

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 552 — Si Ma Xin! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 552 — Si Ma Xin!**

*Chapter 552: Si Ma Xin!*

The choice each tribe made was different. Once Shepherd Tower Tribe realized they could not obtain Su Ming's arm, they gave up and their Elder chose to use his life in exchange for the possibility of obtaining freedom for his tribe.

Blood Absconsion Tribe's staunch and unyielding attitude made them choose to sacrifice their own lives. With their sacrifice and their control over their own deaths, they showed their struggle towards fate and delivered Su Ming a serendipitous event so that the small remnant of their tribe members in the world outside could perhaps continue their tribe's line.

Phantom Dais Tribe had chosen to make this sort of trade. With their entire tribe's lives on the line, they pleaded to Su Ming while kneeling on the ground in hopes of obtaining his arm.

They did not want to think about whether it was possible for Su Ming to kill Si Ma Xin. They were afraid that even if Si Ma Xin died, he would still be capable of killing the people who had his Seed planted within them.

They were even more afraid of Su Ming dying in Si Ma Xin's hands, because that would mean that a worse fate would fall on Phantom Dais Tribe.

They only wanted freedom, and by Si Ma Xin's orders, they could only obtain it with Su Ming's limbs.

As Su Ming looked at the Phantom Dais Tribe, he was reminded of his second senior brother...

He was silent. The tribe leader mentioning that he knew Lei Chen's whereabouts had also brought about great shock to him.

"You have to obtain freedom with your own hands. Only then will you be truly free." A long time passed by before Su Ming spoke up calmly.

"Please grant our wish. We only desire freedom. We..." Full of anguish, the tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe looked towards Su Ming. He knew that this request was too much, but he could not think of a better method to go about this.

Su Ming ignored Phantom Dais Tribe. If they did not attack, then he would not kill them. He walked towards the sky, and as he lifted his right hand, the long spear in his hand started shining with a violet light.

"Sir!" The tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe stood up and cried out after Su Ming. Tears fell down from his eyes, and sorrow appeared on his face.

"Please pity the children in my tribe. They're still young, but they already have Si Ma Xin's Berserker Threads in their bodies. They don't have a future, and we do not have any other tribe members in the world outside. We're all here, and we will die or live our lives as if we are already dead.

"Please... help us! We will never forget your kindness to us!

"Sir, we had a conflict with you many years ago, but this is all in the past. We only have this many people now, we can choose not to leave, but I wish for our children and our youngsters to obtain freedom so that Phantom Dais Tribe can continue growing!"

The voice of the tribe leader of Phantom Dais was filled with grief as he pleaded pitifully. He kowtowed again and again towards Su Ming. All the Phantom Dais tribe members behind him began bowing towards him in silence again, and the sounds of their heads hitting the ground rang in the air nonstop.

The children's cries traveled into the air. The elderly cried. The women started weeping softly as well.

Su Ming froze for a moment in midair before he continued walking towards the sky. The violet light on the spear in his hand grew even stronger, and the killing intent he harbored towards Si Ma Xin glowed even stronger in his eyes.

The 'game' Si Ma Xin spoke of made Su Ming endure a trial of his humanity, forcing him into situations where he could neither kill the people... nor choose not to kill them!

Sometimes, making a choice is difficult, but it is even more difficult to make that decision when no other choice is present!

When the tribe leader saw Su Ming lifting the long spear in his right hand, about to stab the sky in the sixth layer, his cries of despair reverberated in the air, and each word he spoke was filled with tears of blood!

"Sir, the sixth layer is unlike the other layers beneath us. Si Ma Xin has placed the control over our lives in the sky. If the sky shatters, then we will all die immediately. All of us, all my tribe members will die right before your eyes the moment you break this sky.

"This is our fate..."

Su Ming remained silent. The tip of his spear had already touched the sky's barrier, and the hint of presence of Life Cultivation had fused into the sky's barrier. He sensed the connection tying all the lives of those in Phantom Dais Tribe to the sky.

It was just as the tribe leader said. Once this sky was destroyed, all these people would die.

'Si Ma Xin, you tried to tear into my heart with Bai Su in the past so that you could plant your Berserker Seed in me... Now, you changed your method. You prepared all the things in Heaven Gate to make me hesitate so that you can achieve the results you wanted in the past.'

Su Ming closed his eyes, then after that brief moment of pause, the long spear in his hand stabbed the sky!

The rumbles stirred by that thrust shook the sky and earth, causing fine cracks to appear in the sky. Once these cracks connected with each other, they turned into fragments that erupted with a loud bang at the tip of Su Ming's spear!

"Sometimes, death is a form of freedom..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, and beneath him, all the kneeling Phantom Dais tribe members trembled and exploded as the sky was ripped apart. A large amount of red threads tore through their skins, and as these people died, those red threads gathered in midair to turn into an indistinct figure.

That figure looked somewhat similar to Si Ma Xin.

He looked at Su Ming and suddenly started laughing loudly. His laughter was soft and velvety, causing those who heard it feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"As expected, you and I are the same type of people. I originally intended to give these people what they so desired according to what I promised if you really gave them your arm, but that freedom would be death!

"Because I, too, sometimes think that death is freedom!

"You're good. You're so good... I'll be waiting for you in the ninth layer. There are still two layers to go. You'd best hurry, or else you'll have to face the same choice when you meet Bai Su... I'd like to see what your choice would be at that time!"

When those words were said, the indistinct figure that was formed by the blood threads fell apart and scattered, turning into a puddle of blood spilled on the ground. Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, the desire to kill Si Ma Xin turned into a powerful existence burning within him.

He quietly turned around and stepped towards the seventh layer!

A great battle unfolded in the seventh layer, and it was a long string of killings that did not stop. All of this was because of one single phrase echoing in the air, uttered by Si Ma Xin the instant Su Ming arrived at the seventh layer.

"If he reaches the eighth layer, then all of you will die!"

The string of killings unfolded at that moment. No words were exchanged between them. There were only ragged breathing and an endless amount of divine abilities flying in the air. Su Ming could sense a wave of murderous aura and cold callousness from the five hundred Berserkers around him.

None of them were ordinary people. All of them possessed outstanding power and had with them a vast experience of battle. They were Freezing Sky's sharp blades, the people who defended the Southern Frontier!

They did not fight for their freedom. They were only fighting... so that they could die in battle!

They would either kill or be killed. Dying in the hands of a powerful warrior was to them, the highest form of glory in their lives!

Su Ming looked at them. As he lifted his right hand, the long spear howled, and he swept past the area at high speed. Wherever he went, slaughter would fill the air. These people did not resist. They only used their full power and fought with their divine abilities. Some of them even chose to self-destruct when they were injured.

The murderous aura from these five hundred people surged into the sky, causing Su Ming to fall silent in its face as well.

Eventually, he closed his eyes, and the armor on his body turned into an endless amount of violet threads. These threads shot out in all directions, but not a single scream of pain could be heard. The only things he saw were quiet smiles and absent-minded looks on their faces that said they had been freed.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. Perhaps it had been the span of half an incense stick, perhaps it was longer. When the roars and sounds of battle disappeared from around him and a sticky substance was all over the ground, he opened his eyes. The violet threads returned to him. Once they turned into the armor on his body, only one person remained before him. That person was shivering, but he was gritting his teeth so that he would not fall.

It was an old man. His head was filled with white hair, and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. He looked at Su Ming, and no hate could be found on his face. There was instead only a smile on his lips.

"Kill me. Don't let me die in the hands of that brat Si Ma Xin's despicable Berserker Threads. I am Tian Shen. Use that spear of yours which can absorb souls and take my soul with you. Turn me into a battle soul and will let me help you in your fight against Si Ma Xin!"

The old man's voice was like thunder. As it rumbled in the air, respect appeared on Su Ming's face. He swung the spear in his right hand, and when he walked past the old man, he took his soul away!

He held the long spear in his hand, and there were now five hundred incredibly distinct battle souls surrounding his Undertaker's of Evil Spear. They did not let out any shrill screams, and only silence could be found on them, along with a frightening murderous aura that erupted from them.

They accompanied Su Ming, rushing towards the sky that led to the eighth layer's world, and crashed into it. A loud bang that shook the sky reverberated in the air, and a crack tore through the seventh layer's sky. Su Ming rushed forward and turned into a violet figure. Then, with the five hundred souls, he rushed... into the eighth layer!

Heaven Gate's eighth layer!

The world where the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located!

But the instant Su Ming stepped into the eighth layer, his pupils constricted abruptly.

This was a desolate world, a world that had no signs of life. The sky here was gray, and even the ground was like that...

All the people here... were also gray!

Their eyes were gray, and so were their broken bodies. All the gray-eyed people were beings that had lost their signs of life in this world...

Perhaps they could no longer even be called people. In Su Ming's field of vision, the entire region that belonged to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky were just ruins. Within them were an innumerable amount of corpses. Though more accurately speaking, they were not exactly corpses, for their eyes were open, and gray.

They did not breathe, and no signs of power could be felt from their bodies. In this quiet world, everything Su Ming saw was filled with a strange air. Among the bodies were men and women, the elderly and the young, and all of them were lying on the ground quietly, as if they were sleeping... All of them had also another similarity - they did not have left hands!

All of their left hands were gone.

There was a large, cone shaped stone in the gray sky. The stone stage was very large and wide, and there was a person sitting on it. When that person saw Su Ming, a sinister smile appeared on his lips.

Perhaps that cone shaped stone platform was Heaven Gate's ninth layer, because Su Ming could recognize the person sitting there with a single glance. He... was Si Ma Xin!

*Chapter 553: Gamble!*

He was dressed in long white robes and had long hair that spilled down his shoulders. Si Ma Xin sat on the stone platform and looked at Su Ming. His handsome face was extremely attractive, and there was also an expression on him that spoke of a composure that would not be shaken even if the world crumbled. In fact, his smile held that same calmness within it.

However, his level of cultivation seemed to only be at the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

He was looking at Su Ming, and even though he might be smiling, there was a hint of coldness and ruthlessness in his eyes. He lifted his right hand, twirled a lock of his hair, and his gaze turned even colder.

"Su Ming, I often imagined the day we met each other again," Si Ma Xin said with a smile. His voice was even softer and darker. As it reverberated in the air, it caused a layer of ripples to appear in the world, which started spreading through the area around them.

The moment his words traveled forward, a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes, and his body strangely turned invisible in an instant. A finger filled with murderous intent stretched out from the air and touched the center of Si Ma Xin's brows. However, that finger merely phased through his invisible body. When Su Ming walked out from the air, he lifted his head coldly.

Si Ma Xin's body materialized in the sky before his eyes.

"You are still the same as before. You attack ruthlessly and without hesitation... But I am no longer as I was in the past." Si Ma Xin looked at Su Ming and shook his head as he chuckled. He lifted his right hand and swung it forward, and distortions immediately appeared in the sky.

As the sky twisted, a scene gradually revealed itself, and the instant Su Ming saw that scene, he fell silent.

That scene was of an ancient world located in some unknown place. He saw Bai Su sitting on the ground, and he also saw an old man sitting cross-legged behind her. The old man looked pale and miserable. He would occasionally open his eyes, and sorrow as well as dead stillness could be seen within them.

Bai Su's face was stark pale, but she continued standing before the old man resolutely. She did not look that much different from before, but the naivety and innocence in the past could no longer be seen on her face. In its place were determination and resolution.

There was a frightening scar on her that ran through her entire face, startling to the eye.

She stood quietly and held a long black sword in her hand. Before her was an endless wave of gray-eyed living dead who no longer possessed their left arms!

These people moved forward slowly as they howled, and if anyone cast their eyes into the distance, they would find that there was no end to these living dead.

The ground was trembling further down ahead, and several giants hundreds of feet tall were running towards where Bai Su was. As they ran, they were swinging their arms and occasionally seizing the living dead blocking their path before placing them into their mouths and eating them. Their brutal eyes were trained on where Bai Su was located, and they were all charging towards her.

"Don't worry. She won't die in a short period of time. Over the years, I only left that scar on her face. Otherwise, I didn't harm even a single hair on her body," Si Ma Xin said in that soft, dark voice of his while standing in mid air.

"I just can't accept it. I can't accept losing to you all those years ago. Do you know how much I suffered in Freezing Sky Cave? All of this is because of you!" Si Ma Xin looked at Su Ming, and intense hatred was laced through his words.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the distorted screen of light and looked towards Si Ma Xin.

"Are you done talking?" He looked as calm as ever, and his body disappeared in an instant. When he reappeared, he was already standing beside Si Ma Xin. As he lifted his right hand, lightning sparks howled and exploded on his arm.

The lightning's collapse turned into an endless wave of lightning sparks that swam about to completely surround Si Ma Xin, causing him to shatter with a bang.

Su Ming frowned. The instant he did so, Si Ma Xin's voice traveled forth from the ground once again, and one among the endless sea of gray corpses started turning into Si Ma Xin as his face melted. He sat up and smiled towards Su Ming in the sky.

"I'm not done yet. Su Ming, I lost completely the first time we fought against each other. Now... we fight again!"

Si Ma Xin stared at Su Ming, and a strange smile appeared on his lips. The power within his new self was much stronger, and by the looks of it, he had already reached the peak of the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

"Our gambling chip will be Bai Su and her father, your servant Zi Che, all the people still alive in Heaven Gate... oh, and also your senior brother Hu Zi.

"Let's make a bet and see who among the two of us is stronger after the passage of these twenty years!"

Si Ma Xin's words suddenly grew in volume, and his voice rumbled in the air. The whole world shook because of his voice, and the endless amount of gray-eyed corpses lying on the ground started rising themselves with brilliant gray lights shining in their eyes.

"Come. You're late to this fight by twenty years!" As Si Ma Xin laughed, he charged straight towards the sky.

Su Ming's pupils constricted. Almost the moment Si Ma Xin closed in on him, violet light shone on his entire body. He lifted the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in his hand and threw it towards the incoming Si Ma Xin. At the same time, he turned into a long arc in the sky, and along with his long spear, they charged forward.

The instant both sides clashed into each other, a loud bang surged into the skies. Su Ming took a step backwards. His eyes shone with a cold glare, and Si Ma Xin's incoming body was torn to shreds, pierced through by the long spear.

However, almost the instant he died, two gray corpses on the ground let out a long string of laughter and sat up, turning into Si Ma Xin. They were no longer in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but were both in the middle stage of that Realm. In a moment, they flew up and rushed towards Su Ming.

He spread his divine sense outwards, and with a brief scan, his expression turned dark. He could not tell which of the two Si Ma Xins were real. Both of them seemed as if they were his original body!

"The great completion in the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed will turn everything in the world into me. Su Ming... if you can't even break my Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, you will make me really disappointed."

"You talk too much," Su Ming retorted flatly and lifted his right hand.

Violet light surrounded his body, and the long spear appeared in his hand once again. Then, as if the spear had gathered all the violet light, the armor disappeared and the

five hundred battle souls on the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in his hands started materializing as if they were gaining physical form. In the midst of their silence, they looked towards Si Ma Xin with ruthlessness and murderous intent.

A sharp piercing howl sliced through the air as Su Ming tossed the long spear. It immediately caused the world to shake as it charged to the ground. The five hundred battle souls surrounded the long spear and exuded a wave of murderous aura as well as killing intent that surged into the sky. As it charged forward, the spear plunged down towards the ground.

From the distance, the spear that had gathered up all the power contained within the Undertaker's of Evil Armor was a shocking sight that shook the sky and earth. It caused a violent gust of wind to stir up from the ground underneath, and it also made a sharp glare to appear within the eyes of the two incoming Si Ma Xins. However, a strange smile appeared on the corners of their lips.

The instant that long spear almost fell to the ground... a drastic change happened!

*Chapter 554: Confrontation!*

The Undertaker's of Evil spear was pointed towards a spot where a large number of gray-eyed corpses laid. During the instant the spear plunged down, the gray in their eyes swiftly disappeared, and as went away, their bodies started trembling, as if they were waking up from a dream!

The clarity in those gazes and the confusion within the eyes of the men, women, elderly, and young when they saw the Undertaker's of Evil Spear in the sky caused Su Ming to be able to see that these people... had just woken up completely, as if they had been revived!

"There is no enmity between you and these people. In fact, they had never even spoken a single bad word of you, but... you're going to kill them. Su Ming, if you attack, will you be at peace with yourself? You'll be experiencing a change of heart right here, and I'll be watching how you will go through this change of heart!

"If you kill so many innocent people, then where do your principles lie?!" Si Ma Xin let out a long string of laughter, feeling extremely delighted.

"But if you aren't willing to kill these people and cause turmoil within yourself, then you will have to endure the endless amount of battles I will deliver to you with the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed, Su Ming! Yet Bai Su doesn't have a lot of time left, you'll have to choose wisely..." The other Si Ma Xin also started laughing loudly.

Su Ming remained silent. He watched the long spear falling to the ground with a bang, bringing up a wave of violet force that spread out in all directions, causing all the people who had just roused from their sleep to find their bodies shattering in a devastating manner. As the force spread out... more people woke up, and more people were crushed to pieces under that force. Their shrill screams of pain filled the air as they disappeared into nothingness.

The screams of pain were still echoing in the air. Su Ming trembled. Not attacking others if they did nothing to provoke him had always been a principle he held close to his heart. This was also the principle he kept to as he traveled to this place!

Yet now, this principal was shattered to pieces due to Si Ma Xin's persecution. He bore no hatred towards these people, but with one throw of a spear, he killed all of them. It was just like what he experienced in Phantom Dais Tribe, but the effects shook him even more this time. The event left him silent.

Si Ma Xin's laughter echoed in the air. He did not want to just fight Su Ming through a simple battle of divine abilities. Not only did he want to make Su Ming lose in terms of his combat abilities, he also wanted to make him lose in terms of spirit. If he did not do this, he could not vent his hatred. If he did not do this, he could not truly destroy a person!

If reincarnation existed in this world, then those who died by the Undertaker's of Evil Spear would never be reincarnated. They would forever be trapped in the spear and become its battle souls, surrounding it forever.

If everything went by Si Ma Xin's original plan, then a complex Seed would be planted deep within Su Ming's heart due to the collapse of his beliefs and principles. This Seed would quickly grow and replace what made Su Ming who he was, turning into what would destroy his heart.

However, there were some things in the world that Si Ma Xin could not predict. As Su Ming stood in midair, half of his hair gradually turned white and his body slowly shrank. A whirlwind swirled around his body, and his appearance became that of Destiny's.

He did not turn completely into Destiny, but the moment his transformation was halfway through, he lifted his right hand and swung it towards the ground. That swing made Si Ma Xin momentarily stunned. Immediately, his pupils shrank, and the endless amount of corpses on the ground gathered together and their bodies became whole once again.

The violet wave of impact spreading outwards also appeared once again in the land far off in the distance, but it no longer spread outwards. It tumbled backwards instead. The passage of time and everything that occurred during the previous moment started reversing at that instant.

As time reversed, Su Ming looked at the ground, then at the unfamiliar faces that had just been revived until he found the expression he wanted. In the midst of their fear and confusion, looks of liberation appeared right at the moment they died.

He saw those expressions of liberation when he executed the divine ability that allowed him to reverse time.

He closed his eyes and lowered his right hand. The white hair covering half his head turned black once again. He no longer continued with his transformation to become Destiny. At that instant, his body returned to normal.

When he opened his eyes, the ground remained as it did after the spear's impact swept through the land. It was as if the time reversal was a mere illusion, a dream, and that dream had just ended. Everything was as usual. Blood filled the air, and torn limbs could be found everywhere. As the violet wave of impact spread out, the screams of pain continued echoing in the air.

However, Su Ming's heart was no longer shaken, because...

He could see the souls that were being absorbed into the Undertaker's of Evil Spear from the ground. As they gathered together to manifest into the people he killed, not a single hint of hatred could be seen on their faces, be it the men, the women, the elderly, or the young. Instead, there was gratitude, and when they were absorbed, they bowed towards Su Ming.

Si Ma Xin also saw this. His expression immediately turned dark, and with a cold harrumph, an even greater amount of corpses that existed in the region further down in the ground stood up with their eyes started flashing in a gray light.

As they stood up, their bodies started changing as if they were melting, and all of them turned into Si Ma Xin!

The limitless gray corpses in the eighth layer's world numbered to tens of thousands. Those who died due to Su Ming's spear throw were just a part of them. As more gray-eyed corpses turned into Si Ma Xin, they howled together and leaped into the sky, turning into numerous long arcs. These long arcs were all Si Ma Xin, and they were all rushing towards Su Ming!

"Su Ming, I'm shocked that you could gain such power during these twenty years. I originally thought that my serendipity was rare enough in this world, but I didn't expect you would possess this sort of luck as well...

"However, your luck and your serendipity will be reduced due to the battles I will deliver to you in this world, they will weaken as your will collapses, they will disappear as that murderous aura on you dissipates, and they will vanish as you become apathetic... I will first bring on you a battle that will destroy your luck!

"All the tens of thousands of my copies are all me. I will make you kill me over and over until you can no longer kill. Even if you don't want to, as you continue killing me, your rage will weaken, your willpower will collapse due to fatigue, your murderous aura will dissipate by large quantities before you even notice it, and by then, I wonder... will you still have the right to fight against me?!"

The tens of thousands of Si Ma Xins said these words at the same time. Their voices fused together to turn into a roar containing an air of sovereignty that sounded like the might of heaven itself. It made Su Ming's pupils constrict.

He had never underestimated Si Ma Xin, not in the past, and not now. Si Ma Xin was completely different from all the enemies he had encountered in the past. His battles against other people were just a simple fight to the death, but when it came to Si Ma Xin, he would forever focus on the destruction of the soul!

It was just like what he did when he planted the Berserker Seed in him and used Bai Su as a lead and when he all the other things to throw Su Ming's heart into turmoil. All of these things just went to show how strange Si Ma Xin was!

His strangeness was shown even more prevalently through what he just said. Su Ming knew that if things continued like this, he would have to kill Si Ma Xin tens of thousands of times, and no matter how deep his hatred towards him ran, it would gradually disappear during the slaughter, and eventually, all his hate and grudges would turn into mere empty words. They would no longer be engraved deep in his heart.

If he could not keep his hatred deeply rooted in his heart, then it would be difficult for him to keep his will strong, and Su Ming would surely lose this battle!

'He wants to break my will and my spirit...'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the tens of thousands of Si Ma Xins charging towards him from all around the area with cold sneers on their faces, and suddenly, a cold smile curled up on his lips.

Su Ming's current level of cultivation and his combat powers were definitely not due to some simple serendipity. Neither was it a rare serendipity which Si Ma Xin believed he had received. His power was due to his will after the endless amount of reincarnations he went through in the Candle Dragon's world. If Si Ma Xin had been there, perhaps he would have lost himself.

Only Su Ming could survive it. He had desired to understand everything about himself. He had struggled in the midst of his confusion and endured silently while never giving up. His will had never been destroyed even after going through an endless amount of reincarnations, so how could his will disappear in this measly battle?!

Even when he had come face to face with the choices he had to make in his heart when he was in Heaven Gate and even had his principles destroyed by Si Ma Xin, he had managed to persevere through it silently with his firm will.

At that moment, Si Ma Xin's words were still echoing in his ears, but the cold smile on Su Ming's lips gave away his killing intent. He moved, and without the Undertaker's of Evil Armor as well as the spear, he started launching his attacks as he did when he was in the Candle Dragon's world, with one jab, one seize of the air, one fist, and one palm strike!

The sky rumbled, and wherever Su Ming went, Si Ma Xin's bodies would be destroyed. Su Ming's expression remained calm and no hint of change could be seen on his face. There was nothing else contained within that calm expression besides the desire to kill!

Time slowly trickled by. Su Ming did not know how many people he had killed, but he did know that his will had not diminished. It had gathered together instead, and his hatred towards Si Ma Xin did not dwindle away, but had instead... grown stronger.

"Si Ma Xin, since every single one of these is you, then the tens of thousands of deaths these copies go through will also mean that you have to suffer through tens of thousands of annihilations. If a person has been killed tens of thousands of times, will his will remain firm?!"

"We haven't seen each other for twenty years, and you still disappoint me," Su Ming stated flatly. If Si Ma Xin wanted to destroy his will, then Su Ming would naturally retaliate.

All the eyes of the endless amount of Si Ma Xins began flickering with a gleam of light. Su Ming's words were like a sharp needle that had pierced right into Si Ma Xin's heart.

The act of destroying other people's wills had always been a double-edged blade. As he schemed against other people, he would also have to suffer the other party's retaliation. It was just like what Si Ma Xin had to suffer now. He was trying to make Su Ming's will dissipate through the endless strings of battles, but with just a few words, Su Ming had figured out the true cost of what he was doing, and it made Si Ma Xin's heart tremble.

As he was shaken by his words, all the copies of him froze up, and during that instant, Su Ming spoke up once again.

"I can kill you tens of thousands of times, and I can continue killing you until I absolutely destroy you!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and once he held it in a fist, he hurled a punch straight towards the air beneath him. The power of all the Berserker Bones in his body was released, turning into a violent storm that swept through the area, causing a countless amount of Si Ma Xins to shatter and tumble backwards.

*Chapter 555: A Different Brand of Arrogance!*

Rumbling sounds echoed through the world. At that moment, there were still nearly ten thousand Si Ma Xins around Su Ming, but they did not continue charging forward. Instead, as they continued retreating, their bodies disappeared and turned into red threads that were quite similar to the red threads that had appeared on the people Su Ming had killed. They started gathering at a rapid speed at a spot ten thousand feet away.

"As expected of the arch nemesis I have waited for twenty years... You have the right for me to reveal my true body!"

When Si Ma Xin's voice rang out, the figure that was formed by the endless amount of threads twisted to reveal a white-robed Si Ma Xin who had the mark of three fingers at the center of his brows!

He stood ten thousand feet away from Su Ming, and a muddled wave of power came from his body.

His power felt muddled because Su Ming had noticed an endless amount of ripples signaling different kinds of cultivation levels. They were largely varied, but there were three waves that were as distinct as the sun itself.

The first belonged to the great completion in the Awakening Realm!

The second belonged to the pinnacle of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The third was the one that made Su Ming's pupils shrink, because it contained... a hint of a power so strong that even he could not determine just how great it was!

"My life is endless, my power is boundless, my body exists everywhere, because the cultivation method I practice is the second God of Berserkers' divine ability - the Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed!

"An endless amount of people are training for me, and there is a limitless amount of people who will offer their lives to me. You... What right do you have to compete against me?!" The white-robed Si Ma Xin's voice was as soft and dark as ever, but the arrogance on his face could be seen clearly.

"I am the second God of Berserkers' scion. I am the fourth God of Berserkers, what right do you have to fight against me?!" As Si Ma Xin spoke, he took a step forward, and the entire sky trembled violently.

A gigantic footprint emerged in the sky with loud rumbling sounds, and it was several tens of thousands of feet big. It was as if a huge foot was stretching out in the sky and stepping down on Su Ming!

"All the Berserkers must tremble before the second God of Berserkers' legacy and under my divine ability as the fourth God of Berserkers. I'd like to see just how many steps you will be able to withstand from the God of Berserkers Art: Seven Steps to Heaven!" As Si Ma Xin spoke with that dark and soft voice of his along with the arrogant expression on his face, his foot landed, and the world rumbled.

The huge footprint looked as if it had gained physical form and shot out from the clouds to stretch into the air, covering a circular area of several tens of thousands of feet against Su Ming. It came down, rumbling in the air, and a large amount of space around Su Ming started breaking down. A destructive power surrounded the area.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and looked at the foot coming down from the sky. A glint appeared in his eyes when he sensed Si Ma Xin's great confidence. He was sure that the source of that confidence came from the serendipity he had received from Freezing Sky Cave.

Moreover, it looked like this serendipity was the second God of Berserkers' inheritance!

"The legacy of the God of Berserkers ends at the third. Even if you received the second's inheritance, it is just an inheritance."

The instant the God of Berserkers' gigantic foot formed by the first step sank down with a loud rumble, Su Ming lifted his right hand. Dark light shone in his hand, and the spiked club manifested on his palm. The instant he wrapped his fingers around it, the weapon swelled up endlessly. Su Ming lifted it up and swung it against the footprint sinking down towards him!

"No matter how strong the inheritance may be, it is still a path left behind by our ancestor. No matter how much you receive, it is merely similar to the second's... And the second had only received half of the first's inheritance..."

Su Ming smiled faintly. The other's arrogance could not be seen on his face, but the arrogance of his words was much greater than the arrogance Si Ma Xin showed on his face!

Su Ming's arrogance came from within his heart. It lay within his experiences and came from the desire to walk down a path that belonged only to him. It was born from the heart that refused to be controlled by any form of inheritance but instead desired to become a powerful warrior that could control these inheritances!

Si Ma Xin's arrogance was external. It lay within his serendipity and his thirst towards the second's power. He would not seek to control the inheritance, but would instead accept it passively! His was a heart that desired to be acknowledged by the inheritance!

These two types of arrogance were completely different!

Shocking, booming sounds reverberated in the air, and as Su Ming's voice traveled forth, his words landed in Si Ma Xin's ears.

Su Ming's spiked club came into contact with the God of Berserkers' first step. As booming sounds continued in the air, his body sank down and he was sent several hundreds of feet by that powerful rebound, but his eyes remained firm!

As the booms went on, the God of Berserkers' first footprint shattered, inch by inch and exploded.

"Nonsense. If I can receive the second's inheritance, then it means that this is what I should have in my life. I'm destined to be the fourth God of Berserkers, and I'm fated to lead the Berserkers to unite the world!

"You are just a mere warrior among the Berserkers. How could you talk about inheritances?! Your crime is punishable by death!"

Si Ma Xin's pupils shrank, and with a cold sneer, he took five steps forward. Once he took those five steps, the world moved as if the ground was shaking and the sky was collapsing. Five gigantic footprints sank down from the sky, and each of those footprints was larger than the last, and all of them charged towards Su Ming.

At that moment, Si Ma Xin took another step forward and completed the final step for his God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

That one step immediately caused the world to turn pitch black. A foot that covered a large half of the sky sank down, and that scene looked as if the sky itself was sinking towards the ground.

"I'd like to see just how you will hope to fight against me under the fourth God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!" Si Ma Xin's voice rumbled in the air.

Su Ming's face was calm. The spiked club in his right hand, he swung it toward the sky once more. The club instantly grew to become several thousands of feet long, turning into a shocking sight to behold. Golden light shone from Su Ming's body, and he lifted the spiked club to ram it against the five footprints descending from the sky.

Booming sounds immediately started reverberating madly in the air. The instant the spiked club touched the five feet, they started shattering one by one, but the weapon was also sent tumbling back as it trembled. However, when the spiked club was lifted

up, Su Ming's body shot through the five collapsing feet and appeared in the sky, right next to the seventh footprint that covered most of the sky and was causing the sky to look as if it was collapsing.

The instant Su Ming closed in, he clenched his right hand into a fist and let out a low growl towards the sky. Golden light flowed out of his body like a stream and gathered on his right hand. At that moment, an illusory shadow appeared behind Su Ming.

That shadow did not belong to his Nascent Divinity, but in its indistinct form, it looked somewhat similar to the third God of Berserkers! That shadow also lifted his right hand and clenched his fist. Then, with Su Ming, he hurled his fist straight towards the foot in the sky.

Loud rumbling sounds turned into a wave of impact that caused the ground to collapse and the sky to be torn apart. The foot that had covered half of the sky trembled and was torn to pieces.

Su Ming was forced back. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, but the firm resolution in his eyes only grew stronger, and the freezing glare within them turned colder.

The instant Si Ma Xin took that seventh step, his face turned pale, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He was forced back several hundreds of feet backwards before he could finally regain his footing, and he glared at Su Ming.

A large amount of cracks appeared when the sky was torn apart. Quite a number of spots shattered to reveal the murky darkness outside. No one had any idea where that darkness led to, but as the boundaries holding it away shattered, the aura of death spreading out of Su Ming's body grew thicker. Clearly, this place was incredibly close to Bright Yang Emptiness.

The earth crumbled and shattered into pieces, revealing the gap that led to the seventh layer.

Loud booming sounds echoed in the world. Clearly, it was unable to withstand this extreme fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin and was beginning to show signs of being destroyed. Once this place was ruined, then in the future, Heaven Gate would no longer possess the eighth or the ninth layer!

Si Ma Xin's eyes sparkled and killing intent shone in his eyes. He originally wanted to destroy Su Ming's will, that was why he had made him suffer through all those trials, but he had been unable to weaken his will even in the slightest. Yet on the other hand, Si Ma Xin's own will was showing signs of weakening, especially from Su Ming's words regarding the inheritance. It had even shaken his heart.

However, this was not the time for him to think too much. Si Ma Xin took a few steps back, then lifted his right hand to seize at the air. Immediately, a gigantic fan appeared in his palm. The fan looked as if it was formed by an endless amount of feathers, and light could be seen spilling out from it. It was clear at first sight that this was not an ordinary item!

"With the God of Berserkers' treasured fan, I execute one of the three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man - Heaven Barrenness!" While his soft voice traveled forth, he held the fan in his hand and swung it swiftly in Su Ming's direction.

A loud, deafening sound left the broken sky once he swung that fan. Right before their eyes, the sky started shattering inch by inch, and the entirety of it turned pitch black. It was as if the boundary in the sky had been sent rolling backwards, and the fan had lifted the sky with its swing. The shattered fragments were fused with the power in the sky, and as the fan moved, they were lifted up and flung towards Su Ming.

A strong sense of danger rose swiftly in Su Ming's heart. The fan had actually managed to destroy the sky and caused the fragments to turn into a power that could tear apart everything. The strength of that power gave Su Ming a strong hunch that even if he had an eight tenths of all his bones in his body turned into Berserker Bones, it would still be hard for him to withstand this!

He could not dodge it, neither could he hide from it. The only thing he could do was fight it!

He would be able to fight against it if he turned into Destiny, but Si Ma Xin clearly had a lot of trump cards left, and if Su Ming turned into Destiny at that moment, then he would definitely be unable to kill Si Ma Xin within the time limit. Then, there would be no meaning to this battle!

Light flickered in Su Ming's eyes. The instant the sky roared and shattered into pieces, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the incoming sky. With that, a tempest was abruptly formed around Su Ming. The strength of that tempest instantly connected the sky and earth, turning into a whirlwind that would cause terror to rise within others!

"Sun Genesis!"

The instant those two words were spoken, the whirlwind started sweeping outwards with loud rumbling, crashing into the incoming Heaven Barrenness Art with a bang.

The sight was incredibly startling from the distance. It was a sight of the sky rolling backwards, of a whirlwind rising into the sky, of a crash between the sky and the wind, of a clash between the fan and the Wind Berserker Art.

"Lunar Burial!"

In that whirlwind, Su Ming lifted one hand high above his head and the other stretched down below. Immediately, two whirlwinds appeared beyond his whirlwind. The newly appeared wind started spinning. A freezing chill filled the air, along with a wave of heat. As these two different temperatures intersected with each other, a circular area of hundreds of li around Su Ming turned into the world that belonged to the wind. This was the method he had decided to use to fight against the incoming sky!

*Chapter 556: This Fan Belongs to Me Now!*

It was difficult to describe the sky at that moment. Right then, it looked as if the sky had collapsed and was tumbling backwards like waves, but when the whirlwind that was hundreds of li in size touched it, a power was formed that caused the sky to collapse and the whirlwind to disintegrate.

That power crumbled the sky and turned it into nothingness. It made the eighth and ninth layers in Heaven Gate shatter into dust...

"Earth Barrenness!" Si Ma Xin roared, and he swung that fan in his hand at Su Ming once again.

This chain of events was completely out of his expectations. Not only was Su Ming's will difficult to shatter, even the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps had been unable to crush him. Now, even the Heaven Barrenness Art contained within this priceless treasured fan could not destroy him.

At that moment, as killing intent filled his heart, he executed the Earth Barrenness Art contained within his fan! This was the strongest Art he could muster with this item. The Man Barrenness Art was still out of his reach with his current level of cultivation. If he tried to cast it forcefully, then before he managed to kill anyone, Si Ma Xin himself would be heavily wounded by the rebound.

When he swung the fan, the originally shattered earth on the ground started trembling and rushed towards Su Ming, who was standing in midair.

There was an endless amount of earth on the ground. As it closed in on him, a presence that screamed of destroying everything exploded into the air. That presence also seemed to contain a violent gust of wind, charging towards the whirlwind around Su Ming's body that was shrinking as the sky shattered.

Sun Genesis and Lunar Burial could allow Su Ming to fight against this Heaven Barrenness, although with much difficulty on his part. However, before that Heaven

Barrenness completely disappeared, he now had to fight against that even stronger Earth Barrenness Art.

The limitless earth surging upwards from all around the area surrounded Su Ming with a loud howl. By the looks of it, it seemed to want to gather together with him as its center and turn him into a part of itself!

The Earth Barrenness Art activated the power of the earth. The heavy and thick sensation brought by that power and the wind from the earth the land stirred up was something Su Ming could not hope to control.

His whirlwinds were about to disappear. As he watched the endless amount of earth surrounding him and the wind he was unable to control covering the entire area around him, he fell silent and closed his eyes.

Right then, the words the Wind Berserker had told Su Ming when he first received the three styles to Wind Separation appeared in his head.

"Wind exists in every single part of this world... If you can make a certain part in the world be void of wind due to your existence in that place, then... you will have come to truly understand the third style... Wind Separation!"

Su Ming's eyes flew open. When he did so, the earth right before him had already covered the entire area around him. It was now less than a hundred feet away from his body.

"Wind Separation... I did not know how to make wind leave a certain place previously, but thanks to He Feng, I understand now... I need to fuse my will into the wind, and it's not a simple fusion, neither am I supposed to be one with the wind. Instead, I have to... rule over it!" Su Ming mumbled to himself.

In this time of crisis, understanding suddenly dawned on him. A smile appeared on his lips. At the moment, there was only fifty feet between him and the earth around him. Su Ming stretched his arms wide open.

"Wind Separation does not mean having wind leave me, but I... will be the one leaving wind behind. It does not mean that I do not exist where there is wind, but where I exist, there will be no wind," Su Ming mumbled. By then, there was less than twenty feet between him and the onrushing earth. In an instant, the earth closed those twenty feet and buried him underneath

Su Ming stood at his spot, unmoving, simply allowing the earth to bury him. Once it covered his entire body, more layers of earth came upon him, causing the area around him to look like a tall mountain from the world beyond!

That mountain shot up straight into the black sky, turning into the one and only mountain in this broken world!

Si Ma Xin looked at it, but not a hint of joy could be seen on his face. Instead, his pupils shrank to reveal surprise, and at the same time, he started retreating rapidly.

Right when he started withdrawing, a crack suddenly tore through that one and only mountain in the world. As the earth fell apart, Su Ming walked out leisurely from the crack.

Wherever he went, not a single trace of wind could be found. It did not matter whether it was the wind formed by the earth or the breeze that rose because of Si Ma Xin's fan, all of them vanished without a trace around him.

Due to the absence of wind, the earth in the mountain could not gather and merge together. When Su Ming took a step out of the mountain, Si Ma Xin having already started moving back, he disappeared abruptly. When he reappeared, he was already standing beside his opponent. Almost the instant he did so, Si Ma Xin came to an abrupt halt in his retreat.

It was not that he did not wish to continue withdrawing, but his breathing had stilled. At that moment, there was no longer any wind around him, and during that time, he felt as if he no longer had any strength in his body. He fell head first, as if he had just lost his balance.

Su Ming's fist closed in on Si Ma Xin at the speed of lightning. It rammed straight at his chest, and when that punch struck him, Si Ma Xin coughed up blood. His chest collapsed, and as he fell back, Su Ming caught up to him with just one step, seizing his right hand and snatching the fan that had actually managed to shock him.

"This fan belongs to me now!" Su Ming stated coldly, then quickly put away the fan, and hurled another punch at Si Ma Xin's body.

That punch struck through the man's chest, leaving behind a huge hole. Anger burned in his eyes and he glared at Su Ming, but he did not die!

Blood trickled out of Si Ma Xin's lips and his body started recovering rapidly at a bizarre pace. It was as if there was a limitless life force contained within his body. Perhaps more accurately speaking, there were an endless amount of Berserker Seeds within him due to his divine ability. Each time he was gravely injured, a Berserker Seed would offer up his or her life so that he could recover.

This was what made the Great Art of Berserker Seed so strange. It was also the reason behind why the Immortals decided to tear off the second God of Berserkers' limbs and head!

In silence, Su Ming continued pressing in on Si Ma Xin. With a punch, he caused the man's head to explode, but it immediately grew back!

With another punch, his body broke down, but he recovered again!

Si Ma Xin was feeling incredibly anxious at that moment. Due to the absence of wind because of Su Ming sticking beside him, he could only passively let those blows strike his body, could only watch as his fan was taken away. It would have been fine if it just lasted for a short while, but his Berserker Seeds were not limitless. He was not truly... invincible.

When he saw that Su Ming's fist was about to land on him again, Si Ma Xin's eyes turned bloodshot. He bit the tip of his tongue and tried to cough up blood, but that blood refused to gush out of his mouth. Instead, it started flowing back into his throat.

During that time, Su Ming's fist made its way through his body once again. Once Si Ma Xin's body was torn to pieces, his flesh gathered together once again, and Su Ming's punch closed in on him again.

Si Ma Xin glared furiously at his opponent. He could not accept this. He still had a large amount of divine abilities he still had to use. He still had treasures he had not managed to bring out, but due to one single time he went on passive, Su Ming had managed to repeatedly strike him. Si Ma Xin did not even have a single moment where he could counterattack. He needed time, even if it was just the span of a few breaths. He would be able to leave Su Ming's strange windless world by then.

Si Ma Xin screamed in his heart. When Su Ming's fist came charging towards him once again, his body broke down and recovered, but at that moment another punch came towards him again.

When Si Ma Xin saw Su Ming's fist rushing towards him again, his eyes filled with red. At the instant he was struck, without sparing even a second thought, he absorbed a large amount of life force from his Berserker Seeds in a fit of madness, and with the price of many of them dying, he self-destructed!

The power of that explosion would be so great that it would shake the sky and earth. It would turn into a destructive power that would make it so that if Su Ming continued punching forward, he would have to come face to face with the powerful impact caused by the self-destruction.

That impact could injure Su Ming and also force him to lose his hard earned chance. As for Si Ma Xin, due to his strange divine ability, he would recover. Even though he would have sacrificed many Berserker Seeds, with this chance, he could then continue executing even more divine abilities.

His hate towards Su Ming burned even stronger at that moment. He was certain that he would choose to retreat. This... was his only choice!

A ferocious smile appeared on Si Ma Xin's lips, but right when his body exploded, it froze and his eyes went wide.

He had no idea what was happening, but right before his eyes, Su Ming turned into a teenager. Half his hair was white, and the other purple. At that moment, a shocking presence along with an intimidating air spread out from Su Ming's body!

During that critical moment, Su Ming had chosen to turn into Destiny!

Si Ma Xin suddenly remembered the torn pieces of flesh from the corpses gathering together to turn into the people once again when he had persecuted Su Ming. That scene had shocked him when he saw it.

At the instant his heart let out a loud thump, Su Ming finished turning into Destiny. He lifted his right hand and swung it at him, and with it, time immediately started reversing around Si Ma Xin's body!

The chaotic power within him that was on the verge of collapsing became stable once again as time reversed for his exploding body. The ferocious smile on his face faded away right after it froze, returning to how he looked previously.

He paid a huge price for this, and the chance he obtained after sacrificing a large amount of his Berserker Seeds was cut off with one swing of Su Ming's arm just like that. At the same time, Su Ming's punch struck his body. At the moment it disintegrated, Su Ming swung his arm again. Time flowed back, and Si Ma Xin sank into an endless cycle of repetition.

This was a discovery made by chance, but once Su Ming's windless world fused with Destiny, he immediately noticed that he had just obtained stronger power.

Despair rose in Si Ma Xin's heart. He screamed madly in his heart. He could not accept this! He could not!

He could feel a large amount of his Berserker Seeds dying away, and before long, he would no longer have any available for him to absorb. At that time, only death would await him.

But Si Ma Xin was definitely not an ordinary person. As he was caught in this hopeless situation and forced into the endless repetition, one piece of his bone shattered before he was hit.

The instant that happened, a scene that made Su Ming's fist freeze appeared in the sky!

## *Chapter 557: Woman!*

The sky had already been replaced by darkness when it shattered previously. That darkness was boundless, and no one had any idea how far it stretched to, neither did they have any idea how big it was. The existence of that darkness was like an eerie mouth opening its jaws wide open to devour everything.

Heaven Gate's eighth layer was being devoured by that darkness at that moment. Perhaps at any moment soon, this entire place would sink into darkness...

At that moment, distortions suddenly appeared in the darkness above. A huge crack tore through the darkness from within, and low roars could be heard traveling from the crack. Su Ming... also saw Bai Su in that crack!

Bai Su's body was covered in fresh blood. There was an endless sea of corpses before her, and right at that moment, there were two giants that were charging towards her with cruel roars. A broken smile appeared on her beautiful face, and as her blood covered the scar on her face, that scar became an even more startling sight.

The face of the old man behind her was stark pale. His eyes were wide open at that moment and he was looking at Bai Su's back. Grief was apparent in his eyes.

When the woman saw the two giants moving towards her that were now less than a dozen of feet away from her, a calm look appeared on her face, a stark contrast to the despair in her eyes. She seemed to be a little dazed, as if she had just remembered something right before she was about to die. A smile appeared on her face and she closed her eyes.

The sounds traveling from the crack in the sky made it seem as if it was a tunnel, and people could step right into it!

This was Si Ma Xin's trick. He opened this tunnel so that Su Ming could see Bai Su in danger. As long as he went to save her, then Si Ma Xin would have a chance to breathe, but if Su Ming did not save her...

No. He believed that Su Ming would definitely save her!

In silence, Su Ming rammed his fist at Su Ma Xin's body. When it disintegrated once again, he sighed, ended his transformation as Destiny so that he could have the span of a few breaths left and took a step towards the sky.

The moment he moved forward, his body returned to its original state and he stepped into the crack in the sky to appear in that world filled with gray corpses.

He appeared right when Bai Su closed her eyes. As the two giants roared and swung their fists to strike her, killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. The next instant, he disappeared.

Bai Su had her eyes closed. She no longer cared about her life, no longer cared about anything else. Instead, memories surfaced in her head as she started reminisced about the past and looked back on the happy moments she'd when she was in the ninth summit.

She was tired, exhausted. During these twenty years, she had regretted time and again not cherishing that one chance given to her in the past.

But it was all in the past now. She could not change it.

She had thought about this repeatedly. If the heavens gave her another chance, then she would definitely appreciate it. She would definitely cherish it...

Death did not come upon her. Instead shrill screams of pain along with a loud bang surged into the skies, echoing in her ears, causing her to be cut off from her reminiscence. She instinctively opened her eyes, and when she did... she could no longer close them again.

Bai Su saw a back, a familiar back that had been carved into her memories, engraved into her bones, and that back was standing right before her. The bodies of the two incoming giants collapsed at that moment, and they shattered into pieces with shrill screams.

