

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 452 — Fight! - Read

Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 452 — Fight!

Chapter 452: Fight!

"Are we all allowed to impose our will on others because our power is greater than theirs?" Su Ming's voice was bone chilling. In his memories, this had always happened. It was like this when he was in Dark Mountain. Bi Tu's strength had made him think that he could disregard everything.

When he was in Han Mountain, the guest that had chased down He Feng was the same. The depth of his level of cultivation was a form of oppression towards the weak. It was an oppression that felt as if there was no way anyone would be able to go against him for all their lives!

When he went up against Di Tian, Su Ming once again felt that sense of powerlessness. Everything about him had been controlled. His fate was not in his own hands, and that was all because Di Tian's strength had forced all those who were not on par with him to follow his will!

'Is this the law of the jungle...? If this is the law of the world, then I absolutely refuse to be a weakling. I want to become powerful, because only then will I have the right to crush this detestable law!'

The colossal Spirit of Nine Yin before Su Ming lifted his battle axe with a roar and swung it against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. As the battle axe fell down, the sky and earth roared, and the air was torn, revealing a gigantic crack. The old man's face changed, and as he retreated, he lifted his right index finger and pointed swiftly at the incoming battle axe.

With that one point, the Grand Elder's right index finger instantly turned black. Black mist gushed out from his finger and turned into a vengeful soul right before him. There were eight different heads on that soul, and they had the faces of men and women, the old and the young. Each of these faces were filled with heinous murderous aura. They screamed shrilly, and like a shooting star with a very long tail, that soul charged towards the battle axe.

"Malevolent Soul! As expected of a Spirit Medium who is already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman! He actually managed to create a Malevolent Soul!"

Someone from the crowd on the ground immediately recognized what it was when they saw it.

Once the eight-headed Malevolent Soul flew out, its body grew once it came into contact with the wind. In an instant, it grew to be around one hundred feet, and it crashed into the battle axe swinging downwards. The impact turned into a wave of shocking booms, and as they reverberated in the air, Su Ming's voice traveled forth indifferently.

"Are we all allowed to take away what belongs to others because our power is greater than theirs?"

The instant the battle axe belonging to the Spirit of Nine Yin crashed into the Malevolent Soul, Su Ming's clone rushed out swiftly. Before he even closed in on the old man, the black beetles swept out. Buzzing sounds reverberated in the air, and they turned into a huge black hand in midair to seize the Grand Elder.

At the same time, Su Ming's Nascent Soul clone let out a low roar.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!"

As he spoke, Su Ming's clone pointed at the old man with his right hand. With that one point, a ray of black light flashed on his index finger, and it instantly turned black. At the same time, wisps of black mist flew out from his finger to turn into the exact same eight-headed Malevolent Soul the old man had summoned from his Spell just now!

The instant that Malevolent Soul appeared, all the faces of the people who were watching instantly changed. The old man from the God of Shamans Temple, too, experienced a change in expression.

"Nine Transformations, change again!"

Dark light shone in the clone's eyes. Immediately, a single black horn appeared on all eight of the heads on the soul before him. As they roared, the soul charged out and rushed towards the Grand Elder with the huge hand formed by the black beetles.

At the same time, as Su Ming's main battle force, the Spirit of Nine Yin laughed savagely even though his battle axe was bounced off by the impact just now. As it was sent reeling back, he rushed forward. With his body as his strength and his arms as the bridge, he endured the power of the rebound, and at the same time, an even greater power burst out from his body. It allowed him to endure the power of the rebound through raw power, and he swung the battle axe in his right hand down once again.

Immediately after, a string of ancient chants fell off the lips of the Spirit of Nine Yin. As those words tumbled off his mouth, rings that looked like those on a tree appeared on his body. Those rings covered the man's body densely, causing a humongous illusionary shadow to appear in the sky as he roared and swung his axe.

That illusion was a big tree that covered the entire sky. At that moment, the tree was sinking swiftly, like a seal aiming to suppress something, as it charged towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

The Grand Elder's expression changed, and he was forced to retreat once again. To him, this was humiliation. As the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple and a powerful Shaman who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, he was forced to retreat twice, and even though the Spirit of Nine Yin before him was indeed powerful, this to him was a humiliation. Especially when he was forced to do so before several tens of thousands of people.

"If you have the Spirit of Nine Yin fighting for you, then it is fine for me to kill you!"

Killing intent flashed in the Grand Elder's eyes and he spread his palms wide open before flicking them forward. Immediately, all ten of his fingers turned black, and as if they were melting, they turned into a large amount of black mist.

The black mist gathered together to form a black ripple before the old man that swiftly spread forward to crash into all the divine abilities that were charging towards him.

"Touch the emptiness, Spirit Medium!" the old man growled, and with an indescribable speed, the black ripple shot out, and its very first touch landed on the huge hand formed by the black beetles. The instant that hand touched the black ripple, it immediately collapsed with a bang, and the black beetles inside were immediately sent tumbling back.

At the same time, the eight-headed Malevolent Soul formed through the clone's Nine Transformations Art crashed into the ripple with a piercing roar. Instantly, seven of its head crumbled into dust, but there was one head remaining. Perhaps it was because this was a Malevolent Soul formed through Su Ming's Nine Transformations Art, which made it similar to the old man's Malevolent Soul, hence it was able to pass through that ripple and charge towards the old man ferociously.

As for the Spirit of Nine Yin, when his battle axe came into contact with the ripple, a violent bang shook the sky furiously, and the spirit roared. His body was pushed backwards, and madness appeared in his eyes. A singular incantation tumbled out of his mouth, and the instant that sound appeared, he rammed his head on the battle axe before him, causing the battle axe to tremble and shatter!

As the battle axe shattered, an immense wave of power erupted it, and it crashed into that black ripple violently. The booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the man once again took a few steps back coughing out a mouthful of blood.

However, his eyes under his helmet burned with an even stronger battle spirit.

With the price of the spirit shattering his battle axe, the black ripple became distorted. It flashed a few times, then abruptly collapsed, turning into a large amount of black mist that rolled backwards.

Yet the fight was not over. The huge illusionary tree in the sky had closed in with the intention to crash into the old man. The Grand Elder swung his arm forward and rammed into the tree in the air. Booming sounds rang out once again, and as they reverberated in the air, the huge illusionary tree shattered, inch by inch, and completely crumbled before the old man.

However, the old man was clearly not in good shape as well, because his face turned a little pale. Once he dispersed that giant illusionary tree, he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. As that blood gushed out of his mouth, it closed in on the one-headed Malevolent Soul that was already less than ten feet away from him!

"Are we all allowed to treat others like ants as if it is something natural because our power is greater than theirs?"

Su Ming's voice traveled through the air. By his side, gray light shone in the Poison Corpse's eyes, and the corpse took a swift step forward, towards where the Grand Elder was.

As the Poison Corpse walked forward, the presence of his power in the Berserker Soul Realm spread out without any reservation. Poisonous fog surrounded him, and with a roar akin to that of a wild beast, he charged forth.

Su Ming's clone also started forming seals with both his hands. The small virescent sword grew several times in size, and once it turned into a huge sword, Su Ming's clone breathed out a breath of his Nascent Soul's Qi, and at the same time, an endless amount of cyclones stirred up around the big virescent sword. With a light that shone in an area of ten thousand feet, the sword slashed down on the Grand Elder.

Right behind the Poison Corpse and clone, the Spirit of Nine Yin took off his helmet and revealed his face. His skin was brown and filled with cracks, which made him look like a tree. At that moment, as he let out a low growl, the spirit threw away his helmet, then he roared towards the sky.

The growth rings on his body increased, and his body grew several times in size instantly. In the blink of an eye, he had already grown up to be one thousand feet tall, and from the distance, he looked as if he had turned into a big tree!

His hair swiftly grew longer and it looked like the branches of a drooping willow. Once his body grew larger, the spirit took a huge step forward and rammed a fist against the Grand Elder!

That one punch made his fist look like the branch of a tree. It exuded an ancient presence, and there was even an abundance of life force contained within his arm.

Su Ming stood in the distance and watched the scene coldly. The old man's face had now turned sullen. As the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, if he still needed someone to help him when he was attacking another person, then this would be the greatest form of humiliation among all other humiliations he had to suffer this day!

This was the reason why he did not even consider having the Guards of the God of Shamans attack. Instead, the instant Su Ming's clone, his Poison Corpse, and the Spirit of Nine Yin closed in on him, killing intent flashed in his eyes. He seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, a black leaf appeared in his hand.

Right at the instant he placed it in his mouth and crushed it, his body immediately started distorting, causing the sword in the clone's hands to miss its strike, and the old man instantaneously walked out right behind Su Ming, who was standing in the distance.

Almost the moment he walked out, Su Ming took a step forward, and with a speed incredibly quick, he was already several hundreds of feet away in the blink of an eye. At the same time, he waved his right arm towards the sky.

With that one wave, a gust of wind was stirred up.

"Wind comes when I wave my arms..." Su Ming muttered softly. The Provenance of Wind in his body circulated rapidly, and because of it, suddenly, a moaning sound came from the sky, and that sound was the voice of wind!

With Su Ming as its center, a large amount of wind suddenly rushed from a circular area of several hundreds of li. That wind charged forth from all directions, and as it spun around, it turned into a whirlwind that blew against the sky and world, and this... was the rise of a tempest!

"Once the tempest arrives, the sea of clouds will appear, and wind will descend!" Speaking in a low voice, Su Ming clenched his right fist in the direction of the sky!

At that moment, the sky in an area of several hundreds of li turned into a large sea of clouds in that whirlwind. The sea of clouds spun along with the wind, and when the crowd looked over, it was as if the sky had turned into a gigantic vortex made of a sea of clouds.

The instant Su Ming clenched his fist, that vortex charged towards him with a shocking speed!

'There's not enough wind...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 453: Peerless!

There was indeed not enough wind!

Su Ming might have mastered one of the three styles of Wind Separation - Sun Genesis, but that did not mean that he could bring out a power equivalent to the Divine General Wind Berserker's shocking power. After all, his level of cultivation was still too low.

This level of rising and descending of wind could not bring about any form of shock when used to fight against an ordinary Latter Shaman. However, when used to fight against divine abilities, it would still be able to perform normally.

Right then, as he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman, who even the Spirit of Nine Yin could not injure, Su Ming knew that this amount of wind... was not enough!

The main principle behind Sun Genesis lay within how much wind was sent out, and the amount of wind delivered would be returned several fold. The more wind was delivered, the more wind would be returned, and its might would also be stronger!

That was why as a glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He activated that extreme speed of his, but not to fall back or to move forward. He flew up instead like a shooting star, charging forth to the sky.

Since he could not generate enough wind by waving his arm, then Su Ming would use his own body to execute his fastest speed and stir up the strongest wind he could muster!

As Su Ming charged into the sky at a speed that could barely be detected with the naked eye, gusts of violent wind blew around him. As he became faster, and the instant he charged into the sky, that violent gust of wind that he had stirred up blew into the sky with a crash.

With this, Su Ming finished the Wind Propelling stage for Sun Genesis!

The instant the wind swept from all directions and rushed to the sky, the sea of clouds roared and spread violently through the area. In the blink of an eye, it had already expanded to an area of one thousand li compared to its previous several hundreds of li!

The sea of clouds turned into a huge vortex that was spinning with booming noises. All of this happened within an instant. When Su Ming arrived in the sky, he clenched his fist once again.

A sight that was difficult to forget for all who saw it formed in such an astonishing manner it would shock the sky!

The gigantic sea of clouds charged towards Su Ming's fist from all directions as if time was turning back. Right at the instant Su Ming completed the act of clenching his fist, it gathered in his fist, making it seem as if he was holding onto the vortex of clouds and wind in the sky just now!

The blue sky within one thousand li no longer had a shred of wind or clouds. This was the vital part in the second level of Sun Genesis - Wind Borrowing!

Freezing light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He clenched his right fist and hurled it forward, at the old man from the God of Shamans Temple beneath him!

That one punch did not seem to contain much strength, but the movement stirred an indescribable gust of wind, and it erupted forth from Su Ming's punch!

That wind let out a piercing cry and moan that sounded like the wails of ghosts and howls of wolves, making all those who heard it to be unable to help themselves but be afraid! It was as if a shocking clap of thunder had boomed in the quiet dawn, as if a storm had erupted forth on a tranquil sea, as if a gigantic bang had resounded on a flat land!

As Su Ming hurled his fist towards the old man, a wind dragon manifested. That wind dragon was several thousands of feet long. It looked incredibly ferocious and its body was semi-transparent. The moaning sound of the wind was its howl, and the piercing whistle as the wind traveled forth was its roar!

"Sun Genesis," Su Ming mumbled.

The wind dragon instantly closed in on the old man, whose face had turned incredibly serious. His white hair danced madly in the air, and at that moment, a bump appeared on his throat. It swelled rapidly like a tumor, and eventually, the instant that wind dragon closed in on him, that tumor cracked open to reveal a head inside.

At that moment, the old man looked incredibly terrifying. He had two heads, and the newborn head was that of a teenager. However, he looked savage. The moment the head appeared, the old man seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, two gigantic conch shell horns appeared in his hand.

He held a shell in each hand and placed them in his mouth. Moaning sounds rose into the air in a shocking manner. As those sounds echoed in the air, his body distorted, and

shrill howls rose into the air. During that time, the distortions shattered, and an endless amount of vengeful souls rushed out from the torn air. From the distance, they looked like a long black arc filled with vengeful souls, and that arc was rushing towards the wind dragon.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in all directions. The wind dragon shattered, but a large half of the grudge filled long arc from the old man also dissipated. Only a small amount of it was left, and it charged towards Su Ming.

Though it was as it looked, in truth, when the wind dragon crumbled, the old man's face also turned a little paler in an instant. However, he soon recovered, and it would be difficult for anyone to be able to see anything off about him.

At that moment, his heart was in incredible shock. After all, the difference between his level of cultivation and Su Ming's was incredibly great, but even with that disparity between them, the wind dragon had managed to make his Qi freeze for a moment and it had even showed signs of flowing backwards and scattering away. From that alone, it was enough to tell that this Spell was so strong that it was definitely not some common Spell.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood and fell a few steps backwards. Han Mountain Bell manifested with a boom, and as those bell chimes echoed in the air, he began forming seals with both his hands before pointing at the bell with a finger. Instantly, that bell began shining, and the illusionary shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon swiftly formed in the sky. A glint appeared in the eyes of the sixth head among the nine, and it sucked in a deep breath in the direction of the long river made of vengeful souls.

With that one inhale, the long arc of vengeful souls that was charging towards Su Ming instantly changed direction, and a large number of them were devoured by the sixth head of the Han Mountain Bell.

"I originally wanted to spare you out of respect for someone else, but since you're such an ungrateful wretch, I will send you to hell!" The old man's expression was already incredibly dark.

At that moment, almost no one, not the two people fighting, and almost none of the people in the area noticed that the mark of the dragon on Wan Qiu's arm was flashing as she stood outside the hall in the distance.

When the old man from the God of Shamans Temple said those words, five tumors appeared on his throat, and once those they emerged, they burst at the same moment, and five different heads crawled out from within!

By doing so, the old man from the God of Shamans Temple now looked like a monster, but as the five heads appeared, a presence that could shake the sky manifested swiftly on his body.

There were seven heads on his body at that moment, and they came in all forms, man and woman, old and young. All of their faces were filled with forlornness, and they all cried out at Su Ming ferociously, causing the old man to look just like the Malevolent Soul he had summoned in the beginning.

"Spirit Medium Ultimate Move: Mark of Heaven Seal!"

Numerous bumps rose on the old man's body, and they were all twisting about, causing him to look incredibly horrifying. At the same time, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the Spirit of Nine Yin.

Not a single ripple that came from the execution of divine abilities could be seen from that one point. The onlookers could only hear the six heads on the old man's body roaring together, and those roars seemed to contain some sort of chant within!

"The Spirit Medium Tribe's Eternal Seal!"

The expression of the Spirit of Nine Yin changed drastically. He lifted his hands swiftly and rapidly tapped a few spots on his body. With each tap, a large amount of growth rings would appear on his body, and numerous growth rings also appeared in the form of illusions around him, as if he was fighting against something. At the same time, he took a huge step forward to charge towards the old man.

"Seal!"

The old man's lips curled up in a cold sneer. With a low growl, three of his heads instantly shrank and withered away. At the instant they disappeared without a trace, a screen of light immediately appeared around the Spirit of Nine Yin's body. That screen of light glowed and turned into a gigantic seal.

Pain immediately appeared on the spirit's face when he was sealed within.

At the same time, the old man pointed at Su Ming's clone. He disappeared swiftly into the air, but the instant he disappeared, he was forced out from the space. Pain also appeared on his face. The light screen had appeared near his body and had turned into a seal!

Su Ming's Poison Corpse could not escape from this fate as well. The instant the old man pointed towards him, the seal flashed next to his body and he was sealed in midair.

This was an incredibly overbearing divine ability that allowed absolutely no form of resistance or struggle. Once the old man finished doing all this, the six heads on his body disappeared without a trace. He stared at Su Ming, and with a gaze filled with killing intent, as well as a look that stated he was looking at an ant, he moved towards him.

"You no longer have the Protector Spirit of Nine Yin and the two puppets. You are alone. Now... I will make you suffer a slow death..."

Su Ming remained calm as he watched the old man from the God of Shamans Temple walking towards him. He had completely lost this battle. Even the Spirit of Nine Yin had been sealed by that mysterious divine ability of the old man who was already halfway to becoming an End Shaman.

Su Ming let out a soft sigh.

"If you are powerful, then you can prey on the weak..."

"If you are powerful, then you can replace everything with your will..."

"If you are powerful, then you can snatch away other people's things on a whim..."

"If you are powerful, then you can decide whether a person lives or dies..."

"If that is the case, then if the power I reveal is stronger than yours, then I can turn you into my prey, I can have my will replace your soul, I can also decide whether you live or die..." Su Ming looked at the old man walking towards him.

"That's right. If you have the power of an End Shaman, then forget taking away the Crimson Stone, you can do things that are even worse than this, and you can perform these acts as you please."

The old man from the God of Shamans Temple walked towards him, and as he spoke in a dark voice, he was already less than several hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. With a cold harrumph, he swung his arm forward, and an illusionary hand rushed through the air to seize Su Ming!

"This farce has ended!"

"It has indeed ended... Ze Long Shen..." Su Ming's gaze fell on the mark on his left hand. That mark did not seem like the mark of a Spirit of Nine Yin. It was incredibly indistinct, but Su Ming could sense its presence.

The instant the words 'Ze Long Shen' tumbled out of his mouth, the old man's gigantic illusionary hand that was rushing to catch Su Ming was already less than thirty feet away from him. However, right at that moment, suddenly, the space before Su Ming distorted, and a finger extended out from that space. The finger's appearance was incredibly sudden, and it tapped at the old man's palm.

With that one tap, the old man from the God of Shamans Temple let out a shrill scream of pain. His entire right arm was abruptly torn to bloody pieces, and as he fell back, his face was filled with shock and disbelief.

At the same time, a furious dragon roar spread forth abruptly from Wan Qiu's body, who was standing in the distance. The appearance of that dragon roar left even Wan Qiu stunned, and soon after, the mark of the dragon on her arm shot forth with a red light that surged to the skies before it swiftly turned into a gigantic crimson dragon. It roared once it came into sight, and right after it manifested, with one single move, it appeared... right under Su Ming's feet!

At that moment, Su Ming stood in the air as if he was standing on the crimson dragon's body. His long hair danced in the wind, his black robes covered his entire body, and he looked peerless!

Chapter 454: Reckless?

The whiskers on the crimson dragon's gigantic head danced in the wind along with Su Ming's long hair. As it roared, its crimson red body and ferocious eyes caused Su Ming, with his existence alone, to render all the people in all directions dead silent.

A powerful wave of pressure erupted from the crimson dragon's body. The dragon was roaring at the moment, and the pressure from its gigantic body caused all the people's breathing to freeze.

Wan Qiu was stunned. She knew clearly in her heart that she had absolutely not summoned that powerful crimson dragon. That dragon had flown out on its own!

As she looked at the crimson dragon roaring, looked at it submissively floating under Mo Su's feet, looked at the serenity in his eyes through the mask covering his face, the uncertainties and doubts in Wan Qiu's heart instantly became clear in an instant!

Tian Lan Meng stared at Su Ming with a dazed look. As she watched him stand on the crimson dragon that had brought fear to her heart, her mind turned blank. Behind her, Sky Mist's ancestor widened his eyes, and disbelief could be seen within them.

Tie Mu was in the same state. He sucked in a sharp breath and looked at Su Ming, then at the crimson dragon under his body. He also saw the sight of the Grand Elder tumbling backwards with a shrill screech while his right arm was crushed. In fact, with his current level of cultivation, he could not even see how that incident happened clearly.

The shock in his heart was akin to a raging storm. He suddenly felt that he could no longer see through this Mo Su, especially when he remembered they had fought against each other a month ago, and he felt somewhat happy and lucky that he had not insisted on killing him at that time...

Or else...

A hint of wariness and respect rose in Tie Mu's eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

Nan Gong Hen looked at a loss as he stood among the crowd on the ground. Things had changed far too quickly, and he could not find himself able to react to it. At that moment, as he stared at the crimson dragon and Su Ming standing on it, Nan Gong Hen found himself somewhat unable to differentiate what was reality and what was fantasy.

If it was real, he found it hard to believe what he saw, if it was a fantasy, then why was the sight of the torn and bloodied right arm of the Grand Elder, his pale face, and his shocked expression so real...?

Then, the instant that crimson dragon appeared and roared as it came charging under Su Ming's feet, Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming, and the sight right before his eyes overlapped with certain rumors in the past. Su Ming's back began to resemble the back he had once seen.

His breathing quickened. His eyes misted in confusion, but in the midst of that perplexity, excitement rose.

At the edge of the crowd, located far into the distance, was a gaze among all the other pairs of eyes looking at the sky. That gaze was burning with raging hate, and the owner of that gaze was a woman, a woman who was as cold as ice!

'It's really you... but you are now much weaker than before...'

Nan Gong Shan clenched her fist and gritted her teeth. However, she still understood that even if that person was weaker than he was in the past, he was still not someone she could fight against, especially when he had used an unknown divine ability just now to crush that Grand Elder's right arm, the man who was already halfway through to becoming an End Shaman. Only those with the power of an End Shaman would be able to do this.

Su Ming lowered his head in the sky. An ancient voice was echoing in his ears. That voice could not be heard by anyone else, only him alone.

"You still have two more chances before you have to give me a Spirit Plunder... If you want me to kill someone, then you have to give me a Spirit Plunder for each person I kill..."

With a calm expression, Su Ming cast a look at the crimson dragon under his feet. He was familiar with this creature. In Hong Luo's memories, he had used Earthen Aura to create this dragon and gave it life. Later on, because Hong Luo wanted to leave this world and he could not bring it with him, he gave it as a gift to Wan Qiu...

Su Ming was not entirely surprised by its appearance. In truth, when he was fighting against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, he had already sensed the crimson dragon's faint but angry roars from Autumn Sea Tribe.

It was created by Hong Luo, and Hong Luo was sealed in Su Ming's body. He might be dead, but due to the Path to Life, he had technically given his entire legacy to Su Ming, that was why the crimson dragon had felt that while Su Ming was not its master, Hong Luo... he was practically the same as master.

The moment it sensed that Su Ming was in danger, it broke through its seal and revealed its true form.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the crimson dragon and looked at the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, who was then standing one thousand feet away from him with a deathly pale face that still had remnants of shock and fear lingering on it.

Su Ming had summoned the old man from the fifth layer who had the power equivalent to an End Shaman during the shocking blow they exchanged moments ago. This powerful warrior who could fight on equal grounds against End Shamans had just used one finger and forced the Grand Elder back. He had even caused his right arm to be crushed and torn into bloody pieces!

The appearance of that one finger caused distortions to stir up in the area. That was why beside Su Ming and the Grand Elder, no one else saw what had happened clearly. They had only seen Su Ming mumbling one sentence, and then the Grand Elder, who was trying to seize him, screamed shrilly in pain before his right arm exploded and he fell back in terror.

Due to Su Ming being an unknown, due to his mysteriousness, due to the crimson dragon that appeared with a roar, he now gave the people a feeling that he was an abyss that could not be seen through. That was why in almost everyone's eyes, Su Ming was now filled with intimidating might.

"Now, I am stronger." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the pale Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple, speaking in a calm voice.

The old man's expression changed. His heart was still trembling. During the instant just now, he felt a strong threat of death looming over his head. It had been his fortune that the finger had only landed on his palm. If it had landed at the center of his brows, then he believed wholeheartedly that he would have definitely died, and even his soul would have been unable to escape death.

Because that one tap was simply... too terrifying!

"Do you still want to take my Crimson Stone?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

The Grand Elder's was green from fear and red from anger. He looked at Su Ming and sucked in a deep breath to quell the terror and shock in his heart. Ignoring his torn and bloodied arm, he demanded in a low voice, "Just who are you?!"

"Mo Su." There was not a hint of change on Su Ming's face. At that moment, the silence from the people around him and the gazes trained on his person made him see how people changed in all sorts of ways as this incident unfolded.

"I was reckless today. Regarding this matter..." The Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple spoke with much difficulty. These sort of words sounded incredibly awkward in his mouth, because he could not quite remember just when was the last time he had said such words himself.

"Reckless?" A chilling glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He stepped lightly on the crimson dragon beneath his feet and sent a thought to it. This was the first time he controlled this crimson dragon, and his actions were rather rusty. All he knew was that in his memories, Hong Luo had sent his thoughts into the dragon this way for it to carry out his commands.

"By just saying that you're reckless, you can come and snatch my stone so brazenly?" The instant Su Ming sent his thoughts beneath him, the gigantic crimson dragon let out an even stronger roar. It curled its tail swiftly and charged towards the ground, sweeping past the Spirit of Nine Yin, Su Ming's clone, and the Poison Corpse.

Its control over its power was ingenious. Once it swept past these three people, it made the seals around their bodies vibrate violently, and then they shattered. The three were absolutely not touched by the blows or injured by them.

"By just saying that you're reckless, you can decide whether I live or die with your power?" Booming sounds echoed in the air as Su Ming asked those two questions. Then, as if the voice and the booming sounds had fused together, Su Ming's voice seemed to have turned into thunder. As it boomed in the air, the Spirit of Nine Yin regained his mobility and walked to Su Ming's side. Once he did so, there was shock in his gaze as he looked at him.

He was not shocked because that old man from his tribe had attacked, but because of the crimson dragon under Su Ming's body. That crimson dragon gave him a feeling that it was incredibly powerful, and that level of strength even surpassed his power in his current Realm.

With a single warp, the clone came to stand behind Su Ming. The Poison Corpse also appeared beside him with a flash.

"Since this is recklessness, then I will be reckless as well today." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple. With that

one point, the crimson dragon roared and charged forth with Su Ming towards the old man at an incredible speed.

The old man's expression instantly changed drastically. He wanted to explain himself, but he did not have time to even open his mouth. He quickly retreated, but no matter how fast he was, he could not outrun the crimson dragon. In an instant, a huge power rammed into the Grand Elder and made all his clothes flutter.

Yet at that very moment, an indistinct sigh that did not even seem to exist suddenly echoed between the sky and earth. At the same time, a piercing light abruptly shone before the crimson dragon and the Grand Elder, right in the middle of the remaining space of one hundred feet between the human and dragon. Then, from within that light, came a person.

That person's face and age could not be seen. Once he appeared, he lifted his right hand, and immediately, that piercing light surrounding his body gathered into his right hand as if it was flowing backwards to that spot, causing him to seem as if he was holding a sun in his right hand and making it look as if day had arrived, even though it was still dawn in the world.

That person's right hand moved in a manner that seemed slow, but in reality, had swept forth incredibly fast to press on the crimson dragon.

The crimson dragon roared and its entire body shone with a red light. In an instant, it crashed into the person's right hand. Loud, booming noises reverberated in all directions, and when the noise shook the sky and earth, Su Ming's body lurched forward. The crimson dragon under his feet had been forced to come to a halt.

However, the person from the light had clearly used all his power during that strike just now. He might have caused the crimson dragon to stop, but he staggered a few steps backwards, and the light around his body was dispelled to reveal a middle-aged man with fair skin. His most distinct characteristic would most definitely be a pair of long and narrow eyes that were like those of a phoenix.

The middle-aged man smiled wryly and said in a soft voice, "Brother Mo, would you mind not attacking for the moment and allowing me to say one word?"

Once he appeared, the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart, then with an incredibly respectful face, he bowed towards this person.

"Greetings, Temple Lord of Earthen Temple."

"I might have only gotten to know of your name today, but your existence truly impresses me... You challenged our powerful Shamans, sealed Zong Ze of Autumn Sea, and made it so that no one in the Shaman Tribe did not know about you... It's a

pity that you did not appear again after that time... It is a great fortune for me to be able to see you today, brother Mo." The middle-aged man looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm with a faint smile on his face.

Chapter 455: Departure!

The instant the middle-aged man appeared, a few from the crowd underneath immediately recognized him. They did not dare discuss among themselves loudly, but low buzzing sounds could still be heard traveling through the air faintly.

"The End Shaman who is in charge of defending the World of Nine Yin this time is Sir Mo Bai[1], the Lord of the Earthen Temple of the God of Shamans Temple?!"

"No wonder the other big tribes were so plainly hesitating just now! So this is the reason!"

"Sir Mo Bai is addressing Mo Su as brother Mo... and that crimson dragon... Could it be that he... that he's the person in the legends?!"

Su Ming's expression was calm as he looked at the man standing before the Grand Elder. Through the Grand Elder's respect and his words, along with the ripples that came from this person's level of cultivation, it was not difficult for him to guess that this person was the End Shaman who was defending Shaman City!

This was the second End Shaman he had ever met!

This person gave him a different feeling than Zong Ze, who had clearly exuded an incredible feeling of power when Su Ming looked at him. This person looked incredibly gentle, and most of his aura was also kept within himself. People would only feel that this person seemed to be different from others at first glance, but they would not be able to sense the pressure of an End Shaman coming from him.

If he could do this, then it was clear that he had come to understand his Realm better than Zong Ze.

When his words fell into Su Ming's ears, doubt immediately appeared in Su Ming's heart. Ever since he used the power of the God of Berserkers and dispelled Di Tian's projection before leaving through that Gate to the Void, he had been plagued by a thought, since everything from the moment he fought against Di Tian to the moment Hong Luo disappeared had happened inside and near that sacred mountain of the Shaman Tribe.

Rumors said that the location of the God of Shamans Temple was in that sacred mountain. Then, the God of Shamans Temple must have witnessed that battle, but now, the words and expressions of this Earthen Temple Lord of the God of Shamans Temple and that Grand Elder made it seem as if they did not know about the battle at their sacred mountain.

However, this was not the moment for Su Ming to be immersed in his own thoughts. He stood on his crimson dragon and narrowed his eyes, not speaking a word.

"We are at fault for what happened today... Brother Mo, don't worry, I will definitely give you a satisfactory answer to this... so I hope that you would not continue pursuing this matter... After all, you have been missing for many years and your level of cultivation has fallen.

"I doubt that you are here to fight against the God of Shamans Temple now that you appeared here in the World of Nine Yin. There must be something more important for you to do..." the middle-aged man said with a smile. His voice was slow, but when he mentioned Su Ming's power decreasing, a sharp glint flashed in his eyes.

Clearly, even he had been unable to see that finger just now, and even if the Grand Elder had seen it, he was unable to differentiate clearly whether that finger was a product of Su Ming's divine ability or it was because of someone else.

"Besides, you have a Protector Spirit of Nine Yin with you, so you must have also gone to the ninth layer..." the middle-aged man said with a smile.

"How are you going to explain this?" Su Ming asked calmly. Since the other thought that he was Hong Luo and believed that his current level of cultivation was not high because he had been injured in an accident, then Su Ming would naturally not explain anything. He, of course, had also heard the faint hints of a threat within the man's words when he spoke about his Protector Spirit of Nine Yin.

The underlying meaning of his words was a warning to Su Ming that the God of Shamans Temple also had Protector Spirits of Nine Yin in the World of Nine Yin! If he continued fighting against them, then neither one would have a good outcome.

The middle-aged man gathered his thoughts for a moment and then spoke slowly. "Brother Mo, since you joined the treasure gambling event, then I can make a decision about this. You may choose five hundred stones that you like from the Crimson Stones we were going to auction next. You don't need to pay any Shaman Crystals for them, and you can bring them away. You don't need to open them here.

"I will also give you a top secret map of the World of Nine Yin belonging to the God of Shamans Temple. Only Latter Shamans are allowed to have this map, and it is very detailed.

"Also, while there are many limitations to outsiders who want to enter the places we of the God of Shamans Temple have developed in the World of Nine Yin, you may come and go to these places as you please, including Shaman City!"

Once he finished speaking, he seized at the air with his right hand, and immediately, two pieces of black wood appeared in his hand. He pushed them forward, and they floated towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast the middle-aged man a glance. He did not touch the two wooden pieces but had his Poison Corpse take a few steps forward, swing his arm to sweep the black wooden pieces into his sleeve before he returned to his place.

"Thank you for the Crimson Stones," Su Ming said flatly.

When the Temple Lord saw Su Ming's puppet putting away the wooden slips, he too breathed out a sigh of relief. Even if Su Ming gave him a feeling that he was so weak that he would die with just a single blow, the Grand Elder's torn and bloodied right arm terrified him from the bottom of his heart. Clearly, even if this Mo Su's power had largely fallen, he still had incredible killing moves!

More importantly, the rumors about him made the Temple Lord unwilling to attack rashly. In his mind, he believed that this Mo Su came here to search for herbs to cure his wounds.

If that was the case, then there was really no need for him to offend such a powerful existence. Even if he could indeed summon the Spirits of Nine Yin, this Mo Su lived up to his fame. If he went all out and fought back, then the price the God of Shamans Temple would have to pay would be too great!

He also remembered how the Great Patriarch had personally issued the order when this person disappeared from the land of the Shamans to have none of them offend him if any of the members of the God of Shamans Temple ever ran into him again.

'With just a lift of his arm, he sealed Zong Ze, with a flip of his hand, he sealed the entire Autumn Sea Tribe... Even if his level of cultivation has fallen to such a state, I still shouldn't become enemies with such a person...' Mo Bai's resolve became firm. As he smiled, he cast the Grand Elder standing behind him a glance.

The old man's face was rather bloodless at that moment. Ever since he learned of Su Ming's identity, he no longer felt the humiliation from moments before. He had heard of far too many rumors regarding this person, and even some of his close friends had seen him before.

Once the old man bowed towards Su Ming with respect, he waved his right arm in the sky, and with that, dazzling light immediately filled the sky.

Within that dazzling light were nine thousand Crimson Stones of various sizes packed densely. They all appeared in the sky in a grand fashion. These Crimson Stones shone with a red glare, and that light instantly illuminated the entire world, causing this endless area to be dyed completely in crimson.

"Brother Mo, please, go on ahead!" Mo Bai said and smiled.

Su Ming did not bother with acting modest. The crimson dragon under his feet moved and brought him charging into the sky above. They appeared beside the nine thousand Crimson Stones, and right before the crowd's eyes underneath, he started walking past them.

Every single time Su Ming chose a Crimson Stone, he would immediately put it away. When dawn was over, when the nine moons hid themselves away, and when the morning sun lifted its head, Su Ming finished walking past all nine thousand Crimson Stones. In all that time, the small, black humanoid in his storage bag had only sensed nine.

To confuse the people, Su Ming put away the other four hundred and ninety-one Crimson Stones in the same manner. By doing so, it would be difficult for anyone to be able to figure out any clues from his actions.

The price for five hundred Crimson Stones was incredibly high. From that, it could be seen that the God of Shamans Temple truly wanted to resolve this matter in peace.

Once Su Ming put away all the stones, he stood on the crimson dragon and cast the Temple Lord a glance. The crimson dragon let out a roar and charged towards the ground, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared right before Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen's face was pale at the moment, and he was staring at Su Ming with a dazed expression.

"Brother Nan Gong, the Shaman Crystals you obtained by selling that Dragon Leaf Grass has canceled the deal we made with each other. You don't have to give me any of the Shaman Crystals." Su Ming nodded at Nan Gong Hen, then looked towards Lan Lan and Ahu.

Lan Lan blinked, then immediately dragged the slightly stupefied Ahu, who was standing by the side, to climb on the crimson dragon. Once they were on, she grabbed the crimson dragon's whiskers, and her gaze as she looked at Su Ming was filled with idolization. Ahu only at that moment snapped out of his stupor and also looked at Su Ming with a zealous gaze.

To these two children, the incident today had surpassed Su Ming's battle with Eastern Goosefoot Tribe. In their eyes, Su Ming was their sky!

Once Lan Lan and Ahu climbed onto the crimson dragon, Su Ming sent his thoughts to the dragon, and it immediately rose into the sky with a roar. Just as he was about to leave, a thought suddenly bloomed in his heart, and his lips curled up into a smile under the mask.

"Brother Bai, I have a request. I hope you will help me fulfill it." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he spoke slowly.

"Oh? Brother Mo, please, go on," said Mo Bai.

"It's still the most convenient to use this type of Enchanted Vessels to cut into Crimson Stones..." Su Ming's gaze fell on the one hundred Enchanted Vessels floating in midair.

"We didn't make a lot of these Enchanted Vessels and seldom give them to other people, but if you need one, then it'll be another matter." Mo Bai smiled, then with a wave of his arm, one of the Enchanted light rings immediately flew towards Su Ming and stopped before him.

Su Ming's clone immediately took one step forward from behind him and put away the Enchanted Vessel into his storage bag. Once he did so, Su Ming swept his gaze across the land. All the people on the ground entered his vision, along with the people standing outside the eight halls - Wan Qiu, Tie Mu, Tian Lan Meng, and Sky Mist's ancestor, whose presence had made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

Finally, Su Ming's gaze fell on the Celestial Maiden in white. The woman was also looking at him at the moment, and the delighted surprise on her face was genuine.

Su Ming turned his head away and averted his gaze. The crimson dragon under his body let out a roar to the skies. Then, no longer bothering itself with Wan Qiu, it brought Su Ming to charge into the sky.

Its roar was filled with happiness. Clearly, meeting Su Ming was much dearer to it compared to it following beside Wan Qiu.

"Senior... where are we going?" Lan Lan held onto the crimson dragon's whiskers and shouted at Su Ming loudly while the wind blew against her face.

"I'll bring you both to activate your path as Soul Catchers... But before that, we'll be searching for a cave abode outside Shaman City. I want to open these Crimson Stones!"

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest as he traveled among the clouds in the sky. He touched the storage bag hanging over his chest with his right hand. Over there was the Crimson Stone that had caused all the ruckus just now, and it filled Su Ming with anticipation.

He had heard most of the crowd's words clearly just now with his powerful divine sense.

'This Crimson Stone doesn't have the God Sealing Flower... but there is a venomous wasp in there, and perhaps... some of the nectar of the God Sealing Flower is contained within the venomous wasp's body!

'If it's truly there, then if I drink it down, my level of cultivation will...'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled with a brilliant flash.

However, even if he had spread out his divine sense, he did not notice a person in black robes following closely behind him after he left Shaman City. The other's body was so indistinct that he seemed almost invisible.

That person had a frown on his face, and he did not dare to get too close, even as he was following Su Ming. It was as if he was hesitating about something.

'Damn it, is Hong Luo dead or not...? Is he Hong Luo or Destiny?!'

Chapter 456: Burial Ground of Bones

'Right now, my best choice is to search for a quiet place and meditate with my mind cleared. After that, I'll extract the poisonous wasp's nectar and raise my power, or perhaps I'll crack open the Crimson Stones instead!

'But I don't know whether there is any nectar in the poisonous wasp's body... I might think that there is, but there's also the possibility that there isn't any nectar. If there is, then once I consume it, I'll have to isolate myself for some time.

'It would have been fine if I was alone, but now, I'm bringing Lan Lan and Ahu along...'
Su Ming stood on the crimson dragon, and as the dragon charged forward at a rapid speed, he turned his head around to look at the nervous but excited teenagers.

'Oh well, I know now that the process of activating the path of a Soul Catcher isn't that dangerous. It's just that it'll take some time...'

Su Ming had already made a decision. He flipped his right hand in the air, and immediately, two wooden slips with maps carved on them appeared on his hand. One of these maps came from Nan Gong Hen, and the other came from Mo Bai.

If he compared the both of them, he would find that the latter map was more complete, and a simple outline of the area beyond those one million li was also provided.

On the map, near the edge of the one million lis to the northeast of Shaman City was a region that was about several tens of millions of lis. There was a gigantic beast bone drawn on that spot. That bone looked like that of a snake's, and even though only a simple outline of the skeleton was provided, it was still a rather terrifying sight to behold.

'That's the burial ground of the Candle Dragon...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He put away both maps, then sat down cross-legged on the crimson dragon's head and closed his eyes, exercising his breathing.

The journey to activate the path of a Soul Catcher was actually very simple. A person with the constitution of a Soul Catcher just needed to get close to the dragon's burial ground and sense the Candle Dragon's will, which had yet to disappear.

If the person could sense the dragon's will stronger, then it would be of a much greater help to his or her training in the future. This was just like the Berserker Tribe's Berserker's Initiation. However, the Berserker Tribe had been passing down their legacy for their cultivation methods for a very long time, which had allowed them to be able to pass down their legacies independently. That was also the reason why the Elders of Berserker tribes could help the others activate their cultivation.

However, since the legacy of the Soul Catchers, Spirit Mediums, and Thought Soothsayers of the Shaman Tribe came from the World of Nine Yin, that was why no one could take the place of those particular spots in helping these people activate their cultivation. They could only come to those places personally and experience it themselves to be able to get it.

The crimson dragon shot through the sky, and it did not stop as it charged forward. Since it was a life created from Earthen Aura, it could be said that the dragon was a creature existing between the state of an illusion and a physical entity. Its perception was incredibly sensitive, and it could detect all sorts of dangers, which was why it had been able to change its direction three times as they went forth without Su Ming even needing to warn it. It would either circle around the area or avoid it.

There was a gentle screen of light around Lan Lan and Ahu's bodies. That screen of light allowed them to not feel the powerful high wind, and they would occasionally look down as they sat on the dragon's back. As time passed by, the excitement on their faces gradually diminished. On the other hand, their anxiety grew stronger.

They knew that what they would be facing next would be the main reason for why they came to this place - to obtain the acknowledgement of the Candle Dragon's will and to activate the path of the Soul Catcher!

Before they came here, their Patriarch had already told them that in the history of the Shamans, not all those with the constitution of Soul Catchers could get the acknowledgement of the Candle Dragon's will.

For some unknown reason, there were quite a few who could not obtain the dragon's acknowledgement and could not activate the path of a Soul Catcher. These people ended up either practicing other cultivation methods or living mediocre lives.

There might only be a few of such people, but they existed, which was why Lan Lan and Ahu's anxiety became even stronger as they got closer to the Candle Dragon's burial ground.

Several days later, when most of the Shamans were still in Shaman City, participating in the treasure gambling, a ray of crimson red light flashed in the clouds near the edge of the one million li region northeast of Shaman City. That flash turned into a ten thousand feet long crimson dragon that lingered about in the sky.

Su Ming, who was sitting cross-legged, opened his eyes at that moment. His gaze was as bright as lightning as he looked at the ground underneath.

The entire land was shrouded in fog. There was a mountain range that formed a ring around the area that surrounded the entire region. The fog in the mountain range did not remain stagnant but was tumbling about slowly, continuously rising into the sky or sinking into the ground as if it could never remain still... From the sky, it could be seen clearly that this particular region was darker than the area beyond. The thick clouds there gave off a heavy feeling to the people watching.

Soon after Su Ming began observing this region, a gust of freezing wind blew towards him, sweeping up the fog on the ground and causing them to tumble about violently. The instant that wind blew into Su Ming's face, his pupils shrank. He saw droplets of rain falling from the clouds in the sky above this region as that freezing wind started blowing.

The rain was not heavy, but as it fell down, it turned into ice cold water, causing the freezing air in the area to become even more bone chilling.

This was a mysterious region that covered several tens of thousands of li. Besides the sound of rain and fog, there was no other sound. The area was in a state that was almost akin to dead silence.

However, in the midst of this silence, suddenly, a faint voice floated from within the fog where Su Ming was looking.

"Heat... is the father..."

That voice was ancient and sounded as if it came from a long time ago. The voice seemed like it was mumbling, as if it was talking in whispers. As it echoed in the air, it caused the fog to spread slightly outwards.

The instant Su Ming heard that voice, he sensed the strange snake in his body shivering in Han Mountain Bell. Su Ming's expression changed, then he swiftly looked towards the thick fog from where the voice had come.

Not a single person could be seen there. As rain fell, each droplet dispelled some of the fog. However, as the fog scattered away, more of it would seep out from other places, causing the fog in the area to remain a constant existence.

After a long while, Su Ming averted his gaze and looked towards Lan Lan and Ahu. The both of them seemed to be ignoring that voice, which made it clear that they did not hear it. In fact, even the crimson dragon only continued pacing about in the air. It had its eyes fixed on the fog in the region, but besides this particular action, it did not have any other reaction. It was as if Su Ming was the only one who heard that voice.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. After staring at the fog for some time, he spread his divine sense into the region, but like a stone sinking into the ocean, his divine sense disappeared without a trace. Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he moved off of the crimson dragon. The moment he left it, the crimson dragon turned into a red mark and branded itself on Su Ming's arm.

As for Lan Lan and Ahu, they were brought by Su Ming to the ground in the form of a long arc when he waved his arm towards them. Su Ming did not choose to fly in midair. In the birthplace of the Shaman Tribe's famous Soul Catchers, he decided to be extremely careful with his actions.

When the three of them descended on the ground, Lan Lan and Ahu's faces turned a little pale. They looked a little scared as they followed closely behind Su Ming. The three of them moved forward in this silent region quietly with Su Ming walking in front and the two teenagers at the back. Not a single word was exchanged between them.

They stepped on the mountain region's rocks while having the freezing wind blowing against their bodies. The wind brought with them a few droplets of icy rain, and when those droplets fell on their bodies, it left them drenched, and the freezing wind felt as if it could seep into their bones.

Strangely though, there was a wave of heat from the ground. When they stepped on the soil, the heat from the earth would seep through the bottom of their shoes and surge into their bodies through their soles.

Because of that, waves of heat and cold clashed in everyone's bodies. Lan Lan and Ahu's faces turned stark white and they followed Su Ming, shivering. Before long, they arrived at the top of a mountain range. When they stood there, the freezing wind blew even stronger.

Right beneath them was the fog covered region. It was also the burial ground of the Candle Dragon, which covered an area of several tens of thousands of li!

"Are you ready?" Su Ming stood on the mountain, at the edge of where the fog started rolling about on the ground. He did not turn his head back, simply looked at the rolling fog as he uttered his very first sentence ever since he came to this place.

"I'm... ready, senior!" Ahu gritted his teeth. His body might be shivering, but his face was filled with determination.

"I'm ready as well..." Lan Lan bit her lip and nodded.

Su Ming no longer spoke. He simply took a step forward and walked straight into the fog. Lan Lan and Ahu quickly followed behind him. At the start, their backs could still be seen in the fog, but gradually, as they continued moving forward, the fog surged towards them and submerged the three of them within like a giant mouth.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the fog, he froze for a moment.

That ancient voice reached his ears once again. That voice sounded as if it was mumbling and whispering, just like before. It echoed in the air all around him, causing the fog to move like the waves on the surface of a sea, rising and falling as they tumbled about in the air.

"Cold... is the mother..."

The instant Su Ming heard those words, the strange snake suddenly lifted its head, shivering in Han Mountain Bell, and let out a whine. That whine was filled with dreariness and sounded like a mournful whimper. It was as if the snake had sensed something.

That whine was akin to that of an infant abandoned by his mother who was crying out helplessly and in distress when night arrived and he could not find that familiar person by his side...

However, that whine only echoed inside Han Mountain Bell and did not spread outwards.

Su Ming's heart shook. He had begun making guesses about that strange snake's origins since a long time ago, especially when the End Soul Catcher Zong Ze had cried out about sensing the Candle Dragon when he sensed its presence during the time Su Ming ran into Autumn Sea Tribe. Yet he still remained uncertain about its origins.

However, when Su Ming saw the strange snake's trembling body and heard the desolate cry, all his uncertainties vanished. At that moment, he was absolutely certain that even if this strange snake was not a Candle Dragon, it was definitely directly connected to it!

Lan Lan and Ahu still could not hear anything. They could only see Su Ming's back in the fog. Everything else was shrouded in fog, and they could not see anything else.

It was precisely because of this that the fear and anxiety in their hearts became stronger as they moved deeper into the fog.

"This is Yin and Yang... The sky is the father, and the earth is the mother... This is Yin and Yang..." As the three of them continued onward, the voice that only Su Ming could hear suddenly echoed in the air once again.

This time, the whines from Han Mountain Bell became even more sorrowful and miserable.

About an hour after Su Ming and the other two teenagers vanished into the fog, the space outside the fog on the mountain range distorted and out came a person in black robes. Hesitation shone in his eyes, but soon, as a glint appeared in his eyes, that person stepped into the fog and disappeared.

Chapter 457: Carcass of the Candle Dragon!

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and his face was filled with caution. Once he took a few steps forward, he suddenly saw a white shadow flashing past in the fog in the distance.

That white shadow traveled incredibly quickly and disappeared without a trace in an instant. It only left behind the fog rolling about in the area, and not a single sound traveled forth.

Su Ming came to a stop. He was not the only one who saw that white shadow, Lan Lan and Ahu had also seen it. The two of them immediately became even more anxious. They did not dare be too far apart from each other and followed behind Su Ming closely.

"Senior... what... what is that?" Lan Lan asked in a whisper.

"I think that's a woman..." Ahu clenched his fist and kept his gaze fixed at the spot where the white shadow had appeared.

A glint flashed through Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand swiftly and swung his arm before him. Immediately, there was a muffled low growl. Then, the three hundred something feet Spirit of Nine Yin appeared before Su Ming.

Once the spirit came into being, he seized at the air with his right hand, and red light flashed instantly out of nowhere to gather into a red battle axe.

That battle axe looked exactly the same as the battle axe that had shattered when he fought against the Grand Elder of the God of Shamans Temple.

With that battle axe in hand, he turned around and cast Su Ming a glance.

"Your duty is to protect these two children," Su Ming said slowly.

The man nodded. Once he swept his gaze past Lan Lan and Ahu, he surveyed his surroundings.

The group continued moving forward towards the center of the fog. There, at the center, would be the carcass of the Candle Dragon.

Once they were there, Lan Lan and Ahu could approach that skeleton and sense its remaining will. If they were acknowledged, then they would have completed their test.

Su Ming had come to understand from Nan Gong Hen that the test was not actually very difficult. In fact, they were not the first batch of people to be there. Every single time the World of Nine Yin was opened, a large number of people with the constitutions of Soul Catchers would come here.

There were no dangers lurking in the fog. In truth, the biggest threat in this test lay in the journey and their companions. However, Su Ming had arrived to this place early, at a time when other people were still participating in the treasure gambling event in Shaman City. There should not be too many dangers in this place.

However, the strangeness in the forest a month ago and the many dangers he ran into after that had shown that the World of Nine Yin now was different compared to the past.

Life threatening crises had appeared in originally safe places. If that was the case, then there was no guarantee that this place would not suffer the same fate.

About two hours since Su Ming and the group had moved into the fog, the white shadow that had appeared before suddenly flashed before them once again, and just like before, it disappeared into the distance in an instant.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not give chase.

However, Lan Lan and Ahu became even more scared. The two of them held hands, and they could feel the cold sweat on the other's palm.

At that moment, green light suddenly shone at the center of Su Ming's brows. The small virescent sword manifested instantly and charged behind Lan Lan and Ahu, slashing downwards.

When it cut down, the fog behind the boy and girl suddenly tumbled about, and a beast claw made of fog stretched out to crash into the small virescent sword. As a muffled boom echoed in the air and the beast claw was cut apart by the sword, it turned back into fog.

The Spirit of Nine Yin laughed savagely and threw his battle axe away. That battle axe turned into a long red arc and instantly charged into the fog, and a shrill cry of pain traveled forth, but it soon disappeared in the distance.

That scene happened too quickly, so quickly that Lan Lan and Ahu did not even have time to react to it.

Su Ming's expression was dark as he walked in the fog. He first looked into the distance, and then cast his gaze at the ground. With a swing of his arm, a small area of fog was instantly swept away to reveal a mass of flesh about the size of a palm on the black ground. A rotten stench spread out, and it was enough to make everyone nauseous.

Su Ming stared at that mass of flesh and frowned.

Suddenly, he heard that ancient voice from the fog once again. This time, that voice was much clearer, and it sounded as if it was coming from a spot much closer than before.

"The left eye of the descendants of the Candle Dragon are the day, and their right eye is the sun. When they close their eyes, the sky will turn dark, and when they open their eyes, the sky will turn bright..."

As that voice spoke, the whines from the strange snake in Han Mountain Bell grew even stronger, but Su Ming stayed silent.

"Let's go." He turned around and ignored the mass of flesh on the ground, bringing Lan Lan and Ahu further in the fog with the Spirit of Nine Yin behind them.

Time gradually passed by. As they continued onward, they ran into attacks just like the one before several times. Fortunately for them, the Spirit of Nine Yin was around. With his strength, he prevented the creatures hiding in the fog from killing them.

Su Ming could not tell whether it was still day or night outside, but judging by the fact that they had been traveling for several hours, it should be night time outside.

Su Ming was walking forward with Lan Lan and Ahu, and slowly, a gigantic dark shadow appeared in the fog before him. That shadow looked like it was ten thousand feet tall, and it remained hidden in the fog, still and unmoving. At first glance, it looked like a building, and an indescribable feeling spread through the entire area.

That feeling could make a person feel depressed. Su Ming looked at the shadow, and right at the instant he focused his gaze at the thing, Lan Lan suddenly let out a cry of surprise.

When she cried out, Su Ming immediately turned around and looked over. He could not spread his divine sense too far, only a few dozens of feet away, which was why he could detect the attacks from the beasts in the fog, but if he wanted to look further ahead, he would have to rely on his eyes.

At that moment, he cast his gaze in the direction where Lan Lan was looking in fear, and straight away, he saw a faint figure in white about one hundred something feet behind them, hidden in the fog where they had just passed through. That figure seemed to be sitting on a rock with the back turned towards them as it cried silently.

Sobbing sounds echoed in the quiet fog.

At the moment those sobs traveled forth, Lan Lan's eyes grew glazed. Ahu was in the same situation, looking as if he had lost his soul.

Su Ming's expression turned even darker. Just as he was about to take action, the sobbing sounds suddenly increased in number, and the additional crying voice came from Su Ming's right side.

When he looked over, he immediately saw another white figure crying several hundreds of feet away to his right. That thing had its back turned towards him, and he could only see its long hair.

Those sobbing sounds only served to make Su Ming annoyed. He let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward, charging straight at the white figure to his right. As for the Spirit of Nine Yin, he immediately stomped on the ground after Su Ming sent a single thought to him, and a screen of light swiftly appeared around Lan Lan and Ahu to protect them. Then, he took a step forward and rapidly closed in on the white figure that had appeared behind them with his battle axe in hand.

With a flash, Su Ming's clone appeared to his left and his Poison Corpse manifested on his right. In the blink of an eye, they closed in on the white figure, and the sobbing sounds became even clearer.

However, right at the instant they got closer, the white figure suddenly turned around to reveal a breathtakingly beautiful face that would make hearts pound. Yet a sharp screech suddenly came from the woman's mouth, and with a hum, that screech turned into a wave, and just like how a wave of sound would, it rushed towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the white-robed woman's body abruptly swelled up and was torn apart from within, turning into a mass of black flesh and blood that charged towards Su Ming while a rotten stench spread through the air.

The instant that flesh and blood appeared, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized at the air with his fingers. Immediately, a whirlwind gathered in his palm, drawing in the fog from all around him before he rammed his palm on that mass of flesh and blood.

Immediately after, green light shone on his clone, and the small sword grew into a big sword that sliced horizontally through that mass of flesh. The clone also started forming multiple seals, and once he formed the final seal, he jabbed at that mass of flesh.

The Poison Corpse's actions were the most straightforward. He did not do anything except open his mouth and breathe out a puff of poisonous fog that seemed no different from the fog around them. As if it contained life, that fog turned into nine small snakes once it left the Poison Corpse's mouth and charged out ferociously.

All of these divine abilities were executed within an instant, and they all charged towards that mass of flesh. However, right at the instant they were about to crash into each other, the mass of flesh gathered together in midair and turned into a woman's face. That face was filled with murderous intent, and before Su Ming's divine abilities could touch it, it started burning on its own.

It was reduced to smoke in an instant and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming's pupils shrank, and when he whipped his head back, he found that there was only fog behind and all around him. There was no Spirit of Nine Yin, no Lan Lan, no Ahu...

The area was not silent. Sobbing sounds echoed around him as if they had surrounded him. Those crying voices increased in number, and in the span of a few breaths, it sounded as if there were several of these women hiding in the fog.

"Petty tricks!" Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and forced down the annoyance in his heart. Once he calmed his mind, he lifted his right hand, and with a flash on his palm, a spiked club immediately appeared in his hand.

Once Su Ming held it, he immediately lifted it up. As buzzing sounds echoed in the air, the spiked club's length swiftly increased, and in the blink of an eye, it became one hundred something feet long and several dozens of feet wide. Su Ming leaped up, and with a low roar, swung the spiked club upwards in the shape of a fan before he slammed it down on the ground.

"Move!"

When Su Ming spoke, the spiked club grew several times in size once again while falling downwards. The instant the club crashed into the ground, it was already nearly one thousand feet long and several dozens of feet wide. Veins had popped up on Su Ming's arms as he held that spiked club, and the Berserker Bones in his body shone with a golden light.

The gigantic spiked club crashed into the land with a huge bang, causing the ground to tremble and the sea like fog to look as if it had been ripped apart by two hands. With the spiked club as its center, the fog rolled backwards in both sides.

In the blink of an eye, there was no longer any fog within a circular area of several thousands of feet. In the distance, Su Ming saw the Spirit of Nine Yin shuddering due to its struggles to break free. There was an eyeball of several hundreds of feet before him. The eyeball seemed to contain the power of a Soul Catcher, and its center was torn apart like a mouth. It was luring the Spirit of Nine Yin to move towards it slowly.

Behind the Spirit of Nine Yin was a screen of light that was on the verge of shattering, and there were several figures in white crying shrilly behind it as they continuously rammed their bodies against the screen. Inside were Lan Lan and Ahu, whose faces were pale with fear and despair.

As the fog continued rolling back, Su Ming saw clearly further down that area of several thousands of feet a gigantic skeleton of ten thousand feet!

That skeleton looked like the tail of a gigantic python. Most of its carcass had already decayed, and only some scales were left. When Su Ming looked over, the tail of the skeleton was so long that he could not see its end, and if the tail itself was already such a shocking scene, then the whole body might be an unimaginable sight.

"Candle Dragon..." Su Ming's pupils shrank, and within Han Mountain Bell, the strange snake let out its strongest cry!

Chapter 458: Descendants of the Candle Dragon

The situation was perilous. The screen of light protecting Lan Lan and Ahu was shining furiously, looking as if it was about to shatter. It would only be able to persevere for a few more breaths before it disappeared completely.

Once it disappeared, then the fragile boy and girl, who were not even Fledgling Shamans, would shatter with just a touch. Similarly, the Spirit of Nine Yin was also caught in a life threatening crises. He was actually struggling due to that strange giant eyeball even though he had the power of a Latter Shaman. By the looks of it, he was in a considerable amount of pain as he was continuously pulled near the tear in the eyeball, and the eyeball looked as if it wanted to devour him.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and without any hesitation, he charged towards Lan Lan and Ahu like a bolt of lightning. His clone and puppet followed closely behind him. At the same time, the mark of the crimson dragon on Su Ming's arm shone, and as a

low roar echoed in the air, the dragon appeared. With a swing of its huge head, it rushed towards the Spirit of Nine Yin who was being dragged towards that eyeball and swept its head across the land.

Su Ming's speed had reached its peak, but right at the instant he was about to close in on Lan Lan and Ahu, the screen of light shattered with a bang under the impact of those white figures and their shrill cries, turning into a large amount of fragments that scattered everywhere. The white figures pounced on the children.

