right in the center of the mudstone city within the pentagonal altar, were three secret rooms. The Elder of Wind Stream Tribe, the man in purple who had reached the Transcendence Realm was sitting in one of the secret rooms with his legs crossed. The elder of Dark Mountain Tribe, Mo Sang was sitting across him calmly.

Between them was a chessboard. Most of the chess pieces were made from animal bones and looked rough on the edges. The chessboard was made from a big stone with squares carved on it.

Besides the chessboard, there was also a stone cup the size of a fist in each of their hands. There was hot steam coming from the cups, along with a nice fragrance spreading around the room.

"Mo Sang, when you came back, you gave me this chessboard and the chess pieces. You even taught me how to play chess. You must have wanted to avoid from being lonely and also wanted someone to cure your boredom." The man in purple picked up a beast bone chess piece and placed it on a part of the chessboard. Then he lifted his head and smiled.

"This chessboard came from the Taia Tribe. I heard that an Ancient from Taia made it in the image of an item from a land faraway... It's a pity. I haven't touched this in many years. Now, I can't win against you anymore." The elder took a chess piece and placed it on a corner of the board as he spoke softly.

"Mo Sang, I have always admired you." The man in purple sighed as he looked at Mo Sang, who looked old and wizened. Memories of when they were young appeared in his head. In his memories, the person before him had been so energetic and proud... Among those of the same age, there was no one who did not know his name... Yet, who would have thought the prodigy in the past would become such a wizened old man.

"You should not have been born in Dark Mountain Tribe... If you had agreed to the elder's promise and became his Berserker's Son, the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe now would not be me, but you..."

"Besides, you wouldn't have found your training to be so difficult. You should have reached the Transcendence Realm a long time before I did... The elder even mentioned that you were the one who held the most promise to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm among all the people he's met in his life!" When he spoke of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, a bright light appeared in the man's eyes and they were filled with longing.

"Bone Sacrifice... Bone Sacrifice... Sacrifice the 13th piece of your spine to break the seal of destiny, thereby turning the 13th piece of your spine into the true Berserker Bone, as obtained by the Ancients of the Berserker Tribe!" As the man in purple spoke, the light in his eyes dimmed.

"I can't do it..."

Mo Sang was silent. When he heard the mention of the Transcendence Realm, there was bitterness and nostalgia on his face.

"If only you had agreed to the elder's promise that year and took Wen Yan as your wife and joined Wind Stream Tribe, the elder would have used all the resources within the tribe to help you sacrifice your bones! If you had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, the Wind Stream Tribe would not have been hidden away here..." The man in purple smiled bitterly.

"Jing Nan, it is all in the past now," Mo Sang said slowly.

"That's right, it's all in the past now..." When the man in purple heard Mo Sang calling his name, he shook his head and sighed.

"You were only willing to see me, your old friend this time because of the child who was standing beside you, right...? He should be the baby you brought back that year," Jing Nan looked at Mo Sang and spoke slowly.

"That is one of the reasons!" Mo Sang raised the stone cup and blew at the beverage. Once some of the heat went away, he took a gentle sip.

"I could tell that the blood red moon from before was related to Black Mountain Tribe... Black Mountain Tribe's Bi Tu must have found another way..." The elder placed the stone cup down.

"I won't hide from you. He will arrive at the Transcendence Realm anytime now! Mo Sang, if you ask me to kill him, then..." Jing Nan hesitated for a moment, then he shook his head.

"I can't do that. If he manages to reach Transcendence Realm, it will be a great help to Wind Stream Tribe. Even if you agree to my request all those years ago, I still won't do it."

"It's fine." The elder smiled lightly. He expected this answer a long time ago anyway. Jing Nan was not as friendly as he seemed. They both knew more than anyone about their dispute.

"You have your own problems, I understand. This is between me and him. It must come to an end eventually! I came here today to make a trade with you!"

"Oh? Go on." The Elder of Wind Stream Tribe, Jing Nan spoke slowly as a light flashed briefly in his eyes.

The elder spoke softly. His voice was faint and only Jing Nan could hear him. Once Jing Nan heard it, his demeanor did not change. However, he closed his eyes and appeared to be deep in thought.

The elder did not urge him. Instead, he took the stone cup and sipped his drink slowly.

Time passed by slowly and silence filled the room. They had no idea how much time had passed when suddenly, a reverential voice was heard outside the secret room.

"Elder, I've brought Su Ming here."

"Send him in." Jing Nan still kept his eyes closed.

Footsteps gradually approached from afar amid the silence of the room.

Su Ming was very nervous. He walked forward one step at a time. The light was not bright inside the room. It was in fact, rather dark. As he moved forward to the end of the corridor, he saw the elder and the man in purple in the secret room.

When he saw the elder, Su Ming let out a sigh of relief.