Violet light surrounded her and turned into a ring-shaped wave of force that swept through the entire area. Wherever it went, all the gray corpses would shudder, and they would all shatter into pieces.

"Su... Ming..."

Bai Su was completely stunned. She could not believe her own eyes. When Su Ming turned around and looked towards her, tears escaped her eyes. Her mind turned blank. She could only see him, and it was as if the entire world had disappeared from her sight except him.

The old man also saw Su Ming, and he was staring at him with a dumbfounded expression. His eyes were filled with disbelief. He knew Su Ming. How could he not? This was that ninth summit's disciple who had broken his daughter's heart.

He had once wanted to kill Su Ming, but had eventually let his thoughts fade away into a sigh because of Bai Su. But now, the shock Su Ming brought to him was nothing short of the shock he experienced when he witnessed Si Ma Xin's return.

"Su Ming!"

The instant he turned his head around to look towards Bai Su, she cried and went up to hug him, as if she was afraid he would disappear.

Su Ming tensed up, but gradually relaxed his body. He looked at the crying Bai Su in his arms, and the memories of the past appeared in his head, eventually stopping at the moment they walked together in the plain of snow. The change of heart he had experienced had eventually turned into a sigh of regret that no one had any idea who it belonged to in the passage of time.

Yet this was not a place for him to think. He wrapped his arm around Bai Su and looked towards the old man looking at her with a complicated gaze. With a wave of his arm, he dragged the old man towards him and brought Bai Su along with him to charge towards the crack he'd traveled through in the sky.

The opening was shrinking rapidly. Only a very short amount of time had passed since Su Ming arrived, yet even so, the crack had now become less than half its previous size.

Clearly, Si Ma Xin did not want Su Ming to come back through it!

Roars traveled from the ground, and nearly a hundred of giants started moving towards them from the distance. Su Ming had noticed this way beforehand. These giants were incredibly similar to the giants in the Dead Sea!

As the ground trembled, a gigantic crack tore through the land. It was as if Su Ming's arrival had caught a large amount of attention from the powerful living beings in this place. Almost the instant he was about to leave with Bai Su and her father through the nearly shut crack, a roar that made Su Ming's heart tremble violently once he heard it came from the land, and with just a glance, he saw...

...A yellow dragon crawling out from the gigantic crack on the ground!

This might also be a dragon, but it was different from the crimson dragon. The part of its body on the ground was about ten thousand feet long. It did not have any whiskers. Instead, fins formed from sharp spikes covered several thousands of feet on its sides. Its entire body was of a yellowish brown color, and there were many scales covering it.

That dragon let out a shocking roar towards the sky. Its body looked incredibly real, and Su Ming knew immediately that this was not an illusion. This was a real dragon!

One of the dragon's claws shot up and pressed the ground. As the land shook, the dragon lifted its head and sucked in a few breaths, as if it had just detected a smell that made it go crazy. It swiftly turned towards Su Ming, and as it roared, it charged towards him in a mad dash.

The powerful might from the dragon gave Su Ming a similar feeling as the sight of the Candle Dragon when he was still weak. Right then, the sleeping crimson dragon on Su Ming's arm opened its eyes.

Right away, it shot out and turned into a crimson dragon of ten thousand feet in midair. It should not have risen from its slumber at that moment, but due to the stimulation provided by the similar presence from its kind, it woke up and started roaring at the yellow dragon.

"Let him go." As the two dragons roared, the crack before Su Ming started shrinking rapidly, but due to the presence of this might that had far surpassed his current power, he could not move. But right then, a woman's voice came from the ground.

When it spoke, the yellow dragon stopped roaring, choosing instead to glare over. Right when the land quietened, the pressure on Su Ming's body vanished. He lowered his head and cast a glance at the ground. Then, without any hesitation, he brought the pale Bai Su and her father towards the crack. The crimson dragon turned into a ray of crimson light and flew out with him.

Once Su Ming left, the crack closed up and vanished without a trace.

At that moment, a woman floated out slowly from the crack on the ground. She looked as if she was twenty years old, but ancientness was within her eyes. She was incredibly beautiful, to the point where it would make the world hide in shame while all the living beings would pale before her.

This sort of beauty was rarely seen in the world. Perhaps it should be said that her beauty should not exist.

She floated up and slowly came to stand upon the yellow dragon's back. She looked at the sky with her lively eyes and a frown gradually appeared between her brows.

'Why does he have the presence of Abyss Builders, who come from the Emperor of Abyss' True World...?' The woman thought about it for a moment before she started chuckling. Her tinkling laughter instantly caused the world to completely lose its color.

"Interesting. This dimensional crack in the True Morning Dao World leads to a spot in Yin Death Region. Since we finally managed to come out of the house, let's go and take a look at Yin Death Region, Xiao Huang." The woman placed her hands behind her back, and an air of nobility could be detected from her smile.

The dragon called Xiao Huang blinked and let out a few growls at the woman.

"Hmm? You're saying he has a presence you dislike? Then we have to absolutely see it now." The woman lowered herself and stroked the yellow dragon's head. The dragon looked comforted, then charged into the sky. In an instant, they fused into the air and disappeared without a trace.

"Abyss Builders... This is an incredibly mysterious race that is rarely seen even in the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Rumors say that they've already been all wiped out," the woman mumbled, and a look of curiosity appeared in her eyes as she went to Yin Death Region with the yellow dragon.

Su Ming walked into the air of Heaven Gate, which had now been swallowed by darkness. The instant he arrived, the eighth layer completely shattered. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Without a hint of hesitation, he brought Bai Su and her father straight towards the seventh layer.

Si Ma Xin was not here, but Su Ming believed firmly that he would definitely not leave. His desire to kill Su Ming ran as deep as Su Ming's desire to kill him!

As the eighth layer shattered to pieces, the fragmented dimension where Heaven Gate was located started trembling violently, and the sealed exit was forced open under these tremors.

Su Ming shot through the seventh layer, the sixth, and the others as well. The darkness continued devouring and destroying everything behind him. By the looks of it, the darkness wanted to completely swallow this fragmented dimension that was Heaven Gate.

Long arcs charged through the air and followed behind Su Ming. These were the people still alive within the lower layers of Heaven Gate, and they knew that they could only survive if they followed him.

The exit had now been forced open by the tremors, and leaving this place had now become possible!

When Su Ming rushed into the first layer, he cast a glance at the activated Rune, then swept up the old man in white who had asked for his help earlier before charging towards the exit.

*Chapter 558: The God of Berserkers' Left Hand!*

Right when Su Ming stepped into the Rune and disappeared, Heaven Gate started collapsing at an even more intense pace. The remnants of the tribes who could now leave the place after they received their freedom left with Su Ming. Once they stepped into the activated Rune, they disappeared within.

When Su Ming appeared above the sea beyond the ninth summit, waves rose into the air and splashed down, moving about to turn the sea into a gigantic whirlpool. As the whirlpool let out loud booming sounds, a violent gust of wind that swept through the world was formed.

In the midst of the violent waves and the churning whirlpool, the ninth summit sank into danger, looking as if it was about to be submerged at any moment. Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he charged over. In the blink of an eye, he approached the mountain and put Bai Su, her father, as well as the old man in white down on the ground. Then, he lifted his right leg and stomped down!

At that instant, a strong force traveled from his body into the entire ninth summit before it traveled into the seawater around the mountain. A violent rumble that sounded like thunder traveled out, and the seawater around the ninth summit exploded before tumbling outwards, causing a large hole to appear in the sea, with the ninth summit located right in the center.

The waves at the edges of the hole rose into the air. The scene was a shocking sight from the distance. The waves looked like a huge hand pressing down on the sea to form a deep hole.

The formation of that deep hole caused the ninth summit to stand protruding out of the sea. When another several thousands of feet of the mountain left the seawater, Su Ming lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pressed his palm down on the ground.

At the same moment he pressed down, his hair was lifted by the wind. His expression was calm as light flickered in his eyes. When his palm touched the ground, a layer of golden light erupted from his body, and it started spreading outwards from his right hand. Within an instant, the golden light covered the entire ninth summit and protected it like a screen of light.

Right at that time, the seawater that Su Ming had forced away came flooding back into the hole. Once the sea recovered and the golden screen of light sparkled, the ninth summit turned into the one and only mountain among the raging waves and violent wind!

Su Ming stood still, right outside Hu Zi's cave abode. The man himself was snoring away in his cave. Behind Su Ming were Bai Su and her father. The duo had just witnessed Heaven Gate falling apart, and their hearts were in shock. At the same time, they also gained deeper understanding towards Su Ming's power, especially Bai Su's father, whose face was filled with disbelief as he looked at their savior's back.

Then, without a single moment of hesitation, Su Ming abruptly spread his divine sense outwards.

He knew full well that his fight against Si Ma Xin had not ended. If he had not gone off to save Bai Su, he was an eighth of a chance confident that he could have killed Si Ma Xin under the continuous cycles of repetition, Wind Separation helping him.

However, the second God of Berserkers' divine abilities Si Ma Xin inherited had made Su Ming rather concerned. He was certain that the man had not left, and he should be just around the corner. As Su Ming spread his divine sense outwards, a sharp, focused glare suddenly came to his eyes.

He could clearly sense a block of ice that had yet to completely melt in the depths of the sea. This block of ice was different from the ice that sealed Great Yu Imperial City. It was spreading out a thick layer of red the color of blood!

There was a tunnel leading into this blood red ice. Su Ming's divine sense saw Si Ma Xin moving into the tunnel, and he was charging into the depths of the blood-red ice.

"Wait for me here."

Su Ming's desire to kill Si Ma Xin had not lessened in the slightest. His eyes sparkled, and he immediately took a step forward to enter the seawater before he rushed to the depths of the sea.

He traveled incredibly quickly, even warping so that he could arrive at the bottom of the sea the next instant. Then, following the tracks Si Ma Xin had left behind, he ran into the tunnel and began his pursuit.

'This... might perhaps be the glacier under Freezing Sky Clan from all those years ago, and it stayed even when the snow melted into ice... Looks like Si Ma Xin obtained his serendipity here!'

Su Ming charged through the red tunnel. He might look relaxed, but his mind remained at high alert and he had his divine sense spread out around him. As he moved through the tunnel, Si Ma Xin's figure immediately appeared within the area covered in his divine sense.

This was a red layer of ice, and the tunnel into this ice was also the only crack in it. Yet for some unknown reason, seawater could not enter.

This red ice was quite thick, causing the crack to stretch out for a long distance. The ground under this ice was crimson red, as if it had been dyed in blood. When Su Ming saw this striking crimson in his divine sense, he came to a realization that this seemingly red ice was actually just a transparent layer, and the ice was really projecting the blood-red world underneath.

There was a gigantic arm several hundreds of feet long on the ground under the layer of ice. It was stretching out towards the sky, and all its five fingers were positioned in the shape of a claw, as if there was a spirit that refused to accept its fate buried in the ground underneath, stretching out its hand to rip apart the sky.

This was a left hand!

The palm lines on this hand could be seen clearly. While the skin was rough, it looked incredibly real. There was also a presence coming out of that arm that was so great it almost made Su Ming's divine sense immediately disintegrate when it came into brief contact with it.

This was... the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

There was a person sitting on the palm, and naturally... that person was Si Ma Xin!

This was the place where Si Ma Xin had received his serendipity, and it was also the source which gave him the second God of Berserkers' legacy! Unless he absolutely needed to, Si Ma Xin would not have lured Su Ming to this place. Yet the strange battle against him in Heaven Gate's eighth layer had nearly driven him mad when he found that he could not control his own actions, as the time repeated itself. It made him not want to go through that sort of pain anymore. That was why he wanted to come to this place, because he wanted to raise the curtains for the final battle to the death between him and Su Ming here!

When Su Ming detected Si Ma Xin, his divine sense shattered, causing his footsteps to freeze for a moment. His face turned slightly paler, but quickly recovered. A dark look appeared on his face and he cast a glance at the crack before him. After a moment, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he charged into the tunnel.

Si Ma Xin was sitting cross-legged on the second God of Berserkers' left palm at that moment while killing intent shone in his eyes. He had his palms placed palms down beside him, having his hands touch the palm while his head was lifted to look at the layer of ice illuminated in a crimson shade above him. A cold sneer appeared on his lips.

After a moment, a chilling glare shone in his eyes and he swiftly lifted his hand to swing it in the air. The God of Berserkers' left hand started trembling, and an illusory shadow of it manifested. It remained indistinct, and as Si Ma Xin waved his arm, the second God of Berserkers' left palm charged towards the crimson layer of ice, straight towards the person who was charging through the tunnel at an extreme speed.

This was an extremely shocking sight from the distance. With an indescribable speed, the gigantic palm that looked as if it had stretched out from the ground seized the person who was charging through the ice. That hand tightened its grip, and loud booming sounds traveled through the air.

The layer of ice shuddered, and as it tore and broke, cracks spread out, until a large amount of shattered. These crushed pieces fell to the ground, and for a time, falling ice filled the air, covering Si Ma Xin's field of vision. Red light was reflected off this ice, causing the area to seem as if there was a piercing light shining in the water, and no one could see what was going on clearly.

Si Ma Xin's pupils constricted. He had prepared this strike for a long time, but he did not believe that he would be able to kill Su Ming so effortlessly. If he could be killed so easily, then he would not have been able to survive up to this point.

In Si Ma Xin's eyes, Su Ming was his greatest enemy. It did not matter if it was when he was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan in the past or now when he had declared himself the fourth God of Berserkers after obtaining the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, he had completely lost every single time in Su Ming's hands!

Although it might seem as if his divine sense had destroyed Su Ming when he was passing through the tunnel, he did not let down his guard. His pupils shrank and his hands began to rapidly form a seal before he swung his arm in the air above him. All the crushed ice in the air exploded and surged upwards.

Almost the moment the ice above his head surged upwards, a strong sense of danger appeared in Si Ma Xin's heart. At the same time, a figure shot out like a shooting star slicing through the air at an extreme speed, and he was charging towards Si Ma Xin, as loud rumbling sounds rang in the air.

That figure was traveling too quickly, forcing its way into Si Ma Xin's gaze. In the blink of an eye, that figure was already less than hundreds of feet away, and that figure... was naturally Su Ming!

He was traveling too quickly, and killing intent flashed in his eyes like a bolt of lightning. When he lifted his right hand, he pointed towards Si Ma Xin. That finger contained Su Ming's will, and as if his entire being had fused into that one finger, it closed in on Si Ma Xin with an earth-shattering force.

Danger was looming right above his head. If it was anyone else, perhaps they would be unable to dodge that finger charging towards them at such an extreme speed. However, Si Ma Xin was a prodigy in the past and now called himself the fourth God of Berserkers. There were certain aspects within him which were the source of his arrogance. Without any hesitation, he opened his mouth wide and did not dodge Su Ming's attack. Instead, he let out a roar that shook the skies and earth.

It was not a normal roar, but contained the essence of the power that belonged to the second God of Berserkers' inheritance. This was a roar of Chi Shan Po, the second God of Berserkers, and it seemed to have traveled through the passages of time by using Si Ma Xin's body as its carrier!

This was the God of Berserkers' roar!

The instant it rang out, Su Ming's pupils shrank. Booming sounds immediately rang in his ears, and blood trickled out of them. The space around him started shattering inch by inch, turning into fragments. An indescribably powerful force crashed into him, causing him to freeze for a moment.

Rumbling sounds came from within him, and a feeling as if his flesh and bones were being torn apart continuously shot up his body. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth, and he was forced back several thousands of feet.

The power of that roar might be shocking, but Si Ma Xin himself could not cast it as he pleased. When he let out that roar, his body started withering away rapidly, as if all his flesh, blood, and essence had been absorbed by the attack. The God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered lightly, and an invisible aura seeped into Si Ma Xin. Once it swam through his body, it started nourishing him.

"Su Ming, this place will be your grave!"

A ferocious look appeared on Si Ma Xin's face as he glared at Su Ming standing thousands of feet away. His face started recovering rapidly from its withered state, but as he recovered, his appearance turned incredibly hideous.

*Chapter 559: Si Ma's Transformation!*

Almost the instant Su Ming was forced backwards, Si Ma Xin's face twisted into a hideous expression. He lifted his arms and formed a seal quickly, then bit the tip of his tongue to cough up a large mouthful of blood. That blood spilled on the palm under his body and started trickling down its lines, causing the originally faint palm lines to turn incredibly clear.

"As the God of Berserkers, I have the fate of all Berserkers in my hands. I control the world and the universe. The lines on this palm are like my own destiny, and I will use these lines to kill - God of Berserkers' Lines!" Si Ma Xin spoke swiftly, and as he did so, he lifted his hands and pushed forward.

While Su Ming was continuously forced back by the roar containing the power of the second God of Berserkers that traveled through the passages of time, Si Ma Xin's murderous voice reached his ears.

A feeling as if he was being torn apart appeared in Su Ming's body, but not a hint of panic could be seen on his face. Instead, a freezing glare flashed in his eyes. He might

be retreating, but he lifted his right hand swiftly, and the crimson dragon's mark on his right arm flashed with a brilliant red glow, making it look like a totem. A spirited look also appeared in the crimson dragon's eyes, and it looked towards the ground, right where Si Ma Xin was sitting on the second God of Berserkers' left palm.

Right at that moment, the God of Berserkers' Lines Si Ma Xin had cast spread out, and the entire ice above them became darker in an instant. Red lines appeared in the air all around Su Ming as well.

These lines filled the entire area. They looked as if they were tangled with each other, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see clearly that the lines in the sky were the palm lines on the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

A primitive presence spread out through the frozen world. Su Ming's pupils shrank. Right then, a dragon roar traveled out from his right arm, and the crimson dragon manifested itself. It surrounded Su Ming's body, and as it lifted his head to roar, it immediately grew larger.

It had all ten thousand feet of its body circle Su Ming, and as it roared angrily, the layer of ice above them shook loudly, and a large amount of it fell off. When Si Ma Xin saw the crimson dragon, his pupils shrank once again.

Su Ming's strength and the methods he employed had exceeded Si Ma Xin's expectations again and again. He had never expected Su Ming to possess a dragon, and by the looks of it, it was incredibly strong.

Si Ma Xin's face turned dark when he saw the crimson dragon. He formed a seal with his right hand, then tapped the center of his brows. With the fingernail on his little finger, he sliced up a long gash between his brows, causing blood to flow out.

As his blood flowed out, the palm lines above him turned into in a gigantic palm. However, that palm was formed by the crimson palm lines, though it still looked incredibly real.

Rumbling sounds traveled through the air. The palm formed by the palm lines clenched its fist, as if it wanted to crush Su Ming within. As it did so, the air above started trembling. The gigantic palm lines gathered together and shrank. It caused all those caught within to fall into a daze as if it contained some form of law in the world.

The instant that palm closed its fingers around Su Ming, the crimson dragon let out a roar that shook the skies. Its body grew larger once again, and it grew so large that its body started sweeping through the area, turning into a gigantic crimson whirlwind that went on to stand against the palm with its body!

Booming sounds surged through the air. As the fingers on the palm closed up and the crimson dragon roared while murderous aura spread out from its body, these two forces

clashed into each other in the air, and they were equal to each other in terms of strength!

All of this happened over the span of several breaths. A shocking boom shook the entire area, and a wave of impact swiftly spread out.

Wherever it went, this wave would cause a large amount of ice above to shatter, causing the blood-red hue on the ground to look even more disorderly.

The palm in the air started shattering inch by inch and eventually exploded. However, while Si Ma Xin was unable to bring out its full strength with his current level of cultivation, it was still the God of Berserkers' divine ability. Even if he could only bring out a portion of its power, it was still enough to make Si Ma Xin proud of himself.

Right then, Su Ming's crimson dragon also shuddered and its body exploded. Fortunately, its body was made of Earthen Aura and not flesh, or else it would have surely died!

However, even if it was made from Earthen Aura, its body had still broken down. After it disintegrated, the crimson dragon gathered together behind Su Ming. It looked incredibly weakened, as if it had lost its vigor, and its body was indistinct, as if it could no longer maintain its form. It turned into the crimson mark once again and returned to Su Ming's right arm, falling into deep sleep to recover itself.

"A rather impressive divine ability, but since you're the one using it, you won't be able to kill me with it."

Su Ming's face was calm, but killing intent filled his gaze. He lifted his right foot and took a step forward, turning into a long arc that shot through the air to appear around a hundred feet away from Si Ma Xin.

The instant Su Ming closed in, he lifted his right hand, but he did not point towards Si Ma Xin. Instead, he positioned his fingers into the form of a claw and seized his opponent through the air. Si Ma Xin immediately jolted, and his body rose three feet above the God of Berserkers' left hand as if he had been captured!

This scene shook Si Ma Xin. He was already shocked by Su Ming. Over their repeated encounters, Su Ming's inexhaustible attacks surprised him time and again, and when the crimson dragon appeared just now, his shock had reached its peak. He had never expected him to be so strong!

The hatred he harbored and the failure he suffered in the past had left Si Ma Xin depressed and dejected. By chance, he had come across this serendipity that allowed him to seize the world, and he met Su Ming once again after that. However, he had failed once again in Heaven Gate. The shadow of death loomed over his head once more, causing Si Ma Xin's confidence to suffer a huge blow.

The God of Berserkers' Seven Steps were useless against him. The fan's Heaven and Earth Barrenness were also broke. Right then, Su Ming had also similarly resisted the power from the God of Berserkers' palm lines. All these things had almost caused despair to rise in Si Ma Xin's heart.

His eyes turned red. At that moment, he no longer cared that his inheritance was incomplete. In truth, he needed more time to fuse with the second God of Berserkers' left hand, and only when he completely absorbed the arm sometime in the future, turning it into his own arm, could he be considered to have finished obtaining the inheritance.

But right then, he was in danger. He could no longer care about whether his body could withstand the power and the rebound he would have to suffer if he forced himself to cast even stronger divine abilities. With bloodshot eyes, Si Ma Xin let out a piercing roar.

As he roared, nine sharp black spikes immediately shot out of the second God of Berserkers' left hand. These spikes exuded an eerie, chilling presence, and some of them even had black water droplets oozing out of their bodies. Freezing air spread out of these water droplets, and a dark, sinister presence could be felt from them.

"God of Berserkers'... bone spikes!"

Si Ma Xin turned sickly pale, and as he roared, his body withered away once again, but his recovery from that withered state was much slower than before. With a single shout, the black spikes broke off from the God of Berserkers' left hand, and with a whistle that sliced through the air as they traveled at an indescribable speed, they charged towards Su Ming.

Si Ma Xin's hair danced in the air and madness shone in his eyes. Using the chance created as the bone spikes charged towards Su Ming, he swiftly lifted his right hand and pressed it on the God of Berserkers' left hand. He closed his eyes and began mumbling under his breath, but the words sounded complicated and no one could hear them clearly.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. A great sense of danger rose in his heart. There might only be nine of those bone spikes coming towards him, but each of them exuded a murderous presence that made his skin crawl.

The black bone spikes, black liquid, and the speed at which they charged forth would make anyone's blood run cold... And wherever they went, these bone spikes would also dye the air they passed through completely black!

Su Ming could also sense the power of a seal filling the air. In fact, he had even felt that the bone spikes had locked onto his Qi, and they would endlessly chase him down. He had a strong hunch that if any of those bone spikes sank into his body, then the consequences he would have to face would be incredibly drastic.

These were not ordinary bone spikes, but were the culmination of the grudge and madness that was stored within the second God of Berserkers' body over the years, along with the seal that was placed on his body once he was torn apart. Once all of these things fused together, they transformed the bones in his left hand throughout the passage of time, giving birth to these bone spikes in the end!

Even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would be shocked by these spikes. Fortunately, there was a limit to their number. It would seem that this was the amount of spikes that were present in the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

The moment Su Ming's body froze and he started retreating, Si Ma Xin swiftly lifted his head while remaining on the God of Berserkers' left hand. By then, he looked like a skeleton, and as his handsome face withered away, he looked as if a layer of skin had been ripped off from his body, revealing a bloodcurdling face that was filled with scars.

This was his real face!

His skin was brown due to it having fallen off from frostbite in Freezing Sky Cave, leaving behind only brown flesh on his real face.

The scars littered all over his flesh were a nauseating sight to behold, and that horrendous appearance was no longer something that belonged to a human.

Si Ma Xin let out a crazed roar and lifted his right hand from the God of Berserkers' palm. When he did so, a bone spike in the shape of a long blade was slowly pulled out!

The second God of Berserkers' left hand started shuddering, and during that instant, Si Ma Xin dragged the entire bone spike out with a crazed roar towards the sky!

This was a bone blade that was around ten feet long, and it was black all over. Once Si Ma Xin dragged it out from the God of Berserkers' left hand, the freezing air around the area instantly turned several times stronger, and a wave of murderous aura that was much stronger than before spread through the entire region!

A crazed look appeared on Si Ma Xin's face when he held the bone blade. He glared at Su Ming with hatred burning within him. At that moment, he only had one thought in his mind, and that was to kill Su Ming with his own hands so that he could put an end to the grudge he had harbored throughout all those years!

"Su Ming!"

Si Ma Xin took a step into midair, and for the first time, his body left the God of Berserkers' left hand completely. As he stood in midair, he gripped the gigantic bone blade with both hands... and slashed down towards Su Ming while those nine smaller bone spikes charged towards him!

## *Chapter 560: Battle!*

Su Ming's pupils shrank. Those nine black bone spikes that were charging swiftly towards him were not the only things that worried him. The large bone blade in Si Ma Xin's hands also gave him a sense of danger, and it was even greater than from the spikes!

The air behind the nine bone spikes seemed to have been torn apart, and it was rotting away, turning into a layer of darkness. A chilling, murderous aura also came crashing into Su Ming's face, as if the blade had brought the second God of Berserkers' grudge and madness through the passages of time before him.

Si Ma Xin's change in appearance and his withered body had entered Su Ming's eyes, causing him to be able to understand after just one glance that these God of Berserkers' bone spikes were incredibly difficult to control, and even Si Ma Xin did not have complete mastery over them. This could practically be said to be a double-edged sword!

If Si Ma Xin could control it from the start, then there would have been no need for him to continue with this fight. This was a treasure that was born from the second God of Berserkers' left hand, an item formed by the gathering up of power from the seal after many years. This divine ability... was definitely not something that Su Ming could stand up to with his current level of cultivation!

However, Si Ma Xin's forceful execution of that divine ability was a chance for him!

Su Ming did not hesitate. Almost the instant those nine bone spikes came to him, he pushed his left hand downwards and lifted his right hand into the sky, with his palm facing the sky and the back of his hand turned towards the ground. His hair started changing swiftly, and the moment the bone spikes closed in on him, half his hair had turned white, while the other purple.

As a raging whirlwind suddenly appeared around him, his body abruptly shrank, and he... turned into Destiny!

Destiny's appearance caused Su Ming's combat powers to instantly rise to their peak, and he could now fight against those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

A grave expression appeared on his face, and the instant he turned into Destiny, he lifted his left hand and flung his arm outwards towards the incoming bone spikes. With it, time looked as if it was reversing right before him, like it was forced to flow backwards.

As the nine bone spikes rushed forward, they crashed into the invisible force causing the past to repeat itself. The nine bone spikes froze, but only for an instant before they started moving towards Su Ming once again. However, their speed was much slower than before, and it looked as if they were moving against the stream of time.

As for Si Ma Xin, who was right behind those nine bone spikes, madness appeared on his face, and as he swung the bone blade downwards, his body froze for a moment, pain filled his face, but he gritted his teeth and continued.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He clenched his right fist and punched forward. It turned into a wave of force that exploded before him. Once that wave crashed into the bone spikes and Si Ma Xin, the roaring sounds became even stronger, causing the space around them to collapsed in an instant.

Su Ming did not stop. When he retreated once again, he swung his left arm forward the second time. This time, not only did he change the speed within Si Ma Xin and those bone spikes, the space that had collapsed due to his punch was immediately restored before it exploded once again, repeating itself again and again. In the blink of an eye, this process had already repeated itself a dozen something times!

Su Ming knew that he could not cause much change towards the bone spikes' impact. The strength of it could not only fight against his power to return to the past, but had also clearly gained the upper hand in the exchange.

However, he could change the punch he just delivered. He could make that punch repeat itself endlessly, causing its might to reach a terrifying state.

If each punch contained the strongest power a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could deliver, then even though the power would not reach a state where the nature of the punches would change, the fusion of the dozen something of them gathered together would still surpass the power of a normal Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. The hint of presence that belonged to Life Cultivation within Su Ming's body would also reach its maximum potential as his punch continued repeating itself.

A loud boom exploded in the air. It caused a powerful impact that shook the ground and caused a large amount of the ice above to crumble. It was the impact caused by the strongest power Su Ming could muster after the punch he delivered repeated itself for the dozen something times, crashing into the incoming Si Ma Xin and his bone spikes.

Since the power for the ice above was too great, the instant that impact reverberated through the air, pieces fell of and started flying all over the place. Cracks that stretched to tens of thousands of feet tore through the ice, and eventually, as the layer of ice exploded... seawater swiftly rushed in...

Water surged around them as if rain had started pouring down from the sky, and it continued as if it wanted to drown the entire place.

The seawater started rushing down and spreading through the whole area. As the booming sounds lingered in the air, Su Ming retreated a dozen something steps and his face turned slightly pale, but his eyes remained calm. He took a swift step forward, then rushed straight at Si Ma Xin!

Not a single one of the nine bone spikes before Si Ma Xin were destroyed under that impact. However, they had become much slower, and the direction in which they traveled also changed slightly due to the impact caused by Su Ming's punches.

Si Ma Xin coughed up a large mouthful of blood. After all, he had yet to receive the full inheritance, and he had already reached his limit when he forcefully brought out those God of Berserkers' bone spikes. As he coughed up blood, his face turned dull and lifeless while his body shuddered. He might be moving forward, but it was clear that the bone blade was the one dragging him forward!

With that extreme speed of his, Su Ming closed in on the bone spikes within an instant. If it had been the bone spikes from before, Su Ming would not have been able to dodge them no matter how fast he was, but it was different now!

They were slow. These spikes that were traveling against the stream of time looked as if they had an invisible obstacle between them and Su Ming. What was more, due to the change in their direction, while it looked as if Su Ming was rushing towards them, in truth, the moment they closed in on each other, Su Ming's body shifted several times.

Every single time he moved, he would avoid the bone spikes, making them pass by him. From the distance, this scene would give the false impression that Su Ming had come into contact with the projectiles that had turned into black long arcs, but there was no sound of impact. Those bone spikes looked as if they had shot through Su Ming's body and landed in the submerged ground with loud banging sounds reverberating in the air.

The seawater had submerged half of the erect God of Berserkers' left hand on the ground. As the bone spikes shot in, the entire water... turned black!

Freezing air rushed out with loud wailing sounds and filled the entire area.

Even after Su Ming avoided the bone spikes, he did not relax his guard even a single bit. He lifted his right hand and rammed his fist against Si Ma Xin's body. He was so quick that before the bone blade in the other's hand sliced down, his fist had already landed on his chest.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Si Ma Xin widened his eyes and coughed up blood once again. He should have been retreating, but the bone blade he held dragged his body along and made him swing it down.

Because of that, the two forces traveling in different directions erupted within Si Ma Xin's body, causing him to be torn apart with a loud bang at that moment. He was ripped into two parts. One of them was his right hand holding the bone blade, and the other part was his remaining body. As he tumbled backwards, his life force started dwindling away rapidly.

However, even though Su Ming's fist had caused Si Ma Xin's bone blade to be separated from his body and even though Si Ma Xin was once again gravely injured, that ten feet long bone blade let out a piercing howl and cut down on Su Ming.

There was no way he could dodge it. Even with the Art to reverse time, he could do nothing at this moment. He watched the bone blade reach a distance less than twenty feet above his head and felt the chill fill his whole body with coldness. He lifted his head.

Han Mountain Bell swiftly manifested around him, and the Nine-Headed Dragon's shadow appeared, crashing against the bone blade.

A shocking bang reverberated in the air, and a shrill roar shot out. Three of the Nine-Headed Dragon's heads exploded and whatever remained of its body dissipated in an instant as well to return to Han Mountain Bell. At that moment, the bone blade cut down on Han Mountain Bell with a murderous aura that surged into the sky.

Bell chimes rang violently in the air, and with a loud sound, a fine crack appeared on the seemingly impenetrable Han Mountain Bell, right where the bone blade cut down on it.

The instant that crack appeared, Han Mountain Bell started shrinking rapidly, sent back into Su Ming's body while trembling. The bone blade's presence had become slightly weaker, but it still brought with it a strong killing intent that rushed towards Su Ming.

If it did not kill him, this blade would not back down a single inch.

Si Ma Xin's body was still broken in the distance, but his life force was no longer flowing away. Instead, a large amount was surging into him in invisible waves, causing his body to rapidly recover.

However, his recovery speed was clearly much slower compared to the time he fought in Heaven Gate.

"Su Ming, you will definitely die under the God of Berserkers' bone blade!"

Si Ma Xin withdrew and lifted his head to laugh maniacally at the sky as his body recovered. He glared at Su Ming, and as his laughter fused with his voice, it reverberated in the air while the ice above them collapsed and the sea submerged most of the God of Berserkers' left hand.

"I'm not so sure about that!"

Su Ming smiled coldly. The bone blade closed in on him in an instant and he lifted his right hand to push against it. At that instant, a medicinal cauldron immediately appeared on Su Ming's palm!

This item was what he had used to refine and create his medicine, but it was, after all, a cauldron, and the Barren Cauldron... was the sacred item of Great Yu Dynasty, as well as the entire Berserker Tribe. This medicinal cauldron might not be the Barren Cauldron, but it was shaped in the form of a cauldron, and it would definitely contain the power it should.

Another violent bang rang out, and the instant the medicinal cauldron crashed into the bone blade, a crack appeared on it, and the bone blade froze once again!

At the same time, Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, the spiked club manifested in his hand. Once he grabbed it, he put away the medicinal cauldron and swung that club right against the incoming bone blade!

The clash between the bone blade and spiked club stirred up the strongest boom to ever appear in this place, causing the ice above to crack, shatter, and explode once again, and even more seawater surged in!

As that boom continued shaking the area, Su Ming's weapon shattered. When that spiked club that had followed him up to this point... exploded, after shattering inch by inch, the speed and strength of the bone blade that had been slowed time and again shot through the spiked club with less than a third of its previous strength.

The moment it cut down on Su Ming, he lifted both of his arms, not caring to bring out anymore Enchanted Treasures, and clasped his hands around the incoming bone blade with a low roar!

His body shuddered, but he managed to stop the bone blade at a spot seven inches away from the top of his head!

*Chapter 561: Snatching the Blade!*

The instant Su Ming clasped his hands together and stopped the bone blade, a large amount of freezing air immediately spread out from within it, flowing into his body through his hands. The cold froze him for a moment.

However, his eyes remained clear, and there was even a hint of ferociousness within them. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. This was the first time his blood was spilled when he was Destiny.

"A blade that swore loyalty to a wrong owner is not worthy of killing me!" Su Ming roared, and his sinking body came to a halt as he lifted his head and glared at the bone blade.

"I, Su Ming, am your master. From now on, you belong to me!"

Right when he said these words, his hands turned pitch black, as the freezing air spread out, and his hair started floating. His Nascent Divinity shot out of his body and turned into a gigantic shadow behind him before charging towards the bone blade.

The instant he touched it, he felt a strong force repelling him. Yet since Su Ming had continuously cut down the blade's power previously, even though the force repelling him was strong, it was frozen in its place and unable to escape. This allowed the Nascent Divinity to crawl inside in a frenzy.

If it was a normal will trying to take over this blade forcefully with Nascent Divinity, perhaps it would not be able to do so, but the strongest aspect of Su Ming was never his power of cultivation or his combat powers, but the will that was formed after going through endless cycles of reincarnations in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World!

The strength of his will far surpassed his power of cultivation, and even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm might not be able to compare to it!

The strength of his will might not possess too much practical combat power and was like empty air, possessing a superficial feeling, but once he fused it with his Nascent Divinity, even though the power that would erupt forth might not be anything close to any sort of combat power, but it could let Su Ming be completely unrivaled in his attempts to Possess anything.

Moreover, unless there was someone else who had an equally strong will as his, then if he went on to Possess someone else, he would not find a single person who could stand up against him. Possession had its similarities to forcefully Branding an Enchanted Vessel, that was why Su Ming had chosen to weaken the blade first, because all of his actions had been for this moment - to forcefully claim this bone blade as his own!

As Su Ming's Nascent Divinity rammed in, the bone blade started resisting violently, but in an instant, a piercing sound came from within the blade. A huge force spread out from inside—it was trying to struggle free of Su Ming's hands!

"Nothing I've set my eyes upon can run away!"

Su Ming's expression turned dark. He clasped his hands firmly on the blade and did not let go. Once his Nascent Divinity rushed into the bone blade with an extreme speed, he

started suppressing all forms of thought trying to resist him like a hot blade cutting through butter.

When Si Ma Xin saw this scene from the distance, a look of shock filled with disbelief appeared on his face. Su Ming's actions had once again stunned him. He did not think he would be so determined... to snatch that bone blade from him.

"You're biting off more than you can chew. This blade was born from the God of Berserkers' left hand. It has already gained sentience a long time ago. Even if I am the God of Berserkers' scion, I can only borrow its power. Even I can't control it, and you're thinking about snatching it away? You're mad!"

Once Si Ma Xin suppressed his shock, a cold sneer curled up his lips. He did not believe that Su Ming would succeed. To him, this action was simply too crazy.

Yet even though he did not believe Su Ming would succeed, this was a chance for him, because right then, his opponent was focused solely on snatching the bone blade.

He did not hesitate. The moment he said those words, Si Ma Xin, who had now mostly recovered, charged towards Su Ming. He closed in within an instant and lifted his right hand to strike his forehead. Killing intent shone in his eyes, and that strike also contained the irreconcilable hate he harbored towards Su Ming.

The instant his palm arrived, a glint abruptly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He let his left hand fall from the bone blade and seized it with his right, not caring about blood flowing down. Once he made sure the bone blade would not be able to escape, he swung his left hand towards Si Ma Xin the instant he approached him.

The power to reverse time arrived once again, and its appearance made Si Ma Xin's face instantly turn pale. Once again, he miscalculated. He originally thought that Su Ming would be paying full attention to snatching the bone blade and did not expect that he would still be able to cast that terrifying divine ability.

He had made many miscalculations and experienced many setbacks as he fought against Su Ming, and all of these things struck a severe blow towards Si Ma Xin's confidence. In fact, he had a feeling that no matter how many serendipities he received, he would still be unable to fight against the speed before his eyes, that he was bound to fail.

Only a small hint of that feeling could be detected within him in the beginning, but as time continued passing by, it filled his whole heart, especially when he was dragged into the cycles of repetition once again.

The instant Si Ma Xin's body was filled with the power of the past and he started moving backwards instead of forward, Su Ming clenched his left hand into a fist and slammed it

against his opponent's body. When his body collapsed and he coughed up blood, Su Ming waved his left hand again.

The process repeated itself. The span of time Su Ming could remain as Destiny this time had clearly become much longer. This was related to the serendipity he received from Blood Absconsion Tribe and connected to the increase in his level of cultivation.

Su Ming might look as if he was occasionally in a disadvantage during this battle, but in truth, since the both of them truly attacked each other, he could be said to have been completely leading the course of the battle!

He had completely suppressed Si Ma Xin with his power!

It was especially so during this moment. Su Ming had his right hand around the bone blade as his Nascent Divinity continued fusing into it and suppressing all forms of resistance to forcefully leave his Brand on it, while his left hand executed the Art to return to the past, causing Si Ma Xin to sink into depression.

Si Ma Xin's eyes turned red. He could not accept this! He absolutely could not accept this!

He had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance. This was an incredibly rare serendipity in the entire land of the Berserkers. This was a fortuitous chance that would make an endless stream of people go mad with jealousy, but... he was still suppressed by Su Ming!

He... did not possess a single ounce of strength within him capable of fighting against this state where he was caught in the cycle of repetitions, even when Su Ming was still holding onto the bone blade with his right hand. This made Si Ma Xin roar in his heart, unable to accept his fate.

But he... could not even give voice to his roars!

As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Si Ma Xin's body shattered again and again, and his recovery began to slow down with each passing moment. If this continued, then before long, he would completely die!

However... Su Ming gasped in his heart. Si Ma Xin could be said to be the hardest person to kill ever since his power grew exponentially. All of this was because of that Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed he practiced. If Si Ma Xin did not have this Art, Su Ming would have killed him a long time ago.

Even if he had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, Si Ma Xin would still not be Su Ming's opponent!

But Si Ma Xin's life force remained as an unending stream within him, and Su Ming's time as Destiny was limited. Even though his time limit had increased by quite a huge margin due to the increase to his power of cultivation, his time as Destiny had to end now.

Su Ming's hair was returning to its original state swiftly, and his body was gradually changing. The power of the past was also rapidly becoming weaker.

Si Ma Xin immediately noticed this. As he slowly began to recover from his collapsed state, a murderous glare appeared in his eyes, and he finally obtained the chance to speak.

"Can't go on anymore, Su Ming?! Can't go on anymore?!"

Si Ma Xin laughed maniacally. There was a wound on him that had pierced through his chest, and it was quickly recovering at the moment. When he saw that Su Ming's divine ability was weakening, he laughed loudly as a ferociousness expression appeared on his face.

"You're noisy!" Su Ming said coldly.

The instant his appearance returned to normal, his hair turned black, and he reverted from being Destiny, Si Ma Xin's laughter resounded in the air, and his body was no longer bound by the power of returning to the past. Right at the moment he could finally swiftly retreat, a piercing buzz rang forth from the bone blade in Su Ming's right hand.

That buzzing sounded like a cry of submission, like a final, unwilling roar once everything within the blade had been suppressed. At the same moment that sound echoed in the air, Su Ming released the hold of his right hand. The bone blade immediately turned around, causing the blade's hilt to fall in Su Ming's palm. Once he held it in his hand, the power of all the Berserker Bones in his body started circulating within him.

During that instant, a shocking, black murderous aura erupted from the bone blade in his hand. It might be unwilling and might have subjected itself in humiliation, but at that moment, it could be controlled by Su Ming!

Because once Su Ming's Nascent Divinity fused with his incredible will, he had forcefully subjugated the bone blade, even though it had been born within the God of Berserkers' left hand, and even though... it had existed for millions of years!

The instant Su Ming held that blade, he took a step towards the retreating Si Ma Xin. That man was originally laughing loudly, but his expression was rapidly changing to that of shock. Like a long arc, Su Ming charged towards him with the bone blade in hand and cut down with it!

Before the blade even cut Si Ma Xin's body, a piercing sound that sliced through the air as if it had cut through space itself resounded and a black ray of light traveling in an arc flashed in the air. During that instant, Su Ming's bone blade had already arrived at the top of Si Ma Xin's head and cut through his skull, his body, right until it cut him in half.

A rumbling sound so loud it shook the sky and earth rang out. Si Ma Xin let out a shrill scream of pain once the blade cut him completely apart.

Su Ming lifted his head. With the black bone blade in hand, his black hair dancing behind his head, the profound, strange light in his eyes, and the aloof expression on his face, he was filled with an indescribably enigmatic and mysterious air!

The left half of the two sides of Si Ma Xin's body turned into a layer of darkness once he was cut in half, eventually turning into black liquid that fell into the sea beneath them.

However, the remaining half of his body fell into the sea as he continued falling backwards while remaining a bloody mess.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged straight into the sea with the bone blade in hand. However, right when he came closer to the surface of the sea, a sense of danger rose within him. Without hesitation, he disappeared in the span of a breath, and when he reappeared a thousand feet away, he immediately saw the spot where he had previously been collapsing with a bang and turning into a vortex.

The appearance of that vortex caused a whirlpool to appear at the surface of the sea. At the center of it was the God of Berserkers' left hand, which had already been submerged by the sea!

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 562 — Welcoming of Deities! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 562 — Welcoming of Deities!**

*Chapter 562: Welcoming of Deities!*

"Su Ming, I will not be able to reconcile with myself if we do not end our grudge today! With my identity as a Berserker, I will burn my blood and revert my body... to that of the second God of Berserkers!" Si Ma Xin's looming voice traveled out of the whirlpool in the sea. As the waves roared, his voice spread in all reactions, and Su Ming frowned.

The difficulty in killing Si Ma Xin was something he had rarely seen in his life. Even now, this person had not died, and this made Su Ming gain a deeper understanding towards that Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed.

He suddenly came to understand why the Immortals deployed so many powerful warriors just to kill the second God of Berserkers, and even tore his body into pieces even though he only had half the first God of Berserkers' power.

All of this must surely have been because the second God of Berserkers was even more difficult to deal with and kill compared to the current Si Ma Xin. No matter who it was, they would surely frown when they came face to face against this sort of enemy.

Su Ming had already mortally wounded Si Ma Xin numerous times, and if he looked at it based on the number of times the man had recovered, then Su Ming could say that he had killed Si Ma Xin a countless number of times... but even now, the man still remained alive.

The presence he exuded from the whirlpool in the sea was also slightly stronger than before!

As his voice echoed and the roars from the sea reverberated in the air, the second God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered, and the spot where the bone blade had been pulled out from its palm started shining with a powerful light. Si Ma Xin's body appeared within it!

He still looked as he did previously, as if his body had never been torn apart. However, he did look even more dried up than before. He was now really just skin and bones. His eyes were crimson red, and his face was filled with murderousness.

He did not stand up, but had his hands pressed on the God of Berserkers' palm instead. He lifted his head to glare at Su Ming. His body was vague and indistinct in the powerful light. At the instant he looked over, a strange voice tumbled out of his mouth.

"Hear my Chant for the breaking of souls within one incense stick - Let my blood be set ablaze!"

Si Ma Xin lifted his head and roared. Then, as if fire had been kindled within his body, a wave of heat abruptly spread through the area. At the same time, Si Ma Xin's face started changing quickly. The God of Berserkers' arm beneath him started withering away rapidly, as if it had been sucked away.

A roar filled with madness slowly traveled into midair. That roar did not belong to Si Ma Xin, neither did it belong to Su Ming. It appeared out of nowhere, as if it had originally existed in the world, but only a certain set of people could hear it during certain moments.

This was... the second God of Berserkers' roar, filled with his grudge towards the Immortals, and his unwillingness to accept death!

The instant that roar filled the area, Si Ma Xin also lifted his head and roared. It practically fused together with the second God of Berserkers' roar to turn into a frequency, causing the people who heard it to be unable to differentiate the voices.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he narrowed his eyes, he took a step forward and appeared beside the God of Berserkers' left hand in an instant. At the moment his bone blade drew an arc in the air, it swung down towards Si Ma Xin.

While he moved, Si Ma Xin's body swiftly swelled up and his hair grew much longer. His flesh started squirming in his body, and he became much sturdier than before. As his body transformed, he grew to become thirty feet tall!