Su Ming's face turned dark. His clone let out a low growl beside him and his body disappeared in an instant, only to reappear right when the screen of light shattered and the white figures pounced on the children. As Lan Lan's face was filled with despair, the area before her distorted, and Su Ming's clone walked out, and when he did so, he formed a seal with his right hand and patted the air before him.

With that one pat, the fog around the area immediately started churning rapidly, as if there was a great force bursting forth and pushing outwards from the clone's palm, like a vase full of water shattering with an explosive bang. The pouncing white figures let out piercing screeches, and once the impact crashed into their bodies, they froze for a moment in midair before tumbling backwards.

Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming's clone waved his arm, using the force from the motion to immediately bring Lan Lan and Ahu away from the spot and back to his side. The remaining white figures let out piercing shrieks, and just as they were about to rush over, due to the clone's impeccable aid, Su Ming managed to arrive at the most crucial moment. Almost at the instant the clone brought Lan Lan and Ahu away, Su Ming himself came charging and arrived swiftly like a violent gust of wind.

The Poison Corpse came with him.

With murderous intent burning on his face, the moment Su Ming closed in, he clenched his left hand into a fist and hurled it straight at one of the white figures. His fist traveled so quickly that the white figure did not even have time to dodge before the fist rammed into its body.

That figure was immediately ripped into pieces, but when those pieces turned into a layer of fog that spread backwards, it gathered together once again. The same thing happened over at the Poison Corpse's side.

"A vengeful spirit?"

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, then flipped his left hand over. Immediately, dark light started flickering around him, and Han Mountain Bell swiftly manifested. Once that bell appeared, Su Ming formed a seal with his hands and pointed towards it. The Nine-Headed Dragon's illusion instantly formed outside the bell, and the dragon roared right when it appeared.

As it roared, the white figures froze up and did not dare come forward. Instead, they moved swiftly away, as if they wanted to escape into the fog, but with murderous intent raging on his face, Su Ming formed several seals with his hands, and the sixth head of the Nine-Headed Dragon opened its eyes, widened its mouth, and sucked in a deep breath in the direction of those white figures.

Those white figures immediately shivered and turned into wisps of fog, and as if they could not control themselves, they were all sucked into the sixth head's mouth and were devoured. That sixth head even chewed a few times, looking as if it had just had a tasty meal.

During that time, the Spirit of Nine Yin was on the verge of being devoured by the giant eyeball with a dazed look mixed with a hint of struggle on his face. However, the crimson dragon's head rammed straight into the spirit's body with a huge force, and from the distance, he looked as if he was swept away by the crimson dragon's head, causing his entire person to be forced out from the eyeball's strange Soul Catching abilities.

At the same time as the Spirit of Nine Yin was knocked away, the crimson dragon let out a low roar. It lifted its claw and swiped it at the eyeball, but right at the instant its claw was about to touch it, gray fog filled the inside of the eyeball and it disappeared without a trace, causing the crimson dragon's claw to swipe at air before falling on the ground, which made it tremble.

All of this seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, only several dozens of breaths had passed since the moment Su Ming and the group were ambushed. When the white figures were devoured by the Nine-Headed Dragon and the giant eyeball disappeared, everything returned to silence around them.

The fog that was blasted away by Su Ming's club also came rolling back from all directions, as if it wanted to submerge the entire area once again.

The Spirit of Nine Yin crawled up from the ground and pulled off his helmet from his head. His expression was dark, and his eyes were burning in anger, but at the same time, there was also wariness within them.

The Spirit of Nine Yin cast Su Ming a glance before he spoke slowly, enunciating each word clearly. "You Shamans didn't keep to your promise. You must have gone past the edge of the seal, that is why the seals are being continuously broken, and now abnormalities have appeared on the Sacred Nine Yin's skeleton here... That eyeball just now doesn't possess incredibly powerful divine abilities, but its Soul Catching abilities aren't something an ordinary person would possess. That is the Sacred Nine Yin's second eye!"

"I was the one who rented you with Scattering Dusts, and I was also the one who saved your life just now," Su Ming pointed out calmly.

The Spirit of Nine Yin fell silent, and after some time, he began to laugh wryly.

"Did you just mention the Sacred Nine Yin?" Su Ming put away the spiked club and turned his head around to look towards the pale Lan Lan and Ahu, then swept his gaze around the area before finally landing on the gigantic carcass a thousand feet away.

"The dead body you see now is the Sacred Nine Yin's carcass, which is also known as Candle Dragon among you Shamans. I was thinking that there was something off about this place just now. By the looks of it, those white figures are the vengeful spirits belonging to the enemies who were killed by the Sacred Nine Yin in the past.

"The beast claw in the fog we met previously is formed through the Sacred Nine Yin's decayed flesh... When you Shamans broke the seal here all those years ago, you caused the Sacred Nine Yin's will to scatter. You people had even thought about taking the carcass away, but once you found that you could not, you had your descendants come here to sense its will so that your so called Soul Catchers could be born.

"Then you came to our tribe so that you could work together with us to seal up this place along with a few other spots. But while those seals look sturdy, they are actually very fragile. Once ripples of power that are equivalent to those of End Shamans come from the outside world, then the seals will shatter... That one doesn't count among those that would shatter the seal," the Spirit of Nine Yin said, casting a glance at the crimson dragon.

Su Ming looked at the gigantic carcass. Most of its carcass had already rotted away, but not a hint of the smell of decay could be detected from its body. After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming walked towards it.

Lan Lan and Ahu quickly followed behind him. The Spirit of Nine Yin cast an incredibly wary look at his surroundings before he too followed behind them.

The crimson dragon floated at a low altitude. Its eyes sparkled as it surveyed its surroundings cautiously. The air here made it uncomfortable, and that gigantic carcass especially filled the place with an oppressive air.

As the crowd moved closer, the fog from all around them slowly seeped closer, causing the area around them to gradually turn foggy once again. Then, when Su Ming arrived beside the gigantic carcass, he stopped.

He stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass for a moment before he spoke unhurriedly towards Lan Lan and Ahu. "Get closer to the carcass here and sense the Candle Dragon's will. Now, whether or not you will be able to activate the path to become Soul Catchers will depend entirely on your own serendipity."

The pair of teenagers might be afraid, but they nodded their heads resolutely. Then while holding hands, the both of them sat down cross-legged and closed their eyes,

silently circulating the blood in their bodies which held that weak bloodline connecting them to the Soul Catchers according to the method their Patriarch had taught them.

Su Ming did not know how long the boy and girl would take. Once he ordered the Spirit of Nine Yin to protect them and had the crimson dragon keep a close eye on the area along with fighting off all threats as well, he leaped up into the air and charged into the fog in the sky to appear on the gigantic Candle Dragon's carcass.

When he stood there, Su Ming could see the dark shadow of the Candle Dragon's carcass under his feet stretching endlessly into the fog, and he had no idea just where the end was.

In fact, when he looked at the shadow, he had a feeling as if the Candle Dragon's carcass was a path that led to an unknown destination.

Only when he stood up there did he manage to smell a faint and indistinct foul stench spreading out from the carcass.

Su Ming's heart shook slightly. This was the biggest creature he had ever seen, and with just its physical body alone, this beast could already startle a person.

He could not imagine just what sort of power could bring about this beast's death, except that it had finished walking through the course of its life and reached the end.

'Perhaps it had indeed walked through the course of its life and chosen this place to die...' Su Ming looked at the distance that stretched down endlessly and once again felt that there were simply too many forms of power and materials he did not know of.

When he put himself in comparison to these things, a feeling that he was insignificant blossomed in his chest.

Su Ming sighed. Just as he was about to leave and return to Lan Lan and Ahu's side, his footsteps suddenly froze, because right beside his ears, that ancient voice echoed once again.

"The Candle Dragon's tribe will never die and be destroyed... Even if the world crumbles, we will not. Even if the heavens rot away, we will not... In my long life, I have devoured ninety-seven worlds and more than one hundred billion lives... When I open my eyes, I can see the skies from all worlds, because I am day itself...

"When I close my eyes, I can let the darkness I see cover the heaven of my world... In my life, I have devoured three of the descendants of my tribe... so that my life will lengthen... They... did so willingly...

"This is how the Candle Dragon's tribe grows... My child, you will be..." As that voice echoed in Su Ming's head, the strange snake in Han Mountain Bell let out a piercing cry. The grief in that cry made Su Ming's heart clench in pain.

The grief in that voice gave others the impression of an indescribable sorrow of a wanderer who was devoured alive by his own kin after finding his family after a long period of time spent unable to find home.

The strange snake lay within Han Mountain Bell, shaking as it continued crying incessantly...

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. In silence, he leaped down and descended from the Candle Dragon's carcass to land on the fog covered ground.

Chapter 459: Fulfilling the Promise

Time passed by slowly as Su Ming sat cross-legged before Lan Lan and Ahu. The Spirit of Nine Yin might also be sitting beside them, but his gigantic stature made him look like a small hill.

The crimson dragon floated in midair and remained cautious as it surveyed its surroundings.

Su Ming had his eyes closed. His expression might be calm, but his heart remained uncertain, and that uncertainty stemmed from the strange snake's current dejected look and the continuous forlorn cries.

The snake's emotions had transitioned slowly from the excitement it felt in the beginning to its current sorrow. This gradual transformation made the snake look incredibly pitiful.

'Have the Candle Dragon's tribe always devoured their kin to grow since the beginning of time...?' After an unknown amount of time, Su Ming opened his eyes and stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass with a chilling glare in his eyes.

'If that is the case, then this Candle Dragon that died a long time ago and only has a hint of its will left clearly wants to devour my snake so that it could use its life to revive itself...

'But since the members of the Candle Dragon's tribe have always devoured their own kind, then perhaps my snake can also devour this Candle Dragon!'

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, he looked towards the Spirit of Nine Yin.

"You mentioned that the giant eyeball we saw just now was the Candle Dragon's second eye. How many eyes does this Candle Dragon have then?"

The Spirit of Nine Yin opened his eyes and replied in a whisper, "It has four..."

"The Candle Dragon has two heads. One of them is a python's head, and the other is a hidden head that is similar to mine. Each of these heads has two eyes, which is why it has four eyes.

"That giant eyeball just now is one of the python head's eyes. We have detailed descriptions of the Sacred Nine Yin in the legends passed down among my people. Once it dies, it must be sealed, or else its blood and flesh will turn into Ominous Fog, its grudge will turn into Spirit Tears, its bones will turn into the Bone Fiend, and its eyes will turn into the Yin Funeral..."

"That eye just now clearly woke up because the seal has weakened. Once it fixes its on something, then with my current level of cultivation, it will be difficult for me to escape, and I will need someone to save me." The Spirit of Nine Yin's voice echoed in the fog and fell in Su Ming's ears. Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"If you are eaten by the crack in the pupil of the Eye of Yin Funeral, then will you turn into a Soul Catcher's puppet?" he suddenly asked.

"Puppet...?" The Spirit of Nine Yin shuddered when he remembered what nearly happened just now, then shook his head.

"You won't turn into a puppet, but all your flesh, blood, and essence will be sucked away, and you will turn into a dried corpse... But that's not all. Your mind will be captured, and you will enter the Undying and Imperishable World created by an adult Candle Dragon.

"You will live a life akin to being sealed up for eternity over there. You will never be able to escape, and you can only fight continuously against the numerous living souls that have been killed by the Candle Dragon when it was alive. You have to fight endlessly, and even if you die, you will be revived shortly..."

"And it will only stop when your will crumbles and you submit to the Candle Dragon. It will only stop when you become part of the Undying and Imperishable World..."

"Your corpse will stay in the Candle Dragon's body and turn into his flesh and blood. This is a fate more terrifying than death. Compared to that, it is much better to die in battle," the Spirit of Nine Yin said in a low voice, and Su Ming could feel the fear in his voice clearly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he asked, "What if I don't submit to it? Is it possible to walk out of the Undying and Imperishable World?"

"Walk out...?" The Spirit of Nine Yin cast a deep look at Su Ming.

"When a Candle Dragon is alive, it will need to receive offerings from all sorts of tribes and races. The more offerings it receives from the living, the stronger it will become... This is one of its inborn abilities. Look at your Soul Catchers. You should be able to imagine just how strong that ability is just by seeing how its dead will is able to create Soul Catchers in your tribe.

"The Soul Catchers are equivalent to the worshipers of the Candle Dragon. However, since there aren't many Soul Catchers among you Shamans, that is why my people allowed you here.

"When it is necessary, the Candle Dragon will devour a certain race, but similarly, the races who offer themselves to it will obtain a privilege, and that privilege... is to enter the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!" The Spirit of Nine Yin's voice became lower.

"A privilege?" A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"That's right. Training in the Undying and Imperishable World and going through all endless cycles of life and death will allow you to understand the origins of battle and forge you into the strongest warrior... Each of the races who make offerings to the Candle Dragon will choose their best to receive this privilege. He or she might not be able to increase his or her level of cultivation much, but that person's brutality and decisiveness in battle is something no one else will be able to compare to.

"Because they have simply... gone through too many cycles of life and death. However, this will only happen when the Candle Dragon is alive. It can release the people it captured at will, that is why it is considered a privilege.

"But once it dies, then this will no longer be a privilege. This is a cage that is even more terrifying than death... Perhaps there are people who have indeed managed to walk out of the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, but no one from my race has ever been recorded to have done so."

Su Ming fell silent. The Spirit of Nine Yin stopped speaking as well.

When approximately two hours passed by, suddenly, the crimson dragon let out a low growl in midair.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He saw the white figures appearing once again in the fog in the distance, and they did not come alone. There were eight of them, and they were drifting about in the fog while letting out wailing sobs.

When those wails fell into Su Ming's ears, they annoyed him again.

But that was not all. Besides those white figures, another roar would occasionally echo from within the fog, and Su Ming could somewhat see bodies covered in scales as the fog tumbled about around them.

Apart from these creatures, Su Ming also saw a gigantic dark shadow in the fog. That dark shadow was one hundred something feet tall, and it was floating in the fog. When Su Ming saw it, he immediately had the feeling as if his gaze was stuck to it.

That dark shadow was clearly the giant eyeball that had disappeared just now - The Candle Dragon's second eye!

"Don't move!" The Spirit of Nine Yin's eyes flashed and he stared fixedly at the creatures in the fog as he whispered.

"By right, they won't come near. After all, they're born from the Candle Dragon, and they only attacked us just now because we didn't have the dead Candle Dragon's will on us...

"Right now, those two people of yours are sensing its will and area about to turn into its worshipers. Since they're doing this, they won't attack.

"Once those two have been acknowledged, then with them around, we will be able to walk out, we shouldn't be attacked anymore." As the Spirit of Nine Yin spoke, he swept his gaze across the area.

Su Ming did not act recklessly. As time passed, he found that the spirits in the fog were just as the Spirit of Nine Yin said. They were only lingering around and did not come too close. When he saw this, Su Ming sent a thought to the crimson dragon to placate it slightly, but he continued remaining on guard.

When another hour passed by, Su Ming's pupils shrank. He saw the number of white figures in the fog increasing, and there were now about several dozens of them around.

Similarly, the ferocious beasts hidden in the fog had also increased. They stood close to each other and numbered to hundreds. Low growls and sobs fused together to turn into waves of sound.

Apart from that, as Su Ming and the Spirit of Nine Yin remained alert, sharp howls came from within the fog. They seemed to have come from a distance when they first sounded, but closed in within an instant. A dozen something rays of white light shot out rapidly from the fog and turned into arcs that impaled the ground hundreds of feet away from Su Ming and the group.

The dozen something rays of white light were gray bones. Once those bones impaled the ground, they immediately melted to turn into small gray humanoids that were filled with murderous aura.

The moment those small humanoids appeared, Su Ming fell into shock, because he realized that the appearance of these humanoids was incredibly similar to the small humanoid sealed within the mountain rock.

However, when he took a closer look, he found that they were slightly different. These small humanoids were all gray and not black. Their appearances were also indistinct and they did not have detailed facial features. There was a crack where their eyes should be, and another crack where their mouths should be.

"The Bone Fiends have also appeared. Looks like the seal hasn't weakened but has been damaged..." The Spirit of Nine Yin's expression immediately changed.

Su Ming's expression turned dark. Without a single word, he stared at the creatures in the fog. When he looked over, another dozen something white figures had come.

Clearly, as time passed by, the amount of spirits in the fog would increase!

At that moment, Ahu, who had his eyes closed, suddenly started trembling violently. Pain twisted his features, but gradually, that pain turned into determination. However, in the midst of determination, Su Ming saw a hint of respect as well.

'Acknowledgement... By what the Spirit of Nine Yin said, to obtain the right to practice the ways of the Soul Catcher, they must first acknowledge the Candle Dragon as their master...' Su Ming remained silent. This was something concerning only White Bull Tribe, he had no reason to interfere.

After a moment, pain also appeared on Lan Lan's face. She looked as if she was struggling, but those struggles did not last too long before they turned into an expression of respect that was similar to Ahu's.

Soon after, the two of them opened their eyes almost simultaneously. A dark light appeared in their eyes before it disappeared slowly, and in Su Ming's eyes, the two children already looked slightly different from before.

"Thank you for your help, senior!" Ahu stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming as a form of gratitude. Lan Lan did the same thing by his side. Once they thanked Su Ming, they looked towards the creatures in the fog.

"This is a deal made between your Patriarch and me, you don't need to thank me. Once I send you back to Shaman City, I will have fulfilled my end of the deal." Su Ming stood up and swept his gaze across the creatures in the fog.

"Senior, don't worry. I can sense that they harbor no ill-will towards Lan Lan and me. We can leave without any problems," Ahu said quickly. When he walked forward, the creatures in the fog did indeed move away to reveal a path for them.

However, when Su Ming moved closer, the creatures in the fog immediately let out a shocking roar. The white figures shrieked and the fog beasts growled, the Bone Fiends howled and the giant eyeball in the distance floated out from the fog and stared at Su Ming.

"Take the two of them back to Shaman City," Su Ming stated after a moment of silence.

Chapter 460: Breaking in Alone!

The Spirit of Nine Yin cast Su Ming a glance and looked as if he wanted to say something but was hesitating. In the end, he did not say anything and only nodded his head.

"You saved my life and you are also my employer. Once I send them back safely to Shaman City, I will rush back here. If you still haven't walked out by then, I will wait for you here for ten years." The spirit wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, then walked towards Lan Lan and Ahu.

The boy and girl turned their heads back to look at Su Ming. They had complicated expressions on their faces but did not say anything. Instead, they turned around and walked quickly towards the fog with the man.

When they saw that Su Ming did not move, the creatures in the fog spread out and opened up a path for them to leave before they sealed off the place once again.

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Just when he was about to send out his thoughts, that ancient voice appeared in his ears once again. This time, that voice sounded as if it was right beside him, and it echoed incessantly, seemingly without end.

"You... will be the fourth of my kind that I will devour. Come... let me eat you. This is the fate of our race. You will disappear, and I will... wake up once again... The Candle Dragon's essence, the brilliance of the sky, and the light of the earth will give us the long life that belongs to us Candle Dragons!"

When the ancient voice uttered those words, a strong desire could be heard in them. This was the first time any hint of emotion was revealed in that voice.

The instant that voice spoke, the strange snake let out its loudest cry in Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell. Its body trembled, and blood capillaries appeared all over its scales, making it seem as if it was about to shatter to pieces. It rose, and the instant it crashed into Han Mountain Bell, its body turned into an illusion, and it left Han Mountain Bell to appear before Su Ming.

Su Ming had never seen this sort of ability from it before, but he did not have time to think about it. The snake that was about the size of his finger let out a strong screech towards the sky in the air.

As it cried out, the wails of the white figures around him also reached a piercing volume. The roars of the fog beasts shook the skies. The Bone Fiends also started howling louder.

Even the fog around the giant eyeball had started tumbling about viciously. It was as if all sounds were pandering to the strange snake's screeches.

Struggle appeared in the snake's eyes. It turned its head back and cast a glance at Su Ming in midair. There was an unwillingness to part in its eyes, along with sadness, and attachment.

When Su Ming saw the small snake's eyes, his heart trembled. As the snake cried out, the beasts in the fog that were blocking Su Ming's way spread out and opened up a path for Su Ming.

If he continued down this path, then he could leave the burial grounds of this Candle Dragon without any danger!

This was clearly the path left behind by the snake for Su Ming!

There were still blood capillaries spreading out from the snake's body. It turned away, and with a grief stricken cry, the struggle on its face growing even stronger, it charged straight towards the Candle Dragon's carcass. Its body was no longer under its control and it crawled in the body, whose exact length was unknown, then rushed straight towards its head.

Su Ming's eyes gradually turned red. He could leave right now, but he would not!

This snake had stayed with him for many years, and when he had returned to that cave abode after disappearing, he had sensed the snake's joy.

Right now, he absolutely could not just watch the snake disappear into the Candle Dragon's body and wait for its own kind to devour it so that the dragon could turn it into its life and resurrect itself.

Su Ming lifted his left hand swiftly and waved it at the air.

"Ze Long Shen!"

With one wave of his arm, the mark of the Spirit of Nine Yin on his left hand immediately started flashing with a brilliant light. Then, with a sigh, the old Spirit of Nine Yin slowly manifested before Su Ming.

"Please enter the Candle Dragon's body and stop it from devouring my snake!" Su Ming looked towards the old man.

The old spirit looked at the Candle Dragon's carcass and said in a low voice, "I can't help you... We worshiped this Sacred Nine Yin when it was alive. Its will is still remaining as of now, and there is a sort of madness in that will..."

"I can't fight against it..." The old man averted his gaze and looked towards Su Ming apologetically.

Su Ming's heart fluttered with anxiety as he said immediately, "I'll give you more Spirit Plunders!"

"It doesn't matter how many Spirit Plunders you give me. With this will around, it is difficult for anyone to enter its body. But since that snake belonged to you before, then perhaps you can go in, but I can't..."

As the old man spoke, he took a step forward and appeared before a damaged part on the Candle Dragon's carcass. The moment he was about to enter, a huge rebounding force suddenly surged out from the Candle Dragon's body. When that impact crashed into his body, the old spirit was forced several steps back, and he turned to look at Su Ming with a bitter smile.

Su Ming stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he made his decision. Sometimes, there was no such thing as what you should do and what you shouldn't do when it came to how you should act in certain matters. In those occasions, you only need to feel what you must do it, and that was what you should do!

Su Ming took a step forward, then lifted his right hand to point at the crimson dragon in the sky. The dragon instantly turned into a red light and charged towards him. Once it turned into the mark of a dragon on Su Ming's arm, he rushed straight towards the Candle Dragon's carcass.

Right behind him were his clone and the Poison Corpse.

However, right when Su Ming got closer to the Candle Dragon's carcass and was about to crawl in through that damaged area, a strong rebounding force surged out from the skeleton and swept through Su Ming's body in an instant.

When that power swept through him, Su Ming trembled and a strong repelling force along with a nearly crazed will spread through his entire body. The strength of that will was so great that it caused Su Ming to feel as if he was plunged into a raging sea. It was as if he was a boat trapped in a roaring sea, and he was incapable of resistance.

"Go away!" There was a roar contained within that will. That roar surged straight into Su Ming's mind, causing his body to tremble, and the mark of the dragon was forced out of his body.

Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. His face turned pale, and once he was pushed back hundreds of feet, he coughed out blood once again. He lifted his head and stared at the Candle Dragon's carcass with an incredibly dark face.

The old Spirit of Nine Yin sighed and shook his head beside him. He was just about to say something when he saw a glint flashing past Su Ming's eyes.

He lifted his right hand and pointed at the crimson dragon. Immediately, the crimson dragon that was forced out of his body turned into a mark on his arm once again. At the same time, Su Ming cast a glance at the old Spirit of Nine Yin and sent his thoughts to him.

The old man sighed. His body gradually dissipated to eventually turn into the faint mark on the back of Su Ming's left hand.

Once he finished doing all these, Su Ming put away the Poison Corpse and his clone, wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips, then took a deep breath and had his divine sense surge into the black stone fragment hanging on his neck. The dark light on the stone fragment instantly shone brilliantly, and the moment it covered Su Ming's entire body, the snake's presence appeared around him.

The presence felt incredibly real, almost as if he was the snake itself!

The instant that presence took form, Su Ming executed his absolute speed, and he shot through so quickly that he closed in on the Candle Dragon's carcass within an instant. At the same time, the rebounding force disappeared right when it touched Su Ming, and he heard a faint gasp of surprise from the will that descended on him.

Su Ming knew that he could only deceive it for a moment. Very soon, the dragon's remaining will would figure it out, and then, no matter what, it would be difficult for him to try and enter the Candle Dragon's carcass again. Without a hint of hesitation, he charged forward, straight into the Candle Dragon's body.

Yet at the very instant he was about to enter the Candle Dragon's carcass, the mark of the crimson dragon on his arm was separated from his body once again, along with the marks on his left and right hand. The Poison Corpse and the clone in his storage bag were also pushed out from his body as if they had been screened. They were all blocked out of the Candle Dragon's body.

Only Su Ming himself and his Nascent Soul could enter the Candle Dragon's body!

Apart from them, everything else was blocked out!

Su Ming's face was as dark as night. He took off his mask. At that moment, he was on a dried up path of flesh and blood. Everything around him was dark, and a rotten stench filled the air. This was the Candle Dragon's tail.

Stepping on this road felt like stepping on mud; it was a revolting feeling. Su Ming looked around him. His Nascent Soul returned to his body, and with a brilliant shine in his eyes, he spread his divine sense around, but it was immediately absorbed by the flesh walls around him. He could only spread his divine sense to an area of one hundred feet.

Not only did this place block his divine sense, it also cut off his connection with his puppets, the crimson dragon, and the Spirits of Nine Yin. Fortunately though, since he and the snake were in the Candle Dragon's body, his connection with it still remained. He charged forward without a word, rushing onward with the connection as his guide.

Su Ming's Poison Corpse sat near the tail of the gigantic Candle Dragon's carcass with a blank expression on his face, where Su Ming had crawled into and disappeared. He sat there cross-legged, still and unmoving.

Ji Yun Hai's corpse fell to the side. The black beetles that filled his entire body also remained motionless. The crimson dragon was letting out low roars, and it paced around the area as it growled. There was anxiety on its face because it could no longer sense Su Ming's presence. After a long while, it chose to shrink its body and turn into a small dragon, landing right on the spot Su Ming had disappeared to wait for him.

The old Spirit of Nine Yin was frowning and sighing repeatedly at the moment. It was not that he did not want to help, but he truly could not enter the Candle Dragon's body. He was a little curious as to how Su Ming managed to do it though. Perhaps he truly had some of the Candle Dragon's presence remaining on him, which was why he could enter.

The change of presence in Su Ming's body just now had surprised the old spirit greatly.

'This child has great fortune. That small snake is clearly a descendant of the Candle Dragon. It is incredibly difficult to meet such a ferocious beast now... Oh well, I'll wait here for some time. If he manages to come out, then I can continue fulfilling my end of the deal with him, but if he doesn't... then I'll just have to treat it as a loss.'

The old man sighed and sat down by the side.

Chapter 461: Endless

Su Ming continued dashing forward through that dark path of flesh and blood. The rotten stench in the air was nauseating, and if he breathed in that stench for an extended period of time, he would begin to feel lightheaded.

Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue so that he could remain awake. At the same time, he increased his speed. After all, this Candle Dragon was dead, and it was now a far cry from when it was still alive, which meant that it was far less dangerous than before. However, Su Ming still remained vigilant. If he had not watched his snake being devoured, he would definitely not step foot in a dangerous place like this.

As he charged forward, Su Ming could even see rotten corpses around him that had stayed in the dragon for an unknown amount of years. These corpses were the same as this Candle Dragon, they had not completely decayed, and their horrifying state made all those who saw them to be unable to help themselves but be afraid.

From how these corpses were strewn about in the place, it seemed like they had never moved. When Su Ming remembered just how difficult it was to enter this Candle Dragon, a sharp glint appeared in his eyes.

‘Could it be that once this Candle Dragon died, no one has been able to get into it...?’

It was quiet all around. Besides Su Ming’s footsteps, there were no other sounds, not even wind. No matter how quickly he went, it was still difficult for him to stir up even the faintest wind.

This strange condition made Su Ming even more cautious, and because this place was sweltering, he gradually began to sweat. In truth, there was quite a large amount of cold stored in his body because he had stayed in the glacier for a long period of time.

Because of this cold, it had been quite a while since Su Ming last sweat. However, in this place, that cold in his body was continuously dispersing, and sweat was also trickling out of his skin.

As Su Ming continued onward, besides these rotting corpses, he also saw quite the number of skeletons. Most of these skeletons had already melted away, and what remained in their places were masses of black goo. Judging by their skeletal frames, these skeletons did not belong to people but to ferocious beasts.

In fact, Su Ming had even seen some items that looked like Enchanted Vessels scattered everywhere in the dragon’s body. However, since he was in a hurry, he did not have time to inspect them. Nonetheless, he did grab all the Enchanted Vessels he encountered on the way.

‘Just how long has it been since this Candle Dragon died...?’ As Su Ming continued charging forward, he kept his mind open to sense his snake’s location while beginning to form guesses in his head.

As he traveled forth, a sudden sense of danger abruptly rose in his heart. He forced his body to immediately move back a few steps, and almost the instant he began moving back, a bone abruptly shot out from the wall of flesh before him.

That bone was entirely gray in color, and once it appeared, it let out a bang that caused the floor made of flesh to surge before that bone turned into a small gray humanoid that was the height of up to Su Ming's knees. The small humanoid was naturally the creature Su Ming had seen outside - the Bone Fiend that was formed from the Candle Dragon's bones!

The Bone Fiend opened its mouth towards Su Ming and let out a low growl. Dark light shone in its eyes and it charged at him. At the same time, faces started protruding from the wall of flesh around Su Ming. Those faces all looked incredibly hideous, and once they appeared, they let out piercing screeches, as if they wanted to rush towards Su Ming and devour him.

These faces did not belong to humans but to strange looking ferocious beasts. They were all formed by the Candle Dragon's flesh and blood, and they were the beasts in the fog Su Ming had seen outside previously.

Similarly, sharp spikes started shooting out from the wall of flesh before Su Ming, and they all turned into Bone Fiends. From further down ahead, wailing sounds started traveling towards him swiftly, and the white vengeful spirits appeared out of thin air!

Immediately after, a low murmuring sound faintly came from behind Su Ming, and thousands of feet behind him the giant eyeball gained physical form. The edges of that eyeball were white, and right at the center was a vertical, dark-yellow pupil.

There seemed to be a crack in the pupil, and that crack was slowly opening up.

A strange suction force appeared behind Su Ming, and the mumbling voice seemed to be summoning him. Su Ming's heart lurched, and a false desire of wanting to turn his head back rose in his heart.

However, right at that moment, he bit his tongue. His mind immediately snapped awake and he told himself to absolutely not look back. In truth, even if he did not look back, he could still guess that the thing that appeared there was the Candle Dragon's second eye.

As of then, there was no one else in the Candle Dragon's body, so Su Ming did not have to bother about exposing his identity as a Berserker. When those gray humanoids charged towards him, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

The four Berserker Bones in his body, along with the fifth Berserker Bone that was transformed due to the Wind Berserker's legacy, let out a mighty power at the same

time. That power instantly filled every single spot of Su Ming's body, and the incredible strength in his physical body was something he had been dreaming of for a long time.

Ever since he came to the land of the Shamans, besides the time when he was at the glacier, he had never executed the full power of the Berserkers. Right then, as it burst forth, banging sounds immediately spread through Su Ming's mind.

At the same time, his Berserker Mark, Dark Mountain, appeared on his face. Under his clothes, Dark Mountain Tribe emerged on his chest. The full execution of the power of the Berserkers caused his Berserker Mark to also fully manifest on his body.

"Get lost!" Su Ming roared and clenched his right hand into a fist, then hurled a punch straight at the gray humanoids pouncing on him.

The five Berserker Bones on Su Ming's spine shone with a piercing golden light. It spread through his entire body, and if anyone looked at Su Ming's back right then, they would be able to see golden light seeping through his spine.

When the power of Berserker Bones was fully brought out, that power surged through Su Ming's fist and traveled outwards.

A loud boom reverberated in the air, and banging sounds rang once again in Su Ming's body. The gray humanoids shuddered and were forced back a few steps before exploding, turning into bones that fell backwards. However, the bones shone with a gray light in midair and turned into the gray humanoids once again to continue lunging forward.

Su Ming had suppressed his power of a Berserker for a very long time. At that moment, as he let all of it explode from his body and transferred it into his punch, he suddenly had the feeling that this was not all. It was as if he still had energy to spare, and he could bring it all out without a problem.

A glint appeared in his eyes. The mumbling sounds behind him were getting closer. He did not have time to think. He took a huge step and rushed forward swiftly.

The numerous gray humanoids charged towards him, howling. The large number of white figures closed in, crying out in piercing screeches, and the endless amount of fog beasts that had crawled out of the wall of flesh rushed towards Su Ming from all directions.

With a low growl, Su Ming's Divine General Armor manifested in the form of an illusion. It had been a long time since he brought this armor out. At that moment, the mist from the armor arranged itself into various Runes, causing the illusionary armor to obtain a certain level of hardness.

At the same time, as Su Ming continued charging forward, his Nascent Soul opened his eyes in his body and flew straight out of the top of his skull to float above his head. Rivers of light flowed out of the Nascent Soul's body. When he appeared, he opened his mouth and let out a thunderous cry. The small virescent sword manifested itself and swept horizontally across the area.

When Su Ming's Nascent Soul began forming seals with his hands, he breathed out a breath of Nascent Soul and pushed it forward swiftly. That breath turned into a fist that rushed outwards.

"When two adversaries meet at a narrow path and cannot back out from a fight, the courageous one will win!"

Su Ming did not take a single step back. He could not move back. In fact, he had a feeling as if he had returned to the battlefield between the Shamans and Berserkers once again.

While moving forward, he lifted his right hand and drew a line swiftly at the incoming beasts transformed from the Candle Dragon's carcass. With that one line, the area seemed to have turned silent, and Berserker Obliteration appeared once again!

That one line swept through the area, and rumbling sounds reverberated in the air. The fog beasts in front of Su Ming immediately let out shrill cries of pain before they turned into a large mass of decaying flesh that spilled over the floor.

The fog beasts were not powerful. Each of them was just about the level of a Medial Shaman, but their numbers were endless, and they were continuously springing out of the wall of flesh around Su Ming.

The Bone Fiends were not very strong either. However, they were Undying, and even if they crumbled under Berserker Obliteration's attack, they would soon gather together and reappear.

The truly strong ones were the white figures, the crying Spirit Tears. Each of the Spirit Tears had the power equivalent to that of a Medial Shaman who had arrived at the peak! However, compared to the Candle Dragon's eye behind Su Ming, they were still nothing.

After all, the Candle Dragon was already dead, and only some of its will remained.

However, as Su Ming started attacking these creatures, he made a shocking discovery: He found that the creatures were slightly stronger when in the Candle Dragon's body than in the fog...

The white figures had more substance and their cries were shriller. The Bone Fiends all had a small tail behind them. In fact, there were several of these Bone Fiends who had longer tails, and they were much stronger than the others.

The fog beast claws were much sharper, and their bodies were larger than those Su Ming had met in the fog.

"The seals are broken..."

"The Candle Dragon's carcass will start giving birth to these ferocious creatures..."

"You Shamans had once broken the seal, then you came to our tribe so that you could work together with us to seal up this place again... but the seals are very fragile..."

The Spirit of Nine Yin's words echoed in Su Ming's head. Suddenly, he understood why the creatures transformed from the Candle Dragon's Carcass were not that powerful.

'These creatures were just born, that's why they aren't incredibly strong, but as time passes, they will become stronger, and it will happen over a short period of time. When that time comes, they will truly be ferocious beasts born from the Candle Dragon's carcass!'

As one of the Bone Fiends collapsed and gathered together once again, its originally short tail grew much longer, and the Bone Fiend now had to drag the tail on the ground. It lifted its head and let out a roar. The presence exuded from its body was equivalent to those of the white figures!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The suction force behind him was becoming more distinct. Clearly, that eyeball was rapidly getting closer, and perhaps the eyeball... was also rapidly growing as well!

Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming immediately brought out a small bottle from his storage bag. The Sea Marrow that allowed him to instantly recover his power was contained within it. Once Su Ming drank one drop, the Sea Marrow turned into a large wave of heat as if it had exploded.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled brilliantly. He swiftly rushed forward, executing that extreme speed that allowed him to travel like light itself, the speed from the Art he created himself after Berserker Obliteration.

There was no wind in this place, but Su Ming had the Provenance of Wind in his body, and it was circulating rapidly at the moment, causing his speed to reach the level as when he was outside.

He charged forward, and Han Mountain Bell also formed around him. With the sturdiness of the bell and the firmness of Divine General Armor, Su Ming forced his way through and charged ahead as quickly as he could!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 462 — Sixth, Seventh! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 462 — Sixth, Seventh! Chapter 462: Sixth, Seventh!

The Sea Marrow exploded in Su Ming's body, turning into a wave of heat that felt like magma wrecking within him. It abruptly burst apart and turned into a great force that surged straight into the five Berserker Bones. Once it was rapidly sucked away by them, what was left swelled outwards!

The swelling of that heat was like that of an endless body of water in a long river abruptly turning into several thousands of streams. They filled every single corner of Su Ming's body in an instant, causing him to feel as if there was an unending stream of power at his disposal.

The might of the Sea Marrow caused Su Ming's eyes to sparkle. As he took a step forward, he executed his fastest speed, and when he traveled at that speed, there was no need for him to cast any sort of divine abilities. His Divine General Armor, Han Mountain Bell, his body, and the small virescent sword before him were his best weapons!

He was like the tip of an arrow. He only needed to deliver a strong impact with his speed, and then he could... destroy everything in his path!

Rumbling sounds reverberated through the air as he ran, and all the Bone Fiends that tried to block his path were forced back by Su Ming's furious and brute impact. Their bodies shattered, and before they even had time to gather together once again, Su Ming had already passed through them. Even the fog beasts turned into masses of decayed flesh and splattered all over the place as they let out shrill screams of pain.

The crying white figures still lunged on Su Ming with their piercing wails. They vanished into smoke amidst the rumbling sounds, and with his extreme speed, Su Ming had already crossed a distance of several thousands of feet in that tunnel within the span of a breath.

He had crossed through those thousands of feet with just one breath, and that one breath was all the power contained within the Sea Marrow in his body. Once he had rushed over that distance, his face turned pale and blood trickled down the corners of

his mouth. Han Mountain Bell had shrunk considerably around him, and his Divine General Armor had shattered numerous times. Clearly, the impact was quite a large burden on him.

His Nascent Soul's eyes were sparkling as he remained above his head and controlled the small virescent sword to slash through the area.

The tunnel in front of Su Ming in the Candle Dragon's body was still filled with dense ferocious beasts packed so close to each other it was impossible to count them. They were being born continuously, manifesting without stop, looking as if there would be no end to them.

This sort of feeling was enough to crush a person's mind, and they would begin to feel as if they would never be able to break through no matter how hard they tried. After gasping for a few breaths, Su Ming immediately brought out the small bottle containing the Sea Marrow and drank another drop without any hesitation.

Once that drop entered his mouth, that feeling as if his body was about to explode rose once again. Veins popped out on his face, and there was a feeling in him as if his body was swelling endlessly, but he looked normal on the outside. It was as if that feeling of swelling was just a figment of his imagination.

With a low growl, red appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged forward swiftly. In the span of a breath, he charged through another few thousands of feet. The ferocious beasts that had tried to block his path were all destroyed.

However, once that drop of Sea Marrow disappeared from Su Ming's body, he coughed out a mouthful of blood. Han Mountain Bell shrank back into his body, and Divine General Armor was greatly damaged. Su Ming's face was pale, but his gaze remained steadfast.

"The more you use these beasts born out of your carcass to try and stop me, the more telling it is that you are afraid. You, who are already dead and only have a shred of your will left, are afraid of my pursuit!

"If that is the case, then it means that you are currently very weak, so weak that... your will might disappear once someone touches it..." As Su Ming gasped for breath, he spoke with a grin. He knew that the Candle Dragon's remaining will had heard his words.

The ancient voice did not answer him. The only things that appeared were those ferocious beasts, who continuously pounced on Su Ming with increasingly maddening movements.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. As he moved forward, he brought out the Sea Marrow once again. This was the third time he drank this liquid in this place. When that

feeling as if his body was about to explode rose once more, Su Ming let out a low growl and forced his body to cross another several thousands of feet.

As he continued charging forward, banging sounds rang in his body. Those sounds came from above the five Berserker Bones. When they sounded, suddenly, Su Ming's seventh Berserker Bone started shining with a golden light as well.

However, the golden light from the seventh Berserker Bone was rather faint and could not compare to the other five, still, it was indeed shining. The appearance of that light made Su Ming's level of cultivation seem to break through the wall that was those five Berserker Bones, and his power increased by quite a large margin within an instant.

A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Before he drank that Sea Marrow and called forth all his strength, he could already feel that he could bring out more power. At that time, he had to deal with the endless amount of ferocious beasts and did not have time to ponder about it in his head. As he drank the three drops of Sea Marrow, the feeling as if he could bring out more power only increased.

Right then, the continuous accumulation of that feeling that he still had strength remaining in his body caused his seventh Berserker Bone to shine with golden light, and the appearance of that golden light meant that Su Ming's seventh Berserker Bone was on the verge of awakening.

It was like a sudden explosion of vast power that had accumulated over time. After collecting a large amount of power through a long period of time, Su Ming's level of cultivation had received an explosive burst in the battle with the aid of the pressure in this place and the stimulation provided by the drops of Sea Marrow!

While it still could not compare to his other five Berserker Bones, as the golden light from the seventh Berserker Bone gradually turned brighter, it looked as if it only needed another push before its full strength would explode forth.

Su Ming brought out the small bottle and drank another drop of Sea Marrow. His eyes were already covered with red and his hair was dancing without wind. Loud rumbling sounds came from within his body, and golden light shot out from his spine with a piercing glare.

The Sea Marrow seemed to be boiling in Su Ming's body. This time, once all of it surged into his Berserker Bones, it did not spread outwards but was instantly absorbed entirely by the seventh Berserker Bone. As it absorbed the Sea Marrow, a large amount of golden light surged forth, causing the seventh Berserker Bone to look no different from the other five within an instant!

With six Berserker Bones, Su Ming's power of cultivation instantly increased by a large margin. Veins popped up on his body, and when he let out a low growl, he took a large step forward and hurled his right fist straight in front of him.

The six Berserker Bones started operating fully, causing all of Su Ming's power to seem as if it had been focused on his arm. As he hurled his punch forward, a ripple appeared in thin air and spread out rapidly before him. The creatures before him were all thrown back, and many of them exploded.

Su Ming panted for breath, then turned into a long arc to charge forward. However, once he crossed several thousands of feet, a large amount of hideous faces belonging to ferocious beasts protruded out of the wall of flesh before him. Fog beasts swiftly appeared, and at the same time, rows upon rows of bone spikes shot through the floor, turning into a large amount of Bone Fiends. Their numbers were endless...

It seemed as if there would never be an end to these creatures, and Su Ming stared at the deeper parts of the tunnel in the Candle Dragon's body. As he looked there, determination appeared on his face. There was one Berserker Bone protruding off his back under his robes. That Berserker Bone was usually hidden under his robes and other people could not see it. Only Su Ming could sense it.

That bone was located right where his sixth Berserker Bone should be. At that moment, as Su Ming looked over with his inner vision, he could clearly see that the sixth Berserker Bone, which was located after the five golden Berserker Bones, was dark and dull. The seventh bone was flashing with golden light, but since the sixth Berserker Bone was dull, the seventh bone could not connect with the others to become one.

Occasionally, a numbness would come from that spot as if there was lightning crawling about in that bone. That Berserker Bone was naturally the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance that Su Ming had shoved into his bone after cutting through his flesh in the freezing air in the glacier!

That day, he had only managed to absorb the Wind Crystal of Inheritance. As for the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, he had never found a suitable time to refine it. After all, just the Wind Berserker's legacy alone had already taken up much of his energy.

As of then, the Wind Crystal of Inheritance had melted and fused with Su Ming's fifth Berserker Bone to become one. Su Ming had originally decided to clear his mind and slowly refine the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, but the crisis of an endless amount of ferocious beasts in the Candle Dragon's body loomed right above his head right at that moment.

Su Ming gritted his teeth. The instant the ferocious beasts that just appeared lunged at him, he lifted his right hand and slammed it right on the protruding sixth Berserker Bone.

Intense pain shot through his entire body. At the same time, the remaining half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance hidden under his flesh and in his sixth Berserker Bone instantly stabbed into his spine.

A strong surge of lightning exploded abruptly in Su Ming's spine. That lightning charged downwards and connected with his feet. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and a large amount of lightning sparks appeared out of thin air around Su Ming.

Soon after, his Origin Berserker Vessel which he had created when he Awakened woke up and caused the lightning in the world to instantly go into a frenzy. They charged straight towards Su Ming's sixth Berserker Bone and fused with it in the blink of an eye.

Sharp pain spread through Su Ming's entire body, causing his pain to twist from it. With that extreme method, the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance forcefully fused with his Berserker Bone when he let out a roar.

As lightning sparkled and thunder rumbled, as the sixth Berserker Bone gradually started shining with a golden light, the seventh Berserker Bone connected with the other Berserker Bones on Su Ming's spine, causing him to swiftly lift his head and abruptly charge forward.

Outside the World of Nine Yin, in the outer region of the land of the Shamans, was a vast expanse of black sea. Far into the distance of that sea was a gigantic continent whose end could not be seen, and it was traveling forth at an extreme speed towards the Land of South Morning. The waves that were formed due to the movement of the continent surged wildly, and they moved so quickly that they were letting out continuous loud bangs that spread in all directions.

On that continent was a mountain, and there were always nine bolts of lightning raining down from the sky all year round, causing the mountain to always be surrounded by endless bolts of lightning.

There was an old crimson-haired man sitting cross-legged on that mountain. He had a hawkish nose and his expression was dark. Almost the instant Su Ming forcefully fused with that Lightning Crystal of Inheritance, the old man opened his eyes, and his gaze was sinister. There was a monstrous murderous intent and anger burning in his eyes, along with a hint of wariness.

He was naturally Chi Lei Tian from the Eastern Wastelands, the true scion of the Lightning Berserker! However, there was only half of the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance remaining in his body. The other half was the source of his anger and madness.

Chapter 463: One Sentence!

In the World of Nine Yin, as Su Ming remained in the Candle Dragon's carcass, lightning swam through his entire body. The power from the seven Berserker Bones

burst forth fully, causing him to become even faster and his power of cultivation to also increase by a large margin.

When he crossed another several thousands of feet, he drank the fourth drop of Sea Marrow. He originally did not have that many drops, but when he was in Shaman City, he had discovered them on sale while on his shopping spree for medicinal herbs. Although there were not many on sale, he still bought them with some Shaman Crystals.

By doing so, he managed to charge through around seven thousand feet without a single stop. Carnage rained down behind him, and there was only a wreckage remaining where he passed through.

Yet he also had to pay a heavy price. The pouring of blood from his mouth, the shattering of his Divine General Armor, the return of Han Mountain Bell into his body, and the tumbling of his Qi all over his body caused Su Ming's face to turn pale, but he did not stop. Instead, once the power of the drop of Sea Marrow disappeared, his Nascent Soul let out a piercing howl.

Light began flashing on his Nascent Soul's body as he howled. Once that light enveloped Su Ming's entire body, he took a swift charge forward, and they both immediately disappeared.

His Nascent Soul had warped, bringing Su Ming with him to appear at a spot nearly one thousand feet away from where they originally were. When they reappeared, the Nascent Soul let out another piercing howl, and they warped again.

They did this seven times, causing Su Ming to cross another seven thousand something feet in the tunnel. There were no longer any ferocious beasts being born from the Candle Dragon, but there was an endless supply of those creatures behind him, and they were all charging towards him.

Su Ming was gasping for breath. His Nascent Soul had already become quite dull and had returned to his Dantian region. Su Ming gritted his teeth and charged forward, drawing out a long arc with his movements. His speed as he traveled through the Candle Dragon became increasingly faster, and after a moment, the roars from the ferocious beasts behind him grew faint. Clearly, Su Ming had widened the distance between them quite considerably.

However, he did not let down his guard, because that suction force behind him did not disappear, but had instead become much stronger. Mumbling echoed beside his ears, and the words within it baited Su Ming time and again, making him want to turn his head back to look.

However, the words from the Spirit of Nine Yin remained as a constant reminder to him - he was to not look into the Candle Dragon's eye no matter what!

Su Ming did not turn his head back. He only continued charging forth, even drinking one drop of Sea Marrow on the way, causing his power to instantly recover. His speed had also arrived at a state where it could not be described with words.

As he continuously charged into the deeper parts of the Candle Dragon's carcass and got closer to its head, gradually, the heat around Su Ming reached its most intense state. Even the act of breathing itself sent waves of burning and painful heat in his body.

Even the walls of flesh around him had turned a crimson red. There was also a large amount of liquid dripping down the walls of flesh. When it trailed down and fell on the floor, sizzling sounds could be heard.

The liquid clearly contained powerful corrosive properties. The heat and the suffocating sensation that made Su Ming feel as if he could not breathe quickened his breathing and filled his heart with irritation.

A large amount of sweat seeped out of Su Ming's body, and it instantly turned into steam the moment it appeared, causing Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by a white, misty layer of fog as he pressed onward.

If anyone else was in his place, perhaps they would have found this situation difficult to bear. This had very little to do with the power of cultivation and was more related to an individual's ability to resist heat.

Although it was difficult for Su Ming to bear through the heat, he continued maintaining that extreme speed, because this was not the first time he had such an experience.

When he was still a teenager, this sort of earthen fire had already been lying part of the cave abode he had made for himself. In fact, he had even gone into the deeper parts of the cave and seen the Wings of the Moon along with the rolling magma.

He had even practiced the Fire Berserkers' Art and had in fact never given up on practicing the Fire Berserkers' moon worshiping Art. That in itself was already enough to let Su Ming's control over fire be much stronger compared to other people.

That was why he could charge forth like the wind without slowing down even the slightest bit in the Candle Dragon's body despite the heat.

Time trickled by. He did not know how long it had been, but in Su Ming's mind, his connection with the small snake always remained. He could sense that the small snake was flying forward in the distance.

He had called to it many times, but the small snake always ignored him. However, Su Ming could sense through the connection he had with the small snake that there was an unfamiliar power in the snake's body controlling its mind.

With that connection, Su Ming never stopped moving and continued chasing after the snake until he reached an area that even he found difficult to beat. That was an area that covered ten thousand feet, and it was a place that seemed to be able to burn everything into ashes!

The instant he stepped into that area, pain shot through Su Ming's entire body, and it was a pain brought only by burns. He saw a green light shining within that region. The ground was covered in a layer of green-like substance that made it seem like a swamp. That area was empty, there was not even a single skeleton around that spot.

The scorching heat came from that green swamp.

Su Ming only took a few steps forward before a feeling that his whole entire body was about to be burned to ashes rose strongly in him. If he did not take any preventive measures and just walked into the area like this, he believed that his feet would burn up before he could even take three steps forward, and when that time came, only death would await him.

However, he did not have time to think too deeply into this. The suction force and the mumbling sounds behind him were becoming stronger, causing him to be unable to stop and think of a foolproof plan.

During this moment of crisis, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly, bit the tip of his finger, then immediately swiped his finger across his eyes. The instant he smeared his blood on his eyes, the Fire Berserkers' Art activated in his body. The moon could not be seen in this place, but the instant Su Ming wiped his blood on his eyes, his blood started feeling as if it was burning up, causing him... to perform the burning of blood!

The instant Su Ming's blood started burning, the heat in the area instantly felt weaker. He did not hesitate any longer. He charged forward, turning into a long arc. One thousand feet, two thousand feet, three thousand feet... when he flew six thousand feet, sharp pain abruptly shot up his legs, bringing a great burning sensation. As his legs burned, the flames enveloped his entire body. At that time, Su Ming had already covered a distance of eight thousand feet.

When those flames covered his entire torso and charged straight to his head, he had already covered a distance of nine thousand feet. He lifted his burning right hand and performed the burning of blood once again.

With a hoarse roar, Su Ming flew past those ten thousand feet in an instant to appear on the other side of the green swamp in the Candle Dragon's body.

When he arrived there and was just about to charge forward as per usual, cracking sounds abruptly sprang forth from his legs. Layers of ice covered his entire body, and the process only lasted for an instant before he turned into an ice statue!

Su Ming's frozen body remained in his previous act of taking a step forward, and at that moment, he was standing on the spot, unmoving.

After going through the heated tunnel in the Candle Dragon's corpse, an icy stage appeared before him, and Su Ming, who had run headfirst into this freezing chill, turned into an ice sculpture.

After three breaths, a spark of fire suddenly appeared in Su Ming's eyes where he was sealed in that ice. At the same time, lightning sparks spread through the layer of ice from his spine. Soon after, a whirlwind spread out from within his body with a bang, and as cracking reverberated in the air, that ice instantly shattered to pieces.

Su Ming walked out of the ice, and freezing wind came crashing into his face, seeping into his body. Immediately, just like the heat from before, sharp pain spread through his entire body with each breath he took.

However, compared to this pain, the suction force that remained as a constant behind him, along with the roars and howls that had begun echoing beside his ears once again, were what bothered Su Ming the most.

He did think about setting up some traps to block those creatures before, but it was already difficult enough to set traps or Runes in this place, and that was not counting the fact that these creatures could come and go as they pleased since they were born from the carcass. Su Ming had even seen the fog beasts moving through the Candle Dragon's flesh. The Bone Fiends also moved deep under the floor in the form of bones, and it was difficult for him to stop them.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he dashed forward, once again executing that extreme speed of his face with the freezing wind blowing against him. He did not know just how far he had traveled, neither did he know where exactly he was in the Candle Dragon's body.

His path and his actions were all made after he sensed in his heart where the small snake was flying!

As he moved forward, Su Ming suddenly stopped, and the thing that brought this about was a frozen body stuck to the cold wall of flesh to his right.

It was a dried up corpse whose appearance could no longer be seen. However, he was wearing a purple armor, and it was shining with a purple light. The glowing armor was incredibly eye catching.

There were deep scars on the walls of flesh around that corpse. Judging by the scars, it could be seen that this person had actually managed to harm the Candle Dragon before his death.

There was one scar that looked as if a chunk of flesh had been ripped off, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

But that was not all. Su Ming would not have stopped if that had just been the case. The one true reason that made him pause in his charge was because the armor's appearance and presence gave him an incredible sense of familiarity at that instant.

That familiarity was not because he had seen this person before, but because that armor was... practically the same as his Berserker Armor, besides the color!

Su Ming's armor was an illusion, and he had to get the true Berserker Armor from the Great Yu Dynasty. It was unknown as to whether the Great Yu Dynasty truly existed, but the armor before Su Ming's eyes right at that moment told him... that the country truly existed!

The instant Su Ming saw the armor, his heart pounded against his chest. This was the first item that actually managed to tempt him ever since he arrived inside the Candle Dragon's body.

Right at that moment, the suction force and the mumbling sounds behind him grew stronger. The roars and howls followed swiftly, and bumps even popped out of the walls around and ahead of him before they started squirming about. Clearly, the ferocious beasts had caught up to him!

Su Ming did not hesitate. He took a step forward, arrived beside the skeleton, and seized the purple armor. Yet the instant his hand touched the armor, the skeleton that Su Ming had deemed dead suddenly lifted his right hand and grabbed his wrist!

At the same time, within the skeleton's eyes in his dried up head, a faint, dark light flickered.

"I found... the third..."

It was also right at that moment that an accident happened - Su Ming's connection with the small snake broke.

At the same time, the eyes of the person in black robes who had followed Su Ming all the way into the fog surrounding the Candle Dragon's carcass began flashing as he sat at a corner in the fog, looking as if he was hesitating and uncertain about something. Yet after a moment, he lifted his right hand and flipped it over, and a green jade slip appeared in his hand.

"Master made this personally, and this is the last Destiny Talisman I have..." The old man gritted his teeth and pressed the green jade slip to the center of his brows.

Almost the instant he pressed the jade slip to the center of his brows, his body began trembling furiously. Fog filled the insides of his eyes, and gradually, a picture appeared within his pupils. The person in the picture was Su Ming, who was inside the Candle Dragon's body!

Chapter 464: Candle Dragon, Nine-Headed Dragon!

Su Ming's heart trembled. He had used his divine sense to check the skeleton and used his eyes to verify that it had been dead for many years. His body had also completely dried up.

When his wrist was grabbed by the skeleton, a huge storm stirred up in his heart, and as he stood there completely stunned, he almost forgot about the ferocious beasts that were charging towards him with those incessant roars.

This sudden accident that happened completely out of his expectations made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

"I found... the third... he's at... Eternal..."

A faint, dark light glowed in the skeleton's eyes, but before he could even finish speaking his sentence, that light immediately became dull and disappeared. The dried up hand that held onto Su Ming's wrist also fell to the floor.

Su Ming was shocked to the core, but he did not have time to think. He grabbed the skeleton's armor, and once he did so, a transparent jade slip about the size of his palm slipped off from under the armor covering the skeleton. Due to its transparency, it was difficult for anyone to discover it.

Su Ming had also only taken notice of it when he tore that purple armor off the skeleton. Without a hint of hesitation, he swept that transparent jade slip towards himself with a sweep of his arm, then immediately charged forward into the distance the instant the squirming creatures from the walls around him started crawling out.

The moment he left, the bumps in the walls around him burst open, and fog beasts that were now obviously slightly different from those Su Ming had seen previously rushed out with unending roars.

These creatures looked like pythons, but also had indistinct human faces where their heads should be. Forked tongues protruded out of their mouths as they hissed, and there was an eerie light in their eyes. Once they slammed their tails on the floor, they immediately charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the bone spikes shot through the floor and exploded, turning into small gray humanoids with long tails. Besides the cracks where their eyes and mouth should be, there was another crack at the top of their heads. That particular crack had now been ripped wide apart, making it seem as if there was a strange thing stored inside the heads and it was trying to crawl out from their skulls.

Apart from the fog beasts and Bone Fiends, the white figures that were floating forward while crying were also different. Their facial features were originally hidden under their hair and were rather indistinct, but as they lifted their heads, absolutely gorgeous faces could be seen, and their grace was especially breathtaking. It was enough to make a person who saw them be completely infatuated with their looks.

Su Ming could see none of it. He simply continued speeding forward at his absolute fastest speed. He had already lost his connection with the small snake and was feeling extremely anxious, but he could still sense the final spot where his snake was before the connection broke!

A long time passed as he continued charging forward, and the tunnel before him abruptly expanded. Then, a gigantic hole of flesh and blood—so great that it was like a field—appeared right before Su Ming!

This was the spot where his connection broke with his snake!

The instant Su Ming arrived at this spot, he saw a bizarre object that looked like the crown of a tree, and it was formed by several thick black tendons intertwining with each other right at the center of the gigantic hole!

At the top of those black tendons was a mass of dried up flesh nearly ten thousand feet big. That mass of flesh was filled with bumps, and it was in a dark grayish color. There was also several spots on that mass of flesh that had drooped down.

Su Ming saw nearly a hundred glittering crystal fragments floating above that mass of flesh. The sizes of those crystal fragments differed, but each and every one of them exuded a presence that made him feel as if his mind was about to be sucked into them. It was as if there was a world contained within each of those crystal fragments.

There was a total of ninety-seven of those crystal fragments!

They floated near that mass of flesh, and if Su Ming took a closer look, he would see that there were black threads connecting those fragments to that mass of flesh.

Almost the instant Su Ming arrived at the place, the humongous mass of flesh shrank before instantly swelling up slightly, and the spot where it swelled up was turned straight towards Su Ming. A crack slowly opened up on that mass of flesh, and as that crack was continuously ripped apart, Su Ming saw a head within its deeper parts!

It was a woman's head. She had long, lustrous hair, but there were black tendons covering her neck. At that moment, the woman had her eyes closed and her face was pale. There was not a hint of life within her. At the center of her brows was a flashing mark, and the shape of the mark looked like a star.

Su Ming's snake floated silently beside the woman's head. It did not seem to be struggling, just in a daze. There were wisps of white smoke spreading out from its body, crawling straight into the mark at the center of the woman's brows.