"Su Ming, come to my side." The elder smiled and waved at Su Ming. Su Ming walked forward quickly and stood behind the elder with his head bowed. He did not speak.

"Tell me your second request." After a moment, Jing Nan opened his eyes and a brilliant light manifested for a moment in his eyes. He stared at the elder, Mo Sang and continued to speak slowly.

"I want a drop of your Berserker Blood!" The elder also stared at Jing Nan and spoke in the same manner.

Jing Nan immediately frowned. All Berserkers had Berserker Blood but he was a powerful Berserker in the Transcendence Realm. His Berserker Blood was extremely valuable. Every time he gave a drop, he needed to train for a long time before he could recover it. Besides the members of his tribe who had extraordinary talent and proved to be exceptional, he seldom granted his Berserker Blood.

Jing Nan looked past Mo Sang at Su Ming silently.

Although Su Ming lowered his head, he could still feel the man in purple's gaze on him like a needle.

"Is it for him? This child is ordinary. He will find it hard trying to absorb one drop of my blood into his veins. It'll just be a waste. Change your request." Jing Nan averted his gaze and spoke calmly.

"These are my two requests. I will not change them. If you agree to it, I will teach you the Ancient Berserker Art - the true Awakening!" Mo Sang handed the stone cup to Su Ming and motioned for him to drink from it.

Once Su Ming took the cup, he did not hesitate and drank the whole thing in one mouthful. A comfortable wave of heat immediately spread throughout his body.

Jing Nan frowned. He sank into his thoughts for a moment before he looked at Mo Sang. All of a sudden, he spoke.

"Alright, I'll agree to your two requests. But for the Berserker Blood ... You should know that there are three stages to the test. I will give a drop of my blood to the top three contestants in each stage. To avoid any wastage, I will add a condition. If this child can get into the top 40 in any one of the stages in this test, I will give him a drop of my Berserker Blood!"

"If he doesn't, you must change your request!"

The elder thought about his words and believed that the man before him was making things difficult. After a moment of thought, he nodded. In his head, he was already thinking about how he could benefit Su Ming similarly if he had to change his request.

Su Ming listened to the exchange and looked at the white hair on the elder's head as well as the wrinkles on his face. He thought of the ridicule delivered by the old woman from Dark Mountain Tribe and Bei Ling's indifferent attitude towards him. He even thought about the loneliness that he grew up with and how he would sit alone looking at the night sky. He would imagine the things written in the beast skin scroll as he gazed into the sky. All these things enveloped Su Ming's thoughts. They transformed into a strength and resolution he never had before!

This resolution was even stronger than the one when he worshiped the statue of the God of Berserkers!

The elder stood up and motioned Su Ming to follow him. Just as he was about to leave, Jing Nan stared at Mo Sang. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke abruptly.

"Mo Sang, I have a question that has been plaguing my mind for dozens of years. I must ask you... Since you're in Wind Stream Tribe now, I hope you will answer my question!"

The elder did not stop. He continued walking as Su Ming followed him. Jing Nan's voice traveled towards them from behind.

"You are only at the ninth level of the Blood Solidification Realm but from the past and even now, why is it that I can feel a faint hint of Transcendence on you?!" The man in purple spoke quickly but he did not reveal all his thoughts. He could not tell Mo Sang that the aura within him made him feel slightly alarmed.

He had that feeling of terror back then, and he still got the same feeling at that point in time!

Chapter 48: Six Numbers!

When Su Ming heard those words, he felt his heart quiver. He could somewhat tell that the relationship between his elder and Wind Stream Tribe's Elder was not as it seems. There was a high possibility that there was some dispute that happened between them in the past.

It probably had something to do with the elder's constant refusal to travel to Wind Stream. At the same time, the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe must have also been worried because he was still polite towards the elder even though he was only at the Blood Solidification Realm.

Su Ming recalled the sight of the elder and the man in purple walking in midair while they were still on the dark python. His heart raced against his chest.

"You will learn about it later." The elder did not provide any answer. He delivered his words leisurely and brought Su Ming out of the pentagonal altar.

Within the altar, Jing Nan fell silent. As he gazed at the direction Mo Sang left, his face became troubled. After a long while, he brought out a small bottle from his bosom. The

color of the bottle was purple and it looked incredibly beautiful. He carried the item around so, it was obvious that the item was something incredibly valuable to him.

Once he opened the bottle, a nice medicinal fragrance was released. Within the bottle was a pill!

It was a Scattering Dust!

'It's a pity there's only one pill... There's little to no effect if there's only one pill for me. But if I had eight more...'

A yearning look appeared briefly in Jing Nan's eyes.

'I must find the Fallen Berserker who created this! I must find him at all costs... I've already sealed off the surroundings. There is no way he can escape!

'I can feel it. He's near. He's very near...'