At that moment, he was no longer Si Ma Xin. He had instead changed into another person. A power filled with madness erupted from his body, and at the same time he stomped the God of Berserkers' left arm with his right foot and flew up to throw a fist towards Su Ming's incoming bone blade!

Perhaps it was no longer accurate to say that the punch belonged to Si Ma Xin, because his mind had become muddled at that point. Setting his own blood ablaze to forcefully receive the full inheritance and executing the power within the inheritance was not something he could control at the moment. The damage dealt to him as he forcefully executed that ability was something that he could only heal using his life!

The life spoken of was his own vitality. He had used his life as a sacrifice, used all the life force within his Berserker Seeds in exchange for this, and all of it was for the sake of killing Su Ming!

Si Ma Xin's fist reached an extreme speed as he hurled it in a punch forward. In fact, his afterimage was still left on the God of Berserkers' hand when his true body had already appeared before Su Ming.

Su Ming's pupils shrank due to that punch. He just felt an indefinable pressure coming swiftly at him from the front.

His robes fluttered backwards and all his hair stood up on his body. A strong sense of danger swiftly rose within him. He did not have time to think. He lifted the bone blade in his hands and slashed down at the air before him.

A shocking boom surged into the sky at that instant. As it reverberated in the air, the entire area shook. Su Ming, however, only felt a huge rebound coming from the direction before him. It shot up the bone blade and traveled into his arm before going through his entire body.

As that rebound shot through him, Su Ming gained the feeling as if a hundred thousand mountains had fallen on him. He coughed out a huge mouthful of blood and staggered several thousands of feet backwards. A grave expression appeared on his face as he looked towards the spot where he was moment ago.

Si Ma Xin's body materialized from the void. His entire right arm exploded in that instant, torn into a bloody mess, but it was strangely recovering at a swift pace. His face was emotionless, and his eyes were lifeless, but there was a powerful presence coming from his body.

This was the God of Berserkers' Blazing Blood Art. It was a mysterious Art within his inheritance that could allow the caster's combat powers to instantly escalate. This Art... was astonishingly similar to Su Ming's Destiny!

When the second God of Berserkers cast this divine ability in the past, he managed to make all the Berserkers bow down and worship him, had managed to shock the Immortals with it, and had left a memory of the second God of Berserkers carved into the Immortals' bones even after the first had left.

It was also the source for his death!

At that moment, Si Ma Xin's lifeless and apathetic eyes looked towards Su Ming. Not a hint of emotion could be seen within him as he lifted his right foot and walked towards him. At the instant his foot landed, the world rumbled. Su Ming immediately vanished, continuing to retreat.

The moment he disappeared, the air in the spot where he was previously immediately shattered to turn into a gigantic black vortex. It swept in all directions, and Si Ma Xin walked out of the vortex to look towards Su Ming, who had appeared in the distance.

Su Ming's expression had turned incredibly sour. The change of Si Ma Xin had increased his combat powers explosively. In Su Ming's eyes, that punch he delivered just now could completely suppress a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm by force.

If Su Ming could still turn into Destiny, then he would be able to fight against him, but he had just ended his transformation as Destiny, and he would not be able to turn again within such a short period of time. Because of that, fighting against this Si Ma Xin who had just received an increase in strength became a slight headache.

When Si Ma Xin looked towards him with the expressionless face which made him look as if he had no soul, then lifted his right foot to come closer, Su Ming's pupils shrank. The entire area within this region had turned into chaos as the second God of Berserkers' faint and indistinct roars rang in the air, giving voice to his unwillingness to accept his fate throughout the ages.

The seawater beneath them roared, and the ice above them continued shattering, as if it wanted to completely submerge this place in water. During this critical moment, a thought appeared in Su Ming's heart. Right when Si Ma Xin's foot landed and he closed in once again with a boom in the sky, Su Ming lifted his right hand swiftly and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a round medicinal pill appeared on his palm!

That pill was the Welcoming of Deities!

It could absorb all the soul fragments in the world. If anyone swallowed it, they would be able to turn into that soul itself. Its might could not be predicted, because it was largely connected to the soul the pill took in!

"Receive the spirits from all directions, absorb the remaining wills in all universes. If the souls are empty, then they all... can be taken." With two fingers pinching the Welcoming of Deities, Su Ming quickly mumbled under his breath, a strange light in his eyes.

The instant he said those words, a piercing dark light immediately erupted from the Welcoming of Deities in his hand. That dark light looked as if it came from a dark colored sun, causing the entire area to be illuminated by it in an instant. During that moment, the entire ice above them, the seawater below them, and the surging sea was completely illuminated in that dark light.

As it filled the area, Si Ma Xin's body swiftly appeared hundreds of feet away from Su Ming, looking as if he had been forced out by the dark light.

Almost the moment his body appeared, the second God of Berserkers' roar instantly reached an extreme volume within this this world of ice in the sea.

"ROAR!"

It reverberated in the air, and became clearer with each passing moment. In the span of a breath, the roars sounded as if they came from right next to Su Ming's ears. As they echoed in the area, black shadow threads appeared out of thin air from all over the place. Instantly, they all rushed towards Su Ming's Welcoming of Deities.

The God of Berserkers' left hand standing erect in the whirlpool in the sea underneath shuddered violently. This was the first time it shook because of someone else other than Si Ma Xin!

Si Ma Xin had been able to receive the second God of Berserkers' inheritance entirely because he practiced his cultivation methods and because of this arm. No one else would be able to obtain this sort of chance and serendipity. Even those before Si Ma Xin who had managed to find the arm were not able to receive the inheritance.

That was why it was impossible for Su Ming himself to receive this inheritance, especially since Si Ma Xin's Brand had been left in the second God of Berserker's left hand.

It would be impossible for him to try and receive the inheritance in this sort of situation even if he tried to use the black stone fragment and changed his presence to deceive it.

However, the appearance of the Welcoming of Deities had changed everything completely!

This pill could absorb all soul fragments in the world... and the second God of Berserkers' soul was included among these fragmented souls!

If the second God of Berserkers' soul did not exist to this day, then the legend of a certain set of people being able to sense his presence during certain periods of time would not have come to be, and clearly, the largest amount of the second God of Berserkers' fragmented parts of the soul could be found on his arm.

If Su Ming activated the Welcoming of Deities in this place, then he would... definitely be absorbing the second God of Berserkers' soul!

As the God of Berserkers' left arm trembled, a large amount of black smoke immediately erupted from within, turning into an illusory fog that rushed towards Su Ming's Welcoming of Deities.

In an instant, that fog fused into the pill, causing it to tremble violently, and its color changed abruptly. A primeval presence spread out from inside, and as if the pill had turned into a gigantic vortex, it started absorbing all the soul fragments within the place!

*Chapter 563: A Different Inheritance!*

All of this might seem to have happened slowly, but in truth, several breaths had only passed since Su Ming brought out the Welcoming of Deities to the moment it absorbed the soul fragments in the area. Right before his eyes, fog surrounded the pill, and a large amount of black smoke was still surrounding it, causing his right hand to be enveloped within.

The roars from the second God of Berserkers did not sound as if they came from the surroundings, but were now coming from the Welcoming of Deities. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and without any hesitation, he swallowed the pill!

The instant he did so, Si Ma Xin closed in once again after he was forced to reveal himself. He appeared before Su Ming, and with an apathetic and expressionless face, he hurled his fist straight towards him!

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air. Su Ming retreated seven steps, and when he withdrew, Si Ma Xin followed him, then clenched his fist and struck again.

When Su Ming took his first step backwards, dark light started flickering in his eyes.

When he took his second step, he calmed down, and strangely, his hair grew longer.

At the instant he took his third step, the dark light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. That flickering light was a peculiar sight to behold.

When he took his fifth, sixth, and seventh steps, his body became slightly thinner. The dark light in his eyes became stronger, and his hair grew to reach his feet. Right when he took his seventh step, a power that did not belong to him erupted from his body.

When that power erupted, Si Ma Xin caught up. Su Ming saw him delivering the same punch as before, straight towards his skull, and at that moment, a dark light flashed in his eyes. He opened his mouth and let out a roar so loud that it shook the sky and earth!

Si Ma Xin's incoming punch froze, and his flesh was immediately torn apart. Even his body started shattering inch by inch as if a violent gust of wind had swept past him, and at the same time, he started retreating abruptly.

When he did so, his apathetic face changed instantly. His eyes went wide, and shocked disbelief appeared on his face once again. His breathing quickened, his body shuddered, and his disbelief caused him to be overwhelmed by an indefinable shock towards Su Ming!

"God of Berserkers' roar... This is the God of Berserkers' roar! This is impossible! This shouldn't be possible!" Shock was evident in Si Ma Xin's voice. That attack just then was indeed the God of Berserker's roar!

Su Ming stood in midair and looked towards Si Ma Xin, the dark light in his eyes shining. At that moment, his head was clear, but he was still a little rusty in controlling his body. It was as if there was another force besides him that was controlling his body and fighting according to his will!

This power came from the Welcoming of Deities, or more accurately... the soul fragments in the world that the pill had absorbed!

In fact, there was a strong feeling raging in Su Ming's heart. That feeling came from the God of Berserkers' left hand in the sea, and it was a feeling of a blood bond so strong that it was thicker than water. It was as if this left hand belonged to him!

In truth, he could even sense something calling out to him from the God of Berserkers' left hand, as if he was connected to it!

However, Su Ming knew that this feeling was not because of him. It came from... the soul fragments within the Welcoming of Deities, which it had absorbed from the world!

Su Ming! Si Ma Xin!

When they had their first battle in Freezing Sky Clan all those years ago, all the people watching had thought that their divine abilities were incredibly similar, and even their temperament was similar. Many people had remembered this feeling in their hearts.

Right now, while there might be no one watching their final battle, but the skills and divine abilities both Su Ming and Si Ma Xin revealed were still... similar!

If Si Ma Xin had received the second God of Berserkers' inheritance and used the power stored in the God of Berserkers' arm to boost his combat powers to the max, as well as to let himself gain his current appearance, then the Su Ming now could also be said to have gained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance!

However, his method was different from the one used by Si Ma Xin. He had absorbed the second God of Berserkers' soul, had the soul enter his mind, and had that mind fill his whole body!

Si Ma Xin had inherited the God of Berserker's power, had that power enter his body, then had his body cause his mind to scatter!

They had different inheritances, different manners of manifesting their inheritances, different methods to obtain those inheritances, but what was similar... was the second God of Berserkers!

Su Ming closed his eyes and spread out his will through his body to fuse with the power contained within the Welcoming of Deities. Once he did so, his eyes flew open, and he lifted his right foot to take a step forward.

An illusion immediately appeared on the ice above them. A huge foot appeared with a bang within that illusion.

This... was what Si Ma Xin had cast earlier - the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

As Su Ming executed that Art, Si Ma Xin's body tumbled backwards. He lifted his right hand and hurled a punch towards the incoming gigantic foot from above. With a loud bang, the footprint collapsed and vanished. At the same time, Si Ma Xin was forced back several hundreds of feet. When he lifted his head, madness appeared in his eyes.

"This is impossible! I'm the one who should be the second God of Berserkers' scion! I'm the one who should be!"

In his madness, Si Ma Xin lifted his hands swiftly and clasped them together above his head, then with his index finger and thumb, he formed a round mark above his head!

At the same moment, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He lifted his hands as well and had four of his fingers connect above his head to form the exact same mark Si Ma Xin had done!

"I know... all the divine abilities you inherited!" Su Ming declared languidly. Dark light shone in his eyes, and at that moment, he had let go of his control over his body, allowing the power of the Welcoming of Deities to control it to fight!

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. First Alteration... Disaster of the Stars!" Si Ma Xin shouted, and his hands parted swiftly from the top of his head before he swung his arms towards the sky. With it, a large amount of the ice above them immediately crumbled and shattered away to reveal an illusionary shadow above.

The illusion was of a sky with numerous stars glittering in it. As they moved and shone, they grouped together to form a huge arm. It looked as if it stretched out of the sky and was swiftly descending on Su Ming.

The same words tumbled out of Su Ming's mouth in whispers. With a swing of his arm, another piece of sky filled with stars appeared above them. However, this one was completely different from the one Si Ma Xin had brought up!

It was an unfamiliar sky to the people of South Morning. This was the night that belonged to Su Ming's memories - Dark Mountain's night sky!

As the stars shone in the sky, they also formed an arm. Once the two arms made appeared, they crashed into each other with a bang. A power strong enough to cause the sky to crumble and the earth to shatter erupted swiftly at that instant.

The skies filled with stars were torn apart, and the ice above them crumbled completely. A large amount of seawater charged in madly, causing the space within the ice to be filled rapidly the sea. By the looks of it, before long, this place would truly become a part of the seabed!

Si Ma Xin coughed up blood and took several steps back. Just as he wanted to go and absorb the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand so that he could recover his vitality, he discovered, much to his shock, that he could no longer absorb any more power from it!

It was as if there was a will contained within the God of Berserker's arm that stopped him from absorbing his inheritance!

"Si Ma Xin, it's my turn to attack now," Su Ming stated calmly. As he stood in midair, he lifted his right hand and bent his body slightly, making it look as if he had taken the form of a crescent moon!

Right as he did so, a string of words that made Si Ma Xin sink into despair fell out of his mouth.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Second Alteration... Shift in the Moon!"

Once those words were spoken, an intense dark light spread out from Su Ming's body. As it shone, his entire body turned into a crescent moon. Moonlight shone through the entire area, and wherever it went, the place would be filled with a cold and murderous air!

Almost the instant he activated his divine ability, an illusion of a moon immediately appeared around Si Ma Xin's body. That illusion covered his entire body, and a true life-threatening sense of death rose in his heart.

With Si Ma Xin's inheritance and his current level of cultivation, he could execute the Disaster of the Stars from the alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. As for the other two styles that came later, he could not execute them. At that moment, when he saw Su Ming executing the stronger Shift in the Moon, he lifted his right hand and struck his chest viciously in despair.

From that one strike, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. The Berserker Bones in his body were crushed, the foundation he built in the Awakening Realm collapsed, his thoughts as a Berserker Soul shattered, and all the cultivation bases in his body became a muddled mess.

This sort of chaos would definitely kill him if he did not have any life force providing nourishment to him! However, Si Ma Xin knew that if he did not do this, then he would definitely die. It would be better if he did something crazy instead. Before his death, he would drag Su Ming to hell with him!

"You're... dying together with me!" Blood trickled out of the corners of Si Ma Xin's lips. A ferocious expression twisted his face. As he roared, he lifted his right hand and positioned himself in the exact same pose as Su Ming.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Second Alteration... Shift in the Moon!" As Si Ma Xin roared, his body became the same as Su Ming's. He, too, turned into a crescent moon in the depths of the sea!

If he did not cause his cultivation bases to fall into a muddled mess, did not cause them to completely shatter and explode, then he would have been unable to execute the second Alteration from the the alteration of the stars, sun, and moon. At that moment,

he could no longer care about anything. With death as the consequence, he executed this Art, and immediately, the illusion of a crescent moon also appeared around Su Ming!

"Moon Slaughter!"

"Moon Slaughter!"

Two voices shouting the exact same words exploded from the world in the depths of the sea. At the instant they erupted forth, the dark shadows of the crescent moon around Su Ming and Si Ma Xin shattered and crumbled at the same time. Booming sounds came from their bodies, which seemed to have fused together with the shadows.

Su Ming coughed up a huge mouthful of blood straight from his heart. He was sent tumbling backwards until he reached a thousand feet away, and when he coughed up blood once again, he lifted his head swiftly.

Si Ma Xin's right arm exploded and his right leg shattered. His body was flung out and blood filled the water. The right arm and leg he lost did not recover as it did in the past, but... was gone for real instead!

"I can't accept this! I can't accept this!" Si Ma Xin cried out shrilly. He could feel his life force fading away, and at that moment, he was already heading straight towards death, but he... could not accept this!

"This is not my fate! It absolutely isn't!"

*Chapter 564: Si Ma's Death!*

Si Ma Xin's piercing howl echoed in the water. He stopped after tumbling several thousands of feet backwards. His left hand started rotting away, and as his left leg trembled, it began swiftly withering away. Signs of decay appeared on his body.

Hair fell from his head, and a large amount of black spots appeared on his face. Those black spots rotted away one by one and let out a horrible stench. This was not due to the power of Moon Slaughter, but was due to Su Ming gathering up the power of the Curse within him when he executed Shift in the Moon!

"You might know all my divine abilities... but you... definitely won't know the last divine ability I will cast in my life!"

Si Ma Xin's eyes became dull and lifeless. When he lifted his head and looked at Su Ming, a crazed sneer appeared on his lips. This was an expression formed due to his grudge, his unwillingness to accept his fate, and everything else before he died. Perhaps this could not be called a sneer. It was an expression that had no name, an expression that was not of crying or smiling.

"The God of Berserkers' fate... was to suffer being quartered. His body would be torn to pieces, and he would seal the land of the Berserkers for generations to come. This... is the will of Morning Dao," Si Ma Xin mumbled. This string of words had emerged in his head the instant he touched the hand all those years ago.

This was... the power that sealed the second God of Berserkers!

This power did not belong to Si Ma Xin, but belonged to the world in the depths of the sea where he and Su Ming stood right at that moment, because this was the place where the second's left hand was sealed, and this sealing power had originally existed in this place to begin with!

Si Ma Xin was simply activating the seal, making the seal spread out to seal all the people who had any sort of connection to the second God of Berserkers!

Almost the moment he said these words, the sea stopped moving. The sea surging down from above also stopped moving as if time had stopped for them. The God of Berserkers' left hand trembled, and yellow waves of light shot out from it.

"The worlds located in the five directions suppress the Berserker's arm. Once these five directions shift, the universe will close its eyes, and Yin Death... will open!"

Si Ma Xin laughed loudly. At that moment, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Just as he was about to close in on Si Ma Xin, the man closed his eyes and continued laughing.

"I lost, but I didn't lose to you, Su Ming! I lost to fate!

"God, if you already had me in the world, then why did you make Su Ming appear?!

"Could this be my destiny? Am I fated to fight against Su Ming, and the only one alive will be the one truly chosen by heaven?!" Si Ma Xin laughed maniacally, tears fell from his eyes. His left hand swiftly exploded, while his left leg rotted away into liquid.

From the moment he obtained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance up to this point, from his initial delight up to his current despair, Si Ma Xin had gone through too many things. As he looked at Su Ming, his hatred had grown to an indescribable level. Even if he had to die, he would drag Su Ming down with him!

"If this is my destiny, then I will fight against it! Neither of us will survive! I want him to die with me! I want this destiny to not be fulfilled against me!" The instant he said these

words, his body shattered, turning into a large amount of black flesh pieces that fell onto the surface of the sea.

Si Ma Xin, who was the prodigy of Freezing Sky Clan, who had obtained the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, and who had called himself the fourth God of Berserkers, ended his life right before Su Ming in the place he obtained his inheritance and in the place that was the source of his great power...

As his body was torn apart, no more life force went towards him. Perhaps his life had been determined since the moment he met Su Ming in Han Mountain City...

If he did not die, then Su Ming would!

At the instant Si Ma Xin died, a ray of red light flew out from his shattered body. That red light... was a wooden red puppet!

It was built in Si Ma Xin's image, but there was a dried drop of blood at the center of its forehead, and right under that drop of blood was a white strand of hair!

It was very short and incredibly soft. It did not look as if it belonged to an adult, but looked like the fetal hair of a baby. However, it was white... there was no sign of life on that strand of hair, only a thick wave of aura of death that Su Ming was incredibly familiar with!

But he was even more familiar with the strand of hair and the dried drop of blood. He might never have seen them before, but the familiar sensation from them gave him a feeling that they belonged to him.

At that moment, cracks appeared on the puppet's body... With a bang, it broke down into smithereens. Right then, the white strand of hair got dyed in blood and floated to the air. Su Ming did not know whether it was a mere coincidence, but the strand drifted towards him and landed on his palm.

When it touched his palm, he shuddered. Then, something akin to a storm stirred in his eyes. It was as if his mind was dragged out by the strand of hair and he entered a strange world.

Su Ming could only feel booming sounds going off in his head. He saw himself rushing out of the depths of the sea towards the sky. The clouds in the sky churned, and with an extreme speed, he charged towards a protective screen of light surrounding this place, right to the boundless sky!

When he arrived at the end of the sky and shot through the dark clouds that covered the sun, a bright clear sky appeared. He did not stop. It was as if there was a string tied securely around him, guiding him to continue rising into the sky!

He did not know how much time passed. When the bright clear sky was no longer around, black fog surrounded him. He was familiar with it. It was... the fog from Yin Death Region, the fog that had surrounded the ancient bronze sword in the past and stopped it from traveling out!

Su Ming rose up through the fog in a daze until he heard a roaring. A beast lay within the fog before him. It had the head of an alligator, but the body of a dragon that stretched to an unknown distance. That beast was looking around with its head stretched outwards, as if hesitating about something.

A powerful presence that almost made Su Ming's mind break down spread from the creature's body, but the beast clearly did not see him. Su Ming could feel himself shooting through the black fog as he continued rising into the air.

On the way, he saw more than a dozen powerful and strange ferocious beasts. In fact, the ones he saw near the end gave him a feeling that they were even stronger than Di Tian's clone.

The fog above him gradually became thinner. As faint and indistinct roars echoed in the air, he shot out of the darkness, and he saw the galaxy, the stars, and everything else that he had seen on the ancient bronze sword in the past!

Su Ming also saw the vortex formed by the black fog beneath him. It was gigantic and covered an incredibly wide area within the endless galaxy. The vortex rotated with loud rumbling sounds, and as the fog surrounded it, the aura of death filled the entire area.

Su Ming's body continued rising even as he looked at the galaxy and the stars. Unable to control himself, he arrived on a large piece of land floating in this galaxy, located somewhere away from the vortex.

This was a desolate piece of land. There were signs of life here, the only structure a towering altar. On it was a person, and he was lying there quietly. His limbs were impaled to the ground, and his dried blood filled the entire area.

There was a drop of blood at the center of the person's brows, and on it was a white strand of hair.

This person seemed like a young adult, but... the instant Su Ming saw his appearance, a bang went off in his head. This... was Si Ma Xin!

As Su Ming trembled, he whipped his head around, and then, he saw similar altars suddenly appearing on the originally desolate piece of land. Those altars were so numerous that they covered the entire area. By the looks of it, there were hundreds of them!

Moreover, the sizes of these altars varied. There were five altars that were incredibly tall and their sizes far surpassed those of others. When Su Ming saw them, he had a sudden urge to look so that he could see whether there were corpses similar to this lying around!

Yet right at the instant he wanted to go forth and look, a strong suction force appeared around his body and dragged him backwards at an extreme speed. Within an instant, brought Su Ming back to the vortex in Yin Death Region.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. Just as he was about to cast a divine ability so that he could force his body to stay in this place, he found out... that he did not have a body, only a thread of his spirit.

In bitterness, he was forced to retreat while tumbling backwards, but in his eyes was madness as he silently engraved the image in his heart!

As he retreated, he saw... an endless amount of continents floating in the galaxy. There were altars such as these on each continent, as if they formed a gigantic Rune. Right in the middle of that Rune was a continent, and on that continent, Su Ming saw vaguely that there was... only one huge altar there.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the continent in the center was in itself an altar.

Su Ming might only have managed to catch a brief glance of that place, but he had sensed... a calling towards his soul.

This was the final thing he saw. When his world cleared up again, he found himself standing at the depths of the sea, and the strand of white hair floated above his palm.

It gradually shattered and disappeared without a trace...

Su Ming stood there quietly and closed his eyes. At that moment, yellow light was shining from the God of Berserkers' left arm beneath him, and as it spread out, a loud bang rumbled in the air. The light grew brighter and illuminated the entire seabed!

A huge seal pointing in five directions manifested from the second God of Berserkers' left hand. It covered the God of Berserker's left hand, as if it was what had sealed the hand for an unknown amount of time!

That seal was naturally the Five Direction Seal that was suppressing the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

It was also the treasure that Si Ma Xin was confident could make Su Ming die with him. There was only one use to this treasure, and that was to suppress and to seal. It was to

suppress all those connected to the second God of Berserkers and seal away all of the second God of Berserkers' power!

However, due to its long existence, the seals power had been greatly reduced. The mighty strength within the second God of Berserkers had also caused the Five Direction Seal to fuse with his left hand. Once they could no longer be separated, the seal's power of suppression was weakened once again, that was why Si Ma Xin could obtain the inheritance.

However... due to Si Ma Xin's madness, the seal was awakened...

The water in the depths of the sea was still. The waves at the seabed did not move. Everything at the bottom of the sea had ceased to move since the moment just now. Besides Si Ma Xin's crumbling body, the white strand of hair floating above the palm, and Su Ming himself, everything else had been frozen.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

*Chapter 565: Serendipity!*

The instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the Five Direction Seal on the God of Berserkers' left hand exuded a gentle yellow light in the still world. That light was like sun-like, causing the still depths of the sea to be illuminated with a golden sheen, turning it to a golden world.

Su Ming's body was also illuminated by that light. His appearance had already faded away and he was shining with a gentle golden light. Nothing dangerous could be detected from the light, but it was rather strange in this still world.

Because everything that was illuminated within the area of this light would... disappear without a single sound, be it the seawater or the ice.

It was as if the golden light could devour everything, and as the things around Su Ming disappeared, the golden light looked as if it was slowly shrinking. As it moved back, the edges of the light and the sea seemed to have been separated into two different dimensions.

A sealing power filled the golden light. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His body suddenly swayed and he abruptly disappeared from his spot. Almost the instant he vanished, he reappeared in his original spot. His expression turned dark and he frowned.

He had warped just now, but he was forced out of space itself right away. The seal in this place had isolated everything!

The golden light in the area continued shrinking right before his eyes. The edges of that light were dark.

Su Ming took a step forward and turned into a long arc. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the bone blade appeared in it, turning into the tip of the long arc as he charged towards the shrinking golden barrier.

A rumbling sound echoed in the air. Su Ming tumbled backwards and he took eight continuous steps back. His expression turned darker. The sealing power contained within the golden barrier was something he could not pierce through.

As the light continued shrinking, Su Ming lifted his head and looked upwards. A grave expression appeared on his face. He could see a faint gold shade beyond the golden light above his head, and it was not just a single layer, there were five of them!

Five layers of light that continued becoming darker with each layer, and all of them were gold.

This was the Five Direction Seal. Each layer of gold represented one direction of the seal's power. Right then, the five directions were all present, causing the seal's power to be nothing common.

The golden light around Su Ming was continuously shrinking towards the God of Berserkers' left hand, forcing him to take a few steps so that he no longer stood at the edge. It was as if his body was trapped in an incessantly shrinking cage and he could only move with the cage as it continued shrinking.

Su Ming frowned. Si Ma Xin might have died, but this sealing power he activated before his death was incredibly strange. Su Ming could not leave no matter what he tried, and judging by the area covered by the golden light, even if he had been able to leave beforehand, he would still have been enveloped within the light, and he would still be eternally sealed in this place.

'Judging by how crazed Si Ma Xin was, this seal should be the one sealing the second God of Berserkers' left hand. Now that I've absorbed the second God of Berserkers' soul fragments with the Welcoming of Deities, it can be said that I've obtained some of his legacy. Because of that, the seal believes I fulfill its requirements to be sealed...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. At that moment, the ancient second God of Berserkers' left hand was standing erect in this land several dozens of feet away from him. The golden light that was shrinking slowly towards them laid a hundred feet away.

The area beyond the five layers of light was an empty void. It was like a ravine that had separated the area from the seawater.

‘Si Ma Xin believed that I obtained the inheritance, same as he did... But in truth, I absorbed the soul fragments with the Welcoming of Deities, so it’s very simple to leave this place. As long as I make the seal believe I don’t have the second God of Berserkers’ presence on me, then I can leave.’

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. He looked at the golden light and his eyes flickered before he swiftly opened his mouth. Immediately, a dark light flew out and turned into the Welcoming of Deities before him!

The instant it left his body, his presence swiftly weakened by a large margin. All the divine abilities related to the second God of Berserkers also faded away from his memories. His control over his body also reached its peak condition and he was no longer as rusty as before.

More importantly, the instant the Welcoming of Deities left, he no longer sensed the sealing power from the shrinking golden light around him.

‘As I thought.’ Su Ming’s brows did not relax and he continued to frown. A hint of uncertainty appeared on his face.

He looked at the second God of Berserkers’ left hand standing erect beside him, then looked at the golden light from the Five Direction Seal, and became uncertain.

‘If I leave now, I won’t be exposed to danger most likely. I can go back to surface of the sea without much trouble and return to the ninth summit... But the second God of Berserkers’ left hand will be sealed up again. Even if I come back and search for it later on, I won’t be able to find it.’

Su Ming’s gaze fell on the empty ravine in the darkness standing between the screen of light and the seawater. Clearly, this place had been separated into two regions. Leaving this place would be much easier than trying to come in from the world outside.

‘But it’s quite unfortunate if I leave just like this...’

Su Ming continued to frown. He was not really that interested in the second God of Berserkers’ inheritance, but he had all sorts of feelings welling within him when he thought about Si Ma Xin’s Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed. More importantly, he’d seen the second God of Berserkers’ divine abilities and Arts just now. He had even experienced casting one of them himself just moments ago, and those divine abilities were what he was lacking at the moment!

‘And the second God of Berserkers’ left hand could make Si Ma Xin continuously recover, so there must be a large amount of life force contained within it. An eighth of all

the bones in my body have been turned into Berserker Bones now, if I could absorb the second's left hand, then perhaps I could reach a breakthrough again!'

Once Su Ming thought about that, his heart started racing against his chest.

On one hand, he could leave safely, but he would not be able to receive much serendipity. On the other hand, he could stay and face danger to try and absorb the God of Berserkers' left hand. It did not matter whether he would fail or succeed, he would have to face the risk of being sealed in for eternity.

How should he choose...?

There was very little time left, and Su Ming absolutely had no time to think too deeply about this. A flicker of light appeared in his eyes and he gritted his teeth!

'Success only comes if you take risks! There is no serendipity in the world that would arrive without cause. I need to fight to gain and exchange for what I want... I might have received a serendipitous event in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World and obtained the Candle Dragon's blessing, but the premise was that I had fought for it while exposing myself to an incredible risk!'

The golden light around him was already close to the God of Berserkers' left hand before his eyes, and the light screen above him was also sinking, causing the dimension where Su Ming and the God of Berserkers' left hand was to become increasingly smaller.

The light shining from the Five Direction Seal was no longer gentle, but gained a fierce, mighty air, as if it wanted to suppress all things related to the second God of Berserkers so that it could fulfill the mission it received in the past!

'I'll take the risk!'

A determined look appeared on Su Ming's face. If he left just like this, he would definitely be filled with discontent. That was why he decided to take the risk!

The instant Su Ming made this decision, he lifted his right hand and seized the Welcoming of Deities, swallowing it once again. The presence around his body instantly changed, and his pupils turned even darker. A faint, illusionary shadow seemed to have appeared in his eyes, and then, he took a step to land right on the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

This was the first time Su Ming stepped on there, and just like what Si Ma Xin did previously, he sat down cross-legged he touched down.

It was warm. This was the first thing Su Ming felt when he touched the God of Berserkers' left hand. That indefinable warmth made him feel... as if they had met somewhere before.

The instant he sat down, the light from the Five Direction Seal above him swiftly started shining even more brilliantly, moving from a gentle light to a piercing glare. The mighty presence contained within also started growing endlessly at the moment.

"I don't need your inheritance. I just want your life force and the divine abilities that belong to the God of Berserkers!" Su Ming stated slowly. As he closed his eyes, he lifted his hands and pressed them flat on the surface by his sides, right on top of the God of Berserkers' left palm.

Right away, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. A vast amount of life force swiftly surged into his body through his hands and body with rumbling sounds echoing in the air.

This... was the power contained within the second God of Berserkers' left hand. This was the power that supported the arm so that it would not be destroyed, and this power was originally something no one else could absorb besides Si Ma Xin!

Due to his level of cultivation, Si Ma Xin could not absorb too much life force. He had originally intended to absorb this wave of power every single time his level of cultivation rose. Then, when he perfectly completed his cultivation, he would absorb all the power within the God of Berserkers' left hand and turn it into something that belonged to him. At that time, he would be able to obtain a portion of the second God of Berserkers' strength.

Now, with Si Ma Xin's death, no one else could absorb the power contained within the God of Berserkers' left hand. Yet due to the Welcoming of Deities, Su Ming could indirectly obtain the inheritance, which turned him into a person who could absorb this power!

Besides, the amount of life force Su Ming needed for the Berserker Bones in his body was simply too much, and it was something Si Ma Xin could not hope to compare. That was why Su Ming seemed to have turned into a bottomless pit as he absorbed the life force. When he closed his eyes and the life force surged into his body, the second God of Berserkers' left hand shuddered, and the fingers that had never moved since ancient times started moving slowly.

Eventually, those five fingers started slowly closing up to turn into a shield protecting Su Ming's body within the palm!

This protection was a vague form of acknowledgment and should have originally been Si Ma Xin's serendipity, yet now... it had become Su Ming's!

If Si Ma Xin had not died and saw this scene, he would definitely cough up blood, because this should have originally belonged to him...

Su Ming lifted his head. His long hair danced in the wind, and he looked at the golden light closing in until it completely enveloped the God of Berserker's left hand and the Five Direction Seal floated above his head, causing the area around him to be completely sealed.

The area was filled with a deadly silence. Only Su Ming could be seen sitting still and unmoving through the cracks formed between the second God of Berserkers' left hand when it closed up.

Time flowed slowly. At that moment, there was a great number of people gathered on the ninth summit outside this sealed world. All of these people were the survivors from Heaven Gate. At that moment, all of them had complicated expressions on their faces as they occasionally looked towards the sea.

Bai Su was also looking at the surface of the sea quietly from a corner, with a rather anxious expression on her face.

As Hu Zi continued snoring in his cave abode, the bald crane stepped on Hu Zi's back and pecked his back with its sharp beak. A thin thread was plucked out and swallowed with a snap of the crane's jaws. An incredibly contented look appeared on its face.

"Weren't you just playing hide-and-seek with me earlier?! Go on, hide! Once you hide properly, I will find you, and I will eat you!"

*Chapter 566: Warmth*

The ice had already disappeared in the depths of the sea. The entire sea was dark, filled with death-like silence.

If anyone looked from the distance, they would see no signs of light. There was nothing shining golden, and neither was there the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

Even if that someone knew precisely where it was located, they would still only see emptiness. It was as if nothing existed there anymore, and no signs of past events or things could be found there.

Yet in this region that could not be detected with the naked eye, could not even be noticed by divine sense, was a dimension that had been separated from the sea.

Golden light surrounded it, and as that light spread out, it turned into golden runic symbols that circled round the area.

They could not be seen in the outside world, though.

At the center of the dimension were five layers of golden light that covered the center. They looked as if they were in an oval shape, and they inflated and deflated as if in breathing.

It was a strange dimension and a bizarre five-layered screen of light. In the deepest depths of it was a gigantic arm that was incredibly coarse. It stood erect in the light and was lifted high up in the air. It had its fingers slightly curled, and sitting on its palm was a young man who had his eyes closed.

The young man's long black hair spilled over his shoulders. He was handsome, and his cheeks were slightly flushed. He would only breathe once after a long time. His hands were pressed on top of the palm he was sitting on, and the two seemed to have fused together. Aura spread out and crawled into his body, as well as his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

Su Ming looked as if he was silently meditating, but he was going through a tremendous change as if a storm was raging in his body. An endless wave of life force was continuously surging into him. As it swam through his body, it was quickly devoured and absorbed by the Berserker Bones.

Su Ming's cultivation base was unique. Other people would only have twenty something Berserker Bones, but every single bone in Su Ming's body had the possibility of turning into a Berserker Bone. In fact, even his flesh, blood, and everything within his body were the same.

As he continued with this rapid absorption, an unknown amount of time passed by, and he obtained his own serendipity. Almost a ninth of all his bones in his body had turned into those that belonged to a true Berserker, Berserker Bones!

Once Su Ming completely changed all of them, then his power would immediately reach a new height. At that time, what would await him would be... the true Berserker Soul Realm that no one before him and perhaps no one after him would be able to obtain!

If he could succeed, then his power would reach a new pinnacle. Even if he did not transform into Destiny, he could still fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he would not be at a disadvantage.

Unless, of course, he ran into those old monsters who had been lying around quietly for years once they had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had managed to obtain a thread of the presence in Life Cultivation through much

experimentation with their great and deep cultivation. Yet even so, no one could tell who would win in the end!

However, the premise for all of these things to happen was that Su Ming could turn everything within him into Berserker Bones and step into the Berserker Soul Realm!

As he absorbed the life force, a huge figure appeared in his head. He could not see the person clearly, but that person was executing his divine abilities and Arts one by one in his head.

These Arts were mixed and varied. Su Ming could see some of them clearly, but some of them were over in a flash. When he tried to look more closely, he found that it was still difficult for him to discover any hints on how to cast these Arts.

Besides the divine abilities, he also saw some scenes. They were rather muddled, and would usually disappear soon after showing up. It was impossible to connect them together.

Only some scenes could be connected together, and one of them was a huge person floating up without moving his feet and flying into the distance. That person was in a bright galaxy filled with stars.

There was a huge round ball before him, and within it were oceans and continents, just like in a complete planet.

The instant this person closed in on that planet, an innumerable amount of long arcs flew up. As howling sounds echoed in the air, Su Ming saw the person in the picture lifting his foot and taking seven steps forward!

When he took those seven steps, the entire galaxy shook. With his first step, he stirred up a wave of impact so strong that most of the long arcs tumbled backwards. With his second step, no more long arcs could be found blocking his path. When he took his third step, he landed on that planet and the entire sphere trembled with a loud rumble. At the instant he took his fourth step, the sea churned and drowned everything.

When his fifth, sixth, and seventh steps landed, the round sphere looked as if a calamity had fallen on it. When it was torn into pieces, that person lifted his head and let out a roar.

The torn world shattered swiftly. Once it was turned into smithereens, a ray of crystalline light flew out, and that person caught it in his hand. It was a crystal shining in flowing streams of light. In it... was the power of one World.

That was the power of a World.

With the crystal in hand, the person left.

"God of Berserkers' seven steps, God of Berserkers' roar..." Su Ming mumbled.

The scene changed in a flash. The person appeared in Su Ming's mind once again. However, this time, his face was no longer too obscured. Su Ming could see a little clearer. It was a very ordinary looking face. There was even a simple and honest air about him, without a hint of solemnity.

It was especially so when he smiled, which gave him an even friendlier and more cordial feeling.

When Su Ming saw this person's face, he gradually had a sense of familiarity. It came from the gigantic head Di Tian had sat on when Su Ming had borrowed the power of Possession from Han Mountain's ancestor to search through his memories while he was still in Han Mountain City!

The person's face here was rather similar to that head he saw, but if anyone compared this kindly face and the crazed ferociousness on that head, they would very easily think that these were two different people if they did not look closely.

Su Ming remained silent. This amiable and completely lacking of any solemnity second God of Berserkers in his head lifted his left hand and swung his arm towards the sky. The sun, moon, and stars appeared above, and he started executing divine abilities and Arts so shocking that they shook the sky and earth.

He also saw the second God of Berserkers sealing the three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man into the fan. He saw the concentration on his face and the loving smile as he created the fan, as if he wanted to give it as a present to a member of the younger generation.

It was not the only fan, either. There was another one which he Branded with the Art of the sun, moon, and stars.

Su Ming also saw the second God of Berserkers walking towards the land once he finished making those two fans, and he continued walking until he arrived before an imperial city with a number of palaces. When the sounds of a baby crying traveled out from one of the palaces, the second God of Berserkers could be found crying outside the palace with a smile. At that moment, he did not look like a God of Berserkers, but was just like an ordinary adult. He looked as if he was about to push the door to the palace open and give the two fans to the infant inside as his or her Origin Treasure.

Yet right at the instant he placed his left hand on the palace door and was just about to push it open, the sky suddenly changed and snow floated down... The second God of Berserkers froze for a moment before he brought back his left hand. His face turned cold, looking entirely different from the gentle person from before, as he looked towards the sky.

The scene changed once again. Su Ming saw the palace again, but this time, he was inside. The doors to the palace were open, and the second God of Berserkers was covered in fresh blood. The sounds of battle outside rang nonstop, and an endless amount of long arcs sliced through the air with howls, as if a calamity had fallen on the world.

The second God of Bersekers' face was pale. He walked into the palace and looked at the similarly pale looking woman standing inside. The two of them embraced each other.

After a long while, the second God of Berserkers looked towards two small beds placed together nearby. There were two babies lying on top of the beds. One of them was crying, and the other had his eyes closed. He did not move, as if he was dead.

He walked up and lifted his left hand to touch the crying baby girl's forehead, then with a complicated look, he glanced at the other baby who looked as if he was dead. He sighed and walked up to the baby.

The instant he touched the seemingly dead baby's forehead with his left hand, Su Ming opened his eyes swiftly. He started trembling. Everything in this scene - the baby's cries, the second God of Berserkers' kind and loving smile, the feeling when the God of Berserkers touched the other baby's forehead, all of these made Su Ming's breathing still.

At that moment, he was still absorbing the power within the God of Berserkers' arm, but he needed to open his eyes, because... the baby's cries gave him a familiar sensation, an incredibly familiar sensation...

As his power increased, as he was moved by what he saw, and as that feeling rose in his heart, a sudden sharp pain appeared in his heart. Cracking sounds traveled out in the midst of his pain, as if something in his head had just shattered into pieces.

At the same time, he became dazed. He saw a world covered in darkness, yet the area around him was warm. Cries and mumbling echoed in his sears. The one speaking was a woman, and her voice was gentle and soft.

"Fei Er, ma is here. Don't cry..."

"You little rascal. You're still so young, and you're already crying so loudly? When my daughter grows up in the future, she will definitely be a very powerful person.

"Alright, I won't take away your toys anymore. I'll give them back to you, don't cry..."

"Ah! My precious daughter, look. Your pa is back..."

Everything before Su Ming's eyes was dark. He could not see light, but he could hear a sudden change in the crying and the woman's gentle voice. The cries became even stronger, and the gentle voice fell abruptly silent. The area around him turned freezing cold within an instant, as if it had begun snowing outside.

A long while later, he felt a hand touching his forehead. That touch... was very warm, was so incredibly warm...

When Su Ming regained his senses, he sat on the God of Berserkers' left hand with a dumbfounded expression. He then lowered his head and looked at the God of Berserkers' arm beneath him, and tears slowly fell from his eyes...

He understood where the warmth he felt when he touched the God of Berserkers' left hand came from now...

"Fei Er..." This was the second time Su Ming heard that name, but it was deeply engraved in his heart. The scenes he saw before fighting against Di Tian's clone all those years ago emerged once again in his heart.

"Big brother... big brother..." The voice echoed in Su Ming's ears, and it gradually fused together with the cries.

*Chapter 567: Turning Point*

After a long while, Su Ming closed his eyes once again to cover the dejected look in his eyes. In the midst of his loneliness, he sensed that the warmth from the second God of Berserkers' left hand was the same as the sensation from the coarse hand touching the forehead in his memories.

It was as if he had returned to that palace that had existed many years ago, returned to the little warmth he had felt in that dark world.

"Perhaps Destiny truly exists in this world..." Su Ming mumbled.

The second God of Berserkers' left hand, the caress in the past, the touch this day, all of these things seemed like a circle. He had found the start of it all, and also found the end.

'Perhaps this is how memories really are... Once you find the end, you will also find the start... Is... this Life?' Su Ming closed his eyes, and pain appeared on his face.

He no longer needed to absorb the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand into his body. Instead, once the memories that existed since an unknown amount of time ago surfaced in his head, the power from the God of Berserkers' left hand automatically surged into him.

The difference between him absorbing on his own and the life force surging into his body to fuse with him on its own was incredibly great!

One of them was a forceful accommodation of the power into his body, and the other was a complete deliverance after he had been acknowledged.

Time gradually passed. The second God of Berserkers' left hand gradually withered away and shrank. All the power within it was sent into Su Ming's body without any hint of reservation, causing all of the Berserker Bones in Su Ming's body to start moving towards great completion once he had turned a ninth of his body into Berserker Bones!

It was as if this left hand that belonged to the second God of Berserkers had always been waiting for someone - waiting for the baby whose forehead he had caressed while looking at him with a complicated gaze before leaving all those years ago.

He might have perhaps mistaken Si Ma Xin for the baby all those years, but Si Ma Xin's death and Su Ming's arrival had caused everything to return to its original tracks.

The fan that Su Ming had taken away from Si Ma Xin... originally belonged to Su Ming!

'Destiny, Su Ming... Just what is my fate...?'

In anguish, Su Ming closed his eyes. The vast amount of life force within his body was surging like an ocean, causing all his blood, flesh, and bones to change rapidly while moving continuously towards reaching the true great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm that no one before Su Ming had ever accomplished!

When all the bones, flesh, and blood in his body had turned into that of a true Berserker, only then his body could be said to have returned to its roots. His strength would also surpass his current combat abilities.

Time passed by slowly, and the second God of Berserkers' left hand continued withering away and shrinking. Eventually, it even started to fade away.

Su Ming's hair had started dancing in the air at some point, and his presence surged into the sky. However... the anguish on his face remained.

The reunion after so many years had turned the warmth into the memory of a single touch. His memories were awakened bit by bit, causing him to be in anguish, and at the same time, at a loss.

Su Ming was confused as to what exactly Life meant. At that moment, he suddenly had a strong desire to know just what... exactly was Life.

In the midst of his confusion, loud rumbling sounds came from within his body, and it instantly turned gold. The brilliance of its golden light surpassed the light coming from the Five Direction Seal, and it was gradually piercing through the second God of Berserkers' transparent left hand before spreading through the area.

This light came from Su Ming's body, from every single one of his bones, every inch of his skin, every drop of his blood, every piece of his flesh... from every single part of him.

As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, the golden light all over his body became stronger. He could clearly feel that almost every single one of his bones had already turned into Berserker Bones, and only his skull had yet to be completely turned, but the change was quickly spreading through.

The changing of his skull into a Berserker Bone was incredibly quick. After a moment, golden light shone brilliantly at the center of Su Ming's brows, and as cracking sounds rang gently in the air, a shudder ran through him, and his presence erupted, increasing rapidly at an extreme speed. After just a moment, it reached its peak!

During that instant, all his bones, his flesh, his blood, and his tendons were completely turned into those that belonged to a true Berserker!

At the same time, the second God of Berserkers' left hand under Su Ming's continued turning transparent and dissipated. It was as if it had completed its mission and finished waiting, and was now returning to dust.

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he saw the sight of the second God of Berserkers' left hand, which had been standing erect for a long time, disintegrating. When it turned into crystalline light and spun around in circles, it spread through the air all around, and some of it touched the center of Su Ming's brows, making him feel as though that huge figure in his memories was caressing his forehead with the complicated emotion from the past that he'd seen in the dark world.

Su Ming looked at the crystalline light rising in the air quietly, watched it as it seeped through that Five Direction Seal and disappeared into nothingness, and a feeling of loneliness rose in his heart.