"This is the fate of all the descendants of the Candle Dragon... You cannot stop it..." The instant Su Ming saw the small snake, the ancient voice that he once heard echoed by his ears once again.

When he first heard it, he had been unable to discern whether voice belonged to a male or a female, but at that moment Su Ming could sense that it was an old voice clearly belonging to a woman.

"It only has a hint of the Candle Dragon's blood within it, but as long as it has that blood, then it is a part of our race... This is fate. The Candle Dragons are destined to devour each other. This is its predetermined fate after running into me in my current state..."

"Before it lost its will, its only hope was for its master to leave this place safely... You are its master, as long as you do not anger me during the sacred ritual of my race, then after I complete the ritual, I will let you leave safely." There was a wave of mercilessness in that ancient voice as it echoed in Su Ming's head.

Su Ming looked at the small snake, looked at its closed eyes, looked at its unmoving body, and he clenched his right fist. His Divine General Armor appeared once again, and his right hand was no longer in the form of a fist, but was already holding onto the spiked club that had materialized in his right hand!

His Berserker Mark flickered on his face and his seven Berserker Bones shone with a piercing golden light in his body, causing Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by golden light. At the same time, his Nascent Soul began forming seals with both hands. Even though it did not appear outside his body, it was already ready for a fight in his Dantian region.

The small virescent sword flashed before Su Ming. As green light filled its entire body, Su Ming took a step forward without wasting a single breath of his on meaningless words and charged straight towards the giant mass of flesh.

"I might only have a shred of my will left, but... How dare an ant like you provoke me...? Flesh and blood within the fog, form your body with my will!"

As that ancient voice echoed in the air calmly, the fog beasts with the appearances of pythons among the endless amount of ferocious beasts that were giving chase roared

and exploded in an instant. Once an unknown number of those creatures exploded, their bodies turned into pieces of rotten flesh and appeared right before Su Ming out of nowhere while he rushed forward.

As those pieces of flesh gathered together, they turned into a gigantic body that was ten thousand feet tall in front of Su Ming. The body reminded of a snake but had the head of a dragon. It was entirely crimson, and it looked savage. Its eyes were gray, and each of its scales were about the size of an adult's head.

An indescribable presence spread forth from the odd creature's body.

"Murderous spirits in my bones, turn into bones and veins with my will!"

The ancient voice spoke once again. This time, the Bone Fiends behind Su Ming turned into sharp spikes and charged towards the gigantic body. Once they impaled it, the odd dragon and snake hybrid started moving, and the gray light in its eyes became stronger.

"Spirits formed from my soul, merge together into a single soul with my will..."

The instant the ancient voice said those words, the white figures behind Su Ming fused together as they cried shrilly and charged towards that dragon and snake hybrid. When they disappeared into its body, the dragon snake's eyes suddenly shone brilliantly like the sun and moon. It lifted its head and let out a roar. The gray light in its eyes flickered, and it looked as if it had been revived as it charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

Su Ming swung the spiked club in his right outward, and it grew several times in size before ramming straight into the dragon snake's body. At the same time, Su Ming drew one line with his left hand, executing Berserker Obliteration!

Immediately after, his Nascent Soul let out a piercing howl in his body. A large amount of ripples appeared around him. At that instant, all the divine abilities that he could cast from the array of skills he inherited from Hong Luo were executed by his Nascent Soul.

A violent bang reverberated in the area and spread in all directions. Once that bang faded away, Su Ming's spiked club was bounced off and fell to the side. The divine abilities his Nascent Soul cast shattered, causing his Nascent Soul to instantaneously become so limp that he looked as if he was about to scatter away.

The Divine General Armor exploded, and his Berserker Obliteration did nothing. Everything that he had was completely useless before this dragon snake!

As that dragon snake closed in on him, Su Ming coughed out blood, and as that bang reverberated in the air, his body was forced back around a hundred feet, but there was not a hint of panic in his eyes.

"As expected, you're indeed incredibly weakened. No matter how much will you have left remaining, you can't hide just how terrified you are..."

As a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips, he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then pointed in the direction before him. Immediately, his Han Mountain Bell manifested before him. This time, Su Ming did not intend to use Han Mountain Bell for defense but summoned it to cast its strongest power - the sixth head's ability!

If Su Ming had not seen the white figures screeching and retreating when he summoned the Nine-Headed Dragon when he was outside, if he had not brought out the Nine-Headed Dragon before his small snake in the past and seen the small snake showing a guarded expression, then howling at it as if having run into its mortal enemy, it might not have left such a deep impression on his mind. If these things had not happened, then he would be uncertain as to how he should fight against this dead Candle Dragon's will even after he had entered its body.

But that would only happen if those things had not occurred!

"Nine-Headed Dragon, Southern Emperor, Absolute!"

Once Su Ming's Han Mountain Bell appeared and he finished forming those seals, he pointed forward. As Su Ming muttered the string of words without even wiping away the blood at the corners of his lips, Han Mountain Bell abruptly let out an intense howl.

The instant the howl reverberated through the air, a guarded expression immediately appeared on the dragon snake's face, and it even started roaring. Its current look was the exact same as the small snake's in the past, as if it had run into its greatest enemy!

"When I used this thing outside, you should have sensed it! You did everything that you could to stop me, even trying to kill me when I entered your dead body, because of your weakness. Perhaps I cannot fight against you, but I have here with me a creature that can frighten you!

"This is that creature!"

As Su Ming said those words, the roars within Han Mountain Bell grew stronger. At the same time, a nine-headed gigantic beast of ten thousand feet manifested above Han Mountain Bell. Six of its heads roared at the dragon snake at the same time, and the remaining three heads that were still sleeping started vibrating.

It did not matter whether it was the Nine-Headed Dragon's expression or its gaze, there was also a sort of guardedness and hate within them, as if the Candle Dragon was also its mortal enemy!

"Candle Dragon... Nine-Headed Dragon..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 465: Sky and Earth, Ice and Fire

"Nine-Headed Dragon..." the ancient voice said in a low voice, its words reverberating in the air. "I have always wanted to ask the Lord of all heavens why the earth must exist after the world has a sky..."

"Why is it that when the world has fire, ice must appear...?"

"I also wanted to ask the heavens why the Nine-Headed Dragons were born... even after there's already us Candle Dragons! I spent my entire life searching, but I couldn't find an answer..."

"When ice and fire blend together, what appears is boiling water, frozen fire, and a presence that is completely different from ice and fire!

"When the sky and earth fuse together, what appears is a gray piece of sky, a broken void, and the power of one World!

"Then, what appears after the Candle Dragons and Nine-Headed Dragons fuse together...? What is it...? What is it...? What is it?!" At the end, the voice had practically slipped off the edge, and her roars resounded in the area.

The dragon snake roared at the same time as well. With a savage expression and madness, it charged towards the Nine-Headed Dragon. Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon also roared, and without Su Ming even needing to control it, all six of the heads rushed towards the dragon snake.

Booming sounds reverberated in all directions. The Candle Dragon was already dead, and this dragon snake was put together with great difficulty by its remaining will. The difference between this candle dragon and its original body was like heaven and earth.

Yet similarly, Su Ming's Nine Headed Dragon did not have a physical body, only a spirit one. It was Han Mountain Bell's Vessel Spirit, and it had been asleep for many years. It also only had six awakened heads, that was why its strength was largely different from when it was alive.

As such, the Candle Dragon and Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon were an equal match for each other. These two powerful beasts that considered each other as their mortal enemy started fighting against madly.

Su Ming stood there with a hint of confusion in his eyes for an instant. The source of his confusion were the words that the ancient voice had uttered just now. Those words echoed in his head, making him feel as if he had understood something, but when he thought about it carefully, he found that he had gained nothing from it.

‘The fusion between ice and fire... The fusion between sky and earth...’

This sort of feeling was just like the one from when he sat on the platform outside his cave abode on the ninth summit after speaking to Tian Xie Zi. Understanding those words had taken him several months, but in the end, he had obtained his own Creation through an epiphany!

He came to understand his very own method to clear his mind, and the exact same process of confusion followed by understanding had appeared when he drew that one line and executed his first Berserker Obliteration.

As of then, the confusion in Su Ming’s eyes grew stronger. The words from the ancient voice echoed incessantly in his head. Su Ming had a strong hunch that if he understood those words completely, then... he would hold control over an unimaginable power!

However, at that moment, he could only bite down on his tongue and snap himself out of it. This epiphany might be precious, but the timing was absolutely not suitable. If he continued mulling over it, then he would die. He could not think of anything else that would come out of it.

That was why even though he felt that it was a pity, Su Ming had to force himself to instantly snap awake before he completely immersed himself in those words. As he regained his senses, a shocking boom traveled into his ears. The dragon snake and Nine-Headed Dragon were fighting against each other in midair, and the fight between these two enemies had reached its most intense state.

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes and he swiftly turned into a long arc. When he took a step forward, he circled around the fighting pair to charge straight towards the giant mass of flesh floating in midair.

The beautiful woman’s face in that mass of flesh did not change. Fine white threads of mist were still continuously seeping out of the small snake before her and being absorbed by the mark at the center of the woman’s brows.

Killing intent flashed in Su Ming’s eyes. He took a step forward, and the instant he closed in on that mass of flesh, it started squirming viciously. At the same time, that ancient voice traveled forth gently.

"I will grant you a long life. I will let you be the same as me, that even when the sky and earth crumbles, you will not be destroyed, that even when the heavens fall to ruin, you will not die... Do you want that?"

"I will grant you endless power. I will let your body be almost the same as mine. I can let you break the rules of the world and step into the endless emptiness so that you can see a bigger world and see the stars in the sky... Do you want that?"

"I can even grant eternity for your soul so that you can be the brightest star under heaven. I can let all those who see you with their eyes bow down and worship you... Do you want that...?"

"I can grant you control over the power of one World. I can let you become a powerful warrior so you will be able to do whatever it is you want... Do you want that?"

"I can grant you the power to tear through all mysteries. I can let you understand what is up ahead, above the blue sky. I can let you see what is under the ground. I can let you hold control over your own life with your own hands, and no one will be able to control it... Do you want that?!" When that ancient voice spoke, Su Ming's footsteps froze for a moment when he heard those words.

"You must have dreams, desires. I can help you fulfill all your wishes and let you obtain the power to fulfill those dreams and desires... You can find your dreams. You can tear away the sky that covers your eyes. You can control your own fate. You can... crush all your enemies before you..."

"I can do it. Trust me. I can really do it. I am the Candle Dragon. I am the strongest of all Candle Dragons... When I was alive, I could make darkness fall on one hundred worlds in an instant. I had devoured more than one hundred million souls..."

"As long as I wake up, as long as I am resurrected, I can swear on my race's oath, I will definitely do all that I have just said... As long as... you don't interrupt my race's ritual... As long as you back down now and not come closer."

"If you agree to this, then I will fulfill my oath!"

A boom went off in Su Ming's head. His breathing quickened as he stared fixedly at the woman's face. The sincerity in her words could not be doubted.

He did not care for eternal life, neither did he care about having an everlasting spirit. But he did care about what lay above the blue sky. He cared about having control over his own fate. He cared about tearing apart the mist that covered his eyes. He cared about searching for Dark Mountain, cared about understanding the true source behind Destiny!

All of these were the things he desired, were things he yearned for so greatly that he almost dreamed about them in his sleep.

"If you don't believe me, then I can acknowledge you as my master, but the process is separated into two parts. The first part is just the initial state. If we go according to what

we promised, then once I am resurrected, we can complete the second step... I will definitely fulfill all that I have promised. You will only lose a snake that is only an infant, and one that doesn't have a pure bloodline to boot, but in its place will be me!"

Su Ming fell silent, and after a long while, he shook his head.

"I don't trust you!" The instant he said those words, he charged towards the woman's head in that mass of flesh.

"Why don't you trust me? All that I have said is the truth. As long as I am resurrected, I will definitely do it. You are not the first person to whom I have made an oath. There was someone before you who received my oath. I don't remember his name, but the feeling of his blood is similar to yours!

"He called himself... the third God of Berserkers!"

Right at that moment, within the endless fog surrounding the Candle Dragon's gigantic carcass, the old man in black robes had already used his final Destiny Talisman as he sat in that fog. The scenes flashing in his eyes were the things that were happening to Su Ming right at that moment.

With a special method, this old man in black robes had seen everything that happened after Su Ming entered the Candle Dragon's body.

A glint appeared in his eyes, and a strange smile suddenly formed on his lips.

'The remaining will of the Candle Dragon... might be strong, but it now has to devour its descendant and face Destiny... perhaps I can use it.' The old man's smile grew brighter.

'Destiny has that crimson dragon and the old Spirit of Nine Yin. It's difficult for me to restore order and let him continue walking down his predestined path... Only when he is in the Candle Dragon's body can I avoid the crimson dragon. But I, too, can't enter its body. I can only use the Destiny Talisman to see him...' The old man licked his lips, and Su Ming's inverted figure in his pupils twisted.

'But if I offer my power to the Destiny Talisman, then I can cast some divine abilities. These divine abilities might not be able to fulfill my initial plans to make Destiny fall asleep once again, but... I can use them to stir up the Candle Dragon's will and have it open up the Undying and Imperishable World so that it will turn into a cage to trap Destiny!

'He will be forcefully made to stay there, and I will achieve the same result as in my initial plan. I will also have enough time to wait for master's second projection!

'If everything goes according to plan, then I will have obtained a huge achievement!'

As the old man in black robes smiled, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the green jade slip at the center of his brows. It vibrated, and a black ball of thread seeped out from its edges. Those black threads were spreading quickly, and in the blink of an eye, they covered his entire face. There were especially a lot of those black threads by the corners of his eyes. They even seeped into the old man's eyes as they continued stretching outwards.

They replaced the blood capillaries in his eyes, and when they turned into black threads, they covered his pupils. Su Ming's inverted figure in them also became much fainter. At the same time, the green hue on the jade slip rapidly faded away and became dull. Once it turned black, it exploded with a bang. But the instant it was reduced to powder, the old man in black robes opened his mouth and let out a puff of air.

Once that breath escaped his mouth, it turned into black fog and disappeared into nothingness.

Over at Su Ming's side, the instant he heard the Candle Dragon mentioning the third God of Berserkers, his heart was shaken, but still, he did not stop. He charged deep into the mass of flesh, clenched his right fist and had the seven Berserker Bones in his body burst forth with incredibly power. Right then, just as he was about to ram his fist into the woman's head that was absorbing those white threads from the small snake's body—

Right at that moment, a gust of wind appeared out of nowhere at the edge of that giant mass of flesh, at a spot where Su Ming could not see. A layer of black fog appeared along with that wind and drifted lightly into the giant mass of flesh, disappearing into it. All of this happened in an instant, and in the blink of an eye, it ended.

Chapter 466: The Tenth Moon!

Su Ming did not believe in the Candle Dragon's words at all. However... even if he had believed them, it would still be difficult for him to watch his small snake be devoured just so that he could obtain an incredible power and great serendipity.

'When a man lives in the world, he should live without any regrets... I dream about becoming stronger, I dream about strength, I dream about ripping fate with my own hands, but... if I give up on the snake today just so that I can obtain these things, then tomorrow, I will give up on other things for stronger desires. Once I give those things up, then for other desires that come after that, I might give up Dark Mountain, and next will be my ideals, and then it'll be my memories...

'When I have given up on everything, then at that time... will I still be me...? I yearn for power, I want to become strong, but the base for all this must be that I do not give up on anything!

'I will do what my heart dictates. Even if I turn into a murderous fiend, even if my hands are bloodied, I will not be ashamed of my decisions!' Su Ming muttered in his heart.

He had been searching for Dark Mountain constantly, but if he gave up on going back to Dark Mountain while in the process of searching for the path back, then he would have lost his soul.

Part of his memories had awakened. The girl's faint calls occasionally rang in his head. If he was faced with the decision to give up on the voice calling for him to obtain something, then what was he to do...?

There were some things in the world that once they happened once, they would happen a second time, and a third...

Su Ming did not falter and hurled his fist straight towards the woman's head. The instant it closed in on her, a layer of illusionary ripples suddenly appeared around that beautiful head. Soon after, a light chuckle came from within that giant mass of flesh and echoed in all directions.

At the same time, the instant Su Ming's fist rammed into the head, those ripples around the head became invisible and disappeared without a trace, vanishing right before his eyes.

That head was clearly not its real body, just an illusion. The goal behind it was to simply attract Su Ming's attention, and then it could... buy more time to devour his snake.

However, the Candle Dragon's remaining will had clearly not expected that Su Ming would be so decisive in his actions. He had attacked without much hesitation, causing the time it had bought to be absolutely not enough to devour the snake.

Su Ming's expression remained as usual. Not a single hint of shock appeared on his face when he saw the head suddenly disappearing. In all honesty, he had long since seen that there was something off about it.

After all, the head was hidden in that mass of flesh, and there was no need for it to reveal itself when Su Ming arrived. Clearly, its goal was just to attract all of his attention!

That was why the instant Su Ming hurled his fist forward, he spread his divine sense outward swiftly, and it was immediately after that the Lightning Berserker Bone on his spine sent out a strong electrical arc that spread outwards once it swam through his entire body.

An endless amount of lightning seemingly exploded out of Su Ming's body the instant that electrical arc spread out. With Su Ming's divine sense, those bolts of lightning surged into the giant mass of flesh around it, sweeping past the walls of flesh like a huge wave in search for the Candle Dragon's remaining will.

The Wind Berserker Bone also burst forth with a powerful force of wind at that moment, causing Su Ming to stir up a cyclone out of thin air, which became stronger with each passing moment. When a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and the instant the battle between the dragon snake and the Nine-Headed Dragon reached its most intense state, that cyclone swept through the area with a mad craze, with Su Ming as its center.

It was as if there were several pairs of huge hands flipping over the mass of flesh at that moment. Thunder rumbled, wind moaned, and the mass of flesh around Su Ming immediately started moving as if it was a wisp of smoke blown apart by wind before being ripped apart by lightning.

It was also during that instant that the giant mass of flesh started rapidly turning black for some unknown reason. It looked as if it was being rapidly dyed black by ink.

Su Ming did not have time to bother himself with it, because as he spread his divine sense, his bolts of lightning, and his cyclone through that mass of flesh, he found the presence of his small snake at a corner within the mass of flesh!

Without any hint of hesitation, he immediately charged towards the spot where he sensed the small snake's presence. In the blink of an eye, he closed in on that spot, but right at the moment he did so, a piercing howl surged right into his mind.

That piercing howl came right from where Su Ming had sensed the small snake's presence, and it came from the woman's head floating beside it.

That head had her eyes closed and still did not open them even at that moment. However, that piercing howl from her mouth made Su Ming's mind shake, and an illusion even appeared before his eyes.

He was incredibly insignificant in front of that illusion. Before him was an incredibly huge Candle Dragon that looked like a city, and its size could not be described by words.

That Candle Dragon opened its mouth and let out a roar filled with a murderous aura and thirst for blood that surged into the skies. That scene felt like the sky was falling with the intention of destroying all lives.

As Su Ming's mind trembled, he bit his tongue. Sharp pain shot through his body, and a faint, illusionary crack appeared on the gigantic Candle Dragon's body before him.

The woman's beautiful head was hidden within that illusion. Her eyes were closed, but inside her opened mouth were sharp, poisonous teeth. She was also hissing with her forked tongue out of her mouth as she charged towards Su Ming.

No matter what, this Candle Dragon only had some remnant of its will left, and a lot of it had been lost over the years. Most of it was used on the dragon snake to fight against the Nine-Headed Dragon at that moment, which was why when Su Ming regained his senses, he found some hints to break the illusion, along with the head hidden under the illusion.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and lifted his right hand swiftly. A large amount of lightning erupted from his Lightning Berserker Bone, as if Su Ming had swept up a layer of lightning. At the same moment, the bolts of lightning that had spread through the area just now swiftly gathered on him, causing his right hand to look as if it was covered by lightning.

"Lightning Berserker, first move!" Su Ming roared. This was the divine ability that belonged solely to Lightning Berserkers, and it was what he had sensed when he had forcefully absorbed the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance just now!

As Su Ming's words reverberated in the air, the bolts of lightning covering his right hand increased explosively all of a sudden to turn into a long blade made of lightning. The blade was about several dozens of feet long, and there were distortions on its edges. As thunder rumbled in the air, he swung the blade down on the incoming woman's head.

It was right at that instant that Su Ming's expression suddenly changed. The same change of expression also appeared on the woman's face!

Su Ming saw a wisp of black fog appearing out of nowhere right where he sensed the presence of his snake, and that black fog turned into a huge hand that seized the floating snake that was slumbering behind the head, which was, to the head, her most important spot.

All of this happened too quickly, and so Su Ming's Lightning Berserker Movement and the woman's head still crashed into each other.

As booming sounds reverberated in the air, a long string of laughter immediately spread through the area. An old man in black robes appeared along with the laughter, and he had the slumbering snake seized tightly in his hand while his eyes sparkled.

"If any of you dare move, I will crush this snake to death!" As the old man spoke, he increased the strength in his right hand's grip, and the small snake's body started twisting and shuddering.

The moment the old man in black robes squeezed the snake, the mass of flesh that had changed its color around them suddenly froze. A piercing howl immediately shot out from the woman's mouth.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes as he glared at the old man. This person appeared too suddenly, and he had abruptly come out when he was fighting against the Candle Dragon. For some unknown reason, Su Ming could also sense a strange feeling from him, one that screamed that he absolutely detested this old man and wanted to kill him.

"This body is just a hint of my divine sense. Even if I die here, it won't have too much effect on my body.

"Destiny, you're very fast, but I suggest that you don't be rash. Candle Dragon, you don't have much will left, and I am confident that I can kill this snake before you attack! Do you believe me?"

When he heard the word Destiny falling out of the old man's mouth, Su Ming's pupils shrank.

After that piercing roar, the woman's head said in a sinister voice, "Name your request!"

"Candle Dragon, I don't want to become your enemy. I just want you to cast the Undying and Imperishable World and seal him inside! After that, I'll immediately return this very important snake to you!"

The old man in black robes smiled darkly and increased the force of his right hand, causing the small snake to twist even more due to pain. A large amount of white mist spread out from its body and floated around the area.

A glint appeared in the woman's eyes. With her remaining will, if she cast the Undying and Imperishable World, then she would fall into deep slumber, and only some of her will would awaken after many years.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, she would not want to cast that Art. She would also be unable to absorb that snake if she fell into deep sleep. She could only continue with the process when she woke up.

"Since you refuse to yield, and since you both insist on meddling... Then I will have the Undying and Imperishable World decide your fate. With the remnants of my will, I will curse you..."

The beautiful head looked towards Su Ming, and for the first time, she opened her eyelids, revealing a pair of gray eyes, along with nine pupils that formed some sort of runic symbols within each of her eyes!

Nine-pupil eyes!

"I curse the both of you that your souls are separated from your bodies..."

"I curse the both of you that your souls enter my World..."

"I curse the both of you that you will sink into the state of not being able to die and not being able to perish, I curse the both of you that you will never be able to be reincarnated..."

"I curse the both of you that you will lose yourselves during the endless passage of time and turn into my new Warrior Souls..."

"If you fall and lose yourselves, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and I'll bless its new life!

"Undying and Imperishable Realm, One Hundred Million Vengeful Spirits... Open!"

The instant that piercing voice spoke, the Candle Dragon's entire body shuddered abruptly, causing the fog that covered several tens of thousands of li to become much thicker. At the same time, its gigantic body started fossilizing rapidly...

In the blink of an eye, right before the crimson dragon and the old Spirit of Nine Yin's stunned expressions, the gigantic body turned into a humongous stone statue!

Immediately after, the shadow of a crescent moon appeared in the sky. That shadow slowly started shining with an enchanting light as it hung high up in the dark sky. With the other nine moons around it, the moon became the tenth crescent moon in the sky!

At that moment, all shamans and berserkers within Shaman City, all Spirits of Nine Yin, and all the living within and beyond those one million li saw that crescent moon!

"The Candle Dragon has turned into stone... The tenth moon... This is the sign that the Sacred Nine Yin has activated the Undying and Imperishable World! As long as this moon doesn't disappear, then that World will forever remain!" the old Spirit of Nine Yin exclaimed.

Chapter 467: Undying and Imperishable World

Almost the instant the tenth moon appeared in the World of Nine Yin's sky, the old man who was sitting and meditating with his body hidden under the fog beside the rapidly

fossilizing Candle Dragon's carcass suddenly trembled. He opened his eyes swiftly and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

When that blood first appeared, it was still red, but it soon turned black. When it fell on the ground before him, sizzling sounded in the air. The old man's face was pale to the point of being bloodless. There was also a spot about the size of a fingernail on his forehead which had turned black.

That black smudge was still stretching outwards slowly, and a rotten stench was spreading out of that black patch. It smelled like the stench of decay.

"What a powerful Curse..." the old man mumbled to himself in a hoarse voice. By the time he finished saying those words, the black patch had spread to his entire forehead.

The rotten stench became stronger, and the old man's expression changed. He lifted his right hand, formed a seal, then tapped the center of his brows, but the instant his finger touched it, his body trembled once again and he coughed out three mouthfuls of blood in succession.

"Death turns me into an Immortal, the Immortals fuse time into our Dao, and time always changes!" The old man said those words with much difficulty, and as he voiced them, he quickly began forming seals with his hands, then rapidly tapped various spots on his body. The black patch on his face had already spread to a wide area and covered his entire face. It was not spreading to his throat though.

As the man said those words and formed those seals, his body started rapidly withering away. Almost in the blink of an eye, his entire person turned into a dried up corpse.

That corpse looked rigid as he sat there cross-legged. Due to the disappearance of the life force, the black patch on the man's face did not continue spreading. After a moment, cracking sounds came from within the old man's dried up corpse. Immediately after, a crack appeared at the center of his brows. That crack was abruptly torn wider, and a pair of hands stretched out from within. With a vicious rip, a crack rang through the air.

That tear widened swiftly on the old man's body, and a pair of complete arms were revealed. The owner of them was a middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties or fifties!

That man was entirely naked, and he looked as if he was about to crawl out from the dried up corpse. After widening the crack, he swiftly walked out.

The middle-aged man looked incredibly similar to the old man in black robes, as if the middle-aged was him many years ago.

However, in terms of their presence, the middle-aged man was clearly much weaker than the old man in black robes. Once he walked out, he panted harshly, and a faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

"Destiny is now perfectly sealed within the Undying and Imperishable Realm. I've finished my task. I only need to wait for my master's clone to come and can use this to claim a huge credit..."

"This curse might be strong, but it can't stop me, because I've already prepared for this a long time... hmm?"

The middle-aged man was feeling incredibly smug. But just as he was mumbling to himself, his expression suddenly changed drastically, because he could clearly feel another black patch appearing at the center of his brows!

Fear appeared on the middle-aged man's face. He instinctively lifted his right hand and pressed down on the black patch at the center of his brows. He touched a viscous substance, and when he lifted his hand up, a sticky black thread was dragged out, and a rotten stench wafted into his nose.

"This divine ability given to me by my master can even help me avoid heavenly judgment. How could the Candle Dragon's curse..."

The middle-aged man appeared frightened. He quickly sat down and cast the same divine ability once again, and his body rapidly turned into a dried up corpse. Very soon, a tear appeared at the center of its brows. In an instant, it started spreading to the center of his body. A low growl appeared from that crack, and a man at the prime of his life crawled out.

The ripples coming from the youthful man's body had become much weaker. His appearance looked much younger compared to the old man in black robes, but... the instant he walked out, the black patch reappeared on his forehead as if it had etched right into his bones!

At that moment, the place was filled with a strange sight. If anyone else saw this, they would definitely be scared. Right beside the man were two dried up corpses with two incredibly big cracks in their bodies. One of them belonged to an old man, who still remained sitting cross-legged. However, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that his body was empty, and it was literally just a human shaped shell.

As for the middle-aged man who was sitting cross-legged, he was also a dried up corpse. His body was also empty, like he was only a layer of skin.

The youthful man by his side looked pale, and in his eyes were disbelief and terror that surged to the skies.

"Damn it, how can this be?! I had already separated myself from that thread of divine sense just now, I shouldn't be so deeply affected, but..." The youthful man shuddered. The black patch at the center of his brows spread wider, and it now looked to be the size of a baby's palm.

"I have to find a way to neutralize the curse as soon as possible! Curses... Damn it, I don't have much understanding towards this ancient and strange Art, how am I supposed to neutralize it?!"

The youthful man's face turned pale. He took a leap forward and charged into the distance. As he moved forward, he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood, and the black patch on his face grew larger.

At that moment, all the rotten blood and flesh within the fossilized Candle Dragon's body along with its skeleton had hardened up and turned into gray stone.

It did not matter whether it was the Candle Dragon's eye or the ferocious beasts. All of them had turned into stone, especially the creatures at its head. It was quiet there. There were two huge stone statues there. One of them belonged to the dragon snake, and the other was Su Ming's Nine-Headed Dragon born from his Han Mountain Bell.

They remained in their last pose before they were fossilized. There were murderous looks on their faces as they were engaged in a battle to the death. Even if they had been fossilized, if anyone looked at them, they could still feel a murderous aura coming right at their faces.

The giant mass of flesh that had been spreading outwards previously had also turned into a stone statue. Su Ming stood there, right by its side. His body remained still, and he had his eyes closed. He had also been petrified.

Everything about him had been turned into stone, including his clothes, his hair, and everything else. He looked no different compared to a stone, and even that hint of resolution on his face had been petrified in its place. He looked almost alive.

The small snake and the body formed from the old man's divine sense had also turned into a stone statue. They were all retained inside the fossilized Candle Dragon. The existences of these stone statues caused the place to be filled with a dead silence and a strange air...

The only thing that had not been petrified was the woman's head floating in midair. Her presence had completely disappeared and her eyes were opened. There was not a single spark of life remaining within them, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that there was a weak vortex turning slowly in her right eye.

It was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable Realm! That vortex was the pride of its life! It was the source of why it could still remain proud and unyielding even though it was extremely weakened, when the old man in black robes had threatened it!

Candle Dragons could die, but even if they died, they still could not be threatened by any ordinary folk. Even if they died, they would still choose to die being devoured by their own kind!

All those who tried to control a Candle Dragon's thoughts would have to be struck by its powerful Curse, a Curse that could still terrify others even though it had died!

It devoured its own kind to survive, because it believed that this was the only way for the Candle Dragons to live eternally. However, if fate dictated that it could not devour its own kind, then it would willingly use everything that constituted itself and bless its kind's... new life!

All of this... was because they were of the same race!

All of this... was because of the unique legacy that belonged to the Candle Dragons!

If anyone magnified that vortex in the right eye, they would be able to see numerous illusionary shadows inside, and one of them...

...was Su Ming!

His body drifted without direction, and he looked like a wandering soul. His eyes were gray, and there was not a hint of intelligence within them. They were eternally vacant.

He did not have any will, as if his spirit was sleeping and could not wake up. He could not even be considered to have any natural instincts, and he was just drifting in that endless world.

There was a large amount of wandering souls who were floating and drifting about like him. There were about thousands of them, and almost every single one of them had gray eyes. They did not have any intelligence, no natural instincts. They could only... be forced to obey the piercing sound when it appeared...

They could only follow the orders of that soul before them that was obviously stronger than the other vengeful souls. There was a small amount of black mist spreading out of that soul. From the distance, it looked as if there was a murderous aura that was crashing right into the wandering souls' faces. That soul's eyes might also be gray, but within those gray pupils was a shred of intelligence.

With a piercing howl, the swarm of vengeful souls behind him quickly got closer to him and were sucked dry once he seized them. Once hundreds of vengeful souls were sucked dry, another piercing howl came from the distance. Immediately after, thousands

of vengeful souls emerged from the spot where that other piercing sound had come. Leading those souls was a soul with an evil face, and he was shrouded entirely by black fog.

A war between vengeful souls started just like that.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he still had not regained his will. However, a pain as if his entire body had been torn apart filled him, and he only managed to not scream by gritting his teeth tightly. That sort of pain was akin to his body turning into a leaf while he was being ripped apart, bit by bit. When he was eventually ripped to pieces, he was squeezed tightly, as if the force was trying to crush his bones into powder.

If he had screamed under that pain, perhaps he would not have snapped awake. It was precisely because he had endured that intense pain, that felt as if there were numerous voices by his ears roaring and calling out to him incessantly, that it felt as if he had stirred up all his strength!

It was from that strength that he had the false impression that he had opened his eyes once again, even though his eyes were open to begin with!

The instant he truly opened his eyes, he saw a gray, ashen sky, a white ground, and a broken world that only became like this after having lived through an unknown amount of years...

Chapter 468: Waking Up

The gray sky was like a gray piece of cloth. It was filled with wrinkles and was spread right to the end of sight. There was no sun, no moon, and no stars. There was only the gray that caused depression to rise within a person's heart.

Its color exuded the air of death, causing the people to feel as if they were lost in that gray shade, and they would even begin to feel confusion boiling in their hearts.

The white ground rose and fell as it stretched into the distance. There was not a single plant there, not any other color. There was only white earth that spread endlessly outwards, leaving the entire place with no boundaries.

If anyone stared at the ground and the gray sky that acted as its contrast for a prolonged period of time, they would become even more lost.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, this was what he saw. After a long time, he lowered his head and saw his own body. He could clearly see that his body had turned into an

illusion. He was just a wisp formed by the white fog spreading from the ground. That fog was incredibly weak in the beginning, but soon, it gradually gathered together to turn into a person, which was him.

A large amount of fog seeped out from the white ground around him. As that fog gathered together, more people appeared.

These people looked as if they were newly born. Their eyes were gray, and those gray eyes gave off a feeling of despair and fatigue that stemmed right from the soul. It was as if they had died numerous times already but still had to be newly born only to die again and again. This process would repeat endlessly, turning into a cycle.

Perhaps death was not terrifying at times. What was horrifying was endlessness, an eternity of not being able to die and not being able to perish until the soul itself became numb, until all will was lost, all that made a person, turning him into... an undying soul, Imperishable living corpse...

Not too long ago, at the spot where Su Ming woke up was a war waged between thousands of undying souls. This war might have happened several breaths ago, or it might have happened several days ago, or even several months ago. Su Ming had no idea how long it had been since then.

He only knew that this was what he saw when he woke up.

Su Ming might have woken up, but his heart was still at a loss. His eyes were still gray, and he still did not possess much intelligence. He did not know who he was, neither did he know how he got there. In fact, he did not even think about those things; his mind was simply blank.

He stared at the gray sky blankly, and just continued looking... until his body was gradually filled up by that fog and he turned into a complete person, and until all the other undying souls around him were formed.

All the undying souls were the same as him. They stood there, staring blankly at the sky with their minds vacant.

This continued for an unknown amount of time until one day, the sound of a horn came from the distance and reverberated through this boundless world. That voice was very faint, and nobody had an idea how many regions the sound of that horn had traveled through.

The instant the sound of that horn reached the thousands of undying souls, they immediately shuddered and lowered their lifted heads to look before them, at what lay in the endless distance. They looked at the same direction and slowly lifted their feet before slowly floating forward.

Su Ming was among these undying souls. He also heard that horn, and when that sound landed in his mind, it turned into a voice summoning him, a call that caused ripples in his soul.

He also stopped looking at the sky and looked instead in the direction the sound of the horn had come from. He simply floated forward slowly with the other undying souls by his side.

Su Ming had no idea just how long he floated. He had no concept of time in his mind. There was only the sound of the horn calling to him. The undying souls just drifted forward without an end to their numbers on that white ground.

Gradually, some of the undying souls let out piercing howls from their mouths while drifting forward. As the howls grew in number, on that day, one of the undying souls turned around swiftly and pounced on one of his companions that still had that vacant look in his eyes.

He ripped him apart, devoured him, and fused with him. After a moment, once the victim undying soul disappeared, its attackers body gained a more corporeal form. A hint of intelligence appeared in its gray eyes.

Almost the instant he devoured his companion, quite a number of other undying souls around him did the same thing. There was an undying soul who did that exact same thing right beside Su Ming.

That soul looked like it belonged to an old man. As he roared, he lunged at Su Ming like a wild beast. Once he got closer, he pounced on Su Ming, then opened his mouth and sank his teeth into his body.

Su Ming did not resist. There was still that dazed look in his eyes as he let the undying soul rip apart and devour him. The pain in his soul made Su Ming shudder. That sort of feeling where his body was about to be ripped apart made him suddenly remember that he had gone through the exact same type of pain when he woke up moments ago.

"So, I already died once...?" Su Ming mumbled. Half his body had already been devoured by that old man. By the looks of it, it would not take long before his entire body was devoured.

At that time, everything about Su Ming would disappear without a trace, but he would not die. Instead, after some time, the fog would gather up and turn into him once again in this Undying and Imperishable World so that he would have to go through the same form of death again. He had to continuously experience it, and the cycle would repeat... endlessly...

'I went through this feeling before... I don't want to go through it again!' Su Ming's will gradually faded away, but a brutality suddenly burned in his eyes, and he turned around swiftly to start devouring that old man.

The two undying souls began devouring each other. This meant the world to them, but to the thousands of undying souls around them, it was nothing, and it did not incite even the slightest bit of attention from them.

Time passed by slowly. Once the undying souls that clearly had a hint of intelligence on their faces ate their companions, they seemed to have become full, and their bodies clearly gained more substance. They lifted their heads to the sky and let out piercing howls.

The howls reverberated incessantly through the empty land, as if the souls were using their voices to announce that they had just been born again! The number of roars increased, and by the end, there were twenty-seven souls from among the thousands that roared nonstop to announce their new lives.

As they roared, the undying souls around them started trembling and fear appeared on their faces, as if these twenty-seven souls had surpassed them in terms of rank. It made them feel oppressed and afraid, no matter how numb they were to their surroundings.

As for Su Ming and the old man, they continued devouring each other. The old man started roaring madly and continued fighting against Su Ming to win in this brutal match to devour each other. Gradually, as Su Ming ate him, the old man grew weaker slowly, and eventually, his entire soul turned into Su Ming's nutrients for him to become stronger.

Once Su Ming devoured his first undying soul, he started shivering slightly. He could feel a wave of power swelling within him. This power rammed against his body until it crashed into his mind, causing a sign of struggle to appear in his eyes. A pain as if he was being ripped apart filled his mind, and it did not go away.

The feeling as if he was being torn apart was too great, and Su Ming began to feel as if his mind was about to crumble. As his mind collapsed, some memories returned to his empty head.

"What is... my name..." Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and let out a roar towards the sky. That roar was the twenty-eighth roar of a newly born life!

His roar reflected off the other roars from the twenty-seven souls. Their roars gradually fused together and shook the sky and earth in that small area, causing the other undying souls to kneel down on the ground, trembling. The only souls that remained standing were those twenty-eight souls, and among them was Su Ming!

At first glance, all of them looked incredibly similar to each other, but as they continued eating the other souls, they would slowly begin to change and differences would appear. Gradually, they would regain all their memories...

At that moment, the sound of the horn resounded once again from the world in the distance. As that mournful hoot reverberated in the air, Su Ming gradually stopped roaring. The other twenty-seven souls also calmed down slowly, and they started floating forward at a much faster speed compared to that of normal souls.

Su Ming's eyes were still gray, and when he calmed down, he also flew forward with the other twenty-seven souls, bringing along the thousands of Souls behind him, as if they were floating forward for some sort of mission.

Time slowly trickled by. Su Ming had no idea how long had passed. Besides thinking about what his own name was, he did not have any other thoughts. Only the sound of the horn made him move towards its direction slowly, calling out to guide him.

During that process, he devoured several other undying souls in succession. Similarly, some of the other undying souls also seemed to have regained some semblance of intelligence as they moved forward and started devouring each other.

Each time Su Ming ate another soul, his body would gain more substance. When he devoured about eight undying souls, besides his legs, his entire body was no longer in a semi-transparent state, and he now looked as if he possessed flesh and blood.

His long, black hair floated behind his head. His eyes might still be gray, but there was intelligence within them, along with a hint of indifference.

There were already nearly fifty undying souls like him in this swarm of souls that numbered to several thousands, and they were still moving towards the direction of the sound of the horn...

Until one day, in this world where day and night could not be differentiated, Su Ming saw a swarm of other undying souls before him. When these two swarms of undying souls saw each other, the figures who were clearly much stronger than the normal souls let out shrill and biting howls!

Another war started!

Su Ming saw the swarm of undying souls charging towards him. The pain in his head as if he was being ripped apart grew stronger. He suddenly remembered. He had gone through something like this before...

He remembered now. He had died in the previous war and someone had devoured him whole, and then... he woke up again.

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not want to die. He had a feeling in his heart that with each time he died, he would lose a little bit of something, and even though he did not know the details of what it was, his natural instincts were telling him that he could not die!

Roaring reverberated in the air in this place. The two swarms of undying souls were closing in on each other madly. Five thousand feet, three thousand feet, two thousand feet... and then, five hundred feet, two hundred feet...

Chapter 469: Press Down, Seize!

Right at the instant the two armies were only one hundred feet away from each other and were ready to start devouring each other madly, the instant they were about to engage each other in a battle to the death, right at the moment madness appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he forgot about everything except to kill...

Suddenly, a long black arc charged through the gray sky. That long arc was about several thousands of feet long, and at the top of it was a person!

He was dressed in a white robe. His expression was apathetic and his white hair floated in the air. His eyes were filled with gray, causing fear in all those who looked at him. The ripples that were spreading out before him caused the thousands of undying souls to immediately begin trembling the instant he appeared. These two swarms were only one hundred feet away from each other, but no one dared to move from their spot.

The white-haired old man walked over from the sky, and the instant he walked right above the thousands of undying souls, he lifted his right hand, and without even looking down, he pressed down on the ground through the air and seized it!

As the old man pressed down, Su Ming had a distinct feeling as if the old man in white had fused together with the sky. The feeling as if the sky was pressing down with a rumble rose in him. That feeling immediately caused his body to begin crumbling, and all the other undying souls around him also started breaking down!

It was especially prominent among the undying souls who did not have any form of intelligence and were just following the crowd blankly. All of these souls disintegrated right at that instant and turned into the fog that gave birth to them as it seeped out of the ground.

Even the undying souls who had devoured a large number of their companions, just like Su Ming, and had become much stronger were also trembling. They could not even last for a breath before their bodies exploded.

Su Ming was the same!

He watched his own body breaking down and shattering. Once he turned into fog, the white-robed old man in the sky seized at the air with his right hand.

All the undying souls on the ground disintegrated with a bang and turned into a large amount of white fog that charged straight towards the sky. They were all sucked onto the old man's palm and turned into a ball of fog that was about the size of a fist. He wrapped his fingers around the ball, and it disappeared into his body.

The entire process lasted less than three breaths. The old man did not linger for a single moment and left the place, disappearing without a trace.

The place was empty. All the undying souls had dissipated, including Su Ming...

Time continued passing by once more. Several months later, white wisps of fog started gushing out of the ground. These wisps of fog gathered together and gradually turned into the indistinct shapes of people.

These people might look indistinct, but if there was anyone looking, they would be able to see that these were the undying souls that had died several months ago at this place!

The term undying soul did not mean that they would not die but that after they died, they would be revived, and this cycle would continue endlessly...

There was an indistinct figure that appeared right on the spot where Su Ming had disintegrated that day, and that figure seemed slightly different from the other undying souls...

He was moving his hand, repeatedly pressing down and seizing at the air, repeating this series of strange actions numerous times. As the fog slowly gathered up to form the bodies and as their appearances were revealed, the face of the figure that was performing those actions could be seen, and it was Su Ming!

However, gray had filled the entirety of this Su Ming's eyes, and his intelligence was showing no signs of waking. He looked at his right hand blankly as he repeated the action of pressing down and seizing at the air.

He did not know his name, did not know who he was, did not know why he was here. In fact, these questions did not exist in his mind. He did not even think about them. In his eyes, nothing in the world was important. The only thing that mattered was the spot he was looking at the moment - his right hand repeatedly performing the movement of pressing down and seizing the air.

He did not know why he kept doing this series of actions. It was as if all of this was due to a natural instinct. As he continued pressing down and seizing at the air, the fog

around him gradually gathered together to form the other undying souls. They gradually stopped being indistinct, and slowly... lifted their heads to look at the vast sky.

Only Su Ming had his head lowered and still looked at his right hand. He simply looked at it blankly and repeated the act of pressing down and seizing at the air absentmindedly, even though he had already repeated the act countless times...

Several days later, the sound of the horn rang in the sky, and as that sound came, all the undying souls shuddered and averted their gazes from the sky to look towards the direction where the sound was coming from before they started moving their bodies and walking forward.

Su Ming did not lift his head. Even if he had heard the sound of the horn and even if he was moving along with the other undying souls, he still had his head lowered to look at his right hand as he continued the endless cycle of pressing down and seizing at the air...

It was as if everything else in the world could not stir up his interest when put in comparison with him repeating this action. Press down, seize. As Su Ming moved forward, he continued repeating this set of movements. His existence stood out like a sore thumb among the other undying souls around him.

Slowly, as the thousands of undying souls moved forward, some of the undying souls regained their minds. They let out shrill and biting howls, and when the brutality in their eyes reached a certain extent, they started to madly devour their companions, just like what they did before.

However, while some of the undying souls that woke up this time were the same souls that woke up last time, there were also different souls as well...

When the undying souls around Su Ming started eating each other, he stood there with his head lowered and repeated those series of actions. There were no undying souls that had woken up beside him, so he was safe for the moment. The others who were devouring their companions did not notice Su Ming. After the umpteenth time he pressed down and seized the air, a faint wave of ripples gradually appeared before him. The ripples were faint, but they truly existed.

Su Ming did not look at the ripples. He just continued watching his right hand and maintained that endless cycle of pressing down and seizing the air.

A long time passed by. After some of the undying souls died, roars signifying newly born lives spread through the sky and earth. This time, thirty-two strong undying souls appeared. As their roars reverberated in the air, all the other undying souls trembled and fear appeared on their faces, except...

Su Ming!

Su Ming still had his head lowered and kept repeating those series of actions without stopping or changing. The faint wave of ripples before him increased.

No one took any notice of Su Ming, including the strong undying souls. After roaring, they brought the thousands of souls and floated quickly towards the direction where the sound of the horn came from...

Along the way, more undying souls woke up. Usually, after a hint of intelligence emerged in their eyes, they would immediately choose to devour their companions by their side so that they would become stronger.

On the way, there was once when an undying soul beside Su Ming woke up. He growled and closed in on Su Ming in an instant, but Su Ming did not lift his head. He did not even spare that soul a glance, simply continuing with his action of pressing down and seizing the air...

Yet the instant the soul closed in, Su Ming pressed down, and the undying soul that was lunging at him shivered. Fear appeared beside the little spark of intelligence in his eyes, and before he could even get closer, he immediately started disintegrating, and as he broke down, Su Ming's right hand turned to seize the air.

Once he seized the air, white fog immediately appeared from the spots where the undying soul had started breaking down. That white fog charged towards Su Ming's right hand and turned into a weak ball of fog before it disappeared into his palm.

The undying soul immediately retreated in terror. His body had become much weaker, and as he moved back, another awakened undying soul immediately pounced on him. As shrill howls rang through the air, the soul was devoured.

Su Ming never lifted his head during that entire while, neither did he stop performing those series of actions. However, the ripples before him were growing in number, and gradually, the area around him started distorting faintly, and it was an incredibly distinct sight.

The distorted ripples caused the undying souls around him to instinctively back off. They did not dare to get closer to Su Ming. The undying souls who devoured their companions to get stronger looked towards Su Ming, and in their eyes were confusion... along with wariness.

They could sense a power that terrified them surrounding Su Ming, and they did not dare get closer to him.

Slowly, the swarm of undying souls moved once again. In the Undying and Imperishable World, besides the souls' repeated cycles of life and death, everything else also seemed to have turned into a cycle and would repeat itself when the time came.

After the swarm of undying souls moved for several months... a swarm of undying souls of a similar number and who were also led by nearly a hundred of strong undying souls appeared before them on the white land.

It was the same as last time. When the two swarms of undying souls saw each other, they let out shrill howls at the same time and charged towards the other madly. Su Ming did not lift his head and simply continued pressing down and seizing at the air as he moved forward.

When the two swarms of undying souls ran into each other and started devouring each other madly with roars echoing in the air, both sides began a struggle for survival. Two undying souls instantly lunged towards Su Ming, but right at the moment they arrived by his side, their bodies disintegrated, turning into white fog that was absorbed into Su Ming's palm when he seized the air.

Su Ming's actions became faster and the number of ripples before him increased. The distortions became more and more distinct, and after a moment, all of the undying souls that closed in on him would let out shrill screams of pain and their bodies would break down to turn into white fog that was all absorbed into his palm.

Su Ming stood there and continued doing the same actions. Slowly, as he became faster in repeating this series of actions and as the ripples continued spreading outward, all the undying souls around him noticed the terror coming from Su Ming's spot, and the instant all of them stopped devouring each other and turned their gazes towards him...

...Su Ming's right hand suddenly froze, after never once having stopped for an unknown number of days.

Once he stopped, his right hand slowly pressed down! Immediately, rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and with Su Ming as its center, a mighty force swept through the area. Then, all the thousands of souls in the area disintegrated right when that force touched them...

After pressing down, Su Ming slowly formed his hand into a fist and seized the air, and a large amount of white fog spun around him like a lake of fog before charging straight towards his right hand...

The area was silent. Su Ming stood in the midst of that large amount of fog, and his right hand absorbed that fog. He lifted his head slowly, and the gray hue in his eyes began fading away rapidly as his intelligence increased exponentially!

"I... am Su Ming..."

Chapter 470: Fall

Su Ming mumbled and lowered his head to look at his right hand. His body had already completely gained physical form and he looked no different than a body that possessed flesh and blood.

A long black robe manifested on him, and his black hair danced in the wind, forming a contrast with the white fog around him, causing him to appear faint and indistinct in the white fog.

That white fog was rapidly seeping into Su Ming's body as he continued absorbing it.

Su Ming did not bother about that white fog. As his intelligence grew and his eyes began to gain a brilliant sparkle, he looked at his right hand, as if he was immersed in deep thought.

After a long while, when the final wisp of white fog seeped into his body, he stood alone at the empty land with his gaze still on his right hand.

Time trickled by. Several days later, Su Ming's right hand moved up slowly, then once he pressed downwards, he seized the air.

'What is this divine ability? It's just a simple motion of pressing down and seizing the air, but why does it contain such powerful might...? With one press, I can shatter everything in the world, and with one seize, I can absorb the essence of all the things that had crumbled...'

Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them a moment later, he looked at the sky.

As he absorbed the white fog, his memories slowly recovered. Besides remembering his own name, he also remembered that he had died twice in this strange world.

He had died the first time by being devoured by someone, and he died the second time after his body disintegrated when the old man in white pressed down and seized the air...

However, he only managed to remember this much. The memories of how he arrived in this strange world still remained indistinct.

'Could it be that this action of pressing down and seizing the air contains some form of power that I don't understand...?'

Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the white ground. He looked at his right hand, and as he fell into pensive silence, he continued immersing himself in the repeated act of pressing down and seizing the air.

As time passed, white wisps of fog gradually seeped out of the ground around him. The souls that had died previously were revived, but almost the instant that white fog appeared, it immediately charged towards Su Ming, as if the spot where he was sitting had turned into a gigantic vortex, and that vortex could suck everything.

As the white fog surrounded Su Ming, it disappeared into his right hand in the blink of an eye and was absorbed into his body. The spark of intelligence in his eyes grew clearer, and an incredibly comfortable feeling spread through him, causing him to close his eyes.

It was the feeling of his body rapidly growing stronger, of his soul becoming more powerful. It was the comfortable sort of feeling that only appeared during metamorphosis, and once a person had a taste of it, it would be difficult for him to not continue with it.

After some time, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant sparkle shone in them.

"If I devour the other souls here, then I can slowly remember more things, I can also become stronger, and I won't have to feel the pain of dying here anymore..." Su Ming mumbled. He stood up, looked at the gray sky, took a deep breath, lifted his feet, and charged forward.

A chilling glare shone in his eyes. He charged forth like a wisp of black smoke and continued moving forward on the white land. He did not know how much time had passed, only that there was a desire in his heart - to devour more undying souls.

One day, he saw thousands of undying souls before him. When he saw them, the swarm of undying souls also saw him.

As shrill howls reverberated in the air, the dozens of obviously stronger souls leading the swarm charged towards him.

Su Ming stood there, a glint in his eyes. The instant those undying souls closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and pushed forward. With that one push, a layer of ripples manifested before him, and they spread outward like a wave. Rumbling sounds traveled forth without stop. The undying souls right at the front of the swarm shuddered viciously, and some of them broke down straight away.

Su Ming immediately had his right hand seize the air, and the disintegrating undying souls instantaneously turned into wisps of white fog that charged towards him. As the white fog fused into him, it made him lift his head and let out a contented roar. He charged forward and engaged the remaining undying souls that had yet to die.

Su Ming did not know of any other method. He only knew how to press down and seize the air. However, after trying it multiple times, he found that this simple act contained a

powerful might that he did not comprehend. The instant he rushed into the swarm of undying souls, rumbling sounds repeatedly traveled forth.

After the time taken for the burning of an incense stick, Su Ming stood with his head dipped down. Dense white fog surrounded him, and besides the fog, not a single undying soul could be seen.

After a long time, Su Ming lifted his head. His eyes were no longer gray but were sparkling brightly. He licked his lips, then flew up from the ground, and when he was in midair, he started charging into the distance.

At the end of the world, in the distance, was the moaning sound of a horn echoing in the air. It was a guide for all the undying souls that could hear it to move towards that place.

That horn also managed to summon Su Ming. As he absorbed more undying souls, he began to feel the sound of the horn becoming clearer and stronger. It was filled with an enticing air, and it made him feel as if it was his mission to go to the place where the horn was as he continued to become stronger.

As he continued flying forward, he saw several swarms of undying souls on the ground, and whenever he ran into them, he would press down on the ground while remaining midair.

As his experiences increased and as he grew stronger by continuously absorbing more souls, the area in which he could cause the others to crumble gradually became bigger, until he could make half a swarm break down in a go instead of just a small part.

Su Ming did not keep track of time, he only thought that a long time had passed since he woke up. He had already flown very far away, and by then, large parts of the swarms of undying souls that formed on the ground would break down when he pressed downwards.

His body now seemed like a body possessing flesh and blood. His hair danced in the air, and his black robes fluttered while flowing in the wind. The amount of times when he did that action of pressing downward and seizing the air had become so numerous that they could no longer be counted!

He could feel his own strength clearly. This sort of strength was one with which he did not even need to roar as he flew, and he could already make all the undying souls that saw him shiver.

However... Su Ming's eyes were no longer sparkling brightly as time continued flowing away. They were gradually stained by fatigue, and a hint of apathy slowly appeared in his eyes as well.

His current appearance made him rather similar to the old man he'd seen before...

The horn still echoed in the air, but it seemed like he would never be able to fly to that place, and eventually, one day, as Su Ming continued flying forward, he suddenly came to an abrupt halt, turning his head around and looking at the world to his right. Over there, he saw a long red arc traveling forth incredibly quickly.

The instant Su Ming saw the long arc, it stopped several thousands of feet away from him before turning into a red-haired man. Half of the man's body was decked in armor. His red hair floated in the air and he was half naked. He looked at Su Ming.

His eyes were similar to Su Ming's. They were both dull, and there was apathy flowing out from within them.

Su Ming looked at him, and he looked at Su Ming. After a moment of looking into each other's eyes in midair, the man suddenly let out a roar and took a step forward to charge towards Su Ming. The moment he closed in, he lifted his right hand and swung it towards the sky. Immediately, a long spear manifested in his right hand and he wrapped his fingers around it.

Once he held that long spear, he threw it towards Su Ming. That long spear stirred up a piercing screech as it sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming at an incredibly swift speed.

It was so fast that it looked as if a bolt of lightning had pierced through Su Ming's chest in an instant. However, to Su Ming, the instant that long spear was thrown out, everything in the world slowed down. Not only did the long spear's speed decelerate, even his body had become slower.

Everything had become slower. He saw the long spear flying towards him, bit by bit, inching towards him, little by little. His right hand was also lifting up slowly, but when the long spear finally arrived before him, he had only just lifted his right hand. He didn't manage to press down when the long spear stabbed into his chest at an incredibly slow speed. The intense pain of being ripped apart spread through Su Ming's chest incredibly slowly after being slowed down several times.

In his eyes, after the tip of the spear cut through his body and pierced through his chest, a sharp pain spread out, and at the same time, the entire spear penetrated through him and fell on the ground behind him.

Only then did Su Ming's world return to normal. Yet the instant the world returned to normal, a small part of his body had already broken down. As he fell apart, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and pushed at the man.

The man jolted and his armor instantly exploded. At the same time his body was exposed, he began trembling violently, and cracks appeared on him

As Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, a large amount of white fog with an intensity so dense it could not be described with words charged towards him...

The man roared with a maddened craze and clenched his right fist before hurling it straight towards Su Ming. The speed of his punch was incredibly slow, but in Su Ming's eyes, that man's speed had reached an extreme momentum.

This was a difficult battle. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the world, and they only started gradually disappearing several hours later. An incredible amount of white fog filled the place, and the density of that white fog could almost compare to the amount of all the white fog Su Ming had absorbed on the way to this place.

The dense fog was rapidly disappearing at the moment, as it was being absorbed by the person inside. An hour later, when the fog became thinner, a person's silhouette gradually took shape.

He had long black hair, long black robes, a vacant face, and apathetic eyes... Su Ming walked out slowly and lowered his head to look at his right hand. The numb look in his eyes was identical to the old man's he met before!

"Undying soul... I am an Undying warrior soul..." Su Ming mumbled. His memories had yet to recover. It was as if no matter how much fog he absorbed, his memories stopped at the revelation of his own name.

The only thing that increased was his strength, and he felt as if he now had the might to control the entire world!

He... lost himself...

There seemed to be a voice echoing faintly in the gray world. That voice sounded as if it came from the distant past, as if it contained the passages of time itself, but if anyone listened to it closely, they would only hear the moaning sound of a horn, and would not be able to hear the voice formed by it.

"If you fall and lose yourself, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and will bless its new life!"

Chapter 471: Is it the Same?

With an apathetic look in his eyes, Su Ming slowly flew into the sky. He did not look at the ground, and usually, wherever he went to, he would casually press down and seize

the air if he ran into any undying souls, and they would all tremble before immediately breaking down into an endless amount of fog that chased after him.

At that moment, he was the same as the old man in white robes. There were no differences between them.

This process lasted for a very long time. A year, two years, three years... ten years, thirty years, fifty years... a hundred years... perhaps even longer.

Su Ming did not die anymore. He had only died twice. After dying twice and reviving subsequently, he continued moving forward to search for the moaning sound of the horn as he devoured an endless amount of white fog in this endless world.

His strength turned him even more apathetic. The vacant look on his face was gone, and he was no longer exhausted, only calm. However, that calmness did not mean that his heart was calm, it was simply an expression of his apathy.

He did not know just how many undying souls he had absorbed. He did not linger at any spot in that endless passage of time and only continued to move forward, continued devouring other souls. Su Ming had even devoured more than nine existences like that red-haired man.

Every single time he devoured an undying soul like this, Su Ming would become stronger. The act of pressing downwards and seizing the air had practically become a natural instinct by this point.

One day, right before Su Ming, he saw a gigantic mountain that towered into the clouds. There was a gigantic statue of a dragon snake sitting around that mountain. That dragon snake's head was right below the peak of the sky, and it looked as if it was overlooking the ground.

The moaning sounds of the horn traveled forth languidly from the mountain and from within the statue before spreading outwards to the entire area. The instant he saw the statue and the mountain, Su Ming sensed a powerful force within his apathetic heart summoning him.

"Undying warrior souls... come back..." An ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. There was a hint of age and time in that voice, and when it fell into his heart, it made him lurch.

With an apathetic look in his eyes, he moved slowly forward, and when he was under the mountain, he leaped up before landing on the gigantic dragon snake's body.

There was something guiding him in his heart, calling out to him to choose a scale on the dragon snake's body and sit there to wait for the other Undying warrior souls to return...

Su Ming moved forward on the dragon snake's huge scales. When he looked forward, he found that the scales on the dragon snake's body were closely packed together and there were about hundreds upon thousands of them. Su Ming sat down on one of them and stared forward with a blank look on his face.