It was already dusk outside. Night was about to arrive in the mudstone city but there were still many people wandering about and the city was bustling with activity. There were fires in various parts of the city. They were found in appliances Su Ming had never seen before and they floated in midair, lighting up the entire city.

The elder walked forward as Su Ming followed him. The two of them were quiet as they walked.

"The test held by Wind Stream Tribe will begin in seven days. The test is organized by Wind Stream Tribe and all the small tribes who come here to pay homage have to send representatives to enter the test. It is a grand ceremony held for you young ones!"

"I want you to enter the test. You don't need to worry about your powers being exposed. I have already made arrangements. Take this. Besides Jing Nan, no one will know who you are."

"Su Ming, I can only help you so much. Everything else is up to you..." The elder stroked Su Ming's head and said kindly. He swung his right hand and immediately, a faint presence of Qi appeared. It disappeared just as quickly and a black straw hat appeared in the elder's hand.

"I got this when I was traveling in a big tribe a long time ago. I suppose you can consider it a Berserker Vessel. If you absorb it into your blood, it can change your figure and appearance slightly. It's not much but you'll look different. This was something I really liked when I was young."

"This thing has served me a lot of times but it's no longer of any use to me. I'll give it to you now." The elder slapped the black straw hat on Su Ming and Su Ming immediately

felt his body lurch. A cold sensation seeped into his body and the straw hat disappeared instantly.

Even though it disappeared, Su Ming could still feel that the item had done the same thing as the counterfeit Blood Scales. It had fused into his body. The elder also told him how to use the straw hat to change his appearance.

"During the test, don't follow us. Stay in the house. Once we leave, change your appearance and I'll arrange for someone to take you to the venue of the test." The elder smiled lightly.

Su Ming wanted to say something but after some hesitation, he chose not to speak. Nonetheless, he was determined not to disappoint the elder even if it meant fighting with everything he had!

'Top 40...Top 40!'

Su Ming gritted his teeth.

"Su Ming, I've always instructed you to think and analyze since you were young because it would help you a lot... Now, I will give you a question. Let's see whether my little La Su can figure it out..." The elder looked at Su Ming kindly. He winked as he smiled and spoke.

"Listen well, Su Ming. I will only tell you once, 32, 79, 248, 371, 563, 781!"

Su Ming was stunned. He mumbled the six numbers under his breath but could not figure out the meaning behind them. He looked at the elder's smile and he knew that the elder would not tell him straightaway. Su Ming memorized the six numbers in his head and fell into deep thought.

Moonlight shone on their bodies and gradually, their shadows lengthened. As their shadows gradually became faint, Su Ming and the elder walked into the distance...

Time passed by and soon, it was the sixth night. The grand ceremony held by Wind Stream Tribe would start once morning arrived...

During the six days there, Su Ming sat within the house given to Dark Mountain Tribe by Wind Stream Tribe. He meditated as he activated and circulated the Qi within his body. As he did so, he would be careful. He always felt like he was being watched but he could never identify by whom.

During the time he was under scrutiny, Su Ming would have to forcefully stop his training. When the strange feeling of being observed was at its strongest, he chose to lie down and give up on training. He would close his eyes and sleep as he thought

about the six numbers. However, no matter how much he thought about them, he could not find an answer to the riddle.

It was not until the fifth day when the feeling of being observed disappeared completely. Su Ming felt rather nervous about it. He had once tried to guess who had been observing him. The figure of a person would appear in his head but he had never been able to ascertain his guess.

During the past few days, Lei Chen went to Su Ming a few times but the rest of his time was spent with Wu La. Under the elder's guidance, they trained for the last few remaining days before the test. Although with his personality, he would drag Su Ming out and wander about the city of mudstone after a moment of training. Sometimes if Su Ming was unwilling to go, Lei Chen would go out on his own. Every time he came back, there would be a mysterious look on his face.

The look on his face seemed somewhat familiar no matter how Su Ming looked at it...

"Su Ming, you don't understand. There's actually such a place within this mudstone city... I've never seen so many women in my life..."

"Su Ming, there's a type of water here they call wine. Its taste is... Do you want to try it?"

"Su Ming, guess what I saw today. I saw Black Mountain Tribe approaching on a black cloud. But the Elder from Black Mountain Tribe didn't come. I heard that the one who brought them here was their tribe leader."

"Su Ming, stop sleeping! Listen to me! I met a member of Black Mountain Tribe today at the place I drank wine. He's about the same age as us and he's seriously arrogant. If it wasn't because we weren't allowed to fight, I would have gone and beaten him up!"

"Su Ming, I saw Bai Ling today! It was weird though. You think she was really tricked by us? She didn't even ask about the stone coins. But when she saw me, she asked me about you."

"Su Ming, I think I like someone... It's the person I talked to you about yesterday. Didn't we see Bai Ling? There was a girl beside her. She's also from Dark Dragon Tribe. She's really busty and she looks way prettier than Bai Ling..."