After a long while, Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, his gaze was calm. The confusion, loneliness, and anguish were hidden away. No one could see them. Only Su Ming himself could sense them within his heart.

His body rose into midair, still within the five-layered screen of light at that moment. He slowly stood up, but right when, he suddenly frowned.

He had a feeling that he was lacking something. In silence, Su Ming looked at his hands and went on to sense the vast amount of power within him at the moment.

That power was much stronger than what he possessed before, but he was only stronger by a fold compared to previously. He did not possess the oppressive power he imagined he would own after all his bones had turned into Berserker Bones.

After all, Su Ming's Berserker Bones contained the Wind Berserker's inheritance, the Lightning Berserker's inheritance, the Candle Dragon's blessing, the serendipity from the Blood Absconsion Tribe's blood, and the second God of Berserkers' legacy. All of these things formed his current power, which none of his predecessors had managed to do before.

However, the feeling he obtained after he had arrived at his current condition was that he was not really that much stronger compared to his previous self, and it gave him a feeling that there was something off.

It was especially so when he sensed a lot more potential contained within his Berserker Bones, his blood, and his flesh, but he could not gather it together and bring it out...

'Perhaps I'm lacking a turning point for me to be able to bring out my full potential swiftly! If I'm able to spend a long time polishing myself, then after a certain amount of time, I would be able to bring out my full potential... but now, I don't have time!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He understood quite well just what he was lacking!

But this was just his guess. After all, his current situation was something that was never heard of among Berserkers. He had to continuously fumble about looking for his way.

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. The power in his cultivation base started circulating with a loud bang, and his hair started moving without wind. A violent and wild sensation filled the area.

'If I cannot bring out this potential, then I will force it out!'

The power within Su Ming started circulating even faster, but just as it was about to leave his body, it was forcefully retracted, causing two different types of pressure to appear!

One of them was within him and was pushing his aura outside, and the other was outside pressing down against him. By doing so, Su Ming's body was turned into the center of the fight, and as the two forces continued pressing against him from inside and out, his face grew increasingly solemn.

If a normal person carried out this sort of compression, then they... would end up triggering a self-destruction!

Self-destruction was a state of collapse once the body was pushed to its limit by the body's own pressure from within and the world squeezing down the body from outside. The greater the compression, the more shocking the force would be once after the explosion.

When a person self-destructed, all the potential within his or her body would be naturally brought out in the explosion. This was the method Su Ming thought of, and it was a very crazy idea.

Because he did not have the time to slowly polish his potential and gradually bring it out to fuse with his body, he could only use this extreme method to achieve the same results.

Su Ming was also the only person who could do it, because the tenacity of his body at the moment had already reached a terrifying level. On the downside, this tenacity would make it so that if Su Ming wanted to self-destruct, it would be much harder for him to do so compared to other people.

At that moment, as his body continuously went through the compression formed by the pressures from inside and outside him, a flicker of light appeared in his eyes, and the power within him started circulating at a faster pace. By doing so, the power from the compression became even stronger. Under this force, Su Ming noticed that a trace of the potential within his body was forced out and fused into his cultivation base.

"I knew it'd work!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth, and the circulation of his power within him increased once again, and this time, he was almost pushed to his limit. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and he started trembling. The compression formed by the pressures from inside and outside his body pressing down on him caused his eyes to become bloodshot, but this action caused another trace of the potential to split off once again and fuse into his cultivation base.

As his cultivation base circulated faster, the potential was continuously forced out, but... it was not much.

'I lack a turning point for this...'

A resolute look appeared on Su Ming's face. He swiftly lifted his right hand and positioned two of his fingers into the shape of a sword. As he stared at the tip of his fingers, he didn't hesitate and tapped the center of his brows.

The instant the fingertips touched him, a sharp stab of pain spread out from the center of his brows. That pain instantly reached its peak, and like a blown out balloon that had a hole punctured on its surface with a needle, an exit appeared on Su Ming's body under the compression. All the power within his body erupted with a bang!

The strength of that explosion far surpassed the circulation of power within Su Ming's body. Under the explosion, the full potential within his body was completely released. Intense pain shot through him, as if he was about to be torn apart, about to collapse. However, in the midst of this pain, Su Ming could feel himself... becoming truly powerful!

It was a strength that far surpassed his previous strength, a powerful sensation that truly belonged to him who had turned his entire body into Berserker Bones!

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar. It contained his pain, the strength of his cultivation base, and his will!

When it traveled forth, the Five Direction Seal started shaking, causing the roar to shoot through the screen of light and affect the entire sea. Its surface started trembling, and huge waves that surged into the sky were formed. In the midst of deep shock, all the people on the ninth summit heard Su Ming's roar traveling forth from the depths of the sea!

#### *Chapter 568: Great Completion*

As Su Ming roared, all the veins on his body popped up, and his face twisted into a ferocious expression. Fine cracks appeared on his body, and once those cracks spread out and connected with each other, what would await Su Ming would be even more intense pain. Only when the power of his cultivation base within him exploded until it broke down would this pain stop.

Or else, he would have to control his power and cause it to calm down!

Su Ming's eyes turned bloodshot. At that moment, he no longer had his power continue spreading outwards, but instead retrieved all of it back into his body, as if he had just tamed a wild horse that had run wild once he'd let go of its reins.

He had already managed to let the potential in his body explode. At that moment, the vast power of his cultivation base made him feel incredibly powerful, but also brought over a wave of madness to rage within him.

Su Ming did not hesitate for long. Remaining seated, he closed his eyes. The Qi within him was incredibly chaotic. It would occasionally be violent, and at other times tame. The powerful will he had gathered and refined in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World played a critical role at this moment. His will contained a tenacious determination that would not be destroyed even after the endless amounts of reincarnations he went through, and this amount of danger he had to face, as well as

the pain he had to suffer, was nothing, especially when he was doing this to obtain even greater power.

As time passed, the chaotic Qi within him started gradually becoming weaker. He did not know how much time had passed, but when there was no longer any hint of chaos within his body, he slowly opened his eyes.

Not a hint of a ripple from his cultivation base could be detected coming from within him. His skin was fair and his body slender. He looked just like an ordinary mortal, and not a single hint of any sort of cultivation base could be detected within him.

Only his eyes remained incredibly clear, and it looked as if the world was contained within their depths.

At that moment, even those who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would not be able to detect any power from his cultivation base, unless, of course, they looked closely.

Because... at that moment, not only had Su Ming's entire body gone through a transformation, he had also reached a state of balance. It was as if his life itself had gone through a metamorphosis, and once he reached perfection, he had managed to cover the traces of his power.

The powerful warriors within the Berserker Soul Realm were strong because of the change in their spines. Those who had reached the great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm could not control the fluctuations within their body. The unique state where only their entire spine had been turned into Berserker Bones over all the other bones in their body was like several drops of black ink suddenly appearing in clear water. It would be incredibly distinct, and everyone would be able to tell that there was something different about them with just one glance.

However, if this transparent water was already ink to begin with, then when the rest of the world looked over, they would not be able to discover too much of a difference due to this balance.

This sort of situation had never appeared since the first day the Berserkers were formed, and Su Ming was the only one who had managed to do so!

He opened his eyes. The black shade in his pupils would be incredibly clear to all those who looked into his eyes. He slowly stood up, and not a single trace of his power spread out from his body. He was just like a common mortal. As he looked at the Five Direction Seal above him, he lifted his right hand calmly and swung his arm towards the five-layered screen of light.

That one swing did not cause any sort of astonishing boom that shook the sky and earth, but the first layer of the screen of light started cracking, inch by inch, without a single sound. It shattered, and the seal behind it also shattered...

However, the Five Direction Seal was the treasure used to suppress the God of Berserkers' left hand. It might have become one with the left arm over the millions of years and the sealing power within it had also become much weaker to the point that it no longer had the might it held all those years ago, it would still not be easy to break it.

The instant two layers of light shattered, the remaining three layers started shining, and Su Ming saw two other layers appearing right behind them, and because of that, the seal still had... five layers left!

Su Ming stood on his spot, looking as composed as ever. Not much change could be found in his expression due to the change in the Five Direction Seal. However, his eyes started sparkling, as if he was deep in thought.

After a moment, a glint appeared in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards the five layered screen of light. At the moment he pointed over, the five layered screen of light shuddered with a bang. The first layer shattered, and so did the second, and the third... all five layers shattered at the same time at that instant, but the moment they shattered, another five layers manifested beyond the previous five.

It was as if there was no end to it, no bottom, as if it was an eternal seal.

'I wonder what would happen if someone attacked the seal from outside...?'

A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes. When the five-layered screen of light expanded outwards, the area within also grew larger. By the looks of it, the seal would only continue expanding once it shattered and recovered.

Su Ming took a step forward. When he lifted his right hand, he pointed forward once more. Once he did so, he shot out like a long arc, and without a single pause, he pointed forward again.

After he did so several times, the five-layered screen of light continued shattering and reappearing. Every single time it reappeared, it would expand outwards a lot more. Because of that, after this process repeated itself several times, the screen of light located the furthest from Su Ming had already expanded to several tens of thousands of feet wide.

As Su Ming continued rising into the air, the screen of light in the outermost layer swelled up and started spreading towards the sea.

Su Ming did not stop; he pointed forward again.

The screen of light continued becoming bigger. As it continued breaking and reappearing, it looked as if it was a huge bubble of air underneath the seawater that was continuously expanding... and floating towards the surface of the sea!

After a moment, right before the eyes of all the people in the ninth summit, and amid their shocked gasps, there was loud rumbling sound that came from the surface of the sea in the distance. The seawater started churning even more furiously, and waves started rising endlessly as if the sea was boiling!

A golden ray of light appeared, and as that light spread out, a screen of light that looked like a bubble of air emerged.

The instant it came out, the dark sky was dyed in gold. A pressure that could intimidate the souls of all spread out through the world!

The golden screen of light caused the seawater to roar and fall backwards in all directions, as if it was avoiding it!

When the screen of light completely appeared on the surface of the sea like a huge bowl that was flipped over, uproars traveled forth from the ninth summit. All those who saw it trained their eyes upon it, with their hearts filled with shock.

The screen of light continued rising until it left the sea to appear in midair. Then, what appeared before all the onlookers' eyes was a spherical screen of light!

The screen of light shone with golden light, and it had five layers to it!

The outermost layer was several hundred thousand feet big, and the people could see a person underneath it. The person was obscured, so no one was able to see him clearly.

The hundred thousand feet spherical screen of light in the air looked like a sun with its golden light under the dark sky. It shocked all those who saw it, and at the same time, an endless amount of reverence rose within their hearts.

"Use all your strength and strike this screen of light!"

While everyone was still standing in shock, Su Ming's voice traveled out from the screen of light with a hum. It echoed in the world and spread in all directions.

"Su Ming... It's Su Ming!"

Once all those from Heaven Gate seeking refuge in the ninth summit heard the voice, excitement immediately overcame them. To them, Su Ming was not an enemy but their benefactor who had allowed them to break free of Si Ma Xin's control!

Even though he had killed many of their own in Heaven Gate, but the culprit for this was not Su Ming... but Si Ma Xin!

It was especially so for those who had gotten to know Su Ming a long time ago. When they saw this scene and heard his voice, a rather complicated expression appeared on their faces, and a great wave of emotions rose in their hearts.

Bai Su looked at Su Ming, and in her daze, tears fell from her eyes. However, even though there was joy contained within her tears, there was also a hint of complicated feelings as well. They were a sigh of regret when she remembered that one thing that had happened all those years ago.

Her father standing behind her looked at Su Ming within the five layered screen of light in the sky silently. Even up to this moment, he still could not link the person before him with the young man in the past.

"Execute all your attacks on this screen of light! I want to test its might!" Su Ming's voice traveled once more from the screen of light.

After a period of silence, someone from the crowd immediately flew up and charged towards the screen of light. Soon after, more people flew up, and long arcs shot through the air. When they charged forward and closed in on the screen, booming sounds echoed in the air. All the people within the long arcs launched attacks with their full power at the five-layered light according to Su Ming's wishes.

However, the screen of light only shook slightly and did not show any signs of crumbling.

"That's enough!" Su Ming's voice came again, and the people around him immediately withdrew with respectful expressions on their faces.

'This thing might be a seal, but if I can utilize it properly, it can also turn into a treasure used for protection!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled and he lifted his right hand to press against his chest. A dark ray of light immediately flew out from his mouth, and as that dark ray of light shone, it turned into the Welcoming of Deities in Su Ming's hand.

The pill was dark. Even though Su Ming had brought it out, his presence did not change. He no longer needed to use this Welcoming of Deities to obtain the God of Berserkers' divine abilities; he had already obtained everything when he absorbed the God of Berserkers' left hand.

Once he put away the Welcoming of Deities, he looked at the Five Direction Seal that had never disappeared around him with a calm look. Then, he spread out his divine

sense and fused it into the black stone fragment hanging off his neck, which he had not used for a long time.

The stone fragment could deceive all existences, the mere Five Direction Seal was naturally nothing to it. This was one of the reasons why Su Ming had the courage to search for his serendipity while putting himself at risk within the Five Direction Seal.

Almost the moment Su Ming's divine sense touched the black stone fragment, his presence changed abruptly. Gradually, the second God of Berserkers' presence faded away from his body.

It was as if he had turned into another person. Su Ming walked towards the five-layered screen of light before him, and the instant he touched the inner layer, he walked out without experiencing a single obstacle in his way. When he walked out of the remaining layers and stood in midair, he turned around and looked towards the screen of light.

Once Su Ming left, it looked as if the seal could no longer find the source of what it was sealing, and the screen of light gradually shrank. Eventually, with a flash of golden light, it turned into a golden Five Direction Seal that was about the size of a palm!

That Seal floated in midair and plunged down towards the sea. However, with a swing of Su Ming's arm, it changed direction and flew towards him. When Su Ming held it in his hand, he observed it carefully, and once he put it away, he turned his head around and cast his gaze at the ninth summit, as well as the people around him.

*Chapter 569: Life of a Stone Falling into the River in the Sky*

"Greetings, Sir Su Ming!"

"Please accept our greetings... Sir Su Ming!"

The crowd that had been asked to attack the screen of light moments ago were standing before Su Ming and looking at him with respect on their faces. Some of these people had seen him before, and right then, their hearts were filled with mixed feelings, but they did not dare reveal it. Their faces were filled with extreme respect instead.

No matter what race it was, all powerful warriors would be respected. This respect might be sincere, and it might also be due to fear. The strong reign supreme - This was a universal law that would never change.

The crowd before Su Ming's eyes acted precisely this way.

They were the survivors left behind after Heaven Gate collapsed, and they had seen how Su Ming had murdered his way through the numerous layers. As their words traveled into the air, Su Ming's gaze landed on them, and the people lowered their heads, not having the courage to look at him.

Su Ming's gaze was not that fierce, but simply a clear gaze filled with a profound look. Yet this ordinary look in his eyes made all the people who saw it feel as if their inner thoughts had been seen through, and it felt as if they could keep no secrets from him.

Shock filled their hearts within that instant. As they lowered their heads, Su Ming looked at them. There were some among them whom he could recognize vaguely, but he could not remember their names. These were the people he had met by pure chance when he still stayed in the ninth summit.

After all, to the people who knew Su Ming, only twenty something years had passed. Twenty years might bring about many changes, but to those who walked down the path of cultivation, their memories would not have faded away too much.

But Su Ming had gone through a countless amount of reincarnations in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World. His will might have become stronger, but unless his memories were about certain people and certain incidents, everything else had faded away, as if they were lifetimes apart.

In fact, even the emotions and feelings he had harbored for certain relationships in the past had largely faded away, just like how he felt towards a certain person. He stood in midair and swept his gaze across the crowd before his eyes fell on a person in white, who was as beautiful as she had been all those years ago.

Hu Zi's loud snores would still occasionally travel through the air. His voice broke the silence that fell among the crowd due to Su Ming's appearance.

Su Ming lifted his foot and took a step towards the ninth summit. When his foot landed, he vanished before reappearing in the sky above the ninth summit. When he took another step, he stood at the peak of the mountain.

Besides Bai Su and her father, there were some other Heaven Gate survivors who had ran to the mountain. One of them was the old man in white robes, who was one of the Lords of Heaven Gate who had his life force scattered and had fallen into a state of unconsciousness as if he had died.

The Berserker Threads in the old man's body had not vanished after Si Ma Xin died, but had instead buried themselves deep into his body and stayed there still and unmoving, as if they had lost their life.

The old man might be injured badly and had his life force scattered, but he was also gradually waking up. After all, if he had dared to take such a risk, then he would

naturally have a way to recover his life force. In fact, everything that had happened to him beforehand might have just been an illusion.

At that moment, the reawakened old man in white saw Su Ming arriving, and with an excited look on his face, he went up and wrapped his fist in his palm before he bowed deeply towards him.

"I am Lin Hai Zi. Greetings, Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains."

Once the old man said these words, the rest of the people on the ninth summit, besides Bai Su and her father, wrapped their fists in their palms and greeted Su Ming.

"Greetings, Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains!"

These words were voiced by many and turned into a wave of sound that echoed in the air above the surface of the sea, refusing to fade away even after a long time.

After the crowd did this, Bai Su's father, who was the old man with the complicated expression on his face, also lowered his head and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

At that moment, all the people in the area were voicing their respect towards Su Ming with voices filled with admiration. They might not know what had happened in the sea, but when the Threads from the Berserker Seeds in their bodies sank into silence as if they had lost their lives, these people sensed Si Ma Xin's death, and felt the threads controlling their fates over the past years abruptly snapping.

As Su Ming walked out from the sea, all the people in the mountain understood that no matter what the process had been, the fight between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin had ended... with Si Ma Xin's death!

"Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains, Sir Su Ming, what has happened to Si Ma Xin...?" The old man in white hesitated for a moment before finally asking. Si Ma Xin might be dead according to what he could sense, but the old man still felt a little wary. He wanted to hear it from Su Ming's own mouth.

"Si Ma Xin is dead!" Su Ming stated slowly, not too bothered by the old man attaching the title of Lord of Freezing Sky's Great Frozen Plains to his name.

At the instant he heard Su Ming's words, the old man sucked in a deep breath, and an excited expression appeared briefly on his face. He looked at Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards him once more.

As Su Ming returned and reported Si Ma Xin's death, the remnants of Heaven Gate felt at a loss in the midst of their excitement. They were lost as to where they should go next, and lost as to where their destinies laid.

When the night arrived, Su Ming sat outside Hu Zi's cave abode in the ninth summit, who was still in deep sleep. Besides a white figure beside him, there was no one else around. The entire area was very quiet, and only the swishing sounds of waves could be heard faintly, along with Hu Zi's snores that would occasionally travel outwards.

The remnants of Heaven Gate were scattered everywhere on the mountain. They did not get closer to this spot. Occasionally, someone would lift their heads and automatically look towards the figure under the moon at the top of the mountain. When they looked over, their gazes would be filled with gratitude and respect.

Bai Su sat beside Su Ming. They had been sitting side by side for almost two hours while watching the sky gradually turn dark and the sea turn dim. Neither of them spoke.

In truth, they were not the only ones there. Not too far away was a cliff, and at the edge of the cliff was a bald crane, who was lying on the ground in a lackadaisical manner. There was a shining stone in its claws. It continued looking at it, and occasionally, its beak would curl up in a smug grin, and it would let out cackling sound.

"Are you going to leave again?" After a long while, when the bald crane looked away from the stone and cast a few scrutinizing glances towards Su Ming and Bai Su, Bai Su broke the silence.

"I will head off to Eastern Wastelands." Su Ming looked at the black seawater and spoke unhurriedly.

"I wish you a good life..." Bai Su lowered her head and looked at the seawater, as well, while speaking softly.

Su Ming did not speak. He turned around and looked towards Bai Su. Her dark locks were incredibly long and covered her face, blocking her countenance from his gaze, and also hid away the hideous scar on her face.

"I was immature in the past. Thank you for being tolerant towards me. I'm very happy to have met you again..." Bai Su spoke softly. She did not look at Su Ming, but lowered her head to look at the sea. There was a gentle smile on her face and it contained a hint of being carefree along with a hint of nostalgia.

After a long time, she stood up and walked past Su Ming.

"The ninth summit is your home. Leave at peace. I will stay here and take care of the place... If the day comes that I'm no longer in the world, I will leave my body behind... and atone for the harm I've done to you in the past," she said quietly. T

The instant she walked past Su Ming, he suddenly lifted his hand and grabbed her arm. She trembled lightly. She did not break free from his grip, and simply allowed him to hold her arm, but she kept her head turned downwards.

Su Ming stood up and looked at Bai Su, then lifted his right hand and moved away the dark locks on her face. She clearly flinched and moved away slightly, but he still saw the hideous scar on her face.

Bai Su closed her eyes, and tears fell down her cheeks. She lowered her head, as if she did not want him to see that ugly scar.

"You don't need to atone for anything. What has happened belongs solely to the past. I only want to see the adorable girl from all those years ago, the girl who had the wild beauty within her," he said softly while looking at Bai Su.

"People grow up eventually, don't they...? I'm no longer who I was in the past, and neither are you." Bai Su opened her eyes and looked at Su Ming. Her gaze no longer contained the wild nature from his memories, but had turned into signs of age and time.

There was also a deeply rooted fatigue and a look screaming that she was helplessly struggling against fate within her.

"My pa once told me that I'm burdened with the Life of a stone falling into the river in the sky. The splashes when the stone fell into the river have turned into me, and I'm destined to have tears as my companions. I'm destined to only be the splashes from the river forever..." Bai Su looked at Su Ming and struggled violently against the hold on her right hand, as if she wanted to break free from his hand.

"Wait for me. I'll search for a way to return to the Alliance of the Western Region, and if I find it... come with me to the Western Region." Su Ming did not let go. He looked at Bai Su, at this woman, and spoke slowly.

"The stone falling into the river in the sky is destined to be alone forever due to the fall. Even if there are splashes in the river, no one will be able to find the stone, because there is simply too much water in the river, and I... am merely a few drops within it.

"Su Ming, I will stay here and take care of the ninth summit for you, but I... will not leave with you." Bai Su turned her head around and broke free from his grasp. When she turned around once more, her dark locks danced in the air, cutting through some of the tears that fell from her eyes, causing the broken droplets to scatter into the air. When they floated past Su Ming's eyes, Bai Su left into the distance.

Su Ming quietly looked at her figure disappearing from his sight. Then, Dark Mountain's Bai Ling and the Celestial Maiden from the World of Nine Yin manifested in his head. The figures of these three women seemed to have fused together at that instant.

"The Life of the stone falling into the river in the sky... will only appear when the falling stone appears, will only be special because of that falling stone, and will be alone because of itself. In the end, the splashes caused by that falling stone will fuse into the river, and no one will be able to find the stone ever again."

An old voice spoke from the other side of the mountain. Along with it came a pale old man with a complicated expression on his face. The old man's life force was dim, as if there was not much life within him and as if all traces of his life could be wiped away at any given moment. He walked towards Su Ming. The old man was Bai Su's father, and he'd been a middle-aged man with a great reputation in Heaven Gate all those years ago.

Twenty years had gone by, and time had left too many of its tracks on his body.

"This is her Life, if she cannot break free from it, then she is bound to end up that way."

*Chapter 570: Life!*

"What is Life?" Su Ming looked at the black sea and sky in the distance and asked calmly.

The sounds of footsteps grew closer. Bai Su's father, the old man whose face was now burned with age, stopped several dozens of feet away. He looked at the sea and sky Su Ming was staring at. There was only darkness there.

He fell silent for a moment before he spoke hoarsely. "All things in the world have Lives, and this Life does not mean the state of being alive, but is the manifestation of what we have sensed from our past lives in our current lives."

"How did you determine that Bai Su's Life was to be a stone falling into the river in the sky?" Su Ming still did not look at the man as he asked lightly.

"Because all of us descendants of the Bai family have the Lives of the river in the sky. We are to be hurt by love and are to be alone. Only our children will remain and stay with us until we grow old and die... The river in the sky is made of starlight, and there are a lot of stars that shine in the sky. When they fuse together, the river can be seen clearly, but when you try to look carefully, you won't be able to differentiate each one. This is my Life, and so it was for my younger brother Bai Chang Zai. And my daughter Bai Su... is burdened with the same fate. The entire Bai family has been burdened with the same Life for generations!

"But Bai Su is a little different. Her Life has been changed because of the stone. That stone... is Si Ma, and is also you!" Bai Su's father spoke slowly, and his voice was deep as it echoed in the area in this is dark night.

"Nonsense!" Su Ming turned his head around and cast a cold glance towards Bai Su's father.

"Si Ma's Life is different. Those with his Life are the light from the dew on grass that appears when it reflects the light from the morning sun. He should have originally been green grass, but due to the dew on his body, he became a striking figure under the sunlight.

"This is... borrowing Life.

"I don't know what his original Life was supposed to be, but the reason behind why he had such great power and serendipity was all because of the reflection of light on the dew, but this reflection can be cut off and turned against him, that is why I had been certain that if he died, he would definitely die because of the reflection of light!

"The person who can kill him will definitely be the one who gave him that dew, the one who lent his Life to him!" The eyes of Bai Su's father were originally dull and lifeless, but when he said those words, they started sparkling brilliantly, as if they were reflecting light. He looked towards Su Ming.

"I deduced your Life in the past. You had the Life of the veins within grass, wood, and stones. All of them contain veins, and they support their entire bodies. Those who have this Life are bound to be controlled like puppets, and they cannot escape... They are not suited for Bai Su's Life!

"But when I looked for your Life again now, it has changed greatly. I... can no longer see any signs of Life on you!" Bai Su's father looked at Su Ming and took a few steps forward. His voice gained an anxious edge.

"This shouldn't be possible. All manner of being in the world has Life, and even those who have died will have Life. Their Lives will not disappear, but you..." Bai Su's father stared at Su Ming, and a brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming stared at the old man before him coldly. The Life this old man spoke about seemed to be connected to the Life Cultivation he had come to understand, but was even more subjective, and Su Ming could not find himself believing in him.

Besides, Life Cultivation was a new Realm after the Berserker Soul Realm. Perhaps there were truly people who had managed to step into that Realm, but they were incredibly rare. Even those who had managed to arrive at its doorsteps would surely be only a few.

Su Ming did not believe that this old man had managed to find his way to the door leading to Life Cultivation, or else, why would he be humiliated and oppressed by Si Ma Xin! However... even if Su Ming did not believe in his words, the meaning behind them had made his heart move slightly.

‘Si Ma Xin turned into a puppet after he died... That puppet had a strand of hair from when I was still an infant and a drop of my blood at the center of its brows, and then there are the altars I saw because of that strand of hair scattered all over the continent.

‘The reflection of light on dew...’

Not a hint of what Su Ming was thinking was revealed on his face. He looked at the old man, and his gaze was still filled with cold detachment.

"I know that you won't believe in this so called Art of Life so easily, but every single thing I said is the truth!" Bai Su's father said once again.

The words he said previously about Su Ming's Life echoed in his head, especially in regards to the first half of his words, when he was talking about the Life of the veins in grass, wood, and stones, and that he was supposed to be controlled like a puppet. These things caused a barely noticeable constriction in his pupils.

"Then what is your Life?"

"My Life is..." There was a slight hint of anguish on Bai Su's father's face, but when he looked at Su Ming, there was a strange glint contained within that pain in his eyes.

"My Life is that of the fish suffocating outside the river in the sky! Those with this Life cannot run into emptiness, because once they do, they will definitely die! They are just like fish that have left water, they will not live long.

"I had never understood what it meant until I met you again. You have no Life, so you are emptiness itself!" Bai Su's father looked at Su Ming and spoke with mixed feelings.

"Are you saying that you don't have a long time left?" Su Ming asked slowly and calmly.

"I may have only a few moments, or it could be a couple days, but no more. Then I will die." Bai Su's father said with a low voice, and sighed.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and suddenly asked, "How did you manage to look into other people's Lives?"

"About that..." Bai Su's father hesitated for a moment before he cast a glance at Su Ming, and then, he gritted his teeth.

"The Bai family has a long history with Freezing Sky Clan and we are closely connected to them. Our ancestor, Bai Yuan Hua was one of the creators of Freezing Sky Clan, and during his time, his level of cultivation could be said to be so famous that his name rang through the entire South Morning!

"We don't know where he is now, since once he built Freezing Sky Clan, he left South Morning. But before he left, he once isolated himself for a hundred years, and when he left, he left behind a Life Scroll!

"It is damaged and in tatters, and our ancestor obtained it by chance. He should have left because he wanted to search for the other Life Scrolls, and in fact, the great power from his cultivation base might have come from the epiphany he gained from that Life Scroll!

"But us descendants of the Bai family do not have our ancestor's wisdom, and up to now, there is no one who has managed to understand that scroll completely, and since we were afraid of getting into trouble for what we have, this thing has always been a secret within the Bai family.

"A long time ago, my younger brother, Bai Chang Zai, had gained the most understanding from that scroll, but he still could not gain a deep enough one. As for me, I only possess superficial knowledge about the contents in that scroll, and I can only make simple deductions and calculations."

Bai Su's father was filled with sincerity, and his voice echoed in the darkness, able to cause all those who heard it to feel an ancient air about him.

"This is absolutely true. I have no reason to lie to you. I can give you the Life Scroll that is the legacy passed down in the Bai family, but I want to ask you for a favor!"

When Bai Su's father said these words, he swiftly lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of his brows. Immediately, dark light shone at the spot where his fingers touched. His body immediately started trembling, and he began withering away right before Su Ming's eyes.

As he withered away, the skin on his face started squirming as if there was something moving within his body. He sucked in a deep breath at that moment and lifted his left hand to swing at the air. Immediately, a lit incense appeared before him. The wisps of smoke from the incense curled up into the air, and as it rose upwards, Bai Su's father sucked in a deep breath in its direction, and it immediately turned into seven wisps of smoke that crawled into his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

This was an incredibly bizarre sight, and a focused look appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he watched. Once Bai Su's father sucked in those seven wisps of smoke, he began trembling, and a crack tore through the center of his brows.

No blood flowed, and it looked as if it had existed for many years but had been hidden away usually so no one could see it.

Only when Bai Su's father used a secret Art would this crack appear. Right then, Su Ming immediately sensed a presence that shook his soul spreading out.

It was difficult to describe this presence with words. It was like a sweet scent that would make people feel delighted the moment they took a sniff of it, their bodies relaxing. In fact, those who took a whiff of it would even find their own cultivation base increasing slightly, and joy would appear within the depths of their hearts, as if they had just experienced an incredibly joyous occasion, and they would be unable to control themselves and smile.

It would make these people try to sense more. Yet when unable to help themselves they would open up to get in touch with that presence, they would find that it was no longer sweet, having turned into a nauseating feeling. It would make them feel as if they were about to throw up all their organs in their bodies. It was as if what they had sensed earlier was just an illusion, and this was the real deal!

However... if that was merely the case, then this presence would not really be that strange. What shocked Su Ming was the bitterness that gradually emerged from within that presence once the nauseating feeling was gone. That bitter taste was as if he had just swallowed the thickest gallbladder in the world, and it had turned into an extreme bitterness as the taste traveled from within his body to his skin.

This complex and varying presence caused Su Ming's mind to be shaken, and at the same time, he saw Bai Su's father lifting his right hand pushing it into the crack at the center of his brows. There was a strange look on his face, as if he was laughing and crying at the same time, when he slowly pulled out a black wooden block from within!

This wooden block was only the breadth of two fingers and half a palm long. The presence that had caused Su Ming's mind to be shaken came precisely from it!

"This item is the Life Scroll our family's ancestor left behind when he left all those years ago! This scroll is not a scroll, because it has turned itself into a piece of wood with its own Art..."

The black wooden block's image appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The instant his gaze was trained on it, the cries of infants seemed to echo in his ears, along with the sorrowful mourning of women, and the grief filled voices of men, as well as the sounds of tears falling on robes as the elderly cried.

Those were the wailing sounds of people from different periods of time.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. With his current level of cultivation, it was rare for his facial expression to change visibly, but at that moment, he was visibly moved, and all of it was because of this small piece of wood!

'This item is definitely nothing ordinary!' This was the only thought that appeared in Su Ming's head at that moment.

Because while he heard crying sounds, he saw illusory shadows surrounding the block of wood, and they were all men and women married to each other. They were smiling... smiling in all sorts of situations, smiling during birthdays, during childbirth, during their marriages, their wedding night, and all sorts of other situations. There were all sorts of people among those illusions, and they were all smiling happily.

"I give this to you... and for this, I just have one request. Promise me, if the day comes where you possess the ability to change the Principles of Life<sup>1</sup>, help my daughter Bai Su change her Life...

"Before you possess this ability, then I wish... for her... to be safe in this chaotic world." Bai Su's father sat down cross-legged on the ground, and his voice grew weaker. Once he finished saying those words, he swung his right hand in the air, and the black wooden block immediately started drifting slowly towards Su Ming.

It continued until it arrived right before him.

Su Ming looked at that wooden block, and after a long while, he slowly nodded. He might still have doubts regarding the old man's words towards the Art of Life, but he still chose to agree to his request.

The instant he nodded, Bai Su's father smiled faintly. He lifted his head and looked towards the dark sky and sea in the distance. Vaguely, he seemed to have seen a woman walking towards him from the air, stretching her hand towards him.

"Hui Chen... is that you...?"

A dazed expression appeared on Bai Su's father's face, and when he uttered that question softly, he closed his eyes, and the presence and life force within his body disappeared at that instant.

*Chapter 571: The Enemies Arrive!*

The black wooden block floated before Su Ming while spreading out a dim light. His gaze fell on Bai Su's father, and saw a dazed smile still lingering on his lifeless body.

Su Ming originally would not believe him so easily, but at that moment, the words the old man had said previously surfaced in his head, and when he looked at his lifeless body, all of these things made him become uncertain about this Art of Life.

'Life...' Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he reopened them some time later, he looked towards the black wooden block before him and lifted his right hand swiftly to

seize it. A sparkle of surprise appeared in his eyes. At the instant he touched that wooden block, he vaguely saw the sights of all sorts of people going through the cycle of life, of being born, getting old, getting sick, and dying right before his eyes...

The sights of those people going through their cycles of life flashed by his eyes. Those unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar voices all turned into a huge smiling face in the end. However, that smiling face was crying and rushed towards Su Ming abruptly, causing his heart to lurch forward, and at the same time, the dazed look in his eyes disappeared. Everything returned to normal.

Bai Su's father remained seated cross-legged on the ground. It was still dark all around him, and the sounds of waves crashing on the surface of the sea would occasionally travel into his ears from the distance, fusing with the contrasting silence in the area.

However, Su Ming could not calm down his emotions, because right in the depths of his heart, that instant when the smiling and crying face charged towards him kept repeating itself in his head, along with a faded voice saying the same words again and again.

"What is Life?"

It was a question. The voice did not seem to be seeking for an answer from someone else, but was a question the speaker had asked himself as he was in the process of gaining an epiphany. Due to a special fluctuation of power, that epiphany had filled the black wooden block, and it was precisely because of this epiphany gathering itself on the black piece of wood that it became extraordinary!

Su Ming had asked himself that question when he gained possession of that one thread of presence belonging to Life Cultivation. However, at that time, that question had been brought up with uncertainty and confusion.

Yet now, the faded voice traveling from the black wooden block brought with it insight. It was a question directed to the speaker itself once he gained that epiphany, and within that voice was a hint of nostalgia and sentiment.

The words were the same, but the meaning was largely different.

Su Ming understood, but he forgot the answer. He could not answer that question, because he was even more at a loss.

What is Life...?

Su Ming remained silent. He had a sudden feeling that the epiphany he had gained earlier through some of the thought processes he had went through were rather insignificant, judging by what was happening now.

The three words from the black wooden block sounded like a question directed to the speaker himself, but in truth, the feeling Su Ming obtained from those three words was that the speaker was actually expressing himself after he had come to an understanding of the question and had gained an epiphany.

'Bai family's ancestor gained a great epiphany as he trained with this Life Scroll, and he came to understand Heaven Art: Principles of Life... All of this might be because of these three words!' Su Ming closed his eyes, and those three words kept repeating themselves in his head.

The voice uttering those three words was ancient and gave off a feeling of endless time. It contained a boundless amount of wisdom and sentiment, causing those who heard it to be unable to help themselves but fall into an absent-minded state, and even their minds would sink into that voice.

Su Ming sat just like that on the mountain rock, with his eyes closed and the voice echoing in his head. He did not want to wake up.

Time trickled by. When the second morning arrived, a halo of light spread out from the thick clouds in the distance, causing the sea and the sky to look slightly brighter and the darkness in the area to slowly be hidden away.

Su Ming did not wake up. He continued sitting there to slowly reflect on those words, slowly mulling over them. He forgot about the passage of time.

Hu Zi finally woke up three days later. He yawned as if he was still sleepy. When he opened his eyes, he saw the bald crane and was momentarily stunned. Then he began to let his mind wander.

That bald crane was also looking at Hu Zi. The man and crane stared into each other's eyes for some time before the bald crane suddenly realized that this man seemed a little dumb...

A twinkle appeared in its eyes before it slowly opened its mouth to speak with a solemn expression on its face.

"You're finally awake. I've been waiting for you for many years. Boy, do you have any idea just how much strength I've had to spend so that I could wake you up...?"

The bald crane spoke slowly, with an intimidating air within its voice, but almost the moment that presence appeared, Hu Zi glared over, lifted his hand, and slapped the bald crane. That slap came too suddenly, and the bird absolutely did not notice it. In fact, it had even been deceived by Hu Zi's expression. When that slap struck its face, its body was instantly flung off to the side with a huge force.

"You little rascal, your Grandpa Hu is the smartest person in the ninth summit, how dare you try and lie to me?!" Hu Zi glared at the crane with his eyes wide open, then stood up while rolling up his sleeves before he started shouting at the bald crane.

"I was wondering why I kept feeling someone scratching an itch on my body, so it's you, you baldy! I'm going to strangle you!" As Hu Zi spoke, he became fuelled with rage and strode towards the bald crane that was nearly stunned by the blow.

When it saw Hu Zi glaring at it while walking closer with wide steps, as he fumed in rage, the bald crane immediately screamed, and was also overcome by rage. The few remaining feathers immediately stood up, and it even flapped its wings a few times.

"Ah ah ah, how could you do this to me, boy?! If you don't give me ten thousand crystals for this, I won't forgive you, even if that boy Su Ming is around!" While screaming, the bald crane started flapping its wings like a chick. By the looks of it, it did not want to get closer to Hu Zi, but wanted to leave his cave abode.

Hu Zi's expression was filled with disdain. When he lifted his right hand, a crystal immediately appeared in it and he threw it towards the ground. A clear sound rang in the air when that crystal fell on the ground. Just as the bald crane was about to leave, it heard the sound, and almost instinctively, it pounced on the crystal. There was no hesitation in its actions, it was really just acting on impulse.

Yet the instant it pounced on the crystal, Hu Zi had already lifted his right fist and punched towards it.

"Look at you, I had started playing these sort of tricks when I was three! How dare you try scheme against me?!"

On the third day since Su Ming immersed himself in his absent-minded state to gain his epiphany, Bai Su took away her father's corpse, as if she knew long ago that this would happen. There was no hint of surprise on her face, only grief and the tears that she could not hide away no matter what she did.

Some of the people who had sought refuge on the ninth summit chose to leave during these few days. Every single one of those who left would cast a respectful glance towards the spot where Su Ming had chosen to isolate himself for his meditation. They left the ninth summit to search for their homes, which might have drowned or might perhaps still exist in the land.

The Berserker Threads within these people's bodies still had yet to disappear, buried deep in their bodies after they lost their lives. As the people left, they brought the threads with them.

The people who chose to stay on the ninth summit chose to settle themselves at the middle section quietly, with the old man in white as their leader. They no longer had any homes and did not know where to go. This place was their only home.

Once Hu Zi learned of everything that had happened in Heaven Gate over the past few days, the shock in his heart turned into a foolish grin on his face, before it eventually settled into pride.

The ninth summit belonged to Su Ming and Hu Zi. In this place, he was the master, and the others were just guests, and because of Su Ming's existence, all the people who chose to stay on the ninth summit were extremely polite to Hu Zi. No one dared offend him, including the Lord of Heaven Gate, the old man in white.

As for the bald crane, the two of them would glower at each other every single day, but every time Hu Zi flung away a crystal, it would immediately smile and charge towards that crystal. However...

Once, Hu Zi threw a stone that was gathered together from discarded crystal powder which he'd made many years ago through much research, and the bald crane pounced on that stone. It looked just like a crystal, and even had an incredibly similar presence to a crystal, but was not actually one. Just like always, the bird rushed over and did not even notice that anything was off. A prideful feeling rose in Hu Zi's heart as he scoffed at that bald crane.

'What an idiot. As expected, I'm just so smart!'

'Heh heh, does he really think I don't know that this is a fake crystal? But even if it's a fake crystal, I can still use it to trick other people. Why shouldn't I take it?'

The man and crane continued toying with each other happily on the ninth summit as Su Ming continued immersing himself in his epiphany.

Besides Hu Zi, there was another existence that stood out among all the others on the ninth summit, and that was Bai Su. The matter between her and Su Ming was not a secret for Heaven Gate members. Many people even treated her as some sort of master within the ninth summit.

Time passed. One month went by, and Su Ming still did not wake up. He was immersed in his state to gain his epiphany, still lingering around the tone contained within the three words.

He was trying to search for the person who had Branded these three words on this black wooden Life Scroll as he spoke them, and was trying to find out what sort of epiphany he had gained that would make him say those three words with such sentiment.

Bai family's ancestor had once walked down the path Su Ming traveled all those years ago, and as he continued understanding the meaning of Life, he managed to possess such great power that he became one of the creators of Freezing Sky Clan.

It was this path that Su Ming was moving through.

However, epiphanies differed for each individual. When different people went on to understand the same sentence and the same tone, they would gain different results.

As Su Ming continued trying to understand the words, as the remaining people who chose to stay behind in the ninth summit continued living their lives peacefully, as Hu Zi and the bald crane continued playing with each other, and as Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain quietly while her black locks were lifted by the wind to reveal her beautiful figure, at that moment, right outside the protective screen of life surrounding the gigantic island where Freezing Sky Clan was located, far from the tranquil scene in the ninth summit...

The Dead Sea roared and raged with waves surging into the sky. Hundreds of gigantic heads emerged from the surface of the sea. Their eyes shone with a cold and detached dark light as they stared at the protective screen of light while continuously closing in on it.

Behind them were Aquatic Dragons that would occasionally reveal their gigantic bodies. As their roars filled the sky... a gigantic ship of a hundred thousand feet long appeared at the furthest corner of the Dead Sea!!

At the top of the ship was a slender figure. His face could not be seen clearly, only his heartless and prideful eye, which were sparkling like brilliant stars!

There was a woman keeping him company by his side. The woman's dark locks danced in the sea breeze, and she was an incredibly elegant sight.

She looked at the island behind the protective screen of light and asked softly, "Big brother Beiling1, is this South Morning's Freezing Sky Clan?"

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 572 — The Immortals' Prodigy! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 572 — The Immortals' Prodigy!**

*Chapter 572: The Immortals' Prodigy!*

"This is one of the three big islands in South Morning that was formed after Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent." The man with the heartless and prideful eyes stood on the warship and lifted his right hand before swinging his arm forward. Immediately, a jade slip appeared in his hand.

That jade slip sparkled and projected an illusory map before the man and the woman.

On the map was an impressive projection of the complete Eastern Wastelands and the islands that were formed after South Morning was split apart, as well as the duo's current location.

They could clearly see three words written on the island before them on the map.

Freezing Sky Clan.

"The three big islands in South Morning are the strongest forces among the Berserker remnants now. This should be where the Immortals from Great Leaf Immortal Sect descend, but from what our Sect Leader has deduced, Great Leaf Immortal Sect has suffered quite a lot of damage in the land of the Berserkers this time!

"Di Tian's projection has died, and there is absolutely no news about the Sect Elder of Great Leaf Immortal Sect here, so he must have run into an accident... Big brother Beiling, you shouldn't meet much resistance when we get there. This trip shouldn't be hard." The woman looked at the protective screen of light not too far away and spoke softly.

"If we don't meet much resistance, then it also means that this place might not be the spot where the second God of Berserkers' left hand was sealed." The man called Beiling spoke slowly, as his gaze turned even more aloof.

"There is a third of a chance that the second God of Berserkers' left hand is sealed in this place. We need luck for this. Besides, compared to the island where the Ocean Sky Sect descends in Sky Mist Dao, as well as South Morning's third island, which is controlled by Hidden Dragon Sect, I believe that this place has the highest possibility for us to find that arm," the woman said softly after pondering it for a moment.

Beiling let out a cold harrumph and did not speak, which was a sign of him agreeing to the woman's words. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards the growing closer island where Freezing Sky Clan was located. Immediately, the Dead Sea roared. The hundreds of Dead Sea Giants before them opened their mouths wide and simultaneously let out low roars. As they did so, they swiftly emerged from a large area of the sea, and anyone who cast a glance towards the area would find hundreds of giants taking large strides and swiftly closing in on the screen of light around Freezing Sky Clan's island.

The waves roared, and as the sea churned, it turned into a vortex with the island located right at the center. With a loud bang, the vortex started turning.

"Big brother Beiling, don't worry. The person who went to search for the second God of Berserkers' left hand in the Ocean Sea Sect's island, which is where the Immortals descend in Sky Mist Dao, is Sikong. He might have extraordinary power, but he's arrogant and too prideful. He'll definitely run into a lot of obstacles. It's still uncertain whether he'll be able to successfully occupy the place. This time, all of you prodigies will be ranked according to your achievements, and you, big brother Beiling, will definitely have a high rank." The woman looked at him, and there was a gentle look on her face.

"Sikong isn't a problem, but the person who is going to Hidden Dragon Sect's third island... is Chenchong. He's the one enemy I'm the most worried about this time!" Beiling stated calmly. The moment he mentioned Chenchong's name, a hint of wariness appeared on his face.

"Sikong, Chenchong... and then there's Eastern Wasteland's Bisu and... Justice Heaven Dao's Ye Wang." Beiling narrowed his eyes. When he uttered that last name, his face darkened.

"Ye Wang..." The woman also frowned. Clearly, that name had left a deep impression in her mind.

The woman hesitated for a moment before she spoke softly. "Ye Wang, the best among all the disciples of this generation... and acknowledged by all the Immortals' Sects! The Five Immortals offered him protection right from his birth and even opened up his Dao for him. He was fated to become an Immortal... It is said that when he was born, ten Immortal Spirits who had originally passed away were resurrected, and they were given to him by heaven to protect him."

Beiling remained silent and did not speak, but a will to fight burned in his eyes. He might be looking at the hundreds of Dead Sea Giants attacking the protective screen of light, but he was not too bothered by it. What truly caught his attention was the competition among all the prodigies from each of the Sects that had descended in the land of the Berserkers!