It was as if this was where he belonged. It was as if this was the end of his journey. The moaning sounds of the horn in the sky became clearer, and that sound gradually made him lethargic. His eyes gradually closed up, and an indescribable fatigue gradually submerged him like a flood.

But the instant he almost completely shut his eyes, he dipped his head down and saw through the corner of his eyes a string of words hastily carved down—obviously left behind by a finger—on a scale not too far away, right below him...

"I am Su Ming..."

These were the four words left behind on the scale...

The instant he saw those four words, the pupils within his apathetic eyes shrank. He was clearly taken aback, and the four words seemed to have been enlarged several times as they flashed in his head with loud, booming noises.

He stood up and stared fixedly at the string of letters. His breathing quickened and a huge storm raged in his heart. At the moment he saw those words, an incredibly familiar feeling shot up within him, as if... he was the one who had carved those four words on the scale!

The instant Su Ming's mind and soul were shaken, suddenly, that ancient voice that resounded in the air previously echoed between the sky and earth once again.

"Undying warrior souls... come back..."

When the voice reverberated in the air, an incredibly strong suction force immediately appeared on the scale under Su Ming's feet. He had no possible way of fighting against that suction force. It was as if the source of his incredible strength came from this statue, and if it could give him power, then it could also take it back whenever it wanted.

As that suction force erupted forth, Su Ming's body faded away in an instant. A large amount of white fog spread out madly from his body and was rapidly absorbed by the scale under his feet.

A sense of weakness filled Su Ming's entire mind and soul. His vision blurred, but the instant his vision faded and his body weakened, a thunderous roar resounded in his head, as if a bolt of lightning had just flashed past his head, causing him to remember everything right at that moment!

He remembered what this place was, remembered why he came here, remembered his own identity, remembered the small snake, remembered the Candle Dragon, and remembered everything that had happened.

He also remembered the Candle Dragon's Curse and its words.

"If you fall and become corrupted, then I will devour the snake and resurrect myself successfully. If you wake up, then I will willingly let myself be devoured by my kind, and will bless its new life!!"

"I will not fall and become corrupted, I won't! I'm not an Undying warrior soul, I am... Su Ming!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared. His legs had already disappeared, and a large part of his body was rapidly turning invisible. The instant he was about to be completely absorbed into the dragon snake's scale, he lowered his head swiftly and used what remained of his right index finger along with all his remaining strength to write down a string of words on the scale!

"This is the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable..." The string of words were written beneath "I am Su Ming", and were hastily scribbled down the instant Su Ming's body disappeared.

The instant he finished writing those words and had just spelled out half of the word for 'World', his right hand turned into fog, along with his entire body. At that moment, he had turned completely into white fog and was absorbed into the scale.

Su Ming died and vanished.

With his death, the peace in the mountain was restored. The statue of the dragon snake continued staying on the mountain like a dead object, still and unmoving.

However, if anyone walked on the hundreds of thousands of scales on its body and looked carefully, they would find that there were over one hundred thousand scales that were covered... in the same handwriting...

"I am Su Ming..."

"I am Su Ming..."

"I am Su Ming. This is the Candle Dragon..."

"Undying and Imperishable World..."

"I am Su Ming, I have to wake up, I cannot fall and lose myself..."

"I am Su Ming. The small snake is in danger, and only when I wake up can I save it..."

"I am Su Ming from the Berserker Tribe..."

"I am Su Ming. Sky and earth, ice and fire..."

"I am Su Ming. Don't devour the undying souls. Absolutely do not devour them..."

"If I devour even a single one of them, then I won't be able to..."

Words like these covered more than one hundred thousand scales, and most of them were just covered in four words - I am Su Ming. There were only some that had two lines of words, and if someone looked carefully at each of these scales, they would find that the time when the two lines were carved onto the scale was different, and it was the same for all the scales with two lines...

All of these were left behind by Su Ming! He did not just die twice; that was just what he retained in his memories at that moment. In truth, he had already arrived at this mountain and this statue numerous times...

Each time he came here, right at the final moment before his body turned into white fog and he was about to be absorbed by the scales, he would remember everything. He had no way to resist this, and could only use this clumsy and foolish method to tell his next incarnation what this place was, what his mission was, what he wanted to do, and that he absolutely could not fall and lose himself!

This was a really, really foolish method. It was also a sad and pitiful method. Yet similarly, Su Ming's tenacity and resolution could be seen from the words that covered more than one hundred thousand of the dragon snake's scales, along with his persistence... and madness!

This was the Candle Dragon's... Undying and Imperishable World!

There was no strong sunlight in this vast world. While there was always light filling the area for all eternity, it was neither bright nor dull. White wisps of fog floated out of the white ground and gradually turned into illusory figures.

There was one figure whose eyes were filled with a vacant gray shade when he opened his eyes. That figure was Su Ming...

Time passed by, and he followed the swarm of undying souls towards the sound of the horn. Gradually, after dying several times, he would become the strongest among all the undying souls.

With each step he took, he would continuously devour other souls to become stronger, a powerful warrior. He would obtain a great power, like mastering the skill of pressing

downward and seizing the air, like making other objects speed up or slow down, like freezing an object in its place while having another move, or other battle abilities like this. He would use these skills to walk through the world and enjoy the comfortable feeling that came after devouring the undying souls and becoming stronger.

He also went through having his eyes fill with a gray color before that gray hue faded away and a spark returned to his eyes. He would remember his name, but eventually, he would become apathetic and calm, and then, he would once again arrive at the place where the sound of the horn called out to him.

He would come to a spot on the statue around the mountain, and the instant his body disappeared, he would remember everything, then he would leave behind a string of words for his next incarnation that would come to this place, a string of words that symbolized his unwillingness to give up and a spirit that would never give into despair...

Perhaps his next incarnation would not be able to see those words, because there were simply too many scales there...

Nonetheless, this was hope. This was his final hope, and the only way he could think of... He did not want to fall and lose himself. He wanted to fight back!

Time passed by, and as Su Ming died and was reborn, then arrived at the statue time and again before leaving behind his words, almost every single one of the hundreds of thousands of scales on the dragon snake's body had his words scribbled on them.

Most of them had two lines carved down, and there were some that had three lines of words carved down. Only a few of them had four lines, and less than thirty of them had five lines...

"I am Su Ming..."

"This is the dead Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World..."

"The small snake is in danger, and only when I wake up can I save it..."

"Understand the concept behind sky and earth, and ice and fire, find the binary opposite that belongs to you. This is the only way to leave this place..."

"Don't devour the undying souls. Don't devour even a single one of them... Absolutely, do not devour even a single one of them..."

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 472 — Don't Devour -
Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 472 — Don't Devour
Chapter 472: Don't Devour

Another month passed in the unknown space. Dressed in white, Su Ming calmly walked forth towards the spot where the sound of the horn came from and stood on a scale on the dragon snake's back. The instant he lowered his head, his body having returned to his spot on the dragon snake's body, that apathetic look on his face turned into one of disbelief...

For a countless number of times, Su Ming had dragged his exhausted body along with an apathetic look on his face to stand on the dragon snake's scale, and the instant he sat down, he would see the words on the scales. An expression of shocked horror would appear on his face, and he would lift his shivering right hand to carve down another string of words before his body disappeared...

Again, and again, and again...

The cycle repeated endlessly. Each time he woke up, he would walk right to his death, either dying in the hands of other undying souls or dying on the statue...

His only gain was that there were more and more words left on the dragon snake's scales. Each line of words signified one death, and this continued until all the scales were filled, until all the scales were covered with more than five lines...

Each time he died and woke up, his mind would be muddled. Not a single bit of his memories would be left behind, as if they had been completely wiped away to continue this endless cycle.

If he did not have those words, perhaps Su Ming would have truly lost himself... in this Undying and Imperishable World. He would not be able to wake up for all eternity, and would sink into this endless cycle of struggling, then roaring, and then eventually turning apathetic.

This was a cage. The bird would feel as if it had flown out, but the instant it died, it would realize abruptly that... it was still in that cage.

Only the instant he almost disappeared from the dragon snake's body would Su Ming remember everything. It was like a dream. When a person woke up from his dream, he would be confused, but the instant his confusion arrived, the dream would no longer be there...

With those words on the scales, Su Ming forced himself to never forget, even through his deaths, to not let his will scatter even if he died, to make himself... persevere. Even if the direction and the goal of his perseverance was indistinct, and even if he might not get a conclusion for everything that he did.

This continued for an unknown amount of times, until one time, when Su Ming stood on the dragon snake, he landed on a scale with five lines of words.

When he looked at the words left behind on the scale by his incarnations an unknown amount of years ago, he saw the words telling him not to devour the undying souls, and they made his heart tremble. The instant his body was about to disappear, he lifted his head and let out a roar filled with the unwillingness to admit defeat.

With that roar, before his right hand disappeared, he pressed down on the scale. This time, he did not leave behind any words but drew a runic symbol on the scale.

This was the framework for a Rune he had discovered, after he recovered his memories, among all the divine abilities Hong Luo had left for him. The use of that Rune was to produce vibrations and to increase the volume of a voice endlessly, turning that voice into an echo that would reverberate through the world.

By what he remembered from Hong Luo's legacy, if he activated this Rune in a vacant place, then he could let that echo last for a month. During that month, no matter how far someone was, they would still be able to hear it faintly.

However, this Rune was rather huge, and the line Su Ming carved was less than a hundredth of its completed form. It was far from enough for him to finish drawing the framework for the Rune.

However, Su Ming might have only managed to carve a hundredth of that Rune, but he had the next time, and as time passed by and as he came to this place repeatedly, he would wake up right before his death and remember everything, and then he would work to complete the framework for the Rune.

He did make certain errors because the spot where he sat did not fulfill the requirements for him to draw the Rune, but in the Undying and Imperishable Realm, in those endless cycles of life and death, eventually, Su Ming managed to draw the final line of the Rune on the dragon snake's body right before he woke up after his death!

The instant he finished drawing the Rune, Su Ming activated it, and with his strongest voice, he shouted his words.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

When he sent those words out and his body disappeared, the Rune he had finally managed to draw after an endless amount of tries on the dragon snake's body began operating, increasing the volume of his voice endlessly and sending it in all directions with a loud rumble. His words were like waves as they echoed in the boundless world.

Ten days after Su Ming's death, fog seeped out of a certain spot on the white ground in that vast and boundless world before it gathered together once again to turn into Su Ming's body.

His body gradually gained corporeal form, and with gray eyes, he looked at his surroundings with a vacant stare, and his mind was an empty slate, void of memories.

He looked at the gray sky and there was not a single thought in his head. It was just as if this was the first time he saw this sky, and he simply stared at it blankly. Fog rose around him slowly and gathered together to form some undying souls. Su Ming, who stood among the many undying souls, looked incredibly normal. There was nothing different about him.

Once the bodies of the new undying souls formed, they lifted their heads slowly and looked at the gray sky, as if they were waiting for something.

When the moaning sound of the horn traveled through the sky, it fell into Su Ming's ears. It caused his body to tremble, and he lowered his head like the other undying souls beside him before floating in the direction of where the sound of the horn came from.

Su Ming did not know that he had repeated this action an endless amount of times...

However, this time, before a day had even gone by, a furious roar reverberated violently between the sky and earth, alongside the moaning sound of the horn, in the boundless world.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

As that voice reverberated in the air, it fell into Su Ming's ears as well as the undying souls' ears. Su Ming froze for a moment in his movement to go forward. He lifted his head lightly and cast a glance at the sky, and after a moment of hesitation, he pretended that he did not hear it. The other undying souls also acted as if they did not hear the sound and continued floating forward.

Time passed by, and another round of some undying souls letting out low roars and pouncing on their companions next to them to eat them happened again.

This time, madness appeared Su Ming's gray eyes as well. He turned around swiftly and pounced on the absentminded undying soul beside him. Right at the instant he was about to devour his companion and make himself stronger, that furious roar that screamed with an unwillingness to give in and sounded as if it was let out before someone died resounded once again through the endless sky.

"Don't devour any of the undying souls, do not devour even a single one of them..."

That voice had reached them many times over the past few days, and had been gradually growing weaker. As it echoed in the air, it fell in Su Ming's mind, causing him to freeze in his actions just as he was about to eat his companion.

Struggle appeared in his gray eyes. There was originally not supposed to be anything in his blank mind, but those words were now echoing in his head. His grip around the undying soul slowly loosened.

He did not know why, but the voice coming through the sky was incredibly familiar...

As Su Ming let go of the undying soul, the strong souls around him had finished eating their companions, and after they became slightly stronger, they lifted their heads and roared towards the sky.

That roaring sound fell into Su Ming's ears and made him struggle once again. This time, his struggles lasted for a long time, and when he eventually stopped struggling, he looked around him, and found that there was no longer any undying souls by his side.

The undying souls that had been born with him had left in a group. Only Su Ming was left behind while struggling with himself. The other undying souls would not bother about his whereabouts, they would only listen to the calls from the horn and move nonstop towards their destination.

Su Ming stood alone in the vast land with a vacant look on his face. After a long while, he lowered his head and floated forward slowly.

The term probability is really just a coincidence and a change that happens in silence. Its appearance can usually not be controlled by man. It was just like possibilities. As an endless amount of ripples appears in the same manner and frequency, there is a possibility that a different type of ripple would appear...

It was the same in the Undying and Imperishable World. Su Ming had no idea how many times he had been reincarnated. In fact, the question did not even exist in his head.

Even if this was the umpteenth time he had woken up, to him, this was still the first time he woke up.

This time, his awakening was different. He could not notice it, but only the people who had been observing him over the hundreds of thousands of times he died and woke up again would see that he was different this time.

This time, due to the presence of that voice, Su Ming did not devour any other undying souls. He moved forward absentmindedly, and continued moving forward even when the voice was no longer around after half a month had gone by. He continued floating forward, and on the way, he did not run into other undying souls!

This was a first over the endless amount of years and endless amounts of awakenings he went through!

As he floated for half a month in his absentminded daze, the gray hue in Su Ming's eyes grew stronger. A feeling of hunger and weakness also blossomed from the depths of his heart. Occasionally, he would look around and search for the fountain that would stop his hunger and weakness.

He had encountered souls before, but every single time he saw them, that voice that had already disappeared in his head would echo weakly, making his struggles become stronger.

He longed to devour something, but that familiar voice stopped him from eating. In fact, as time passed by, he even grew to have a vague feeling that he... could not devour any undying souls.

When his struggles reached their peak, he saw a dozen something undying souls floating forward absentmindedly on the white land. Su Ming could no longer suppress the desire to eat, and he charged forward.

The dozen something undying souls were clearly newborn souls that had no shred of intelligence whatsoever in them. Su Ming closed in on one of them, and just as the soul was about to be eaten, an intense wave of struggle appeared on Su Ming's face. He roared, and his eyes were no longer gray.

A purplish red tint appeared, and in his struggles, he gave up on eating that soul. Instead, he lifted his right hand and rammed it against the undying soul's head, causing its body to break up.

The instant the undying soul died, a bang resounded suddenly in Su Ming's head, and a pain as if his mind was being ripped apart rushed through him. In the midst of that, clarity surfaced in Su Ming's pupils.

"I am Su Ming!"

Chapter 473: Imperishable Soul!

This was the first time Su Ming reawakened his memories without eating any undying souls!

As his memories woke up, he learned of his name. He closed his eyes, and the undying souls around him slowly floated into the distance. They were still in an absentminded state, and they would not think of resisting that call.

As for the undying soul that Su Ming had scattered away, some white fog spread out from its body and surrounded Su Ming, as if it yearned to enter his body.

However, after a long while, when Su Ming opened his eyes, he saw the white fog and walked out of it quietly. He did not absorb a single bit of it. His other memories besides his name still remained muddled, but the desire to devour undying souls and kill them had diminished slightly.

Some shred of intelligence had appeared in his gray eyes. He floated forward slowly along the ground. Half a year passed by in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming went through numerous battles, but he no longer absorbed that white fog. Usually, as long as the undying souls did not travel in a big group, when he saw a swarm of them, he would rush over silently.

If he did not absorb the white fog, then he would not become stronger. That was why his job would be easier if he ran into the absent-minded ones who did not know how to fight back. If he ran into the undying souls that had become stronger after devouring their companions, it would be a lot more difficult for him to kill them.

However, as Su Ming continued with the massacre, while he did not get stronger, he did reawaken more memories, and he remembered some of his divine abilities...

He remembered the Wind Separation Slash, remembered the Lightning Berserker Art, remembered some of the legacy Hong Luo had left for him. With these methods, he decided in his silence to not fight against the undying souls that did not know how to resist any longer, but instead chose to search for the stronger souls and fight against them!

With each battle, Su Ming gradually learned of many of his shortcomings. He was not decisive enough when he attacked and wasted too much energy. He could not kill with just one strike. In fact, when he ran into danger, he would make mistakes in his choices.

The price for all of this was that his body had broken down several times, and he even died twice...

Perhaps it was because he did not eat any undying souls, but even after dying twice, he was still greatly different when he reawakened. His memories were no longer muddled and remained in the same state as before his death. Each time he died, he would think about the reason behind his failure, and then he would continue fighting against others.

He could clearly sense himself becoming stronger. This strength did not come from devouring undying souls, but was his personal grasp towards battle, his understanding towards his Arts, and his judgments based on his will.

He had already given up on a lot of useless fancy movements when he attacked. He became decisive and determined. Once he attacked, he would go straight for his target, and no laxness in his guard or easing up could be found in his movements.

Gradually, as he increased the number of kills under his belt, as he continued dying and reviving, as he concluded the reasons behind his failures and improved, he became faster when he killed his opponents. He started focusing his attention on the strong souls in big swarms of undying souls instead of the small groups.

By doing so, the number of strong souls he would have to face would increase exponentially. To him, the level of danger would also increase, but not only did these sorts of fights transform Su Ming's battle skills, they also helped him continuously reawaken his memories.

Not only did he remember his divine abilities, he also remembered his own name. In fact, he had even remembered that this... was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!

But that was not all, after dying several dozens of times and killing an unknown amount of undying souls, because he had given up on devouring the white fog, everything that had happened in his last incarnation returned to his memory!

He saw everything that had happened when he devoured undying souls in his last incarnation, right up to the moment when he went to the place the sound of the horn was coming from and died there.

His memories stopped there and he could no longer remember more. Even the memory of when he went to the dragon snake's body during the previous incarnation was fuzzy. He did not know why he did all those things and why he carved down those marks on the scales.

However, he had a feeling that if he continued this way, then someday, he would definitely remember everything. The killings continued. Su Ming wore a black robe and his hair moved without wind. He had changed the Wind Berserker's Art with his own method, and he did the same thing for the Lightning Berserker Art. This sort of change caused the lethality of the Arts to become even more precise.

Time passed by this way slowly. Ten years, fifty years, a hundred years...

Su Ming moved through a swarm of undying souls numbering to thousands. He did not stop for even a single moment. Wherever he went to, with a single tap from his right

index finger, strong wind would start blowing out of nowhere. With a punch from his left hand, lightning would crackle, causing a large area to explode and disintegrate.

There were dozens of strong souls in a swarm near Su Ming. When he walked past them, their bodies fell apart and they turned into white fog, but Su Ming did not absorb them.

This sort of killings could no longer satisfy him and could not give him any more experience. This sort of fight could no longer let him experience danger.

Over the one hundred years of fighting, he had died nearly a hundred times as well. However, with each revival, Su Ming would think about the reason behind his death and rectify the cause, which allowed him to surpass himself.

His will had gone through an unimaginable ordeal over the one hundred years. As he continued fighting and as his memories were restored, he recalled more incarnations, along with everything that happened in those previous incarnations.

His expression gradually turned apathetic. However, while this apathy seemed the same as in his previous incarnations, in truth, it was completely different. This apathy was due to habit, due to indifference. The apathy that had appeared in his previous incarnations was based on ignorance.

One of them was due to habit, and the other lack of intelligence. These two types of apathy were like heaven and earth.

Fatigue had also come to Su Ming's body. This fatigue brought by the repeated murders, along with the feeling that he had to continue fighting to restore his memories made him feel haggard both in mind and soul.

However, this had to continue!

Another hundred years passed, and he remembered his previous ten thousand incarnations. The memories he regained allowed him to know all the areas in the vast land in the Undying and Imperishable World like the back of his palm.

He started focusing his attention on the Undying warrior souls that were like the red-haired man he met in the past. Only these sort of warrior souls could let him experience the danger of death when he fought against them.

'If the sky exists, then the ground will definitely exist as well...'

Su Ming attacked as he fought against a person shrouded in black fog in the sky. That person shrouded in black fog let out a low roar that shook the sky, and his attacks alternated between cold and heat. They were attacks born when ice and fire were stacked against each other.

'If fire exists, then ice will definitely exist as well...'

On a hillside on the great white land, Su Ming fought against an old man. That old man's head was covered in white and his eyes were filled with apathy, but when he pressed down and seized the air, Su Ming disintegrated multiple times and died...

However, each time he woke up, he would continue fighting!

'If pressure can cause something to fall apart, then a suction force that devours will definitely exist...'

Su Ming was fighting with everything he had against a man who stood thirty feet tall in midair. That man's fist contained the sensation of lightness and heaviness simultaneously, and it was difficult for people to endure his attacks. He roared furiously, and most of the time, two words could be heard in his roars!

"Imperishable soul!"

"The words Undying and Imperishable in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World have the same concept..." Su Ming sat down cross-legged on one of the mountains on the white land as he mumbled while looking at the gray sky.

His memories had recovered to the time before the several hundreds of thousands of incarnations. Four hundred years had passed by. During those four hundred years, he did not absorb a single wisp of white fog. He just relied on himself, fighting, dying, and resurrecting again and again!

There were many people here that he still could not win against, just like the thirty feet tall man, as well as the old man who performed the act of pressing down and seizing the air. Su Ming had died multiple times because of them.

'Everything here has a binary opposite. Just like the act of pressing down and seizing air. When the old man presses down, he delivers power to destroy multiple things, and when he seizes the air, he absorbs that fog to nourish his own soul...

'Those fast and slow attacks, those light and heavy blows, and many more... all of them are different types of binary opposites.' Su Ming closed his eyes, and a pensive expression appeared on his apathetic face.

'The undying soul was me when I went through all those reincarnations. I continued absorbing the fog here to nourish my soul and become stronger, and the imperishable soul... would be the path I am taking right now. They are like two polar opposites!

'The word Undying means that the soul will never truly die and will be revived, but once the soul is revived, its memories will disappear and not a single one of them will

remain... Imperishable would mean that my memories won't perish. I can retain my original memories even after waking up after all the multiple times I died!

'Perhaps the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World was prepared for the imperishable souls right from the start... But to become Imperishable would require great will. If you don't have that sort of will, it is incredibly difficult to persevere to the end...'

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed offhandedly at a spot behind him. A short person immediately crawled out from the air behind him. That person had an apathetic expression on his face, and he widened his mouth, ready to devour Su Ming, but Su Ming's finger had already arrived at the center of the person's brows.

The short person's body exploded with a bang and turned into white fog. With a sweep of an arm, the fog spread into the distance. This sort of thing was already like breathing to Su Ming, and he did not even hesitate in his movements.

'I have to search for a binary opposite that belongs solely to me. It's not the sky and earth, not ice and fire, not pressing down and seizing air, not lightness and heaviness, and neither is it swiftness and slowness...' Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the gray sky. In his silence, he let his mind wander.

Time trickled by. A hundred years, two hundred, three hundred. Su Ming continued sitting there. There was a large amount of white fog around him, and that white fog came from all the undying souls he had killed in this place. The existence of that white fog was an incredibly enticing thing for many undying souls.

Usually, some would appear to absorb that white fog so that they would become stronger, but the instant they pounced on Su Ming, he would tap at the center of their brows, and they would explode and die with a bang.

After the past seven hundred years of fighting and thinking, that one tap came to be, and it was a killing move born of the culmination of all the divine abilities Su Ming had obtained through the Wind Berserker Arts, the Lightning Berserker Arts, the divine abilities he could use as a Nascent Soul Cultivator, and all the memories of all the things he went through over the numerous incarnations in this place!

This killing move was very simple. Only a tap was required. However, that one tap contained the speed of lightning, the power of wind, the mysteriousness within the movement of pressing down and seizing air, the source behind lightness and heaviness, the laws behind swiftness and slowness, and Su Ming's life and soul!

One day, in the endless cycles of incarnations, the memory of the very first time Su Ming had appeared in this world returned... He remembered why he came here, remembered the small snake, remembered the old man in black robes, and

remembered the words that made his heart tremble when he was fighting against the Candle Dragon.

'The fusion between the sky and earth, the fusion between ice and fire... Fusion...'

For the first time in the hundreds of years Su Ming sat there, he opened his eyes, and a brilliant light could be seen within them.

"I understand now..."

Chapter 474: Destiny!

'There are plenty of things in the world that are binary opposites of each other, and it's even more so in this Undying and Imperishable World. This is because the Candle Dragon's desire is to devour the Nine-Headed Dragon. It is just as it said, since the universe already has the Candle Dragon, then why is there a need for the Nine-Headed Dragon to exist...?

'This is the legacy of the Candle Dragons...

'But clearly, this Candle Dragon didn't manage to devour the Nine-Headed Dragon, that's why... this Undying and Imperishable World is imperfect. Since the Candle Dragon is dead, even its will was left frozen the moment it opened up this world and sucked me inside. If that is the case, it means that this Undying and Imperishable World is imperfect!

'There is a great flaw in this place, and this flaw has become the Candle Dragon's regret. That flaw is this so called fusion that is shown in this place!

'In truth, there is no such thing as true fusion. It doesn't matter whether it's lightness and heaviness, swiftness or slowness, or this pressing down and seizing air. All of this is just the Candle Dragon's imitation in this Undying and Imperishable World!"

Su Ming's eyes shone with a brilliant light and he lifted his head to look at the gray sky.

"Fusion is the core of the Undying and Imperishable World. It is also the truth that the Candle Dragon has laid out! It once said that it devoured ninety-seven World Planes, then is it possible to say that the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World is formed by all these devoured World Planes? This world is formed so that the Candle Dragon could use it to gain an epiphany, all for the sake of devouring the Nine-Headed Dragon someday, so that it could complete its race's mission and fulfill its people's desires over the years..."

"To leave this place, I will have to either obtain a power to break this place and force my way out, or... I will have to find out what true fusion is!"

"But what exactly is my fusion...?" Su Ming mumbled as he looked at the gray sky, his eyes filling with uncertainty.

"Life and death...?" Su Ming's eyes gradually lit up with a brilliant sparkle.

In the blink of an eye, another thirty years passed. During them, Su Ming sat on the hill without moving an inch, constantly thinking and trying to understand the true meaning behind fusion. He was immersed in a strange situation. A feeling of ages past radiated off his face, and an air of time slowly emerged from his body.

There was an increasing amount of white fog around him, and it was all formed by the undying souls that tried to eat Su Ming over the years.

That white fog continuously attracted more undying souls to the place. However, when these undying souls closed in on Su Ming, they would immediately explode with shrill cries and die, turning into white fog.

Those souls continuously woke up beside Su Ming and died. The process repeated itself incessantly and turned into a ceaseless cycle.

'The hundreds upon thousands of incarnations is an exchange between death and life. It's very easy for a person to find the signs that mark life and death during this process, but it doesn't matter whether it is life or death, in the Undying and Imperishable World, there is no one who is truly alive, and neither is there anyone who is truly dead...

'No matter how much I go through, this is still just like a dream. When I wake up, everything will remain an illusion... This isn't my fusion.' On the day thirty years later, Su Ming opened his eyes and shook his head. He lifted his right hand and casually swung it outward.

With that one swing, the thick white fog immediately spread out and only stopped when it had traveled one hundred thousand feet away from Su Ming. At the same time, distortions began to appear around him, even though he remained seated. If anyone was looking, they would feel that they could see Su Ming with their eyes, but in their perception, the place where he sat was empty.

Before long, reawakened undying souls seeped out of the ground in succession. These undying souls seemed to not have seen Su Ming and did not pounce on him as they normally would have done. Instead, they left the place with a vacant look in their eyes, and gradually, no more undying souls were born in Su Ming's area.

Even the souls passing by could not discover Su Ming's existence and simply floated past him.

Another twenty years passed by, and during them, Su Ming never once stopped thinking.

'Lightness and heaviness... Swift and slowness, pressing down and seizing... These things are simply different in terms of their characteristics, and I learned them from others during my numerous incarnations. They don't belong to me... These binary opposites must have come to be because of the ninety-seven worlds the Candle Dragon devoured... These aren't my fusions.'

"My fusion has to belong solely to me..." Su Ming mumbled. "What could it possibly be?"

Su Ming closed his eyes. He had been thinking about this for fifty years, and he still had not obtained his answer. Feeling lost, he gradually immersed himself in his memories and looked through them. The pictures in those memories were unfamiliar to him. After all, he had gone through hundreds of thousands of incarnations here, and many years had gone by during that time.

As he looked through those memories, he saw himself bringing the two youths whose names he had forgotten into the World of Nine Yin, then to the Candle Dragon's burial ground. He saw himself entering the Candle Dragon's body and also saw the old man in black robes.

Everything that transpired in the World of Nine Yin flashed by quickly, then he saw a rather familiar mountain range and remembered that it was the location of his cave abode, then he saw Hong Luo, saw Di Tian, and saw... the ninth summit.

His memories continued running backwards, and from the ninth summit, he returned to Han Mountain City, and then from Han Mountain City, he returned... to Dark Mountain.

The things that happened in Dark Mountain were things that he would never forget. His elder, Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen, Shan Hen, and also... Bai Ling.

"All of this is my past." As Su Ming recollected his past, grief rose in his heart, but a soul could not cry. If it could, then tears would have fallen out of Su Ming's eyes.

"The most precious things in my life are Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and my past... What I want to protect are also Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and my past..." Su Ming whispered softly.

"I cannot change anything in the past. It is buried in my memories, along with all the years I have lived. The past is in my hands, and I will never forget anyone... This is one side of my life!"

Su Ming opened his eyes. They were dull but looked profound, as if the universe itself was contained within them.

"One side of this binary opposite is what has been set in stone after it has happened, and the other side is continual changes that would occur for what has not happened. If my past is one side of my life, then the other side... would be my future!"

Su Ming fell silent for a moment and his gaze fell on the endless world in the distance. A faint look of absentmindedness appeared in his eyes.

As his mind wandered, he seemed to see himself tied up by multiple chains in a black swamp located in an abyss in the ground. There were nine black dragons blowing black fog at him, and there were several people in the sky above him, looking at him warily and coldly. They did not say a word, merely looked at him silently.

The scene changed, and he saw himself with purple hair standing at the highest spot in the sky as he looked at the earth with an aloof gaze. An innumerable amount of lives knelt down and worshipped him on the ground.

The scene changed once again, and he saw himself lying on an altar with golden needles stabbing his entire body. A large amount of smoke spread out from his body and it was all absorbed by the thousands of people sitting cross-legged around him. When they absorbed that smoke, delight would show on their faces, and it was a stark contrast compared to his face, twisted in pain.

The pictures had not ended. They changed once again, and it was difficult for Su Ming to know whether this was just an illusion or whether it truly happened before.

He saw himself once again. This time, he had long red hair, and he was dressed in a white long robe. There was a hint of loneliness in his eyes and a touch of grief on his face. His hands, stained with blood, were filled with a murderous aura that surged into the skies, as if hundreds upon millions of lives had been crushed by his hands.

He stood in a world where the stars sparkled in the dark. There were... an endless amount of corpses around him... He was the only person standing there, and he roared towards the sky, a shrill roar that caused the world Su Ming saw shatter into millions of pieces.

That roar was filled with an indescribable grief and a burning rage that could destroy the sky and earth!

At that moment, as Su Ming sat on the hill, his vision crumbled and fell apart with a bang, turning into wisps of gray fog that scattered away. His world shattered and disappeared in an instant.

It was as if his eyes could not withstand all that he saw in that strange condition. At the instant his vision shattered, Su Ming lifted his head. His eyes were empty, and the world before him was black, just darkness that stretched endlessly.

He should originally not be able to see anything in that darkness, but at that moment, he saw...

He saw a frail infant with no life force remaining within him. His entire body was filled with the air of death. He saw a man with purple hair standing there with exhaustion and grief seeping out of his entire body as he let out a silent roar towards the skies.

He saw the entire world and all of heaven crumble as that silent roar tumbled out of the man's lips...

He saw the man with purple hair walking towards the baby. He saw them slowly fusing together the instant they got closer to each other. It was as if the man filled with grief wanted to protect the baby while holding him in his arms, just like how Su Ming protected his past.

He saw...

"No one can see the world that I see..." These words came out of Su Ming's mouth in a whisper.

There was a pair of hands in a wanderer's eyes that symbolized his deeply rooted longing ache for his home.

There was a pair of hands in the eyes of a pair of lovers who stayed together despite times of hardship that symbolized an eternity of being together.

There was a pair of hands in a lonely person's eyes that simply meant an addition of palm lines as time went by.

There was a pair of hands in a child's eyes that symbolized an unforgettable attachment.

There was a pair of hands whose palms symbolized the past, and the back of which symbolized the future. If one did not want to, then the memories in his palms would forever be protected in his grasp. If he did not want to, then no one could see his palm lines and see his past... The only thing anyone could see was the back of that person's hands, forever and ever.

There was a pair of hands where the left symbolized infancy, and the right symbolized old age. The changeable distance between these two hands symbolized his life.

'My fusion is the fusion between the past and the future. With my past, I will urge my future self to be stronger, then with the strength of my future self, I will protect my past...

'When I was born, I couldn't control my own fate. Once I grow up, I will step on fate itself... When the past and future fuse together, they will become the present.' Su Ming

opened his eyes, and the emptiness caused by the shattering of his vision turned into calmness.

'This is my fusion, and I will call it...' The shadow of a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips.

"I will call it... Destiny!"

Chapter 475: Undying and Imperishable World... Open!

The instant Su Ming said that word, he stood up, and even if someone was beside him, they would not be able to see the world he saw in his empty eyes right at that moment.

He stood on the hill and took a deep breath. He had already stayed in this place for countless years, and he still had many things he wanted to do: use his awakening to make the Candle Dragon's will completely disappear, and in exchange, have his small snake obtain the serendipity only given to its kind!

He remained silent for a while before lifting his foot and walking forward. As he walked, he ran into numerous undying souls. However, they seemed to not have seen him and just let him walk past, remaining blissfully ignorant and unaware of his presence.

It did not matter whether it was the battles to devour each other between hundreds of undying souls, or even thousands, or tens upon thousands, or even the shocking battles between hundreds upon thousands of undying souls.

In fact, even the undying souls engaged in the battles that numbered to more than the hundred thousands, or the millions, and even tens of millions, could not see Su Ming, just like Su Ming, whose eyes remained empty, could not see them.

Su Ming walked past these numerous undying souls, and neither he nor the undying souls touched each other. It was as if everything in the world followed a certain law, and that was if Su Ming's heart remained calm and his eyes did not see, then everything did not exist.

The path he took did not change no matter what happened, and that direction he was headed to was the spot where he eventually scattered away in all his numerous incarnations - the towering mountain and the gigantic statue of the dragon snake.

As Su Ming walked forward, he met the apathetic old man in white robes flying through the sky and also ran into the man who had mastered the skill of lightness and heaviness charging through the ground.

He ran into many other Undying warrior souls as he moved forward, but he did not see them, and neither did they see him.

An unknown amount of time passed by, and eventually, a towering mountain appeared before Su Ming. There was a dreary air surrounding the giant statue as its body was illuminated by the gray sky.

This was the first time Su Ming came to this place since he recovered all his memories.

He looked at the mountain as if he could see it.

"I'm about to leave now..." Su Ming whispered under his breath. Just as he was about to walk forward, his footsteps suddenly froze, and he slowly turned his head around. No light could be seen shining from his empty eyes, but his gaze was directed towards an apathetic old man dragging his exhausted body towards the mountain.

That old man was dressed in black robes and his face was decorated by age. He walked towards the mountain as if he was on a pilgrimage, and perhaps he was the same as Su Ming, going through an unknown number of incarnations before he eventually made it to this place, then reincarnated, falling into another cycle that would never end and never cease.

That old man was the person who had appeared within the Candle Dragon's body in an attempt to use the small snake to threaten the remnants of the Candle Dragon's will, forcing it to activate the Undying and Imperishable World. He was Di Tian's servant, the person who monitored Su Ming's actions in the land of the Berserkers!

But a pity, he underestimated the Candle Dragon's pride. It was why the strand of his divine sense was forcefully absorbed into the Undying and Imperishable World to suffer through endless cycles of life and death.

He had also dragged his body into this mess, forcing himself to endure the Curse eating away at his body!

As if he could see, Su Ming looked in the old man's direction. After a long while, he lifted his feet and walked towards the old man. When he got closer, the old man remained blissfully unaware and ignorant of his presence, simply continuing on with his path towards the mountain that was summoning him.

Su Ming walked beside the old man in black robes. Then, with a calm expression, he lifted his right hand and plunged it into the old man's soul. That person's body jolted and pain appeared on his face. The instant he wanted to struggle, Su Ming brought his hand out, and there was a wisp of green fog in his palm.

That fog surrounded Su Ming's hand and stayed in his palm. Once he seized it, he no longer bothered himself with the old man and walked towards the mountain.

Su Ming would not kill the old man, because suffering through the endless cycles of life here was worse than dying. It would just bring the old man happiness if Su Ming killed him.

What he wanted to kill was the old man's body outside. Only by killing him would Su Ming be able to quell his hatred.

When Su Ming arrived at the mountain and stepped on the many scales on the dragon snake's body, he sensed the familiar words written on them. Those words symbolized his incarnations and his perseverance.

Su Ming began walking towards the dragon snake's head, and when he eventually reached there, he lifted his head and looked at the sky.

"Candle Dragon, since this is the fate of your kind, then there is nothing wrong about you wanting to devour my snake... I respect you. I have woken up despite your Curse, and now, I will walk out of this place."

Su Ming spoke quietly, but the instant he said those words, wind suddenly stirred in the peaceful gray sky, and clouds surged in the heavens. Thunderous roars that shook the skies traveled forth.

A thunder clap sounded as if the sky itself was roaring, causing the old man in black robes to shudder and kneel on the ground. All the other undying souls in the endless world also shuddered in the midst of their fights and prostrated themselves on the ground.

Fear, too, had appeared on the faces of the powerful Undying warrior souls, and all of them fell down on the ground to worship the sky.

The thunder clap seemed to be a response to Su Ming's words. Once he finished speaking, with a calm expression, he stood on the dragon snake's head and lifted both of his hands slowly.

"My palms symbolize my past, and the back of my hands represent my future..." Su Ming lifted his right hand high into the sky with his palm facing downward while the back of his hand was turned upward, then moved his left hand in the opposite direction.

"The fusion of the past and present will appear when these two hands come into contact, and the power when the past and future fuse together will bloom!" Su Ming's right hand began descending slowly towards his left hand.

"I call the power of fusing the past and future together as... Destiny!" During that instant, Su Ming's right hand and left hand touched each other.

Right when they came into contact, Su Ming's body began trembling viciously. Veins popped up on his face. His long hair started dancing in the air without wind and his robes fluttered furiously. Behind him, an illusory figure of a baby appeared. That baby did not cry. He had his eyes wide open, and there was only gray in there, as if he was dead.

The world distorted and a man with purple hair gradually emerged. The man's face was filled with grief as he lifted his head to look at the sky. The instant he appeared, an astonishing change immediately happened in the Undying and Imperishable World.

The gray sky started rotating as if it was fog. The white hue on the ground instantly turned black as if it was dyed in ink and started trembling viciously.

"The Fusion of Destiny: First Fusion."

The instant Su Ming started mumbling, the illusory man with purple hair standing before him moved towards him, and at the same time, a gray light shone in the baby's eyes and he charged towards Su Ming from behind him.

At that instant, the past and future turned into a gigantic vortex around Su Ming. The vortex became increasingly faster as it spun, and eventually, it sucked Su Ming inside. He disappeared, and during that moment, there was only a gigantic vortex above the dragon snake's head above the mountain in that world.

That vortex spun with loud rumbling sounds. Within it contained Su Ming's future, past, and his present. All of this had turned into the greatest creation he had gained out of his epiphany in the Undying and Imperishable Realm!

Destiny!

As that vortex spun, a hand shot out from within. It was a pale hand, and it seemed to contain no strength. However, the instant that hand stretched out, it slowly curled its fingers into a fist, and the rapidly spinning vortex froze instantaneously before charging straight towards it, making it seem like the hand had completely frozen the vortex during the process it formed that fist.

When the vortex disappeared, a person appeared on the dragon snake's head. It was a boy with half a head of purple hair and the other half white. He looked to be only about eight or nine years old, but his skin gave off a dreary air. However, his eyes shone with the light of eternity.

He lifted his head and stared at the gray sky coldly. Without a single word, he abruptly charged upwards, and the instant he got closer, he lifted his right hand and pressed against the sky, as if he was supporting it.

The gray shade that was rotating in the sky as if it was fog let out a huge rumble. The entire sky started trembling and the fog started rolling backwards, layer by layer, as if those layers were being stripped off one by one. It was as if the sky had turned into a gigantic wooden block, and it was rapidly becoming thinner with each passing moment.

Right at that moment, a thunderous rumble that sounded like a furious roar sliced towards that boy from all directions. Soon after, all the undying souls in the Undying and Imperishable World exploded with a shiver, turning into a large amount of white fog that charged upwards. The endless white fog filled the entire sky in an instant before gathering together swiftly right where Su Ming was.

As that white fog merged together, it turned into a gigantic body whose end could not be seen before Su Ming, and it was the Candle Dragon!

It roared and opened its mouth wide towards him. Compared to it, Su Ming was like an ant, but not a single hint of change could be detected on his face. Almost the instant the gigantic Candle Dragon devoured him, he lifted his left hand and pressed downwards.

At that moment, he had his right hand supporting the sky and his left hand pressing down on the ground. As he pushed forcefully with both his hands, the sky and earth started rumbling violently. Then, a large amount of visible cracks that could be seen with the naked eye appeared in the sky, and as the ground shook, deep chasms tore through the land.

"Undying and Imperishable World... open!"

This was the first sentence Su Ming said after he fused his past and present together. His voice was icy cold, containing both an ancient air and a feeling of youthfulness, giving off an incredible impression to others.

The instant Su Ming said those words, he forcefully pushed upwards and downwards with both hands again!

Right at that moment, a crack suddenly appeared right at the center of the tenth moon in the World of Nine Yin. It was as if a great force was tearing it apart from within. That strange change immediately caught the attention of all the living in the World of Nine Yin, plunging them into shock.

At the same time, as the fossilized Candle Dragon laid in its burial ground, a crack also appeared right in the middle of the third eye at the center of its brows on its gigantic head, just like on the tenth moon in the sky. It was as if there was someone who wanted to force that eye to open!

Chapter 476: This is Life

The entire World of Nine Yin was in a state of shock. Numerous gazes were trained on the tenth moon in the sky, the crack that was slowly widening from the inside.

From the distance, this tenth moon was like an eye that was opening slowly. This strange sight made all the people who saw it get the false impression that if that eye opened completely, it would cause the sky and earth to shatter!

The World of Nine Yin within the one million li belonging to the Shamans was now largely different compared to the time Su Ming stepped into the Candle Dragon's burial ground. The strange forest had become several times bigger, and all the dangerous areas Su Ming had detected in the past had also become much larger.

As for Shaman City, it... no longer existed...

The majestic city that served as a sign that the Shamans occupied that particular area in the World of Nine Yin had now turned into ruins. All the buildings had been destroyed and whatever remained of them was scattered everywhere.

The huge head that was lifted into the sky by a giant stone pillar in the past was also gone. It was difficult to imagine just what sort of change could have happened that caused the Shamans to be unable to defend their city...

There was a gigantic hole in the sky above the ruins of Shaman City. From the distance, that hole looked like a vortex that remained still and unmoving. There were dried up branches above that hole. Those branches had appeared out of nowhere, as if the sky was the spot where they had hidden their roots. As they spread out, they surrounded the entire vortex and wound themselves tightly around it like a seal.

However, the place was not void of life. Some people could be seen flickering through the ruins, even though their presences were difficult to spot. They would enter the ruins quickly, and then swiftly fly out once more.

If anyone took a closer look, they would find that these people were a mere handful of Shamans.

Besides the Candle Dragon's burial ground, there were two other spots that were considered as sacred grounds to the Shamans within the one million li around Shaman City. One of them was the birthplace of the Spirit Mediums - the mass grave. Over there, they could sense the presence of death, and if the people possessed a unique aptitude, they could become Spirit Mediums.

The other was the birthplace of Thought Soothsayers - an altar that was built with numerous beast bones. There was a power contained within the altar that would not lose to the Candle Dragon. That power would make all those who invaded its territory

be plagued by hallucinations until they died. If they did not die, then once they broke free, they would possess a similar power, and those were the Thought Soothsayers.

As of then, there were some Shamans staying in a valley near that beast bone altar. The total number of Shamans staying there was less than a thousand. All of them had yellowish complexions and they were thin, dressed in ragged clothes. They looked incredibly pathetic. Their gazes were also filled with vigilance. However, when they saw the bizarre change appearing on the tenth moon in the sky, that vigilance turned into panic.

Among these people was a person who sat in a corner of the valley. He was dressed in a black robe and his face was also covered, but it still could not cover the rotten stench coming from his body. Hidden under his robes were black patches of varying sizes decorating his skin.

Those black patches were the source of his decay, and they were also the reason for his torment and his endless suffering.

Almost the moment the other people lifted their heads to look at the tenth moon in the sky in shock, the person in black robes also lifted his head and looked towards the sky. However, right when he saw that a change had appeared on the tenth, his expression drastically changed.

The others might not know about this tenth moon, but he did! He knew that this moon was the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, and if such a change occurred to it, then it meant that someone was about to force his way out of the Undying and Imperishable World!

"Impossible... It can't be him!" the person in black mumbled.

He was indeed the person who had separated a thread of his divine sense, using the Destiny Talisman, in the past to have Su Ming be sucked into the Undying and Imperishable World, who was Di Tian's servant and the overseer of Su Ming's actions in the land of the Berserkers!

He might not have died despite the Curse burdening his body, but due to some accidents, he had lost his chance to leave and was forced to stay in this place with the others who could not leave, living through every single day like cowardly turtles.

Compared to the others' despair, he never lost hope. He believed that once his master descended to this place, he would come and look for him, then save him.

However, once he saw the change in the tenth month, his heart was filled with disbelief. He had learned of the rumors surrounding the Undying and Imperishable World a long time ago. He knew that this was a place that practically no one could escape, and it was difficult for him to believe all that he was seeing.

There were two other people in the crowd that Su Ming would find incredibly familiar if he saw them. One of them was a middle-aged man with messy hair. His robes were torn and his face was filled with stubbles. He looked incredibly miserable as he sat quietly on a mountain rock while looking at the sky. There was a slight hint of uncertainty on his face.

'He disappeared into the Candle Dragon's land that year, and I heard someone say before that this tenth moon symbolizes the Candle Dragon activating the Undying and Imperishable World. Could this change... be connected to him...' In his silence, nostalgia appeared on the middle-aged man's face. He was Nan Gong Hen!

The other person was an old man whose face was filled with a bleak air. He lay on the ground with dull and lifeless eyes, and his body was thin as bones. He stared at the tenth moon in the sky blankly, and if Su Ming saw him in that valley, he would be able to somewhat tell that this person was the Latter Shaman, Tie Mu.

There was a one armed young man taking care of him by his side. That young man would occasionally lift his head to look at the tenth moon in the sky, but he would not say a single word.

There were also other living creatures who saw that tenth moon in the sky, and they were men who lived on the vast land of the World of Nine Yin outside the valley. These men were several hundreds of feet tall, and they were men who looked like trees possessing heads and four limbs.

These men looked incredibly similar to the Spirits of Nine Yin. They wore armor and resided in many places within the World of Nine Ying. All of them saw the strange change on the tenth moon in the sky.

There were also illusory shadows of men and women besides the Spirits of Nine Yin existing within the territory that once belonged to the Shamans. These people looked quite transparent and their bodies could not be seen clearly.

Besides these creatures, there was also a race existing in the sky. These were living beings that had a pair of wings growing off their backs even though their bodies were those of humans. However, those wings looked like bats' wings, and a singular horn could usually be found on these people's heads.

These three races occupied the territory that once belonged to the Shamans, and even stationed themselves in three locations around the valley where the remaining Shamans lived.

The change within the tenth moon in the sky had also caught a great deal of attention from the three races. Compared to the Shamans, they possessed more knowledge regarding it and what it meant.

"The Candle Dragon activated the Undying and Imperishable World all those years ago, and now it's showing signs of opening. Could it be that the person who went in back then is coming out?"

Within the territory occupied by the people with bat wings on their backs was a giant oval shaped ball several hundreds upon thousands of feet tall. That ball floated in midair, and around it were many other smaller black ovular shaped balls. There was a ghastly voice echoing in that area at that moment, and it was unknown which ball that voice came from.

In another direction and in another region was a spot where there were plenty of the transparent and illusory people. There were several altars in that region, and they were all very strange. Their forms were caught in between a state of being real and being an illusion. It was difficult for people to discern whether they truly existed.

"A person who can walk out of the dead Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World definitely has something unique about him... Let's try taking him into our tribe first..."

In the final direction and also the region that was furthest away from the Candle Dragon's burial ground was a land filled with a forest that spanned endlessly. This area was the dwelling place for the men whose gigantic bodies were like dried wood and who covered themselves in armor - the Spirits of Nine Yin.

Within that endless forest were huge palaces. If anyone took a closer look, then they would be able to see clearly that these palaces were almost the exact same as the palace in Shaman City, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say... that they were the same!

The gigantic stone statues stood right beside these palaces, and they remained still and unmoving. One of the stone statues was clearly the Spirit of Nine Yin Su Ming had rented in the past!

His fossilized body remained unmoving, but his head was lifted up towards the sky to look at the tenth moon, and there was a slightly complicated look in his eyes.

Further down ahead was an old man sitting cross-legged within the hall. He did not lift his head to look at the sky, but only let out a soft sigh.

"Who would have thought that he would truly be able to walk out from that place...?"

At the moment almost all eyes in the World of Nine Yin looked towards the tenth moon, the statue of the dragon snake rose into the sky within the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World. Its body had become much smaller. Su Ming, whose hair was now half purple and half white, stood facing the giant Candle Dragon formed by the endless white fog in the world, and he was as aloof as ever.

He lifted his left hand from pressing downwards to the ground, and the instant the Candle Dragon closed in on him with a furious howl, he drew half a circle with his left index finger before him.

"This is the past..."

He lowered his left hand and completed the other half of the circle by drawing the remaining arc of the circle with his right index finger.

"This is the future..."

Once he drew the completed circle, Su Ming pressed his left hand on the back of his right hand, then pushed the circle before him swiftly.

"This is the present... and it is also... Destiny!"

With that one push, a piercing light erupted forth from the circle and it grew immeasurably large before it charged straight towards the Candle Dragon, crashing into its huge body in an instant. A loud rumble that shook the sky and earth resounded, and as the sound reverberated in the air, a powerful impact swept towards Su Ming, but the moment it closed in on him, Su Ming opened his mouth and sucked in a deep breath.

The white fog contained within the impact was sucked into Su Ming's mouth at an astonishing pace, and at the same time, he moved his right hand upwards and his left hand downwards once more, then pushed at the sky and earth with all his strength!

A large area of the sky fell apart and the ground started trembling viciously. Then, as if it was seized by a pair of invisible hands, the crack between the sky and earth was abruptly ripped apart!

The instant the crack was ripped apart, a violent rumble reverberated in the air, and a gigantic crack that connected the sky and earth appeared! Su Ming charged upwards, and in the blink of an eye... disappeared inside it.

"Undying and Imperishable... If you devour those souls, you will not die, and if you don't devour them, you will not perish. However, devouring and not devouring are like two polar opposites, and this cannot be considered a fusion... The true fusion is when you manage to not devour while you eat, and while you eat, you don't devour..."

Su Ming mumbled under his breath the instant he stepped into the crack, and understanding appeared in his eyes.

"This is life."

Chapter 477: Candle Dragon's Blessing!

The crack within the tenth moon in the sky was completely opened, making it seem as if the tenth moon had opened its eye and was looking at the ground with a gaze that had attained enlightenment.

"This is his gaze. He... came out..." the old man mumbled under his breath as he sat in the valley. A bitter look appeared on his face, along with despair.

In the forest that covered the entire land lying on the other side of the valley was the Spirit of Nine Yin that was looking at the sky. He sighed and closed his eyes.

In one of the palaces right behind him was the old Spirit of Nine Yin. He too closed his eyes.

In the region lying in the other direction that was filled with numerous illusory figures was an indistinct figure. It could be seen that the person was a woman, and she was drifting through the land with a vacant look on her face as she stared at the moon in the sky.

Her appearance suggested that she should be incredibly beautiful. However, the current vacant look and change in her appearance made it difficult for people to imagine just what could have possibly happened to her.

The gigantic body that had fossilized all those years ago in the Candle Dragon's burial ground had also started recovering slowly. As it was restored to its original form, a thick, rotten stench spread out, and all the spots that had been restored from its petrified state started rapidly decaying until they disintegrated.

Within the huge region in the Candle Dragon's head was a breathtakingly beautiful woman's head. The head was the only thing that was not fossilized, but at that moment, dark patches began covering her whole head, and she started rotting.

Right before her was a stone statue, and that statue was Su Ming!

Starting from the head, a brilliant light slowly shone on the statue, and the petrification on his body faded away gradually, like a receding tide. A strong wave of life force rapidly gushed out from the stone statue, and it was becoming stronger with each passing moment.

It was quiet all around them. The decay of the woman's head symbolized her life force fading away and her imminent death, forming a stark contrast to Su Ming's body.

After some time, as the woman's head continued rotting, her eyelashes fluttered lightly and she slowly opened her eyes, revealing a pair of eyes filled with age and time, along with wisdom.

She looked at Su Ming, simply looked at him, and gradually, a vortex appeared at the center of her brows. It started spinning slowly.

"You, who have walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World... have found the fusion that belongs solely to you. You have earned my respect... This is our fate as Candle Dragons...

"I will keep to my promise and let myself be devoured by my kind willingly. With what remains of my will and body, I will... bless his new life... and I will also bless... your new life...

"With the blessing of the Candle Dragons with you, I hope that you can walk further down with my kind...

"The other side of curses is blessings. With my dissipating body and with ninety-seven worlds I devoured, I will bless you..." the beautiful woman mumbled. There was not a hint of hatred in her eyes, only calmness. As she spoke, she opened her mouth and breathed out a puff of air towards the recovering Su Ming.

That puff of air was white, and looked like fog. It landed on Su Ming's face slowly and crawled into his body through his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. The instant it crawled into the body, the Candle Dragon's gigantic body started rapidly decaying, and as it began rotting, a large amount of white fog gushed out and charged towards Su Ming as if he was a vortex that was absorbing this life force swiftly into him.

"I will hand my will and my legacy as a gift for my kind, and I will give to you what remains of my power, along with the power of the one World that remains after I used ninety-six worlds to build the Undying and Imperishable World... How much you will be able to take in depends on your serendipity."

Once she said those words, the beautiful woman closed her eyes. The vortex at the center of her brows spun faster with each passing moment. A black thread could be seen vaguely inside it, and the rotating black thread was the reason behind the vortex spinning!

As the life force and white fog that came from the crumbling Candle Dragon's gigantic body surged into Su Ming's body incessantly, he instantly recovered. He also clearly felt a huge wave of aura crashing into his body from all directions.

That aura and life force came too swiftly and violently, causing Su Ming to immediately feel that his body was going to swell up and explode if he reacted a bit too slowly.

'This is the accumulation of the Candle Dragon's power through its whole life! It might be dead and there is less than a tenth of the original power of when it was still alive, but the moment its body disappeared, the full force of that power burst forth... This is... the sort of great serendipity that would only happen once in a lifetime!'

Su Ming did not hesitate, and neither could he hesitate. If he did not absorb that power, his body would immediately fall apart.

The forceful injection of power came too violently, causing Su Ming to not have time to think. The Berserker Bones in his body instantly started absorbing that power madly.

There were seven Berserker Bones within Su Ming's body. The Wind Crystal of Inheritance had turned into one of his Berserker Bones, and the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance had also turned into a Berserker Bone. However, as the powerful wave of aura and life force surged into his body, the eighth vertebrae on Su Ming's back almost instantly started shining with golden light!

The instant golden light shone through Su Ming's body, the eighth Berserker Bone was formed within him!

But this was far from over. Less than ten breaths since the eighth Berserker Bone formed, banging sounds came from Su Ming's body. Pain filled his face, and dazzling golden light shone from his back. The ninth Berserker Bone manifested!

After the span of a hundred breaths passed, and as Su Ming let out a low growl through gritted teeth, his body shivered. The powerful aura and life force was surging into his body too quickly, almost as if they wanted to rush into his body all in one ago, and he was slightly lacking in the speed required to absorb that force. As sharp pain coursed through him, the tenth Berserker Bone materialized on his spine!

If he told anyone about this sort of rapid improvement in power, he would definitely stir up a wave of shock, a commotion. After all, it was common knowledge that it was incredibly difficult to train in the Berserkers' Bone Sacrifice Realm, and since the final Realm for Berserkers was the Berserker Soul Realm, those who had reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm could already be considered as powerful warriors. They were people who were the backbone of a clan's fighting force, and the strongest power in a middle-sized tribe!

However, the Candle Dragon had turned its body into a blessing for him before its will perished, and it had turned the impossible into possible. It gave Su Ming a huge serendipity that perhaps even Di Tian had not seen coming!

The source of it all was Hong Luo! His sudden appearance, it caused Di Tian to lose control over his plans for Su Ming. Since his clone was destroyed, it caused Su Ming to temporarily be free of his predetermined fate, allowing everything to deviate from its original course during the entire process Su Ming ran free from his reign!

A large amount of sweat beaded on Su Ming's forehead. The feeling as if his body was about to explode grew stronger. As the ten Berserker Bones in his body absorbed the power with a maddened frenzy, he gathered up that power and landed a powerful blow against the eleventh Berserker Bone.

Like a furious wave crashing into a frail barrier, the golden light in his body shone more brilliantly under that impact, and his eleventh Berserker Bone took form straight away!

But this was just the beginning. About the time taken for half an incense stick to burn later, as Su Ming's spine continued absorbing the life force and aura that was forcefully injected into his body, golden light erupted forth from his twelfth Berserker Bone!

'Since this is a serendipitous event, then I might as well just let myself go and absorb. I'd like to see just how far I can go with this serendipity helping me!'

Su Ming formed a seal with his hands, then let loose of all his inhibitions to absorb the life force and aura. His thirteenth Berserker Bone gathered together swiftly.

The power from the thirteen Berserker Bones allowed Su Ming to absorb the Candle Dragon's life force at a much faster pace. As time passed and as he trembled even more furiously, the fourteenth Berserker Bone manifested on his spine, the spine that made him belong to the Berserkers!

Fourteen Berserker Bones! An amount that was twice more than what Su Ming had previously!

Yet even more so, the life force and aura that was surging into his body was still coming in as swiftly and violently as ever. It did not show any signs of diminishing. Instead, more came in.

When his fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth Berserker Bones started shining with a brilliant golden light in succession, even Su Ming found himself in shock at the rapid rise of his power. However, he could not spare even a single thought to all of these things. If he did not boost his power, then his body would fall apart and explode.

With gritted teeth, all seventeen of his Berserker Bones started madly absorbing the force. He could not spare even a single bit of his attention to worry about this right then, he had to absorb it, had to use the newly formed Berserker Bones to contain that vast amount of life force.

The eighteenth Berserker Bone took form with a bang a moment later. The total amount of power that Su Ming needed to absorb for this Berserker Bone to appear was much more than what he needed to activate the other Berserker Bones. If he had been training normally, it would be incredibly difficult for him to activate this eighteenth Berserker Bone.

Once it appeared, the nineteenth Berserker Bone almost activated itself at the same time as its predecessor. At that moment, the golden light shining from Su Ming's body practically illuminated the entire area. Even his hair looked as if it had completely turned gold.

Veins popped up on his face, and he began trembling even more violently. A large amount of black liquid was also forced out of his skin, and as it was forced out, he could distinctly feel his body becoming much lighter than before.

At the same time, the twentieth Berserker Bone formed with a bang!