"Su Ming, I finally know her name. She's called Bai Fang. It's such a nice name..."

During the past few days, Lei Chen would drop by and talk to Su Ming about what he saw and his thoughts about them. It was especially so during the last few days. Almost every single sentence out of his mouth was about that girl called Bai Fang.

As for Bei Ling, he was usually out. Even if he was in the house, there were a lot of young men from Wind Stream Tribe who came to see him. They looked really friendly with each other.

However, on the sixth night when Su Ming went out of the house to look at the moon, he saw Bei Ling being dragged away by his Wind Stream Tribe friends in the distance. He did not seem willing to be taken away.

"I don't want to go today..." Bei Ling hesitated for a while when he was at the door and said in a low tone.

"You don't want to? Sure. But Bei Ling, you were personally invited by Wu Sen to join the ritual. If you don't join, you won't be able to obtain our Elder's Berserker Blood!"

"Don't forget just how you were able to get a place in the top 50 the last time." The person from Wind Stream Tribe who was dragging Bei Ling was a boy in his late teens. He smiled as he spoke slowly.

There were two other people with them. They cast their eyes on Bei Ling and in them were hints of mockery.

Bei Ling was silent and nodded his head slowly. He followed the three people and disappeared into the dark.

Su Ming stood in the distance and watched with a slight frown. He fell into brief silence and looked at the moon in the sky. Then he walked out of the house.

'Wu Sen...'

Su Ming could still remember Bei Ling mentioning that name. According to him, Wu Sen was one of the three strongest among the younger generation in Wind Stream Tribe. Almost everyone was certain that he was bound to get a place in the top three in all three stages of the test that year.

Bei Ling did not go into detailed explanation about him. He only talked about him briefly and moved on to the next person.

As he walked through the darker parts of the brightly lit mudstone city, Su Ming's body began changing. After a while, he grew seven inches taller and his body became bulkier. Even his hair became longer. His face was no longer handsome and clean. Instead, it just looked simple. He gave off a strong presence and looked completely different from his usual frailer self.

Even his clothes changed. It was a strange sight to behold.

Su Ming moved his body and found no discomfort with his new image. In fact, he felt just as he usually did. As he activated the Qi in his body, the 49 blood veins did not appear on his skin but a strong presence erupted from his body.

'Under the moonlight... even a Berserker at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm is no match for me... Besides, I have Blood Scales... what can a sixth level Berserker of the Blood Solidification Realm do against me?!

Su Ming's eyes flashed and he lifted his head to look at the moonlight before walking forward.

'Bei Ling has just entered the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. As for his father, the Head of the Guards and the chief of the hunters, they are both at the eighth level. Among the younger generation, it's extremely rare for anyone to arrive at the eighth level. They would have to surpass their peers by leaps and bounds to arrive there. Wu Sen and the other two are about the same in terms of power so it'll be safe to say that they have not reached the eighth level!'

Su Ming's footsteps were not quick. The path he took was strange as he only walked in dark corners. He watched Bei Ling and the other three people from afar. He followed them from a distance.

'The other three people should only be at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm but judging from how wary Bei Ling is of them, Wu Sen's strength must be greater than his. If it's above the sixth level but weaker than the eighth level, Wu Sen should most probably be at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm!

'I cannot win against a Berserker at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm but I have the moonlight. Even if we do end up fighting, he won't be able to make me stay against my will.'

Su Ming was extremely confident with his own speed.

He did not follow them out of curiosity. It was because Bei Ling had seemed unwilling to follow them. Since he used to call Bei Ling his brother when he was young, Su Ming followed them with mixed feelings.

Time passed by slowly. The moon hung high in the sky. Bei Ling and the other three people disappeared into a common looking mudstone house. The place was rather secluded. It was located in a corner of the city.

Chapter 49: Thunderbolt!

Su Ming stopped outside the house and stood in the dark like a hunter. He stared at the house for a moment. Then slowly, he frowned. He quickly went up to the house and opened the door. There was no one inside.

"Interesting," Su Ming mumbled to himself. He looked at his surroundings. There was a hole on the ground at the end of the house.

He hesitated for a moment, then squatted down by the hole and observed it for a moment. He also touched the insides of the hole. Its walls were made of dirt and they were dry. It was obvious that the hole had existed for a long time.

His eyes gleamed and he jumped into the hole. There was a tunnel in there. Su Ming ran along the tunnel without making a sound. As he moved forward, he began to determine where the tunnel headed. It was not hard to tell that it led outside the mudstone city.

There were messy looking footprints on the tunnel grounds. Su Ming would stop sometimes to observe them. Once he was done, he calculated the amount of people he expected in his heart.

‘There’s about seven or eight people.’