"I'll leave the screen of light to you, junior sister Chenxin." Beiling closed his eyes and sat down cross-legged at the bow of the warship. The woman beside him nodded gently and looked at him. This person had been in her heart ever since she was young. She was willing to give up everything for him.

However... Beiling's cold and aloof attitude had caused her to feel dejected. Chenxin sighed in her heart, then lifted her hand. There was a jade bracelet on her wrist. It was letting out a gentle light at that moment, and it covered her entire body. One ray of light broke off to shoot through the Dead Sea. Once it connected with the protective screen of light, runic symbols used for deduction immediately appeared in her eyes.

Time trickled by. On the second day the warship and the hundreds of Dead Sea Giants appeared next to the protective screen of light, and hundreds of long arcs flew up from beyond the ninth summit. The people within them were those who had left the mountain. These people's faces were panic-stricken as they charged into the air. They flew towards the ninth summit to bring the people there a shocking news.

There were enemies approaching the island, and they were trying to break their screen of light!

Hundreds of Dead Sea Giants, powerful Aquatic Dragons, and a hundred thousand feet long ship. These pieces of news caused all the people on the ninth summit to wake up from their meditation.

It was especially so for the Lord of Heaven Gate. The old man in white immediately issued a few orders with a grave face. A dozen something long arcs left the ninth summit, and when night arrived, they returned. Not too far away from Su Ming's isolation grounds, Bai Su, Hu Zi, the Lord of Heaven Gate, and the other powerful warriors from the other tribes in the ninth summit silently looked at an illusionary picture before them.

Within that picture were the Dead Sea Giants, the Aquatic Dragons, the gigantic, terrifying ship, and also the black-haired man sitting on it.

They also saw the continuously fading protective screen of light, and also the petite figure standing beside the man with her arms wide open. She was clearly the cause for their protection screen waning.

"A person who can control the creatures in the Dead Sea... Who could she be...?"

"Could she be from Eastern Wastelands?"

"To hell with them! No matter who they are, if they dare touch the ninth summit, then I'll let them have a few pieces of my mind!" Hu Zi gave the picture a few glares and roared.

The bald crane cast a disdainful, sideways glance towards him, and started wondering how it should run away if the entire ninth summit were not these people's opponents.

"Miss Bai Su... do you know when Sir Su Ming will wake up?" The old man in white hesitated for a moment before he looked towards Bai Su.

She looked towards the spot where Su Ming sat, looked at him, then shook her head gently.

When she did so, a muffled rumble suddenly came from the distance and traveled to them swiftly. No one could tell precisely where that sound originated, because it came

from all directions at the same time, as if it had rang into the air at the same time all around them.

That sound came incredibly suddenly, and almost the moment it reached their ears, they saw cracks appearing in the sky. They made it seem as if the sky itself was being torn apart, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that the cracks had appeared on the invisible screen of light around them.

Due to the booming sounds and the cracks, the expression on the old man in white changed, and several people around him immediately stood up with incredibly grave expressions, as well.

Whistles and moans from a gust of wind resounded in the air at that moment. A stench that did not belong to the icy sea in this area but the Dead Sea traveled into the area along with that gust of wind as well!

The screen of light had shattered!

The strength of that screen of light had made even Su Ming frown, and it was able to withstand the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands, but now... in just one day, it had crumbled. At that moment, all the people in the ninth summit who were awake felt their hearts tremble, and they gained a rough estimation of their enemies' strength.

However, it swiftly turned into anguish.

When the protective screen of light shattered and disappeared, blood trickled out of the corners of Chenxin's mouth, as she stood beyond the island. Her face turned pale, and she even had a dull and lifeless look about her. She took a few staggering steps backwards.

"Big brother Beiling, I can only intercept the protection here for three days. Three days later, it'll appear again, that's why... you have only that time."

Beiling had already stood up beside her. A biting cold air surrounded him, and there was a freezing look in his eyes. He did not look at Chenxin, but lifted his right hand and formed a seal, then pointed forward.

The hundreds of Dead Sea Giants immediately roared and rushed towards the island, right where Freezing Sky Clan was located. They strode towards the island with loud, booming steps. As the waves from the Dead Sea rose and fell, it submerged the edges of the island. Aquatic Dragons of tens of thousands of feet rose into the air, occasionally revealing their black bodies within the clouds in the sky. Their roars also reverberated in the air, spreading in all directions.

There were nine Aquatic Dragons who were charging towards Freezing Sky Clan, as they tumbled through the layers of clouds in the sky.

Beiling was standing at the bow of the ship, and the ship beneath him was tearing through the sea. At the instant it closed in on the island, it charged out of the sea and started rushing forward in midair!

At that moment, the entire area where Freezing Sky Clan's island was located was covered by roars and a ruthless as well as a harsh aura!

"I'm the Immortal Beiling, and I have come to retrieve the second God of Berserkers' left arm. All you Berserkers, kneel down and prostrate yourselves before me. You will be allowed to live if you accept being Soulsought, and if any of you resist... I will kill without exception!" His voice rang in the air like thunder, and as it traveled forth, all of those in the ninth summit could hear his words buzzing in their ears!

Almost at the same time Beiling spoke up, a great divine sense spread out abruptly from his body. That divine sense did not spread out in a large area, but once the ship beneath his body absorbed it, that divine sense spread out abruptly with the ship as its center.

Once the divine sense was transformed by the ship, it managed to spread out to an incredibly wide area. Almost in an instant, it covered the entire island.

Immediately, a picture appeared within the air above the ship and right before Beiling, and it was a shrunken map depicting the entire island where Freezing Sky Clan was located!

It did not matter whether it was the land itself or the icy sea right in the middle, everything was shown clearly on the picture.

There were a hundred something flashing spots within that illusionary map, and each of those flashing spots represented a Berserker, and on this map, the number of these white flashing spots was the most on the ninth summit!

There were also some who were scattered here and there. As Beiling lifted his right hand and swung forward, dozens of Dead Sea Giants underneath immediately spread out and charged forward, as if they knew exactly where the white flashing spots at the edges were located.

Beiling swept his gaze past the ninth summit on his map, and his expression remained as cold and detached as ever. There was even a hint of impatience on his face. To him, this place... was just a part of the uncultured and Barren land of the Berserkers.

*Chapter 573: Beiling*

This was a part of their test. In fact, it could even be said that this was just the first step to their test. Even if this place had basked in incredible glory in the past, but now... it was just the uncultured and Barren land of the Berserkers, filled with a bunch of uncivilized people.

They could only become the crushed stepping stones of the Immortal prodigies in the process of their growth. The Immortals needed to crush these people under their feet so that they could build their own indestructible tower!

It did not matter whether it was the scattered Berserkers in this place or those who had gathered at the mountain on the surface of the sea, Beiling paid no attention to any of them. The only thing that was worthy of his attention was... whether this place was the spot where the second God of Berserkers' left hand was sealed.

As the dozen something Dead Sea Giants spread out, the Berserkers who had left the ninth summit would come to face an incredible danger. Even if they managed to survive the attack, they would be unable to escape Beiling's divine sense. In the end, they would end up getting killed after catching the slightest bit of his attention.

The nine Aquatic Dragons in the sky flew incredibly quickly, the Dead Sea Giants on the ground strode on the ground as they roared, the hundred thousand feet ship sliced through the sky, and as they charged forth, a vast expanse of sea appeared before them!

This sea was not the Dead Sea, but was formed after the ice melted, and right at the center of this sea... was the ninth summit!

The Aquatic Dragons moved through the clouds, and thunder roared in the sky as lightning crackled. The ground trembled under the feet of the Dead Sea Giants. Waves had even begun surging into the sky from the icy sea as they closed in.

A powerful, overbearing presence spread out from the ship in the sky, and wherever that presence went, the world would lose its color!

At that moment, most of the Berserkers on the ninth summit were seized by terror and anguish filled their hearts. They had just gone through the disaster within Heaven Gate and had finally settled themselves after much difficulty, but now... they had to go through yet another life threatening crisis!

They would occasionally cast their gazes towards that person sitting at the top of the mountain. Right then, this person was their only hope.

But Su Ming was immersed in gaining his epiphany and was completely unaware of the things happening outside. In his mind, the words 'What is Life' were echoing repeatedly.

Gradually, he seemed to have understood the meaning behind them slightly, but he still did not have a clear notion about it. When he tried to dig deeper into it, he would find that he seemed to have gained nothing.

As the overbearing presence from the world closed in on the ninth summit and as the seawater roared, the old man in white, the Lord of Heaven Gate, smiled bitterly and stood up. He was the person with the highest level of cultivation in this place, and when he looked at the ninth summit, he knew... that he had no way out.

This was, after all, a part of Freezing Sky Clan. If he left, then it would mean that he would truly lose his home.

"I won't leave. Even if I die, I will die in Freezing Sky Clan. You lot... if you want to leave, then go..."

Bai Su stood up quietly and looked at the sea and the sky in the distance. She did not speak, but the hint of calmness in her eyes showed exactly what she was thinking in her heart.

The people who chose to stay in the ninth summit fell silent. None of them spoke.

A depressing atmosphere instantly fell on the mountain. Even Hu Zi was glaring at the sky with clenched fists. He was the least fitting person to leave this place. Not only was this place his home, the fact that Su Ming was meditating in this place meant that he would absolutely not allow anyone to harm him even the tiniest bit, unless they walked over his corpse.

Hu Zi clenched his fists. Without bothering with the people around him, he quickly walked towards Su Ming and stood before him. His sturdy body covered the sunlight from the clouds shining on Su Ming like a hill, turning into a dark shadow that enveloped him within.

It was right at that moment that the clouds in the sky started tumbling about intensely. The Aquatic Dragons were the first to arrive. They started circling in the sky above the ninth summit, revealing their huge heads as they roared towards the direction beneath them.

The roars from the Aquatic Dragon shook the sky and the earth, causing the surface of the sea to shake and even greater waves to rise into the sky. The Dead Sea Giants also arrived at that moment, and their harsh breathing along with their low roars shook the people's hearts and souls.

"Is Freezing Sky Clan before us?!"

A cold voice traveled forth from the incoming ship behind the Dead Sea Giants. Beiling, who was standing at the bow of the ship, took a step into midair. In an instant, he stood in the sky and lowered his head to look at the people below coldly.

He did not see Su Ming, because Hu Zi's body had already covered him completely. The third senior brother was glaring at the sky.

The Lord of Heaven Gate, the old man in white, swung his arm and rose into the air with an extremely solemn expression. As the Aquatic Dragons in the sky howled and the Dead Sea Giants from the sea roared, he looked at Beiling, who was standing several thousands of feet away, and lowered his straight back, bowing towards him with his fist wrapped in his palm.

"This is indeed Freezing Sky Clan. Sir, I wonder..."

Before he managed to finish speaking, Beiling's cold and detached gaze gathered on him. The Immortals' prodigy cut his words off.

"Leave this mountain and stand to the left. Once I've finished performing Soulseek on you and find that you are without any problems, I will not cause trouble for you." There was a tone to Beiling's voice that did not allow refusal, and it sounded like if they did not agree to it, they would have to face death.

Once Beiling said everything, he lifted his right hand and positioned two of his fingers into the shape of a sword. Immediately, sword aura shot out from his fingertips. A sword glint appeared from his fingers, and it instantly grew to a piercing degree. At that moment, Beiling swung his right hand down on the sea in a slashing motion.

The instant he cut down, loud rumbling sounds came from the sea. A strong gust of wind charged forth and swept through all directions. The surface of the sea trembled, and a gigantic crack tore through the surface. That crack was a hundred something feet wide and thousands of feet long. It was as if a small part of the sea had been cut off, and the crack was so deep that they could even see the bottom of the sea!

All the people saw this scene, and a chill instantly emerged from the depths of their hearts. The might of that one slash was definitely not something a normal person could withstand!

"I will not repeat my words!" Beiling swept his gaze across the ninth summit, speaking slowly.

The entire ninth summit instantly fell silent. Several breaths later, three long arcs shot into the air, leaving the ninth summit to stand on Beiling's left side.

Once someone took the lead, even if the remaining people felt humiliated, the courage to fight back would not rise within them when they were in the face of absolute power.

All of them turned into long arcs and left the ninth summit to fly towards Beiling's left. Incredibly complicated expressions could be seen on their faces as they stood in silence.

The Lord of Heaven Gate looked at the crowd leaving the ninth summit silently. At that moment, there were only three people left on the mountain. One of them was Su Ming, another was Hu Zi, who stood before Su Ming to hide him away, and the last one was Bai Su.

"The ninth summit is part of Freezing Sky Clan, and it is the only part remaining of Freezing Sky Clan now... I'm the Lord of Heaven Gate, and I will not allow you to perform a Soulseek as you please!"

The old man sucked in a deep breath and a brilliant light shone in his eyes. As he lifted his right hand, the power in his body instantly erupted forth to turn into a whirlwind that surrounded him.

He had his own dignity, and he had already been humiliated when Si Ma Xin planted his Berserker Thread in him. However, Si Ma Xin was still a member of Freezing Sky Clan, and because of that, he could endure the humiliation!

Yet now, this person before him was incredibly unfamiliar, and if he continued enduring through this, then he would have failed Freezing Sky Clan and his status as Lord of Heaven Gate!

'If we were still the Freezing Sky Clan of the past... We would never have let others humiliate us so with the number of powerful warriors we had...' The old man felt pain in his heart. He might value his life, but at the moment, compared to his dignity, his life... was nothing!

Almost the moment his power erupted, he lifted his right hand. Immediately, rumbling sounds echoed behind him, and a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers appeared.

"You overestimate yourself."

As Beiling spoke flatly, the nine Aquatic Dragons in the sky roared and charged together towards the old man. Each of these creatures possessed the power equivalent to those who had reached the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Their bodies were also far stronger than that of a Berserker. As they rushed forth, they instantly surrounded the old man in white.

Loud rumbling sounds shook the sky. The old man was trapped among the Aquatic Dragons and it was incredibly difficult for him to be able to break free. He could only grit his teeth and execute his divine abilities to fight against the nine creatures!

Or more accurately, they were not just nine Aquatic Dragons... but ten!

At some unknown point of time, another one had appeared, swimming around the other nine while roaring. However, its eyes were moving around quickly, as if it was searching for a chance to leave.

Beiling did not pay any attention to this additional Aquatic Dragon. Instead, he took a step towards the ninth summit. His pride had caused him to be incredibly tyrannical and overbearing when he did things. Besides, if he wanted to make all the Berserkers here submit to him, he definitely had to do this.

"You will need to make the souls of this uncivilized race tremble and make even their bones shiver. This is the only way to make them submit to you."

Once they submitted to him, he still had to search through all of their memories and see if he could find any clues. After that, he would still have to think of a way to search for the second God of Berserkers' left hand.

He was used to this sort of submissive display towards him. This might be the first time he came to the land of the Berserkers, but he had already experienced many battles and performed many subjugations as he traveled through the stars that belonged to the Immortals. He could already be said to be incredibly familiar with this sort of thing.

Chenxin looked at Beiling from the ship. In her memories, he was not like this in the past. In fact, he had only begun to be arrogant and cold over the past few years, losing every single shred of emotion within him.

She sighed inwardly, and when her gaze fell on the old man in white trapped by the Aquatic Dragons as rumbling sounds traveled through the air, she was momentarily taken aback. She took a few closer looks, then frowned.

She noticed that there were ten Aquatic Dragons, not nine.

Chenxin did not open her mouth to say anything, but instead chose to pay close attention to the ten creatures. A light of deduction appeared in her eyes, as if she was trying to find out which was the extra tenth dragon!

Beiling took a step forward and stood on the ninth summit, then his cold and detached gaze fell on Bai Su.

"I don't kill women." When Beiling looked at her, his expression remained as aloof as ever, before he turned around to walk towards Hu Zi.

"There's someone behind you. The fact that you're protecting that person shows your loyalty. For being such a loyal person, I will grant you a dignified death."

When Beiling said that, his speed abruptly increased. In the blink of an eye, he had arrived before Hu Zi, and he lifted two of his fingers of his right hand. The sword aura

that had cut apart the sea just moments ago emerged once again, and he cut towards the stoic man.

Hu Zi let out a low roar and clenched his right hand into a fist. Ripples immediately came from his body. As they fluctuated, they surrounded the entire area, turning into an existence that was akin to the surface of water. Then, he lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards Beiling.

"Get lost!"

*Chapter 574: Waking Up!*

A light rumble traveled forth. As the surface of the water before Hu Zi flashed violently and eventually crumbled, his fist struck the air a foot before Beiling, and his fist felt as if he had just landed on cotton, not managing to cause any effect.

Instead, a sharp sword aura spread through his entire body, causing Hu Zi's body to tremble, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. He took a few steps back. Su Ming was right behind him as he moved back, but Hu Zi would rather be injured even more than move away from the spot where Su Ming was.

"You are a loyal one indeed, but your power is simply too weak..." Beiling averted his gaze from Hu Zi and looked towards Su Ming sitting on the mountain rock cross-legged. A barely noticeable glint appeared in his eyes.

"No wonder I didn't notice him much earlier, so he has sealed himself off!" Beiling lifted his right hand and positioned his palm straight before moving towards Su Ming. He would have his hand land on Su Ming's head the moment he closed in.

He wanted to search through this person's memories, but right when his hand was about to fall on Su Ming's head, Bai Su turned into a long arc and closed in on him.

Hu Zi also roared as he struggled to his feet and lunged at him once again while flinging all caution to the wind.

Beiling let out a cold harrumph. The sound was like thunder, and when it traveled forward, it turned into a loud bang in Hu Zi's ears, causing his footsteps to freeze, and he coughed up blood once again, but he did not move back. Instead, he rushed in between Beiling and Su Ming. Standing before his junior brother once again to use his body to protect him!

He let out a roar straight from his soul, his eyes entirely bloodshot.

Bai Su shuddered. As the rumbling sounds echoed in the air, blood trickled down the corners of her lips. Her vision blurred out, and when she could look clearly, she saw an endless desert stretching out before her.

To the others, Beiling's harrumph had caused a dazed expression to instantly appear on Bai Su's face. She stood there, unmoving. But Hu Zi had clearly not sunk into that illusion. Instead, with bloodshot eyes, he charged towards Beiling once again in a mad dash.

"If you hurt my junior brother, I will not stop hounding you till I die!" Hu Zi roared furiously, and without caring for the injuries on his body, he lifted his fist and charged forward.

Beiling frowned and looked at the man blocking his path. He had originally admired his loyalty, but once he heard his words, he was visibly moved.

"I see, so he is your junior brother. This is righteousness... Oh well, if you can still stand before me after withstanding three of my sword strikes, then I will forgive your disrespect."

As Beiling spoke, he lifted his right hand again, and with two of his fingers in the position of a sword, he swung his hand towards the roaring Hu Zi charging towards him. In the process of his hand swinging down, a piercing sword glare abruptly rose into the air and rushed out in the shape of an arc!

Hu Zi roared and lifted his right hand to strike that sword glare. An illusory wave of distortions also spread out from his body, causing the air around him to become indistinct as well, and during that moment, a Berserker Mark appeared on his face!

That Berserker Mark was a mountain, and that mountain... was the ninth summit!

"The ninth summit is my home, and the person behind me is my junior brother. When I'm around, it doesn't matter whether it is the sky or the earth, it doesn't matter whether it is any person or any living creature, none of you are allowed to hurt even a hair on my junior brother's head!" As Hu Zi roared, he hurled his right fist forward, and his punch crashed into Beiling's sword glare.

Loud booming sounds shook the skies at that instant. Beiling did not move. In fact, his robes did not even flutter, but Hu Zi took three steps back. He would have taken a fourth step, but he could not, because right behind him was his junior brother!

He forced himself to stop and coughed up a mouthful of blood. The flesh on his right hand was torn and bloodied, and there was even a deep sword gash at his chest. Blood was gushing out of it.

There was a dull and lifeless look on his face, but there was a ball of fire burning in his heart. At that moment, he looked as if he would burn everything within him, all for the sake of protecting his junior brother... Su Ming!

Even if he died, he would still be without regrets!

"Again!"

Hu Zi wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips, but since his right hand was already a bloodied mess, when he wiped his lips, even more blood was smeared over there. He shivered. He could already feel death creeping up towards him, but he... still did not withdraw even the tiniest bit!

"We will all eventually die, and if I die for my junior brother, it's worth it!"

Hu Zi clenched his left hand and struck his chest. More red appeared in his eyes. A dream-like presence abruptly spread out from his body and fused with his Berserker Mark. It actually gave Beiling the false impression that he was looking at a huge mountain.

He looked at Hu Zi and declared slowly, "You are the second person I've met that deserves my respect. But I'd like to see just how long you can last." Beiling lifted his right hand, but he no longer had two fingers in the position of a sword. This time, he had three fingers!

He looked as if he was forming a seal, and once he made it, he pointed towards the incoming Hu Zi. In that instant, an illusory longsword appeared before Beiling. Once it manifested, it let out a piercing sword whistle, as it charged straight towards Hu Zi!

The man and sword crashed into each other during that instant. Hu Zi let out a muffled groan, and the illusory version of the ninth summit before him collapsed while twisting in the air. The dream-like presence spreading out from his body also scattered away.

His left hand shattered with a bang. When he coughed up blood, his body began swaying and his face turned pale, but he forced his falling body to stop. Blood filled his mouth, his eyes were red, and his breathing gradually weakened.

The sword continued floating in midair, but it had shattered and was no longer in the form of a sword.

"You still have to endure one more strike. I will tell you this. I've only used two tenths of my strength previously. Now... I will use an eighth of my strength to show my respect towards you. Tell me your name. You have the right for me to ask you that question." Beiling lifted his right hand, and this time he had his entire palm positioned in the form of a sword!

A sword glare spread out from Beiling's right hand. That sword was seven feet long and did not look like an illusion, but instead looked incredibly real.

"I'm your grandpa!"

Hu Zi gave a weak, vicious grin. With his torn and bloodied right hand, he seized at the air in the direction of his bosom, and a pot of wine appeared in his hand. It had been a long time since he drank, but now, as death loomed over his head, he brought that pot of wine to his lips and took a big swig from it.

Beiling frowned and swung his right hand towards Hu Zi. Immediately, the illusory long sword in his hand spun into the air, and with an astonishing, sharp presence, it tore through the air, forming a crack in space, and charged straight towards his opponent.

Hu Zi's expression was calm. He stood his ground, protecting Su Ming behind him, and he closed his eyes. However, there was a ball of fire burning within him at that moment.

He was burning his own life so that he could use it to withstand this slash and protect his junior brother!

"Youngest junior brother, farewell..."

The sword came charging towards him with a howl, while invisible flames engulfed Hu Zi's body. Right at that moment, a hand pressed against his back.

When that palm touched him, an abundant amount of life force surged into Hu Zi's body like a flowing stream, extinguishing the flames burning in him and replenishing the life force he'd lost, even recovering the injuries he'd sustained slightly.

All of this happened within an instant. Just as Hu Zi was taken aback by this, the long sword closed in, and during that moment, Su Ming, who had been sitting behind Hu Zi while meditating, stood up with a dark look on his face. He took a step forward, and at the same moment he exchanged places with Hu Zi, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the incoming longsword.

All of this might seem to have happen over a long period of time, but in truth, only an instant had passed since the moment Su Ming woke up to the moment he pointed forward. That finger touched the long sword, and an indescribably loud bang exploded into the air.

Because of it, Beiling withdrew for the first time ever, and this time, he even took a dozen something steps backwards. With each step, a deep footprint would be left behind on the ground, and it even made the entire mountain tremble. When he took his final step, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood with a pale face. He lifted his head swiftly, with shock evident on his face.

Su Ming was not forced to take even a step backwards. He stood right where he was, and behind him was Hu Zi, his senior brother, the senior brother who had used his life to protect and defend him just moments ago!

This senior brother of his might like laughing and grinning foolishly, might think of himself as an incredibly intelligent person, might be so straightforward in his actions that he would at times cause others to not know how to deal with him, but he was his senior brother, the man who had used everything within him to protect his junior brother!

This was Hu Zi!

Su Ming's third senior brother!

"Senior brother, I'm here."

Su Ming did not look at Beiling. He looked instead at Hu Zi, and as he spoke gently, he pressed his left hand on his chest, and immediately, a vast amount of life force surged into his body once again.

Hu Zi grinned foolishly and looked back at him. That honest expression made Su Ming's heart clench in pain, because the injuries on Hu Zi's chest were incredibly grievous at the moment. His hands were also torn into bloody ribbons. His pale face, his honest, straightforward smile, and his mountain-like build were things that Su Ming would never forget in his life.

"Junior brother, am I going to die...? If I'm going to die, then let me die... I'm not afraid... Remember, you have to look for Master..." It was becoming hard for Hu Zi to breathe, and his voice was disjointed.

"You won't die!" Su Ming stated stubbornly!

At that moment, Beiling, who was forced back a dozen something steps, stared at Su Ming. An incredibly grim look appeared on his face. He swiftly lifted his right hand, and a large amount of sword shadows appeared around him, and they looked as if they numbered to nearly a hundred. As he pointed forward with his right hand, those sword shadows whistled in the air, tore through space, and rushed towards Su Ming.

"You won't die. If anyone dares to take your life, I will search for them throughout heaven and earth, and I will destroy their clans, wipe their sects, and eradicate their families!" Su Ming declared through gritted teeth, and when he lifted his left hand from Hu Zi's chest, a blue glow appeared in his eyes. He formed a strange seal with his hand, and that seal looked like the word 'Life'.

"You won't die, because I will seize Life for you!"

Su Ming swiftly pressed his left hand on the center of Hu Zi's brows, and at the same time, he lifted his right hand and pushed in the direction towards the near a hundred sword shadows charging towards him.

With that one push, a power of time reversal swiftly erupted from his right hand.

*Chapter 575: Beiling, Without any Space In-Between!*

The instant this power that reversed time burst forth, the hundred sword shadows that were charging towards Su Ming from behind him froze and abruptly started tumbling backwards. Beiling's pupils shrank. Almost the instant those swords fell back and his body started retreating against his will, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. Right at the moment this blood appeared, it turned into a blood-red chain that surrounded the area, turning the place into a vortex made of chains.

The vortex crashed into the invisible power causing time to reverse and created a violent bang. The chain crumbled in an instant, the hundred sword shadows completely vanished, and Beiling took two steps backwards, but in the midst of time reversing, he forced himself to move forward!

At the instant he did so, Su Ming lifted his left hand from the center of Hu Zi's brows and turned around. Then, for the first time, he looked at Beiling face to face. Behind him, Hu Zi had closed his eyes and fallen asleep. His chest rose and fell, still alive, a mark similar to the word 'Life' at the center of his brows.

That mark sparkled at the same rhythm as Hu Zi's breathing.

Su Ming looked at Beiling, with a complicated emotion hidden within his eyes. In truth, right at the moment he woke up, he had already seen this figure that once existed only in his memories.

They were exactly the same... If he had to say that there was a difference between them, then the Bei Ling in his memories was a young teenager, and the person standing before him right then had the marks of time on his body. He might not look ancient, but there was an extreme arrogance and coldness about him.

If Su Ming had been his previous self from many years ago, then he would definitely be incredibly excited and worked up the moment he saw Beiling, but now, after going through the striking resemblance between Bai Su and Bai Ling, then experiencing the matter between Si Ma Xin and the corpse on the altar located on the continent in that galaxy, and once he learned of many other secrets, he was no longer excited. There were only mixed feelings within him.

Beiling did not know him.

Su Ming expected this since a long time ago. He looked at Beiling, and the man looked at him. At the moment their gazes met each other, Beiling felt his heart tremble. He had a sudden feeling that even though the person before him was an unfamiliar sight, but his gaze gave him an incredibly familiar feeling, and that sense of familiarity caused him to be momentarily stunned.

"Bei Ling, it's been a long time," said Su Ming calmly.

A glint appeared in Beiling's eyes. He stared at him.

"You know me?"

"Is your name spelled B-E-I, space, L-I-N-G?" Su Ming asked slowly. There was no way out of this, he had to take responsibility for what this person did.

"There's no space in-between!" Beiling said coldly. The ship in the distance closed in slowly, and the woman standing at the bow of the ship stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded look in her eyes. Gradually, disbelief appeared on her face, and her breathing quickened.

"You too, Chen Xin, it's been a long time." Su Ming moved his gaze away from Beiling and looked towards the woman as he spoke softly.

"You... You are..." Chenxin widened her eyes and looked at Su Ming. Beiling saw the disbelief in her eyes, and it caused him to look closely into his opponent's eyes.

"It doesn't matter who I am. Bei Ling, let's fight!"

A sharp glare shone in Su Ming's eyes, covering the complicated look in his eyes. When he looked towards Beiling, he lifted his right hand and swung it to the side.

"This time, I will not fight for myself. I will fight... because you injured my senior brother!"

Beiling fell silent. A chilling glare appeared swiftly in his eyes, and with a solemn expression, he lifted his right hand and seized something behind his head. He looked as if he had seized at air, but in truth, he had grabbed onto something that no one else could see.

Then, as if a sword was slowly being pulled out from behind his back, the chilling glare in his eyes shone, and he lifted his right foot to take a step towards Su Ming.

At the instant he took that step, an anxious look appeared on Chenxin's face. She immediately flew out from the ship, and her voice rang in the air.

"Beiling, he's..."

"Quiet!"

Beiling did not turn his head back, and with a low growl, he cut off Chenxin's words. Then, with an extreme speed, he closed the gap between him and Su Ming until there was less than a hundred feet left between them. A red glare suddenly appeared in the air above his right hand, and a red longsword turned into a burning long arc as he let go of it before charging towards Su Ming like a shooting star.

At the same time, Beiling began forming seals with his hands and pointed towards the sky. Immediately, the clouds in the sky tumbled about and the Aquatic Dragons that had trapped the old man in white let out a roar together, leaving the old man to charge towards Beiling before turning into a robe with embroidered pythons above his head!

That python robe danced in the air as if there was someone invisible wearing it, and it swung its sleeve at Su Ming.

But that was not enough to show just how powerful Beiling was. He pressed his left hand to the ground, and the seawater beneath them immediately started churning, turning into a huge face. That face was exactly the same as Beiling's and was made entirely of seawater. At that moment, it opened its mouth wide and rose swiftly from the depths of the sea to rush towards Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at the sword charging towards him. Behind him was Hu Zi, and right behind that divine ability before him was his companion from Dark Mountain, the companion existing in his memories. Su Ming would not forget his memories about Dark Mountain, and neither would he forget Hu Zi's camaraderie.

"I don't owe you anything..." he mumbled. In the face of the sword coming straight towards him, he closed his eyes.

At the instant he closed his eyes, the red sword glare closed in on him and stabbed his chest, right where his heart was. That sword was brimming with killing intent, and it was a sword that moved to kill Su Ming!

A bang rang in the air and spread through the entire area. Su Ming took a step back. A small portion of the sword in the long arc had pierced into his chest but could no longer plunge itself deeper into him, as if his body possessed incomparable durability, and this sword alone could not hope to pierce through him!

"With this sword... the debt of you teaching me the bow and arrow is over..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to press against the sword in his chest. Once he held it, he squeezed it tightly, and golden light swiftly shone on his entire body. That golden light came from every inch of his flesh and blood, originating from

every single piece of his bone. There was a snapping sound once Su Ming squeezed down on the red sword, and it started shattering inch by inch before turning into a large amount of broken fragments that scattered into the sea.

Almost the instant Su Ming crushed the sword, the invisible person wearing the python robe closed in on him, and as the robe waved its sleeve, the illusions of the nine Aquatic Dragons manifested to open their mouths wide towards Su Ming. At the moment they snapped their jaws shut, they wrapped their bodies around him, and as they pulled their bodies tighter around him, a great force aiming to tear him limb from limb appeared!

Su Ming did not move. Yet no matter how much the Aquatic Dragons roared, they could only make his face turn slightly pale. His body still remained standing with his back straight on the ground. He was not torn apart.

"With this strike... our friendship since we were children is over..." Su Ming lowered his head and whispered softly. At the instant these words fell from his lips, the golden light spreading out of his body swiftly exploded.

When he lifted his right hand, wherever the golden light went, shrill screams of pain would come from the nine Aquatic Dragons. Banging sounds reverberated in the air, and the dragons shattered simultaneously. As their broken bodies fell down, they turned into pieces of cloth with embroidered pythons.

Su Ming's words fell into Beiling's ears, but not a single change of emotion could be detected on his face. Instead, his expression turned even more aloof. At that moment, the third divine ability he had executed, the huge face formed of seawater, closed in, and with a loud rumble it completely enveloped Su Ming and the entire ninth summit within.

Anyone looking from the distance would no longer see the ninth summit. They would only see a gigantic head. That head was tens of thousands of feet tall as it stood erect on the surface of the sea. Within it was the ninth summit!

"With this seawater, you drowned our memories in Dark Mountain. Bei Ling, from now on, you are Beiling... I, Su Ming, have never owed you anything. I have never owed you anything in the past, and now, I still do not owe you anything... You've injured my senior brother. Now, I will make you pay!"

The instant Su Ming's voice traveled out from the pillar of seawater, a loud rumble that shook the sky and earth swiftly rose into the air, and violent ripples came from within. As those ripples spread out and the rumbling sounds roared in the air, the pillar swiftly collapsed. The seawater formed a ring and started shooting outwards in all directions, like a wave of impact.

At that same moment, a blurry figure shot out and closed in on Beiling. It pointed towards him, a presence that belonged to Life Cultivation swiftly surrounding Su Ming's fingertip.

This presence of Life Cultivation was a power that could shake souls, and crush Life Matrices. The reason behind Life Cultivation's great power was precisely because it could allow the cultivator to rattle another's Life Matrix, to alter his own fate, to turn the universe upside down, and even to overturn the divine force that created all lives!

Su Ming had possessed a hint of presence belonging to Life Cultivation earlier, but that presence had been dull and lifeless due to his confusion, chaotic due to his uncertainty. Even so, that presence had been incredibly astonishing.

Yet now, even though he still had yet to obtain his full answer, Su Ming had a sort of understanding in his heart. He might be unable to use words to describe that understanding, but he could still sense its presence.

That was a comprehension towards the word - Life!

It was precisely because of this that the presence of Life Cultivation coming from Su Ming's body could make Beiling become visibly moved, and shock to appear on his cold face. He could clearly sense it. His soul started shaking because of that finger!

"This finger is your punishment for stepping on the ninth summit!"

Beiling did not have time to hesitate. In haste, he quickly retreated, and as he lifted his right hand, all the pores in his body opened up, and wisps of sword aura burst out to swiftly stand against Su Ming's incoming finger.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Beiling coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered several hundreds of feet back. A sharp wave of pain filled every single nook and cranny of his body, and the large amount of sword aura that had spread out from his body crumbled and shattered nonstop.

A tiny wound appeared on the pad of Su Ming's finger. Fresh blood flowed, but he did not stop. With large strides, he walked towards Beiling.

As Su Ming closed in, he swung his arm and clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it straight towards Beiling through the air. When he delivered that punch, the golden light on his entire body seemed to have gathered on his fist, and from the distance, Su Ming's right fist looked like a golden sun. Illuminating the entire area, it rushed towards his opponent.

Beiling did not have time to wipe the blood from his mouth. His pride would never allow him to accept this sort of defeat... especially losing against Su Ming. This made him lift his right hand to swiftly press against the top of his skull. His entire body started

trembling, and right before Su Ming's eyes, a sword manifested itself in Beiling's body. That sword was within him and only about the size of his palm. At the moment Beiling struck the top of his skull, the sword flew out.

*Chapter 576: The Answer is, it is Fake...*

At the instant the sword flew out, the sword aura that raged through the entire world swiftly reverberated in the air. As Beiling pointed forward, a black and white glow shot out from the sword and charged towards Su Ming with a howl.

"This punch is your punishment for hurting my senior brother!"

Su Ming's fist crashed into that small sword. A rumbling sound shot through the air, a wave of impact spread out. Beiling coughed up blood once again and took a few steps backwards. As his face turned pale, he saw Su Ming standing in his spot. He did not even budge a single inch. Instead, he unfurled his fist and casually grabbed the black and white small sword.

"Beiling, your strongest forte isn't the sword, but the arrow! You don't use swords like this..."

Su Ming shook the small sword in his grip a little, and his divine sense abruptly rose up to fuse with his powerful will before he sent it charging into the small sword. A shrill sword whistle shot out from the sword, as if it wanted to struggle against him and was calling for its master.

However, that sword whistle did not last for more than ten breaths before it died away, and as Su Ming gave that sword a light wave, it grew to be three feet long. As he held the sword in his hand, his comprehension towards swords, which Hong Luo had gained as part of his inheritance as a member of the Immortals' royalty and which Su Ming had inherited from him, emerged in his head.

This was a way of wielding the sword. However, Hong Luo himself did not use swords, and that was why he did not practice this skill. Su Ming had also tested it out with the small virescent sword before, but the sword had been unable to handle this different manner of control.

At that moment, as he held Beiling's sword in hand, Su Ming took a step forward and closed in on his opponent in an instant. He swung his sword towards him!

Beiling continued retreating. At that moment, his eyes were sparkling as he lifted his right hand to form a few seals before he moved his left hand to seize the afterimages left behind by those seals. A low growl fell from his lips.

"Explosion from the Crushed Seal!"

As those words were spoken and Beiling relaxed his left hand, a long string of loud rumbling sounds immediately came from in front of him. They sounded like muffled thunder claps. Turning into a wave of impact, they rushed towards Su Ming.

He remained calm. At the instant that impact came towards him, he lifted his left hand and flicked the sword. It started trembling violently, and a piercing hum sounded in the air. The sharp hum turned into a wave of sound that crashed into the rumbling sounds. The space between them instantly collapsed and shattered, turning into a void that could absorb anything.

At the same time, Su Ming bit the tip of his left hand. When blood flowed out, he smeared it on the body of the sword, and a murderous aura swiftly rose from it. Holding the sword in his hand, he swung it towards Beiling in a violent lash-like swing, as there were hundreds of feet between them. A hum sounded in the air, and a red glare was flung out of the sword to swiftly strike Beiling in a whipping motion. When he coughed up blood, Su Ming shook his head and let go of the weapon in his hand.

A fine crack appeared on the sword. There were few swords in the world that could withstand this extreme vibration caused by that one flick before they turned into a wave of sound and that lash that was as flexible as a whip. Even Beiling's sword had begun sporting cracks.

If it had been Su Ming's virescent sword, that full-force flick would have been enough to make it explode. This Art was also supposed to be cast with the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, and One Voice Art, according to Hong Luo's inheritance. By then, the effects of this strike would be incredibly terrifying.

Once Su Ming let go of Beiling's sword, he lifted his right foot and moved forward, then stomped the ground before him!

With that one step, the world rumbled. The clouds above them churned, and the illusion of a huge footprint gathered together before charging towards Beiling with an astonishing presence.

A loud bang rang in the air, and Su Ming lifted his foot again. Once he took seven consecutive steps forward, the clouds in the whole sky started tumbling violently. The banging sounds continued nonstop, and Beiling coughed up fresh blood once again. As he fell back, his hair spilled all over his shoulders, betraying his pathetic state. The cold look on his face was no longer around, replaced by disbelief and dumbfounded shock.

Once Su Ming took those seven steps, he appeared before Beiling, then lifted his right hand and slapped the other's right arm. Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and Beiling's right arm was torn to bloody pieces, splattering his already gravely wounded body.

Su Ming did not stop. He tapped Beiling's left arm, and the man's left arm was shattered, with blood spilling into the air. There was deep gash on Beiling's chest and his arms were a bloody mess. At that moment, his injuries were the exact same as those of Hu Zi.

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and as his opponent staggered backwards, he grabbed Beiling's throat. As he looked at this person silently, the complicated look from before appeared on his face once again.

"Su Ming!"

An anxious voice called out to him. It was Chenxin. She had traveled to this place without care for anything else. When she saw Su Ming seizing Beiling with his hand, tears fell from her eyes.

Beiling also looked at Su Ming, and a broken smile appeared on his face.

"Su... Ming..."

Su Ming looked at Beiling. This was the first time he heard Beiling saying his name once he woke up.

"So you still remember me," he stated softly.

"Su Ming, we bear no ill-will. I didn't know you were here. I... I..." Chenxin cried. As she looked at Su Ming, sharp pain stabbed her heart. The two men before her had left incredibly deep memories within her, and she could not forget either of them.

"We're different from the others. We... There's no way we could possibly forget you..."

Chenxin looked at Su Ming. She originally did not think that she would meet Su Ming so quickly in the Berserkers' world. She had also thought about all sorts of possible scenarios that might occur when she ran into him again, but she had never expected they they would meet again under such circumstances.

"You two... came from the land of the Immortals... Tell me, what was Dark Mountain?" Su Ming asked softly as he looked at Beiling and Chenxin.

"Is Wu La not dead...?"

"Is Bai Ling still around...?"

"Is Lei Chen well...?"

"Where... did elder come from?"

"Ye Wang, Chen Chong, Wu Sen, and all the other people I met in Dark Mountain, are they going to appear in my world one after another...?"

"Is the world where Dark Mountain lies true... or fake...?" he wondered in a mumble.

"Do you... really want to know?" The person who answered Su Ming was not Chenxin, but Beiling. He looked at him with a complicated expression on his face as he spoke hoarsely and with great difficulty.

Su Ming fell silent. Anguish and loneliness appeared on his face, and he slowly let go of his grip around Beiling's neck.

"I already know the answer. Both of you... leave..."

Su Ming turned around and no longer looked at Beiling and Chenxin. He walked towards the ninth summit silently, and behind him Beiling's expression turned even more complicated. Chenxin wept beside him, and as she looked at Su Ming's back, pity appeared in her eyes.

"Su Ming... We are who we are, but we are also not who we are..." Beiling said softly and turned around before moving towards the ship. Chenxin looked at Su Ming and closed her eyes before she left with Beiling. Once these two people landed on the ship, it turned into a long arc and gradually left into the distance.

Only the Dead Sea Giants in the area continued roaring...

"The answer is, it is fake..." Su Ming said softly while standing on the ninth summit. The sea breeze lifted his hair and covered his eyes.

*Chapter 577: Seizing Life!*

"Is it important... whether it is real or fake...?" Su Ming looked at the sea and sky in the distance as he mumbled softly under his breath.

Is it important...? How could it not be important? Those were his most beautiful memories. That was his Dark Mountain... Those were memories left behind on nostalgia filled books, their yellowed pages lifted by a gentle, quiet breeze...

"No, it's not important." Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them after a long while, he felt a little tired. That tiredness did not come from his body, but from his soul.

It was like all lamps had been blown out in a buried city. When he extended his hand out, he would not be touching darkness, but would be touching the unfamiliar sights he could not see. He would also be looking at the sun that belonged to someone else, the faces that belonged to someone else, and the dozen something years of his childhood that belonged to someone else...

The memories after he left Dark Mountain surfaced in his head. In the end, they turned into a huge ball of tangled threads that no one could see through, figure out, or unravel.

The fatigue that sprouted in Su Ming's heart grew deeper as time passed, and when it filled his entire core, it turned into a hint of lonely desolation.

Wind blew past the surface of the sea. The crystalline sparkles on the waves were the result of light coming from the darkening clouds in the sky. That light came from the setting sun beyond the clouds, and it was a charming sight to look upon. In the midst of it all, Su Ming looked as if he was drifting in a sea of memories, as he wrapped his arms tightly around a wooden raft called loneliness, but no matter what, he could not get out of this sea, and he could not bring himself to let go...

He stood there, and as his hair was lifted by the wind, it looked as if the strands were dancing to a tune called life. The wind that blew through the gaps between his hair brought with it a sound, and it turned into the saddest song of a xun in the passage of time.

When Beiling and Chenxin left, Bai Su woke up from the illusion. The instant her world became clear once again, she saw Su Ming standing and looking at the sea and sky.

It was quiet all around them. The old man in white and all the others who had chosen to stand to the left moments ago were all silent.

The fatigue in Su Ming's heart was like a quiet song. It spread out, causing everyone to be immersed in that silence, and no one was willing to make any sound to break it.

However... no one had any idea... who had managed to hear the coda to this song singing about Dark Mountain...

It had been a long time since Su Ming cried, but at that moment, tears gradually flowed down his eyes, yet he did not know about them. It was as if he had already forgotten about their existence.

Those tears were transparent, but when they trickled down his cheeks, they looked as if they had been dyed by his loneliness, causing them to gain a bitter, astringent taste when they reached his lips.

Perhaps everyone's tears are tasteless when they initially flow out, tasting just like the drops of rain that fell from the clouds. Then, as everyone lives through their lives, their tears gradually change, gaining the color of their cheeks, and they would slowly turn bitter.

At some unknown point of time, Bai Su arrived beside Su Ming. Her face was a little pale when she looked at him. She lifted her hand gently and wet her fingertips with his tears.

"Thank you," Su Ming whispered softly. The warmth of those fingertips that touched his face made him open his eyes.

The light from the sunset seeping through the clouds was crimson red. It scattered on the surface of the sea, giving it a brilliant glow while giving the water a muddy look so that they could no longer peer into the sea... This scene was incredibly beautiful. The slender Su Ming, the beautiful Bai Su, the wind lifting their hairs together, and also... the heads of the giants that popped up to the surface of the sea all around them.

However, the roars from the Dead Sea Giants ruined this beautiful scene and broke the silent atmosphere. Their low growls and howls had not disappeared due to Beiling's departure.

Almost the instant the Dead Sea Giants started roaring, Su Ming lifted his hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky gently, but instead of the sky, the sea was the one that moved. The seawater started rotating with loud booming sounds, turning into an incomparably huge whirlpool. As it spun with loud booming sounds, the Dead Sea Giants within struggled, but in the end, even their roars were drowned out by the sound of waves.

Gradually, the people's gazes became filled with great respect as they looked at Su Ming. There was also a hint of fear within their eyes. Because the whirlpool in the sea was spinning faster with each passing moment, and eventually, under that extreme speed, the wind that was stirred up and the water that was swept into the whirlpool, all turned into blades that could sever bones and cut through flesh and blood!

The shrill screams of pain and the giants' struggles as they tried to escape were all useless under the whirlpool's spinning. They could only turn into a pool of fresh, red blood, and also pieces of flesh that were ripped off from their bones.

Eventually... not a single intact Dead Sea Giant could be found on the surface of the sea. When all of them were reduced to crushed bones that filled the red ocean, Su Ming slowly furled his right hand together.

At the instant he clenched his fist, drops of blood floated up from the rotating sea. They gathered together to merge into a gigantic ball before Su Ming.

Once it formed, the seawater returned to its original color. The souls of the near hundred Dead Sea Giants flashed in the ball of blood that floated before Su Ming. Occasionally, they would let out shrill cries that could only be sensed with the mind.

The ball of blood looked as if it was boiling. As it continued gathering together, it began contracting and slowly shrinking. Eventually, it turned into an object that looked like a fingernail shining with a strangely enchanting shade of red as it floated towards Su Ming.