When it appeared, Su Ming felt as if his body was about to be torn apart. He gritted his teeth and endured that pain, turning all of it into a force to guide the life force and aura that was still endlessly surging into his body to rush against more Berserker Bones!

The twenty-first Berserker Bone formed some time later!

The twenty-second and twenty-third!

Powerful Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could at most create twenty-six Berserker Bones, and the moment the last formed, he or she must breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm. There was only one chance, and life and death was decided within an instant.

If that person succeeded, then he or she would step into the Berserker Soul Realm and become a powerful warrior in the Berserker Soul Realm with one fell swoop. They would join the people who trained in the final Realm within the cultivation method practiced by Berserkers!

If... that person failed trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, then all the Berserker Bones in their body would explode, their life force would fade away, and everything about that person, including his body, would die!

A wave of fear gradually washed over Su Ming's heart, because he realized that if he continued increasing his power at this speed, then before long, he would manifest all twenty-six Berserker Bones!

He still had not completed his preparations! He still had not found the Nine Abyss Flower!

Chapter 478: Blessing or Curse?

More importantly, Su Ming had always been deeply skeptical about this so called Candle Dragon's blessing!

To him, the Candle Dragon was a living being filled with wisdom and resolution. This was a living being that would still remain prideful even though it had died and only had a shred of its will left.

Perhaps it scoffed at the idea of lying and perhaps this was truly a blessing, but there was only a line between blessings and curses. It was like an empty bottle. Once it was filled with enough water, it would be full, but once someone pumped in an amount of water that was more than the bottle could take, then it might very well burst apart.

This explosion was not a blessing but another type of curse!

'If you can withstand my serendipity, then I will give you my remaining life force and the power of the one World to bless your growth so that you will have the right to become the master of my descendant!

'But if you can't withstand it, then you have no right to become the master of my descendant. No matter what, a descendant of the Candle Dragon that doesn't have a master is still better than one having to become someone's servant.'

Perhaps this was the Candle Dragon's true thoughts!

Life and death would be decided within an instant, and all of it depended on Su Ming's choice! It was a blessing, a curse, and also... a test!

A glint appeared in his eyes. He looked at the woman's rapidly decaying head and at the spinning black thread at the center of its brows. That black thread became clearer and looked as if it was about to shoot out of the center of the woman's brows at any moment. That black thread was the small snake!

'This power came too suddenly and I don't have time to completely stabilize it. If that's the case, then I'll be forced to try breaking into the Berserker Soul Realm in extreme haste. Without complete preparation... my chances of failure will be exponentially high!'

Su Ming knew that he had a large amount of Crimson Stones in his storage bag, but none of them contained the Nine Abyss Flower, or else he would have cut that stone open a long time ago. He was in a perilous situation, akin to being forced to move quickly on a suspended rope, and at that moment, the twenty-fourth Berserker Bone formed within his body!

'Should I try breaking through, or should I not...?'

Su Ming struggled. However, there was just simply no way for him to dispel the life force and aura that was incessantly surging into his body. As his Berserker Bones increased and the power surged within him, Su Ming could clearly just how strong he had become.

It was a strength that was much greater than what he possessed previously. However, along with that sense of power came a feeling of death. Once he reached twenty-six Berserker Bones, he would have to risk it all in a gamble, and his life would be decided in an instant!

As he watched his twenty-fifth Berserker Bone start to glow with a faint golden light as the Candle Dragon's aura and life force surged into it, Su Ming gritted his teeth. The Nascent Soul in his body instantly opened its eyes, formed a seal with both its hands in his Dantian region, and sucked in a deep breath.

This was the only way Su Ming could think of at the moment to slow down the process. However, it was also clear to him that he could not use this method for long. When the Nascent Soul became unable to absorb anymore of the Candle Dragon's life force and aura, then he would be forced to make a difficult choice.

As the Nascent Soul absorbed the life force and aura, these forces of power surging into Su Ming's body changed direction, and a large portion of them charged towards the Nascent Soul. In an instant, they surrounded it.

The Nascent Soul continuously formed seals with his hands in accordance to the Immortals' cultivation method which Hong Luo had left. After a moment, the Nascent Soul grew to twice its original size, and pain appeared on its face. This sort of forceful increase of power was a serendipitous event, but it also meant danger and pain.

Once Su Ming's Nascent Soul swelled up, its level of cultivation immediately shot through the early Nascent Soul stage to the mid Nascent Soul stage, and it was still increasing. Time was flowing by swiftly, and before long, when Su Ming's Nascent Soul swelled up and grew twice its previous size once again, extreme pain and suffering appeared on its face, and Su Ming's expression also became the same.

He had a feeling as if his Nascent Soul was about to explode. A bang went off in his head, and the Nascent Soul let out a roar in his body. Immediately, its insides turned murky and its power climbed straight up to the late Nascent Soul stage from the mid stage!

However, the power that was surging into Su Ming's body did not diminish by even a single bit. Instead, it just became even greater, making it seem like if it did not cause him to burst apart, it would not stop!

Fine blood capillaries had already appeared on his body, and tiny cracks had also appeared on his Nascent Soul. At that moment, it looked just like a bottle that was about to fall apart!

As the Nascent Soul absorbed that power once again, almost the instant it reached the late stage, it climbed straight into the Great Circle of Nascent Soul! Just one more step, and it would reach Soul Formation!

Once it reached Soul Formation, then the Nascent Soul would be as powerful as a Latter Shaman and a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm!

‘To reach the Immortals’ Soul Formation stage I will need to understand their Domains. These Domains are really mysterious and I don’t really understand them... but I’ll have to get to that stage no matter what!’

Su Ming gritted his teeth and looked as if he was ready to risk everything. At this point, when his life and death could be decided in an instant, he found himself actually not being bothered by death any longer. Since this was the Candle Dragon’s blessing and also its test, then he might as well not be worried about anything else!

The moment this thought appeared in Su Ming’s mind, his Nascent Soul opened its mouth wide, and a savage look appeared on its face.

‘Candle Dragon, let’s see just how much of your blessing I can take in!’

The Nascent Soul opened its mouth wide and began sucking madly. All the life force and aura surging into Su Ming’s body rushed straight towards it, and as they were continuously pumped into it, it grew at a rapid pace, eventually growing to be almost the exact same size as Su Ming!

‘Soul Formation... Soul Formation... I still haven’t come to understand Domains, but I do understand the fusion between the past and the future, and I found the point between the past and the future. If we’re talking about Domains, then my Domain is destiny!’

‘Everyone has their own destiny, and living beings all have to end up being reincarnated!’

As the aura and life force continuously surged into the Nascent Soul, it swelled up even more, and eventually, it let out a low growl and exploded. Right then, a bang went off in Su Ming’s head.

His mind became clouded. He seemed to have seen his Nascent Soul’s metamorphosis, and a new life was born. It could no longer be called a Nascent Soul, but a Nascent Divinity!

The Nascent Divinity was like a shadow, but also a physical entity, it seemed to be corporeal, but an illusion at the same time. Su Ming sensed a wave of ripples coming from his Nascent Divinity, and it was a will that screamed that if this Nascent Divinity did not perish, then his soul would not die.

The Nascent Divinity was just born, and Su Ming could sense just how frail it was. At this point, it needed time to nurse itself back to health. If it absorbed anymore of the Candle Dragon's aura, then it would immediately disintegrate because it could not endure it.

The Candle Dragon's aura and life force was about to charge into the Nascent Divinity. Su Ming opened his eyes, formed a seal with his right hand, then pointed before himself. Right when the Candle Dragon's power closed in on the Nascent Divinity, it floated out of Su Ming's body and gathered before him.

'The Immortals that have formed Nascent Divinities say that as long as their Nascent Divinities don't perish, their spirits won't die. Since I have a Nascent Divinity now, then even if my body falls apart because of the Candle Dragon's power, I can use my Nascent Divinity to Possess someone else!'

Su Ming gritted his teeth, and the moment his Nascent Divinity left his body, the Candle Dragon's power rushed straight towards his Berserker Bones.

In an instant, a powerful golden light erupted forth from Su Ming's twenty-fifth Berserker Bone. At that moment, his entire spine looked as if it was sparkling with golden light, and even his body had turned the color of gold.

Twenty-five Berserker Bones were the pinnacle of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. There were quite a number of powerful Berserkers who had arrived at this state and would not continue with their practice because they did not have the confidence to handle the life and death situation when their twenty-sixth Berserker Bone appeared! If Su Ming could choose, he would definitely only try taking that risk when he had plenty of confidence that he would succeed, but right then, he had no choice!

His eyes were blood-red. The instant resolution colored his eyes, all twenty-five of his Berserker Bones started absorbing all the Candle Dragon's power surging into his body simultaneously to create... that twenty-sixth bone!

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, the twenty-sixth Berserker Bone formed, and right at that instant, a brilliant light that even those outside the Candle Dragon's body could see erupted from Su Ming's entire spine. As the light merged together, it looked as if it wanted to form a shape behind Su Ming's body, and that shape... was naturally the thing that all powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm would possess - their very own statue of the God of Berserkers!

A feeling as if his soul was about to be absorbed by that statue appeared, causing Su Ming's mind to become clouded, and in the midst of that fuzziness, his head became empty.

However, almost right after the shape appeared, it started to look as if it could not maintain its form after a few flickers. It lasted for the span of several more breaths in an

incredibly unstable state, and eventually, started breaking up before disintegrating with a bang.

The instant the shape fell apart, Su Ming instantly felt the portion of his mind that was absorbed being torn apart. That spine of his that was shining with that brilliant light shattered into pieces with a violent bang. As it shattered, blood trickled out of the corners of Su Ming's mouth.

The blood trickled out of his mouth only in the beginning, the next instant, it started gushing out. Blood gushed out of every single pore in his body at the same time, and his body instantaneously slumped down.

The shadow of death loomed over a wide area above Su Ming's head. His attempt to enter the Berserker Soul Realm failed!

The moment it failed, due to the shattering of the spine, Su Ming's flesh and blood instantly started showing signs of crumbling and disappearing into thin air. His life force was rapidly flowing away, and the spark of his life was swiftly growing dull.

However, right at the moment these signs showed up, due to the vast amount of life force and aura surging into Su Ming's body, his flesh and blood was not ripped apart. As the life force fused into it, Su Ming's own life force was swiftly replenished, and the shattered bits of his spine were also rapidly gathering together to merge into one.

"I can help you, but only once... Not all life forms can handle my blessing. The next time... if you still cannot endure through my blessing, then you are not fit to become the master of my descendent.

"If you still cannot handle the next wave of my blessing, then stay here and rot with me... If you can persevere through the time taken for an incense stick to burn, then the remaining power of that precious one World of mine will appear. If you can absorb it, then it will truly be your serendipity!"

The Candle Dragon's ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's mind. His spine gradually became whole and his life force was fully replenished. Besides the spine not shining with anymore golden light and that Su Ming would need to refine all his vertebrae once again, he did not suffer even the slightest bit of harm.

Even though all his Berserker Bones had shattered and were gone even after his spine was reformed, not only did Su Ming not feel that his power had diminished, but even had the feeling that it had become greater. However, he did not have time to think about this strange feeling, because as the life force and aura surged into his body, the first vertebrae on his spine started shining with a golden light once again.

Chapter 479: For What Reason Do All Manner of Living Practice Cultivation? For What Reason Do We Strive to Become Strong?

You must break the old to form the new. This was a rule that never changed since ancient times!

This rule existed in many things, and as people slowly found this rule and made conclusions about it, they came up with this phrase.

With the Candle Dragon's blessing, Su Ming could be said to have gone through a strange change that no one had ever experienced before, and that change was this - failing after trying to break into the Berserker Soul Realm the moment he reached the pinnacle of the Bone Sacrifice Realm and not dying!

While this sort of thing had indeed happened a few times in Berserker history, but every single time it happened, these people would lose too much of their life force and would sink to become a mere mortal.

However, due to the Candle Dragon's blessing, even though Su Ming's Berserker Bones had shattered, his power remained. It was as if his Berserker Bones were no longer limited to just being on his spine but had spread from his spine to all over his body. That was why he remained as strong as ever.

This sort of thing had never happened before. Even the first God of Berserkers, who had created the entire constitution for the Berserkers' cultivation method, would never have expected this sort of situation happening!

Su Ming's shattered spine and twenty-six broken Berserker Bones turned into the power that belonged only to Berserkers in Su Ming's body and fused into all the other bones within him - his ribs, his skull, his arms, his hands, his pelvis, and all his other bones.

There was even one portion that fused into his flesh and blood before spreading through his entire body.

As the Candle Dragon's power surged into Su Ming, besides his new first Berserker Bone absorbing that power as it shone with a golden light once again, he could also clearly feel all his other bones and even his flesh and blood absorbing its power as well!

All the other people and Su Ming himself had previously only refined their spine when they reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm. However, at that moment... Su Ming realized in shock that if he continued this way, then he would not only be refining his spine, but would be refining... all his bones, including his flesh and blood!

The twenty-six Ancient Berserker Bones they refined in the Bone Sacrifice Realm was akin to them reverting their bodies to the same state as those of their ancestors. When

these Berserker Bones appeared, the Berserkers could use them to obtain great power. However, if Su Ming turned all his bones into Berserker Bones, then his strength would be...

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. Just how terrifyingly powerful would he be if he turned all the bones within his body into Berserker Bones and even made his flesh and blood more tenacious after fusing it with the power of his Berserker Bones?

Su Ming did not have an answer for that. Perhaps even the first God of Berserkers did not have an answer to that when he created the constitution for the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

'But at the same time, if I really walk down this outrageous path, then the difficulty for me to reach the Berserker Soul Realm will be unimaginable. It's practically impossible for me to succeed...'

Su Ming understood this clearly. Just having twenty-six Berserker Bones to gather together to form the statue of the God of Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm was incredibly difficult. If he reverted all his bones in his body to the state that belonged to his ancestors, then the difficulty when he tried to reach the Berserker Soul Realm was as plain as day!

However, the progression of events did not allow Su Ming to hesitate. Either he would choose to continue trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, then using his Nascent Divinity to Possess someone else and retrain after his body fell apart when he failed to reach that Realm...

...or he could walk down this path that no one had ever taken before, and then think about how he would deal with reaching the Berserker Soul Realm later.

Besides these two paths, there was another road, and that was the path where he succeeded in reaching the Berserker Soul Realm! However, Su Ming knew that it was practically impossible for him to succeed in one go because he had yet to stabilize his power and there were plenty of parts in his power that remained unsteady due to this forceful surge of strength into his body. He could only succeed if he had some time to slowly harmonize that power and then move on to truly attain great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

Calmness gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He sucked in a sharp breath and relaxed his mind fully to bear through the impact of the power crashing into him so that he could have all his bones and blood absorb it.

Very soon, all the bones in Su Ming's body began glowing with a faint golden light. The first ten bones in his spine were already flashing brilliantly in gold as well. A feeling of strength so great Su Ming had never felt it before emerged in his heart. This was a

strength that completely surpassed those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm but was still a power that could be categorized within the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

As he absorbed that power and as his entire body began glowing with brilliant golden light, suddenly, the life force and aura that was forcefully surging into Su Ming's body froze. Once it froze, a wave of power that shocked Su Ming rushed into him with an intensity that could blast through the sky.

The time at that moment was precisely the instant after the time taken for an incense stick to burn!

This power was visible to the naked eye. It was a diamond-shaped crystal that was formed as the Candle Dragon's body disappeared. That crystal shone with a brilliant light and charged towards Su Ming's body. Then, with an indescribable speed and presence, it rushed to the center of Su Ming's brows, like a river of light that traveled through the passage of time.

The instant it touched, Su Ming shuddered violently. A sharp stab of pain came from the center of his brows, and the crystal shot through his forehead and branded itself deeply in his body.

Su Ming's head was thrown back violently, as if a huge impact had just rammed into him. Loud, booming sounds went off in his head. During that instant, he had already forgotten the dangers his body faced and had even forgotten everything else. All that was left in his head was a furious roar that surged into the sky. That roar seemed to be made by an innumerable amount of living souls at the same time. Su Ming saw in his muddled mind a world, and as a gigantic Candle Dragon floating in midair opened its mouth, a large part of that world started crumbling.

The crumbling world did not disappear, but instead continuously gathered together as it fell apart, along with all the living souls in those crumbled parts. No matter how hard they struggled, it was all in vain. The only thing they could do was to let out maddened roars filled with despair that echoed in the air. Gradually, that world turned into a diamond-shaped crystal that was swallowed by the Candle Dragon in one gulp.

'This is... Could this be the power of one World?!'

"This is the one World Plane remaining after I created the Undying and Imperishable World... It doesn't matter what sort of cultivation methods all these lives in the world choose, even if the names of their cultivation methods are different, in the end, all of them will end up practicing the power of the World Plane..." The Candle Dragon spoke with its unique ancient voice, and its words echoed in all directions.

Those words contained the accumulation of all its experiences and epiphanies gained in its life.

"You still can't master or understand the power of the World Plane as of yet. It won't let your power increase either, but it is my true blessing to you... Hold onto it, understand it, master it, and if you can do so, then when that day comes, you will discover the mysteries lying in the universe. You will find out that you can control everything!"

The Candle Dragon's voice spread out and echoed in Su Ming's heart and soul, causing him to still be able to hear the words clearly despite his muddled mind. It was just like a brand that was deeply printed onto his soul.

"Do you know for what reason do all manner of living practice cultivation? For what reason do we strive to become strong?" the Candle Dragon asked softly with its ancient voice.

Su Ming could not answer that question, and the Candle Dragon had not expected him to anyway.

"That is because we all have flaws within our bodies. Each race contains different flaws, and the root cause for cultivation is for us to mend those flaws... But it is not a simple task to mend all our flaws. Usually, over a countless number of years, only one or two living souls in a single race can be found capable of doing so.

"The methods each race use to discover their own flaws and set out to mend them are different, but in the end, we all need the power of the World Plane... Over the long years of my life, I had some form of contact with Immortals before. The constitution forming the Immortals' cultivation method is divided into three steps. The first step does not touch upon the power of the World Plane, but starting from the second step, they will go through this so called Nirvanic Rebirth. All the flaws in their bodies will be mended and they will obtain new life. At that time, they will be practicing the power of the World Plane.

"The third step is Hollow. It is the critical moment for one when trying to achieve perfection as there's fewer flaws within the body. If one can attain the ultimate completion, then he will have taken the fourth step. At that time, he will no longer have any flaws... and at that time, what he will pursue is the power of Plane Timelines!"

The Candle Dragon's voice gradually grew weaker. These epiphanies were the treasures of its life.

"It is the same for all races, just like the Deities who are similar to the Immortals. Amalgamation, Great Vehicle, Ascension, Great Overarching Golden Immortality, and all the other states are in the end, just to mend all the flaws in people's bodies.

"You are a Berserker, the name of the path you Berserkers pursue after the Berserker Soul Realm might be different, but in truth, you still use the power of the World Plane to mend your flaws, and as you have fewer flaws, you will become stronger, and in the end, you will reach perfection."

Once Su Ming finished hearing these words, his mind gradually grew clearer. A thunderstorm raged in his heart. All these theories were things that he had never heard before, and they were words that allowed him to suddenly see light, like a bolt of lightning had just flashed in his mind!

"We Candle Dragons will only be born through serendipitous events, but we still have flaws, and that flaw is that we don't have a cultivation method that has a constitution laid out for us. The only way for us to mend it is to devour other things.

"Because even I don't know what is the flaw of my people. It might be the Undying and Imperishable World, it might be the Nine-Headed Dragon. That is why I kept devouring other World Planes, because I wished that I could mend that flaw."

Su Ming stared at the beautiful woman's head in a daze. He remembered the fusions in the Undying and Imperishable World.

"I went to many places when I was alive. The universe is endless, and I have even gone to two of the four Great True Worlds... and met only five people who were perfect and had mastered the power of Plane Timelines. They are the ones who truly deserve the title of being powerful beings in this universe and among the four Great True Realms...

"In truth, the four Great True Realms have a uniform name to call these powerful beings that have arrived at this step. They are the Masters of Fate, Life, and Death. They control the cycles of the universe, and if they want something to be born, it will be born, if they want something to die, it will die...

"All the races have different names for this particular stage, but all of them just wish for... completion. In truth, there are still a few great Realms in this stage, but they say it is a mere legend." The beautiful woman's voice became weaker, but her words still echoed in Su Ming's mind.

"Now that you have obtained my power of the World Plane and have let my descendant acknowledge you as its master, my will shall soon disappear... Endure the final wisp of my life force, and once you make it through, you will be reborn. If you fail, you will die with me..."

The instant the woman said those words, she completely decomposed into ashes. The small snake shot out from the vortex at the center of her brows with a howl.

At the same time, an endless amount of fog spread around Su Ming from the Candle Dragon's gigantic head before charging towards him with a loud rumble.

As the Candle Dragon's head vanished, the starry sky was revealed right above. The nine moons were shining brightly up ahead while the tenth moon was rapidly disappearing from the sky!

Chapter 480: Walking Out!

The wave of power was the last of what remained of the Candle Dragon. As its gigantic body rapidly vanished, that wave of power charged towards Su Ming and surged into him from all over his body as if it wanted to stuff him up until he exploded.

If Su Ming's previous self, whose blood and bones had not gone through the mysterious change, came face to face with this power, then besides using all his power and attention to absorb that force, he would have no other way to deal with it. He would increase his Berserker Bones until eventually being forced to attempt breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm once again,.

However, all of Su Ming's bones, flesh, and blood right then were like that of a newborn, and his body had a strong desire for the Candle Dragon's life force and aura. Like a bottomless pit, it began rapidly absorbing the power surging into him.

Rumbling sounds came from within Su Ming's body. As those sounds reverberated in the air, all his bones started swiftly turning gold. His blood, flesh, tendons, and everything else also slowly started gaining a faint golden glow as that power rushed into him!

A sacrifice of all of his bones. This change that had never happened to any of his ancestors and would perhaps not happen to anyone else in the future appeared on Su Ming's body under the Candle Dragon's blessing!

He could clearly sense his body becoming stronger and his power rising at an unimaginable pace. That sort feeling, as if he held the sun, moon, and stars in his hands, made Su Ming's hair move without wind, caused him to look as if he was a God of War, shining with golden light as he stood there!

His eyes were closed and his entire body sparkled gold. If there was anyone else in the place, then they would surely be shocked greatly when they saw Su Ming. The presence coming from his body was clearly that of a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but the presence was so great that it would give them a feeling that he was even more terrifying than those in the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was a paradox, but it was a feeling that truly existed!

As all of the Candle Dragon's remaining power finally entered Su Ming's body and as the Candle Dragon's gigantic body disappeared rapidly before his eyes, everything around Su Ming turned into ashes and scattered away. When the sky, the earth, and the heavens in the World of Nine Yin were revealed to him, Su Ming opened his eyes. A

golden light flashed in his eyes, and that light seemed to pierce through air, through the world, turning into the most brilliant ray of light in the planet!

A light that could take someone's breath away, a light that could steal away people's souls!

Golden light covered Su Ming's entire body. He did not waste even a single bit of the Candle Dragon's power. Besides the portion used for the Soul Formation for his Nascent Soul, everything else had turned into power accumulating in his blood, flesh and bones!

Right at that moment, a sixth of all the bones in his body had turned into Berserker Bones, and it was the same for this flesh and blood!

The path he would take would be different from all Berserkers in the future. Even the first God of Berserkers had not walked on this path. This was a path that belonged only to Su Ming - his path of creation!

From the Undying and Imperishable Realm, Su Ming had gained an understanding regarding the fusion of the past and future. He had gained an epiphany regarding the fusion of binary opposites. His body had also taken form in this world that had never been seen before. He might look like a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but could he truly still be considered to be in the Bone Sacrifice Realm?!

Almost the instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the beautiful woman's head dissipated. The small snake rushed out with a hiss. It did not seem too different from before, but its eyes were burning brightly, and there seemed to be a vortex hidden in the depths of its eyes that could suck away the souls of all living people. If anyone looked into its eyes, they would think that their minds had gone blank.

When it saw that Su Ming was uninjured, the small snake gradually stopped hissing. It flew into midair, and pain along with resolution appeared on its face. At that moment, cracks tore through its body as if it was shedding its skin, and as those cracks emerged, the small snake started trembling nonstop and its body was slowly elongating.

Once the small snake, who had received the legacy of the Candle Dragons, saw that Su Ming was safe, it started going through the evolution that would happen after it received its inheritance - to become a true Candle Dragon!

As Su Ming looked at his snake, he could feel its resolve and determination. This shedding of skin was akin to a metamorphosis that would revert the snake back to its roots. It meant that what little blood of the Candle Dragons was in its body would completely burn up to fill the entire body so that it could turn into a true Candle Dragon!

With the help of the inheritance, the possibility of success for the small snake was incredibly high. The legacy was like a guiding path, like a lamp in the dark giving the small snake directions as it went through its metamorphosis.

"Perhaps I can help you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a brocade box flew out, and once it appeared, it rushed straight towards the small snake. During the process, the brocade box turned into ashes, and a purple shadow spread out from within.

That item was the thing he had bought in the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan near Freezing Sky Clan - Purple Harmony!

This was a strange item that could grant a sliver of a chance for ferocious beasts to revert to their roots. However, the risks were too great, and if they failed, then they would die!

This was why Su Ming had not dared to use it on the small snake previously. Now it had inherited the Candle Dragon's legacy, which was equivalent to it finding the correct path to revert to its roots, so the dangers of this Purple Harmony would naturally be taken away. It would only serve to help the small snake!

When the small snake saw the Purple Harmony, its eyes shone with a brilliant light filled with excitement. With a hiss, it charged straight towards that purple light and swiftly fused with it.

As the small snake devoured and fused with that Purple Harmony, purple light filled the air. It was like a layer of fog, making it difficult for people to see what was inside. Su Ming stood in his place, and when a faint golden light appeared in his eyes, his gaze immediately penetrated through the purple light. He saw that the small snake's expression was no longer in pain, and its body was going through a metamorphosis.

Su Ming was slightly relieved and averted his gaze to look at his own body. He did not seem any different from before, but he could sense just how powerful he had become.

"With the clone and the Poison Corpse helping me, I could fight against Latter Shamans, who are equivalent to Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... But now, I wonder just how far I can go without any help," Su Ming mumbled. He sucked in a deep breath and looked at his Nascent Divinity. It had its eyes closed and was floating in midair, still and unmoving.

As Su Ming looked at his own Nascent Divinity, he fell silent for a moment, then looked at his surroundings, and suddenly frowned.

He remembered that when he entered the Candle Dragon's gigantic body, due to force repelling everything it did not recognize, the crimson dragon was blocked outside and could not follow him in. The Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm was also left behind. Ji Yun Hai was also there, along with the old Spirit of Nine Yin.

However, the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared, and Su Ming could not find the crimson dragon, neither could he find the puppet and the Poison Corpse. The old spirit was also gone without a trace.

'Just how many years have gone by...?' Su Ming stayed silent. Just as he was about to avert his gaze, something suddenly caught his attention. He saw a dark light flashing at the spot in the distance where the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared.

The fog in this place had long since disappeared. The whole area looked empty, which made that dark light stand out like a sore thumb. When Su Ming saw that dark light, he seized at the air with his right hand. Immediately, that dark light charged towards him and floated before his body.

It was a snake's scale!

It was the Candle Dragon's scale, a scale that was left behind despite the fact that its body was destroyed! Su Ming looked at the scale, and gradually, a sparkle of surprise alighted in his eyes.

'The Candle Dragon looks like a python, so the scale it left behind after it disappeared...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and immediately, his Nascent Divinity opened its eyes while floating beside Su Ming. There was a brilliant light in its eyes, and with one move, it disappeared as if it had fused into air.

After a moment, four scales charged towards Su Ming from the spot where the Candle Dragon's body had disappeared. As they gathered with that one scale he had found previously, the five scales floated before him and shone with a strange, dark light.

Almost the instant those scales came towards Su Ming, the air beside him distorted and his Nascent Divinity appeared. Then, without a single pause, it went towards him and fused into his body.

"The last ingredient required for the Welcoming of Deities is the scale from a python's tail. I wonder if the Candle Dragon's scale has the same effects. If it does, then I'll be able to create the Welcoming of Deities," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He had first learned about the Welcoming of Deities in Dark Mountain, and so many years had passed since then. If he could use this scale, then he would have finally managed to gather all the ingredients for this pill.

Once Su Ming put away the scales, he sat down cross-legged, and as he waited for the small snake's metamorphosis, he spread his divine sense outward in all directions. However, his Nascent Soul had just gone through Soul Formation and needed some time to nurse itself back to health, which was why Su Ming did not spread his divine sense too wide. But, even if he had just spread out a small portion of his divine sense, all the things he could see within the area still left him in shock.

Gradually, Su Ming's expression changed. At times, there would be confusion on his face, and sometimes, there would be surprise, and at other times, he would seem pensive.

The world he saw with his divine sense was greatly different from what he remembered. He grew uncertain about just how many years had passed by in the world.

Since he could not spread his divine sense too far away, he could not sense the presence of the crimson dragon, the Poison Corpse in the Berserker Soul Realm, and the puppet. Eventually, a dark, cold look appeared on his face.

Ten days went by in the blink of an eye. During those ten days, Su Ming remained sitting in his spot. He had already retrieved his divine sense and had used the time to stabilize his power.

The small snake had also completed its metamorphosis during those ten days. With a cry that shook the skies, the purple light in midair disappeared, and what took form before Su Ming was a red snake that was an arm long and two fingers wide!

There was a bump on the snake's head, along with a crack at the center of its brows. That crack was the spot for its third eye, but it remained shut, and the snake did not open it.

There was a profound gaze in its eyes, and no matter where it looked, distortions would appear in the air around its eyes, as if those eyes were absorbing some faint, unknown power from the air itself.

There was a murderous aura in the small snake's hiss, but once it finished hissing, it turned towards Su Ming, and there was a dependent and gentle gaze in its eyes. It charged towards him and let out a delighted cry at his side, like a child playing before his parent.

Su Ming smiled softly as he looked at the small snake. After a long while, he lifted his head and looked at the sky.

"Let's go. We're leaving this place."

Chapter 481: Rune!

On that day, after an unknown number of years has passed since Su Ming stepped into the place, he brought his small snake and left the Candle Dragon's burial ground. When he walked out of that region, he stood on the mountain and turned his head back to cast a glance behind him.

The fog in the Candle Dragon's burial ground at the foot of the mountain was no longer around. When he looked over, he could not find the Candle Dragon's gigantic body either.

The memories of all the things that he went through since he stepped into the place surfaced in his mind. The murderous fog, the fight in the Candle Dragon's body, the incarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World, and the change that happened to him during the blessing and the test.

All of this was now like a faraway dream to him and did not seem real. After all, his soul had been in the Undying and Imperishable World for far too long.

Even if he had woken up from the dream, it would still be difficult for him to recover from it for some time.

In a while, Su Ming averted his gaze. The small snake was sitting on his shoulders and also looking at the Candle Dragon's burial ground. A reluctance to part gradually appeared in its eyes. To it, this was the place where his kin stayed. This was the place that gave it new life. This was also the sacred place that had turned it into a Candle Dragon.

Su Ming went off. He took a step forward and walked towards the sky, moving towards the direction where Shaman City lay in his memories.

He might have spread his divine sense outwards earlier, but the area had not been wide; he had only manage to the area around him. If he wanted to know just how long it had been, then he had a feeling that Shaman City was the place where he could find his answer.

His clouded memories gradually became clear as he regained his senses. Those memories felt incredibly distant to Su Ming, but he still flew in the sky slowly according to them.

During his journey, he did not run into any Shamans, but the land he saw was greatly different from what he remembered.

He remained silent during the trip. Several days later, when he arrived in Shaman City, he saw the ruins on the ground - Shaman City's ruins. The wreckage of the city scattered all over the ground made him even more quiet.

Su Ming stood above the ruins and looked at the ground. After a long while, he slowly descended and landed on the ground before walking into the ruins.

As he walked in, an absent-minded look gradually appeared on his face. An illusion seemed to rise before his eyes. Wherever he went to, he would see the glory of the city in the past. However, right at the moment those days of glory took form in his eyes, all of it would turn into the desolate wreckage before him.

"Just what happened?" Su Ming mumbled. He stopped moving in the ruins, and his gaze fell on a collapsed house. This was the inn he had stayed in long ago.

He stopped here for a moment, then continued onward. Gradually, he walked through the streets of the past, walked through the palace where he'd obtained the protection from the Spirits of Nine Yin. However, when he arrived there, he did not see that palace. It was as if the palace had been taken away by someone and vanished into thin air. That spot was now empty.

Su Ming lifted his head. He did not see the gigantic stone pillar that shot into the clouds, and could naturally not see that gigantic head that was hoisted up by the stone pillar. He could only see a gigantic hole in the sky, and there were numerous dried branches around that hole, serving as a seal for it.

When Su Ming arrived at the center of the ruins, which was the square that hosted the treasure gambling event, his pupils shrank.

He saw a gigantic pit on the ground there, and that pit was in the shape of a pentagon. It took up a spot of about several tens of thousands of feet.

When he stood at the edge of the pit, a grim look appeared on Su Ming's face. He crouched down and grabbed some soil by the edge of the pit. The remnants of the power from some Spells could be felt from within.

"This is a Rune!" Su Ming lifted his head. Right above the pit was the hole in the sky!

Su Ming frowned. As he immersed himself in his thoughts, he suddenly lifted his right hand and pointed behind him. That action seemed incredibly offhanded, but it would give people the feeling as if it had gone through a countless amount of evolutions. That one point also seemed to contain time itself. It seemed simple, but in truth, the moment he pointed outwards, a deep crack appeared in the air in the direction he pointed.

It was as if even space itself could not withstand the power of that point. A thunderous rumble reverberated in the air. Su Ming did not turn his head back, simply continuing to look at the pit before him, still immersed in his thoughts.

However, as the rumbling sound echoed in the air, a semi-transparent figure took form in the empty space behind him. That figure exploded and turned into a wave of air that tumbled backwards and only disappeared once it was sent back several thousands of feet.

Almost the instant that semi-transparent figure died, nearly a hundred of those figures appeared in the air around Su Ming. These figures instantly stopped moving forward and waited near him. They floated without moving, and their gazes as they looked at Su Ming were filled with wariness.

After a long while, Su Ming chose not to continue thinking of the use of that Rune. Most of his knowledge regarding Runes came from his third senior brother, Hu Zi, as well as the Immortals' Runes which Hong Luo had left for him.

He could vaguely tell that one of the uses of this Rune was for Relocation, but he couldn't figure out any other uses it might have.

He stood up and swept his gaze across all the semi-transparent figures around him. The instant his gaze landed on those figures, they shivered and instinctively moved back. To them, Su Ming's gaze felt like it had physical substance and could pierce through their bodies.

Just as Su Ming was about to avert his gaze, something suddenly caught his attention, and he fixed his stare on a figure standing to the side.

That figure seemed like a young male teenager. He was not tall, and was in a semi-transparent and indistinct state. Su Ming looked at him and was momentarily taken aback. He lifted his right hand and seized at the air in the boy's direction. Immediately, that figure was dragged towards Su Ming against his will.

The figure floated before Su Ming, panic evident on the boy's face. He looked as if he wanted to struggle and screamed soundlessly.

Su Ming looked at him. He might be indistinct, but when Su Ming observed him from a close proximity, he could still somewhat make out his facial features. As he observed that figure, a complicated look gradually appeared on Su Ming's face.

"Ahu..." After a long moment of thought, Su Ming finally remembered who this person was. He was one of the two children who had come with him into the World of Nine Yin.

'Just what happened here?' Su Ming let go of his hand, and Ahu hastily retreated in panic. Su Ming looked at him fleeing and slowly closed his eyes.

He slowly spread his divine sense around the area. At that moment, he no longer thought about the necessity for his Nascent Divinity to nurse itself back to health. He wanted to know what other changes had occurred in the World of Nine Yin.

Once he spread his divine sense out, he saw that there were several tens of thousands of semi-transparent figures like Ahu all over Shaman City. These figures hid themselves within the ruins and lingered about in a daze. They could not be seen with the naked eye, and could only be detected with divine sense.

When Su Ming expanded his divine sense further ahead, he saw that practically every single place in the vast land outside the ruins of Shaman City had become different. After a long while, he opened his eyes.

He turned around and looked in a direction in the distance. Over there, he discovered a valley, and within that valley, he found some Shamans. Su Ming also detected a group of living creatures with huge wings on their backs flying swiftly towards the valley. There were hundreds of them, and all of them had murderous auras that burned the skies as they roared!

'It's a pity my Nascent Divinity still needs several months of nursing before I can completely spread my divine sense. Even if I send it out now, it's difficult for me to search in detail. Once my Nascent Divinity has nursed itself back to health, then I'll activate my divine sense again to search for my Poison Corpse, my puppet, and my crimson dragon with the connection I have with them. I won't let that old man in black go either. As long as he is still in the World of Nine Yin, then I'll definitely have a way to find him!

'But I didn't expect that there would still be Shamans in that valley. Perhaps I'll be able to find my answers over there.'

Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged towards the sky, rushing straight towards that valley.

Due to the disappearance of the tenth moon in the sky, the Shamans who had been staying in the valley within the one million li around the ruins of Shaman City had been living in a constant state of anxiety. Most of them were nervous because they did not know whether there would be new changes in the World of Nine Yin.

In a remote corner in the valley, the old man in black who has letting off a rotten stench shuddered. He slowly lowered his mangled right hand down from the center of his brows.

With a bitter look, he let out a long sigh.

During that instant, no one besides him had discovered a wave of divine sense sweeping past the area. If he had not been on constant alert and cast a Secret Art

despite his injuries during the instant that divine sense filled the area to completely wipe off his presence and existence and avoid being discovered, he would definitely have been noticed.

‘Destiny should be heading here...’ The old man in black brought out a small black bottle from his bosom, and after a moment of hesitation, put it away again. He did not open that bottle.

‘I still lack three medicinal herbs to make this medicinal core. If I eat it now, then I’ll only have a tenth of chance to break the Curse. If I fail, then I’ll lose my intelligence, and it’ll be no different from dying...

‘But with my Secret Art and based on what I could tell from the ripples in his divine sense just now, he shouldn’t be able to find me. If that’s the case, as long as I hide myself well, I should be able to avoid this encounter.’

The old man in black hesitated for a moment before he got up and retreated into his cave to sit down and circulate all his power to continue the activation of that Secret Art.

‘If it wasn’t because of this Curse, then I would have gone to him without even there being a need for him to come find me... As long as I have three more years, then I’ll be able to raise the possibility of breaking the Curse with this medicinal pill to a fifth!’ The old man in black shook his head and forced down the anxiety in his heart before immersing himself in meditation.

Almost the moment the old man began meditating, black clouds rushed towards the valley where the Shamans were. Within those black clouds were hundreds of murderous looking strange creatures with black wings!

They rapidly closed in on the valley and piercing shrieks filled the air. The expressions of all the Shamans who heard those shrieks instantly changed, and fear along with hatred filled their faces.

The appearance of those black clouds too immediately caused the Shamans in the valley to be on high alert. Most of the Shamans shrank back into their cave abodes, and all of them stared at those black clouds in the sky with anxiety.

Nan Gong Hen stood on a stone platform in the valley. Behind him were a dozen something people in ragged clothing. All of them were glaring at the sky.

"Sir, we’ve already made arrangements for our people to go into hiding. The protection Rune has also been activated to its full potential!"

"The Fiend Bow is completely drawn and ready to show its might at any moment!"

"The tunnel for the aura of death in the Spirit Medium's altar is activated. With what we have accumulated, we can release the power of the aura of death twice!"

"The tribesmen who are sacrificing their lives have also made preparations. They're willing to use their lives to continue keeping the protection Rune in operation!"

"It's been fifteen years..." Nan Gong Hen listened to the people behind him and looked at the strange creatures in the black clouds in the sky charging towards the valley swiftly and mumbled under his breath.

"It's been fifteen years since Shaman City was destroyed. We still have no news about reinforcements from the world outside. Fifteen years ago, we had nearly ten thousand people in the valley, and now, after all these continuous battles, we have less than a thousand of our people left..." he said bitterly.

"How many times does it make that the Sacred Bats have launched a hunt on us? We'll fight, even if we die!"

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 482 — Fated Kin (First Part) - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 482 — Fated Kin (First Part)

Chapter 482: Fated Kin (First Part)

In the valley where nearly one thousand Shamans stayed, there were now black clouds charging towards them. Hundreds of Sacred Bats with wings on their backs could be seen densely packed in the clouds. All of them looked vile and sharp teeth protruded from their mouths. A murderous red glare shone through their eyes and was so bright that it covered the sky and earth.

The Sacred Bats look incredibly terrifying. They were entirely black and were at least three times the size of a normal Shaman, looking to be nearly twenty feet tall. Their arms were thick and seemed as if they could rip apart a person.

They wore no clothes but were covered by fine feathers that looked like long robes. Almost every single one of them held a round-shaped blade in their hands. The blades were red, as if they had been dyed in fresh blood.

Roars reverberated in the air. Under the illumination of the moons in the sky, the Sacred Bats looked like murderous fiends that were getting closer to the valley of the Shamans.

Nan Gong Hen, whose hair on his temples had turned white, stood on the platform in the valley. He looked at the Sacred Bats closing in on them from the sky and asked in a low voice, "How is senior Tie Mu?"

After a period of silence, one of the dozen people standing beside Nan Gong Hen answered softly, "Senior Tie Mu is still in deep sleep... He's not showing any signs of waking up. He was injured too badly last time. We don't have enough medicine with us either, and even if he wakes up, his level of cultivation will fall greatly."

"What about senior Hei Ya?" Nan Gong Hen sighed and asked another question.

"We sent someone to ask for senior Hei Ya earlier, but for some reason, he suddenly went into isolation and refuses to see anyone. He even sealed his cave abode..."

As they spoke, the black clouds in the sky tumbled about furiously and descended upon them swiftly. At the same time, piercing shrieks tainted with excitement resounded in the air. Eight of the Sacred Bats charged down and straight towards the valley.

Those Sacred Bats were incredibly fast and looked as if they were about to close in on them. Nan Gong Hen stood on the platform and glared at them, killing intent shining in his eyes.

The dozen people behind him all reacted in the same manner. Some of them had even clenched their fists, their expressions dripping with venom. They were not the only ones acting that way. The Shamans hiding in the valley had all seen that sight, and it was a nightmare plaguing their dreams, but also a brutal reality that was happening right before their eyes.

The Sacred Bats were already less than two hundred feet away from the top of the valley after a moment. With excited shrieks, they charged forward, but right when they arrived a hundred feet away from the valley, a loud bang reverberated through the air, and an illusory screen of light emerged around the valley. At that moment, violent waves of ripples appeared on the screen of light, and the eight Sacred Bats crashed into it.

However, they were completely uninjured by it and were only forced a hundred something feet back.

"The Sacred Bats' battle strategy still hasn't changed at all. They're still trying to lure us to fight against them to turn us into their prey.

"Their physical bodies are now comparable to Berserkers who have reached the peak in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm... they're even stronger than the last time they came here. The next time they come, their physical bodies might already be comparable to a Berserker in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm," a thin, old, and wizened woman standing among the dozen something people behind Nan Gong Hen whispered with eyes that were filled with red.

"This time, even the normal members of their race who have joined the invasion have improved greatly. Then the physical strength of their Violet Thread ranked Sacred Bats should have already reached the Berserkers in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

As the old woman spoke, the screen of light in the valley that had bounced off the eight Sacred Bats started shining with a brilliant light. The light from started crisscrossing against each other in midair, turning into a gigantic web that charged towards the eight Sacred Bats, to trap all of them within.

Yet the moment that web closed in on them, one of the eight Sacred Bats placed his right hand before his chest and a string of complex and practically incomprehensible incantations spilled out of his mouth. As those incantations echoed around, the air behind the Sacred Air seemed to have been torn apart and a gigantic blood-red bat charged out.

That blood-red bat was several dozens of feet big, and when it shot out, it rushed straight towards the web with a roar. The instant they touched, the blood-red bat exploded and turned into several hundreds of red sparks that crashed straight into the web. The world rumbled, and the web instantaneously fell apart. The hundreds of red sparks seemed to contain life and started swimming in all directions, looking like several hundreds of crimson-red wandering souls.

"The strength of their divine abilities has also increased by quite a large margin. It's incredibly obvious compared to last time. Even the normal Sacred Bats now have power equivalent to mid Medial Shamans...

"If... no accidents happen and we don't offer up sacrifices, then the chances of us winning are one sixth, if we can maintain the screen of light... But the price for it is that three to five hundred of our people's lives will be sucked dry by the screen of light and they will die," the old woman said gravely, and there was a hint of sorrow in her voice.

Nan Gong Hen fell silent. All the people behind him also did not say a single word.

A dozen more figures charged out from the black clouds in the sky and rushed straight towards the screen of light with the other eight people from their race.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air.

In the valley there was an emptied spot in which was a gigantic Rune that was about several thousands of feet large. There were several Shamans that were sitting cross-legged within the Rune at that moment.

These Shamans were all thin and pale. As they sat within the Rune, their power was continuously sucked inside to become the source that would keep the Rune operating.

This Rune was not a static Rune. It continuously sparkled, and the frequency of those sparkles was directly proportionate to the rate of hits dealt to the screen of light. As the screen of light sparkled even more brightly, the thirty something Shamans shuddered, and some of them coughed out fresh blood. They looked on the verge of collapse, but before they could fall, someone around them would immediately come forth to carry them off, and someone else would take their place to continue keeping the Rune running.

The people who were carried off would immediately sit by the side and exercise their breathing without a single moment of delay to try and recover more strength.

However, there were some of the people who did not manage to be carried off in time. As the Rune continued shining and sucking away their life, these people started laughing brokenly and their bodies rapidly dried up. When they eventually turned into skeletons, they fell apart into dust and scattered into the air. All their life and aura had turned into power to maintain the Rune.

As time continued trickling by, the number of Sacred Bats who were ramming themselves against the screen of light in the sky beyond of valley had already increased to nearly a hundred. These Sacred Bats continuously crashed into the screen with strange screeches, causing the screen of light to let out creaking sounds as if it was already incredibly difficult for it to maintain its form and it would disintegrate at any moment.

"Sir, let's attack! Sixteen of our people have already died to the Rune!" someone from among the dozen people behind Nan Gong Hen said in agitation.

In silence, Nan Gong Hen shook his head with a pale face.

Rumbling sounds continuously echoed in all directions. After a moment, the number of Sacred Bats who were attacking the screen of light had increased to about a hundred fifty. When the Sacred Bats' screeches fell into the Shamans' ears, their hearts trembled.

"Wait a little longer. We only have one chance, we can't waste it..." Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth and whispered under his breath.

"Sir, forty-three of our people have already died maintaining the Rune. If this continues, then even more will fall."

Nan Gong Hen looked at the nearly two hundred Sacred Bats outside the screen of light, then at the black clouds above them, and clenched his jaw.

"Prepare the Fiend Bows!"

The instant he said those words, someone immediately moved out from the group standing behind him. A dozen something breaths, and nine men immediately walked out of some of the cave abodes in the valley.

These nine men were all Battle Shamans. They stood on the balconies connected to their cave abodes with their heads lifted towards the sky. Each of them held a large black bow in their hands.

Those bows were taller than an average human, and these nine men began drawing these bows slowly. The instant they drew those Fiend Bows fully, three Spirit Mediums, three Soul Catchers, and three Thought Soothsayers walked out from behind all of them.

The Spirit Mediums started chanting softly, and a dense wave of aura of death gathered from under the valley, charging straight towards the Fiend Bows that were being drawn by the nine Battle Shamans, turning into a faint arrow on each of the bows!

The Soul Catchers opened their eyes, and the strange power that belonged to Soul Catchers stirred in the air, as if their minds and souls were gathered on the arrows in the Fiend Bows, and would not disappear.

The Thought Soothsayers closed their eyes as if they fell into a trance. The instant they closed their eyes, a white glare instantly appeared in the nine Battle Shamans' furious eyes. It was as if they all had lost their souls at that instant, and their white eyes looked empty.

"Draw the Fiend Bows!" Nan Gong Hen roared, and the instant his voice reverberated through the valley, the nine Battle Shamans growled and drew their Fiend Bows a little more. Their shoulders and arms were torn, and as fresh blood poured down their arms, they continued pulling the strings until the Fiend Bows were fully drawn and then abruptly let go.

Humming sounds instantly echoed in the valley and reverberated between the sky and earth. At the same time, nine black dragons charged out from the valley at an extreme speed, piercing through the protective screen of light and closing in straight on the two hundred Sacred Bats just outside the screen of light.

Shrill screeches of pain instantly filled the area. The nine arrows were filled with a wave of madness and a force that would press on without stopping. The instant they pierced through nine of the Sacred Bats, they shot past their bodies without any decrease in power!

Booming sounds spread through the air, and all the Sacred Bats whose bodies were pierced through by those arrows exploded and turned into pieces of flesh and blood that splattered everywhere.

Each of the nine Fiend Arrows took at least three lives. When all the remaining power in the nine arrows was spent, they did not disappear but instead exploded. That explosion turned into a wave of aura of death that covered the entire screen of light in the sky.

"With the aura of death as a lure, we will release the power of the aura of death once!" Nan Gong Hen let out a huge shout, and the valley instantly trembled. Wisps of aura of death charged forth from the ground and gathered at the center of the valley, causing the valley to become obscured from view.

Several breaths later, there was an explosion. With a loud bang, all the aura of death within the valley surged out, crashing into the Sacred Bats in the sky like a gigantic pillar of air.

Chapter 483: Fated Kin (Second Part)

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and as they gradually disappeared, the black clouds in the sky disappeared, turning into scattered wisps of fog that spread in all directions. There were only less than a hundred of the Sacred Bats remaining from their previous force that numbered to two hundreds, and they were all retreating from the sky.

A large amount of flesh and blood filled the sky and fell from midair. The Shamans' Fiend Bows and the explosion from the aura of death could be said to be their final strength. It was also because of this power that they had been able to last for fifteen years in this place!

However, the price for this power was also incredibly great. Those Fiend Bows could only be used once, and it was not because the Enchanted treasure would become useless after that, but it was because there was no Battle Shaman who could draw that bow twice within a short period of time!

In truth, every single time they drew the bows, their tendons would be torn apart as a price. They needed to be treated right after that and they were people who would be given topmost priority in terms of protection, because they would have to serve the same important role in the next battle.

The powerful impact from the aura of death gathered through the beast bone altar could not be done by human means either, this sort of power could only be accumulated in time. Over the past fifteen years, Nan Gong Hen had only managed to gather enough power for five explosions.

They could only gather enough power for one explosion about every three years. Even though they only had enough for one more explosion, there was still far too much time for them to wait until the next three years passed.

"Send... the sacrifices..." Nan Gong Hen lowered his head, not wanting to see what would happen next. He knelt down on one knee and clenched his fists. The other people behind, too, knelt down with grief on their faces.

Almost at the same moment they knelt down, all the Shamans in the valley knelt down in sorrow and silence. They were going down on their knees for twenty of their Shaman brethren.

These twenty Shamans were all old men. Their bodies slowly flew into the sky and moved towards the screen of light. There was sentiment on their faces, but also faint smiles. They were lamenting over their fates, but smiling towards their kinsmen.

They had offered themselves willingly to become sacrifices, because they knew that they no longer had much time left. If their death could bring a period of peace for their people, then at least their deaths would be worthwhile.

When all the Shamans knelt down on the ground, filled with grief in their hearts, the twenty old men went through the screen of light and appeared outside the valley. They rushed towards the hundred something Sacred Bats that were still lingering around in the sky and had yet to leave.

The Sacred Bats screeched and flew towards them. A massacre unfolded right before everyone's eyes, and it was one that was met with no resistance from one side. There was only bloody death.

When all the Shamans saw this, their grief only became stronger in the midst of their silence.

When those twenty old men were slaughtered cruelly by the hundred or so Sacred Bats. The Sacred Bats spread their wings and flew into the distance.

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and red filled his eyes. During these fifteen years, they, who had fought against these Sacred Bats multiple times, knew that this particular race in the World of Nine Yin loved hunting. They would usually come in a large crowd, and if their hunt did not end in success, they would definitely not give up, and would only come in a larger crowd the next time.

That was why the Shamans would first kill off some of their numbers before they sent out these so called 'sacrifices' to satisfy the Sacred Bats' hunting lust. Only by doing so could they earn a period of peace.

If they offered these sacrifices without fighting, it would still be useless. Some casualties must appear on the Sacred Bats' side in accordance to the Sacred Bats' hunting ritual.

This was something Nan Gong Hen and the others knew clearly after being trapped here for fifteen years.

"In the end, we still gave up our tribesmen as sacrifices... We had a sixth chance to win, but the price was just too great..." the old woman behind Nan Gong Hen said in a whisper.

"Sixty-seven died keeping the Rune functioning, and when we add in the twenty who were willing to become sacrifices, eighty-seven of ours were lost this time."

"The Battle Shamans' Fiend Bows can only be drawn half a year later, and we already don't have enough medicinal herbs for healing. We need to arrange some men to risk themselves and go to Shaman City to search for medicine..."

"We can still use the altar's aura of death one more time."

When Nan Gong Hen heard the people giving him the reports of this battle, a lost look gradually appeared on his face. Fifteen years ago, he did not manage to escape during the change and was forced to stay here with his other tribesmen. They waited for others to come save them, and at that time, they numbered nearly ten thousand.

They had many Latter Shamans at that time, but through the numerous fights and battles, their numbers began decreasing, and in the end, they even had a dispute, and a part of their people left. Nan Gong Hen had no idea where these people went.

Gradually, due to his status, he became the leader of this place and was forced to watch his people die. Their future was clouded, and he did not know where he should lead them...

'Perhaps the people outside have already forgotten about us... Perhaps the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands has already happened, and the world outside has been turned upside down. No one remembers any longer that we are still in the World of Nine Yin.

'Perhaps we will never be able to leave this place and can only die in battle... Just where... is our future?' Nan Gong Hen's face was worn out. He sighed in his heart. However, when he looked towards the sky in his daze, his expression suddenly changed drastically.

The dozen something people behind him also experienced a change in their expressions. In fact, panic and shock appeared on quite a number of Shamans in the valley the instant they looked into the sky.

With his own eyes, Nan Gong Hen saw black fog that was much bigger than those black clouds from a few moments ago, and it was rolling towards them like waves. The Sacred Bats that would occasionally reveal themselves from the fog were a startling sight!

By the looks of it, they numbered to nearly a thousand!

And they were heading straight for this valley!

"I see Violet Thread Sacred Bats. There're... a lot of them. This has never happened before. When we defeated a batch in the past, they would spend at least half a year before they came to hunt us once again!

"There're definitely Golden Thread Sacred Bats around if there are so many Violet Thread Sacred Bats here. The chances of us winning this battle are practically zero. Even if we have all our tribesmen go and keep the Rune running, we won't be able to last for long!

"Have all our people activate the protection Rune. Get the power of the aura of death ready. Have the backup Battle Shamans for the Fiend Bows on standby. Even if they die, they have to draw the Fiend Bows!

"It'll be great if they're just passing by. If they aren't... Tell all the tribe members... that it's time for the final battle. We've waited for fifteen years, and the moment deciding whether we live or die is finally here!" Nan Gong Hen growled with a grim look on his face.

When Nan Gong Hen said those words, someone immediately went off to deliver his message. Resolute looks appeared on the Shamans on the Rune in the valley. They sat down cross-legged and began offering up all their strength.

All the Shamans stood at the edge of their cave abodes in silence. They looked at the sky, wiped their weapons, circulated their power, and determination shone on their faces!

The children who were born during these fifteen years sat within their mothers' embraces while looking outside at their fathers. Their innocent eyes were filled with fear, but the willingness to die together could be seen shining through that fear even more so.

There were also quite a number of old men who stood outside their cave abodes. Their ancient faces were filled with marks of time, and as they looked at the sky, they became ready to use their deaths in exchange for honor.

All the Shamans looked towards the sky, watching the black fog rolling violently in the sky as they tried to determine whether they were just passing by or whether they were indeed really heading towards the valley.

The instant that black fog stopped above the valley, all the Shamans who saw this scene knew the answer immediately. The time for the final battle was nigh!

Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth. Madness burned in his eyes. When he saw the layer of black fog stopping outside the valley, suddenly, hundreds of screeching Sacred Bats shot down as if that fog had just exploded and they were thrown out by that explosion. The moment these Sacred Bats charged out, Nan Gong Hen let out a low roar.

He charged out swiftly, and right behind him were his dozen something followers.

"If we fight, we die. If we don't fight, we will still die. But if we fight, at least we'll die without regrets!

"We've waited for fifteen years, and we still have yet to receive any news about reinforcements from the world outside. They might have forgotten about us already, or they might have given up on us. If that is the case, then where is our future? It's in our hands!

"We can't wait anymore! We'll put up a spectacular fight, and if we're lucky enough to pull through and win, then we will no longer be Shamans. We will be our own race! We will control our own fate and pursue our own future. If the outsiders won't save us, then we will save ourselves. From now on, we are Fated Kin!" Nan Gong Hen lifted his right hand and seized at the air. Immediately, a long spear materialized in his hand and he wrapped his hand around it.

"Fated Kin!"

"From now on, we are no longer Shamans! We're Fated Kin!" Low roars, filled with madness, shot out of the mouths of each and every single one of the Shamans' mouths in the valley.

"Prepare the aura of death!"

As Nan Gong Hen roared, the aura of death from the entire valley gathered up once again and turned into a great power to charge upwards. It shot through the protective screen of light and crashed into the incoming Sacred Bats. At the instant the booming surged into the sky and reverberated through the air, Nan Gong Hen shouted, "Fated Kin, kill them!"

Shadows of people abruptly rose from the valley, followed by a roaring. This uprisal was like a revolt from a whole race. It was a struggle filled with madness, shouts filled with the unwillingness to admit defeat, and a release of those that had thrown all caution into

the wind after fifteen years of waiting, of living in oppression, and of having death constantly loom over their heads!

Besides the Shamans who were still keeping the Rune running by sending out their power as they sat to protect the children in the valley, more than five hundred Shamans rushed out of the valley and clashed against the Sacred Bats who were attacked by the aura of death!

"You people think too highly of yourselves!"

A cold harrumph echoed from the sky, and as the black fog spread out, ten Sacred Bats with a distinct violet line at the center of their brows flew out. Right behind them was a gigantic Sacred Bat of fifty feet with a golden thread at the center of his brows!

With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand and pressed downward. The aura of death that was attacking his kind immediately froze and exploded, spreading in all directions, its power to instantly disappear.

"Our sacred ancestor is on the verge of waking up. We will kill all the outsiders in this land and offer them as sacrifices. The Nine Sacred Altar here is ours now!"

Many Sacred Bats screeched excitedly and charged towards the Shamans!

Right at that moment, in the sky not too far away from the valley was Su Ming strolling casually over with a calm expression on his face. The small snake on his shoulders lifted its head, stared in the direction ahead, and let out a hiss.

Su Ming frowned. He took another step, and his speed instantly increased explosively, stirring up a piercing sound as he sliced through the air in his wake.

Chapter 484: I am also an Outsider!

This was a crazed battle. Compared to the Shamans who had always been low on medicinal herbs during the past fifteen years, who had been at a loss for what they should do, and who did not know where their future lay, the Sacred Bats were all incredibly powerful.

During these fifteen years, too many of the Shamans' own had died as they fought against these Sacred Bats. Most of their powerful warriors had already fallen, and the only ones who were left were the old and the young. They did not have much power to form their core battle strength.

The wearing down of willpower had also caused fear to root itself deeply within the Shamans' hearts towards the races residing in the World of Nine Yin, especially a Golden Thread Sacred Bats that had appeared this time. This was the second time during these past fifteen years that a Golden Thread Sacred Bat had appeared, but it was clear that the current one was much stronger than the one around ten years ago.

Nan Gong Hen's words and actions only managed to stir up the Shamans' ardor for a moment. Once the slaughter started, this energy did not manage to last long.

Shrill screams of pain filled the air. In the face of the tall Sacred Bats, the Shamans could only resist in vain. Even if they struggled and fought back, the Sacred Bats had bodies that were as sturdy as a Berserker's and had divine abilities that surpassed the might of the Shamans. Their numbers were great as well, and to the Shamans, this battle could only end in devastation and nothing else.

It was especially so since the dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats possessed a power equivalent to a Latter Shaman and the body that was as sturdy and powerful as a Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm. Wherever they went to, cruel laughter would reverberate in the air, and all the Shamans who tried to block their paths would be torn apart alive.