Su Ming thought for a moment and took out his horn. As he moved forward, he dug deep pits into the ground. As it was just soil and the horn was sharp, Su Ming spent no effort in digging the holes into the ground.

Su Ming even saw a spot in the tunnel where the ceiling was supported by a thick round log when he lifted his head. It seemed like it was there for fear of the tunnel collapsing. Su Ming looked at it for a while. Then the corners of his lips curled up into a smile.

After some time, about 10,000 feet into the tunnel, Su Ming stopped. He saw moonlight nearby, an obvious sign that he had arrived at the exit.

He could also hear a faint voice floating about just outside the exit.

The voice seemed to be chanting and there was a certain strangeness to it. The voice did not seem to be too far away. Su Ming kept his head low as he approached the exit. Soon after, he lifted his head to take a quick glance outside. He took a step back immediately.

With just a glance and help of the moonlight, he saw a person sitting down with his legs crossed, meditating. It seemed like he was keeping watch of the hole.

‘Judging by his Qi, that person keeping watch is only at the fourth level.’

Su Ming was calm. Once he took a step forward, he jumped. The moment he rushed out, the Wind Stream Tribe member sitting cross-legged by the exit opened his eyes as if he was caught by surprise.

In the short period that he was stunned, Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it gently. The young man instantaneously felt sharp pain in his entire body. It felt like firelight spreading right before his eyes like an uncountable amount of needles. He coughed out a mouthful of blood. Just as he was about to let out a sharp scream, a cold and strong hand reached out from behind his head and covered his mouth. He was unable to scream and could only moan as he struggled.

Soon enough, his body twitched and he fainted.

Behind him, Su Ming's face remained calm as he placed the person down gently. He squatted down and looked at his surroundings. It was midnight. There was only silence around him. He could see the faint contours of the mudstone city from a distance and the light from the bonfires of the affiliated tribes.

Su Ming also saw another bonfire burning from a different direction. However, the light emitting from the fire was not red but green! There was a certain peculiarity to the green fire and under the moonlight, it looked ghastly.

The chants he heard came from the direction of the green bonfire.

Su Ming frowned. He approached the grim location quietly and slowly. As he got nearer, he squatted down. He saw something that made his heart jump.

The green fire was burning brightly, sustained by numerous dried branches. Su Ming also saw some corpses within the fire. It was apparent that they had been lifeless since long time ago. As they burned in the fire, light crackling sounds could be heard.

There were seven people sitting around the fire. Among the seven, one of them was sitting right in front of the fire. As for the other six, they were sitting together in groups of three by the fire's side. One of them was Bei Ling!

The person sitting right in front of the fire was a young man wearing a black robe. He was bald and exceptionally handsome. Under the illumination of the fire, he seemed a bit devilish.

Su Ming did not make a sound. He squatted down and watched the scene intently. Gradually, he began to piece together what was happening. Not long after, six whiffs of air emerged from the green fire. The air was absorbed through the mouths, noses, eyes, ears, and tongues of the six people sitting by the bald man's side. It made their faces even paler and their bodies began to shake.

After a while, one of the six stood up and went towards the bald young man. He knelt down on one knee and hit his chest hard with both hands. Immediately, his body began trembling even harder. Then, a green drop of fresh blood was forced out from between his brows. It floated towards the bald young man. At the same time, a drop of dark green blood the size of a fingernail was forced out from between the bald young man's brows too. It mixed together with the blood offered by the person before him.

Once the green blood fused together, a vast amount of blood veins appeared on the bald young man's body. They had a tinge of green in them.

A strong presence of Qi erupted forth from the bald young man's body. Su Ming narrowed his eyes and knew he had judged wrongly. This person was indeed not a Berserker at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm or the seventh level but... the sixth!

He was already at the peak of the sixth level and was just about to break through into the seventh level.

'Looks like I've overestimated Wind Stream Tribe.'

Su Ming remained unmoved and focused his gaze on Bei Ling. Besides Bei Ling, the rest of them had already stood up and forced out a drop of blood from between their brows. They then returned to their places, exhausted.

"Wu Sen... I already gave you dozens of phosphorous blood for the past few days and I'm really weak now. The test is in the morning. Can I just give you a drop today?" Bei Ling opened his eyes and looked at the bald young man with a troubled gaze as he spoke in a low tone.

"Hmm?" The bald young man was Wu Sen. There was a tinge of green in his eyes as he looked at Bei Ling.

"Do you intend to break your promise? I've said before that if you help me break through the seventh level and I finally obtain the Elder's Berserker Blood, I will give you a tiny bit. It was the same in the past. If that's the case, you can choose not to join the first two stages of the test. I'll give you some blood for the final stage. Then you'll find no problems getting a place in the top 50."

"This..." Bei Ling hesitated for a moment as if he was struggling internally. However shortly after, he gritted his teeth and walked forward, kneeling on one knee before Wu Sen. He hit his chest with both hands and immediately, his body started trembling. A drop of green blood flew out from between his brows.