He lifted his head swiftly. The loneliness in his eyes and the forlornness on his face were hidden in the depths of his heart. What was shown was his usual composure. He lifted his right hand swiftly, and when he swiped his index finger past that condensed blood, it looked as if it got glued to it. It was as if his fingertip had turned into a pen, and he started making stroke after stroke in midair...

Su Ming did not know how many strokes he drew in the end, but eventually, a complex runic symbol floated before him. It shone with a bloody glow and exuded an abundant amount of life force. That was the accumulation of all the lives of the Dead Sea Giants.

Seizing Life. The word 'seize' alone could already mean everything!

Su Ming did not know how to tamper with lives, but while he had not completely understood the concept because he had woken up halfway through fumbling about as he continued trying to gain an epiphany through that black wooden block, he still had managed to touch the surface of a passage he had not known in the past.

Life!

Everyone had different lives! That was the matrix guiding their lives. It was the most brilliant light within a living being. Not everyone could see it, but if it was extinguished, then that life would be forfeit. If that light was changed, then the fate of that life would show a transformation of a degree that could turn the world upside down!

This was part of the Principles of Life!

In Su Ming's head, Hu Zi's smiling face appeared, along with his simple and honest expression, and also the figure that had stood like a mountain in defence to the end.

'I might have a faint inkling of what Life is, but I still don't know what Life truly means... I cannot tamper with the Principles of Life, and I can't revive the dead... But since my blood and hair can give life to Si Ma Xin's puppet, and since my life is such a mysterious existence in Yin Death Region, then with my Life, I can use other life forces and blood as a lead to let my senior brother... recover!'

Su Ming mumbled in his heart. The runic symbol he drew had been the only thing that had appeared in his head during the entire process of trying to gain an epiphany from

that black wooden block, and that symbol had appeared right at the instant before he woke up!

It had appeared when Su Ming gained his epiphany, and when it appeared, he had a vague sense of familiarity towards it. This familiarity made him feel as if the runic symbol was he himself!

This was the mark that was formed from his Principles of Life. Su Ming could sense it was not complete, but even so, it still contained his Life.

Once he drew that runic symbol, the clouds in the sky looked as if they had frozen up and no longer moved. The sea was also mysteriously void of waves. It was as if they had just gained life, and now, they did not dare to show themselves.

An incredibly powerful presence of Life Cultivation spread out from Su Ming's body at that instant. It spread out through the entire area, and right when it surged into the clouds, the thick coverage in the sky faded a little. Gradually, it thinned out greatly, causing the light from the setting sun to shine down even stronger on the spot where Su Ming sat, compared to the other areas around him.

Bai Su stared at him with a dumbfounded expression as his hair gradually gained an ancient color...

It was grayish white, a boundless expanse of snow.

Su Ming continued drawing line after line, and when he drew his final line, he bit the tip of his tongue to cough up a mouthful of blood. It spilled on the blood-red runic symbol, causing it to instantly possess a spirited air. When Su Ming lifted his right hand, he dragged it along the symbol, which was shining with a piercing light, and took a step towards where Hu Zi lay on the ground.

With a step, Su Ming arrived before him. He tapped swiftly on the center of Hu Zi's brows, with the blood red runic symbol and his own vitality on his right index finger.

At the instant he did so, a large number of hair on Su Ming's head swiftly turned white, right from their roots!

Hu Zi shuddered, and the runic symbol was left on the center of his brows. As it shone, it looked as if it had Branded itself on the man's body and soul.

A bloody red shade shone at the center of Hu Zi's brows, then started spreading. When it reached his chest, the hideous gash there was wiped away. The red hue then continued flowing through him, and when it spread to his entire body, the bloody mess that was Hu Zi's arms was repaired to its original state.

Snores tumbled out of Hu Zi's mouth, sounding like thunder claps that shook the sky and earth...

Hu Zi's life had not been cut short. He had simply suffered a grave injury that was difficult to cure and so he had lost all his life force. This sort of restoration was much simpler compared to stealing life from the heavens itself, but it was definitely not something a normal person could do. Only those who walked down the path of Life Cultivation could completely restore the lives of people with such injuries!

Su Ming did not have the ability to change Hu Zi's Principles of Life, but he could use his own Principles of Life to provide nourishment for his third senior brother so that he could wake up!

Yet no matter what, Su Ming had not truly stepped into the path of Life Cultivation. He was only lingering about at the door to this path, hence he had to pay an incredible price to cure Hu Zi.

However, even if he had to pay an even greater price than this, Su Ming would not have hesitated for even a single moment, because... this was Hu Zi. This was his third senior brother!

Once Su Ming heard Hu Zi's snores, a faint smile appeared on his pale face. At that moment, as the clouds in the sky continued thinning away, a ray of golden-red light shone down through a gap. That light fell on Su Ming's body and illuminated his hair.

It was a mixture of black and white now, and also had an ancientness to it that made it look as if it was gray though it was actually not. The light made it look as if Su Ming was a lone flame which had no home to return to. Or perhaps, it was just unable to find its way there...

*Chapter 578: Smoke*

Su Ming left.

When Hu Zi was safe, still deep asleep though, he chose to leave. Along with him, he brought the bald crane that had quietly turned back into itself from the Aquatic Dragon.

Departure is also a form of longing, which is not strictly limited to being between men and women. There are many times when longing is born due to the friendship between brothers.

The ninth summit stood tall above the surface of the sea. At the top of the mountain, a presence that belonged to Life Cultivation filled a gigantic stone monument. It was something Su Ming left decided to leave behind so it would be an eternal presence that would protect the ninth summit.

He was the one who erected that stone monument, and he was also the one who carved the words on it. There were not many, merely a few lines.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit!"

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit!"

"Kill the entire tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!"

These three lines exuded a great killing intent, as well as a powerful and intimidating air that filled the entire sky and earth in the area. Perhaps this alone would not be enough to intimidate the truly powerful warriors, but the hint of Su Ming's presence belonging to Life Cultivation contained in those three lines of words were enough to terrify even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

It was enough to shock even the Immortals!

Those words meant that there was someone in the ninth summit who had managed to arrive at the door leading to the path of Life cultivation. It meant that this person was one of the incredible people who had managed to truly breakthrough the limits in the Berserkers' cultivation method after the God of Berserkers had died!

More importantly, those words meant that whoever did things mentioned in them would have to face a terrifying enemy who will exact a burning vengeance that would not wane for as long as he lived!

This was a blatant threat, and exactly what Su Ming was feeling. Moreover, he had not just left behind his aura and words on that mountain rock. There was also a drop his blood on it!

It could lend life to Si Ma Xin. It could let Hu Zi recover. It contained his will, and once it erupted, it could bring out the power of one strike from Su Ming at his full power!

Because Su Ming's Principles of Life were gathered in that drop of blood!

That drop of blood was imprinted on the stone monument, but the control over it was in Hu Zi's hands. With it around, Su Ming would be able to notice if the ninth summit ran into a disaster that was too difficult for them to face.

On the day he left, Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain and watched quietly as his figure gradually disappeared from her sight. She liked Su Ming. She had not known about it in the past, but her feelings had only become more deeply engraved in her bones after they parted ways.

However... everything had changed. The mirages created by the reflections on the lake were no longer of the moon or the blossoming flowers...

As a member of the Bai family, Bai Su had inherited the Principles of Life that belonged to the river in the sky. She might not have practiced that strange Art in the black wooden block, but she had heard many things about it, which was why she knew that all members in the Bai family were bound to be alone for life. This was already set in stone.

Perhaps it was possible to change their fate, and perhaps... it was not possible.

If they tried persisting against their fate, the names that were etched into the Bai family records would die, and their corpses would turn into bloody proofs of the Bai family's Life of being part of the river of the sky. The water in the river comes from the sky, and in its loneliness, it would eventually return to the sky as well.

Those with this Life are bound to be like the flowing water in the river.

Especially for those... with the Life of the stone falling into the river. They would only have a short period of happiness, and would only reflect the colors of the water under the sun for an equally brief moment before they were gone the next instant.

Su Ming's departure caused the ninth summit to sink into silence. The protective screen of light around the island appeared once again and continued protecting the those within it.

Su Ming had no idea who was the one who created this screen of light. He had asked the old man in white before, but he did not know the answer either. He only knew that on the day the disaster arrived and the instant Heaven Gate rose into the sky, disappearing, this screen of light had appeared suddenly right at the moment all the people thought that their deaths were imminent.

No one knew why it had appeared. Neither had anyone seen... who it was who laid it down.

In the midst of the tranquility, the people who had been humiliated by Beiling's oppression returned to the ninth summit and found place there. Su Ming did not chase them away, but instead gave them a home.

He was also a person without a home, so why should he make things hard for people bearing the same plight...?

Su Ming left. He walked out of the screen of light and cast his eyes towards the east. That was where Eastern Wastelands was located.

As he stood above the Dead Sea, not a single soul could be detected around him. Only the waves from the sea and the moaning winds were his companions, and the loneliness buried in the depths of his heart increased.

He flew forward quietly, heading into the distance, towards Eastern Wastelands.

The Dead Sea beneath him covered all land. There were several places Su Ming was familiar with that were now buried deep in the depths of the sea, just like this spot... Han Mountain City was buried under the water here, as well as the Chains of Han Mountain.

A day later, Su Ming stopped calmly in midair. He had not met anyone on his way to this place. It was as if the entire world had died and he was the only one left on this planet.

Only the wind and the waves were his companions.

Su Ming looked at the Dead Sea beneath him. In his memories, Han Mountain City laid in this area, but he knew that Han Mountain could not be found presently in the depths of the sea.

The destruction of the continent was like a mirror being shattered. The distance between the broken pieces of land also differed. The location in his memories was only a recollection, the real place could be anywhere, just not here.

If he wanted to search for the place now, then he would have to dive deep into the bottom of the sea and search for it slowly in all directions.

All along the way, the bald crane had noticed the dispirited air looming around Su Ming. It did not bother him. Instead, as they flew, its eyes would wander around, occasionally looking towards the sea and everything around it, attracted by everything that shined.

Three days passed by before they knew it. Su Ming did not travel too quickly. As he walked in midair, the scenes in his memories slowly, but surely, started fading, replaced by what he saw now. In time, there were hardly anything left of the past.

At one point, he saw a small island on the Dead Sea.

They were already incredibly far away from Freezing Sky Clan. Judging by their current location, they should be close to the border separating the Berserkers and Shamans in South Morning all those years ago.

That island was a lonely existence on the Dead Sea. No screens of light offered any sort of protection, neither were there any other defenses. If no one looked closely during the dark night, they would not be able to notice it.

That island was simply too small...

Su Ming had seen some of these islands along the way, and none of them contained any signs of life. Dead silence filled them.

Even if there were any creatures, they had only been alive in the past, and were now just skeletons scattered around the grounds.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the island and took a large step forward, turning into a long arc. The bald crane followed behind him, and at the instant the man and crane were about to fly past the island, Su Ming's body came to an abrupt halt. He whipped his head around, and when he looked downwards again, he was momentarily stunned.

A dim light from a fire sparkled like a star in the sky in the midst of the darkness on the island, and it was not just one ball of light. There were about a dozen of them.

Joyful laughter could be heard traveling faintly into the air at that moment, and those sounds spread through the area, mixing with the crashing of the waves.

Su Ming could remember clearly that there had been no light when he looked towards the island just now. He did not think that any Berserker tribe would be able to survive in this sort of island over the past few years on the Dead Sea without any sort of protection.

This... should not be possible!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He cast his divine sense outward and covered the island, but what he saw within his divine sense was emptiness. There was not a single soul there.

But everything his eyes saw seemed so real.

In silence, Su Ming charged towards the island. The bald crane fluttered by the side and cast a sideways glance towards the place before following him while mumbling under its breath.

After a moment, Su Ming landed on the ground. The sea breeze filled the air, bringing with it the stench of the sea. Besides the dim light, everything else was shrouded in a layer of darkness. With a calm expression, Su Ming strode towards the place with the fire.

The island was tiny. Before long, he distinctly saw the light burning in the distance. Clear sounds of laughter rang by his ears, along with the sounds of children playing.

Su Ming continued walking, until he saw... a tribe before him.

He shuddered. This was a small tribe, and there was a simple fence built around it. Bonfires were burning brilliantly within it, and there were male and female Berserkers dancing and singing.

Children were playing tag by the bonfires, and their bell-like laughter flew clearly in the air.

Nursery rhymes could even be heard tumbling out of the mouths of these children as they continued chasing each other, and their young voices filled the entire tribe. They blended together with the joyful looks of the adults occasionally turning their heads to look at their children, causing the nursery rhymes to give Su Ming an indefinable feeling in his chest as they fell into his ears.

"A flower in blossom for a thousand years, watches the world change alone as time passes. She watches with a smile for a thousand years, to find that her beloved is already beside her..."

As those naive voices sounded... the moaning sounds of a xun also came from a beast skin tent in the tribe. The xun's tune was filled with sadness, but harmonized perfectly with these singing, causing Su Ming to stop walking and just stand outside the tribe quietly. He listened, only listened.

He was familiar with this tribe. How could he not be?!

He came to this place twice in the past. The first time, he had come with his Master, Tian Xie Zi, and the second time, he came alone. This... was his third time!

Su Ming had originally forgotten this place. A small tribe like this would not be able to survive through the disaster, yet now, on this island, in this dark night, in this place where his divine sense found nothing but his eyes saw light burning... Su Ming returned.

"A flower in blossom for a thousand years. She watches with a smile for a thousand years..." he mumbled. This was the tribe where the old xun maker lived!

Su Ming moved quietly into the tribe. The children playing tag did not seem to see him. As they laughed, they ran towards him, and... phased right through his body as they continued playing.

The people gathered around the bonfire also did not seem to see Su Ming. It was as if they did not exist in the same world as he did...

At times, prosperity did not mean living in luxury, but a bustle of activity. In the middle of this bustling atmosphere, Su Ming's loneliness was an emptiness that could not be hidden by the light and smoke around him, no matter how hard they tried.

Su Ming moved through the crowd. As he looked at the happy, smiling faces, and listened to the adorable voices around him, he arrived quietly outside the tent from which the sad song of the xun was coming. After a moment of silence, he lifted the tent flap.

*Chapter 579: Big Brother La Su...*

When Su Ming lifted the flap of the tent, a gentle light from a lamp spread out from within. It looked like light beams shining on his body.

The sound of the xun became clearer once the flap of the tent was lifted.

An old man sat inside. He held a bone xun in his hands and had it placed against his lips. His eyes were closed while playing a sorrowful tune. As the notes filled the air, Su Ming felt as if he had been separated from the world.

He walked into the tent quietly and sat before the old man. He closed his eyes and listened to the song. His heart soared with the melody, flying to some unknown place... but, perhaps, it was actually just wandering around.

Time trickled by, but Su Ming's eyes remained closed. His soul continued wandering about, as if it could not find a place to stay.

The bald crane's feathers were all standing on its body, as it remained outside the small tribe. It continued looking around with wide eyes. Terror was evident on its face. In its eyes, this entire area was empty, and besides Su Ming, no other person could be found.

Su Ming had sat down in the distance on this vast mass of empty land and had even closed his eyes, occupied by his thoughts.

If it was just that, the bald crane would not have been terrified. What caused it fear was the strange power within the island. It was invisible, and made the crane unable to move even a single inch.

The entire area should be empty, but it could occasionally hear the sounds of children playing and laughter ringing by its ears. It was as if there was a bunch of children it could not see playing tag around...

At times, a cold chill would also travel through the bald crane's heart, as if the playing children had just phased through where it stood.

Its beak snapped open and closed a few times, but it could not move its body. It looked at Su Ming, looked at its surroundings, and a wave of fear towards the island stemmed right from the bottom of its heart.

Su Ming did not know how much time had passed. The sky was still dark, as if it would never know daylight. The song of the xun gradually weakened, and when it eventually faded away completely, an old voice reached his ears.

"You still came..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and saw the old man putting down the xun in his hand. There was a kind smile on his face, and his eyes looked like those of a normal person, but Su Ming knew... that he was blind.

"You knew I would come, senior?" Su Ming asked softly. This was the third time he had come to this place, and he had gained a different experience each of the previous two times.

"It's because of your confusion that you are constantly wandering about. That is why... you come here." The old man looked over. The smile on his lips was incredibly kindly when he said words that Su Ming could not understand.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he suddenly asked, "What do you mean by 'wandering'?"

"If you do not have a place in your heart you call home, you will wander no matter where you are..."

Su Ming's heart trembled. The words reverberated in his soul, causing him to be stunned for a long, long time, as he sat there. He did indeed not have a place he could call home in his heart. Dark Mountain was fake, and besides Hu Zi, the ninth summit was deserted. He... had always been wandering in his life.

He did not know where his home was, did not know the laws of causality affecting all these things, and neither did he know where the start of this entire cycle lay...

"Who are you?" After some time, a brilliant sparkle shone in Su Ming's eyes.

"When you know who you are, you will know who I am." The old man shook his head and caressed the bone xun in his hand. His fingers scraped the surface of the xun, creating scratching sounds.

That sound echoed in the tent before spreading outside.

"You saw what is outside, my child. Tell me, what did you see?" The old man turned his eyes towards Su Ming, but they looked blankly at the tent.

"This place doesn't exist, the island is empty. All the members of the tribe outside should be dead. There's a large amount of spectres occupying this land, and you should be one of them, senior," Su Ming said calmly.

"What you see might not be the truth, and what you believe doesn't exist... might not necessarily not exist." The old man closed his eyes while speaking.

Confusion appeared in Su Ming's eyes. That confusion ran deep, filling up his entire heart and surrounding his soul, refusing to leave.

"They exist. You saw them... but you refused to believe... Outsiders cannot see them, and they will be afraid. It is as if thousands upon thousands of people are asleep, but you are the only one who has opened your eyes. You are fortunate, but also unfortunate, because you don't believe in what you see, and because the moment you believe, the world will no longer accept you...

"Because... you will have woken from your slumber," the old man said gently. There seemed to be a deeper meaning to his words, and it caused Su Ming to be uncertain about his words.

"Thousands upon thousands are awake, but you are still asleep... Is it because you don't want to wake up, or is it because... you believe yourself to be awake? What does it mean to be asleep, and what does it mean to be awake? All of this... is just the world you see, and no one else... can see it," the old man said slowly. There was an ancient air to his voice, and if anyone heard it, they would feel as if they had just heard time itself.

"It is like fate, you can choose to submit to it or to fight against it. It is like life, where moments of joy and sadness exist together. It is like you and I. What I see, you cannot see, and what you see, I... cannot see.

"Do you understand, my child?" The old man opened his eyes and turned his blank eyes towards Su Ming as if he was looking at him as he smiled kindly.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he lifted his head and looked at the old man. A hint of understanding dawned in his eyes as he said slowly, "If I'm not bothered by my past, then why should I be bothered by my future? If I don't cling to the idea of who I am, then why should I think about who is me...? The high winds may be strong, but they cannot extinguish the flames in my heart. Sooner or later... they will set the world ablaze!"

When the old man heard Su Ming's words, delight appeared in his smile, and a hint of praise even bloomed on his face.

"Sooner or later, this world will be set ablaze! This... is Life. It is not your Life, not anyone else's Life, but the world's Life!

"Even the word Life itself goes through the same fate. Why cling to it...? In truth, you still don't understand..." The old man smiled.

Su Ming fell silent.

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you... When you no longer know who you are, you... will be you." The old man lifted his right hand, and the bone xun in his hand immediately flew up to float next to Su Ming.

"Take it. It will be... the guide pointing you back home."

The old man's voice echoed in the air while Su Ming looked at the bone xun floating before him. More accurately speaking, the instrument was a beast's spine, and the surface of it was incredibly smooth. The signs of time could be found on it as well.

"It will help you... fend a disaster you are bound to face in your life! This disaster... is about to arrive soon. If you can live through it, then another line will be added into your Life, and from then on, it will be difficult for anyone else to control your fate." The old man looked at Su Ming with a smile, then closed his eyes.

"We've met each other thrice now, but it is as if our meetings were in three separate cycles of our lives. The moment you walk out of this tent, I will give you... a three day long serendipity to activate the basis for you to build your Berserker Soul."

The old man's voice was hoarse, as it echoed in the air. Su Ming's gaze fell on the bone xun and he silently took hold of it. When he looked at the old man, a slight hint of confusion appeared on his face. After a long time, when the old man no longer spoke, Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm towards the old man and bowed deeply.

He might not know his name or his origins, but he could sense the wisdom and the ancient air about the old man. After quietly bowing towards him, Su Ming looked as if he had straightened his thoughts a little. He turned around to walk out of the tent. When he lifted the tent flap and was just about to lift his foot to walk out, a shudder suddenly ran through his body, and he looked as if time had stopped for him. He even forgot to place his lifted right foot down.

His body trembled. His soul shuddered from what he saw, and disbelief appeared in his eyes. His heart also begun racing in his chest at that moment.

Because the moment he lifted the tent flap, he did not see the island, nor the black sky, and neither did he see the thick clouds that had covered the moons, much less the waves tumbling about in the sea around.

He did not hear the roars of the waves either, and neither did he see the light around him. He did not smell the stench from the sea breeze or the bitter sting of loneliness in the air.

The disbelief in Su Ming's eyes made him unable to believe in what he saw, heard, and smelled. He turned around swiftly, wanting to see the old man in the tent, but he only saw emptiness. There was no tent behind him...

"A three day long serendipity..." The old man's words rang again in Su Ming's head. In silence, he closed his eyes, and tears flowed down...

He saw clear blue sky, and under that blue sky was a mountain with five summits that looked like five fingers, the Dark Mountain from his memories!

He smelled the presence of home, heard...

"Big brother La Su, I found you. So you were hiding here! You lost, now it's our turn to hide and yours to search." A young voice filled with joy reached Su Ming's ears.

.....

Among the fog in the clouds.

Eastern Wastelands might share the same sky as South Morning, but the weather in the two lands was completely different. The sky above Eastern Wastelands was filled with moving clouds and wind, which made it look like the fog had fused together with the sky!

Not all places were filled with rolling clouds, though. There were quite a number of them where light would shine on the ground during the day, and from the distance, these scenes were filled with astonishing beauty.

The dark clouds and powerful light formed the sky above Eastern Wastelands!

The Dead Sea filled the area around the Eastern Wastelands. The waves roared and surged into the air as if they contained the power to destroy the world, but they could not even shake Eastern Wastelands. They could only continue howling and roaring by the edge, unable to cause too much change to the gigantic continent.

Ever since the land of the Berserkers was torn apart all those years ago, the Eastern Wastelands had become the biggest continent, and also an incredibly powerful existence!

At the center of Eastern Wastelands was a mountain that towered into the clouds, while in another spot, close to the edge of the continent, located near South Morning, was another important ground. At that moment, the world rumbled, and at the same time, two powerful rays of light descended from the endless sky with a presence that was

able to cause an endless amount of people to be stunned with shock, and to freeze the circulation of the power in their bodies!

One of the two powerful rays of light descended on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands. At its base were ten thousand people prostrating themselves on the ground in worship. There was a big hall at the top of the mountain. As rumbling sounds shook the mountain, the powerful ray of light, which was about several thousands of feet wide and connected the earth and sky, shrouded the hall.

*Chapter 580: Di Tian Descended!*

The other ray of powerful light landed on a flat plain at the edge close to South Morning. At the instant it touched the ground, it caused the land to shake, and a ring-shaped wave of force made all the Eastern Wastelanders in the region, along with all the islanders near the continent, to feel as if tens upon thousands of mountains had pressed down on their bodies. They coughed up blood. Some of them even exploded, unable to withstand this mighty pressure that suddenly appeared!

This... was the sign of a powerful warrior descending!

The appearance of the rays of light shook the entire Eastern Wastelands and attracted a large amount of attention. It also caught the gazes of all the powerful warriors.

It was especially so for a certain presence lying in the east of Eastern Wastelands. At that moment, a layer of fog that surged into the sky appeared out of nowhere. It swept through the land and spread out with a bang. The fog instantly covered a circular area of a hundred thousand li, and as it covered the world, it turned into a huge face that had its eyes fixed on the two pillars of light.

"Di Tian!" The human in the fog let out a shocking roar which traveled in all directions

At the moment he spoke, the pillar of light at the hall in the mountain, located at the center of Eastern Wastelands and worshiped by ten thousand people, shone even more brilliantly. As it filled the air, a person descended. His face could not be seen. The worshipers could only see the person disappearing within the hall in a flash.

After a moment, the door to the hall swung open abruptly, and a person slowly walked out!

It was a middle-aged man, and he had a stern, awe-inspiring appearance. His black hair spilled over his shoulders, and he wore... a striking Emperor's robe, but he did not wear

any crown. His eyes were long and narrow, revealing a murderous aura that could make all those who saw it feel terrified.

He walked out slowly, and the moment he arrived outside the hall, he swung his arms, then lifted his head to look at the sky in the distance... and took a deep breath.

"The long awaited Yin Death's air..."

The moment these words left his mouth, the ten thousand people worshiping at the foot of the mountain put on incredibly respectful expressions as they spoke together, and their voices traveled in all directions in waves!

"We are the disciples of Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Greetings, Progenitor Di Tian! We welcome your clone to the Berserkers' Eastern Wastelands!"

The booming voices were deafening to the ears. The middle-aged man completely ignored the people showing their respect. He breathed in the air, and slowly, the murderous aura in his eyes grew stronger. A thin layer of fog also spread out from his body. As it surrounded him, it surged into the sky, causing all the clouds above to disintegrate. It created a white pillar of fog that covered a circular area of a hundred thousand li and became an incredibly striking existence above Eastern Wastelands!

The man was Di Tian!

He was another of Di Tian's clones that had once again landed in the land of the Berserkers after the numerous years since he sent the previous one!

Things did not end there. The instant Di Tian's clone descended on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands and a large amount of people coughed up blood and even died due to the shock they experienced, there was another pillar of light. A shadow descended it in a flash in the plains near the continent's edge.

Almost the instant the shadow touched the ground, coming into contact with the ground, the entire plains shattered with a bang. Huge cracks tore through the land, and layers of earth tumbled about before they started sweeping outwards in all directions.

Shocking booms became a constant, turning into echoes that repeated themselves again and again. After some time, when they gradually started fading away, the plains were gone, and what appeared in their place was a gigantic pit!

It was as if a shooting star had fallen from the sky and crashed onto the ground. The pit covered an area of several tens of thousands of feet. Once the powerful light gradually disappeared, a shadow slowly floated out of the pit!

It was a middle-aged man wearing a crown and an Emperor's robe. There was a cold and detached expression on his handsome face, along with an ancient air. The Emperor's robe gave him a mighty, awe-inspiring air!

The moment he floated upwards, he looked towards South Morning calmly, and a chilling glare that could freeze heaven itself appeared in his eyes.

"Destiny, you can't escape!" he stated in hoarse voice. He lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky with all five fingers. Immediately, an invisible layer of ripples surrounding him swept outwards in all directions.

The ripples continued spreading outwards. A hundred thousand li, a million li, ten million li... and they continued spreading until they covered a small half of Eastern Wastelands. No one could notice the spots covered by the ripples, and it would not bring about any effect to the living creatures in those regions. However... the ripples had covered most of the land that had branched out of South Morning and was close to Eastern Wastelands.

Unless someone took a big circle around the Dead Sea and landed on Eastern Wastelands from another direction, then this middle-aged man in the Emperor's robe would definitely be alerted to their presence.

Moreover, even if there was someone who truly managed to move around these ripples and land on Eastern Wastelands, the middle-aged man would definitely be prepared for them with the large variety of methods he had at his disposal.

This person had the exact same appearance as the person who landed in the hall on the mountain at the center of Eastern Wastelands!

He was also Di Tian's clone!

This time, Di Tian had not just sent one clone to the land of the Berserkers... but two!

Di Tian's thoughts could be understood from the spots chosen to descend. The one who landed on the mountain at the center of the land would be used to defend Great Leaf Immortal Sect's branch in this land, and also... to fight against the evil black fog in the east of Eastern Wastelands!

As for the clone who had landed at the edge, close to South Morning, he was clearly there... for one person, and that was Su Ming!

This crown-bearing clone looked in the direction of South Morning and moved towards the outer parts of the pit. When he rose to the edge, there were four Eastern Wastelands Berserkers standing thousands of feet away from him. At that moment, their faces were pale as they looked towards him in shock. There were three exploded corpses lying by their side. There were originally seven of them, but three had been

unable to withstand the pressure and died. The other four had coughed up blood and their entire cultivation base had broken down and collapsed, but they did not die.

Di Tian's face was chilly as he looked at South Morning, but there was a frown on his face. During the moment he arrived, he had sent his divine sense sweeping across the land... but he had been unable to discover Destiny's presence or the fluctuations of his Qi.

He could not find him!

After a moment of pensive silence, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph and decided to sit down. At the moment he did so, the four people several thousands of feet away coughed out blood. Their heads exploded, and they fell to the ground dead.

The seven corpses were all missing heads. Only their bodies remained. Their blood dyed the entire area, causing the place to be filled with a deathly silence. Di Tian did not pay any attention to any of this. He only lifted his right hand to form a seal before he flung his hand outwards. Immediately, the seven corpses shuddered... and they started crawling to their feet.

Once they climbed up, they ripped open their clothes to reveal their chests. An indistinct face of a ghost appeared on each one, and they all looked like they were screaming. The next moment, the seven corpses stormed towards seven different directions.

Everyone who came later due to their curiosity towards the pillar of light all found their heads exploding once they saw Di Tian, and when the face of the ghost appeared on their corpses, they would leave.

All of them left in different directions.

'I'll continue searching with my divine sense. I'd like to see how long you can hide from me!' Di Tian closed his eyes and remained still.

This... was the disaster the old xun maker had told Su Ming about!

The disaster had already arrived, yet during that moment, Su Ming was still on the tiny island in the Dead Sea. He stood there quietly, as if he had lost his soul. A layer of fog gradually appeared around him, covering his body. It even covered the bald crane, and eventually, once it enveloped the entire island, it...

...looked as if it had disappeared from the Dead Sea!

Su Ming stared at the little girl standing before him, hugging a doll in her arms while looking at him with adorable, wide eyes. There was joy on the girl's face, and it clearly showed just how happy she was at the moment.

"Tong Tong..." Su Ming stared at the girl before him blankly, and his body shivered. He did not just see this girl, but also saw... the incredibly familiar tribe around him that was etched deeply in his memories!

Dark Mountain Tribe!

The grass, the trees, the houses, everything, and even the familiar air... This was clearly the Dark Mountain from his memories, the place he thought he could no longer return to... That fictitious place!

Yet even though he knew it was fake, even though he had seen Beiling and Chenxin and went through all the changes, at that moment, he could not deceive himself. So even though what he saw could not deceive him, it was still... the place he longed for dearly... his home.

Dark Mountain.

He saw Bei Ling standing in the distance, practicing with his bow and arrow. He also saw the tall, towering figure of Dark Mountain's Head of the Guards, who was teaching his son how to fire the strongest arrow.

He saw Chen Xin sitting by the side, looking at Bei Ling with a gentle gaze in her eyes. There was a bowl filled with water in her hands, and she looked as if she was about to walk up and hand that bowl over to Bei Ling, who was sweating buckets.

He saw Wu La, who had died in his arms as she mumbled Mo Su's name until she breathed her last. This stubborn girl was surrounded by a bunch of children, and she was telling them stories. The lively changes in her expressions and her bombastic words caused them to let out tinkling laughter, and within that laughter was an air of happiness that came from the depths of their hearts.

Su Ming also saw Lei Chen. His best friend and brother in all but blood had a dejected look on his lowered head at the moment, as he was being scolded nonstop by a middle-aged woman.

Su Ming stared at all of this blankly. He had already forgotten everything. His mind was empty. Tong Tong's words seemed to have gone off into the distance, and he could no longer hear them clearly.

Then, he saw two men walking out of a big wooden house. One of them was Dark Mountain's tribe leader, Chen Long. He had a frown between his brows, and looked as if he was troubled by something. The man following behind him was one that had carved himself deeply in Su Ming's memories... Shan Hen!

The hunter was just as Su Ming remembered him. He was gloomy and as averse to speaking as ever. When he cast his gaze to his surroundings, his emotions could not be seen on his face, and he was just like a beast that had hid away its presence.

*Chapter 581: In Your Dreams, Can You Remember that You Are just a Guest?*

But once Su Ming walked past the children surrounding Wu La, the gloomy presence about Shan Hen vanished. His expression did not change, but he did bring out a beautifully carved beast bone from his bosom and gave it to the children, earning delighted cheers as his reward.

Su Ming saw Shan Hen smile. That smile might be incredibly faint and only lasted for an instant, but he saw it. Just for a brief moment, a happy smile appeared on Shan Hen's lips.

As the chief of the hunters and leader of Dark Mountain Tribe's hunting team, he had to constantly be cold and aloof. He had to make others fear him. The murderous aura and bloodlust on him had to be the thickest, only then could he intimidate outsiders and the miscreants in the tribe, and only then could he... protect his home!

The world before Su Ming gradually became clearly. This clarity was something he could sense in his heart. It was not that his vision had become clear, because the things before had been clear since the start. Slowly, the voices by his ears no longer remained indistinct as well. Su Ming stood there and lowered his head. He looked at his own body. It was the body of a teenager.

"Big brother La Su!" As Su Ming looked at his own body, Tong Tong's rather excited voice rang in his ears. When he lifted his head to look at her, he saw her pouting, and there was a rather glum look on her face.

"You're cheating! I already found you, but you're pretending not to hear me! Hmph, I'm not playing with you anymore." The little lassie was clearly fuming. At that moment, she pouted and ignored Su Ming, hugging her doll and running far away. Pipi quickly followed behind her, hopping as it followed its master into the distance.

'A three day long serendipity... Are you telling me that I can... stay in my home for three days?' Su Ming closed his eyes, but immediately opened them after several breaths. He did not want to waste his time with closed eyes. He wanted to use every single moment he had to remember everything and carve them all deep into his memories.

It did not matter whether they were real or false...

'This is my home.' Su Ming took large strides and walked briskly forward. He wanted to see his elder. This feeling spread out endlessly in his heart until it filled his entire being.

He moved past Lei Chen, who had his head lowered as his mother scolded him. When he saw Su Ming walking past him, he made a face at him, as if he was resigned to his fate.

Yet this expression was seen by his mother, somehow, and she became even angrier. She grabbed Lei Chen by the ear and began another round of scolding.

Su Ming walked past Wu La and the children. His arrival caused the kids to be filled with joy. When they called out to him, Tong Tong, who had just arrived, puffed up her cheeks and started mumbling under her breath with a displeased look on her face.

"Big brother La Su cheated. He promised me, but he refused to play."

There was a hint of disdain on Wu La's face, and she did not bother herself with Su Ming. He did not bother himself with that. He smiled at the children, and as anxiety burned in his heart, he moved past them until he arrived outside a house - his elder's house.

He stood at the door and lifted his right hand, but... could not bring himself to open it. He was afraid. He was afraid that all of this was just a dream, and all of it was fake. He was afraid that if he pushed open the door, he would only see emptiness, and there would be nothing inside.

His shivered. He... was afraid.

"My young Su Ming, is that you? Why are you standing outside? Come in." In the midst of his fear and anxiety from losing his home, a familiar voice reached his ears from the house, and it instantly caused the corners of Su Ming's eyes to turn red.

That voice was as gentle and kind as the one in his memories. It was as loving as he remembered, just like how a parent would speak to his or her child. At the instant Su Ming heard that voice, he could no longer contain himself. He pushed open the door and saw... the old man sitting in the house with his legs crossed as he looked at Su Ming with a smile... his elder, Mo Sang!

The wrinkles on the elder's face was something Su Ming would never forget. The white in his hair was also something that could never be erased from his memories. The gentle voice, the familiar presence, all of these things caused Su Ming's tears to flow from his eyes the moment he saw his elder.

At that moment, he was no longer the murderer who could kill without blinking an eye, he was not the Lord of the Great Frozen Plains who had brought about Heaven Gate's collapse, not the person whom the Fated Kin worshiped, and not the Destiny who had

been away for years, learning how to be cold as well as hide his emotions... He was simply a wanderer who had finally returned home after leaving for many years, and was now looking at his family.

"Elder!" At that moment, Su Ming's body was that of a teenager. Tears fell from his eyes uncontrollably, and he swiftly ran to his elder's side, wrapping his arms around Mo Sang.

"Elder, I miss you... I... I miss our tribe, I miss everything here, elder..."

The anguish he had suffered for years, the longing he had carried for years, the tears that he had not been able to shed for years, and the deduction he made that his home was a mere fiction were no longer things Su Ming cared about, neither did he want to think about them. He only had one thought in his mind at that moment, and that was to hug his elder. He did not want to let go. This was the one place that was filled with the most warmth in his life. This was... his family, his home.

Even if it was fake, even if they did not exist, Su Ming did not want to think about it. He told himself that all of it was real. This warmth was also real. Everything here was real.

Mo Sang was momentarily stunned. He looked at Su Ming crying as he hugged him, and a questioning look appeared on his face, but he said nothing. Instead, he patted Su Ming's back, and the smile on his face became even more loving.

"My little La Su, why are you crying? That's not like you. Come, tell me, who bullied you? I'll go teach them a lesson!"

Su Ming had thousands upon thousands of words he wanted to say at that moment, but he could not give voice to any of his thoughts. Could he tell the elder about what had happened over the years? He did not want to destroy this warmth. This gentle warmth would only last for three days, and it was very dear to him.

A deep wave of fatigue rose swiftly in Su Ming's heart, but he did not want to sleep, because he could not find it in himself to part with this. After a long while, he wiped away his tears and let go of the elder slowly. He looked at this old man who was a little younger than in his memories with a dumbfounded expression, then spoke softly.

"Elder, it's nothing. I just had a dream."

"What dream could it be that it made my little La Su so scared that he even cried while hugging me like he did a few years ago?" The elder smiled kindly and stroked Su Ming's head.

"I dreamed that a few years later, our tribe will fight against Black Mountain Tribe. I dreamed of our tribe's migration and my departure... I even dreamed of myself wandering outside, alone..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath, telling the elder about

his experiences, the content in his words very condensed. However, every single word spoke of his entire life.

As Su Ming spoke, the smile on the elder's face gradually changed to one of seriousness. Slowly, he began to look at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and after a long, long while, when Su Ming finished recounting his 'dream', the elder frowned.

"Is it true... or false...?" The elder let his eyelids fall slightly, and after some time, when he opened his eyes, he looked at Su Ming.

"It was just a dream. You're awake now, so don't bother about all that happened in the dream. I can tell you this, I am real!"

Su Ming nodded his head quietly as he looked at his elder. He had an endless amount of things he wanted to tell him.

When the sky outside gradually grew dark and a hint of tiredness appeared on the elder's face, Su Ming stood up quietly and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to the elder. With an unwillingness to part and a reluctance to leave, he walked out of the house.

The sun was setting in the west. Gentle rays of sunlight scattered on the ground, causing shadows from the houses in Dark Mountain Tribe to appear on the ground. Chimney smoke rose into the air due to the members of the tribe preparing dinner. The wisps of smoke curled in the sky, fusing with the clouds in the sunset, causing them to become an incredibly beautiful sight when the people looked towards them.

The warmth that Su Ming had never experienced ever since he left Dark Mountain rose in his heart at that moment. This warmth was different from the one in ninth summit. That place showed him kindness, gave him friendship, showered him with a teacher's love for his disciple, but in this place... was the scent of his hometown.

As he looked at his tribe members occupying themselves through the evening, looked at the gates to the tribe being thrown open to welcome their warriors who had returned from their hunt, looked at all the things around him, he suddenly could no longer differentiate what was real.

He could no longer tell whether the him just a day ago was just a dream, or whether what he was seeing was a dream.

Su Ming stood on the spot with a blank expression, until a hand slapped him powerfully between his shoulders. His pupils instinctively shrank. He lifted his left hand and grabbed the hand on his shoulder. The instant he turned around, a freezing glare rose swiftly in his eyes, and he pointed towards the person behind him with his right index finger.

This was an almost instinctive action. It was developed through the years Su Ming had wandered outside, but right at the moment he executed this attack, he immediately pulled that finger back and turned his right hand into a fist before lightly punching the other person's shoulder.

"Lei Chen!" This punch was a greeting between brothers, a meeting born from the longing.

The person who had just slapped Su Ming was naturally Lei Chen. He laughed boisterously and let the punch land on his body. A smug expression appeared on his face.

"Even if you hit me a few more times, that puny fist of yours won't do anything to me. What are you doing here? What are you daydreaming about? My mom asked me to call you over for dinner."

Su Ming looked at Lei Chen, and a smile appeared on his face. He walked up and hugged his friend tightly. This was a different hug from the one he gave his elder, this was a symbol of friendship between brothers!

"What's wrong? You're really strange today..." Lei Chen was momentarily stunned, but simply allowed Su Ming to hug him. After a moment, when Su Ming looked at him again, Lei Chen saw something ageless in his eyes, as if they had not met each other for years.

He scratched his head and looked at Su Ming with a questioning look. He even lifted his hand to touch his friend's forehead.

"There's something off about you. Are you sick?" As Lei Chen mumbled, he lifted his hand, and just as he was about to touch the center of Su Ming's brows, he suddenly froze and cast a few scrutinizing looks.

"There's something really off about you! You're not moving away!"

"You're the one who's sick!" Su Ming let out a wry laugh and blurted out those words.

"Yeah, that's the normal Su Ming I know." Lei Chen grinned and patted his friend's shoulder before giving a few thumps on his chest. "Su Ming, I'm a Berserker now. Don't worry. Everything I told you before is true, I'll beat down whoever dares to bully you!"

"Once I become the tribe leader... Heh heh, at that time I'll protect you, and then, the both of us will drink and eat meat every single day. I'll have Bei Ling go out hunting for us every day, and then I'll have Chen Xin... Er, oh well, I'll just have her accompany you." Lei Chen walked before him with a smile and brought Su Ming back to the path leading to his house.

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 582 — Heaven and Earth!**

### **- Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 582 — Heaven and Earth!**

*Chapter 582: Heaven and Earth!*

The sun gradually disappeared, setting in the west. The golden ray of dusk also vanished slowly. At the sky turned pitch black, the stars drew out the outline of the starry sky in Su Ming's memories. The brilliant moon also made those who looked at it unable to help themselves but yearn for their homes as they continued looking above.

But how could a person in his hometown yearn for his home? Su Ming did not know. He only knew that on the first night he returned to Dark Mountain, he still missed this place as he looked at the moon.

He saw the elder. He saw Lei Chen. He saw all the people in his memories, and Su Ming's heart gradually calmed down. All the grass and trees in this place were so incredibly familiar to him. Everything here had etched themselves into his heart, and he could never forget them in his life.

Bei Ling was still as cold as ever to him. Chen Xin still held a degree of care towards him, shown by how he could still not find a single speck of dust in his house.

Perhaps it was love, but it might also have nothing to do with love. Chen Xin might have liked him before, yet perhaps she liked Bei Ling even more.

In his memories, Wu La, the girl who was not incredibly beautiful, had fallen into his arms as she mumbled Mo Su's name under her breath before she died. When she did so, her beauty had surpassed everything else, and it was deeply ingrained in Su Ming's heart, causing him to be unable to forget her.

When he saw Wu La's disdain once again, he could only feel warmth in his heart, and nothing else.

Lei Chen's hearty laughter and the oath he swore let Su Ming feel a heartfelt warmth between brothers. All of these things made him absolutely refuse to believe that these were fake.

The elder's kindness and his warm embrace made Su Ming willing to believe that he had just had a dream the previous night, a dream that had nothing to do with love, but brought with it blood, a dream spanning a lengthy passage of time. A cruel dream.

Perhaps now, he had woken up from his dream.

Su Ming sat outside his house and lifted his head to look at the moon in the sky. The dinner he had in Lei Chen's house had reminded him of many, many things...

There were a few lamps lit in the tribe at night. It was quiet all around him. There was... no wind this night.

Mournful notes from the xun drifted through the night. This was a song played by a member of Su Ming's tribe. It was a song he could not never forget.

"Perhaps it is not just three days. Perhaps by tomorrow, I will find that everything that happened to me was just a dream. Perhaps... I can continue staying in Dark Mountain," Su Ming mumbled. Lei Chen was not with him. During the night, he had been scolded by his mother and was forced to stay home. He even had to pretend that he was asleep.

Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky quietly and listened to the song of the xun, just like... a person who did not know he was a mere guest in his own dream.

He was suddenly struck by a strong urge to go and see Bai Ling, who might not even know him at this point!

When he thought about her, a sharp stab of pain struck his heart. That broken promise which had lasted for eternity after he left. When he turned his head back, he could only hear a sigh; they could no longer see each other.

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the gate of the tribe, but the moment he reached it and was just about to walk through, his footsteps came to a halt, because a person had just stepped out of the darkness before him.

"Who are you?!" a ghastly voice asked. It came from the person who gradually walked out of the shadows to stand under the moonlight. He was, naturally, Shan Hen!

A dark, cold look appeared in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming. When he spoke, a ripple of power appeared faintly on his right hand, making it look as if it was about to gather together into a blade.

"You're not Su Ming. You can lie to the others, but you can't lie to me. The gaze Su Ming uses when he looks at me is different from yours." Shan Hen glared at Su Ming as he spoke with a dark voice.

Su Ming looked at him quietly. This was the senior in his tribe whom he had killed with his own hands in his memories.

"I am Su Ming," Su Ming said softly and walked forward. Shan Hen's expression changed and he lifted his right hand swiftly, but the moment he did so, Su Ming had

already walked past him with light footsteps. Shan Hen's entire body trembled. He could not even put down his right hand. During that instant, the moment Su Ming walked past him with a speed so fast his eyes could not catch, he felt a wave of ripples so great that he almost suffocated.

Those ripples were incredibly faint and only spread out to five feet. He was the only one who could sense them, but to him, the strength of that Qi was so strong that it surpassed all Berserkers he had ever met, and even those in the Awakening Realm!

He had a strong feeling that with just a single thought, this person could destroy him, could even wipe out the entire tribe and the entire land!

In his shock, Shan Hen became drenched in sweat. After a long while, he turned his head around slowly, but he could no longer see the teenager.

Su Ming walked on the path to the mountain. His footsteps were unhurried as he moved in the middle of night. With a single step at a time, he walked towards Bai Ling's tribe.

He came to a stop at some point of time. Hesitating for a moment, he looked at Dark Mountain standing tall during the night, and suddenly lifted his right hand before placing it by his mouth. He blew a clear whistle.

Its sound echoed in the air and gradually disappeared into the darkness. Su Ming walked quietly. An hour later, a fire-red shadow suddenly shot out from the forest in the distance.

Along with that figure was a series of happy screeches ringing in the air. The fire-red shadow... was Xiao Hong!

It charged forth and soon appeared before Su Ming with an excited look on its face. Once it jumped and danced merrily around him several times, it sat down squarely on his shoulders and grabbed Su Ming's hair with its paws, playing with it nonstop.

"Xiao Hong..." Su Ming looked at the little monkey on his shoulders and simply allowed it to play with his hair. He lifted his hand and gently patted the little animal with a sentimental and complicated smile on his lips.