These bats did not even cast any divine abilities. Their strong arms were enough to replace everything. The Shamans' heads were separated from their bodies, their limbs torn off, and their flesh and blood gushed everywhere, turning into a picture that would last for eternity in the sky.

Nan Gong Hen coughed out a mouthful of blood, and with a low growl, the long spear in his hand pierced through the center of one of the Sacred Bats' brows. He lifted his left hand, and with a swing, a large amount of aura of death immediately gathered together, turning into a vortex around him. A large amount of dead souls appeared from within the vortex and charged into the area.

He was a Spirit Medium, but even if he was one, and even if most Spirit Mediums pitied the dead and were cold towards the living, this was different for Nan Gong Hen. Even becoming a Spirit Medium could not suppress his boisterous nature, and this was the key reason why he could not become a Latter Shaman.

As his tribesmen died continuously behind him and their numbers decreased rapidly, as the booming sounds that came from self-destruction reverberated in the air, the intensity of this massacre reached its peak.

Those who self-destructed were the old tribesmen. The destruction they caused before their deaths served as a driving force for all the Shamans.

"Fight, even if we die!" Nan Gong Hen roared.

"Fight for ourselves! Fight for our people! Change our own fate in this battle! In the midst of our madness, seize our future!"

All the Shamans' eyes were already filled with red. If a single one of them could not handle these Sacred Bats, then two of them would fight together, and if two were not enough, three would fight together!

Yet even so, in this situation where the Sacred Bats' numbers were no less than the Shamans', and the number of deaths among the Shamans continued rising, blood filled the air and earth. Shrill cries of pain echoed around.

Nan Gong Hen, to his right, saw another one of his tribesmen's heads ripped off its neck. Blood gushed out from the wound, and even a few drops fell on Nan Gong Hen's face.

It was just a brief clash, and there were already fewer than three of the Shamans left from the five hundred they had in the beginning. They could no longer rush forward and were continuously forced backwards as the Sacred Bats descended on them oppressively from the sky. They continued moving back until they stood next to the protective screen of light.

Nan Gong Hen was filled with despair. He watched his tribesmen die, watched the faces that had grown familiar to him during the fifteen years shattering right before his eyes, watched all of this, and could do nothing to change it.

However, when they were forced back to the side of the screen, suddenly, a gigantic hand appeared in the sky, and with an astonishing speed, charged towards Nan Gong Hen and the other Shamans.

From the distance, that palm looked monstrously huge. It was several thousands of feet big, and as it descended on them, rumbling sounds spread through the air. Right on top of the palm was the Sacred Bat with the golden thread in the center of his brows. He had his right hand lifted and was pressing downwards slowly. Disdain and contempt appeared at the corners of his lips in the form of a sneer. To him, these outsiders were all so weak they could not even put up a fight!

With a roar, veins popped up on Nan Gong Hen's face. All his tribesmen behind him started circulating all their power in a frenzy to fight against that huge palm!

Their deaths were of secondary concern, because if they could not resist this, then it was going to be difficult for the protective light screen to endure it. And once that protective light screen shattered, the children in the valley and all their injured tribesmen would have to go through a brutal genocide where they could absolutely not fight back!

The hand was already less than five hundred feet away, when a roar shot forth from the valley. Right before everyone's eyes, an old man with a pale face and a head full of

white hair shot out from the valley. He traveled so quickly that he pierced through the screen of light in the blink of an eye, passed by Nan Gong Hen and the rest, and stopped right above them, alone against that hand. He lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, and rammed it against the gigantic hand pressing downwards.

"Senior Tie Mu!"

"It's senior Tie Mu!"

Cries filled with cheer spread out from the crowd. That old man was the person who had been injured during the previous battle and had been in a coma since then because he could not heal properly - Tie Mu!

When such a crisis fell upon the entire valley, he woke up, and without care for himself, he attacked. The instant his fist came into contact with that gigantic palm, Tie Mu coughed out a large mouthful of blood. Blood mist burst forth from his entire body, and like a kite with a broken thread, he was sent tumbling back.

"Is this the most powerful force from the outsiders in this place? So weak, you cannot even put up a fight... All of you outsiders, die!"

An indifferent voice traveled forth from the sky, and the Sacred Bats started floating in the air all around the valley, their faces filled with only scorn. The dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats mostly laughed coldly as they looked at the scene beneath them.

The person who said those words was the Golden Thread Sacred Bat that had brought forth that gigantic palm from the highest point in the sky.

Nan Gong Hen sank into despair. He immediately went up to support Tie Mu. Tie Mu's face was already bloodless and his eyes were shut tight. He was injured heavily to begin with, and after forcing himself to attack, he was injured badly once again. At that moment, his life was in peril.

The gigantic hand rushed towards them with loud, booming sounds. Right when it was about to touch Nan Gong Hen and the others, Nan Gong Hen let out a roar, and all the Shamans retreated into the screen of light. Then, right before their eyes, they watched that palm crash into the screen of light. A huge rumble that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air, and the screen of light exploded, turning into numerous shards that scattered in all directions.

At that moment, the entire valley no longer had any form of protection!

After the gigantic hand shattered the screen of light, it did not disappear. Instead, it pressed down against all the Shamans in the valley in a manner that screamed with the intention of destroying everything!

The mountain crumbled. A large amount of shattered stones fell down and turned into dust. Because the ground could not withstand the power of that strike, cracks formed, as if the land was about to shatter.

There were no corpses within the Rune in the valley, only layers upon layers of ashes. During that moment just now, all the people crumbled into ashes as the Rune disintegrated.

As the stones shattered and fell from the mountains, the children hugged their mothers in fear within the trembling cave abodes. They closed their eyes and waited for death to take them.

Nan Gong Hen laughed brokenly, then lifted his head to look at the hand, and despair appeared on his face.

"There, that is our future... So be it, let us all die..."

Right at that moment, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's indifferent voice was still echoing all around the area, and the disdain in his words was as plain as day.

"... All outsiders, die!"

Yet right at the instant the gigantic palm was less than three hundred feet away from Nan Gong Hen and the others, at the point where all of them fell into despair—

A similarly aloof voice traveled forth like a thunderclap between the sky and earth, with a force that overwhelmed that of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat!

"I..." That was the first word from that voice. As that word traveled forth, all the Sacred Bats in the sky felt a violent gust of wind charging towards them from the distance. The strength of that wind was like a furious roar of heaven itself, and it actually managed to push them back against their will.

"Am..." This was the second word. When that first word traveled forth, it gave the others the impression that it was still far away, but when the second word reached them, they had a feeling as if the word was said right beside their ears. It was like a huge clap of thunder roaring in the sky, causing all the Sacred Bats who heard it to feel booming sounds going off in their heads and souls.

With an indescribable speed, a flash of golden light appeared within the valley, and right under that gigantic palm, that golden light turned into a person. His face could not be seen clearly, the only thing in sight being him lifting his right hand and stretching out a finger. Then, seemingly casually, he tapped at the center of that gigantic palm.

"Also..." This was the third word. It was calm, but it gave others the impression that it held some sort of universal law within that replaced all the sounds in the area!

That person was incredibly tiny compared to the palm, but the instant his finger touched that gigantic hand, an astonishing boom reverberated violently in the air and spread in several hundreds of li. A huge wave of impact also spread out in all directions as the boom echoed in the air, and it traveled forth like a violent gust of wind, like raging waves sweeping through the sea.

As the booming sound echoed in the air, the gigantic hand trembled and started cracking up inch by inch, exploding eventually, turning into a wave of impact that was sent charging backwards into the sky.

"... An outsider!" The two final words in the sentence were uttered slowly as that hand crumbled apart and was sent reeling backwards.

At that moment, as violent gusts of wind blew around the area with furious howls, the figure stood in midair. His long hair danced in the wind and his robes were as white as snow. He was a handsome man, and there was a diamond-shaped brand at the center of his brows. On his shoulders was a small snake who had its head lifted and was hissing with its forked tongue out of its mouth at that moment. The man stood there, and he seized everyone's attention onto himself!

His gaze was profound, as if it contained all of heaven. Waves of golden light spread from all over his body, causing him to look as if he was wearing a layer of golden armor!

Apart from that profound gaze, there was also a look within his eyes that would strike fear in other people's hearts, and all the Sacred Bats who came into contact with that gaze felt booming sounds going off in their minds. It was as if with just one glance into his eyes, their bodies would disintegrate.

This was a form strength, a strength that surpassed all forms of power in this place!

Chapter 485: Mo Su!

This was a form of might. A might that could cause the palm from before to fall apart with just one finger, could make this entire massacre freeze right in its place with just one sentence, could strike all these Sacred Bats dumb with shock!

"I am also an outsider." Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the Sacred Bats in the sky, as well as the Golden Thread Sacred Bat whose expression had changed drastically as he stood at the highest point in the sky.

The blood and massacres in this place made Su Ming's expression turn dark. If he came a little later, then perhaps there would be no survivors in this place. If that truly

happened, then he would need to think of some other way to obtain the answers he wanted.

Besides... Even though the people who died were Shamans, these Shamans looked too much like Berserkers. Their cultivation methods and skills might be different, but they were still people. These things in the sky, however, had wings of a bat growing off their backs and were obviously some other race that belonged to this place.

They looked incredibly strange, but to Su Ming, they felt somewhat similar to Wings of the Moon.

As the Sacred Bats' expressions changed swiftly, Su Ming let loose a cold harrumph and took a step towards the sky. The Golden Thread Sacred Bat in the sky cried out shrilly right at that moment.

As he roared, expressions of madness and ferociousness appeared on the faces of the other Sacred Bats around it. They rushed straight towards Su Ming, and those dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats were the ones leading the charge.

Su Ming's expression remained as dark as ever. Golden light shone on his entire body, and he did not even bother executing any sort of divine ability. Instead, he lifted his right hand, clenched it, and hurled his fist straight ahead!

As of then, a sixth of his bones had turned into Berserker Bones, and Su Ming only had a rough estimation of his power. He had yet to have any sort of comparison for him to arrive at a specific idea of how strong he was at the moment. That was why these Sacred Bats had turned into a great way for him to gauge his strength in his eyes.

The punch landed on thin air, and a loud rumble instantly rang through the entire world. The golden light on Su Ming's body abruptly grew brighter, up to a blinding degree. It was as if he had turned into the sun. At the instant he hurled his fist forward, a crack appeared in the air before turning into a huge black vortex. That vortex rushed forward, and all the Sacred Bats who came into contact with that vortex would cry out shrilly as their bodies were sucked in, and as they screamed, they were grounded to powder and disintegrated into nothing.

Su Ming took a step forward. The instant his foot landed, the world shook, and a crack appeared in the air, as if it could not withstand the might of that one step. As that crack spread outwards with a huge rumble, the dozen something Violet Thread Sacred Bats closed in on him.

Su Ming did not dodge. With his right index finger, he sliced through the air before him. One of the Violet Thread Sacred Bats roared and pushed down on his finger with his right hand, thinking of using its powerful, raw physical strength to resist that attack. Then, with his left hand shaped in the form of a claw, he swiped against Su Ming's chest.

He was already prepared to have half his body fall apart. In his mind, even if half of his body was destroyed, it would not matter as long as he got to injure this person. However, he did not expect to feel an indescribable power erupting from his right hand at the instant it came into contact with Su Ming's finger. In the span of a breath, he lost his consciousness and fell into eternal slumber.

In other people's eyes, that Violet Thread Sacred Bat's body exploded when Su Ming pointed at him, turning into a large amount of bits and pieces that tumbled backwards, as if the power contained within Su Ming's finger could destroy the sky and earth.

He killed a Violet Thread Sacred Bat with just one finger. This did not happen over a long span of time and was over in an instant, and it was so quick that it made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's pupils shrink. This brought out a loud cheer from the Shamans underneath when they saw it.

However, right at the moment that cheer shot into the air, it immediately died down, because the Shamans underneath saw the other Violet Thread Sacred Bats closing in on that golden figure. All of them struck at the same time, and all their attacks landed squarely on that golden figure.

Su Ming did not dodge and simply allowed the Violet Thread Sacred Bats' attacks to land on him. Those Violet Thread Sacred Bats all looked incredibly ferocious, and crazed murderous intent could be seen on their faces, but all of them froze in an instant.

"Too weak."

Su Ming shook his head. As of then, his body had already become so powerful that he could barely feel these attacks. The only effect was that his Qi churned, slightly. He took a deep breath, and all the power from his Berserker Bones burst outwards. This was his power in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and it was also the strongest power he held within his physical body at the moment!

At the instant that power erupted forth, the golden light from within Su Ming covered an area of one thousand feet. Booming sounds and cries of pain filled the air, and the Violet Thread Sacred Bats who attacked Su Ming just now coughed out fresh blood before they fell backwards. Their bodies started crumbling.

As calm as ever, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized at the air. Immediately, one of those Violet Thread Sacred Bats who was falling backwards rushed towards Su Ming against his will. Su Ming grabbed his throat, squeezed it lightly, and with a bang coming forth from the bat's entire body, that Sacred Bat immediately fell to the side and died.

"So weak. You cannot even put up a fight."

Su Ming let go of his hand, and as that Violet Thread Sacred Bat's body fell to the ground, he lifted his head, with a face as dark as night, to look at the Golden Thread

Sacred Bat standing at the highest point in the sky. His words right at that moment were the exact same ones as the words delivered by the Golden Thread Sacred Bat to Fated Kin earlier. He was simply returning them right back to that creature.

The hundreds of Sacred Bats who originally wanted to charge forth all moved back with shock and intense horror on their faces. Not a single one of them dared move even half a step forward.

"Who are you?!" the Golden Thread Sacred Bat demanded darkly.

Su Ming might be looking at him with his head lifted as he stood underneath, but it made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat feel as if Su Ming was looking down on him. It made him feel shocked to the core, because the other's appearance and that astonishing presence he exuded, as well as the swift kills he delivered made the Golden Thread Shaman Bat feel as if he was about to suffocate.

One of the reasons why he brought so many of his kind to the valley where the Shamans' stayed this time was because they wanted to occupy the altar.

However, they could have occupied that altar anytime they wanted. It could have been earlier, or later, but since this spot was the intersecting point between the three races and they made a promise with the Spirits of Nine Yin in the past, they had to let a handful of the Shamans survive.

That was why the Shamans could remain till this day. If no accidents had happened, the Shamans would have continued weakening. They would not be eradicated within a short period of time, but they would slowly be enslaved and turned into prey.

There was a very great reason as to why he chose to come at this point of time.

This reason was due to the disappearance of the tenth moon.

At the same moment the tenth moon disappeared, the only four Golden Thread Sacred Bats among their entire race felt their sacred ancestor's call simultaneously.

His will was clearly delivered within that call, and it was a desire for an offering made of the blood and soul of outsiders!

Perhaps that desire was aimed towards one person, perhaps it was aimed towards an entire race. The instructions were rather unclear, but it was the reason behind the massacre just now.

All the souls of those who died just now had been secretly taken away by the Sacred Bats, and it was the same for the blood and flesh they spilled as well.

However, with Su Ming's appearance and the sudden change in this entire massacre, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could not help but experience a drastic change in his expression. He had a vague feeling that perhaps his sacred ancestor did not want all the outsiders as an offering, just an incredibly powerful warrior from among them!

With a composed expression, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with that Golden Thread Sacred Bat, but instead turned around and looked at the hundreds of Shamans who were staring at him blankly. His gaze swept past all these people and eventually landed on Nan Gong Hen.

All the eyes of the Shamans who met his gaze were filled with feverish zeal. They lowered their heads in respect. They might not know why Su Ming came to them, but his appearance had saved them from danger. They were filled with gratitude towards him for attacking those Sacred Bats.

Nan Gong Hen was the same. The moment Su Ming looked towards him, he immediately wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed respectfully towards him.

"I am Nan Gong, member of Fated Kin. Greetings, senior. Thank you for saving my people from danger."

"Fated Kin? Brother Nan Gong, it's been a long while. Who would have thought it would feel as if so much had happened when we meet again after so many years?" Su Ming said languidly, feeling rather sentimental.

"Senior, you are..." When Nan Gong Hen heard Su Ming's words, he was completely stunned. With wide eyes, he looked at Su Ming closely. Gradually, the confusion on his face was replaced by doubt, then that doubt turned into uncertainty, and eventually, his expression changed completely into one of disbelief.

"Mo Su... You... You're Mo Su!" Nan Gong Hen was completely baffled. A huge storm raged in his heart, and he cried out in disbelief.

When he saw Su Ming in the past, he had been wearing a mask. Now, there was no mask on Su Ming's face and he was showing how he really looked like to the world, but Su Ming's voice, his words, and everything else was like a bolt of lightning flashing in Nan Gong Hen's head.

"I should have guessed. When you left the treasure gambling event with the two children in the past, you should have gone to the Candle Dragon's burial ground. You disappeared after that, and the tenth moon appeared in the sky..." Nan Gong Hen's head buzzed noisily as he mumbled under his breath.

"Mo Su? He's Mo Su?! I remember that name. I was there during the treasure gambling event as well, and I still can't forget those miraculous scenes that happened during that time!

"But he... How did he become so strong?!"

"I remember now. This person actually managed to keep up with senior Tie Mu's attacks in the past, and he was just a Medial Shaman at that time. Now... Now, he became so strong..."

A commotion rose among the hundreds of Shamans. Su Ming's appearance and his identity caused them to sink into disbelief. It was difficult to associate the figure in the past with the person before them right then.

Su Ming smiled faintly. When he saw Nan Gong Hen, he was moved deeply, but at the same time, he also learned that time did indeed pass differently in the Undying and Imperishable World compared to the world outside. Not much time should have gone by since then.

Or else, those thousands of years that had seemed like a dream would have caused the outside world to change greatly, and Nan Gong Hen would have also been reduced to a skeleton a long time ago.

"Mo Su! Very well. We won't let what happened today end so easily. We'll meet again in the future!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat gritted his teeth, and flapping his wings, he charged into the distance.

"Let's go!" As he spoke, all the Sacred Bats around breathed a sigh of relief in their hearts. Coming face-to-face with the terror of Su Ming's might had left them trembling with fear. They flapped their wings rapidly, but just as they were about to leave the place...

"Are you leaving just like that?" Su Ming turned around and glared coldly at the Sacred Bats who were just about to leave.

Note: Wings of the Moon: The creatures serving Su Ming after he started practicing Fire Berserker Arts. They later on fused with He Feng, who turned traitor and ran away.

Chapter 486: Fiend Bow!

"What now?! Are you actually not letting us go?!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat turned around swiftly and glared at Su Ming from midair. His voice was ghastly and held a slightly sharp edge.

"This is the World of Nine Sanctities, and we Sacred Bats are one of the sacred races. You Shamans only number to hundreds, do you really want to be destroyed! And you,

even if you have extraordinary power, you've already offended us, so you will definitely die!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's voice was dark, but Su Ming could tell with just one glance that he was just putting up a tough act.

As that Golden Thread Sacred Bat spoke with that piercing voice, the other Sacred Bats around him put on ferocious looks once again. Red filled their eyes as they glared at Su Ming. They might be afraid, but at that moment, they had to put up such an appearance.

"Senior... Senior Mo, just let them go..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment before he whispered to Su Ming.

Su Ming cast a look at Nan Gong Hen. Since the people here did not want to engage in more fights, then as an outsider, it was only natural that he did not meddle too much. Once he asked about the things he wanted to know, then Su Ming would set off to do what he wanted to do. He would not stay here for long.

"At least you Shamans know your place!" The Golden Thread Sacred Bat let out a sigh of relief within, but he still let out a cold harrumph while appearing as fierce as ever. He was certain that these Shamans would not dare provoke them too much, but he was incredibly worried about this Mo Su who was extremely terrifying in his eyes. He was just about to leave swiftly...

But right at that moment, the originally unconscious Tie Mu struggled to open his eyes. Supported by his tribesmen, he spoke to Su Ming hoarsely.

"Don't let them go! How can we let them go when they've killed so many of our people! If it wasn't because of your presence here, we would have been wiped off! Our entire race would have died... They have brought too much grief and resentment to us! We have to take revenge!"

"But..." Nan Gong Hen hesitated for a moment.

"But what?! If we let them go, will they be grateful to us? Are they going to stop coming after our lives?! Are they going to stop hunting us as if we're prey?! Nan Gong Hen, you imbecile!"

"Brother Mo, I beg of you, please attack them. Don't let a single one of these Sacred Bats leave! Kill every single one of them!"

Tie Mu struggled to move his mouth. In his agitation and rage, he coughed out a large mouthful of blood, only managing to not fall unconscious again after clenching his jaw tightly. His ragged breathing turned his originally old face even older, and he now looked like an oil lamp that might extinguish at any moment.

"As long as you help us, then we will listen and fulfill all your requests. We will even acknowledge you as our master!"

A faint, red flush had appeared on Tie Mu's face, and it was clearly the sign that this was the last ounce of his strength, just like the last burst of light from an oil lamp that was about to go off.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's expression changed drastically in the sky, and without even a hint of hesitation, he quickly ran off, not even bothering with the kinsmen around him.

"As you wish, but you don't have to acknowledge me as your master."

Su Ming cast a glance at Tie Mu. The things that happened between him and this old man appeared in his head. These memories were originally rather clouded, but as of then, they were gradually getting clearer.

This old man was already at the last vestiges of his life and would not be able to last long. Even if they had a miracle cure with them right at that moment, it would still be difficult for them to preserve his life, unless he could be like Su Ming and obtained a serendipity given by the Candle Dragon.

Su Ming sighed, then averted his gaze to look at the valley around him. He lifted his right hand and seized at the air, and immediately, one of the Fiend Bows flew out from the hands of the Battle Shaman standing outside his cave abode. Su Ming caught it in his hands.

With the black Fiend Bow in his hands, he took a step in midair. When he was in the sky, he looked at the hundreds of Sacred Bats scattering and fleeing. His gaze gradually turned cold, and with his left hand holding the bow, he lifted his right hand to pull the bowstring. With a hum, the Fiend Bow that could only be used by Battle Shamans was fully drawn.

As the bow was drawn, wisps of golden light spread out from Su Ming's body and gathered into a golden arrow. The instant Su Ming's right hand released the bowstring, golden light shot out and stirred up a wave of ripples that shook the sky. The arrow charged into the distance as if slicing through the entire sky. With a loud bang, the arrow shot through several Sacred Bats, and they died, shattered.

Su Ming did not stop. He drew the Fiend Bow once again, and immediately the attention of all those around him, especially the Battle Shamans, filled with feverish zeal as they looked at him.

After all, Battle Shamans could only draw these Fiend Bows once, and if they wanted to draw that bow twice within a short span of time, they would have to pay a devastating price.

However, Su Ming was drawing that bow twice in a row, and there was not a single pause during the entire process. From this alone, it was clear that the strength of his physical body had already surpassed the Battle Shamans here by several fold.

The second arrow, the third, the fourth, the fifth...

Su Ming stood in the sky and continued drawing that bowstring, doing it so quickly that eventually, he was practically already drawing the bow right after letting go of the bowstring. Buzzing sounds sliced through the air, and booming sounds filled the sky and earth. A large amount of ripples charged through the sky.

Each arrow that was fired would stir up a loud bang, and several Sacred Bats would die as they screamed in pain. It did not matter how quickly they escaped and how far they were from Su Ming at that moment. The arrows would rush towards them to take their lives, to destroy them one by one with a presence that shook the skies.

In the span of thirty breaths, Su Ming fired around ninety arrows, causing the sky to distort and those booming sounds that lingered in the air to overlap with each and create a sound so loud it was deafening. It also made the Sacred Bats who had already escaped far in the distance feel their hearts quake in fear; they looked as if they were scared out of their wits. To them, the span of these thirty breaths was akin to hell, and one where they had turned into prey!

Every single time the sharp whistle came from behind them, one of their kind would die while screaming shrilly, and every single time the buzzing sounds echoed in the air, there would be a high chance that it would be the last sound they would ever hear in their lives.

This extreme terror was enough to make anyone's soul and mind completely shatter. In the span of thirty breaths, the bats' numbers were reduced to less than twenty from their initial hundreds, and they had all been fleeing!

This terror made the remaining Sacred Bats let out piercing shrieks of fear as they trembled. Then, in their desperation, they started fleeing madly with the fastest speed they could muster.

When Su Ming drew the Fiend Bow once again, it snapped in two with a bang. Su Ming's continual usage had actually become too much for it and it shattered!

The Shamans who were looking at Su Ming all had their mouths hanging open in shock. They knew very clearly just how powerful the Fiend Bows were, and the more they knew, the more shocked they were by what they saw.

It was especially so for the Battle Shamans. They were struck completely dumb, because they simply could not imagine just what sort of power a person would need to make a Fiend Bow shatter from inability to withstand continuously being drawn.

Su Ming tossed away the broken Fiend Bow and took a step forward. With that one step alone, he disappeared. This sort of disappearance was not because he was traveling so quickly that people could not see his movements clearly, he had truly disappeared. This was... warping!

The instant Su Ming disappeared, he reappeared in the distance, right before one of the Sacred Bats. That Sacred Bat had not even noticed the arrival. In fact, before Su Ming's reflection could enter his pupils, Su Ming had already left.

The moment he left, the Sacred Bat charged another several dozens of feet forward before he opened his mouth, and as confusion appeared in his eyes, a bloody hole emerged at the center of his brows, and he plummeted straight down to the ground.

The same scene happened in succession in the sky. Most of the Sacred Bats spread in the area met the same fate. Before they even noticed it, their lives had already been taken away.

One of the Violet Thread Sacred Bats had actually managed to detect Su Ming appearing before him, but he could not dodge his aloof tap of a finger at the center of his brows.

To that Violet Thread Sacred Bat, that finger felt as if it was the law of the universe. When it appeared, it gave the Sacred Bat a feeling as if he could not escape his fate. Then his vision darkened and his head exploded with a bang.

Su Ming pulled his finger back. This particular jab did not have a name. It was a killing move that he had polished after going through countless incarnations and an endless amount of years in the Undying and Imperishable World.

That jab contained the fusions contained within the Undying and Imperishable World. It might not be Su Ming's fusion between the past and future, but the concept of binary opposites was still contained within it!

At that moment, there were only two Sacred Bats who were fleeing madly in the world. One of them was the Golden Thread Sacred Bat. The other was a Violet Thread Sacred Bat that had cast some sort of mysterious Art, allowing his speed as he fled to be almost on par with the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's despite the fact that he was injured.

These two people were fleeing in two different directions, and they were incredibly far from each other. When Su Ming looked over, only two small dots remained of them, and they were becoming increasingly indistinct.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the small snake which had its head lifted on his shoulders. When a finger pointed at the Violet Thread Sacred Bat in the distance, the small snake immediately shout out like lightning from Su Ming's shoulders with a hiss, charging straight towards that unfortunate creature.

As for Su Ming, he stared at that Golden Thread Sacred Bat with a hint of curiosity in his eyes. In truth, even if Tie Mu had not woken up and even if Nan Gong Hen had suggested that he did not completely kill these Sacred Bats, Su Ming would have still followed them in secret.

'These Sacred Bats look incredibly similar to the Wings of the Moon... Could it be that there is some form of connection between them? I also saw that dead person mentioning the third God of Berserkers when I was in the Candle Dragon's body... The Wings of the Moon were transformed from Fire Berserkers, and in my memories, the Fire Berserkers were destroyed by the God of Berserkers.

'I wonder if there is some sort of connection here.' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he disappeared from the spot.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face remained as dark as thunderclouds in the sky, and there was fear as well as wariness in his eyes. He could sense that all his kinsmen had died. Once again, he was struck by a strong sensation of how terrifying this Mo Su was.

'Damn it, why did I run into such a terrifying existence? His physical strength alone can allow him to endure the brunt of a dozen something attacks from Violet Threads. This sort of power has already far surpassed what I can withstand!

'Even the Chief Elder would have difficulty doing this! Just what sort of skills did he practice? How did he actually manage to do this?!

'His name is Mo Su. Judging from the Shamans' reactions, they are incredibly familiar with this person, and most of them were shocked. If that is the case, then this person wasn't this powerful in their memories. Just what sort of serendipity did he receive in the World of Nine Sanctities that turned him into such a terrifying existence?!

'The tenth moon... Could it be?'

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat sucked in a sharp breath when he thought of a possibility. In his mind, the memory of a crack appearing in the tenth moon in the sky a month ago surfaced in his mind, and he remembered just how that crack looked - as if there was someone who was trying to rip it apart from within.

When the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's thought of that, his expression changed drastically.

Chapter 487: Worshipping the Moon?

'Could it be that he's the reason behind the Candle Dragon bringing out the Undying and Imperishable World and causing the tenth moon to appear?! That small snake on his shoulders is light red in color and there is a crack at the center of its brows. When it looked at me, I felt my skin crawl, could it be... Could it be that it's?'

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's breathing quickened. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and he fled even faster.

'Could it be that the Candle Dragon has resurrected?!'

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's teeth chattered. Right at the moment that thought that caused fear to crawl down his spine appeared in his head, a powerful roar came from the distance. It was a sound that made him feel such extreme fear that he felt as if his soul was about to leave his body.

That roar was one that could steal other people's souls. It made him instinctively turn his head back to look, and the instant he saw the direction from which that roar came from, his face immediately turned pale, and not a single hint of blood could be seen on his face.

He saw a gigantic shadow in the sky in the distance, and that shadow belonged to a Candle Dragon. It had its mouth opened wide, and as it roared, it looked as if it was devouring something.

That shadow might be barely perceptible, but there was no way he would be wrong about this. He knew that one of his kinsmen was fleeing in that direction, and when he saw the Candle Dragon's shadow, he knew that his kinsman was most likely dead.

With fear still lingering in his heart, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat gritted his teeth and was just about to turn around and charge forward in a mad dash without a care for anything else, but right when he turned his body, he froze. A feeling as if a chill had run through his entire body rose within him, because at some unknown point of time, a person had appeared right before him, and he was staring at him coldly!

That person appeared calm, and his gaze was aloof, as if he was looking at a dead thing. He stood there silently, causing the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face to change drastically. Just as he was about to retreat, Su Ming took a step forward, lifted his right hand, and tapped the center of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's brows.

"Don't you dare!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat let out a sharp screech and his wings came forward diagonally to form a shield before him. Right at that instant, he began forming a seal quickly with his hands and pushed forward swiftly. Waves of ripples instantly appeared. As the ripples spread out, they looked like a ferocious face of an evil spirit that was moving forward to devour whatever was in its path.

At the same time, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of golden blood. That blood turned into a golden bat, and with a piercing screech, it charged forward.

But it had not ended. Once he finished doing these things, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat seized the air with his right hand. Immediately, a spherical-shaped, golden scimitar appeared in his hand. With a swing of the scimitar, a ray of golden light shot up and charged towards Su Ming.

In his haste, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could only execute these moves. However, to be able to cast these divine abilities in such a short amount of time was proof of just how powerful he was.

Su Ming's tap had stirred a sound that sliced through the air and sounded as if the earth and heaven were about to shatter. His finger touched the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's wings, which were acting as his shield, and a loud banging sound spread out. Blood instantly covered the entirety of his wings and the sound of bones being broken traveled forth. If the Golden Thread Sacred Bat had not immediately spread his wings outwards, they would have fallen apart straight away, reduced to pieces of flesh and blood.

Su Ming's finger did not stop moving even after the Sacred Bat spread his wings outwards. He tapped on the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's second layer of defense, and rumbling sounds emerged from the malicious ghost face formed from the ripples. When these ripples completely disappeared, the golden bat that was formed from the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's blood let out a piercing screech and rushed towards Su Ming's finger.

Before the lingering rumbling sounds in the air disappeared, new booming sounds rang out. Under the might of that one jab, the golden bat exploded with a screech. However, the speed on that one jab had been greatly reduced.

As the golden bat disappeared, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's golden scimitar in the shape of a full moon appeared right before Su Ming's finger. Both of them clashed at that instant. A loud crash that shook the skies rang out, and blood flowed out of the corners of the Sacred Bat's mouth as he was sent rapidly tumbling backwards.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stood in midair and did not move back even an inch. However, he did not pull back his finger. That one jab had no name. After millions of evolutions, it was completed in the Undying and Imperishable World. Ever since Su Ming walked out, no one had actually managed to survive that one jab of his.

As of then, this Golden Thread Sacred Bat was the first!

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face was pale and filled with terror. As he fell back, he could not help but cough out blood. He might not have died, but he was absolutely terrified of that one jab. He might have reduced a large portion of its power with his

multiple layers of protection, but its remaining power still caused his Qi to churn in his body, and he lost a large portion of his life force.

'What is that divine ability?!

As the Golden Thread Sacred Bat retreated, he knew that his life was on the line and that it was impossible for him to escape, which was why he decided to just plunge himself into madness.

"How dare you injure me?! I am a Golden Thread Sacred Bat. I am the messenger of our sacred ancestor's will. If you kill me, then it means that you are declaring war on all Sacred Bats. This is a consequence you cannot bear!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat roared, and as he roared, red filled his eyes. He was afraid, extremely afraid. Su Ming's power gave him a feeling that he could not even hope to stand up to him.

As composed as ever, Su Ming took a step forward and lifted his right hand. After testing the strength of his physical body, he wanted to see the power of his divine abilities.

He clenched his right hand into a fist, and when he moved forward, he hurled it straight towards the sky.

This punch was for the Wind Propelling stage. A large, violent gust of wind stirred up and charged straight towards the sky. The sky rumbled, and the clouds dispersed right away, turning into a gigantic vortex that continuously spun in the sky.

"Wind Fusion!" Su Ming said calmly.

With his right fist still lifted in the air, he unfurled his hand, then seized the air in the direction of the sky. Immediately, the vortex in the sky grew several times its original size. Once it filled up half of the sky, it charged towards Su Ming's right hand like a whirlwind. At that moment, wind and thunder billowed in the sky. Su Ming stood in midair, and his right hand seemed to be holding the reins for the sky, seemed to be controlling all the wind within that vortex!

"Sun Genesis!"

The instant Su Ming uttered these two words, he flung his right hand before himself. Immediately, the wind in the vortex that had been in his control charged towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat with a mighty momentum.

From the distance, this was a picture that could strike fear and shock in people's hearts. In that picture, Su Ming's hair danced in the air while he looked incredibly calm, and that scar under his eyes gave him a strange charm.

On the other hand, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's face was laden with terror. His eyes were crimson red, and his actions became even more crazed!

Between the both of them was a whirlwind that connected heaven and earth. That whirlwind was sweeping in all directions at that moment, and as it howled, it charged straight towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat as if it wanted to drown it within.

In his madness, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat found that the shadow of death looming over him was becoming greater. He could not accept just dying here like this. As he struggled, he lifted his head and roared, then lifted both his hands, and after forming a strange seal before himself, he slammed his hands on his body. Immediately, he began trembling, and all his feathers began falling off. Once the golden feathers fell off, they turned into rays of golden light that stirred up a sharp whistle as they charged towards that whirlwind.

Once he was done, that Golden Thread Sacred Bat bit the tip of his tongue once again and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Right after that, his upper body bent downwards so that his back was pointed towards the sky. He lifted his forehead and veins popped up on his face. He looked quite ferocious as he let out a hoarse cry.

"Sacred Bats mountain bearing Art, Eternal Autumn Rain. Come forth, our origin stone monument!" As he roared, a gigantic stone monument manifested out of thin air!

That stone monument was incredibly big and was one thousand feet in size. There were multiple complicated words carved on its surface. Once it appeared, it pressed down swiftly on the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's back, making it seem as if he was carrying the stone monument!

A vast and mighty power started spreading out of the stone monument, and to resist that incoming whirlwind formed by Sun Genesis, it started slanting downwards in the direction of where the whirlwind was charging forth!

Both sides crashed into each other instantaneously. Su Ming's wind formed through Sun Genesis came first into contact with the light formed by the endless golden feathers. Loud booming sounds shot into the sky, and those feathers completely shattered. The whirlwind swept them aside, and without stopping even for a moment, it crashed into the stone monument that was formed by the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's divine ability.

Booming sounds swept through the entire world. Those sounds entered the Shamans' valley, causing all the Shamans to look at the sky with trembling hearts. Those sounds then traveled further away.

The stone monument started cracking inch by inch and eventually completely shattered, but similarly, a large portion of Su Ming's wind dissipated as that stone monument crumbled. However, that gust of wind still had power lingering within it, and it swept through the land to charge straight towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat.

The Sacred Bat coughed out blood once again, and his body instantly shriveled up. Despair appeared in his eyes, along with a madness that screamed of ending his own life. He no longer dodged, but instead knelt down on one knee and let out the strongest howl he could muster towards the sky.

"Moon progenitor! The sacred ancestor we Sacred Bats have worshiped since ancient times! With my body of a Golden Thread Sacred Bat, I ask to borrow your power to worship the moon, and allow me to bow to you three times to perform the burning of my blood!"

As the Golden Thread Sacred Bat roared, he kowtowed once towards the nine moons in the sky.

When he kowtowed towards the moons, Su Ming's heart shuddered, because he could clearly feel that the ninth moon among the nine moons in the sky had grown slightly larger!

"With this one bow, please borrow me the power to call forth a sea of fire that would surge into the skies and burn everything!"

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat looked as if his body could no longer endure it after kowtowing once towards the moons. From within his body, a blast of violet flames could be seen erupting forth; from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. In an instant, that fire filled the entire area, turning into a sea that surged into the skies. If anyone looked up towards the sky from the ground, they would be able to clearly see that the sea of fire looked like a person's hand!

The hand formed by the sea of fire lifted itself, and as if it contained some sort of will on its own, it pressed down on Su Ming!

'I knew it. They are indeed related to the Wings of the Moon and to the Fire Berserkers! The Fire Berserkers' burning of blood and the Art of worshiping the blood moon nine times has truly appeared here, but... something is slightly different!'

A sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He already had his suspicions when he saw the Sacred Bats, but now, when he saw this scene right before his eyes, he became certain of his own guesses.

'Art of worshiping the moon, the Fire Berserkers' Art... Moon progenitor?'

A cold sneer appeared on Su Ming's lips. He retained his composure even in the face of that incoming hand made from the sea of fire. Fire Berserker? He, Su Ming, was the Fire Berserker!

He lifted his right hand, bit his finger, and pressed it against his left pupil!

Chapter 488: Eternal Li Mountain![1]

The instant Su Ming pressed his finger on his left pupil, the world in his left eye turned red, and when his finger swiped past his entire right eye as well, his entire world was dyed in a bloody, red glow.

As brilliant as blood, and burning as if it was engulfed in flames!

The instant Su Ming executed the burning of blood, powerful flames burst forth from his body. These flames did not have the imposing presence of the gigantic hand formed from the sea of flames, but when it surrounded his entire body, it caused his hair to dance in the wind. As he stood there and lifted his head to look at the sea of fire, he gave off a feeling of a man of great fortitude who could retain his composure even in the face of the sky and earth shattering.

"I am the scion of the Fire Berserkers. If you're talking about the Art of worshiping the moon, I know it as well!" Su Ming stood in midair and lifted his hands. He wrapped his fist in his palm, then bowed swiftly towards the ninth moon in the sky.

When he bowed, the ninth moon in the sky started distorting, and a shadow that seemed to be overlapping with the moon appeared right beside it!

The hand formed from the sea of fire charging towards Su Ming shuddered, as if it could not withstand the act of Su Ming bowing towards the moon, and started showing signs of extinguishing.

The Golden Thread Sacred Bat's mouth was hung open in shock where he stood not too far into the distance. A bang went off in his head, and a look of pure, disbelief-filled shock appeared on his face. He already knew just how powerful Su Ming was, and by right, no matter what sort of divine ability Su Ming executed to fight against the sea of fire, the bat's expressions wouldn't be changing as they were doing now. However, he absolutely did not expect that Su Ming would be using the exact same Art of worshiping the moon to fight against the sea of fire!

This was something that had never crossed his mind and practically overturned all his thoughts and beliefs. This Art of worshiping the moon was handed down by masters to their direct disciples among the Sacred Bats, and only the Golden Thread Sacred Bats could master it. It was practically impossible for outsiders to obtain it.

This was the Art given to them personally by the moon progenitor they worshiped. It was the sacred Art that belonged to the Sacred Bats!

Yet right at that moment, he saw Su Ming casting that Art right before his eyes, and in fact, when he cast it, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat even had the feeling that Su Ming's version of the Art of worshiping the moon was even more authentic than his!

After all, if he wanted to cast this Art, he needed to borrow power from the moon progenitor; he could not just perform that Art with his own hands. More importantly, he only knew how to worship the moon, he did not know how to perform the burning of blood!

The moon progenitor would only give the Great Elder and their chief leader the method to practice performing the burning of blood. This was the Sacred Bats' strongest Art.

But that was not all. What really made the Golden Thread Sacred Bat feel as if his will was about to break was the presence and aura that spread from Su Ming's body when he performed the burning of blood and bowed towards the ninth moon in the sky. The Golden Thread Sacred Bat actually felt as if he had come face to face with sacred ancestor's statue in Eternal Li Mountain. Fear and respect grew in the depths of his heart.

"Who are you?! Just who are you?! Why do you know the Art that is given to us by our moon progenitor?!" the Golden Thread Sacred Bat screamed with a voice that signaled he was near a mental breakdown. As he did so, he swiftly retreated.

"The Art of worshiping the moon you speak of is a divine ability only given to the direct descendants of Fire Berserkers. Who even are you?"

Su Ming's expression was dark and cold when he took a step forward. He swiftly spread out his divine sense to form a wave of pressure, and with the imposing air brought forth after he performed the burning of blood, he started pressing onward towards the Golden Thread Sacred Bat.

"I am a member of the Sacred Bat..." The Golden Thread Sacred Bat had only just begun uttering his sentence when he was immediately cut off by Su Ming's words.

"I am the direct descendant for the Art of worshiping the moon. I am the only Fire Berserker in the world. How dare you ask me that question?" Su Ming smiled coldly, and his words traveled forth along with that overbearing pressure from his body.

"You Sacred Bats look incredibly similar to the Wings of the Moon. I am the one who is curious as to what sort of connection you have with the Wings of the Moon." Su Ming took a step forward.

"Who is the moon progenitor you speak of? Why does he know this Art?" Su Ming words continued, and he had absolutely no intention to give enough time for that retreating Golden Thread Sacred Bat to think. With the imposing pressure coming from

his powerful divine sense, he continued his interrogation as the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's mind was thrown into complete chaos!

"How did you Sacred Bats start worshiping this so called moon progenitor of yours?"

"The Fire Berserker's Art you practice isn't complete, you only know a part of it. Do you know how to perform the burning of blood?"

"You practice the Fire Berserker's Art, but how dare you execute it before me. I won't even be talking about how grossly you overestimated yourself for the moment. Who gave you the authority to launch such a large scale attack?"

After asking several questions in a row, Su Ming's voice suddenly became louder, and with a voice like a clap of thunder, he asked his next question! "Who let you come?!"

That question was like a roar of thunder, and under the continuous barrage of questions and the pressure from his divine sense, it caused the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's will to eventually break.

"The moon progenitor..." He staggered backwards, his head filled with buzzing noises. Su Ming's thunderous question gave him a feeling that he had to answer that question. It was as if some sort of will had descended on his body, and he could not go against that will.

"Where is the moon progenitor?!" Su Ming moved forward once again, and his voice boomed in the air even louder this time.

"Eternal Li Mountain..."

"When did your people start worshipping him?!" Su Ming continued closing in on him, and his voice turned increasingly louder, causing blood to pour out of the Golden Thread Sacred Bat's eyes, nose, mouth, and ears as his mind continued breaking down.

"A very long time ago... I don't know... AH!"

By the end, the Golden Thread Sacred Bat could no longer withstand the pressure and let out a shrill cry of pain. He pressed his hands to his head and moved swiftly backwards while his screams echoed in the air.

His eyes were clouded and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Su Ming's voice was reverberating in his head at that moment, and it was becoming louder and clearer with each passing moment. It was as if that voice was trying to make his mind break down.

Su Ming stopped moving and cast the staggering Sacred Bat a glance. He then retrieved his divine sense and his presence of a Fire Berserker after he performed the

burning of blood. He lifted his right hand and flicked his wrist in the direction of that Golden Thread Sacred Bat. With that flick, a gigantic shadow immediately appeared behind the mentally breaking down Golden Thread Sacred Bat, and that shadow belonged to a Candle Dragon!

Su Ming frowned and sank into a moment of pensive silence as he stood in midair.

'It's not He Feng... By what this Sacred Bat said, this so called moon progenitor has been worshipped for a very long time. The time doesn't really match. But I'll still can't tell just how much time has passed in the world outside while I was in the Undying and Imperishable World.

'Eternal Li Mountain...'

As Su Ming was gathering his thoughts, he found that the name seemed somewhat familiar to him, but he just could not remember what part of it rang a bell in his head. While was immersed in his thoughts, he turned around and walked towards the valley housing the Shamans.

Even when he saw the valley where the Shamans stayed in the distance, he still could not remember why that Eternal Li Mountain sounded familiar. However, he was absolutely certain that he had never heard of that mountain before.

When Su Ming returned to the valley, he received a grand welcome. All the remaining Shamans walked out of their cave abodes, and when they saw Su Ming, all of them knelt down on the ground in worship.

"We are all people who have been abandoned, and we identify ourselves as Fated Kin. Greetings, Sir Mo Su!"

Hundreds of people bowed down to him, and hundreds of voices fused together to form a wave of sound that echoed in the air. Those voices were filled with sincerity and gratitude, along with zealous reverence.

To them, Su Ming's appearance was like a lamp in the dark, like a beacon of hope in the midst of despair.

Su Ming descended slowly from midair and stood right before these people who called themselves Fated Kin. He looked at this group of people, who were mostly just skin and bones, who were all dressed in ragged clothing, then looked into their eyes, which were all shining with excitement and respect.

"Why do you call yourselves Fated Kin?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"We were abandoned by the Shamans. We have no future, no hope, and we decided that we might as well create our own future and control our own hope, just as if we are

controlling our own fate. That's why... we call ourselves Fated Kin!" Nan Gong Hen was also kneeling on the ground. At that moment, he lifted his head and spoke firmly.

Su Ming remained silent and swept his gaze past these people once again. He saw a resolve that burned like a flame within those gazes besides the feverish zeal and respect. That resolve was a desire to control their own fate, a desire to become powerful warriors that could decide their own fate so that they could show the Shamans who abandoned them that they... no longer needed anyone to pity and save them. They... were Fated Kin!

There were very few elderly folk among these people. Besides some people who were in the prime of their life, most of this group were young children. These children were born in this place. In their minds, Shamans was just a name. Ever since they were young, they watched their tribesmen die. Even if they were children, their gazes when they looked at Su Ming were similarly filled with zealous respect and resolve!

This was a race born after being oppressed by fate. This was a race that was completely unrelated to the Shamans, a group of people that possessed a will of their own, a will that even the Shamans did not have!

That will was still relatively weak, but if Fated Kin had enough time to grow stronger and eventually develop themselves, then this race would become an incredibly terrifying existence!

"We are all willing to receive you as our master, respected senior Mo. From now on, we will only listen to your orders!" Nan Gong Hen gritted his teeth. As he spoke, all Fated Kin kneeling behind him said the same words.

"We are willing to receive you as our master, respected senior Mo. We will only listen to your orders!"

Those voices were like waves of sound that raged towards the sky, reverberating in all directions, not disappearing even after a long time had passed.

"If the Fated Kin have a master, then can they still call themselves Fated Kin?" Su Ming remained silent, and only opened his mouth to ask slowly after some time.

"We are willing to worship you as our sacred spirit, respected senior Mo. We are willing to worship your sacred statue for all eternity and throughout all generations!" Nan Gong Hen was momentarily stunned, then right after that, he spoke once again.

"How long has it been since I disappeared?" Su Ming avoided answering to Nan Gong Hen's request and asked what he wanted to know.

"It's been fifteen years since your disappeared, respected senior Mo..." Nan Gong Hen answered in a low tone.

"Shaman City has been reduced to ruins. The landscape within one million li has changed. All of you stayed here, but did the others leave? Just what happened during these past fifteen years?" Su Ming's gaze was grave as he looked at Nan Gong Hen. This was the goal as to why he came to this valley!

Bitterness appeared on Nan Gong Hen's face. After remaining silent for a moment, he spoke slowly.

"Fifteen years ago, three months after you disappeared..."

When Nan Gong Hen spoke up to that point, suddenly, the small snake on Su Ming's shoulders lifted its head and opened its eyes swiftly. A freezing glare appeared in its eyes and it let out a piercing howl. A fierce and brutal glint appeared in its gaze, and it was looking straight at a cave abode that was sealed within the valley!

Chapter 489: Welcome Back!

The change in the small snake's behavior caused Nan Gong Hen's words to die in his throat. He was momentarily stunned, and he immediately whipped his head around to look at the source that brought out the small snake's ferociousness. When he saw that sealed cave abode, a glint appeared in Nan Gong Hen's eyes.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and his gaze fell on the sealed cave. The small snake's howls grew even louder as it sat on his shoulders. The hatred in its eyes caused all the people who saw it to feel fear blooming in their hearts.

"That is senior Hei Ya's cave abode..." Nan Gong Hen muttered softly.

With a calm expression, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a wisp of green smoke appeared in his hands. As that smoke swirled around his hand, it turned into an illusory shadow that looked like it was drifting towards that cave abode as if it was being absorbed. That shadow looked like the old man in black that had plotted against Su Ming in the past!

The green wisp of smoke had been extracted from the wisp of divine sense of the old man when Su Ming was still in the Undying and Imperishable World. Back then, he'd thought of using it to search for him when he was in the world outside. Once he saw the small snake's abnormal behavior, he fell into a moment of deep thought, then brought out that green wisp of smoke to test it out, and immediately, a bone chilling murderous intent appeared in his eyes.

"So you're here!" Su Ming smiled coldly, then took a step forward. The small snake on his shoulders charged out and rushed towards the sealed cave.

Almost the instant Su Ming took that step forward, a low roar traveled out from that sealed cave. The door to the cave exploded with a bang, and a black figure flew out from within.

Right when that black figure appeared, he immediately ran into the small snake charging towards him. Sparks flew into the air, and the black figure let out a muffled groan, but he still managed to cast some sort of divine ability that caused the small snake's body to freeze.

Right at the instant its body froze, the black figure charged to the sky.

With a cold harrumph, Su Ming took a step forward and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing in midair, right above the black figure. When he lifted his right hand and pressed down, the black figure let out a roar. He lifted his right hand as well, and their palms crashed against each other in the air.

A loud bang rang out. Su Ming did not even budge an inch, but the black figure coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and his body plummeted straight to the ground. At that moment, his appearance was revealed.

The black figure was wearing a black robe, and he was indeed the old man in black who Su Ming wanted to kill. As he fell to the ground, the hood covering his head was blown off by the violent gust of wind that stirred up, revealing a face that was covered in rotten flesh!

That face looked incredibly ugly. Most of the flesh and blood was already rotten, and bones could even be seen in certain parts of the face.

"Destiny!" The old man let out a piercing howl and glared at Su Ming. He originally thought that he could avoid Su Ming's divine sense, and like the darkness residing under a lamp, he could remain undiscovered, but he forgot about the snake!

When the small snake had been in his grasp when he used it to threaten the Candle Dragon and Su Ming, it might have looked like it had fallen unconscious, but in truth, it was still awake. It thus had engraved the old man's presence deep in its memories. Although that presence only belonged to a wisp of his divine sense, once the small snake obtained its legacy from the Candle Dragon, it was no longer the snake it was in the past. That was why it could recognize the person hiding in the cave based on his presence even when he had avoided Su Ming's divine sense!

"So what if you escaped from the Undying and Imperishable Realm? You can't escape from my master's arrangements. You can't escape from your destiny!"

The old man laughed sinisterly. He knew that he could not escape from death, that was why he swallowed a medicinal core before he ran out just now. That core gave a tenth of a chance to break the Curse, but there was also a nine tenths of a chance where he would quickly lose his will, his memories would fall apart, and he would end up like a wild beast.

A hint of murderous intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. He had originally held his suspicions about the old man's origins, and now, he no longer had any doubts. This person was indeed Di Tian's lapdog!

He took a swift step forward and appeared before the old man in a moment. Madness appeared in the old man's eyes, and he formed a seal, thinking of executing a divine ability. Yet his body was already incredibly weakened. Before he could even execute that divine ability, his hands were pushed aside by Su Ming's right hand. Su Ming grabbed his black robe, yanked it, and tore the entire black robe from the old man's body.

Once the black robe was pulled off, the old man's emaciated body was revealed, along with that rotten stench that spread through a large area in the sky.

"You look neither a human nor a ghost!" Su Ming immediately tapped his right index finger on the old man's chest. Once his finger touched him, the old man shuddered and staggered back a few steps, black blood starting to flow out from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

"So what if I die? At least I have all my memories with me! What about you? Take those fragmented memories of yours and your confusion to walk down your path as Destiny." The old man was incredibly weakened and did not show even a hint of resistance before Su Ming, but his laughter, containing all his madness, continued ringing in the air and reverberated through the area.

Su Ming did not speak. He took a few steps forward and lifted his right hand to tap the old man's chest once again. Once he tapped several spots on his body, black wisps of smoke instantly surged out of the old man's chest and charged straight to his right hand, causing his entire right arm to look completely black. It started rapidly rotting away.

"Destiny, you will only be Destiny throughout your life! I'll wait for you in hell!" The old man's Curse completely burst forth once Su Ming jabbed those few spots. In his pain, he roared, and he looked as if he had descended into madness.

However, the moment he started shouting, Su Ming appeared beside his right hand, grabbed it, and then with his left hand positioned straight like a blade, he cut down. A crack rang in the air, and the old man's blackened right arm was instantly torn off.

The intense pain caused the old man to descend further into madness. With the Curse around, his Nascent Divinity could not leave his body, and he could not even self-destruct. In the midst of that pain, his screams became even stronger.

"Master's clone will come at any time now. I'd like to see just how you'll stand up against him. Destiny... Haha, in the end, you'll still be walking on the path you should take..." As the old man shouted, Su Ming's right index finger swiftly tapped a few spots on his chest, causing his left arm to instantly turn dark as well. Then Su Ming cut off the old man's left arm.

As the old man who had lost both his arms screamed in pain, he continued shouting out those malicious words without stop.

"Even if you've walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World, fifteen years are already gone. Fifteen years... I've trapped you for fifteen years, it's already enough!

"I die for my master. With his divine abilities, when he eventually achieves greatness, he will definitely revive me. Why should I be afraid of death? But you, Destiny, you will never know just what your memories are and just what you lack!" As the old man shouted, the spark of intelligence gradually disappeared from his eyes, and he started howling like a wild beast.

His body shuddered. Not only had the full power of the Curse erupted forth in his body, it was also rapidly eating away his life force.

"Haha, I didn't die in your hands, but in the Curse's hands... I'm free now! But you, you'll never know where your little sister, you'll never know just how many mysteries surround you. You will lose yourself as you remain in your daze..."

Before the old man finished speaking, his eyes had already completely lost their spark, and he completely turned into a wild beast that had lost all form of intelligence.

"It's not so easy to die," Su Ming said calmly. When the old man was reduced to a wild beast that had lost all intelligence, he straightened his fingers and swiftly pressed his palm on the old man's chest.

Black smoke gushed out of the old man's chest once again and charged straight to his legs. With a swing of his arm, the old man's legs immediately exploded, and the Curse could be seen rapidly fading away from his body.

His Curse came from the Candle Dragon. Su Ming had been in the Undying and Imperishable World for a countless number of years, and the small snake had also acknowledged him as his master. His knowledge and understanding towards this Curse was already greatly different from before.

When he pressed down on the old man's chest, the old man's dull eyes gradually brightened up as if life force had started growing within him after experiencing some form of stimulus. However, as his eyes brightened up, his intelligence slowly returned, and he gradually saw what was around him clearly, his expression instantly changed drastically.

He originally thought that he had died, but right then, right before his eyes, Su Ming saved him. This should have been a joyous occasion for him, but to him, it was something that was even more terrifying than death!

He could already imagine just what sort of punishments and pain he would have to go through once Su Ming captured him when he was no longer under the Curse and in a weakened state. In fact, all his memories in his head could even be continuously forced out of him with all the methods Su Ming could think of.

To him, this sort of thing was several times more severe than death. He knew that if he had died just now, then at least he would have died for his master. He would still have had a possibility of being revived in the future.

But if Su Ming used some sort of method and learned of everything from him, then he would truly die. Not only would his master not revive him in the future, there was also a high chance that his master would be angered, and the old man would drag down his entire family in the land of the Immortals!

"You... you..." The old man's heart trembled and great terror appeared in his eyes. He watched Su Ming tap a few more spots on his body, and even though he was in a weakened state, he could still clearly feel a large part of the Curse dissipating from inside him.

During these fifteen years, he had always been struggling. He was afraid of death, but when he met Su Ming, he no longer feared. He wanted to die, but once he found out that he could not die, a surge of fear that was even greater than the fear he felt towards death rose within him.

His words that he had used to provoke Su Ming just moments ago had now turned into the source of his extreme terror.

The sight of Su Ming saving that old man in black robes fell into the eyes of all the people around him. Nan Gong Hen saw it as well. All their hearts shuddered, and a deep chill rose within their hearts due to what they saw.

Just what sort of hate could a man possess that killing his enemy would still not be enough for him to resolve that hate, and he would save his own enemy?!

Just what sort of grudge could a man possess that would make him think that death was not relief, and that living was the greatest form of torture?!

Just what sort of resolution must it be for a person to be able to do this? That he would not even let a person die? Then just what sort of hell would await the old man in black robes?!

Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming, looked at him doing all these things with an apathetic and cool expression, and his heart was filled with a deep chill. He sucked in a sharp breath.

"Welcome back."

When the old man's eyes completely regained their clarity, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed it against the top of the old man's head. His power surged in and sealed all the old man's power. Once he did so, he looked into the old man's terrified eyes, and he whispered those words softly.

Chapter 490: Fifteen Years Ago

"Fifteen years ago... There wasn't just one End Shaman in the World of Nine Yin, but three! Besides the powerful Shaman from the God of Shamans Temple who was originally supposed to be here, there were also other powerful Shamans from other tribes.

"Right after the treasure gambling event was over, quite a number of Shamans parted ways to head to the three grounds that would allow them to receive their inheritance...

"The nightmare started at that time...

"I will never forget that day for all eternity. All sorts of changes kept appearing without stop within those one million li around Shaman City, and those changes were like a strong repelling force that was trying to chase all of us outsiders out from the World of Nine Yin.

"The ground shook and numerous cracks appeared on the land. The Sacred Bats flew out from those cracks, and at that time, the ninth moon in the sky was blood red. The entire ground was dyed in a bloody glow.

"Those forests that spanned endlessly seemed as if they had been revived. The trees started moving, and strange, piercing screeches that sounded like crying sounds echoed in all directions.

"Vortexes that spun rapidly appeared one after another in the sky. As they spun, black rays of light descended from within, and all those who came into contact with them

would immediately find that light fusing into their souls, causing their souls to leave their bodies, turning them into a part of one of the three sacred races in this land, the Drifting Roamers.

"A change also happened to the Spirits of Nine Yin at that moment. They no longer complied with the promise made between them and the Shamans in the past. Instead, they started killing and chasing away all the Shamans in the World of Nine Yin.

"The source for all this is because of a plan made by the Shamans, a plan that was made by the God of Shamans Temple and was agreed upon by all the big tribes!

"That plan was to completely open the passages leading to the World of Nine Yin so that all the people from big tribes could come to the World of Nine Yin at the same time and without any sort of restrictions!

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands is approaching and we are forced to fight against the Berserkers to snatch their land. As the main instigators, the God of Shamans Temple coordinated with all the big tribes and the Immortals who came to the land of the Shamans to execute the plan, all for the sake of preserving as many lives and obtain the highest levels of protection when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands fell on the entire Land of South Morning!

"They laid out the structure for a powerful Relocation Rune so that they could turn the World of Nine Yin into a safe haven for the big tribes in the land of the Shamans and the God of Shamans Temple when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrived!

"Perhaps the God of Shamans Temple had been making preparations for this plan since a long time ago. Perhaps they weren't even thinking about using this place as a safe haven, but were thinking of using it for some other purposes. But at that time, as the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands continued closing in on us, the God of Shamans Temple worked with the big tribes and the Immortals and eventually laid out this Rune in Shaman City!