Bei Ling was in a state of fatigue and he looked like was going to wither. Just as the blood flew out and Bei Ling was about to get up and retreat to recover, Wu Sen's eyes

flashed. He raised his right hand instantly and tapped it against the defenseless Bei Ling's forehead.

"You!" Bei Ling shuddered violently and was about to resist but, the moment his finger touched him, the spot between his brows opened up and drops of blood flew out quickly!

"Don't worry, we're friends. I won't kill you. I'm just assisting you to not hesitate any longer and offer me everything you have for tonight..." Wu Sen smiled strangely and retrieved his finger. He was just about to control the ball of dark green blood and fuse it with the blood from Bei Ling's brows when his body jolted. His eyes abruptly opened wide.

He did not even have time to recall the ball of dark green blood into his body. He swiftly retreated a few steps and looked as if he had fused into the green fire.

A black light suddenly appeared. As howling sounds echoed in the air, a long black spear rushed towards them like a great black dragon. It bypassed the others in an instant. It went past Bei Ling, who was stunned and went straight towards Wu Sen.

There was a loud, muffled bang. The fire exploded all of a sudden and a large amount of green flames spread around the area. A sturdy looking person appeared out of nowhere. His speed was so quick he seemingly arrived in front of Bei Ling the moment the explosion occurred. He grabbed the air with his right hand along with Bei Ling's fresh blood and Wu Sen's dark green blood. They fell into the man's hands in an instant.

The man was Su Ming who had earlier changed his appearance!

"This fresh blood is good. I'll take it." His voice was hoarse. He moved his left hand and the black spear which was stuck on the ground turned into a bundle of black mist that he held in his hand.

Su Ming spoke slowly. He looked at Wu Sen, who had retreated the moment the flames scattered. Wu Sen's face was grave and there was a hint of viciousness in him as well.

"You're just asking for death!" Wu Sen roared and instantly, a large amount of green air gushed forth from his body and surrounded him. It transformed him into a figure of about 30 feet in height. The green figure lifted its head and roared at the sky. It lifted its arms like a zombie and jumped towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the others also reacted and activated the Qi in their bodies. However, because they had been offering green blood multiple times, they were still in a weakened condition. As they were about to take action, Su Ming smirked coldly and stuck the long spear in his left hand into the ground.

The Qi within his body immediately rushed into the long spear, causing a large amount of black mist to spew from the spear. The moment the spear pierced the ground, a clamor resounded through the air and the land trembled. A wave of air spread towards their surroundings with Su Ming as the center. It caused the weakened individuals to step back involuntarily.

Then almost immediately, Su Ming rushed towards Wu Sen at lightning speed, lifting the long spear in his left hand simultaneously. The black mist drove into the sky and turned into a faint shape of a black eagle. It opened its wings and created a huge gust of wind as it rushed towards the zombie-like figure.

At that moment, no one noticed that the moon had brightened up. A sliver of moonlight appeared out of nowhere and fused into the black eagle to aid it in its fight against the faint green figure.

The clash was like a thunderbolt. After a huge bang, Su Ming rolled backwards. He staggered for a few steps and quickly retreated towards the tunnel.

The moment he retreated, a furious roar could be heard. The green figure crumbled and Wu Sen's face was twisted with malice. There was a wound on his chest and fresh blood flowed out from the wound.

"How dare you hurt me?!" The green tint in his eyes grew darker and he rushed forward instantly in pursuit.

Su Ming ran forward as Wu Sen chased after him. In the blink of an eye, they disappeared into the tunnel. The people left behind, including Bei Ling were all dumbstruck with astonishment. They looked at each other and none of them dared to chase after the duo.

Before long, a muffled sound came from underground like the tunnel had collapsed. They also heard the remote sounds of a furious bellow. After a long while, Wu Sen came out of the tunnel's exit with a gloomy face. He looked incredibly pathetic and was overcome by anger. However, underneath that anger was also a hint of anxiety that was not easily discovered by the others.

"I've already retrieved my Blood of Corpses but I won't be refining it tonight. Find that person. You must find him! He's not from Wind Stream Tribe! Find him. I want to break his neck with my own hands!"

Chapter 50: The Third Method!

It was a night where the moon was absent and the winds raged!

Within the walls of Wind Stream Tribe's city, winds howled as they rushed by. It was like they were angry. The winds lifted the dust off the land and up into the sky, blurring out the moon.

Several figures ran inside the city of mudstone in the middle of night as though they were looking for something. However, they were in the dark because they had no idea where to start looking. It was not until the first rays of sunlight, which lit up the horizon far into the distance that the people began leaving.

Bei Ling went back to Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings fatigued and pale. That night, he lost a large amount of blood between his brows so his body was incredibly weak. He also watched with his own eyes the short but shocking fight!