"We meet again..."

Xiao Hong let out a few screeches, looking as if it was saying that they had indeed met again, then glared at Su Ming before gesticulating frantically with its hands, showing off its anger, as if it was grumbling to him that he had not come to see him for a very long time.

Eventually, Xiao Hong showed him three fingers. Su Ming knew the meaning - three days. Or perhaps it was three months, or three years, thirty years, or even longer...

Xiao Hong itself was the only one who knew just how long it had been.

As he stroked the fur on Xiao Hong's body, Su Ming strode forward and turned into a long arc that charged towards Bai Ling's tribe. Before long, the gigantic fence that belonged to Dark Dragon Tribe appeared before him.

There were also erect long spears placed on the fence, the tribe's defenses.

Su Ming looked at Dark Dragon Tribe and walked towards it. His arrival went unnoticed by all. When he eventually stepped into the tribe, he spread his divine sense outwards in search of the figure in his memories that always made his heart clench in pain.

He found Bai Ling's house. She had already fallen asleep on this dark night. Her beautiful face was peaceful, and it was a look that was rather different compared to the wild beauty she possessed when she was awake.

Su Ming stood quietly by her bed and looked at this beautiful girl, the faint smile on the corners of her lips. She seemed to be dreaming about something happy.

Su Ming's heart ached greatly. The scenes in his memories rose before his eyes, in the space between him and Bai Ling. Their meeting during the night of the blood moon, them walking around in circles during the snowy night, their low whispers as they told each other their stories, and in the end, their snow-covered hair...

Those memories continued playing until Su Ming saw the promise he did not keep. All of these things turned into a wave of grief that filled his heart. He looked at Bai Ling blankly, at the girl who had branded the image of herself deeply in his heart. This girl was his first love.

"Ling Er... I'm back..." Su Ming whispered softly. With a gentle look in his eyes, he lifted his hand to softly touch her cheek. His actions were incredibly light, but the instant his hand almost touched her cheek, her eyes flew open.

Bai Ling looked at Su Ming quietly, but the wildness in her eyes was a light that he would never forget.

Su Ming's hand froze for a moment, but only a moment. Then, without any hesitation, he touched her cheek. Her face was rather cold, but incredibly soft. It made his gaze turn even gentler.

Bai Ling did not move away. Instead, her eyes went wider and she looked at him completely stunned.

When Su Ming eventually lifted his hand, the gentle look in his eyes still remained. He cast a deep look at Bai Ling and stood up, turning his head away. Just as he was about to leave...

"Who... are you...?" Bai Ling's frightened and delicate voice came from behind him.

"Su Ming."

Su Ming walked towards the door of her house. The moment he touched Bai Ling, the chill on her cheeks had made him understand many things in the midst of his anguish.

This was not real. This... was an illusion. This was the serendipity the old xun maker had mentioned. This was an illusory world created based on Su Ming's memories.

This... was a Void Space...

Because in this sweltering season, Bai Ling's face was cold, and that cold came from Su Ming's memories, from the last sensation he remembered of her when they were on the snowing plains. All of this... was fake.

This three day long serendipity was so that Su Ming could understand the existence of fate in the world in his memories...

"You could choose not to believe it, you could think that the Dark Mountain in your memories is fake. As long as you attack and kill all the people you are familiar with here: your elder, Lei Chen, Bei Ling, Wu La, Chen Xin, Bai Ling, and all the rest of them, you'll be able to know the truth!

"When you attack, you will naturally see the face they will show when you kill them with your own hands. At that time, you will be able to tell whether all of this is real or fake. At that moment, you can also overturn Dark Mountain and forget everything about it. From then on, you will no longer have any ties binding you, and there will no longer be anything that will affect your heart.

"Then, in the future, if anyone tries to use Dark Mountain as a set up to make you do something, it will no longer matter.

"As long as you take action... everything will be turned to dust. Then, you will be as if you were truly awake. You will crush the world you believe is unreal, along with the person who is manipulating your fate behind all of this, as if you have truly woken up.

"If you believe, then you must have the determination to bear with the series of difficulties, the sorrows and farewells you will have to say when Dark Mountain appears before you again..."

It did not matter what he chose, he would still be able to arrive at a brief period of completion. During it, Su Ming would be able to take half of the final step required to move from the Bone Sacrifice Realm into the Berserker Soul Realm.

Because this state of completion could turn into a resolve that would make Su Ming no longer be caught in a state of confusion in which he stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm, and the possibility of his success would increase.

"Why... do I feel like you are so familiar to me...?" Bai Ling's voice reached Su Ming's ears, and behind him, she had already sat up to look at him blankly. "Don't go..." she said softly and walked over from her bed, then leaned gently into his back.

Starlight shone through her house and scattered into her abode in a dim, nebulous light. It fused together with the moonlight, and Su Ming could not tell which belonged to the stars, and which belonged to the moon. He could not tell what was a dream, and what was reality. He could not tell what made him happy, what made him sad, and what exactly he yearned for. And he could even less differentiate just which of them was crying.

It was as if they had promised each other a fleeting love, but they could not take with them this state of being together once one of them woke up. This sort of attachment... would only travel further and further away... It would have been better... had they not met at all.

*Chapter 583: All Things Come to an End*

Su Ming should leave.

Even if he did not leave, he should still treasure the serendipity the old xun maker had given to him, because this three-day-long serendipity could help him fight against the great disaster he was about to face in the near future.

He should destroy the beauty of this fictitious world, kill all of these possibly created characters—including his family, his friends, his love, and everyone else—to obtain a resolve to give up everything so that he could become strong and fight against fate. He would be remolded once he destroyed everything, and would obtain the cold callousness that belongs to the strong!

This was the true meaning behind the three-day-long serendipity. It was also something the silent old xun maker wished Su Ming could do!

He would have to cut away his emotions and his memories. He would have to be unbothered by his past and his future, then remodel himself by replacing all his memories. He would have to turn cold and merciless to complete this incredibly important metamorphosis!

This metamorphosis was the great completion of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. It was a transition for him to become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm. This... was his serendipity!

As Su Ming came to understand this, his mind gradually cleared up; he had managed to guess the old xun maker's way of helping him. He also had a vague feeling that if he walked down the path the old xun maker laid out for him and destroyed everything so that he could remodel his life, then it would mean that he would have seized the control over his own fate. The moment he started rebuilding himself, the state of completion he gained in his heart would also affect his soul.

Then, as his soul gained completion... at the moment he built his life, he would be able to create his very own statue of the God of Berserkers!

It also meant that when he walked out of this world, he would no longer be in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. He would rise to become a powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm amid this strange power and this serendipity that might have been brought forth by the old xun maker paying a heavy price!

After that, he would have to face that great disaster in his life!

The old xun maker had laid out a path for him. Su Ming might not know who he was, but he could tell that the old man bore no ill-will towards him...

But this serendipity and gift... was something Su Ming could not accept.

Because the price for it was the complete annihilation of everything in this world. Could he kill Bai Ling, who was hugging him from the back? Could he end his elder's life while he was asleep? Could he murder Chen Xin, just so that he could gain completion...?

Could he kill Lei Chen, kill his parents, and destroy everything that was Dark Mountain Tribe?

"I can't..." Su Ming smiled brokenly. He could feel Bai Ling's warmth coming from behind him. He could not do it.

Time trickled by. Su Ming stood there, and Bai Ling continued staying with her arms wrapped around him. The darkness in the sky gradually went away, replaced by a faint veil of light.

During the whole night, the two people just stood. They did not speak to each other. Bai Ling had her head buried in Su Ming's back, and for some unknown reason, the heartbeat she felt against her cheek made her cry tears of love.

They might be from a longing desire between lovers, but she could not wipe them away. They stained Su Ming's clothes.

When morning arrived, Su Ming chose to leave. Bai Ling lay down on her bed quietly, looking as if she had fallen asleep, but the tears at the corners of her eyes remained. One fell to her pillow and disappeared.

That single tear contained an endless amount of recollections, an endless amount of longing, and an endless amount of sighs. Perhaps even Bai Ling could not count them anymore.

Su Ming left Dark Dragon Tribe when it was already morning. He moved quietly through the forest and looked at the rays of sunlight turning into light beams that shone on the ground. The leaves from the trees fell as he moved past them. Xiao Hong seemed to have sensed the complicated feelings within Su Ming's heart, as it sat on his shoulders and did not make a sound.

This was the first day.

There were still two days left for Su Ming to make his choice.

He had originally wanted to go to Wind Stream Tribe, but had lost that desire by now. He looked at Dark Mountain basking under the sun, yet he did not have the thought to go and see the Fire Berserkers' ruins. A feeling of fatigue filled his entire being.

He chose to go home.

He went back to Dark Mountain Tribe, back to his own home.

In the morning, Dark Mountain Tribe was like a world where everything had just risen from slumber. His tribe members went about their individual tasks in the midst of chimney smoke rising into the air, and the children looked as if they would never know exhaustion. They looked forward to each new day, to playing with their friends.

Su Ming came back. He looked at the familiar tribe and sat down quietly outside his house. He looked at the blue sky and the white clouds, looked at the sunlight shining down on the ground, and looked at all the things that existed in his memories about his tribe.

He wanted to engrave everything deeply into his mind once again, to carve this scene into his heart and soul.

"Must I destroy everything here to control my own fate...?" Su Ming whispered to himself softly.

'This sort of destruction might perhaps truly allow me to control my own fate, because a cold and callous heart cannot contain even a single shred of tenderness. If there is no more love, then no matter what else other people do, they would be unable to find a place to stay in my heart.

'But...' Su Ming looked at the children running around in the empty space before him and closed his eyes.

'Are they also fake...?'

The sky gradually darkened. Dusk left, and moonlight shone on the ground. Su Ming continued sitting there, watching everything within his tribe. He did not think, merely looked at the sun rising and setting.

He knew that when the sun rose again, he would welcome the last day he could be here in Dark Mountain.

He had no idea when he would be able to come back. Perhaps never.

Su Ming closed his eyes. The song of the xun echoed in his ears, as it sang in the tribe. The night... went by.

The sky was no longer clear when the next morning arrived. There were dark clouds up ahead, and it started drizzling, but Su Ming did not think about anything on his last day in this place. He smiled and stayed by the elder's side, chatting with him, happily went to help grandpa Nan Song sort out the herbal storage, and even played with the children as if he was one himself. He told them stories, and the occasional bell like laughter tumbling out of their mouths turned into the most pleasing sound in the tribe.

He play-fought against Lei Chen while laughing, just as he did all those years ago, when he was ignorant about the world outside. In fact, he was just like a teenager that did not need to think. He had his friends, his family, and he was happy, without a single care in the world.

Wu La might still be incredibly disdainful towards Su Ming, but he faced her with a smile and without a single complaint. He helped the girl with her tasks, and that smile on his face caught even Wu La by surprise. Her cold exterior gradually warmed up.

And as if Su Ming did not know the meaning of fatigue, he acted extremely politely and courteously towards Bei Ling on his final day, all while thinking of the help Bei Ling had given him during his childhood and his kindness for teaching him the bow. Even the cold Bei Ling gave him a complicated nod after a moment of silence, and the both of them started firing their arrows side by side, just as they had done many years ago.

As for Chen Xin, she smiled happily as she sat by the side, watching the two men who had walked into her heart. She would occasionally walk up to hand them water, her laughter ringing in the air.

All the people in the tribe could sense something different about Su Ming on this day. During it, he busied himself from morning till dusk, and straight down to midnight.

The smile on his face remained as a constant presence... but as night fell and moonlight scattered on the ground, the reluctance to part behind his smile was left unseen.

When night came, Su Ming's smile turned into one of pain. He looked at the lights in the tribe gradually extinguishing, one by one, looked at the bustle of activity in the tribe falling into silence, and felt sharp stab of pain in his heart.

"Is it time...?" Su Ming mumbled. He knew that when the sun rose again, he... would disappear from this beautiful world.

The pain on his face slowly morphed into a faint smile. He had to smile, he wanted to smile. Even if he was about to leave, these three days had already made him incredibly content.

As he smiled, Su Ming did not look at the moonlight, and neither did he look at the darkness and the tribe around him. Instead, he pushed open the door to his house and walked in before lying down on his small bed. He looked at the familiar sights around him, and with a smile on his face, he slowly closed his eyes.

"Sleep. Perhaps when I wake up, I will still be here..." he whispered softly.

In the end, he did not choose to walk down the path the old xun maker had pointed out for him, even if he would have been able to arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm if he did it, and even if he would be able to obtain the power to fight against the disaster that would soon come.

Even so, he... still chose to walk down his own path.

All that people said was real or false, might not truly be real or false.

The reflection of the moon and flowers in the lake was also the moon and the flowers themselves!

He could create a new life if he destroyed everything, but it did not mean that he could not create a new life if he kept everything here intact and turned them all into the most beautiful moments in the deepest parts of his memories. He could make his heart not turn cold, make his love never fade, and he could still build a new life!

'My fate is my own. I will choose it myself. If I say it is real, then in my heart... it is real.'  
Su Ming closed his eyes, and gradually, he fell asleep.

'Goodbye... my dear Dark Mountain...

'Goodbye... my dear family...

'My friends... my love, everything in my childhood... you will forever remain in my heart. You will forever be the warmth in the deepest parts of my heart... Farewell...'

This was the sleep he had never been able to find after he left Dark Mountain and even when he was on the ninth summit. This feeling was a scent in his memories...

Since Su Ming fell asleep, he did not hear a sigh echoing faintly in the air. That sigh contained a tone within it that would make people feel unclear as to what it meant, and they would be unable to tell just what it was.

The world was gradually shrouded in fog. It... slowly faded into nothing.

When Su Ming opened his eyes once again, the first thing he heard was the sound of the sea, the first thing he smelled was the stench from the sea, and the first thing he saw... was the lonely island. There was no Dark Mountain, no tribe, and not a single soul around him.

The only living creature that could be found lying there was the bald crane that was opening its eyes blearily.

Su Ming stood there for a long, long time until he closed his eyes again. After a moment, he reopened them slowly.

'The dream has ended.' Su Ming could still see the things that had happened during those three days. A wave of sadness weaved itself into his bearing, and it was one of grief from the soul and pain of longing for home.

It was a bitterness that wind could not blow away. This was the beautiful moment he chose.

Su Ming sighed. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply and respectfully towards the island under his feet. He was bowing towards the old xun maker, thanking him for the three day long serendipity.

Once he bowed, he lifted his head and took a step forward. He seized the bald crane, turned into a long arc, and charged into the sky.

The island slowly vanished behind him. Only a sad song from a xun could be heard echoing in the air, as if it was sending Su Ming off, and it remained until he left into the distance.

*Chapter 584: Ambush!*

Almost the moment Su Ming flew out of the island, the face of a ghost suddenly appeared on the surface of the Dead Sea. It was a corpse that was hidden under the surface of the sea. It had no head, and the ghost face had formed on its bare chest.

In the Dead Sea at the edge of Eastern Wastelands were more than a dozen of ghost-face corpses like this one. The ghost faces on their bodies shone with a dark light right then, and shrill howls that no one could hear started echoing in the air.

Immediately after, the clone that was sitting and meditating at the edge of Eastern Wastelands opened his eyes swiftly, and a cold chill flashed past his eyes.

A cold, callous smile appeared on his lips.

"You finally appeared, my son." He stood up slowly. But just as he was about to take a step forward into the sky, he suddenly frowned, and after a pensive moment of silence, he sat down again.

'Someone completely hid Destiny's presence away from me earlier, and I was unable to detect him. If it was done by someone, then this person's power is definitely nothing to be scoffed at. South Morning...' Di Tian's eyes shone and a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

At that moment, Su Ming was flying calmly in the sky. However, his sorrow was a presence in his soul that simply could not be hidden away. It surrounded his entire body, causing all others to be unable to get close to him, or else they would be lost in his world and have their whole being affected by his sadness.

'A great disaster... The only thing that can be considered a great disaster and is aimed solely at me in Yin Death Region is... Di Tian!' Su Ming's pupils shrank, but killing intent shone within them.

'Judging at the time, it is also about time Di Tian sent his clone down here. There's a high possibility that this great disaster comes from him.'

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes, and a burning fighting spirit rose in his heart. To him, Di Tian might be a great disaster, but similarly, Su Ming harbored a resolve that he would absolutely kill him!

If Di Tian did not die, then it would be difficult for Su Ming to control his own actions. Having an enemy like this was a driving force for Su Ming himself. Only when he killed Di Tian's clone would he be able to control his own fate in the land of the Berserkers.

'The real Di Tian might be incredibly strong, but over the years, he only sent his clones to this place. Maybe it's because... he can't come here on his own!'

'But this is just a guess. If who I fight this time is also his clone, then it means that my guess is correct! If it's really his clone, then I might have a chance against him!'

Su Ming dipped his head down and looked at his right index finger. Wrapped around it was a tiny part of the hair from the first God of Berserkers!

'I killed Di Tian's first clone all those years ago, and today... I will kill his second!'

'I had been unable to tell just how powerful Di Tian was in the past, and neither had I been able to gauge Hong Luo's level of cultivation. I only knew that they had surpassed the Berserkers' Berserker Soul Realm.

'But now that I think about it, Hong Luo's level of cultivation is clearly equivalent to those who are walking down the path of Life Cultivation. By the looks of it, he didn't seem to know about the missing element in his Life, so he shouldn't have reached Life Privation!

'He had only arrived at the level of Life Matrix. Perhaps when he was at the pinnacle of his strength, he was stronger, but when he was me, he was indeed only at that level!

'As for Di Tian's clone, his level of cultivation had clearly surpassed the Life Matrix Realm, since he could kill Hong Luo, but he shouldn't have reached Life Palace just yet. Life Palace... to understand all the changes in the world, to know the regrets of the universe, to learn of the power of Law. If he had reached Life Palace, then he shouldn't have been injured when he killed Hong Luo!

'I'm certain that his clone was at the Life Privation Realm!

'Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life... These are the four great realms in Life Cultivation. Right now, from the understanding I've gained, I have managed to reach the borders of Life Matrix, but I haven't reached the Berserker Soul Realm in terms of my level of cultivation, that's why I only have the presence of Life Cultivation but can't truly step onto its path.

'But... it's not as if I have nothing to use when I fight against his clone!'

Su Ming flew incredibly quickly, and as he charged across the sea, his eyes sparkled with a pensive light.

'All of these are just my guesses. If Di Tian himself came here this time, then I won't be able to run away from this disaster, and if his clone this time is much stronger than the one he sent in the past, then this battle... is also pretty much sealed in his favor.

'Great disaster...' In silence, Su Ming went past the fuzzy borders of South Morning and arrived at the vast Dead Sea right outside them. As he continued rushing across the sea, a ruthless glare gradually appeared in his eyes.

He charged down towards the surface of the sea. Right before him was a small island. It was not big, but not incredibly small either. Judging by its area, it was about the same size as the island that belonged to his Fated Kin.

The island was the same as all the other islands Su Ming had met on the way - there was not a sign of life that could be found on it. It was empty, and not a single hint of green could be located. It looked just like a bump in the sea.

Su Ming charged down and landed on the island. With a glint in his eyes, he spread his divine sense and covered the entire island. Once he did so, he went to the center and sat down.

'Since the disaster is bound to come, then I might as well choose my own battlefield. I will wait here... for the disaster to arrive!'

A chilling glare shone brilliantly in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and seized the air before pushing his palm flat against the ground. With it, the ground started shaking, and immediately after, a brilliant shade of red appeared at the spot where Su Ming's palm had met the ground.

Once the red meadow appeared, it started spreading outwards rapidly, and in the blink of an eye, it had already spread to an area of several hundreds of feet. Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood that landed on the grass. Immediately, the red grass started sashaying around in a strange fashion and grew rapidly. In the blink of an eye, the meadow covered the entire island and even spread out to cover the surface of the sea.

This was the first time Su Ming had used his full strength to activate that red meadow by making it absorb a sufficient amount of blood and life. As it spread into the sea, that absorption of life reached its full capacity.

The entire island had turned completely red.

When Su Ming lifted his right hand, a black flagpole appeared on his palm. It had been a long time since he used this thing. This... was one of the treasures he had obtained from Han Mountain City, and it was one of the divine abilities that belonged to Han Mountain's ancestor.

Su Ming did not know the details, but he could still bring out some of its power, and could... make it explode!

This was the first counterattack he prepared for his enemy!

Su Ming placed the flag pole by the side, then patted his storage bag. Immediately, a large stone monument flew out - it was the legacy left behind by the first God of Berserkers.

No one among the Berserkers could obtain any sort of inheritance from it any longer, but its existence itself brought about a terrifying force that could frighten all the Immortals. If Di Tian truly came here, then the moment he saw this stone monument, he would definitely be surprised and horrified!

This was the second strike Su Ming prepared for Di Tian!

When he erected this stone monument on the island, a flicker of light flashed in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and slapped his storage bag, and immediately, a transparent mountain rock flew out. Within it was naturally the small black humanoid that had lost one of its fingers.

The creature had its eyes closed, as if it was sleeping.

"I have an offer, will you take it?" Su Ming looked at the small black humanoid and asked flatly.

The creature did not move, but after several breaths, its eyes flew open and it stared at Su Ming, with its eyes shining with a strange light.

"What offer?" Its voice was rather piercing to the ears.

"With your full strength, help me kill a person. It doesn't matter whether I live or die in the end, I will return you your freedom!"

The small black humanoid was silent for a moment before it suddenly spoke.

"Why should I believe you?"

"My seal is on your body. It depends entirely on you whether you want to take this offer. I will only offer this once, and I will never make it again!" Su Ming stated calmly.

The small black humanoid struggled for a moment, and a hint of madness appeared briefly in its eyes before it gave a nod.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and slapped the transparent mountain rock, and the seal on the mountain rock immediately vanished. Right then, Su Ming cast his divine sense on the small black humanoid, and after a swift scan, the creature flew out of the mountain rock.

The instant it was out, it lifted its head and let out a piercing roar towards the sky before it looked swiftly towards Su Ming, who remained as composed as ever while looking at the small black humanoid coldly.

The creature was silent for a moment, then wrapped its fist in its palm towards Su Ming.

"I'll trust in your words, and I don't want to be your enemy either. Our goals are both the same, we both want to leave this place!" After it spoke, it disappeared into the air with a single step, vanishing from Su Ming's eyes.

Even if Su Ming swept his divine sense through the area, had he not left his will in the creature acting as a seal, it would be difficult for him to find it.

This was the third gift Su Ming prepared for Di Tian.

"Di Tian..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and flung his arm. Immediately, a piece of debris from one of Great Yu Dynasty's palaces appeared before him. He had obtained this item in the frozen world, and when he brought it out, he pressed his right hand on it, and the meadow around him instantly covered it up.

Su Ming's divine sense was connected to the debris. When he first fought against old Mo Luo on Scour Sieve Island, a thought had appeared in his head regarding the Art he used to bring out Great Yu's illusion. Afterwards, he had done some experiments and, keeping in mind that he had gone to the real Great Yu Dynasty before, if he cast this illusion, its might would definitely be great.

This was the fourth present he prepared.

Once Su Ming finished doing all these things, he fell into a brief period of pensive silence before he brought out the virescent sword. He looked at it, and a hint of reluctance appeared in his eyes, but it soon disappeared, to be replaced by a solemn expression. With his right hand holding the sword, he lifted his left hand and gently brushed his finger across the blade. As he did so, a strange glare appeared in his eyes and a string of complicated sounding words tumbled out of his mouth. He even had his Nascent Divinity dispersed to fuse into the sword slowly as he swept his finger across the blade.

The small virescent sword trembled and let out a piercing whistle. After a moment, a blinding glare came from its blade, and a tragic air of sadness spread out from within sword. That presence was filled with a reluctance to part with Su Ming, along with affection...

This was the fifth present Su Ming prepared for Di Tian.

With the special method he obtained from Hong Luo, he would offer up this sword and have the power of its soul erupt forth so that it could withstand his might when he flicked the blade!

*Chapter 585: Di Tian's Clone!*

Su Ming used the virescent sword in his hand and stabbed it into the meadow. Once it sank into the ground, he closed his eyes slightly, and as bell chimes echoed within him, Han Mountain Bell manifested itself outside his body. Once it flew out, the picture of the Nine-Headed Dragon on it gained a vivid edge, and it sounded as if its roars filled the world.

"Nine-Headed Dragon..." Su Ming whispered softly.

"Candle Dragon..." The instant he said these two words, the small Candle Dragon at his collar immediately flew out, and with a leap, crawled into the meadow, disappearing. At the same time, the bell in the sky grew larger, and as it grew endlessly, it replaced the sky above Su Ming before rushing into the thick, dark clouds above and hiding itself away from sight.

This was the sixth gift Su Ming prepared for that disaster!

'And the seventh...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He looked at the mark of the crimson dragon on his arm. The crimson dragon had opened its eyes at the moment and was also looking at Su Ming. There was resolution in its gaze.

Without even needing Su Ming to speak, the crimson dragon on his arm manifested itself, then lifted its head and roared before it charged into the sky with its gigantic body. It disappeared swiftly into the clouds and vanished from sight.

But it was still there. Su Ming could tell that with just a single thought from him, the crimson dragon would have its strongest power erupt from its body to destroy the entire world.

This was his seventh gift!

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. When he lifted his hands, the power of lightning erupted from the Lightning Crystal of Inheritance within him. This power surrounded his body, and as he watched the endless amount of lightning sparks swimming on his skin, he closed his eyes and struck his chest with his right hand.

As lightning crackled all over his body, Su Ming opened his mouth and spat out an item!

This item was black and was a cauldron-shaped object with nine holes in it. This thing had always been in Su Ming's body, and it was the item that was formed when he absorbed the lightning from the world as he Awakened in Han Mountain City!

There had never been much changes within this item, as it resided in his body, up till the moment he absorbed the Lightning Berserker's inheritance. Su Ming had sensed

something different within it, as if there thousands upon thousands of threads connecting this item to the Lightning Berserker.

In fact, even if the black stone fragment had played the largest role in him being able to obtain the Lightning Berserker's inheritance, without this cauldron-shaped thing, the stone fragment would not have been able to find a guide to bring out lightning.

The instant Su Ming spat out the nine-holed cauldron-shaped thing that was his Origin Vessel, the lightning around him charged into the item and disappeared without a trace, causing one of the nine holes to be filled to the brim with lightning!

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. With a swing of his arm, the item charged into the clouds in the sky. At the instant it buried itself there, thunder rumbled, and an infinite amount of lightning started swimming in all directions in the sky, then gathered within the nine-holed cauldron!

That was not the end. Su Ming started forming various seals with his hands and had his Nascent Divinity cover his entire body. He was, at that moment, casting the Immortals' Nine Transformations from the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice Art!

The first Transformation, the second Transformation, the third Transformation... Every single time Su Ming changed the seal with his hand, he would send that Transformation into the seal. With each Transformation, the lightning in the sky would increase by a countless amount, which resulted in the second hole within the nine-holed cauldron to be filled, and the third hole was also gradually filling up with lightning.

Su Ming's limit arrived at the seventh Transformation due to his level of cultivation. At that moment, four holes within the nine-holed cauldron in the clouds had already been filled with lightning.

This was the eighth gift he prepared for the person who would bring him his disaster!

'One more...'

Su Ming looked at his left hand. Under his gaze, it gradually turned black, and soon, that dark shade filled his entire palm. However, before long, that black shade gradually started fading away, and only... the palm lines on his left hand remained black. Compared to his normal skin color, those black lines were quite a terrifying sight.

"The Curse..."

When Su Ming mumbled under his breath, his gaze fell on his right hand. There was a black glare shining on his right hand at the moment, but it soon disappeared, as if it had hidden itself in his right hand.

"This is the ninth gift... Di Tian, let's hope you're really the one who will be bringing me this disaster... I will wait for you here... with these nine gifts!"

Su Ming closed his eyes and calmed his breathing. He started waiting in silence.

He had already laid out the entire board for the battlefield, and would now absolutely not leave this place. If this disaster was truly Di Tian, he would definitely come.

Su Ming waited for three days. During them, he did not move a single inch and kept his eyes closed as he meditated, and by doing so, his condition continued improving, until he reached his strongest state.

He knew that the disaster this time would be incredibly difficult, but he could not back down from this fight, and neither did he have any space to withdraw. He could only fight!

He had to fight!

He had to slaughter his way through, to clear a path for himself to control his own fate. He had to kill until everything changed!

Fight!

Red capillaries gradually appeared beneath Su Ming's shut eyes. A battle spirit and killing intent that surged into the sky rose in his body, and like a storm, it started sweeping through the entire area.

He wanted to fight. He wanted to fight against Di Tian, fight against his fate, fight against his confusion, and fight against his whole life!

When the fifth day arrived and Su Ming's battle spirit reached its peak, a wave of distortions appeared in the sky in the distance, and a person walked out from within.

That person was dressed in an Emperor's robe and wore a crown. With an aloof look on his face, he cast a cold glance at Su Ming sitting on the island beneath him. Naturally, that person was Di Tian!

After waiting for several days, he had noticed that Su Ming was no longer heading toward Eastern Wastelands. After a moment of hesitation, he chose to not wait any longer and come to Su Ming himself. To him, changing Destiny's path would not be too hard... even though he had run into a period lacking control during all his years of observing Su Ming.

But he believed that this period of emptiness, where he did not see him, was not enough for his plans to fall!

Di Tian did not even say a single word when he saw Su Ming. He simply took a step towards the island where he was. At that moment, his aloof appearance and his emotionless expression gave a loud voice to his tyrannical behavior!

Along with the Emperor's robe, the awe-inspiring presence caused Di Tian to look as if he was the sovereign in this world, as if every single piece of land under the sky was his domain, and with an overbearing presence that screamed of him being the only sovereign that could exist in this world, his foot landed. The world roared, and the Dead Sea beneath him started churning and tumbling backwards, as if it could not withstand the pressure of his arrival!

At that moment, the imposing presence of Di Tian was the exact same as the clone's who had fought against Hong Luo all those years ago!

'It's not his real seal...'

At the instant Di Tian took that one step and the world started roaring, Su Ming's eyes flew open. With a single move, his body flew up, and the Undertaker of Evil's Armor covered his body. Once it did so, the Spear appeared in his hand.

All of these things happened in a flash. In the blink of an eye, Su Ming had already equipped the Undertaker of Evil's Armor.

Di Tian completely ignored the armor's appearance. Once he took the first step, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm towards Su Ming through the air. An astonishing wave of fog started churning, and as if it wanted to cover the entire world within, it rushed forward towards Su Ming!

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. At the instant his body rose into the sky, he took a step forward. When his foot landed, the air roared. This was not a normal step, it was... Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

The first step!

With it, the layers of clouds above Di Tian's head thinned out, and a huge footprint appeared. With a piercing howl, it charged towards Di Tian.

Once Su Ming took that step, he immediately took another. He did not stop moving his feet and walked another six steps forward. Once he was finished, six footprints that were each bigger than the last appeared and replaced the entire sky above Di Tian's head. With loud rumbles, they sank down and crashed into the vast fog that had appeared when Di Tian swung his arm.

At the instant a shocking roar reverberated through the air, Su Ming took his seventh step, and with it, the biggest footprint abruptly descended, causing the rumbling sounds, which had already been shocking enough, to become much louder!

When Su Ming finished executing the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps, his speed reached an unimaginable extent. When the piercing roars continued shaking the world and space itself was still being torn apart, he had already charged through the air with the Undertaker of Evil's Spear in hand. Like a long arc that shot through space, he appeared before Di Tian and sent his spear straight towards the center of the clone's brows!

This was Su Ming!

He took the initiative to attack, no longer merely resisting like he did all those years ago. This spear symbolized his fight against fate. This spear represented the resolve in his heart. This spear... contained his hate towards Di Tian!

The significance behind his change from being forced to fight back and attacking on his own was great, and the change itself was as huge as the world being overturned!

A loud bang that buried all other sounds spread out swiftly, but Di Tian's gaze was as calm as ever. Not a single hint of change could be seen in his composed expression. In fact, he did not even take half a step backwards. He merely lifted his right hand and tapped the tip of Su Ming's spear.

A bang reverberated in the air, and Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood and staggered backwards before turning into an arc that fell on the island. He... failed with this strike!

The strength of Di Tian's clone was so great that he only needed one finger to injure Su Ming... but there was a price to it. A thin gash appeared on the pad of Di Tian's finger.

"Looks like you've improved by quite a large margin over the years, considering that you were able to injure my clone... but you still need to walk down your predestined path so that I won't be disappointed."

As Di Tian spoke, he closed in on the island. However, right at the instant Su Ming fell on the ground, a strange, faint smile appeared on the corners of his lips.

There were three reasons behind Su Ming launching his attack. One of them was due to his resolve and the change in his attitude. The other was to test just how much his body could handle. The final reason... was to lure Di Tian to this island!

Now, his adversary was here!

"Di Tian!" Su Ming roared. He lifted his right hand and swiftly pressed it on the seemingly ordinary looking stone monument, the monument that the first God of Berserkers had left behind containing his inheritance that would only last until the third God of Berserkers!

At the instant Su Ming's palm fell, a hum came from the monument, and a presence belonging to the first God of Berserkers manifested within the world, causing Di Tian's expression to change for the very first time as he walked over!

"This is... Lie Shan Xiu's presence!"

*Chapter 586: Devastating!*

Lie Shan Xiu's presence should not possess a powerful might, because it was originally not very strong. It was rather faint, in truth. After all, it was an inheritance that lasted only till the third God of Berserkers. There was not much left.

However, if the monument's power to instill fear was used against the Immortals who had trembled under Lie Shan Xiu's might all those years ago, then the effect of this presence would reach a terrifying degree.

This was not a suppression on one's cultivation base, neither was it going to cause Di Tian any physical damage. Instead, it was something that would affect his heart, a mighty pressure that came from the soul itself!

This mighty pressure would be stronger the greater was the Immortal who had trembled in fear due to Lie Shan Xiu's might. They would be like terrified birds who were injured by an arrow once and from then on would fall when they heard the sound of the bow again. Right then, Di Tian behaved in the exact same way!

Before he had made his name known, he had watched the first God of Berserkers raining slaughter on the Immortals. That mighty power and that terrifying massacre was his eternal nightmare.

At the instant he sensed Lie Shan Xiu's presence, Di Tian's heart trembled, a sight rarely seen on him. That shock caused his mind and expression to go blank for a brief instant.

That brief state of blankness was to Su Ming the chance he had been waiting for after all the preparations he'd made, it was also the reason behind why he prepared all the gifts for Di Tian!

At the instant the clone went into a daze, Su Ming pressed both his arms on the ground, and the red meadow immediately surged into the sky, and an area of more than thousands of feet could be seen surging up in to the sky. Red fog seeped out from the meadow, and the instant it filled the air, Su Ming grabbed the flagpole and stabbed it into the ground.

When he did so, the red fog that had spread out immediately gathered together, to turn into a gigantic shadow, and with a huge roar, it charged towards Di Tian. At the same time, with a yank from Su Ming's right hand, all the grass from the meadow flew up and enveloped Di Tian.

"Explode!" Su Ming let out a low roar, and the instant the meadow enveloped the dazed Di Tian, the flagpole let out a loud bang and exploded. The impact formed from it charged straight towards the clone.

Almost the instant the red meadow collapsed, the shadow in the red fog grabbed Di Tian's body, and right when it looked as if it was about to devour him, a look of struggle appeared on Di Tian's face. Clearly, he was about to wake up from the sudden shock the first God of Berserkers' presence had brought on him.

There was no way Su Ming would waste this chance he had seized after so much difficulty. He formed a seal with both hands and swiftly pointed forward!

"Illusion of Great Yu!"

As he pointed forward, his Nascent Divinity swiftly spread out and fused into the debris from one of Great Yu's palaces in the collapsed meadow. The debris swiftly let out a powerful dark light, and as it shone, the dark light instantly enveloped Di Tian within. The absent-minded look appeared once again, the signs of Di Tian waking up disappearing.

This happened because he had sank into the illusion of Great Yu. It was the Great Yu Dynasty that Su Ming had brought up from his own thoughts after seeing the country itself with his own eyes. The level of authenticity in it was unparalleled!

Right at the instant Di Tian became dazed once again, Su Ming let out a low roar. Right then, a flash of black suddenly appeared, and that black light was naturally the killing move Su Ming had prepared - the small black humanoid!

This creature was of unknown origins and had a mysterious background. Its strength could also not be deduced, but at the moment it appeared, it instantly entered Di Tian's body.

Su Ming seized the ground through the air with his right hand, and his body shot up. At the same moment he flew up, a virescent sword quickly charged towards him, and once Su Ming held it in his hand, he swiftly closed in on Di Tian!

The murderous aura from the sword in his hand rose into the sky and fused with the sword's aura itself. As it swept through the air, Su Ming cracked the sword like a whip on Di Tian's body, but right at the moment the sword's strike was about to reach him, a freezing glare appeared in Di Tian's dazed eyes and they became filled with clarity. There... was not a hint of blankness in him!

"The illusion of Great Yu Dynasty... I had personally joined in the fight to destroy the Great Yu Dynasty all those years ago and had even brought you away from it. This illusion... is too weak!" As Di Tian spoke calmly, he formed a seal with his right hand and pressed towards the incoming sword aura.

"I am the heavens. All manner of living exists beneath the sky. Under my rule, all the living are given different souls. If I am unwilling, I can retrieve those souls... Heavenly Deprivation of Souls." At the moment these cool words that did not hold a hint of emotion tumbled out of Di Tian's lips, he pointed at the sword aura with his right index finger.

At the instant his finger touched the sword, Su Ming heard a shrill scream of pain coming from the small virescent sword in his hand. The sword also became dimmer in an instant, as if its soul was rapidly disappearing from within.

That one finger shot through the sword aura and charged straight towards Su Ming!

In the time of crisis, he swiftly lifted the sword in his hand and bit his left index finger. At the same moment he started fighting against Di Tian's finger, he swiped his left index finger across the blade.

By the time he drew that line of blood, Di Tian's finger had already touched the sword. A clear sound rang in the air, and a large amount of cracks appeared on the sword. A strange power came from it, and with a force that seemed as if it could separate a person's soul from its body, that power swept towards Su Ming.

Without any hesitation, Su Ming flicked the sword, and a sharp sword whistle reverberated through the air. A wave of sound from the sword also swept towards Di Tian.

The sword started shattering, inch by inch, and broke down in Su Ming's hands, but all the sword pieces swept towards Di Tian and crashed into his incoming finger.

Loud, booming bangs echoed in the air. Su Ming coughed up blood and his body fell backwards. Di Tian's face grew slightly colder and darker.

"You do have a few tricks up your sleeve, but do you have any left now?!"

Di Tian spoke coldly and took a step towards the pale and rapidly retreating Su Ming, but at the moment he took his second step, Su Ming's body came to an abrupt halt and a dark light shone in his eyes.

Di Tian frowned. Then, a roar shot out from the clouds in the sky. It was a dragon's roar, the crimson dragon's roar. A crimson dragon of ten thousand feet peered out from the clouds in the sky at that moment and glared at Di Tian. It did not know him, but it could sense that presence of the person who had killed its previous owner stained his body!

Roaring, the crimson dragon charged towards Di Tian, but with a calm face, the clone lifted his right hand and swung it forward.

"The dragon's soul formed by Hong Luo's Earthen Aura divine ability... dust to dust, earth to earth. There will be no second sovereign in the world!" He spoke calmly, but the moment his words were voiced, a shudder ran through his body, and a look of disbelief appeared in his face.

The divine ability he had just cast had not been brought outwards, but had instead... appeared within him. It was like self-mutilation, as if someone had just cast the exact same Art right in his face. It was used right back on him, and during that instant, Di Tian's body became slightly faded out!

The crimson dragon let out a low roar, and seizing that chance, it closed in on Di Tian, with its mouth wide open. As it roared, its body swept through the land. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew exactly what had happened to Di Tian, because during moments before, he had sensed a hint of the small black humanoid's presence. He did not have time to think about how the small black humanoid had managed to do this though, because he could not waste this chance!

Closing in, Su Ming lifted his right hand. At the instant he raised his right index finger and closed in on Di Tian, his finger touched the center of the clone's brows. However, right when his finger touched him, a powerful rebound crashed straight into his body. Blood trickled out of the corner of Su Ming's lips, and his body fell backwards.

The crimson dragon went through the same series of events. As the power crashed into it and it was sent flying backwards, the waves of power that came from the Earthen Aura Dragon Vein had not even managed to injure a single hair on Di Tian's body. Instead, the crimson dragon had suffered a powerful rebound, but it went charging right back at him again, and was sent hurtling back once more. After a few times, its body shrank greatly and it even showed signs of withering away.

Di Tian's face grew as dark as thunderclouds. He simply allowed Su Ming and the crimson dragon to attack, not bothering with them. Instead, he lifted his right hand and struck his chest. With it, a shrill scream of pain came from within his body. Then, right from his back, a small black humanoid started being forced out, its body crumbling. Just as it was about to be completely kicked out—

"Nine-Headed Dragon!" Su Ming shouted, and immediately, an endless amount of bell chimes came from the clouds in the sky. When another chime sounded, as the clouds in the sky tumbled in the air, a bell that was several thousands of feet in size descended rapidly and covered Di Tian within it.

At the same time, the Nine-Headed Dragon's illusion manifested in the sky. The awakened heads roared and spat out an innumerable amount of vengeful souls right at

Han Mountain Bell. The vengeful spirits filled the sky and earth, surrounded Han Mountain Bell, and even shot through the bell to charge towards Di Tian!

At that moment, Di Tian lifted his head and roared. Immediately, the small black humanoid broke down and was completely forced out of his body, but during that instant, a red glare that even Di Tian himself did not notice charged straight towards him.

The red glare was too fast and had already reached a distance of less than three feet from Di Tian. The clone waved his arm, and the red glare distorted slightly before it started using its body to resist the power from Di Tian's swing.

But... with a bang, that red glare broke down and turned into a bloody mess. It... was the small snake!

Yet even though its body had broken down, its head still remained. It bit down on Di Tian's hand, causing his left hand to instantly turn black!

Di Tian's face filled with rage. He had never been in such a pathetic state before, and it was especially humiliating since his level of cultivation surpassed Su Ming's by quite a large margin. But right then, due to his many moves, Di Tian had been injured!

"Men's revolution can be replaced by the heavens. This is what it means for the heavens to take over men!"

Di Tian's voice echoed in the air, and the power within him erupted. This caused the small snake that had managed to injure him to shatter. The awakened heads from the Nine-Headed Dragon rushed into Han Mountain Bell right as the small snake was about to die and opened their mouths wide to devour Di Tian.

A loud, violent bang reverberated in the world for a long, long time and did not disappear. Instead, that sound became even greater. For the first time, a large amount of damage appeared on Han Mountain Bell, and it shattered. Its broken pieces could be gathered together once again, but clearly, they no longer contained the spiritual aura the bell once possessed.

The Nine-Headed Dragon let out a shrill cry of pain and exploded, turning into wisps of fog that surged out in all directions.

*Chapter 587: The Ninth Gift!*

Han Mountain Bell was sent back!

The Nine-Headed Dragon disintegrated!

The small Candle Dragon only had its head remaining and not much life force left. At that moment, it was tossed far away!

Anger appeared on Di Tian's face. This sort of dishevelled state was something that was incredibly rarely seen on his person.

"You're just an imitation of the Great Eastern Wasteland Desert Bell, how dare you try and seal me?!"

Di Tian's hair was a mess. His left hand had originally been black, but was rapidly regaining its actual skin color. Black liquid fell from the two wounds from the small snake, and by the looks of it, before long, he would be completely recovered.

Right at the moment Di Tian took a huge step forward, and in his anger was fully intent to end what he believed was a farce, a chilling glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Immediately, as the clouds in the sky tumbled, a shocking, thunderous roar traveled forth.

At the instant it sounded, a gigantic bolt of lightning crashed on Di Tian with an unbelievable speed and loud, rumbling sounds.

Di Tian's pupils shrank, and he instantly vanished. Right then, a deafening thunder clap rose into the air, and the place where Di Tian had been standing shattered completely!

Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, but at that moment, a great sense of danger rose swiftly within him. Without a single bit of hesitation, the Welcoming of Deities immediately appeared in his hand and he swallowed it.

At that moment, Di Tian walked out from the space behind him and lifted his right hand. Then, with a superior might that could not be withstood, he pushed his palm straight towards the top of Su Ming's skull!

The space around Su Ming was completely sealed off by this attack, causing it to be absolutely impossible for him to dodge the fatal blow!

Once he was struck, he would lose all his memories. When he woke up again... perhaps he would still be him, but he... would also no longer be himself!

The hand came towards him, and Su Ming's fate seemed to be sealed. However, there was no absolute certainty in the world, and accidents could happen in every situation, including those that seemed certain! Almost at the instant Di Tian thought his palm would hit Su Ming without a single obstacle, it was less than three inches away from the top of his skull, after all, suddenly, a ray of golden light swiftly spread out from Su Ming's body!

There were five layers to this golden light, and when it spread out, the first layer that touched Di Tian's hand shattered, but within the circle that was closer to Su Ming, another layer appeared.

As the light screens shattered, more would appear, and they continuously spread out. Within that short instant, the layers had shattered several tens of thousands of times, but they never disintegrated. The seal always stayed!

This golden screen of light that would eternally exist with those five layers reappearing in an endless cycle was naturally the Five Direction Seal that held down the second God of Berserkers' left hand!

If this seal could hold down the God of Berserkers' left hand, then there was no way that Di Tian's clone would be able to break its might within a short period of time!

Su Ming's Qi continuously rose within the screen of light. At that moment, the Qi that was spreading out from his body after he swallowed the Welcoming of Deities was that belonging to the second God of Berserkers. Di Tian was incredibly familiar with it, and his expression changed.

But right at the moment his expression changed, the nine-holed cauldron appeared once again from the clouds in the sky. As of then, only three of the four original filled holes were brimming with lightning. Once it appeared, a red flash of lightning came crackling down from the sky and charged towards Di Tian.

"I didn't expect that you would have Divine Will's Lightning. As I thought, Destiny, I can really give you no chance! But this Divine Will's Lightning and that Five Direction Seal should be your last tricks!

"I'd like to see just how you will fight against me when I break your Five Direction Seal. So, the second God of Berserkers' inheritance, hmm...?"

With his intellect, Di Tian could tell with just a glance that this Five Direction Seal was not under Su Ming's control. This thing had appeared to protect him just because the second God of Berserkers' Qi had risen within Su Ming's body at that moment.

He might be referring to it as a protection, but it was in truth sealing Su Ming within!

The person inside could not get out, but the people outside could not get in either!

Yet to Di Tian, the Five Direction Seal's existence was protecting Su Ming at that moment, that was why even though he knew that this thing was actually a seal, he still chose to try and break it open!

With his power, perhaps he would be unable to do so within a short amount of time, but when he lifted his head and cast a glance at the lightning in the sky, a cold sneer

appeared on his lips. He lifted his right hand, pointed towards the lightning, then lifted his left hand and pushed it towards the screen of light that belonged to the Five Direction Seal.