"If you go to the ruins of Shaman City, you should still be able to see the Rune's remains.

"The eventual activation of the Rune caused a series of drastic changes in the World of Nine Yin. When we opened the passage and allowed all the people from the big tribes to enter, the Spirits of Nine Yin cast some sort of unknown divine ability, and the head hoisted on the stone pillar that reached the sky in Shaman City was revived...

"His revival marked the beginning of this disaster.

"The Rune collapsed. The passage in the sky that was opened by the Rune was sealed, and Shaman City was destroyed... These are the things I know and saw. Perhaps there

are some other secrets that aren't privy to common people. I don't know about those things.

"But the Spirits of Nine Yin didn't expect that there was more than one Rune. The Shamans laid out three Runes in three different spots in the World of Nine Yin. But... the sudden appearance of this terrifying storm caused the Shamans' plan to fail entirely.

"I still can't forget that storm. Sandstorms raged through the sky and turned into a gigantic figure. Wherever it went, all the living beings would be reduced to skeletons.

"The other two Runes were destroyed, and most of the Shamans in this place escaped through the last Rune before it was destroyed, but perhaps it was because the races here left us a small path of survival intentionally that they managed to do so...

"There were some people who didn't manage to escape. When the Rune was destroyed, they were forcefully made to stay in this place, and after going through a cycle of death and elimination among their numbers, these people gathered together. At that time, they numbered to ten thousand people, but now, only several hundreds remain. These people are us."

The nine moons hung high in the sky and shone brightly. The land was not really dark, but if anyone looked into the distance, they would find that the spots in the distance were still dark and they could not see those places clearly. There were only a few areas illuminated well by the moonlight.

A bonfire burned weakly in the valley. Wisps of green smoke twisted with the wind as they floated into the sky and fused with the darkness.

Nan Gong Hen sat beside the bonfire. His soft words echoed in the sky, and just like the green smoke, they eventually fused with the darkness.

Su Ming sat before him in silence as he listened to Nan Gong Hen describing the events from fifteen years ago. In his mind, he began drawing the scenes that had happened in the past.

He was shocked by the Shamans thinking of using this place as a safe haven. If they had truly succeeded, then when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was over, the Shamans' big tribes would have not suffered even the slightest bit of damage.

"Are these Drifting Roamers you speak a group of souls that drift through the land as if they have no intelligence whatsoever?" When Su Ming recalled seeing Ahu in Shaman City, he sighed.

"Those are Drifting Roamers of the lowest level. They don't have any sort of will as they did when they were alive. Based on the experience I have fighting against them over

these past fifteen years, this is a sacred race that acts as leeches. This is the only way for them to grow.

"They will attach themselves to the souls of the living and absorb their power to grow. The moment that soul is destroyed marks the completion of their growth. Their strength will also differ based on how strong the soul they have attached themselves to was," Nan Gong Hen said calmly.

"Is there a way to save them?" Su Ming looked towards Nan Gong Hen.

"We tried before, but even after we used everything at our disposal, we had no success. Once these Drifting Roamers attach themselves to the souls, they will be as one, and it'll be difficult to separate them... But I did hear that you Berserkers have a Phantom Dais Tribe. Rumors have it that they have researched Arts about spirits deeply, perhaps they could save these souls."

Nan Gong Hen lifted his head and looked towards Su Ming. If he still did not know that Su Ming was a Berserker at this point, then there was no way he could have become the leader of Fated Kin.

In truth, once Su Ming stopped wearing his mask, his Berserker Mark had told Nan Gong Hen everything. Many people had also been able to tell through his conversation with Di Tian's servant and their different Arts when they fought.

However, they were no longer Shamans. They were Fated Kin. It did not matter to them where Su Ming came from, much less that he was a Berserker.

"These are all the things that happened fifteen years ago. Respected senior Mo, please don't take to heart what happened during the treasure gambling event. I honestly could not make any sort of decision that would be unfavorable for the God of Shamans Temple..." Nan Gong Hen sucked in a deep breath, stood up, and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

"You don't have to do this, brother Nan Gong." Su Ming shook his head.

"Respected senior Mo, please, become the sacred spirit of Fated Kin..." Nan Gong Hen bowed to him once more.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment.

"With your power, you might still be the best among all Latter Shamans. Even if you can't fight against End Shamans, you will still be one of the powerful warriors in the entire Land of South Morning, and you will definitely shock the world with just one gesture!

"We aren't able to leave, and it's difficult for us to survive here. If you abandon us, then before long, all Fated Kin in this place will die... I don't mind dying, it doesn't matter to me, but there are quite a number of children who were born here, I..." Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming and whispered softly.

Su Ming looked at Nan Gong Hen, and after a long while, he closed his eyes. Time trickled by, and after time taken for the burning of an incense stick, he opened his eyes and gave a nod towards Nan Gong Hen.

"If there is really no way for us to leave, I will protect Fated Kin, but similarly, if I manage to find a way out and return to the Land of South Morning, all of you will still have to respect me.

"Will you agree to this?" Su Ming asked languidly. The existence of Fated Kin touched his heart, and it was also difficult for him to completely reject Nan Gong Hen when he had been begging him time and again.

However, it was unfair if Su Ming only gave and received nothing in the end. That was why he also listed his own demands when he agreed to Nan Gong Hen's request.

"We Fated Kin are an abandoned race. We will never forget the great kindness you have showed us! Once we revere you as our sacred spirit, we will forever abide to your words!" Nan Gong Hen declared solemnly.

Su Ming looked at Nan Gong Hen and nodded his head after some time. Then, he stood up and walked towards the valley. Inside, there was a cave abode that had been specifically emptied out for him.

Nan Gong Hen looked at Su Ming walking into the distance and sucked in a deep breath before casting his gaze at the sky.

"Can we go back? It's been fifteen years. She, too, disappeared from the World of Nine Yin at that time. Where could she be now?" Nan Gong Hen muttered sadly.

When Su Ming entered the cave abode, he sat down with a calm face, then waved his arm, and immediately, the area before him became obscure. When that obscurity disappeared, the old man in black who had lost all four limbs appeared before him.

"Why do you always call me Destiny?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

The old man's face was pale. He had his eyes closed as if he was deep in sleep, and he did not say a word.

Su Ming waited for a moment, then lifted his right hand. As he did so, the small virescent sword instantly appeared. Once it gained its form in his hand, Su Ming

wrapped his fingers around the hilt, and then, he stabbed the old man's throat before he started slowly dragging the blade down.

"I've planted herbs in people several times in the past. The seeds from these medicinal herbs will absorb a person's life force and grow through their flesh and blood. All those in whom I have planted these medicinal herbs suffered greatly," Su Ming stated languidly.

The old man remained unmoving, as if he did not hear a single thing, as if he was still deep in sleep.

"You Immortals can Possess others, that's why you don't mind the agony you have to bear in your body." Su Ming's blade had already sliced up a palm sized wound on the chest. Blood gushed out from that wound, but the old man paid no attention to it.

"If that is the case, then let's see just how much you can endure." With the calm words in the air, Su Ming put away his virescent sword and pointed at the old man's wound with two fingers. Immediately, a strong gust of wind howled in the air and seeped into the person's body through that wound.

That gust of wind was a powerful breeze formed by Su Ming as the Wind Berserker. The wind swept through the old man's flesh and blood with a howl, incessantly tearing at his organs. The pain that came from that barrage caused the old man to tremble furiously. He opened his bloodshot eyes swiftly and glared at Su Ming.

"Why do you always refer to me as Destiny?" Su Ming looked at the old man and asked flatly.

"Bastard, do whatever you want. I'm not even afraid of death, why should I be afraid of your petty tricks? I will not tell you the things you want to know!

"If you want to know, then go on ahead and perform a Soulsearch. But even in my weakened state, with your power in the Soul Formation Stage, you will only be able to torture me, you will not be able to search through my soul!" The old man bore through the severe pain in his body by gritting his teeth and sneering coldly.

Yet in truth, even though he looked incredibly tough, the fear in his heart towards his future was incredibly great.

Note: Phantom Dais Tribe: The tribe where Su Ming and his senior brothers broke into to save Zi Che.

Chapter 491: Clues about the Crimson Dragon

Di Tian's clone was destroyed, and the servant he placed in the land of the Berserkers to keep track of Su Ming was also captured. All of this caused the fate predetermined for Su Ming to change drastically.

All of this was the source of the old man's fear. He knew many things, but it was precisely because he knew that he feared. The only thing he could rely on now was that Su Ming had still not found the memories that truly belonged to him.

"I have plenty of patience. If you don't want to say, it's fine by me." Su Ming tapped the old man's chest once again with two fingers. Immediately, rumbling sounds shot out from the old man's body, and vortexes could be seen emerging right under his skin.

As those vortexes spun, they started exploding, and whirlwinds shot out from the skin. That sort of pain caused huge beads of sweat to roll down the old man's skin as he trembled.

"It's not as if I must learn everything from you alone. What I want is to cause you torment, to bring endless amounts of suffering on you... We didn't actually have painfully obvious grudges between us in the beginning, but why did you do it?" Su Ming shook his head, lifted his right hand, and flicked his wrist.

Immediately, the whirlwinds in the old man's body raged even wilder, sweeping by his organs as if they wanted to turn everything inside him into mush. That sort of feeling as if he was being ripped apart caused the old man to let out a shrill scream of pain.

That screaming lasted for most of the night, and it traveled out of the cave abode to appear right under the moonlight, causing most of Fated Kin to be able to hear it clearly.

It only started to slowly become weaker when the sky gradually brightened up. Su Ming looked at the old man who was still trembling before him, then lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Han Mountain Bell immediately appeared and covered the old man within. Bell chimes reverberated in the air.

Other people would only be able to hear the soft bell tolls, but when the old man heard them within the bell, it was deafening. It was as if there were countless people roaring nearby, causing booming sounds to echo in his head. His body started trembling so violently that he felt as if his flesh and blood were about to be ripped apart and his bones crushed.

"I'll give you ample time to think carefully," Su Ming said languidly and no longer bothered himself with the old man. Instead, he closed his eyes calmly and immersed himself in nursing his Nascent Divinity.

It had not been long since his Nascent Divinity appeared. If he wanted to bring out the full power of his divine sense, then he needed some time to nurse it back to health.

Time passed as Su Ming nursed his Nascent Divinity. In the blink of an eye, a month was over. During that month, all Fated Kin in the valley would occasionally hear bell chimes, and sometimes, they would hear shrill screams of pain as well.

Su Ming no longer used only strong gusts of wind to bring torment to the old man. He started fusing his attacks with Lightning Arts, Fire Berserker flames, and the Curse.

He did not use them all in a row but added them one by one, slowly and progressively. When the old man was used to the wind tearing at his flesh, he added lightning to pierce through his tendons and flesh, making him go through a hell that felt as if heavenly judgment had fallen on him.

When the old man had gotten used to lightning and wind tearing him apart, Su Ming added Fire Berserker flames to his attacks. The burning from within and outside the body, the destruction of the passages of Qi, the suffering on the flesh and blood caused the old man to suffer a pain that was worse than death.

He wanted to die, but he could not die, because Su Ming had not completely broken the Curse in his body. He left a small part of it within his body, and this Curse could continue making him weaker, could make him be unable to self-destruct, and could make him be unable to die.

The booming sounds from Han Mountain Bell over the days had also caused the old man to feel a pain that he had practically never felt before, a pain that was akin to being submerged in hell.

If Tie Mu had not passed away, then this sort of torment and Su Ming's continuous nurturing of his Nascent Divinity would have continued; he would not have walked out of his cave abode within a short amount of time.

But in the end, Tie Mu did not manage to escape death. On this day, during dusk, as a light drizzle rained down from the sky, Tie Mu closed his eyes.

Su Ming did try saving him before, but Tie Mu, who was already at the last hours of his life, was already too far gone to be saved.

Rain poured down. It was not rare in the World of Nine Yin, and once it appeared, it would usually last for several months. The entire world turned indistinct under the rain, and no one could see too far ahead.

The hundreds of Fated Kin in the valley walked out of their cave abodes. Right at the bottom of the valley was Tie Mu, who was covered by a sheet by his tribesmen and who laid on the ground as rain poured on him. He had his eyes closed and he looked at

peace. He did not seem to be in too much pain, and instead looked as if he had been released.

It was quiet all around the area. Even the sounds of crying were drowned out by the pouring rain.

Su Ming also walked out of his cave abode and stood beside Tie Mu's corpse. He looked at this familiar face before him and the memories of what happened between them in the past appeared in his head. He might not have had much contact with Tie Mu, but they could still be considered acquaintances.

Su Ming had seen too many deaths, but this time, it was slightly different. When he saw Tie Mu, the scenes of the fight between the both of them came to his mind.

Nan Gong Hen stood beside Su Ming with grief on his face. He had gone through this sort of thing far too many times during the past fifteen years, so he originally thought he would be numb to this, but now, he just realized, he could not. How could he...?

"Senior Tie Mu could originally leave... but he let the other people in his tribe go before him, and in the end, he could no longer follow them, because the Rune was destroyed..."

"The other seniors passed away one by one during these fifteen years, eventually, five years ago, senior Tie Mu became the only Latter Shaman left among us. Now... even he has left us," Nan Gong Hen whispered softly in anguish.

There was a young man kneeling beside Tie Mu's corpse. That man's face was filled with grief, and he was the young boy that Nan Gong Hen had brought with him in the past. He had already lost his right arm, and as he knelt beside Tie Mu, tears trickled down his face.

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a moment, then said slowly, "Send senior Tie Mu off!"

When his words were spoken, all Fated Kin around knelt down. Sorrow could be seen on their faces as rain poured down on them. It was freezing, but no one moved away.

Two tribesmen walked out from among the crowd around Tie Mu and lifted him up. Then, they started walking into the distance along the path in the valley.

The young man followed behind him as he cried. Nan Gong Hen cast Su Ming a glance, and followed behind them.

In silence, Su Ming walked towards the deeper parts of the valley as rain poured down his body and as Fated Kin continued kneeling on the ground.

The beast bone altar was located deep within the valley. It was also the place where Fated Kin buried their dead during these fifteen years...

The rain caused the area to be indistinct, making the dense layers of white bones and the stone monuments filled with words to not look so frightening, but instead give off a thick air of misery.

Su Ming was not deeply impacted by that misery, but Nan Gong Hen, whenever he came to this place, he would feel as if his heart was being stabbed.

Once they buried Tie Mu, they erected a stone monument above his grave. They carved his name and his affiliation as a Fated Kin on that monument, as well as all his battle achievements in life. When they were done, Nan Gong Hen kowtowed to the monument silently before he turned around and left, bringing his grief with him.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the altar. The rain was pouring even more heavily, and he could vaguely see through the obscure veil of rain numerous heroic souls returning to their heaven after protecting their tribesmen in the valley during the last fifteen years...

Tie Mu's passing turned into grief that coiled up in the hearts of all Fated Kin, causing everyone to speak very few words during the next few days.

As time passed, the rain outside poured even harder. The rustling sounds of droplets of water falling on the ground remained a constant. Rain and fog covered the entire area, causing it to become even more indistinct. It was as if the rain and fog had turned into a rain curtain that connected the sky and earth.

Su Ming listened to the sounds of rain outside from within his cave abode. He continued immersing himself in meditation, and did not stop with raining down torment on Di Tian's servant either.

Tie Mu's death did not affect him greatly, and it was the same for the grief that filled this place. After all, he had not stayed in this place for fifteen years, and he did not have many memories about this place.

However, for some unknown reason, he was feeling rather depressed.

"When you die, you will want to be buried in your own country, but in the end, your bones are buried in foreign land... Even for Latter Shamans, it is difficult for them to determine where they will die... Tie Mu is still in a better situation. At least he knows where his home is. He also knows the road back to his home.

"But where is my home...? Just... where is Dark Mountain...? Or perhaps... Dark Mountain isn't even my real hometown...

"Elder once told me to go to Berserker's Realm Mountain," Su Ming mumbled, and a lost look appeared in his eyes. The memories of Dark Mountain rose before his eyes, and gradually, they faded away.

Time passed once more, and another month went by slowly. Su Ming's Nascent Divinity had slowly perfected its condition during these two months of nursing.

When Su Ming finished nursing his Nascent Divinity, his divine sense also reached peak condition. While he might be unable to cover an area of one million li, but once he spread it out, he would still be able to sense his crimson dragon, his Poison Corpse, and Ji Yun Hai.

On this day, with a serious expression, Su Ming slowly spread his divine sense out as while sitting with his legs crossed. As it stretched in all directions, he placed his focus on the crimson dragon, his puppet, and the Poison Corpse. Gradually, his expression turned dark.

The divine sense covering the entire area allowed Su Ming to spread his will outwards as well, and as he called out to these creatures, a ripple coming from the west first responded to him, albeit slowly.

That wave of ripples was very weak. The instant Su Ming's divine sense touched it, a blurry scene appeared in his head, and he saw a vague picture flashing right before his eyes.

The picture was of a large palace, and it was built on a mountain. There were eight gigantic statues within the palace, and right in the middle of these statues was a skeleton kneeling on one knee. Its limbs were chained down, and the chains were impaled in the ground.

The statues were not the ones that responded to Su Ming, neither was it that skeleton. It was instead the picture that was drawn on the ground under the skeleton!

That picture protruded off the ground and circled around the area, and it was the greatly shrunken crimson dragon!

However, it was no longer crimson. Its color had become much duller. There was pain on its face, and it did not move. If Su Ming took a closer look, he could discover that the eight statues were stepping on the crimson dragon's picture as if they were holding it down. As for the skeleton in the center, the spot where the chain was impaled was right where the crimson dragon's head was!

When that picture flashed through Su Ming's mind, it disappeared without a trace. Immediately after, a new scene appeared, and that scene was a swamp. Right in the depths of the swamp were a pair of green eyes, and they were flashing in the dark. A low growl seemed to travel forth, and the scene disappeared.

Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly, and a freezing glare appeared within them.

"Spirits of Nine Yin!" He stood up, left a wisp of his divine sense in the valley, took a step out of his cave abode, and in the next instant, disappeared.

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Chapter 492: Retrieving the Poison Corpse!

None of the Fated Kin in the valley noticed Su Ming's departure, and even though he disappeared, the wisp of his divine sense he left in this place still allowed him to sense everything happening in this place. If anything happened during this period of time, he could just warp and return as quickly as possible.

The pain that reached Su Ming through the faint waves of ripples from the crimson dragon, however, had his heart burning with extreme anger. The crimson dragon might have been created by Hong Luo, but its loyalty could be seen clearly when it returned to Su Ming without any hesitation when it saw him during the treasure gambling event in the World of Nine Yin.

It followed him all along the way, and even when Su Ming entered the Candle Dragon's carcass, the crimson dragon remained outside to wait for him until an accident happened. And Su Ming could already imagine that this so called accident was largely related to the old Spirit of Nine Yin he had rented in the past.

He absolutely had to rescue the crimson dragon. He might have had deep experiences with the strength of the Spirits of Nine Yin, but he was the crimson dragon's master. Giving up on it when it was in danger was something he could not do.

Because he could not find his home, Su Ming valued his relationships!

Because his family was not around, Su Ming valued all forms of love given to him!

While there might not be any form of love between him and the crimson dragon, but just its loyalty alone was enough for Su Ming to not retreat and give up on it in fear.

"Spirits of Nine Yin..." Su Ming charged in midair and turned into a long arc. His eyes shone with a freezing glare. As he lifted his right hand, Han Mountain Bell appeared on his palm.

His gaze fell on the bell, and after a moment of silence, Su Ming looked at the strand of hair belonging to the first God of Berserkers wrapped around his finger. There was not much left of the strand of hair, but there was a resolute look on his face, and he traveled even faster.

Once he finished nursing his Nascent Divinity, he became much faster than before, especially when he combined his speed with his warps. The long arc that was slicing through the sky would occasionally disappear, and when it reappeared, it would be much further away from where he was previously in the world.

Su Ming's journey took several hours. As he charged forward, he came to a swampland. That swamp did not exist fifteen years ago. As of then, it covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of feet. Occasionally, bubbles would pop up on the surface of the swamp. Once they burst, they would turn into a layer of green fog that filled the air above the swamp, causing all the people who came to this place to only see fog.

Su Ming did not go to the Spirits of Nine Yin in a fit of recklessness. Instead, he came to this place. This was the place that had appeared in his mind when he used his divine sense to sweep through the land, the place where his Poison Corpse was.

If he wanted to go to the Spirits of Nine Yin, then he had to make good preparations. After all, he had incredibly great experiences with the power of the Spirits of Nine Yin in the past.

At that moment, he stood in the air above the swamp. As he lowered his head, golden light shone in his eyes and his gaze pierced through the fog below him to land right in the swamp. A familiar wave of ripples started fighting against his divine sense from the swamp immediately after.

At the same time, a low, muffled roar suddenly shot up from within the swamp. It shook the fog in the area, and the roar was filled with ruthless brutality, as if it harbored intense dislike towards Su Ming's divine sense exploring the swamp.

"These fifteen years of freedom were hard to come by, and it allowed you to obtain new intelligence... but how dare you not come forth when you see me?! If I could capture you when you were alive, I will be able to do the same even when you have new intelligence," Su Ming declared flatly, then lifted his right hand and pressed it downward swiftly in the direction of the swamp on the ground.

Golden light started flashing violently on his body, and a great force shot out from his right hand, charging straight towards the swamp. Muffled booming sounds reverberated in the air, and a gigantic mark of a palm appeared in the swamp. This sunken mark was created by the force when Su Ming pressed downwards.

As the swamp trembled and the mark of his palm continued sinking downwards, the low roars from the swamp started growing in volume. After a moment, when the mark of the

palm had sank several hundreds of feet downward, making it seem as if the entire swamp had sunk deeply into the ground, a green hand swiftly shot out from the swamp. It crashed into that mark of Su Ming's palm as it continued sinking downwards, and a loud, shocking boom rang in the air.

The swamp looked as if it had collapsed. A large amount of mud and water splattered everywhere, but the Poison Corpse that Su Ming was looking for still refused to come out of his hiding place, as if he was evading Su Ming. This was an action born out of his natural instinct!

"I see, so you aren't coming out." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he activated the full force of his divine sense to charge into the swamp. It swiftly infiltrated the place, and as it swept through the place, Su Ming saw a large amount of skeletons belonging to humans and beasts. He also saw a figure squatting in the depths of the swamp. His eyes were shining with a dark light, and he was roaring.

Without even the slightest bit of hesitation, Su Ming had his divine sense charge towards the figure, and in an instant, his divine sense enveloped that figure. Once he did so, he immediately discovered that while the brand he had left on this figure still remained, it was already incredibly dull. Clearly, over the past few years, this Poison Corpse had been constantly attacking it.

"Poison Corpse, return to me!" Su Ming muttered and used his divine sense to pull at the brand he'd left on the Poison Corpse in the past. The Poison Corpse immediately started shivering violently and his roars became more intense. He started moving swiftly in the depths of the swamp, as if he wanted to avoid Su Ming's divine sense.

However, the strength of Su Ming's divine sense was no longer something that the Poison Corpse could dodge or hide from. After a moment, the Poison Corpse seemed to have decided to attack. His roars filled with a murderous air, and without care for anything else, he charged straight towards the surface of the swamp.

Right before his eyes, a green figure rushed out of the swamp, and bringing with it a rotten stench and the miasma of corpses, it closed in on Su Ming in an instant.

Su Ming stood in midair, looking as composed as ever. The instant the green figure approached him, he lifted his right hand and swung it before him. Immediately, a large amount of lightning arcs started swimming swiftly around his body. At the same time, a large amount of lightning sparks flashed in the sky as rain continued drizzling down from the clouds.

As Su Ming swung his arm, those lightning sparks left his body and gathered on the green figure. In the blink of an eye, they came into contact with the green figure, and a large, thunderous rumble rang in the air. From the distance, it looked as if the green figure could attract lightning, because the numerous lightning sparks that looked like dragons and had crawled out of thin air struck down on it with loud, rumbling sounds!

That green figure let out a muffled groan, but it was completely unperturbed by the lightning strikes. It continued approaching Su Ming without once stopping, and the instant it was only thirty feet away from Su Ming, a puff of poisonous fog gushed out of its mouth. That poisonous fog was black and green in color, and it started spreading outwards rapidly, as if it had exploded, looking as if it could completely envelop Su Ming within.

Immediately, the spot where Su Ming was previously was shrouded completely by poison fog. The poison was so strong that it seemed to contain life. It started spreading outwards without stop, and the green figure let out a smug howl. A murderous glint appeared in its eyes, and it was just about to rush into the fog, but right at that moment, the air behind it that was devoid of fog distorted, and Su Ming walked out of the distortions with just one step.

The green figure immediately noticed him when he walked out. Just as it was about to turn around, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his right hand and tapped the green figure through the air!

Piercing golden light immediately burst forth from the tip of Su Ming's finger. That golden light instantly turned into the strongest ray of light in the place and landed on the green figure.

The green figure let out a screech of pain and quickly retreated, thinking of shrinking back into the poison fog. Su Ming did not wait for it to retreat into the fog and swung his arm forward, which resulted in a whirlwind.

That whirlwind spun rapidly and stirred up endless violent gusts that charged into the fog faster than the green figure could. As they spun, that large amount of poisonous fog was blown away and left with the whirlwind, causing the green figure to be unable to blend into the poison fog.

The green figure's footsteps came to an abrupt halt, and it turned around to start howling and roaring loudly at Su Ming. It was also right at that moment that its appearance was revealed. This was a person with green fur growing on him. That green fur was like rather sharp looking needles, and they covered his entire body!

His eyes glowed with a green light, and he was glaring at Su Ming. At the center of his brows was a tuft of white fur!

As he breathed, puffs of black poison fog came from his mouth and nose before they were sucked back into his body, in a cyclic manner.

It could still be somewhat seen that this was Su Ming's Poison Corpse from the past!

It was unknown as to what sort of serendipity he had run into during these fifteen years that changed him in this way, but by the ripples coming from his power, he was clearly

much stronger than he was in the past. By the looks of it, he was currently equivalent to a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The poison fog was especially alarming, or else Su Ming would not have chosen to dodge it by warping when it appeared moments ago. He could tell with just one glance that there was an unknown poisonous substance in that poison fog besides the small snake's poison, and the fusion of these two different types of poison in that poison fog was able to instill fear in other people's hearts.

Once the Poison Corpse let out a roar towards Su Ming, he moved but no longer attacked, choosing instead to charge towards the swamp on the ground.

Su Ming remained calm, but there was a whirlwind spinning around him, which could scatter away all poison fog. When he saw the Poison Fog rushing towards the swamp, he did not stop him. Instead, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a large spiked club appeared in his hand.

Almost the instant that Poison Corpse charged into the swamp, Su Ming lifted the spiked club with his right hand. That spiked club instantly grew bigger, and when it was nearly one thousand feet long, Su Ming rammed it down on the swamp.

A muffled boom that shook the entire region reverberated through the air. The instant the spiked club fell on the swamp, a powerful tremor instantly swept through the entire area, causing it to be instantly squashed, and a powerful rebounding force erupted forth. That force spread out in a moment, causing the Poison Corpse that was about to rush into the swamp to be bounced out against his will.

The instant he was rebounded, Su Ming closed in on him like lightning. With his right index finger, he tapped the Poison Corpse's chest through the air, causing the Poison Corpse to continuously retreat with panic on his face.

"If I can turn you into a puppet, then I can naturally wipe you off of the face of earth. But since you now have intelligence, make your own decision. Will you continue following me, or... suffer a true death here and now?!"

Su Ming stopped moving and had his divine sense envelope the Poison Corpse. The taps he delivered on the Poison Corpse's body all contained a few wisps of his power of Bone Sacrifice. He just needed a single thought, and this Poison Corpse would explode.

In his fear, the Poison Corpse started roaring madly and the poison fog in his body spread out swiftly until his entire body was covered in fog. He was just about to run when Su Ming's lips curled up in a cold smile. He did not chase after the Poison Corpse, merely let a single thought surface in his head, and a loud bang immediately traveled forth from within the fog.

Another six bangs rang out consecutively, and with one wave of his arm, the whirlwind around his body spread out and swept away the fog, revealing the Poison Corpse in midair. His body was a wreck, eyes dull, and blood was trickling out of his mouth.

He looked incredibly weakened, and when he looked at Su Ming, the fear in his eyes grew stronger.

"Will you die, or will you obey?" Su Ming looked at the Poison Corpse and asked languidly.

Struggle appeared on the Poison Corpse's face. After some time, he lowered his head and knelt before Su Ming, letting out sobbing sounds as he allowed Su Ming's divine sense to charge into his body and fuse with the brand he'd left in the past.

Then, no longer bothering with the Poison Corpse, Su Ming looked in the direction where the Spirits of Nine Yin were and moved there. The Poison Corpse followed behind him obediently, occasionally turning his head back to look at the swamp, not being able to bear parting with the place.

Chapter 493: Breaking into the Spirits of Nine Yin's Territory!

In fact, before Su Ming even managed to take a few steps forward, the Poison Corpse behind him let out a low roar, still swathed in his emotions of not wanting to leave the place. There was no longer any sort of murderous intent in his roar, but he was instead sending out another message.

Su Ming turned his head and cast the Poison Corpse a glance, then nodded.

Immediately, the Poison Corpse's spirits were lifted, and he turned around to immediately charge towards the swamp below him. When he sank entirely into it, Su Ming stood in midair and started waiting without any form of anxiety.

After about the time taken for half an incense stick to burn, the green fog that surrounded the swamp started churning as if some sort of suction force had appeared within the swamp, and was all absorbed into the swamp. After some time, a vortex appeared within the swamp, and it spun faster with each passing moment. Eventually, the Poison Corpse charged out from the vortex!

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He could clearly see a curved knife in the Poison Corpse's hand. That knife was green and was glowing brightly. He could not tell what material was used to make it.

There was also an archaic air coming from it. Clearly, that knife had been around for a very long time!

When Su Ming remembered just how long the World of Nine Yin had been around, he knew that this knife was definitely an ancient treasure, he just did not know how the Poison Corpse had managed to get his hands on it. But now that he thought about it, this knife must have been the cause for the change in the Poison Corpse's poison fog!

As if the Poison Corpse was worried that Su Ming would take away his knife, the moment he flew out with the knife, he immediately stabbed his own chest with it. Su Ming saw the knife melting when it entered the Poison Corpse's body, then watched as it seeped into him and disappeared.

Pain appeared on the Poison Corpse's face. After struggling for a moment, he managed to bear through it by sheer willpower. The injuries on his body also recovered in an instant. In fact, his eyes were sparkling even brighter than before. He was in a much better form than he was previously.

Questions rose in Su Ming's mind when he saw the Poison Corpse in this state. If the knife had such effects, then why did the Poison Corpse not bring it out previously...?

The Poison Corpse might already possess intelligence, but he could only express simple emotions, such as happiness, anger, sadness, and joy. He could not communicate with Su Ming. There was no way for Su Ming to obtain an answer to his questions, so he kept a mental note in his head and began to observe the Poison Corpse in secret while maintaining his guard.

However, this was not the time for him to delve too deeply into it. Once he was certain that his brand on the Poison Corpse had become much more secure and he could control the Poison Corpse without problems, he averted his gaze. He looked in the direction of where the Spirits of Nine Yin were, and charged towards that place.

The Poison Corpse turned into a ray of green light and followed closely behind him.

'It's a pity that I still can't find the puppet that was formed from Ji Yun Hai's body even with my divine sense covering the area, or else my battle prowess would reach its peak!'

Rain continued pouring from the sky and covered a large area in the World of Nine Yin.

When dusk arrived, a dense forest region took form before Su Ming as he continued charging forward. Vaguely, he could see several tall mountains located deep in the forest. There were also many palaces that surrounded the mountains. In fact, Su Ming could even see numerous statues standing stock-still outside those palaces.

It was as if everything in this place was in deep slumber. The entire forest was dead silent. Not a single sound could be heard coming from within. However, when Su Ming used his divine sense and covered the area, he could feel the crimson dragon weakly crying out in pain!

This was the place where the Spirits of Nine Yin resided. It was also the spot where the ripples from his crimson dragon were coming from!

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area, and eventually, he focused his attention on one of the towering mountains. At the top of that mountain was a palace, and that palace was in the picture that had appeared briefly in his mind.

Su Ming did not stop moving. With his gaze fixed on the palace in the mountain, he charged towards that place, his body shining with a brilliant golden light.

Almost the instant Su Ming got closer, the stone of the unmoving statues standing outside the palaces at the foot of the mountain before him started to look as if they were melting. These statues recovered one by one, and waves upon waves of powerful presences spread out, causing the rain falling from the sky to momentarily freeze. The raindrops then floated away, unable to fall straight down. The clouds in the sky also started to become obscure, as if they were covered by those presences, and the clouds started to give off a feeling as if they were distorting.

"This is the territory of the Spirits of Nine Yin. All trespassers will be killed!" A bone-chilling voice reverberated through the air, and a strong murderous intent could be felt within it. It was as if it contained some form of law that could make all those who heard it feel their hearts lurch in their chests.

Rumbling sounds echoed within Su Ming's body while the piercing golden light shone about him. This was the first time he executed the full extent of his abilities ever since he came out of the Undying and Imperishable World. Even when he killed that Golden Thread Sacred Bat, he had still not used his full power. Yet now, as golden light shone from his whole body and the rumbling sounded, even his hair seemed to have turned gold.

The mark of Dark Mountain appeared on Su Ming's face, and his Nascent Divinity spread out behind him to turn into a gigantic shadow. That shadow looked similar to him, but was several thousands of feet tall. Once he manifested, he formed a seal with one hand, and then with an aloof gaze, walked after Su Ming.

This was the true form of his Nascent Divinity after Soul Formation. It was a pity that Ji Yun Hai was not here, or else Su Ming would be able to call forth even greater strength from his current power of cultivation when he practiced the cultivation methods of Immortals. However, even if his Nascent Divinity appeared only in this state in the world, he could still bring forth a great portion of his power!

The Poison Corpse was at the very end. A fierce light shone in his eyes, and as he breathed, the black and green fog surrounded his body, and as it did so, it made him look like an evil spirit.

Su Ming charged forward. There were eight palaces between this place and that palace at the top of the mountain. Each of these palaces had numerous stone statues stationed outside, and right at that moment, the stone statues of the first palace, which was located at the outermost layer of the forest, had all woken up!

There was also an invisible seal placed over there, causing him to be unable to warp. It was as if space itself was being squeezed together by the seal until there was not a single gap left. If he warped forcefully, there was a huge possibility that he would immediately reappear not too far away with his flesh and blood breaking down.

There was an aloof expression on Su Ming's face while a resolute glint appeared in his eyes. As he charged forward, he arrived in the blink of an eye at the first palace that blocked his path. The moment he closed in, the numerous stone statues outside the first palace had already woken up, and they were all looking at Su Ming coldly. Almost the instant he arrived, low roars rose into the sky.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. The instant these Spirits of Nine Yin closed in on him, a large amount of lightning arcs immediately appeared on his body. At the same time, lightning emerged in large quantities in the rain falling down from the sky. When Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it before himself, endless bolts of lightning came crashing downwards.

From the distance, it looked as if a rain of lightning was falling on the first palace. Countless crashes of thunder roared in the air, and the land was instantaneously lit up despite it being dusk!

Su Ming had called forth all these bolts of lightning with his Lightning Crystal of Inheritance. Lightning covered the area, causing the incoming Spirits of Nine Yin to momentarily freeze, and right at the moment they froze, Su Ming had already arrived at the main door to the first palace. Just as he was about to step in, a roar came from within the palace, and soon after, a figure that was around a hundred feet tall charged out from inside.

Before the figure even closed in, a powerful pressure forced itself down on Su Ming's heart and soul, but he did not stop for even a single moment. He clenched his right fist, then hurled it straight towards the incoming gigantic figure.

That gigantic figure also hurled his fist towards Su Ming. Their fists crashed into each other in an instant. One of them stood within the hall, and the other outside the hall. Right in the middle was the palace door.

One of them was around a hundred feet tall, and the other looked rather tiny in comparison!

One of them was ferocious, and the other was indifferent!

Time seemed to have frozen up during that instant. As lightning flashed through the sky, it illuminated everything. At the moment their fists clashed, the armor decked Spirit of Nine Yin in the palace shuddered violently and his armor shattered into pieces with a bang, revealing his face, which looked like dried wood. He even coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and staggered a few steps back!

Su Ming did not even take a single step backwards. With one single move, he leaped through the first palace and charged towards the second palace.

"Who are you?!" The shocked filled voice of the spirit from the first palace chased after Su Ming. The strength of their physical bodies had always been the pride of Spirits of Nine Yin. Even if their levels of cultivation did not differ too greatly from their opponents, they could still use the might of their bodies to suppress their enemies!

Yet what happened just now had filled the spirit's heart with a level of shock that could not be described with words. He could clearly feel that this person had not used any sort of divine ability and had just used his physical strength, just like him. And in such a situation, he had practically lost completely!

"I am Su Ming! And I came here to take back the spirit you Spirits of Nine Yin took with you!"

The instant Su Ming stepped into the second palace, the stone on the statues outside the second palace started melting. All of them had dark expressions on their faces, and without saying a single word, they charged towards him.

This time, Su Ming did not attack. His Poison Corpse did. That Corpse rushed out with a roar, and the black and green poison fog spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it covered the entire area. Su Ming knew that if he wanted to save the Crimson Dragon, he had to be fast!

He had to use the fastest speed he could muster and charge towards the place where the crimson dragon was sealed!

Without stopping, he arrived before the door to the second palace. At the instant he stepped in, a huge spirit walked out of the second palace. He held a long spear in his hand, and the moment he walked out, he sent that spear charging straight towards Su Ming's face. It brought with it a piercing sound as it sliced through the air, and it was so loud that the sound was deafening.

It was as if he had prepared this attack since a long time ago and chosen to unleash it right at that moment!

The spear was just about to touch Su Ming when he lifted his right hand, and immediately, Han Mountain Bell appeared in it, as if his fist had turned into the bell itself. The bell crashed into the long spear in an instant, and a loud chime that shook the skies rang through the world.

The body of the spirit with the long spear lurched forward, and the long spear in his hands started shattering inch by inch. He fell several steps backwards and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. Without a hint of hesitation, Su Ming went past the palace and charged towards the third palace.

Yet the instant he stepped into the third palace, not only did all the statues outside the palace wake up, even the guardian in the palace had walked out with a long spear in his hand. When the spirit lifted the spear, all the Spirits of Nine Yin around lifted their spears and tossed them at the same time. Sharp, piercing whistles charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming still looked as calm as ever. In the face of all the long spears charging towards him, he lifted his left hand and pressed at the air before him gently.

"My left hand symbolizes time that has passed... as if your bodies are all searching for the signs of time... move back..." Su Ming muttered softly.

The instant those words left his lips, he pushed against the air, and the numerous long spears that were charging towards him no longer moved forward, but backwards! At the same time, before the Spirits of Nine Yin even managed to take a step forward, they started moving as if their actions were flowing in reverse, and all of them took a step backwards!

The shock of when they took that step backwards was enough to strike anyone who witnessed this scene dumb with amazement!

Then, like a bolt of lightning, Su Ming leaped over the third palace and headed towards the fourth palace!

For some strange reason, the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth palace had not woken up. Only a powerful spirit of three hundred something feet tall stood outside the palace, looking at Su Ming with a complicated gaze!

"Are you going to stop me as well?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Chapter 494: Ze Long Shen

Once Su Ming mastered the fusion between the past and the future, Destiny was contained between the back and front of his hands!

This method which allowed him to cause time to flow back came through the epiphany he gained when he isolated himself during those two months and nursed his Nascent Soul back to health - his Destiny Style!

This was his creation, the third style that came after Berserker Obliteration and that extreme speed, this was Destiny's Past!

This style looked simple and as if it could change the course of time, but in truth, that was not so. Su Ming still could not truly do that. What he could do, however, was channel his understanding towards that one word into wind, and make it seem as if the wind's memories were flowing backwards based on that understanding.

Is he truly turned into Destiny, then he could bring forth the power of this one style to its greatest extent, but he had not transformed at the moment. That was why when he executed this attack, he could only cause things to move in reverse for a single moment.

Nonetheless, even if it was just for a single moment, it was still enough to stir up enough shock among the Spirits of Nine Yin, because this sort of divine ability had already reached an incredibly abstruse level!

At that moment, that was exactly how the three hundred something feet tall spirit standing outside the fourth palace felt!

He did not even bother hiding the complicated look on his face as he looked at Su Ming. His name... was Li Huo!

Su Ming also looked at the huge spirit before him, and he felt as if he could still hear the words the spirit had once said echoing faintly in his ears. "My name is Li Huo. According to the treaty made between my tribe and the Shaman Tribe, I am willing to serve you."

In the face of Su Ming's question, the conflicted look on Li Huo's face became even greater. He lifted his head swiftly, and resolution appeared in his eyes.

"There are certain things that a man can and cannot do! Because of personal reasons, I shouldn't stop you... but as a member of my race, I must stop you! You saved me before, I..." The spirit lifted his right hand abruptly and seized the air. Immediately, a gigantic axe appeared out of thin air with a huge boom. Once he held it in his hand, he placed it on the ground.

The ground shuddered, and thin cracks spread out with loud, rumbling sounds ringing in the air.

"...have wronged you in this matter!"

Li Huo let go of his right hand. His battle axe stood straight on the ground, and he turned around, slamming his right hand against his chest roughly. He staggered a few steps backwards and coughed out a huge mouthful of blood. His helmet shattered, revealing his dried wood like face, and he opened up the path!

"Go!" Li Huo gritted his teeth and growled.

All the Spirits of Nine Yin around him were starting to awaken slowly. All of them looked at Li Huo, and in the midst of their silence, they remained still.

Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards Li Huo, and a complicated look also appeared on his face. With one move, he leaped up and was about to rush into the fifth palace, but right at the instant he jumped up, all the other Spirits of Nine Yin in the fourth palace lifted their heads.

"Let him go!" Li Huo spoke once again, and there was a tone in his voice that told Su Ming he was bidding him farewell. He might have only gotten to know Su Ming for a short amount of time, but the things that had happened during the time they were briefly acquainted with each other were things that Li Huo would never forget.

He had not managed to complete Su Ming's last request, bringing only the girl back to the Shaman City. The boy had run into an accident on their way back.

He would forever feel guilty about this.

Su Ming turned into a long arc, and in the blink of an eye, he charged into the fifth palace!

The instant he stood in the air above the courtyard of the fifth palace, a powerful, imposing air came crashing into him. There were nine gigantic stone statues in the courtyard, and all of them were waking up one by one. At the same time these spirits looked towards Su Ming with an aloof gaze, a Spirit of Nine Yin that wore no helmet walked out from within the fifth palace. He seemed to be a middle-aged man, and his face that was formed of dried wood contained no hint of emotion.

"Stop!" the middle-aged Spirit of Nine Yin said languidly. His voice gave off a feeling as if he was rotting away. Right then, powerful presences erupted forth from the nine Spirits of Nine Yin, and all of them were spirits that held power equivalent to a Latter Shaman!

It was especially so for the middle-aged spirit who walked out of the palace. The ripples that were spreading out from his body told Su Ming that even if he did not have the power equivalent to an End Shaman, he would still have the power equivalent to a Latter Shaman who had reached the peak!

These Spirits of Nine Yin were enough to trap Su Ming in this place and stop him from reaching the sixth palace in a short period of time!

Almost the instant all the Spirits of Nine Yin in the courtyard revealed their full power and lifted their heads, ready to charge towards Su Ming, who was closing in on them from midair, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the small snake on his shoulders lifted its head to let out a piercing howl.

As it howled, the small snake charged out. With one twist of its body in midair, the illusory shadow of a gigantic Candle Dragon immediately appeared in the sky!

That shadow of the Candle Dragon roared and opened its mouth wide before sweeping its head across the ground underneath. At the same time, Su Ming turned into a long arc and shot through the Candle Dragon's shadow to rush forward.

The Candle Dragon formed by the small snake blocked the Spirits of Nine Yin in the palace underneath, buying an instant for Su Ming. It allowed him to swiftly charge out of the fifth palace and arrive at the sixth palace in a rush!

The small snake's power as the Candle Dragon might not be weak, but it was not fully grown. It could only trap the Spirits of Nine Yin in the fifth palace for a short period of time. It could not do so for long.

Su Ming knew that he... did not have much time!

With his full speed, he stepped into the courtyard of the sixth palace, and right at that instant, seven presences that were equivalent to Latter Shamans that had reached the peak charged towards him, causing Su Ming to have absolutely no chance of dodging or retreating as he was in midair!

The seven presences were about to close in to him in the next instant. A glint flashed past Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand, and the full power of the Wind Crystal of Inheritance in his body erupted forth. A vortex started spinning around his body, and as that vortex spun, a hot wave of air appeared, as if the vortex had turned into a cyclone that contained great heat!

Once that wind appeared, Su Ming pointed towards the sky with his right hand.

"Lunar Burial!"

The instant those two words fell out of his mouth, a gigantic whirlwind formed in the sky as well. The temperature of that wind was different from the hot whirlwind on the ground - it contained a freezing chill. All of this seemed to have happened over a long span of time, but in truth, everything happened in an instant.

As the freezing vortex and the burning wind on the ground continuously spun in the world, they crashed into each other abruptly, and as they did so, a gust of wind that was much stronger than the wind summoned through Sun Genesis burst forth out of nowhere. And as it howled, it also contained a power that could blow apart life. This... was Lunar Burial!

The second style of Wind Separation - Lunar Burial!

Under that gust of wind that came forth to bury life, the seven powerful Spirits of Nine Yin that were closing in on Su Ming became like corpses. As the wind blew, their bodies rapidly dried up and a large amount of their life force flowed out from their bodies. That wind howled and swept about in all directions. Su Ming stood in that gust of wind, and it caused his long hair to dance, his robes to flutter, and his eyes to look ghostly!

However, this was the sixth palace of the Spirits of Nine Yin. Almost the instant that gust of wind formed, an old spirit walked out of the sixth palace, and that old spirit was also another person Su Ming was familiar with!

The old spirit was naturally... the spirit that Su Ming had rented in the past, one that possessed power that was equivalent to that of an End Shaman! He was also the one who had taken away the crimson dragon with some unknown method and caused the crimson dragon to be sealed in this place!

He also had a complicated look on his face, but different from Li Huo stepping aside to clear the path, he took a step forward, and as that gust of wind swirled in the air, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the wind!

It was the same attack he executed when he had helped Su Ming fight against the God of Shamans Temple all those years ago during the treasure gambling event!

"Ze Long Shen..."

As Su Ming stood in the gust of wind, he saw the incoming attack of that one point. At that moment, all seven figures that had been closing in on him moments ago were revealed, but they could not get closer to Su Ming. In the gust of wind that aimed to bury their lives, they could only do their absolute best to fight against it.

The might of that wind would not have been so powerful if it had been executed by a person with average power, but when Su Ming cast it with the full power of all his Berserker Bones, this Lunar Burial reached an incredibly powerful state.

"In the past, I could not hope to even become your opponent... Now, I'd like to see just how far apart we are!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he took a step forward, walking straight out of the vortex that was the gust of wind that buried lives. He lifted his right hand, and with the jab he created after numerous evolutions during those countless years in the Undying and Imperishable World, he pointed forward, and that one jab traveled forth like lightning. It swiftly closed in on the attack from the old Spirit of Nine Yin's finger in midair.

In the past, Su Ming had been so weak that he could not put up a fight against the old spirit in his own eyes!

As of now, he already had the right to truly fight against this old spirit!

'It's a pity... that the timing isn't right.'

At the same moment Su Ming pointed forward, he moved his body slightly. He sighed in his heart, and when that one jab of his clashed against the old spirit's attack from his finger, a loud bang that shook the skies rose into the air.

Amid the rumbles, blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's lips. His body tumbled backwards, and due to the slight rearrangement in his position, he did not fall back in the direction of where he came. Instead, as if he had borrowed the old spirit's power, he charged straight towards the seventh palace!

The old Spirit of Nine Yin's body shuddered. He could tell that Su Ming had not used his entire power when he executed that one jab. He had just wanted to borrow its power to charge forth. When he saw that Su Ming was heading straight to the seventh palace, a glint appeared in his eyes. At the instant he was about to give chase, the shadow of Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, who was still following right behind Su Ming, whipped his head around.

Right at the moment the Nascent Divinity turned his head around, he lifted his right hand and swung it against the sky. That one swing immediately caused a blood-red hue to spread out, making it seem as if the entire sky was being rapidly dyed in blood.

This was one of the stronger styles among all of Hong Luo's Arts - Purge the Heavens!

It was difficult for Su Ming to bring out much of the power in this Art if he cast it at just the Soul Formation Stage. Even if he used up all the energy contained within his Nascent Divinity, he would still only be able to bring out half of the Art's power. Yet even though it was just half, it could still bring about a purge!

The sky was dyed crimson red as if a sea of blood had manifested. The sea tumbled in all directions and appeared right behind Su Ming, as if it was serving as a blockade,

cutting off the old Spirit of Nine Yin's path when he tried to chase Su Ming down. The sea of blood surged about, and as if the sky had collapsed, all the red in the sky fused into Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, and once it did so, his Nascent Divinity charged straight towards the old Spirit of Nine Yin.

Su Ming did not turn his head back. Borrowing the power from that one point and using his Nascent Divinity's Art to block the old spirit off was all so that he would not be trapped within the sixth palace. At that moment, as he charged forward like a long arc, Su Ming stepped right into the courtyard of the seventh palace!

His face was slightly pale. After all, that one attack from the old spirit's finger was equivalent to an attack from an End Shaman. If his physical body had not been strong enough and allowed him to bear the brunt of the attack, Su Ming might have immediately exploded.

However, the guards for the palaces belonging to the Spirits of Nine Yin were all stronger with each new level.

Even if there were only two palaces left standing before him until he reached the mountain sealing his crimson dragon, these two palaces, the seventh and eight palaces, were definitely incredibly dangerous.

But Su Ming had no regrets!

Chapter 495: God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu!

The instant Su Ming stepped into the courtyard of the seventh palace, he found out that there were only five statues standing around. These five had already woken up, and at the instant he came close, they all took a step forward at the same time.

When their feet landed on the ground, the ground shook. Every single one of these five statues contained a power similar to the sixth palace's Ze Long Shen. As they took that step forward, a mighty pressure that felt like the seas were overturned and mountains were toppled over instantly rushed towards Su Ming.

His body suddenly froze. Under that pressure, he had a feeling as if his entire body was going to be crushed into smithereens. Once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he formed a seal with his right hand and pointed forward. Immediately, bell chimes reverberated in the air and spread out. Han Mountain Bell instantaneously appeared right in between Su Ming and the five powerful statues!

As Su Ming changed the seals in his right hand, Han Mountain Bell grew larger, and when a loud roar rose up and reverberated through the nine heavens, the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared as an illusion in the air above the seventh palace!

At that moment, many of the heads belonging to the nine-headed beast roared and charged towards the five powerful Spirits of Nine Yin.

However, each and every single one of these five Spirits of Nine Yin possessed power equivalent to an End Shaman. The level of their strength was simply unimaginable, and right at the moment the Nine-Headed Dragon appeared, an old spirit walked out of the seventh palace.

That old spirit wore a green robe, and while he looked like a block of dried up wood, he was not tall. In fact, his physique was not that much different compared to Su Ming. He looked incredibly tiny as he stood there, but despite his tiny stature, his gaze gave others a false impression. He looked at Su Ming coldly, and the instant he took a step forward, Su Ming had a feeling as if the earth was shaking and the mountains were trembling. It was as if the world had become dull when the old man appeared.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, then lifted his right hand into the air with his palm facing downwards and the back of his hand facing upwards. His left hand was also lifted up, but his palm was facing upwards, and the back of his hand was facing downwards!

"My palms symbolize my past, and the back of my hands represent my future..."

"The fusion of the past and present will happen when these two hands come into contact, and the power when the past and future fuse together will bloom.

"I call the power where I fuse the past and future together as... Destiny," Su Ming mumbled.

As he spoke, his left and right hands connected with each other! His body immediately started trembling, and veins popped up on his face. His long hair danced wildly in the air, and an illusory shadow appeared behind him.

The illusory shadow was that of a baby that did not cry nor wail. His eyes were dark and gray, and he looked as if he was dead!

That baby seemed to be looking at the sky as he remained still and unmoving. If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see that there was resentment burning on his dull face, and it was aimed towards the world!

Almost at the instant that baby appeared, the air before Su Ming distorted, and a purple figure manifested right in front of him. The face of this man with purple hair was filled with grief, as if he contained an endless amount of sorrow within him. He looked at the

sky and seemed as if he was mumbling, but no one could hear what he was saying clearly.

"The Fusion of Destiny: First Fusion!"

The instant Su Ming said those words, the man with purple hair before him and the baby with the dull eyes behind him immediately charged towards him and fused into his body. Right at the moment they fused into him, Su Ming's body turned into a gigantic vortex. It began rotating with booming sounds, and all those standing around could not see what was happening within.

However, that rotation did not last for a very long time. Almost the moment the Nine-Headed Dragon began its mad attack while roaring and the green-robed old spirit from the seventh palace walked forth, the vortex suddenly fell apart, spreading in all directions rapidly like a violent gust of wind sweeping through the land.

When the vortex dissipated from midair, a boy with a sickly pale face along with half a head of purple hair and the other half in white appeared right before all the Spirits of Nine Yin!

That boy was only about eight or nine years old. Not only was his face completely void of blood, even his skin had a grayish hue that gave off a dreary air. He had his head lifted to look at the sky, and at that moment, he slowly lowered it to look at the old spirit who had walked out of the seventh palace. Their gazes met.

The old man's feet came to an abrupt halt, and a powerful sense of danger swiftly rose in his heart. He could even sense a feeling of time and age from this person's gaze!

"Only fifteen breaths..." Su Ming, who had turned into a young boy, mumbled. This time, when he turned into Destiny, he could clearly sense his time limit. It was different from when he was in the Undying and Imperishable World, when he executed the fusion outside, he would only have the span of fifteen breaths in this form.

A glint appeared in his eyes. Without a single bit of hesitation, he took a step towards the old spirit from the seventh palace. In the process of taking that one step, while his body looked as if he was still rooted to his original spot, the old spirit that had walked out of the seventh palace lifted his right hand and pushed forward swiftly.

Booming sounds reverberated through the place, and distortions appeared in the air before the old man. Su Ming walked forth without stopping. As he moved towards the old man, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a ray of purple light manifested in his right hand, and then, he pointed towards the old man.

The ray of purple light immediately charged towards the old man. A grim expression appeared on the old man's face, and just when he was about to execute a divine ability to resist that purple light, Su Ming lifted his left hand and swung it in the air.

Immediately, the old man froze, and as if time had turned back on him, he took a step back against his will. The divine ability he was about to cast was also interrupted and cut off. His right hand started moving until he had it lifted up in the air, just like he had held it moments ago. Shock and disbelief appeared in his eyes. He could only watch the ray of purple light close in on him, and when that light enveloped his entire body, a loud bang traveled through the air.

As that bang echoed in the sky, the old man coughed out blood. His body tumbled backwards, but before he could move much further down, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the direction the old spirit's feet and body were moving changed once again. He took a few steps forward and returned to the spot before he suffered the attack from the ray of purple light.

In fact, even that ray of purple light that had crashed into the old spirit's body moved out from within him, and the scene just then repeated itself. Booming sounds rang out in the air once more.

The process continued repeating itself, and in a short instant, the old spirit had already gone through thirteen cycles of falling backwards and moving forward, as well as thirteen cycles of being attacked and the ray of light flowing out of his body to attack him again. Only when Su Ming walked past him and out of the seventh palace to arrive at the eighth palace did the old spirit's body stop suffering from the barrage of attacks caused by the endless loop between the past and the future.

However, once the cycle stopped, thirteen loud bangs erupted from his body, and a ray of purple light surged into the sky while illuminating the entire area. Once those thirteen bangs ended, the old spirit coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, and as he staggered, he whipped his head around. With a pale face, he looked towards Su Ming in shock!

He could tell clearly, if it was not because this person did not harbor strong killing intent, then if he had to bear through the barrage of attacks caused by the loop between the past and the future a little longer, he would have died!

This sort of attack, this sort of divine ability, and this sort of unbelievable change caused fear to instinctively rise in the old spirit's heart towards Su Ming.

He was not the only one afraid, the other five Spirits of Nine Yin were all the same!

At that moment, Su Ming was not Su Ming. He was... Destiny!

Seven breaths had gone by since Destiny appeared till the moment he walked into the eighth palace. When the eighth breath was over, Su Ming arrived in the eighth palace. There were only three statues in the eighth palace, and at that moment, those three were rapidly recovering. In the blink of an eye, they had already awakened.

At the same time, a cold harrumph came from the eighth palace itself. A foot also took a step outside. The owner of that foot was still largely hidden in the darkness of the palace, and as he moved forward, his figure was gradually revealed.

However, all of this started rapidly changing the moment Su Ming stepped into the eighth palace. As he, with half his hair purple and the other half white, walked forward, the three statues that had already awakened and opened their eyes immediately closed them. Their recovered bodies started turning to stone from their heads, and when Su Ming walked past them, the three powerful statues had fallen asleep once again, as if time had reversed around them.

The cold harrumph that came from the eighth palace also became weaker from the initial strength it had. The one step its owner had taken was also moving backwards slowly, but Su Ming could see that the leg was trembling, as if the owner of that leg was doing his absolute best to struggle against that force!

Nonetheless, as Su Ming continued moving forward, the struggle turned into powerlessness in the end, and that leg retreated back into the palace without appearing again...

Su Ming moved past the eighth palace, and right before him was the mountain that sealed his crimson dragon. At the top of the mountain was the final palace that kept his crimson dragon captive!

The ninth palace in this area!

Su Ming walked past the eighth palace and stepped on the mountain. Right at the instant he stood outside the ninth palace, an illusion surrounded his body. Destiny's body gradually grew up, and in an instant, he regained his original appearance. The boy who was about eight or nine years old was gone.

The color of his hair also returned to normal. However, his face still looked slightly pale. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Clearly, casting the divine ability in the world outside to turn himself into Destiny was also incredibly demanding on Su Ming.

"You... are the fourth outsider over the countless years... who has managed to force his way through the eight palaces and arrive at this place!"

An ancient voice traveled forth from within the ninth palace. The door to the palace opened slowly, causing Su Ming to be able to see the skeleton impaled to the ground right in the middle of the eight statues, along with the picture of the crimson dragon under that skeleton.

The person who said those words was no one else but the skeleton who was impaled to the ground. At that moment, the skeleton lifted his head slowly and looked towards Su Ming!

At the instant he lifted his head and the moment Su Ming saw the skeleton, he immediately recognized that the skeleton's head was the exact same as the head that was hoisted up by that stone pillar in Shaman City all those years ago!

"That divine ability of yours just now is very strong... If you could last in that form for more than the time taken for an incense stick to burn, then you could come and go as you please in our territory, and no one would be able to stop you... Even I would have to pay a huge price to stop you..."

"But clearly, you can't." The skeleton looked at Su Ming, and there was infinite wisdom shining in his eyes. There was also an ancient glint that lasted through an unknown amount of years within his gaze.

"As the fourth person who managed to force his way through to this place over the long history we have, you have earned our respect... Go. This soul formed from Earthen Aura is very useful to my people. We won't give it to you."

Su Ming remained. He did not speak, but he did lift his right hand slowly. There was a strand of hair on his finger, and at that moment, it was showing signs of burning.

A mighty pressure that had surpassed Su Ming's by an immeasurable level was slowly spreading out from that strand of hair on his finger. The strength of that pressure instantly covered the entire area, causing the expressions of all the Spirits of Nine Yin to immediately change!

It also made a powerful light appear within the eyes of the skeleton in the palace.

"This presence... This is the presence of the God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu!"

Notes: Lie Shan Xiu: Pronounced /lʃʃ/, not /lʃʃ/.

Chapter 496: Then why are You here as Well?

The skeleton in the ninth palace shuddered, pulling at the chains and the spike, making them tremble as well. He also caused the mountain to start shivering faintly. He stared at Su Ming's palm, stared at the strand of hair on his finger. A dim light gradually appeared on his dried up face. As that light spread through his body, life also seemed to have returned to his dried up body.

"Lie Shan Xiu..." Su Ming's expression remained calm, but there was already a huge wave raging in his heart. This was the first time he heard that name, and based on this

person's words, this name belonged to the God of Berserkers... the first God of Berserkers!