There was the spear that flew towards them like a thunderbolt and caused the earth to tremble. Wu Sen's crazed roar in anger also echoed in his ears. To Bei Ling, Wu Sen was Wind Stream Tribe's blessed child. They may have both been at the sixth level but, Bei Ling knew that he could not win against him. In fact... he did not even dare challenge him.

He did not train in the usual Berserker's Method. He had worshiped the statue of the God of Berserkers when he was young. Yet apparently, there was a mysterious statue among all the statues of the God of Berserkers within Wind Stream Tribe. Those who received its inheritance needed to use the aura of corpses to train and gather their Berserker Blood to turn into a corpse. If it was successful, the practitioner would practically be invincible.

'Just who was that person who fought against Wu Sen... I can't gauge his strength but, if he pushed Wu Sen into a corner, he must also be a well-known Berserker. Could he be from Black Mountain Tribe?'

Bei Ling's gaze was dark. He was the most powerful Berserker among his peers in Dark Mountain Tribe but he knew that once he left his tribe, he was a nobody.

Bei Ling returned to the lodgings and to his room with these convoluted feelings as well as uncertainty regarding the test in the morning. However the moment he opened the door to his room, his body shook and his pupils shrank. The hairs on his body stood up and he breathed in sharply. There was shock and disbelief on his face.

There was a ball of fresh blood floating on top of the table in his room. There was a light green tint in that sphere of blood and it glowed in an incredibly strange manner. It was the refined blood that Wu Sen forced out of Bei Ling's entire body when he tapped Bei Ling's glabella.

He was momentarily stunned. Bei Ling immediately turned and looked behind him. There was only darkness and it was incredibly quiet around him. His heart pounded against his chest. After a moment of silence, he went straight into his room and as he stared at the ball of familiar fresh blood on the table. His emotions were unstable...

'Who... was that...? Why did he help me...?'

After a long while, Bei Ling grabbed the ball of fresh blood. The moment he touched the blood, it melted into his body and turned into a wave of heat. Bei Ling quickly sat down with his legs crossed and circulate the blood in his veins.

At the same time, in another room within Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, Su Ming sat with his legs crossed on the floor. His face was pale and there was a trickle of fresh blood at the corner of his lips.

However his eyes were incredibly bright. He lowered his head and looked at the ball of dark green blood in his palm and smiled coldly.

'So this is the prodigy of Wind Stream Tribe! No one is allowed to surpass him. He is the only one allowed to surpass others! He's not that great. If I can complete the third burning of my blood along with this spear, even if I can't kill him, I can still heavily injure him!'

Su Ming lifted one of his hands and wiped away the blood at the corner of his lips. A fierce look flashed briefly in his eyes.

'I was only lightly injured. I'll be able to recover if I circulate my Qi. But that Berserker's Method he adopted is incredibly strange.'

The image of the burning corpses and green fire surfaced in Su Ming's head.

'If I can, I'd like to meet the 'prodigies'! But seeing how crazy Wu Sen was in the tunnel, this item must be incredibly important to him!'

Su Ming looked at the dark green blood in his hands and placed it into a small bottle. After a moment of thought, he raised his hand and grabbed the air. A sliver of moonlight appeared from nowhere and surrounded the small bottle. Then it disappeared.

Once he placed the small bottle in his bosom, Su Ming closed his eyes and circulated the Qi in his body as he waited for morning to arrive.

Time passed by and very soon, the sky was no longer dark. As it turned brighter, morning arrived!

This morning would be different from other mornings because it was the day Wind Stream Tribe held the test that all tribes in the area would partake once every few years!

Besides testing the young Berserkers, it was also a chance for all tribes to show their strength and for their future hopes to display stunning talent. This also decided Wind Stream Tribe's outlook towards the tribes in the future.

When morning arrived, Lei Chen, Wu La and Bei Ling followed the guide from Wind Stream Tribe along with the elder, Head of the Guards and Shan Hen as they left their lodgings.

Su Ming stood outside the house and watched them leave. He looked at Lei Chen waving at him with a confident look. He looked at Wu La, who had a faint look of disdain on her calm face. He looked at the Bei Ling, who was silent. His face had returned a normal healthy shade of color but he still refused to look at him.

There was also the elder, who was smiling sophisticatedly and nodding at him. The Head of the Guards on the other hand, was looking at him with a regretful expression. Then finally, Su Ming looked at the silent Shan Hen, who had a strange glow in his narrowed eyes. His gaze landed briefly on him.

Su Ming still stood at his place even after they slowly disappeared from his sight. However, his body and face started changing. After a moment, Su Ming had changed into a bulky looking man. His skin was slightly dark and he exuded a tough presence. He looked no different from a normal member of the Berserker Tribe.

The disguise Su Ming wore this time was different from the one he adopted the previous night. The straw hat the elder had placed within his body was truly amazing. He could change his appearance at will.

There was no shred of anxiety within Su Ming as he stood there. Instead, he looked at the sky and waited calmly. He knew that it was an important day for him and it was equally important to the elder.

On this day, Su Ming would either display shocking results or... fall into the depths of despair.

Su Ming was unsure if there was a force that controlled people's destinies. He looked at the sky. It was very blue and he could not see the end of it.

'Among all those living on the land, who would be able to see the end of the horizon?'

It was one of the opening lines in the beast skin scroll. When Su Ming first read it, he had been touched but also puzzled.

'People always speak of heaven and earth but, what is heaven and earth? It means all that is under the sky! If the heavens had a soul, it would be an oppressive one! It is oppressing us, the members of the Berserker Tribe and it wants us to humiliate ourselves...'

These words surfaced in Su Ming's head.

Sometimes, he would think that the heavens truly possessed a soul but its soul was too cold. If it was not cold, why would there be prodigies and blessed people? Why would there be common people? Why would there be people like the elder, who had unequaled talent yet whose presence dimmed and hair covered in white with time? And what about people like the man in purple, who could climb above all others and reach the Transcendence Realm?!

There was Bei Ling's complicated feelings and then there was Wu Sen, who stole other people's powers...

'The oppression of the heavens is invisible. We can only endure it and while we endure it, we must learn to live with it happily... If we do not, are we to fight against heaven?'

This was the last paragraph written in the prologue of the beast skin scroll.

Su Ming never understood it. Even now, he only understood the gist of it. He had asked the elder before and the elder's answer still remained fresh in his mind.

"This is something very simple but also very complex. Simply put, it means that the heavens oppress us, the Berserker Tribe. Either we choose to bear with it happily or we fight against heaven... But the last phrase was written in the form of a question."

"To my understanding, perhaps this question meant that besides going up against heaven, could there be any other way to fight against destiny... Once you grow up, perhaps you'll have a deeper understanding of it. If that day truly comes and you have attained the power which allows you to do as the words say, then perhaps you can think of a third way to fight instead of submitting to destiny or rebelling against it."

"After all, the last place I went to was where I obtained this beast skin scroll. It was also the biggest holy land of the Berserker Tribe I've ever seen!"

"That place is the Great Yu... The owner of this beast skin scroll is the Court Diviner of Great Yu..."

Su Ming was quiet as he continued watching the blue sky. After a long while, he heard footsteps approaching from afar. A person slowly walked towards him. Su Ming turned his gaze away from the sky and looked towards the person.

The person wore a white robe and had white hair. His face was burdened by the hardships of life but due to that, there was also wisdom in his demeanor. It was Shi Hai!

Shi Hai looked at Su Ming, at the unfamiliar face before him. He did not understand why the Elder, Jing Nan gave him the task to come to this place and bring the person to join the test in secret.

"Follow me." Shi Hai did not find anything strange about Su Ming. After he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Su Ming's demeanor was calm as he followed him.

The moment he went out of the door, he saw Shi Hai swinging his sleeve. Immediately, mist spread from his body and surrounded Su Ming. Su Ming's heart jumped but he did not retreat. He let the mist surround and carry him into the air with Shi Hai. They turned into a rainbow of mist and sped into the distance.

This was the second time Su Ming looked at the land from the sky. He still felt a little nervous but Shi Hai ignored his anxiety. Instead, he increased his speed. Before long, he brought Su Ming away from Wind Stream Tribe and traveled towards a gigantic plain located at the north.

Su Ming looked at the huge plains ahead of them. From the sky, it looked as if it was an endless sea of land but as all the mist gathered towards them at lightning speed, Su Ming felt his body lurch after a moment. It felt like his body had hit an invisible barrier. The moment they went through it, everything started twisting like the ripples on the surface of water. Then he heard Shi Hai's cold voice by his ears.

"We've arrived!"

The plains were no longer there... There was a mountain right before them!

Su Ming had never seen such a big mountain in his life! It was much bigger and taller than Dark Mountain. If they were placed side by side, Dark Mountain would be like a baby and this mountain would be a sturdy, full-grown man!

It looked as if it had already penetrated the clouds. The summit could not be seen and only half of the mountain was in view. The rest of the mountain was covered by numerous white clouds.

The size of the mountain was incredible!

Su Ming could see numerous stairs on the mountain leading upwards until they disappeared into the clouds.

There was a large field in the shape of a circle at the foot of the mountain. There were nine gigantic bird statues placed all around the field. Each of the statues exuded a presence of ancient savagery that made them look especially vicious.

At that moment, there were hundreds of people on the gigantic field. They were all spread out and talking amongst themselves.

Su Ming's arrival immediately attracted the attention of all the people on the field. However after they glanced at him, they averted their gazes and continued talking with each other.