"I could leave without bringing along the Earthen Aura dragon's soul, but with this power of the God of Berserkers, not only can I just rain death upon you Spirits of Nine Yin, I can destroy this place sealing my crimson dragon. And judging by how it is acting as a seal, this place must also be a very important place to you Spirits of Nine Yin!

"It'd be to my best interests to destroy this place, but if I can't, I can still leave unscathed if I coordinate the power of my cultivation with the power of the God of Berserkers... And from then onwards, I would search for every single one of you Spirits of Nine Yin who strayed off from your kind, and I will not stop until I kill every single one of you!

"You've already seen my divine ability just now. I can do what I just said!" Su Ming quelled the shock in his heart and declared languidly. He possessed the power of the God of Berserkers, and with it, he could even destroy Di Tian's clone. This was also the reason why he was confident he could save the crimson dragon. It was also the reason why he chose to bear through so many difficulties and hardships to arrive at the ninth palace!

If he had revealed the power of the God of Berserkers before he got close, then he would not be able to be as threatening as he was now. Only by showing off his abilities and bringing out this threat could he bring out the best result he desired!

As the skeleton in the palace recovered, the dim light in his eyes grew stronger. He stared at the strand of hair on Su Ming's finger, and a complicated look mixed with nostalgia appeared on his face.

"Lie Shan Xiu was the first person who forced his way through the palaces... That was a very long time ago... This presence does indeed belong to him. I didn't expect him to have taken that step..."

When he finished saying those words, the skeleton let out a long sigh and looked towards Su Ming. He did hear Su Ming's threat clearly, and if he did not possess the power of the God of Berserkers, the skeleton would have just treated it as a joke. However, right at that very moment, what he said was not a joke!

"We can make a deal..." The skeleton had already completely recovered. He stood up from the ground slowly, and as he did, the chains on his body melted, and the spikes stuck to the ground loosened one by one before they disappeared without a trace.

When the skeleton stood up, Su Ming saw that he was not tall. He was just about the same height as him. As he stood there, a yellow robe gradually appeared on his body.

Su Ming did not speak. He only looked at the skeleton.

"I need the Earthen Aura dragon's soul because the power of the Earthen Aura it contains is extremely useful for my people... But now, if you are willing to use the power of the God of Berserkers to help my people, then we will naturally no longer need this puny dragon soul!" The skeleton spoke slowly, and as he spoke, he lifted his right hand and pressed downwards.

Immediately, the crimson dragon's picture on the ground distorted. As a low roar reverberated in the air, the picture melted, and as if a seal had been broken, the crimson dragon's body manifested and flew up from the ground. It looked listless as it charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, all the Spirits of Nine Yin within the eight palaces under the foot of the mountain stopped attacking, and instead, they started retreating before they returned to being statues. Immediately after, the Poison Corpse charged forth and returned to Su Ming's side. The small snake also rushed towards him. Nascent Divinity returned last with Han Mountain Bell in tow.

During the entire process, the Spirits of Nine Yin did not try to stop them and simply allowed them to return to Su Ming's side.

"This is a show of my sincerity," the skeleton said slowly as he looked towards Su Ming.

"If you agree to this, not only will I allow you to bring the Earthen Aura away, you will also receive our friendship. This friendship will last for eternity."

Without batting an eyelid, Su Ming put away Han Mountain Bell and his Nascent Divinity, then looked towards the skeleton, and spoke in a freezing voice.

"I heard the Shamans had the same friendship with your people in the past."

The skeleton now looked like an ancient old man. Towards Su Ming's words, he only shook his head.

"There is no friendship between us and the Shamans. There is only a promise and a mutually beneficial relationship. They did not keep to the promise and brought this disaster on themselves. It has nothing to do with us Spirits of Nine Yin."

Su Ming frowned. He did not speak.

"Oh well, there's no harm in me telling you this. The promise between my people and the Shamans was that we would help them open up an area of one million li and allow them to build Shaman City. We would also willingly serve them if they give us what we want so that they can survive here.

"In return, they had to give us what we required once in a while. And every single time my people helped them, they had to give us what we needed! The Shamans couldn't bring too many powerful warriors in a go either..."

"But fifteen years ago, the Shamans broke their part of the promise first and caused the land to fall apart," the old man in yellow robes, who had transformed from the skeleton, explained with an ancient voice.

"Once I give you the power of the God of Berserkers, I will no longer have anything to threaten you with. If you go back on your word, I will be in danger," Su Ming's stated slowly with a glint in his eyes.

The old man in yellow robes fell silent, then walked slowly forward until he moved out of the palace. As he stood outside, he looked towards the world outside.

Su Ming took a few steps back and maintained a certain amount of distance between them.

"Everyone... has their own home..." After a long while, the old man suddenly spoke in a hoarse voice.

"You have one, the Shamans have one, and Lie Shan Xiu also had one... Similarly, we Spirits of Nine Yin also have a home... Now, the World of Nine Yin is sealed, and no one from the world outside can enter, and neither can anyone from within leave. Do you want to leave this place?" The old man turned his head around and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming's heart shuddered. During the past few days, he had been unwilling to think about this. The things that had happened to Fated Kin had moved his heart greatly, but he had a vague hunch that it was going to be incredibly difficult for them to leave the World of Nine Yin.

However, he did not give up hope. Instead, he had decided that once everything had been settled, he would go and search for a chance to leave this place, no matter how slim that hope was.

"If you help us, you will also be helping yourself..." the old man said slowly.

Su Ming remained silent.

"When we worked with the Shamans, we thought about using them to gather the necessary materials we needed because they could go in and out with ease. Over the endless amount of years, we only had one wish... and that was to go back home!

"For this, we worked together with the Shamans. For this, we were willing to serve the Shamans. For this, my people brought that crimson dragon back. All of this was just so that we could go home..."

"Our home is not here in the World of Nine Yin. Neither is it in this True Morning Dao World. It is instead a world located in a universe that is very, very far from here - the True Sacred Yin World of the four Great True Worlds!" The old man's voice was low, but the words he said made Su Ming's breathing quicken and a great wave that surged into the skies raged in his heart.

"For this, we could give up on everything... As the evil spirit of my people through the ages, I acted out a show for the Shamans so that they would believe that our people were divided. My head was cut off and placed as an offering in Shaman City. I was turned into the Shamans' war achievement and into the emblem of their glory as they stayed within these one million lis..." the old man mumbled.

'True Sacred Yin World... True Morning Dao World... The four Great True Worlds!' Su Ming remembered the Candle Dragon's words before it had truly died.

"The Shamans did not keep to their promise and set up a Rune in this place fifteen years ago. They wanted to transfer a large amount of Shamans here in one go, but the Shamans didn't know that once they truly did so, then they would bring forth a disaster that would affect the entire World of Nine Yin!

"If too much Yin Death Aura from outsiders came into this place, the World Spirit would definitely activate its defenses and begin destroying all the lives here, even if it was still deep asleep...

"That is why I attacked. Before the World Spirit activated its defenses and began its massacre, I destroyed that threat!" The old man in yellow robes shook his head.

"World Spirit?" Su Ming was momentarily stunned.

"You are a member of Lie Shan Xiu's race. With his power protecting you, you aren't considered an outsider... This World of Nine Yin may seem like a world, but in truth, it is an Enchanted Vessel of the True World belonging to us Spirits of Nine Yin!

"This Enchanted Vessel is incredibly big, and it is used by the Cultivators in the True Sacred Yin World to move back and forth through universes, and only these sort of Enchanted Vessels can obtain the power to break the barrier between worlds so that we can travel between two True Worlds!

"But many years ago, when we Spirits of Nine Yin went out on a mission by the orders of the True Sacred Yin Spirit, we ran into a Celestial Storm of the True World while we were moving between worlds... Our Enchanted Vessel was damaged greatly, and we were forced to come to this place...

"And we stayed... till now." There was nostalgia on the yellow-robed old man's face when he whispered softly.

Su Ming's heart shuddered violently. He instinctively took a few steps backwards, and it was difficult for him to hide the disbelief on his face.

"If that is the case, then why did the Candle Dragon, why..." Su Ming immediately opened his mouth and asked.

"The Candle Dragon, its descendants, one of the nine Sacred beasts... Isn't the creature you see already dead...? The mission we received all those years ago was an order given to us by our Paragon True Sacred Yin Spirit. He told us to go to the other three True Great Worlds and gather the corpses of all the powerful existences in those worlds... What you see now is not even close to the strength the ancestor of my race possessed..." The yellow-robed old man's gaze fell on Su Ming.

'Sacred Bats, Drifting Roamers, Spirits of Nine Yin, Candle Dragons, and these races are just the ones within the one million lis... If what the old man said is true... then no wonder there are so many diverse races here!'

Su Ming's breathing quickened as he quickly processed all that he had heard. He had a vague hunch that this person was not lying.

Su Ming was just about to say something when his heart suddenly leaped in his chest. He suddenly remembered the old man talking about the World Spirit activating its defenses and killing everything, and he mentioned this so called... Yin Death Aura from the outside world!

"What is this Yin Death Aura?"

The old man in yellow robes remained silent for a moment before he cast Su Ming a complicated look. "Over the years, even if we are considered one of the top ten powerful races to the True Sacred Yin Spirit, but... do you really think that my people can remain forever and not die...? It is especially so when we had to suffer the impact of the Enchanted Vessel being damaged, did you think... we would have survived?"

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, then his expression suddenly changed drastically. He suddenly remembered the skeleton in the palace before this old man's life force was restored!

"You... You're already dead?" There were loud, booming noises going off in Su Ming's head.

"You can put it that way." The old man sighed.

"If you're dead, how could you still appear here?! Are you a soul? Or are you a fragment of your will?" Su Ming forced down the shock in his heart. When he remembered the Candle Dragon's will, he found that he could still offer an explanation to this, even though that explanation was very forced.

The old man remained silent and lifted his head to look at the sky. After a long while, he turned towards Su Ming. The complicated look on his face became more prominent with each passing moment.

"Then why are you here as well?"

Note: Yin Death Aura: A concept derived from another concept that comes in the next chapter. Could have just translated it as sinister death aura instead of giving it such a name, but perhaps you'll understand why I did so in the next chapter.

Chapter 497: The Start of Waking up the World Spirit

As if a hammer had struck his soul, Su Ming staggered a few steps back. With a dismal expression on his face, three scenes rapidly flashed in his head!

The first scene was of when he saw Bei Ling and Lei Chen on the Chains of Han Mountain in Han Mountain City and the one sentence he had heard at that time.

"You died. I buried you with my own hands..."

This scene disappeared in an instant and was replaced by the moment Hong Luo was disappearing. Su Ming stood on the coffin on the mountain in the land of the Shamans, and right at the instant he touched the coffin, he was plunged into a memory of darkness that felt like a dream.

"There were two babies at that time... She was the one alive, and I was the one dead..."

Soon after, all of these scenes shattered and Di Tian's body occupied all of his memories. That one aloof word echoed repeatedly in Su Ming's mind... and did not disappear even after a long time.

"Destiny!"

Su Ming stood there and looked at the old man in yellow robes, then at the world behind him. After a long while, he asked, burdened with anguish.

"Am I... dead?"

"Perhaps, perhaps not." The old man in yellow robes cast Su Ming a glance and shook his head.

"What do you mean?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he asked. He did not find it in himself to be unable to accept what the old man said. In truth, he had already discovered some clues about this many years ago, but he had simply been unable to piece the information together.

"There is a binary opposite that exists in the world. If we say that one side of the binary opposite is being alive, then we can say that the other side of the binary opposite is being dead... but what exactly is death and what exactly is meant by the other side? Who can really say clearly?

"Perhaps we can look at the boundary between these two sides as a mirror. When a person standing outside the mirror looks into the mirror, the person inside the mirror is also looking outside. He will see himself, but at the same time, he might also not be looking at himself.

"Do you understand?" the old man in yellow robes asked.

Su Ming frowned. After some time, he looked towards the world in the distance.

"Do you mean that the people in mirrors have their own lives, and the people outside the mirrors don't know about it, and that you and I are in these mirrors?"

"Your comprehensive abilities aren't too shabby. As the person who is regarded highly by Lie Shan Xiu, you must definitely have something outstanding about you... My home, the True Sacred Yin World, has been examining this binary opposite along with Yin and Yang since a long time ago. The results we obtained are that the universe contains this binary opposite as well!

"We call one side of this binary opposite as Yin Death Void, and the other side as Bright Yang Emptiness[2]." When the old man in yellow robes spoke up to that point, he suddenly stopped speaking and no longer continued. A smile appeared on his lips instead.

Su Ming remained silent, then lifted his right hand and looked at the strand of hair on his finger. After some time, a resolute look appeared on his face.

"How do I help your people return home?"

"This place is created from my people's Enchanted Vessel. It was damaged when the it was weaving through universes, but the spirit of this World, which is the soul of this Enchanted Vessel, is not dead. It is simply deep in slumber!

"It needs a sufficient amount of power to wake up, and only when it wakes up can we reactivate this Enchanted Vessel and return to the True Sacred Yin World based on the path it took all those years ago!

"Over the years, we have gathered quite a large number of materials, but it's still not enough. That's why we worked with the Shamans. That's why we need that Earthen Aura dragon's soul!

"You only need to transfer Lie Shan Xiu's power into the Rune, and you will have done a great favor to us. With Lie Shan Xiu's power, I have a seven tenth certainty that I will be able to make this World Spirit wake up in a short period of time!

"Once the World Spirit wakes up and we reestablish our connection with the World Spirit, we... will be able to go home!" The old man in yellow robes looked rather excited. Once he calmed himself down, he looked towards Su Ming with sincerity shining on his face.

"When the World Spirit wakes up, I will open a Relocation Rune within this Enchanted Vessel. We might not be able to use this Rune too many times due to the power of the Enchanted Vessel, but I can send you and your tribesmen away from this place, return you to your own world!

"I will also tell you the connection between Yin Death Void and Bright Yang Emptiness at that time. I hope it will be of help to you...

"And if you want to see the world as it really is, if you are courageous enough to take the risk, then you can be the last to use the Rune to leave. At that time, you will be able to see the universe and the heavens..." When the old man in yellow robes said these words, he took a few steps back, wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, and took a deep bow.

"Every single word I've said is true. I hope that you will help us. If the day comes that you are able to leave True Morning Dao World and head to True Sacred Yin World, you can search for Sacred Spirit Continent. That is where we Spirits of Nine Yin are. I hope that we will be able to meet each other in True Sacred Yin World someday!"

Su Ming remained silent as he looked at the old man before him. He nodded his head.

Everything the old man said felt like a dream to Su Ming, but when he connected those words to his own assumptions, he found that the old man was perhaps not speaking nonsense.

Yet no matter what, Su Ming would still agree to this to obtain the answer for the question in his heart. Even if the old man had lied about everything, even if all of this was fake, Su Ming still chose to believe that what the old man said was true.

When he saw him nodding, the old man in yellow robes let out a breath of relief. With a wave of his arm, the palace in the mountain where he was immediately started twisting and distorting before it gradually disappeared. The eight gigantic statues inside also

disappeared, as if everything had just been an illusion. Only a gigantic Rune was left behind on the ground where the crimson dragon had been before!

"Please transfer Lie Shan Xiu's power into the Rune!" The old man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed once again.

In silence, Su Ming walked towards the Rune slowly. When he stood within it, his gaze fell on it. After a long while, he lifted his right hand swiftly, and a strong ray of light instantly burst forth from the strand of hair on his finger, along with a mighty and imposing presence that surged to the skies.

That presence echoed in the air and caused the sky to rumble, the space all around them to seem as if it could not bear with that pressure, and signs of space being torn to start showing. Almost the instant Su Ming's finger came down, he suddenly turned his head around, and swift as lightning, his gaze landed on the yellow-robed old man's face.

He saw excitement, melancholy, nostalgia, and the yearning for home.

"I'll believe you this once!"

Su Ming's right hand was brought down swiftly, and the instant he tapped the Rune, the strand of hair on his finger started burning rapidly. A large wave of power that was simply unimaginable burst forth, and it all surged into the Rune.

At the same time, the mountain where Su Ming stood at the moment started cracking and breaking apart, inch by inch, turning into dust, but the Rune remained. It floated in midair, and the light on it started becoming brighter!

Soon after, all the palaces in the disappeared mountain vanished into thin air in an instant. All of them turned into dust and ashes, and those statues fell to the side to become one with the ground, as if a gust of wind that aimed to vanquish everything had swept past them.

When that windstorm was over and the light from the Rune became so bright that it was piercing to the eyes, there were no longer any mountains or palaces in the area, and there were also only ten of the statues that were transformed from the Spirits of Nine Yin!

These ten statues were all broken and tattered. They gave off a declining, ancient air, as if they had lived through a countless number of years.

The Rune in midair was becoming brighter with each passing moment and eventually turned into a pillar of light that was so bright that it pierced the eyes. That light erupted forth from the Rune and charged straight towards the end of the sky.

The instant the pillar of light shot into the sky, another one shot into the clouds from the distant land. Soon after, pillars of light started appearing one by one without stop in the boundless World of Nine Yin.

Su Ming might not be able to see all of them, but he could sense the world shaking!

There was only a little left of the strand of hair on his finger. When the pillar of light erupted, his body was bounced off by a great power, and he was forced back several thousands of feet. His face turned pale, and he coughed out a mouthful of blood. He looked around him dumbly, and saw the vanishing palaces and the disappearing statues. All of this felt incredibly real to him, which also meant that whatever the old man told him just now was indeed not fake.

"We will remember your kindness!" With an excited look on his face, the old man in yellow robes wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming, then charged straight into the pillar of light in the Rune.

"We will continue activating the Rune, and with all my strength, I will call upon the World Spirit to wake up. If I am quick, it'll take half a month, and if I am slow, then it'll take a month. The World of Nine Yin will be overturned by then, so please gather your tribesmen quickly, our lord benefactor. When the World Spirit wakes up, I will open the passage for all of you!"

Su Ming watched the old man in yellow robes disappear into the pillar of light, and after remaining silent for a moment, he gave up thinking about turning into Destiny once again without care for everything. A melancholic expression appeared on his face instead.

This was the final move he had in case any accidents happened. If everything that the old man had said been false, then Su Ming could use the span of fifteen breaths and revert things slightly.

However... it did not matter whether it was the drastic change around him or the yellow-robed old man's actions, all of them were proof that the person bore no ill will. Based on that alone, the believability of his words had almost reached the level where he was absolutely telling the truth!

This was what Su Ming wanted to know desperately, but also something that he did not want to face.

In silence, he put away his crimson dragon, causing it to turn into a picture on his left arm once again. The dragon had spent too much of its energy and had entered into deep slumber. Su Ming did not know when it would wake up again.

With the Poison Corpse and the small snake, he turned around and headed towards the Fated Kin's valley.

His back looked incredibly desolate, and there was an air of lonely befuddlement about him. Gradually, he left into the distance. Behind him was a pillar of light that surged into the skies. The ground under his feet shook, and the clouds tumbled about in the sky above his head. All of this signified that a change turning the world upside down was happening right at that moment.

"Half a month... A month... I will obtain all of these answers the instant I leave this place," Su Ming mumbled under his breath. A determined light gradually shone in his eyes. It did not matter what sort of answer he would obtain, he would still walk down his path.

It did not matter what that answer signified. Su Ming simply believed that he should know all these things!

His body disappeared into the distance. As he walked in the sky, he spread out his divine sense far and wide. When he saw the ruins of Shaman City in his divine sense, he saw a wandering soul drifting about in the ruins. It was Ahu's soul.

There was also a group of invisible Drifting Roamers wandering about outside the ruins of Shaman City, and among them was a woman that Su Ming was familiar with.

'Did... she not leave all those years ago...?' His footsteps came to a halt as he walked in midair, and he turned around and looked in the direction where the woman was in his divine sense.

Chapter 498: Your Personal Celestial Maiden

It was a fragile soul, a soul that had lost its intelligence and had been floating about the land for many years, lost...

She floated about without any focus in her eyes, and no one knew just where she was headed.

Her body could not be seen with a naked eye, she could only be detected through divine senses. Only then would her beautiful face be seen clearly. Only then would her befuddled eyes be seen clearly...

She wore a white satin dress that was formed from her soul. She drifted about, with many other similar souls by her side. It was as if they could see each other and were just floating about in a group.

She originally did not have any memories and had already forgotten how she died. She forgot how she became this way, only remembering vaguely that she seemed to be searching for something...

Yet she could not remember exactly what she was looking for.

As she moved, she continued floating about, searching for that something, over and over again. Was she searching for her home? Was she searching for the warmth she had when she was alive? Was she searching for where her sect was...?

She... was the Celestial Maiden.

With her status, she should have originally left fifteen years ago during the great change. She was an Immortal, this was not her place. With her status, she should have left the World of Nine Yin with her sect members...

Yet she still appeared within Su Ming's divine sense as a Drifting Roamer.

Su Ming stood there and looked at her, who could not be seen with a naked eye but could be detected clearly among the dozen something Drifting Roamers. He saw her pale face, her floating soul, and the dazed look in her eyes.

At that time, during the treasure gambling event, when Tian Lan Meng had lowered her head, when Wan Qiu had averted her gaze, when no one had spoken for him, this was the one and only person who had been worried about him.

Su Ming really did not have a lot of information about this woman. He had only seen this woman once during the war between the Shamans and Berserkers, and he had heard her call him 'Destiny'...

After that, from Hong Luo's memories, he knew that he had come into brief contact with this woman. They remained without any form of contact after that, and only met each other again in the World of Nine Yin.

Even the woman's name remained incredibly obscure to him.

He only knew that there were people who called her... Celestial Maiden.

This was a very strange title. What did that 'Celestial' mean? Was it somehow related to 'Destiny'? Su Ming looked at her and fell silent.

There were Drifting Roamers floating past Su Ming to arrive before him. They seemed to be unable to see him and treated him as if he did not exist. When eight Drifting Roamers moved past him, the woman in the white satin dress approached him.

With her befuddled gaze, she got closer to Su Ming slowly. At the instant she was about to float past him, she suddenly froze!

She seemed to have noticed something, because she turned around to look at him. Yet in her gaze, she only saw emptiness... However, for some unknown reason, she felt that the spot was incredibly warm, as if... that was the place she was searching for.

She slowly lifted her hand as if she wanted to touch that warmth. Su Ming looked at her and simply allowed her to place her hand on his body and touch his face.

Cold. That was the first thing Su Ming felt.

He looked at the woman's soul. She originally did not have any emotions on her face, but her lips gradually curled up into a faint smile. That smile was incredibly beautiful, and there was a sort of innocence contained within, along with an indefinable attachment.

She touched Su Ming's face and got closer to him slowly before gradually snuggling into his embrace. She closed her eyes, and a contented expression appeared on her face. She looked as if she had been searching for a very long time and had finally found the place she could call home.

She was a Celestial Maiden, and the word Celestial in her title was affiliated with Destiny...

She could have left fifteen years ago, but she did not. She chose to stay. If Destiny was not in the world outside, then she was no longer the Celestial Maiden. She could only stay here. This was where Destiny was. Only when she was here could she be the Celestial Maiden that belonged to Destiny...

When she was still a young girl with a weak personality, her entire life had been changed because of a single name. Even if she was one of the many Celestial Maidens who came to this place, she had come from the land of the Immortals because she had had only one goal in her mind - to see Destiny with her own eyes...

That was why she did not want to go. That was why after searching for several years, she turned into a Drifting Roamer on a rainy night. Yet even though she had turned into a spirit and forgotten everything, even lost her intelligence, she was still searching. She had never stopped searching.

Su Ming looked at the woman's soul before him. In silence, he allowed himself to sense her attachment to him. He stood there. A day went by, then night arrived...

A sentimental feeling that he had never had before appeared faintly in his memories...

In that memory, he saw endless darkness. It was very cold, very, very cold. Loneliness and a sense of isolation became a constant. This was some time after he had lost his little sister's voice, though he had no idea how many years it had been since then.

He still continued lying there. He could sense everything happening in the outside world, but he was already numb to it all, had forgotten about everyone.

Until a voice started whispering softly by his side, bringing with it a hint of naivety and timidity.

"Big brother, hello... My... My family name is Bai, it means white, and my given name is Ling Er... I'm from Hidden Dragon Sect..."

"Big brother, are you Destiny...? What does Destiny mean? Why do all of them call you Destiny?"

"Big brother, I miss home. I don't want to be here. Do you miss home? Where is your home...? Let me tell you. My house is really pretty. I also have a younger brother, but it's been a long while since I've seen him..."

"Big brother, grandpa Mo said I can become a Celestial Maiden now, just like everyone else. But I don't want to be like them. I want to become your personal Celestial Maiden from now on... No matter where you are, I will always be by your side..."

"Big brother, I want to... see you when you're awake. I'll go find you, will you remember me...?"

The darkness in his memories gradually disappeared, and what was revealed before Su Ming was still the chaotic sky above him and the trembling earth beneath him belonging to the World of Nine Yin. It was still night, and he could still see the pillars of light in the distance connecting the sky and earth.

Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at the woman in his bosom. She had her eyes closed as if she was deep in slumber. Happiness radiated from her contented smile.

"Bai... Ling...[2]" Grief gradually filled Su Ming's eyes. Suddenly, he seemed to have come to understand something, but the answer still remained rather fuzzy to him.

After remaining silent for a long while, he let go in anguish, but the woman's soul continued clinging to him. Even if she did not manage to catch him, she did not want to let him go. Su Ming put her away into his storage bag, then moved to the ruins of Shaman City and found Ahu's soul. He did the same thing to Ahu. Then, alone, he walked towards the Fated Kin's valley in the darkness.

When morning arrived, Su Ming returned to the Fated Kin's valley. As he stood in the valley and looked at these hundreds of Fated Kin before him, he suddenly could not tell whether these people were alive or dead...

He sat down, looked at the sky, and felt lost.

The sun rose and set. One day went by, and another day passed as well. Su Ming continued sitting there, but he did not obtain the answer.

'Perhaps I will only obtain all explanations when I eventually leave.' When the third midnight arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes.

'The World Spirit in this world is about to wake up. This place is about to be overturned in the next few days. I still have one place that fills me with questions. Then, before I leave, I have to go there to get my answers... Eternal Li Mountain...'

A sharp, focused look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He quelled the shock and befuddlement that had arisen within him when he went to the Spirits of Nine Yin, stood up, and looked towards the distance in the night.

After a long while, he turned into a long arc and disappeared into the dark sky. He spread out his divine sense and charged towards the territory of the Sacred Bats.

This place would be his final stop in the World of Nine Yin. He would find out why the burning of blood existed, why the Fire Berserker's Art in his memories existed in this place, and exactly what parts of his memories were wrong.

He also had to find out why Eternal Li Mountain sounded familiar to him. He already had an answer in his heart, and he was going there to prove it right.

Su Ming had spread his divine sense outwards several times as he continued charging in the sky, but he still could not detect Ji Yun Hai's presence. The puppet that was formed from Ji Yun Hai's corpse seemed to have disappeared, and he could not find it.

When first slivers of light arrived at the crack of dawn, the territory of the Sacred Bats appeared before Su Ming, and he still could not find the ripples of aura that belonged to Ji Yun Hai.

Right before Su Ming was a ground filled with countless ravines. All those ravines were so deep that they seemed bottomless. Freezing waves of air spread out and filled the area.

There was one spot in the land that was located in the distance. All the ravines on the ground would meet there. There was no pit there, neither were there a lot of ravines. There was instead a mountain over at that spot!

It was a black mountain that towered into the clouds, and it was exuding waves of eerie, chilling air!

This mountain did not exist fifteen years ago. It was as if it had crawled out of the earth and was now standing tall between the sky and earth!

Almost at the instant Su Ming approached the place, he saw numerous pairs of aloof eyes suddenly appearing within the innumerable ravines on the ground around him.

Those eyes were shining in the darkness, and they were all staring at him. Not only were the ravines filled with these sort of eyes, Su Ming also saw many of these gazes gathering on his person from the towering mountain.

Aloofness, emotionlessness, bloodthirstiness, and other sorts of emotions were contained within those pairs of eyes on the ground. It was enough to shake the hearts of all those who saw them.

However, Su Ming was not affected. He moved silently forward. He only had one goal in his mind, and that was the mountain - the mountain that was known as Eternal Li by these Sacred Bats!

As Su Ming closed in, piercing shrieks shot out from the ground and reverberated in the air. This was not the voice of one Sacred Bat alone, but came from all the Sacred Bats in this place screaming together.

That voice was like a wave of sound containing a presence that could shake the sky and earth. At the moment the wave surged into the air, even the slivers of light lighting up the sky during dawn seemed to have been forced away, but the wave of sound did not manage to cause Su Ming's footsteps to pause even for a single moment.

When the sound reverberated through the air, the flapping of wings also appeared. Right before Su Ming's eyes, those pairs of eyes in the darkness closed in on him with light shining in them, and all of them turned into an endless amount of Sacred Bats!

At the moment these Sacred Bats charged towards Su Ming, an ancient voice suddenly traveled forth slowly from the top of the mountain.

"Sacred Bats, my worshipers... Do not cause a ruckus... This is my guest. I have been waiting for him for a long time... for a very long time..."

As that voice reverberated through the air, the charging Sacred Bats all ceased making any sound. Instead, they returned to the ravine, and the sparkle within their eyes slowly faded away as well, causing the land to be swathed in darkness once again.

Chapter 499: Path of Life Cultivation!

Su Ming continued walking forward. Heplane moved past the ravines on the ground and headed to the core of the territory belonging to the Sacred Bats - the peak of the mountain.

Over there, he saw a stone monument. The stone monument stood high and erect. From the distance, it looked like the peak of the mountain. There were a large amount of words carved on that monument, and at the foot of it was an old man, sitting there with his legs crossed.

The old man's clothes were tattered and shabby. His hair was messy and spilled all over his shoulders. His face could not be seen clearly, because he had his head lowered as if he was meditating.

"Millions of years ago, the God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu had developed the land of the Berserkers and created his own cultivation methods and skills to give to the world, and had thus brought the Berserkers to greatness, had thus built the Great Yu Dynasty, and had made all races and tribes bow down to worship him. All the leaders of these races and tribes had to be acknowledged by the God of Berserkers ere they could taketh their position... Then, to search for his own Plane Timeline, he left our world, leaving behind his legacy among us...

"There wast a man who made a name for himself. His family name was Chi Shan, and he introduced himself as Po. He gained an epiphany from the God of Berserkers' will in Great Yu Dynasty and hath receiveth one half of the legacy, yet not the other... He was known as the second God of Berserkers, Chi Shan Po!

"The Immortals and Evil Immortals found it that they were unable to accept this, and a great calamity fell on us again. The will of Morning Dao itself joined in, causing our land to be torn to pieces. Chi Shan Po was torn limb to limb and was buried in the five continents..."

An ancient voice reverberated through the mountain. Su Ming stood before the old man, who still had his head lowered, and listened to his slow voice.

As the old man spoke, the words on the stone monument behind him started disappearing slowly. The words seemed clear at first glance, but when Su Ming took a closer look, he found that they were actually indistinct, and he had no idea what was written up there.

At that moment, he was already certain that his decision to come to Eternal Li Mountain was correct. He still remembered that he had heard the word 'Eternal' from the Berserker corpse in the Candle Dragon's body. It might only have managed to say one

word, but when Su Ming heard about Eternal Li Mountain, he had begun having suspicions.

"Ten thousands years later, I was born in the Eastern Wastelands. Twas writ in mine destiny that I could receive the God of Berserkers' will, and after much trials and hardships, I arrived in Great Yu. I saw him, heard his voice, sensed his will, but... I didst not receive the half of the second God of Berserkers' legacy. I might call myself the third God of Berserkers, but I know that I lack what it doth take to become God... I searched for the signs of mine ancestors and died in the World of Nine Yin...

"I thought I could awaken on this day, but alas, I could not..." That ancient voice gradually faded away. At that moment, the old man sitting under the stone monument lifted his head slowly.

His was a very average looking face. However, the signs of time and his old appearance gave others the impression that time was flowing from him, and that he had gone through many things in his life.

"I knew that I would be able to see thee." The old man looked at Su Ming and spoke calmly.

Su Ming stared at the old man before him. He did not speak.

"It was simply a matter of whether thou wouldst be captured here or whether thou wouldst come on thy own. If't be true thou wast brought back hither captive, then thou art not worthy of receiving the cultivation method of mine people, the Berserkers, for thou lacketh the power to make thy statue of the God of Berserkers!

"It is better for thee to stay hither and become a Berserker soul, then sink and lose thyself forever.

"If't be true that thou can arrive on thy own, then thou shalt receive mine inheritance..." the old man said slowly, and a Berserker Mark gradually appeared on his face. That Mark was at the center of his brows, and it looked like a burning moon!

"After my will scatters hence, return mine soul to Great Yu. When mine soul returns home, I wilt become the catalyst for those in the Berserker Soul Realm to breakthrough and reach a new Realm...

"After the Berserker Soul Realm, our blood wilt change. The cultivation for our blood, bones, and souls is done, and everything from the outermost parts of our body to the innermost of our souls is perfect. From hence, we shalt cultivate our bodies no more, but our Life Matrices!

"We must break our Life Matrices and tread on the path to find what is lacking in our lives. This is called Life Privation!

"We must learn of what we lack in ourselves like we know of the regrets the world possesses and like we understand the changes in the world. This is Life Palace!

"When we have the Life Palace in our hands, then we will receive endless glory. We will be able to use the power of the World Plane, and this is called the World of Life!

"Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life, these are all after the Berserker Soul Realm, and it is the path of Life Cultivation that belongs to us Berserkers. If we step onto this path..." The old man looked at Su Ming. His words spread out and his voice echoed in the air. However, Su Ming simply continued standing there, only listening and not speaking.

"I lacked fire in my life, hence I absorbed all manner of fire in my path of Life Cultivation. Yet... in the end, to my shock, I discovered that the fire I lacked was not of Yang properties, but the flames possessing extreme Yin properties...

"These flames only exist in the moon, hence I worshiped the moon and called myself a Berserker walking down the path of Fire Cultivation!

"But alas, I could not understand the fire of the moon, and neither could I sense the flames that bring about brightness. Mine will was split into two, Yin and Yang. One of them was the Fire Berserker, and the other the God of Berserkers, just as the sky hath night and day. All that was left was my anguish, and I asked the blue sky why it cried...

"I received an innumerable amount of serendipities in my life, but in the end, I died in the Enchanted Vessel belonging to Sacred Yin. I had been sad, I had grieved, I had felt bitterness, I had been overcome by greed..." the old man mumbled as he looked at Su Ming, and his words were filled with endless regrets.

Most of the words on the stone monument behind him had disappeared, and soon, there would be no words left.

"I am the third God of Berserkers, Li Shan Huo. Before my death, I looked at the sky, and my eyes remained gazing at it even as I closed my eyes... If thou art one of the descendants of my race, then doth not forget my path... The stone monument behind my body is the legacy of the first God of Berserkers, yet... it ends at the third..."

When the old man finished speaking, the final line of words on the stone monument behind him turned indistinct and finally disappeared. At that moment, the entire stone monument was empty.

As the words on the stone monument completely disappeared, the face of the old man who had been looking at Su Ming while mumbling began rotting away, and gradually, he crumbled before Su Ming's eyes.

A gentle breeze swept past at that moment and blew away the old man's ashes. It brought them along and floated into the distance. The only things that couldn't be blown away by that gust of wind were three round pearls that remained on the ground where the old man sat. These three pearls were dark, but there was an indefinable mysteriousness about them. They looked as if they could devour light, and were incredibly striking.

The old man had already died a long time ago. What remained of him was perhaps a wisp of his soul or a hint of his will. It might even be another sort of existence, but no matter what, the fact that he had died a long time ago remained.

That was why Su Ming did not speak. He had been able to see since a long time ago that his reflection did not exist in the old man's pupils, even if he was looking at him.

Right at that moment, he understood. What the old man saw was something left behind since an unknown amount of years ago, not Su Ming himself.

Su Ming did not understand this whole concept of gaining consciousness. However, the instant he stood on the mountain and saw the old man, he had only been able to see the three pearls that were left on the ground.

The old man had been an illusion. He was a semi-transparent entity floating above the three pearls, as if he was just an illusory shadow that persisted through time. The only thing he wanted to do was to say those words and pass down the legacy of the God of Berserkers...

At the same time the old man disappeared and the words on the stone monument vanished, the Sacred Bats in the numerous ravines on the ground at the foot of the mountain started shuddering. Gradually, their bodies began degenerating. They started shrinking, and their human forms eventually turned into those of bats. They flew in the sky in circles, and it looked as if they had covered the entire sky. They shrieked, and after a long while, they slowly returned to the ravines on the ground in large crowds, disappearing without a trace.

As they left, the mountain where Su Ming was started trembling and began to sink down slowly. By the looks of it, it wanted to return to the depths of the ground, to the state it was before it rose all those years ago.

Su Ming stood on the mountain, experiencing the mountain sinking down. He closed his eyes.

He might not have obtained the answers he wanted despite having come here, but somewhere in the depths of his mind, he felt as if he had still obtained some form of an answer.

‘After the Berserker Soul Realm is Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life. This is known as the path of Life Cultivation...’

Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved his arm, sweeping up the three pearls on the ground and that stone monument. Once he put them into his storage bag, he opened his eyes and cast a glance at the spot where the old man disappeared, then turned around and walked towards the sky.

After he left, the mountain sank down while rumbling, eventually disappearing from the land. The ravines on the ground closed up once again, and gradually, not a single crack could be found on the ground.

Su Ming stood in midair with a rather befuddled look on his face. He only snapped out of his daze after a long while.

He had seen the words and the illusion left behind by the third God of Berserkers before he died. Perhaps the Berserker in the Candle Dragon’s body had also heard these words before, but why would he appear in the Candle Dragon’s body? Why did he not take away those three pearls belonging to the third God of Berserkers? This was a mystery, and Su Ming could not figure out the answer.

‘The first God of Berserkers’ legacy will end at the third... This might be the reason why the words on the stone monument disappeared. So he will only pass his legacy up to the third...?’

Su Ming turned around and headed towards the direction of the Fated Kin’s valley. As he walked in midair, the heaviness he felt in his heart could be seen from his footsteps.

"It will end at the third..." Su Ming mumbled. He could already somewhat imagine a huge and tall figure bringing the people under his command to move towards the sky as he stood in the air above Great Yu Dynasty, before the land of the Berserkers was torn into five continents. Before he left, he turned his head back and cast a glance at the land.

‘It will end at the third!’

‘When Lie Shan Xiu obtained the power of the first God of Berserkers, his so called Great Yu Dynasty and his people were no longer important. He brought the Berserkers to glory, left behind the God of Berserkers Song for his descendants as a song of praise, but it was impossible for him to protect the Berserkers forever.

‘Leaving behind his legacy up to the third God of Berserkers was already his final show of reluctance to part with us. If there is someone who can surpass him among the next two God of Berserkers, then his legacy would continue, but if no one could surpass him, then the Berserkers... would no longer be of his concern.’

Clarity gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he came to a sudden realization - the first God of Berserkers might never return to the Berserkers.

Su Ming shook his head and disappeared into the darkness.

Right at that moment, the Land of South Morning located outside the World of Nine Yin was going through a great disaster that could alarm the skies. This catastrophe could not be hidden away, and over the years, all the Cultivators in the entire continent had learned about it.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands!

This disaster should have fallen on their heads a few years ago, but the Shamans and Berserkers had done everything they could to push it back, yet now, no matter what they did, they could not stop this catastrophe's arrival.

The seawaters raged to the east of South Morning and huge waves surged into the sky. A large amount of seawater had already drowned out a small part of the land of the Shamans. Numerous mountains had already sunk into the sea as that seawater that surged into the sky came upon them. A large amount of lives lost everything in this catastrophe.

The numerous ferocious beasts in the seawater and the giants that had half their heads exposed above the sea walked onto the land belonging to the Shamans as the seawater flooded the place. They started moving forward.

The seawater roared endlessly. If anyone stood at the edge of the continent, right behind the land of the Shamans that had been submerged, and looked ahead, they would be able to see that there was a gigantic, black shadow not too far away. That shadow seemed so big that it seemed to have no end, and it was a gigantic continent, a continent that was known as the Eastern Wastelands!

It was finally here!

What awaited South Morning was a fate that was much worse than seawater spreading to the land, and in fact, the fate of having their land submerged in seawater could not even be compared to this, their true catastrophe... the clash of two continents!

One among the two would definitely crumble and shatter!

Chapter 500: The World in the Mirror

Once the Sacred Bats disappeared, with mixed feelings in his heart, Su Ming went back to the Fated Kin's valley, bringing with him the three pearls that were transformed from the third God of Berserkers.

The rainy season was still not over. The rain in the world was like a curtain of beads that continued falling without stop, causing most of the people living in the valley to meditate quietly at the entrances to their cave abodes while they looked outside.

With the rain falling on him, Su Ming returned to his own cave abode in the valley. Once he sat down inside, he closed his eyes, and the things that happened when he was in the land of the Sacred Bats flashed in his head.

A long while later, he dipped his head down and flipped his right hand over. The three pearls shone with a dark light on his palm and were absorbing the light around the area.

'These three pearls should be the soul the third God of Berserkers mentioned. He also asked me to return this to Great Yu. But... Is Great Yu Dynasty still around?'

In silence, Su Ming clenched his fists. Once he put away the three pearls, he recalled the stone monument that was now void of words.

"The first God of Berserkers' legacy will end at the third... Lie Shan Xiu, what an unrelenting man," Su Ming mumbled. He could somewhat sense how the first God of Berserkers felt when he left all those years ago.

"If that is the case, then it's impossible for the fourth God of Berserkers to appear. We've lost the legacy of the God of Berserkers, now it depends on us Berserkers as to how we'll go on with our future..." Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the strand of hair on his finger. A sparkle suddenly appeared in his eyes.

'Has Lie Shan Xiu really completely washed his hands clean of us Berserkers and cut off all blood ties with us...? If that is the case, then how am I supposed to explain the presence of this strand of hair...?'

'Besides, with how strong Lie Shan Xiu was in the past, how could he not have predicted the crisis that would fall on us Berserkers after he left? If that's the case, even if the legacy he left for us would end at the third God of Berserkers, there's no way I would believe that he didn't leave anything else for us behind!

'He must have had an incredible amount of confidence before he left nonchalantly... Also, the old skeleton from the Spirits of Nine Yin once said that I am the fourth person who managed to pass through the eight palaces and stand before him. The first must have been the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu. Perhaps the third is the third God of Berserkers. Then who... is the second?'

Su Ming frowned and immersed himself in his thoughts.

'The third God of Berserkers did not mention the second God of Berserkers coming to the World of Nine Yin in the words he left behind. If that's the case, who could this second person be...? It might be the second God of Berserkers, but it might... also not be!'

Su Ming remained silent for a moment. He did not have a lot of clues about this, and it was difficult for him to discern the truth, which was why he eventually decided to just force down his questions and stop thinking about this matter for the time being.

'The World Spirit the Spirit of Nine Yin mentioned will wake up earliest in half a month, and latest in a month. Several days have gone by now. We don't have much time left...'

As Su Ming remained seated, he spread out his divine sense. When he covered the entire valley in his divine sense, he found Nan Gong Hen meditating, and he told the man about him wanting to leave this place.

Nan Gong Hen opened his eyes swiftly as he was in the midst of his meditation. His breathing instantly quickened, and without a single hint of hesitation, he immediately walked out of his cave abode and ran towards Su Ming's cave.

After a moment, Nan Gong Hen could be found standing respectfully beside Su Ming in his cave abode.

"Keep an eye out on the stars and the sky. A tremendous change is coming. When that moment arrives, I will leave this place, but my journey might be filled with dangers. I might not even be able to come back.

"Tell all the other Fated Kin about this, and then tell me whether you are staying or leaving," Su Ming stated languidly, looking at Nan Gong Hen.

Nan Gong Hen remained silent for a short moment, nodded his head, then turned around and left.

Once he was gone, Su Ming immersed himself in his thoughts for a little longer before he also stood up and left his cave. It was pouring outside. The raindrops that were as large as beans fell on the mountain rocks with light pattering sounds. However, those sounds were very dense and had connected with each other to form a wave of sound, causing it to be difficult to discern just how much rain was falling in an instant from those pattering sounds.

Su Ming walked through the valley in the rain, then along the gorge. He moved towards the deeper parts of the valley. Over there was the altar made of beast bone, and it was also the place that gave birth to Spirit Mediums in the World of Nine Yin.

Since they were about to leave soon, then before Su Ming left, he wanted to go to the beast bone altar and experience the mysteriousness of this place.

When Su Ming moved into the altar's area, the first thing he saw were the graves that filled the entire place under the veil of rain. The names of all those who had died during the past fifteen years were carved on these stone monuments.

As Su Ming walked past these graves, he saw Tie Mu's grave. He stood there in silence for some time before he continued walking forward.

Before long, Su Ming heard a soft voice calling to him as he moved forward. It was not a single voice calling to him, but an entire crowd. It gave him the impression that there was an uncountable amount of people calling out to him. The rain around him poured even harder, causing his view to become even more obscured. There were even wisps of fog seeping out of the ground and floating into midair, filling his vision.

Su Ming came to a halt. Right before him was a gigantic altar. It towered into the sky, and because the view here was obscured, he could not see the top of the altar. He could only see a flight of stairs leading up to it.

The stairs were dark and gave off an air of bloodiness, as if a large amount of blood had been spilled and sunk into the altar over an innumerable amount of years. As it dried up, the blood became one with the altar, causing all the rain that fell on them to also turn into red streams of water. Yet the rain could never wash away the blood stains.

Su Ming looked at the altar and the flight of stairs. After a moment of thought, he took a step onto the stairs. The instant he took the first step, a low roar that reverberated in all directions suddenly rang out by his ears.

"ROAR!"

It was just a sound, but it gave off a feeling that it could shake the sky and earth. It sounded like a clap of thunder as rain fell. It also caused wisps of indistinct souls to instantly appear from all the graves in this place. These souls had all howled at the same time, and their howls had merged together into that roar!

‘The birthplace of Spirit Mediums...’

A glint flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He stepped on the second step and continued onward until he stood on the altar. Over there, he saw a bulky, impaled skeleton. It was fixed to the floor at the top of the altar. There was no longer any flesh and blood on the skeleton. Only its bones remained, and it looked as if it had its head lifted with its mouth to shout at the sky.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. The skeleton that was impaled on the ground made him remember the old man in yellow robes that had transformed from the skeleton in the ninth palace located on the mountain belonging to the Spirits of Nine Yin!

Su Ming regarded the skeleton a little longer, then cast his gaze in the distance. When he looked over, a shiver suddenly ran down his spine, and his eyes sparkled with a brilliant light.

This was the first time he stood on this altar, and this was also the first time he looked into the distance from this place. In his field of vision, he saw a numberless amount of altars like the one he was standing upon lining up to form a long dragon, and this dragon continued stretching to an incredibly far distance.

Su Ming could not tell just how many altars there were. Each one of them had a skeleton on top, but Su Ming would not have been so shocked if that had just been the case. Besides these skeletons on the innumerable altars, he also saw a person standing on the altars!

It was a person dressed in white with his hair dancing in the air as he looked into the distance!

He was Su Ming!

After a long while, Su Ming averted his gaze to look towards the path he had taken when he came here. Everything was as usual there. He could see the graves under the stairs, along with the gorge behind the graves and the valley behind it.

Su Ming turned around and looked in the distance before the altar once again. He saw the numerous altars and the countless number of skeletons, along with the endless amounts of himself. He frowned. He believed that this was the effects of an illusion.

He turned into a long arc and charged towards the closest altar in his field of vision. However, almost the instant he moved his body, the figures of him on the countless number of altars before him moved together and headed further away. Within that instant, an innumerable amount of new altars were similarly added to the number of altars that were stretching down endlessly.

When Su Ming stood on the second altar, he frowned even more. He might have already guessed that this was an illusion, but he could form an explanation as to how this illusion came to be. It was as if the road ahead was endless, and he could not move to the deepest parts of this path.

'Is it a Rune...?'

Su Ming moved back, turning into a long arc and returning to the first altar. When he retreated back to the stairs, everything disappeared. Rain continued pouring around him, and the scene he thought was an illusion disappeared.

As Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts with a frown on his face, an ancient voice suddenly spoke beside him. That voice was incredibly weak, and it appeared without a single sign.

"There are still ten days..."

Su Ming turned around, and behind him was a figure that had appeared at some unknown point of time. That figure was the old Spirit of Nine Yin in yellow robes. However, his body was just an illusion. He could be seen through, and he did not seem real.

"Ten days later, the World Spirit will rise from its slumber. You can then take your tribesmen and leave this place. I will also go back home using the path we took in the past once I activate the Enchanted Vessel..." The old man smiled and looked at Su Ming.

"What is this altar?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

"This is a Relocation Rune within the Enchanted Vessel. It is a unique item from the True Sacred Yin World. Over there, we call it... a mirror," the old man answered slowly, looking at the Rune.

"Don't you think it looks like the world we see when we look into a mirror? We see an innumerable amount of ourselves, an endless amount of scenes that are the same. If you move, it will also move. If you don't move, then it will remain still." The old man's voice filled the area and drifted about without a direction.

"Since it is a Relocation Rune, then where does it Relocate?" Su Ming frowned.

"The world in the mirror! There are two sides in the universe and the heavens. This Rune is the line between them. But it's a pity, because it is still incomplete. This is as much as we can do using the power of the True Sacred Yin World. We can't make it completely whole.

The old man looked at Su Ming and asked softly, "Do you want to see the world in the mirror?"

"How do I do it?" A spark appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"As long as you can surpass the changes in the Rune that are born when you move and you make this last till the moment it is difficult for even all the copies of yourself in the mirror to imitate you, then you will be able to see the world in the mirror.

"This is a hidden rule within the world. We of the Sacred Yin World call it the rule of Man Dun1... In the Sacred Yin World, there are quite a number of powerful warriors who believe that if we manage to examine this rule completely, then we will open the path to

the Great Dao," the old man said with a sentimental tone, then cast Su Ming a glance. His body started gradually fading away until he completely disappeared in the end.

"This Rune isn't dangerous, but you can't move back. The moment you move back, you'll have to start over again. I've already activated the Rune for you. You are the first person who has the chance to walk through this Rune in the last countless amount of years. This is a friendly gift from us Spirits of Nine Yin to you."

Chapter 501: The World Spirit's Rise from Sleep!

The first day.

Rain was pouring even more heavily. Wind and clouds tumbled about in the sky. Lightning sliced through the air and thunder roared. The clouds became even thicker in the sky. From the distance, they looked as if they were about to descend to the ground and touch it.

On this day, Su Ming continuously charged through the Rune seven times, but he still could not surpass the changes in the Rune. It was as if two mirrors had been placed together, and all he could see was endless darkness. He did not know how far this darkness would stretch, but if he wanted to see the world in the mirror, then he needed to charge out of this darkness!

The first day.

Rain poured as if a basin of water had been turned over in heaven. The ground trembled, and those tremors were spreading through all parts of the land. Fine cracks covered the entire World of Nine Yin, and some mountains even looked as if they were about to crumble to pieces.

As the clouds in the sky continued tumbling about slowly, the whole sky looked as if it had turned into a gigantic vortex. Ninety-nine pillars of light connected the sky and earth in the World of Nine Yin, and if anyone drew the entire World of Nine Yin into a picture, they would be able to see in the picture they drew that it looked as if the rays of light were holding up the vortex in the sky!

During the last three days, Su Ming had tried over a dozen times to surpass the Rune, but all of them ended in failure. Still, he had begun to figure out some of the rules in the Rune. He had been using his specialty - his speed, while challenging the Rune, and under that extreme speed, he gradually saw some of the illusions distorting before disappearing.

'I'll just have to keep going at a high speed!' After another failure on the third night, Su Ming stood on the first altar with sparkling eyes.

The fifth day.

More cracks appeared on the ground. Deep cracks tore through the ground in the World of Nine Yin with a loud rumble as if the ground was on the verge of collapse. As those cracks spread all over the land, many mountains crumbled. Stones fell off these mountains and fell into the bottomless cracks.

If anyone looked down from the sky to the ground, they would be able to see that the land seemed to have been destroyed, and the damage was spreading slowly towards the area, making it seem as if there was something that was going to charge out of the ground.

A large amount of rainwater surged into these cracks from the sky, but they were never able to fill them up. The vortex in the clouds started rotating faster. The loud booming sounds in the air turned into a sound that remained a constant in the World of Nine Yin.

Bolts of lightning flashed and crackled continuously in the vortex of clouds in the sky as if they wanted to blast off the center of the vortex.

Su Ming continued failing, and when the fifth day was over, he had already lost count of how many times he had failed without succeeding even once. However, he had already managed to make hundreds of illusions disappear under his high speed.

However, it was difficult for Su Ming to maintain this sort of charge for longer stretches of time. Because of that, he could not surpass all the changes in the Rune.

The seventh day.

At first glance, the vortex in the sky looked as if it was no longer spinning, but that was only because it was simply rotating too fast, which was why it gave off the false impression that it was no longer spinning. With that high rotation speed around, the booming sounds in the sky had turned into shocking roars. As they reverberated in the air, a gigantic face of a human appeared within.

The face possessed four eyes. The extra two eyes were at the center of the brows. As of then, all four of the eyes were shut. The face protruded from within the vortex, and the spot where lightning had filled the center of the vortex was right where the person's fourth eye was.

This was the World Spirit, which was also the Spirit Vessel that had fallen into deep slumber as the Enchanted Vessel of the Sacred Yin World had turned into the World of Nine Yin!

When the face appeared, the destruction on the ground reached its peak. Even the Fated Kin's valley had collapsed. Fortunately, the people had been prepared for this a long time ago. As of then, they had all gathered together, and under Nan Gong Hen's guidance, were waiting for Su Ming's return outside the altar.

When Su Ming was preparing to challenge the Rune on the altar, he had spread his divine sense outwards to tell Nan Gong Hen the precise time when the world would change and where he would be before that.

Since the fifth day, Su Ming had been sitting cross-legged on the first altar. He no longer went on to try challenging the altar, but chose instead to meditate quietly. Even as the seventh day went by, he still remained seated.

The ninth day!

On this day, most of the land had already sunk deeply. Nan Gong Hen brought the hundreds of Fated Kin away from the altar's area. They could see Su Ming sitting on it not too far away, and could also see that the valley they had stayed in for the past fifteen years had completely collapsed. It was now gone without a trace.

They could also see that the place a hundred feet away from the collapsed valley had now turned into a ravine. It was as if the place where they were had now turned into an isolated cliff.

Two of the eyes on the gigantic human face that had emerged from the vortex in the sky were now trembling, as if they were slowly rising from deep sleep. The two eyes at the center of the brows were trembling rather intensely as well, as if they were about to open at any moment!

At that moment, the ninety-nine pillars of light also looked as if they were about to reach their limit. Seven of those pillars were rapidly fading away, and then disappeared altogether. After they were gone, another dozen something pillars of light also faded away, as if they could last no longer and were gradually disappearing.

Su Ming continued sitting cross-legged on the altar without moving. He had been like this for the past few days, and while he might not be moving, the Fated Kin that had been observing him had noticed that Su Ming's aura had been growing increasingly stronger day after day!

He was practically getting stronger with each passing moment, and on the ninth day, distortions started appearing in the air around him, as if it could no longer withstand the amount of power Su Ming was accumulating in his body.

Several days ago, his body had still been glowing in gold, but at that moment, that golden light was fading away slowly. It did not disappear though. It was all absorbed into Su Ming's body so that it would not spill outwards!

As Nan Gong Hen and the hundreds of Fated Kin kept their gazes fixed on Su Ming, time passed slowly, and when the ninth day went by, the tenth day arrived!

Not long into it, the eyes of the gigantic face in the sky shook even more violently. The clouds rumbled and moved about in the air, and even the spot where the altar was located was also shivering. As if it could no longer withstand it, cracks started appearing on the altar as well.

Right at that moment, a person in yellow robes appeared in the sky in a spot where the people could not see. He stood in midair, formed a seal with his hands, and pointed towards the sky.

"Spirit of the Enchanted Vessel, with my status as Chief Elder of the Spirits of Nine Yin, I call to you, rise from your sleep!"

The shivers on the face in the sky became even more violent, but it still could not open its eyes. It was as if there was a force contained within the spirit's mind that made it difficult for him to wake up!

At that moment, the pillars of light in the World of Nine Yin were rapidly disappearing, and there were only twenty-seven left, which were all swiftly fading away. If all these pillars of light disappeared and the World Spirit did not wake up, then everything they had done would end in failure!

As those pillars of light disappeared and as the altar on the ground started breaking down, the Rune formed on the altar also looked as if it had loosened up. Once Su Ming absorbed the final ray of golden light into his body, he opened his eyes swiftly.

His gaze was profound, and not a single hint of golden light could be seen shining within his eyes. Su Ming had been accumulating his strength for the past few days, and during these days, he had completely ignored the world around him, placing all his focus on gathering up his power. The instant he opened his eyes, he charged forth with an indescribable speed.

This was the fastest speed Su Ming had executed during these past ten days!

Almost the instant he charged out of the altar, an uncountable amount of altars and an equally uncountable number of himself rushing forward immediately appeared before him. However, almost the moment these illusory figures appeared, several dozens of them immediately started distorting and disappearing. Clearly, they were unable to keep up with Su Ming's speed, and were all surpassed by him!

Everything before Su Ming's eyes disappeared right at that moment, and the only thing that was left was the endless path of the altar that seemed like a black hole stretching out before him. He forgot everything and executed his fastest speed to charge forward.

The illusory figures disappeared around him, and after a while, hundreds of them were gone, but there was still an innumerable numbers in front of Su Ming!

Making nearly a hundred figures disappear was his limit a few days ago. However, this was not so today. All the power in his Berserker Bones erupted forth, and he became slightly faster. As he charged forth, he saw illusions filling his entire field of vision, but as they appeared, a large number of them disappeared as well.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. He only knew that as he continued charging forward, time seemed to slow down. A large amount of the illusory figures disappeared, but there was still a large number of them remaining before him.

When sharp pain shot up through his entire body as he continued circulating his Qi, Su Ming knew that his body was showing signs that he had gone past his limit, but there were still a dozen something of his illusions far into the distance. He had surpassed most of them, but now, it was difficult for him to continue and surpass all of them.

'Is this my limit...?' Su Ming felt bitter. He knew that even if he turned into Destiny, it would still be difficult for him to surpass these illusions in fifteen breaths!

However, right at the moment that rush of bitterness rose in his heart, suddenly, the sky roared. As the ground trembled, the first altar that was the only altar that truly existed suddenly cracked with a bang.

This was due to the change in the world. It was caused by the World Spirit rising from his slumber. The instant the altar started breaking down, Su Ming immediately noticed that the dozen something illusions before him froze simultaneously.

Their action immediately made Su Ming's eyes shine with a strong light. Without a single bit of hesitation, he charged forward. As he did so, his body turned into a vortex, and when he rushed out of the vortex, the boy who was Destiny appeared!

With just one step, he made all the dozen something illusions stop eternally at the moment they froze up. They repeatedly froze up and moved back, and when fifteen breaths were over, Destiny turned back into Su Ming, and he was already less than five feet away from these illusions.

Yet even though there were only five feet left, he had already surpassed all the changes in the Rune. He felt his body crashing into something that seemed like a membrane. That membrane stopped his body from passing through, but it could not stop his eyes from looking into it!

He saw...

Almost the instant Su Ming looked in the world in the mirror, the old man in yellow robes spread his arms wide open in the sky of the World of Nine Yin. When there were just three pillars of light remaining, a low roar could be heard from the sunken ground.

"World Spirit, rise from your slumber!"

Along with the muffled roar before came a dried up arm that stretched out from the depths of the abyss in the sunken ground. Right behind that arm was a gigantic head of dried wood, along with a monstrously huge body that was ten thousand feet tall!

The figure looked like a person carved out of a block of dried wood from a big tree that was ten thousand feet tall!

His head was the one that had been hoisted up on the Shaman City in the past, and his body was the true body of the yellow-robed old Spirit of Nine Yin!

The instant those roars that shook the sky reverberated through the air, the final three pillars of light were extinguished. But right at the moment they faded away, the eyes on the gigantic face in the vortex flew open, along with the third and fourth eyes at the center of its brows!

The World Spirit had risen from his slumber!