With a loud bang, the red lightning struck Di Tian. He jolted forward and lightning filled his entire body in an instant. It swam through him and left through his left hand, crashing onto the Five Direction Seal.

Soon after, another bolt of lightning crashed down. Di Tian let out a low growl and clenched his left hand into a fist. At the moment the lightning sparks gathered on his body, he rammed his fist against the Five Direction Seal.

It had begun cracking due to the lightning earlier, and as it continuously crumbled and shattered, when that punch landed, its speed as it repaired itself started showing signs that it could not keep up with the rate of destruction. There were no longer five layers of light that appeared outside. Only three remained.

Su Ming could not dodge. He might be in the Five Direction Seal, but the area around him was frozen up, resulting in him being unable to retreat, unable to resist, unable to struggle, but he did not plan to do so. Instead, with calm eyes, he stared at Di Tian's actions.

The black stone fragment on his neck was flashing. Within this temporary period of safety, Su Ming had time to change his plans.

At that moment, the final bolt of lightning came crashing down. Right when it came in contact with Di Tian, a glint appeared in the clone's eyes. He lifted his right hand, about to touch the screen of light and have this Divine Will's Lightning add to the power of his cultivation base before channeling it to Su Ming so that he would get a taste of his own medicine, while Di Tian himself remained uninjured, an event that was completely out of his expectations happened!

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, and during the instant Di Tian wanted to have him suffer the might of the Divine Lightning, a dark ray of light surrounded his body and he disappeared without a trace!

Once he disappeared, the Five Direction Seal dissipated, and because of that, the place where Di Tian was about to send the power from the Divine Lightning was gone!

Di Tian's pupils shrank. Lightning erupted abruptly within his body and filled him entirely, causing blood to flow out from his mouth for the first time ever since the battle had started!

Because of the lightning, his body also became numb, and during that instant, his cultivation base froze for a moment. If it had been any other moment, this would not

have mattered, but right then, almost the moment Di Tian's plan failed, Su Ming reappeared in midair!

He had stepped into the dimension in the stone fragment and had taken out the Welcoming of Deities when he was in it, that was why the Five Direction Seal did not stop him when he reappeared. With a single move, he charged towards Di Tian.

"Di Tian, this is the ninth gift I've prepared for you!"

Su Ming's face was freezing cold. Killing intent shone in his eyes, and he pressed his left hand, with the black lines, straight at the center of Di Tian's brows.

A loud boom that shook the skies reverberated in the air. As Di Tian roared in anger, Su Ming coughed up blood, but just when it seemed like he was about to be sent flying off by the rebound, he lifted his right hand, and a black bone spike took shape!

This was the God of Berserkers' spike! It was the one and only God of Berserkers' spike Si Ma Xin had hold on to!

The instant Su Ming was sent back, he warped and without caring about the injuries on his body, he sent that God of Berserkers' spike straight into Di Tian's chest!

*Chapter 588: Difficult!*

The God of Berserkers' spike was entirely black. A chilling air spread out from its body, and a chilling drop of water was also forced out from within it. It exuded a wave of bitterness and madness that surged into the skies. That bitterness came from the second God of Berserkers, his unwillingness to die, and the madness came from the pain when he was torn apart.

That bone spike contained the second God of Berserkers' bitterness and madness, and its might was astonishing. At that moment, Su Ming drove that spike into Di Tian's chest while throwing all caution to the wind.

The spike pierced through the Emperor's robe on Di Tian's body, and plunging three inches into him, entered his flesh and blood!

During that instant, the God of Berserkers' bitterness and madness surged into Di Tian's body with a bang, causing him to shudder. At the same time a muffled groan escaped his lips, and his face turned pale.

This could not be seen with the naked eye, but with the divine sense, Su Ming could sense a shadow appearing next to Di Tian's body. The appearance of it was indistinct, but at that moment, it surrounded the clone's entire body. It had its arms wrapped around Di Tian, as if it had seized his soul and wanted to yank it straight out of his body.

That shadow was formed from the second God of Berserkers' bitterness. It did not have any will, but clearly had a hate towards Di Tian that was engraved straight into the core of its being. As it surrounded him, it let out roars that could only be heard by divine senses.

The God of Berserkers' spike melted swiftly, seeping rapidly into the wound on Di Tian's chest, but right when it was about to fully do so, a strong ray of golden light swiftly flashed from Di Tian's body.

Due to it, Su Ming saw a jade pendant hanging right above Di Tian's chest. That jade was entirely gold, and it was naturally the thing that was letting out that strong ray of golden light. It spread out, and a wave of power that caused Su Ming to tremble exploded abruptly.

Under the golden light, the melted God of Berserkers' spike tumbled backwards, forced out. The second's bitterness filled spirit that was wrapped around Di Tian was also forced back as that golden light spread out.

As it shone on Su Ming, a bang went off in his head. He involuntarily took a few steps back, then bit down hard on the tip of his tongue and made himself immediately regain his senses. At the same time, he seized the air, and the spiked club manifested itself. He grabbed it, lifted, and then sent down crashing right down on Di Tian.

At that moment, his eyes were filled with red, and he looked incredibly pathetic, but there was a presence that screamed of an unwillingness to submit about him. When he lifted the spiked club, he sent it straight down on Di Tian with a sharp whistling sound that pierced the ears.

With a loud bang, the spiked club struck Di Tian... but it had been seized by the clone when he lifted his left hand!

Su Ming did not hesitate. Almost the moment Di Tian grabbed the spiked club, a low growl tumbled out of Su Ming's lips.

"Explode!"

Su Ming endured the pain in his heart for having to do so and activated the divine sense he had left in the spiked club, causing it to explode with a loud bang, and the impact that was formed swept towards Di Tian.

Su Ming could not move forward as that impact swept towards his opponent. He was forced to take a few steps back. When he did so, Di Tian also sank into a disheveled state. He had endured the full impact of that spiked club's explosion, but even though the golden light was spreading through the area, none of it shone directly on him. At that moment, he was still standing in midair, but there was a deep gash on his chest, and it could be seen that his face was pale.

"You're asking for it!" Di Tian roared. With golden light shining all over him, he took a step towards Su Ming. At the instant his foot landed, Su Ming's heart let out a thump and almost collapsed. If he had not offered his entire body up as a sacrifice during the Bone Sacrifice Realm, that one step would have caused his heart to explode.

Yet even so, Su Ming still staggered. While he took a few steps backwards once again, Di Tian had already closed in on him. The clone did not cast any divine abilities, but instead lifted his right hand and went on to seize Su Ming's throat.

He was so quick that his hand closed in on him in an instant. But right when he was about to take hold of the neck, Su Ming's right hand swiftly shot up to fight against him. Due to that one block, Su Ming's right hand was grabbed by Di Tian and all his bones in that hand crushed. Then, Di Tian swung him into the air and tossed him towards the island underneath.

Su Ming's body was sent charging down like a shooting star, and he crashed onto the ground with a bang. The island started trembling violently, and its edges completely shattered, then were swallowed by the sea.

"Did you honestly think that I wouldn't kill you?!"

Di Tian cast a glance at his own chest. The sharp stab of pain was still there, and during that instant just now, Su Ming had actually managed to make the shadow of death loom over his head. If his real self had not given him a treasure to protect his body before he descended, even if he had not died from that God of Berserkers' spike, he would have definitely been gravely wounded.

Su Ming's level of cultivation might not pose much of a threat to him, but the attacks he executed and the items he had brought had caused Di Tian to be shocked.

The instant Su Ming's body touched the ground, he lifted his right hand and pushed it towards the ground. As a rumbling sound echoed in the air, blood trickled out of his mouth, and he resisted against the force of Di Tian's throw with much difficulty. His entire right hand was twisted out of shape, and a sharp pain shot through his entire being, making cold sweat break out on his forehead. As he dispersed the power of Di Tian's throw, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood once again, and his face gained an even paler shade, making him look just like a dead person.

The great difference between their power caused it to be absolutely impossible for Su Ming to win against Di Tian's clone. As he retreated, Di Tian closed in on him once again with a dark expression. His eyes were cold, merciless.

However, there was no despair on Su Ming's face. Instead, an even greater fighting spirit surged up within him, and his eyes looked as if a ball of fire had kindled within them. Almost at the same moment Di Tian closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it forward. With this move, the time around his right hand reversed, and it started reverting to its original state from the distorted mess it was at the moment.

He was not healing himself, merely forcing the dislocated and fractured parts of his bones back to where they belonged with the power of Bone Sacrifice. That sort of pain was even stronger than the pain he suffered when he was injured.

"If you want my life, then you will have to pay a price you cannot endure!" While enduring the intense pain, Su Ming swung his lifted right hand at the sky.

"Sun Genesis!"

With that one swing, wind immediately started blowing among the clouds in the sky. As it howled, it filled the entire area before forming a gigantic whirlwind that charged straight towards Di Tian.

"Lunar Burial!"

Su Ming pushed his left hand down on the ground, and once it looked as if he had seized the ground, he yanked his hand upwards. With it, the second whirlwind stirred up out of nowhere and swept up everything around it, causing the seawater around the island to be pushed back and a violent gust of wind to come charging forward.

Right at the center between the whirlwind from the land and the whirlwind from the sky was Di Tian. As the two whirlwinds howled in the air, they swiftly crashed into each other.

At the instant they did so, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph.

"With my orders, I will make the sky not possess a second sun and the earth to not move in another direction, this is what it means to have no second sovereign! All dust and earth, all wind and clouds, all space and air, listen to my orders! Scatter!"

As Di Tian spoke, he formed a seal with his right hand and pointed forward. Immediately, a loud sound came from the sky.

That sound was deafening to the ears, and it sounded as if the sky was roaring, as if all lives in the world were howling, and there was only one word within this sound - "Scatter"!

That word sounded like the entire heaven's will, like an emperor's orders that would not allow anyone to question his will. It sounded like all the lives in the world roaring at the same time, and at the moment that sound appeared, the whirlwinds from the sky and earth crashed into each other, but before any form of sound could come from their crash, the two gusts of wind turned into nothingness and vanished right before Su Ming's eyes.

The island where Su Ming was standing also vanished, turning into emptiness. The entire sky also disappeared at that instant, as if it had ceased to exist.

Su Ming did not even have a chance to cast the third style of Wind Separation. When the first two styles turned into broken pieces and died away, Di Tian closed in on him from this emptiness, and a hand pressed down on the top of Su Ming's skull. A hoarse, stern voice reverberated in this completely empty world.

"All that has been changed will now be wiped away..."

Su Ming simply did not have a chance to resist. His body seemed to be frozen in midair, and even if he did possess more divine abilities, he could not resist. The hand had already pressed down on the top of his skull.

"All the mistakes in your path will now be rectified..."

With a loud bang, a massive amount of power surged into Su Ming's head, to seal up and sweep away everything, to go about bringing order to this so called chaos!

"All of your memories in this life will... scatter..."

The memories gradually became mixed up, as if this power was throwing everything into chaos. It left Su Ming's will in chaos, causing his mind to go blank once again, after layers of seals were placed on him.

"I will now grant you... hmm?!"

Before Di Tian could finish speaking, a cry of surprise suddenly came from him. The thing that caused this was nothing else but the scenes from the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, which he saw while wiping away Su Ming's memories!

The Undying and Imperishable World, the resistance brought forth by his will, the desire to continue living, the roars that continued reminding him to never forget who he was, and the repeated 'I am Su Ming' carved millions of times onto the Candle Dragon's gigantic stone statue. This caused a great resistance to burst forth from Su Ming's body, as Di Tian continued trying to wipe his memories away.

This resistance was Su Ming's will, the unwillingness to submit and forget his own mind during those reincarnations and struggles, and was also... his roar of rage towards fate!

'I am Su Ming, no one can wipe away my memories! No one can make me sink into that blankness once again! No one can... snatch away everything that belongs to me!'

A loud bang went off in Su Ming's head, and during that instant, he regained consciousness. The world before his eyes shattered, and the empty sky turned into clouds, the disappeared island appeared under his feet once more, the sounds of the waves reverberated in his ears again, and everything except the whirlwinds returned to normal!

*Chapter 589: Powerful!*

If it was not for the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, Su Ming would have, at this point, sunk down, and he would be able to do nothing about it. Perhaps... when he woke up, he would be facing an unfamiliar Dark Mountain, and it might not even be known as Dark Mountain anymore, but there would still be some place waiting for him to rouse from his sleep.

Then, he would continue growing. Perhaps he would also experience destruction, and go through many other things. Perhaps he would also discover a pair of eyes watching him in the dark.

Perhaps he would be able to arrive to the point where he was now again, but perhaps... he would have to walk on the path others dictated for him and become Destiny again.

However... Hong Luo's appearance was like a perfectly laid out plan. A sudden accident happened, and it caught everyone by surprise. No one had been able to predict it beforehand. That was why Di Tian's first clone had spared no pains in appearing, and all of it was for the sake of returning things to their original course.

He succeeded, because Hong Luo died, but he also failed, because... Su Ming rose from his slumber!

The awakened Su Ming completely broke off from Di Tian's control. From then on, all the things he experienced were due to his own luck, and not because of anyone else's plans.

It was especially so for the Undying and Imperishable World. The actions which Di Tian's servant had thought were clever, in fact... made the will of this person, who fought and struggled and crawled his way out of those cycles of reincarnations, to be incredibly rare!

When Su Ming regained his consciousness, the shock in Di Tian's heart caused him to look at Su Ming with an incredibly grave expression on his face. This young man had given him far too many surprises during their meeting this time.

First, he had been able to injure him, and then had managed to regain his consciousness after he had sunk into oblivion. All of these things caused that grave expression on Di Tian's face, and at the same time, one thought in his mind grew stronger.

'No matter what, I will have to make him change today, or else, if he has more time, then unless my real self comes... Only a few years have went by, and he's already changed so much.

'Destiny... as expected of Destiny, a member of the Abyss Builders!' A freezing glare shone in Di Tian's eyes, and he lifted his right hand swiftly to point at Su Ming, who had begun swiftly retreating once he regained his senses.

"The wanderer who has returned to his path, the fog shall be your eye, and the heavens shall be your guide. This shall be... Heaven Maze!"

Di Tian's voice was filled with a strange rhythm. Right when he swept his finger through the air, a ball of green manifested around him.

Green threads swiftly shot out and covered the entire area in the blink of an eye. It looked like a giant ball of threads, and they enveloped the entire area, filling up the world.

It seemed as if they were traveling incredibly slowly, but were in truth spreading outwards at an extremely fast pace towards Su Ming, looking as if they wanted to wrap him up in multiple layers.

Su Ming could no longer see Di Tian before him. The entire area around him was filled with the incoming green threads, and he could not run from them, could not hide from them!

Su Ming's face was pale, and his right hand was still throbbing with intense pain. His breathing was ragged, but there was not a hint of despair in his eyes.

The sparkling light within them was like starlight, and they were burning brilliantly, showing off his fighting spirit. It was a demeanor that cried out that he even if he died, he would die standing, would laugh and have absolutely no regrets!

"I can die, but even if I die, I will make you pay! If I die, I will make you Immortals bleed seas of blood that will reach the sky! If I die, I will make this heaven be deprived of all thoughts forever!"

Su Ming laughed loudly. The green threads quickly spread out, and right at the instant they were less than a hundred feet away from him, he lifted his right hand, opened his mouth and spat something out. A fan immediately appeared in his hand.

It looked as if it was formed from an endless amount of feathers, and light was spilling out from it. With a swing, the fan immediately grew larger, and holding it, Su Ming swung his hand in the direction in front of him!

That fan was indeed the one he had snatched from Si Ma Xin, and it was a treasure that was created personally by the second God of Berserkers. It was... also an item that belonged to Su Ming!

"The three Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Heaven Barrenness!"

With that one swing of the fan, a deafening roar came from the sky covered by the rolling clouds. The sky shattered, inch by inch, and it turned pitch black. That swing of the fan looked as if it had caused the sky to tumble backwards, layer by layer. The shattered spots looked as if they had been swept up, causing the entire sky to look as if it had been completely lifted. The broken pieces fused with the power of the sky, and as they were swept up by the fan, they all charged towards the green threads.

Loud rumbling echoed in the air. The power of Heaven Barrenness had lifted the sky as if it was just a curtain, dragging up the green threads as it did. In the midst of the rumbling, the green threads that had spread out all around Su Ming trembled simultaneously.

"The three great Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Earth Barrenness!"

Su Ming swung the fan in his hand once again, and vibrations shook through the fan. As it trembled, the island under his body let out a loud bang, then... as the seawater roared and churned, it was swept up from the sea as Su Ming swung that fan upwards!

The island had shrank, but it was still an island and a small mass of land. Rumbling sounds surged into the sky, and with a buzzing sound, the island flew up right from the surface of the sea, bringing with it an endless amount of seawater that poured down just like a curtain of rain!

Moments after, the ground on the island shattered, turning into an uncountable amount of crushed stone pieces that crashed into the green threads once again. The strongest bang came from under the sky and above the earth.

It brought forth a presence that could destroy everything, and with Su Ming at its center, it swept through all directions!

Su Ming's face turned a lot of paler, but he did not stop moving his hands. Instead... he swung the fan again, and this time, he brought out the final style in the divine ability contained within this weapon, the style that even Si Ma Xin had not been able to cast.

"The three great Barren Arts of Heaven, Earth, and Man, Man Barrenness!"

At the moment this Art was cast, the shattered world roared. The endless amount of crushed stone shot through the green threads and charged towards Su Ming. In the blink of an eye, it covered his entire body and gathered into a gigantic head with Su Ming at its center!

The face it showed was the exact same as his. The shattered sky also fused into the gigantic earthen head's eyes, causing them to shine with a brilliant light.

At the instant the head was formed, Su Ming opened his mouth and breathed out a puff of air towards the sullen Di Tian standing not too far away from him. That puff of air turned into black wind that swept towards the clone, and it could break the sky, destroy the earth, and extinguish the flames of life.

"The second God of Berserkers' divine ability..."

Di Tian looked darkly at Su Ming. As he watched the black gust of wind Su Ming had breathed out turning into a layer of black fog as it closed in on him, Di Tian let out a cold harrumph.

"A pity. If the second had been the one to cast this, then this body of mine that is merely a clone would have been unable to fight against it... but if you are the one to cast it, then it will simply be too weak!" As Di Tian spoke, he lifted his left hand and cut down towards the black fog coming towards him.

With that single slash, the black fog started trembling swiftly. Its middle portion instantly caved in, opening up a crack due to the invisible slash. At the same time this happened, Di Tian took a step towards that fog, and he was so fast that he moved through in an instant, appearing right before the gigantic earthen head that Su Ming had brought out. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm against the center of its brows.

"Cloud Sweep," Di Tian said flatly. At the instant his hand touched the gigantic head, his entire body sank into it. Without a single pause, once he went through, he moved towards the deeper parts of the head.

A loud bang traveled out from the head at that moment, and countless cracks marred its surface. Eventually, it was torn to pieces and exploded.

Yet the moment it exploded, the fingers of Di Tian's right hand touched the five-layered golden screen of light. It flashed viciously, but even as it continuously shattered and broke, it managed to force Di Tian back.

Numerous crushed stones fell from the sky. Golden light filled the air, with Su Ming standing within it, and the presence that belonged to the second God of Berserkers could be clearly felt from him!

During that most critical period, Su Ming did not hesitate to fuse with the Welcoming of Deities once again, causing his presence and body to change. He... looked just like the second God of Berserkers!

"This again!"

As Di Tian retreated, his facial expression turned incredibly dark. Su Ming's Five Direction Seal was an incredible headache to him. It was precisely because of this that Su Ming had managed to drive the God of Berserkers' spike into his body. In fact, even up to now, that wound had yet to heal, and was even continuously worsening, up to the point where it was already affecting his ability to bring out his power.

"Do you really think I can't break this Art? If it was the seal that was placed all those years ago by Sir Dao Chen, I wouldn't be able to break it, but now... the soul in this item has long since dissipated, it won't be difficult for me to open it!

"Heaven protects and establishes thee, that in everything thou dost prosper. May thy blessings come to thee tall alike the high hills and alike the mountain masses, eternal alike the topmost ridges, alike the greatest bulks, and alike the stream ever coming on, that there may none of thee that shalt not increase... Thou art alike the moon in the sky eternal, never waning, alike the sun rising in the east, never falling, alike the southern hills enjoying longevity, never ruined or destroyed. Thou art alike the luxuriant fir and cypress; may good fortune and longevity be with thee.!

"The nine alikes as spoken in heaven's protections will be what I shall bestow upon you!"

Di Tian formed seals with both his hands, and as he said those words, each time he said the word 'alike', he would swiftly change a seal, and only once he finished saying the nine alikes did he finish forming all the seals. As he pushed the Art forward, nine gigantic 'alikes' appeared in the air before him!

Alike!

These nine words exuded an ancient air, along with a primitive presence. At the same time they appeared, Di Tian's clone aged by quite a few years. Clearly, this Art of the nine alikes as spoken in heaven's protections was something extraordinary!

Or else he would not have used Su Ming's Divine Will's Lightning to try and break the seal earlier instead of casting this Art himself.

As Di Tian pointed forward, the nine words charged towards Su Ming in a flash. Su Ming did not dodge. Instead, with a glint in his eyes, he allowed the nine words to crash onto the screen of light of the Five Direction Seal.

At the instant these nine words pressed down, the screen of light stopped shining. Instead, it swiftly disappeared from around Su Ming's body.

He did not understand the principle behind its disappearance, but he sensed the presence of Life from those nine words!

The instant the screen of light of the Five Direction Seal disappeared, Di Tian walked over. As for Su Ming, he lifted his head swiftly. The blood at the corners of his lips had yet to dry, but he had been waiting for the moment this screen of light would disappear!

This seal might be used for defense, but Su Ming did not want to defend... he wanted to attack!

That was why he allowed Di Tian to stifle the screen of light. When it disappeared and Di Tian came over, Su Ming lifted his head, opened his mouth, and with his body that had now turned into the second God of Berserkers, he let out a roar!

The God of Berserkers' Roar!

*Chapter 590: Abyss Sword!*

It was not as if Su Ming had never thought about running before, but while the world might be big, where would he be able to run to? For how long would he be able to run? Putting aside the fact that it was already incredibly difficult for him to run away from Di Tian, just this great disaster itself was already something impossible for him to escape.

This was a disaster. He could not run from it, and neither did he want to run from it. It was not as if he was doomed, beyond redemption because of this disaster, and neither was it a form of suppression where he did not have an ounce of strength to fight back, because he could fight back!

In fact, he had even managed to injure Di Tian!

He was even just a hair breadth away from dealing a heavy blow on his opponent. This chance might not happen again, but Su Ming would not retreat!

'Why should I be afraid of death?! Even if I die, my will shall wake up again when I am reincarnated! Even if I die, I will still stand here and fight against fate!'

At the instant the screen of light dissipated, Su Ming's roar turned into a sound wave resisting against fate. It contained his will, his life, and all the unwillingness to submit to fate born throughout his life!

ROAR!

Even someone as powerful as Di Tian was also forced to come to a halt under that sound wave. His robes fluttered, and his hair danced in the air. What shocked him was not the power of that roar, but the presence of unwillingness to submit contained within it!

"Unwilling, hmm...? Once you sink, once you become obedient, I will make you willing..." Di Tian narrowed his eyes and walked towards Su Ming. He had grown impatient by now, and decided to end this battle with brute force!

With his fastest speed, he would restore the chaos in Su Ming, thus allowing himself to feel at ease and fight with the other clone against his clan's archenemy - The Evil Sect in Eastern Wastelands!

When he moved forward, a black sea of fire appeared under his feet. It burned furiously and covered the entire area. Wherever it went, everything would be burned to ashes. The Dead Sea also started boiling, and a large amount of steam filled the air like fog.

With an incredibly domineering presence, Di Tian stormed towards Su Ming, as the black sea of fire spread out. With each step, his presence would surge like waves, as if there was no power in the world that could make him stop at that moment!

Su Ming lifted his left hand and pushed at the sky. With it, an ancient glow appeared in his eyes. He remembered the second God of Berserkers' warm left hand.

"God of Berserkers... palm lines," Su Ming said softly.

As his words traveled forth and Di Tian closed in on him, as the black sea of fire surged into the sky between the two of them, black trails swiftly appeared. They intersected with each other, looking like black fine threads. As they filled the air, they turned into gigantic palm lines!

They formed the outline of a palm, and that was the God of Berserkers' palm!

As Di Tian approached and as the black sea of fire spread out, the huge hand formed by the palm lines in the sky pressed down on him. It was so quick that it closed in on him in an instant.

From the distance, this was a shocking picture to see. The hand was pressing downwards, and right from within the flames surging into the sky Di Tian was walking out!

He did not even bother looking at the palm lines in the sky. When he walked towards Su Ming, he simply allowed them to close in. However, the sea of fire by his side rose up all around him, charging straight towards the sky to crash into those palm lines.

The clash between the God of Berserkers' palm lines and the sea of fire caused the booming sounds in the world to reach their extreme. This was a fight between two forces of power. At the instant they came into contact with each other, booming sounds shook the entire area, stirring up a wave of impact that swept towards the Dead Sea underneath, sweeping sideways across its surface, and causing a huge whirlpool right under Su Ming and Di Tian.

The whirlpool spun with loud, rumbling sounds, and the submerged ground could even be seen deep underneath!

"Your growth might have exceeded my expectations, but... you are still too weak!"

With each step Di Tian took, the palm lines in the sky collapsed under the sea of fire's impact. Blood trickled out of Su Ming's mouth, and as he retreated, Di Tian vanished. When he reappeared, he was already standing right behind Su Ming. He lifted his right hand and waved his arm. Immediately, Su Ming's body started going towards Di Tian against his will.

"Let's end this battle."

But right at that moment, Di Tian's pupils shrank, and he moved four steps backwards without any hesitation. At the instant he retreated, flames covered every single inch of Su Ming's body. He was burning!

He had just set his blood ablaze, lit fire on his own cultivation base. Just as Si Ma Xin had done before, Su Ming had set his blood ablaze to stimulate the strongest power within the inheritance from the second God of Berserkers. It could be said to be the God of Berserkers' Transformation!

Fusing with the Welcoming of Deities had just allowed him to obtain the inheritance so that he could use the God of Berserkers' divine abilities. If he wanted to bring out their full potential, Su Ming would need time to grow, just like Si Ma Xin. If he wanted to execute those divine abilities forcefully, then he would need... to go through the God of Berserkers Transformation!

To set his blood ablaze and turn into the God of Berserkers!

As Su Ming was engulfed by flames, the color of his hair started interchanging between black and white. His body was wrecked by shivers when, and when he lifted his head, cold callousness, along with madness, could be seen in his eyes. With a single step, he appeared right before Di Tian and hurled his fist towards him.

At the instant he did so, Di Tian frowned, lifted his foot, and kicked Su Ming's leg. With a bang, Su Ming retreated several steps back, but his fist had already landed on Di Tian's body.

However, right at that instant, golden light shone on the clone's body, and he was completely uninjured!

Di Tian narrowed his eyes and walked towards Su Ming. He suddenly had a huge fondness towards Su Ming's current behavior. The more unwilling he was to submit, the more interested he was in making him submit.

This made him feel incredibly good. He did not move quickly at that moment, but with each step he took, a layer of ripples would appear in the air, as if the sky itself had turned into water.

When Su Ming fell backwards, he lifted his right hand and pressed his palm against his chest. The blood he coughed up was sent into the sky with a swing of his arm.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Disaster of the Stars!"

As Su Ming spoke, an entire group of stars immediately appeared in the torn clouds and the darkened sky. These stars glowed, and once they covered the entire sky, starlight descended swiftly, as if the stars itself had fallen, causing a wave of murderous aura to swiftly fill up the entire area.

Along with that murderous aura was the seemingly corporeal starlight. As it shone on the ground, a strange picture took shape. Within it were all the rays of starlight twisting and distorting before they all charged towards Di Tian like sharp arrows.

Anyone looking over would find the sight the arrows that were formed from the starlight that filled the entire sky dazzling. The murderous aura would also surge into their bodies and cause their cultivation bases to freeze.

Di Tian's pupils shrank. Almost at the instant the murderous aura and the sharp arrows closed in on him, he opened his mouth and spoke.

"Stars have their own courses, and starlight has places where even it cannot shine. With my orders, I, Di Tian, announce this place where no starlight will shine. This is... what it means to have each word I say turned into law!"

Once he finished, every single word he uttered turned into a runic symbol that flew out of his mouth and disappeared into nothingness. Right then, the murderous aura from the Disaster of the Stars which Su Ming had executed vanished without a trace. The starlight also turned into darkness in an instant, and even the starry sky became indistinct.

It was as if a law had been changed, causing Su Ming's divine ability to be forcefully halted!

"You should be proud that you actually managed to make me use the power of Law. What other divine abilities do you have? Bring them out, let me see... just what you have learned during the days I did not see you." Di Tian walked towards Su Ming slowly and spoke with a calm expression.

Bitterness filled Su Ming's heart. As he watched Di Tian walk over, he gritted his teeth, lifted his right hand, and struck his forehead. With it, the Berserker Bones within his body started letting out cracking sounds, and as his power spread outwards, he lifted his hands to form the picture of the moon!

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon, Moon Slaughter!" When Su Ming spoke those words, the muddled sky filled with stars was no longer just an illusion. Once all them faded away, a crescent moon appeared in the night.

Almost at the instant it appeared, the exact same shadow of the moon formed by moonlight appeared around Di Tian!

It completely enveloped him within, causing his footsteps to come to a halt. He lifted his head and cast a glance at the moon in the sky.

"Not bad. This Art is at least something worthwhile." As he spoke, cracks appeared on his skin, and they appeared right at the moment the moon in the sky started showing signs of crumbling apart.

Di Tian's eyes flashed. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. A violet ray of light appeared in his palm, and as it shone, a long violet sword manifested itself!

It was nine feet and nine inches long. There was a biting cold presence coming from within its long, narrow body, and there was also the majestic might of an emperor spreading out from within it, as if all swords in its presence would have to bow down and worship it... because it was the emperor of swords!

At the instant that sword appeared, Su Ming felt sharp stab of pain in his heart. He widened his eyes and looked at the sword. He had a sudden strong hunch that this sword was not Di Tian's... but his!

That feeling came out of nowhere, but was extremely powerful, as if the sword was a part of his life!

Yet at that moment, the sword was in the clone's hands. Di Tian looked at Su Ming and smiled. He lifted his right hand, and with the sword in his grasp, sliced at the moon in the sky casually!

With that one slice, the heavens howled, and time itself suffocated. The moon in the sky exploded with a bang, and even the stars in the sky shattered. The sword had cut down the sky, and a wave of sword aura even came charging down towards Su Ming's head with a sharp whistle!

"Abyss Sword!"

Not even Di Tian's clone had noticed this, but at that moment, within one of the torn clouds in the sky was an incredibly beautiful woman. She was originally snacking on roasted seeds while watching the battle underneath, but at that instant, she widened her eyes and looked at the sword in Di Tian's hand.

Right beside her was a shrunken yellow dragon. It had a look of distress on its face, but was still swallowing every single one of the seed coats the woman threw with extremely agile movements, not missing a single one.

*Chapter 591: The Special Person in His Life!*

Abyss Sword was just like its name. It was a sword from the Abyss. It cut through the sky and sliced through the air, slashing through the endless fog behind and revealing a brilliant galaxy after it!

That galaxy was where the Immortals were. It was Bright Yang Emptiness. There were an endless amount of planets engaged in cultivation there, and a lot of floating continents. Su Ming... had come to this place before, and that was when he was on the ancient bronze sword!

He had also come to this place once with his will before, when he killed Si Ma Xin.

There was a gigantic vortex in this galaxy that stretched endlessly. At that moment, an astonishing whistle traveled out from the vortex, and soon, as the fog churned viciously, a sword aura shot out. That sword aura... was naturally from the sword with which Di Tian had cut through the sky earlier. It penetrated the sky, shot through the fog, went through every single obstacle in its way, and flew out into the galaxy from the vortex!

At the instant it appeared, it disappeared without a trace...

At the edge of Eastern Wastelands, right above the Dead Sea, in the land of the Berserkers, was Su Ming. At that moment, a sword aura just like the one that went into the galaxy charged towards him with a howl. The speed of it was so quick that it closed in within the blink of an eye!

The moment it did so, Su Ming closed his eyes and had his right palm turn upwards while his left palm turn downwards. He closed his eyes, and a whirlwind appeared around him. As it rotated with loud booming sounds, it hid Su Ming's body. No one outside could see within it, and there Su Ming's body turned into that of a teenager. His hair turned purple and white, and at that moment... Destiny's presence radiated off him!

A loud bang shot up in the sky at that moment. The sword rammed into the whirlwind, and without a single hint of resistance from the wind, it tore through then fell back, simply letting its aura rip through it to charge towards Su Ming, who was inside.

But the scene that happened right after caused Di Tian to experience a huge shock for the first time since the battle started. That shock was even stronger than when he faced the God of Berserkers' spike!

He widened his eyes in disbelief. Right before his eyes, he saw the sword aura penetrating the whirlwind, causing it to crumble as it charged straight towards Su Ming, but for some unknown reason, the crumbled whirlwind gathered up together once again, and the sword aura that penetrated through the wind... turned back!

It was as if time had reversed on everything that had happened just now!

If that just had been the case, Di Tian would not have been too shocked. What truly shocked him was... a presence that came forth from the recovered whirlwind; it was one that made his heart tremble!

There was no way he would mistake or forget that presence. It almost made him lose control over his mind at that instant!

"Destiny!"

At the same time that one word he would occasionally mention in conversation tumbled out of his lips, a fragile person walked out of the whirlwind where Su Ming was. He swung his right hand behind him, and the whirlwind dissipated.

What appeared before Di Tian was a teenage boy - Destiny, whose half of the head was white, and the other purple!

"This is impossible! You haven't woken up in Berserkers' Realm Mountain. You're still in the seal. You... You can't possibly bring forth the transformation to become Destiny! This isn't you. This isn't Su Ming. This isn't the Destiny I want!"

Di Tian's face twisted into a ferocious expression, as if he had gone mad, as if a fatal miscalculation had just appeared in the plan he had prepared for a long, long time. It caused him to be unable to accept this sudden matter!

"This isn't your path!"

Di Tian took a step forward, and with lightning speed, he charged towards Su Ming. For the first time, a killing intent that surged into the sky came from within him. He might have attacked before, but he had never possessed the thought to kill. He simply wanted to restore order.

Yet now, his killing intent was incredibly clear!

"This isn't the path you should take. This also isn't the Destiny that I've worked towards for such a long time, and still had hope of obtaining even if I've failed time and again!

"This isn't you!" Di Tian roared. His body closed in on Su Ming in an instant, and as he lifted his right hand, he went on to point at the kid's throat. He... wanted to kill!

Su Ming, who had turned into Destiny, looked at Di Tian coldly with a calm expression on his face. At the instant that finger closed in, he did not dodge, but before Di Tian's finger managed to touch him, the clone started swiftly moving back, as if time had started flowing back on him, causing his actions to go in reverse.

This change caused Di Tian's pupils to shrink, and for the first time, panic appeared in his eyes!

He was not panicking over the possibility of him not being able to escape from the chains of time, what caused him to go into panic was the disaster that was even more alarming among the Immortals. It was something from many years ago, before the time of the first God of Berserkers!

That disaster was a terrifying nightmare to the entire True Morning Dao World... and it was precisely because of it that the True Morning Dao World and the Immortals who had yet to recover from it were trampled by the first God of Berserkers.

At the instant Di Tian's actions started flowing backwards, Su Ming took a step forward. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of Di Tian's brows. A bang reverberated in the air, and golden light shone around the clone's body.

At the instant the power in the finger was neutralized, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the golden light that spread outwards immediately disappeared, causing Di Tian to no longer have the protection from the screen of light. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his foot and kicked the clone.

With a bang, Di Tian was pushed backwards. Su Ming went straight towards him, and in the span of a breath, he caught up to him. With a swing of his left arm, the same moment time started changing again, he tapped the center of Di Tian's brows. Once it happened a few times, the clone coughed up a mouthful of blood, and he swiftly snapped back to his senses.

"I would rather not have this plan, because I cannot let you continue living! I will destroy your consciousness here completely!" Di Tian lifted his right hand and had his fingers face in front of him. At the instant Su Ming closed in, he pushed forward.

"Soar to the White Sky!"

Di Tian spoke slowly. His other clone had cast this other divine ability all those years ago, and right then, he was casting it again. A strong white light shone from his right hand, and the white light stained the entire sky.

Then, he clenched his right hand into a fist and pointed upwards... and a white sun appeared in the sky!

It looked as if a star was plunging downwards, causing the sea underneath to cave in with a bang. The seawater started spreading outwards, and the entire world turned white!

The light from the sun turned into the strongest light in the world!

A white sky apocalypse!

Di Tian slowly lifted his left hand, and as it got closer to his right hand, which represented the white sun, the process itself represented soaring!

Su Ming, who was Destiny, was standing not too far away at that moment. His face was calm, and within his eyes was absolute indifference, as well as a hint of reluctance to part with his life. It was also... a deep regret towards the home buried deep in his memories, as well as the ninth summit.

'Dark Mountain's secret... If I can remember it in my next life, I will search for it...

'Master, I'll be leaving now. Being unable to find you is a regret I harbor within myself.

'Eldest senior brother, second senior brother... If we are reincarnated, let's be fellow disciples again. I... will have to take my leave first!

'Hu Zi... third senior brother...'

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. At that moment, a destructive presence spread out from his body. It came from him burning his own life. It was him using everything in his life to activate what little remained of the God of Berserkers' hair on his right index finger, which he lifted!

That strand of hair had managed to kill Di Tian's clone in the past. As of then, there was not much left, and Su Ming knew whatever was remaining would not be sufficient to kill

Di Tian. That was why he had used everything he had to fight against him previously, and all of it was for the sake of injuring the clone, to make him weaker.

But a pity... the difference in their power was simply too great. He could only marginally hurt him, could not even weaken him too greatly.

"Oh well..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and it was swiftly lit in flames. At that moment, every single drop of his life was gathered on what little remained of the God of Berserkers' hair wrapped on his right index finger. The hair was immediately set ablaze and the power that belonged to the first God of Berserkers erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

Even though there was only little remaining of the hair, but the power that erupted forth was much stronger than what Su Ming had managed to bring out in the past, because, this time, his life as well as Destiny's power was contained within it!

Destiny's power was the overlapping between the past and the future, the burning of his life produced flames that continuously rose and gathering together on the hair wrapped around the little finger, and there was also the increasingly stronger fluctuation of power from all over his body.

The sky was white. The white sun illuminated everything and hid it all away. As Di Tian roared and his hands approached each other, the strongest power of his divine ability erupted forth from the endless white light!

At that moment, Su Ming decided to stop gathering power on his right index finger. Instead, he pointed towards the white light that had filled up the entire world, right in the direction of Di Tian. Then, the power gathered in his finger swiftly shot out like a shooting star!

It was also at that moment that the woman's petite face turned solemn, as she hid in the clouds. She looked as if she was hesitating about something, but then gritted her teeth.

"Oh, fine, I'll help him just this once!" As she spoke, she lifted her hand. Her face instantly turned pale, and green light appeared on her hand. She pushed downwards.

Di Tian did not notice this, and neither did the woman, but right after Su Ming pointed forward with all his life gathered in the finger, a song from a xun echoed in the air beside him within the white world. He was the only one who could hear it, and at the same time the song started playing in the air, a bone xun flew out of his body.

That xun was given to him by the old xun maker...

"What is Life? My child, this is the path you chose. Do you... understand now?"

This was the last thing Su Ming heard before he lost consciousness.

A bang that shook the sky and earth stirred up a loud roar in the Dead Sea beyond Eastern Wastelands, and that roar rang through the air for a long time...

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 592 — Destiny's Heavenly Punishment! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 592 — Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!**

*Chapter 592: Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!*

A disaster. A calamity. An... elegant brightness.

Destruction was a world's most beautiful moment during the course of its existence. At the instant the world was destroyed, everything within it would seemingly turn into an everlasting picture. All those who were qualified and could see this instant of beauty would see this one sight of life that would become an eternal memory in their heads, for as long as they lived.

The sea in a circular area of several hundreds of li sank several hundreds of feet at that moment. It was pure and plain destruction caused by an impact of an ability in this place, turning it into a sad emptiness.

At that moment, the entire world was white. The fog, the sunlight, and also the crash of the power in the world were all in that shade. As the seawater sank and that force crashed into the sea, the sea at the edge of the hole could not surge in to fill it up, causing this area to become a pit.

The woman's face was pale in the sky. She leaned against the yellow dragon, and as it charged forth, it brought the woman along and left this endless white space.

'This is as much as I can do... This is Yin Death Region, my power is greatly suppressed here... My Abyss Builder friend, it depends on your fate now whether you can make it out alive.'

The girl closed her eyes and disappeared into the distant sky, leaving this white region. She had practically helped him withstand a large amount of the power from the strike just now, and she was in an incredibly weakened state at the moment. She needed to recover as quickly as possible.

The whiteness still filled the region even after she left. Within that white shade and the continuous rumbling sounds, Di Tian took a few steps backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

His face was pale, and the crown on his head had already shattered. There were also a lot of tears on his robe, and there was even blood trickling down the corners of his mouth. He was a miserable sight.

During that instant just now, he had clearly felt the force resisting against him suddenly increasing explosively, and there was also another wave of power that fought with Su Ming against his divine ability.

But that was not all. During that instant, Di Tian also felt another wave of power coming down from the sky. It was equivalent to him fighting against three forces of power by himself!

Fortunately for him, the might behind his divine ability was incredibly shocking, which was why he had managed to retreat once it exploded upon crashed into the three forces of power, albeit with much difficulty. He had also paid a large price for it. The golden light on his body was no longer with him, because the jade had shattered into powder.

"Su Ming!"

Killing intent appeared in Di Tian's eyes. Once he took the couple steps back, he swung his arm, and immediately, the white around him swiftly darkened. Then, he charged forward.

He could sense that the person who had sent that power from the sky just now had left. He might not know who it was, but to Di Tian, killing Su Ming right then was the most important thing. That was why he chose not to bother about that person. Instead, he charged towards where he had managed to locate Destiny with his divine sense.

As the white world continued darkening and the area grew clearer, Di Tian found Su Ming, who was in the air thousands of feet away, with a single glance. He was still in the form of a teenager and had his eyes closed, unconscious, but he did not fall to the ground. Instead, there was a gigantic bone xun under his body. That xun was thirty something feet big, and melodious notes were traveling out from that instrument at that moment. The light of Relocation was also surrounding it. It was shining brighter and brighter with each passing moment. Clearly, it was about to Relocate very soon!

Once Relocation was activated, then Su Ming would once again disappear from Di Tian's sight, which meant that he would have made it through this disaster. In fact, Di Tian could already imagine that if Su Ming managed to leave like this, as if everything had been planned, then there was a high possibility that it would be incredibly difficult for the clone to find him, just like what happened a few days ago.

If Di Tian had not fought against Su Ming, he would not have been too bothered by this. He would still be able to find Su Ming sooner or later in the Berserkers' world.

Yet their fight just moments ago had let Di Tian see just how much Su Ming had improved. This sort of improvement gave him a feeling that if he had more time, it would be even more difficult than now if he wanted to suppress him again!

More importantly, he saw Destiny. This was a scene that caused Di Tian's heart to be in so much shock that he was nearly trembling. No matter what, he had not expected that Destiny would rise from his slumber early. This was not his plan. This had completely gone out of his expectations. When he remembered the great disaster that had fallen on the True Morning Dao World all those years ago, remembered that terrifying legend, and understood that all of those things that happened in the past... might perhaps repeat themselves not too far into the future and would do so because of him, how could he not be afraid of it?! How could he not be terrified?!

When he saw that Su Ming had sunken into a state of unconsciousness and lost all his abilities to fight but was just about to be sent away by some bone xun, a freezing glare immediately appeared in Di Tian's eyes. He swiftly took a step forward, thinking of preventing all of this from happening.

Before he came to find Su Ming this time, he had not expected that he would be so difficult to deal with and would manage to force him into such a pathetic state, as well as make him give up so many things.

'I can't let him have any more chances!'

Di Tian lifted his right hand and swung it towards the sky. With it, the empty sky, the sea beneath, and the entire space around them seemed to have frozen up. Under the rumbling sounds, the entire dimension was locked up, sealing away all power that could Relocate away from this place.

'I'd like to see how you can...'

A cold sneer appeared on Di Tian's lips. When his right foot landed on the air, his body disappeared, and in an instant, he appeared before the bone xun, on which lay Su Ming. Yet right at the moment his body appeared, the clone's pupils shrank, and a look of disbelief appeared on his face.

This expression was incredibly rare on him, and it appeared because despite the area being completely shut down, he saw that not only did the Relocation light did not diminish, the instant he arrived, a piercing light erupted forth from that xun. As it shone, Di Tian could only helplessly watch Su Ming's body turn semi-transparent, as he lay on top of that instrument!

"The power of Law!"

Shock was evident on Di Tian's face. He knew clearly that only the power of Law could execute any form of Relocation and leave this place despite him locking down this area. Only those whose level of cultivation had reached beyond Life Palace and who had understood the waves of movement contained with the laws of the world would be able to do such a thing!

Because... his real self could do it!

However, his real self could not come to this place. And the power contained within the clone's body could not do this. At the instant he found that he could just watch Su Ming's body disappear, Di Tian let out a furious roar!

He knew that he could not prevent this Relocation that surpassed his power. He even managed to tell from the fluctuations of the power that was taking Su Ming away that it did not belong to the land of the Berserkers. Instead, it felt as if it had descended from another world, thus destroying his plans, causing this disaster towards Su Ming... to disappear, just like this.

But Di Tian could not accept it. As he roared, red appeared in his eyes, and almost at the instant Su Ming was about to leave with the bone xun, Di Tian's voice reverberated in the world.

His voice was like thunder, and even contained his will. As it spread out, it caused the sky in the Berserkers' world to tremble!

"With mine will, I shalt activate the Immortals' Vessel and have it descend upon Yin Death Void to execute Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!"

A gigantic vortex appeared in the empty sky. Its appearance caused the clouds further away to fall back at the same time, and anyone who lifted their heads to look at that moment would find that the sky looked as if it was going through a disastrous change!

Far above the sky was a layer of nebulous fog. It spanned endlessly, and Su Ming had moved through it before, in the past, when he was on the ancient bronze sword.

That layer of fog was right behind the vortex in the sky. In fact, the appearance of this vortex was due to the fog as well, and it was as if the sky in this entire region had turned invisible. Perhaps more accurately, the sky had moved away to reveal a huge hole.

Right behind the endless fog was a dazzling galaxy Su Ming had seen before as well! If anyone stood there and look towards Yin Death Region, they would be able to see the boundless vortex made of fog, and beyond it the nine cultivation planets.

Those nine cultivation planets surrounded the vortex as if they were defending it. At that moment, as Di Tian's voice reverberated in the air above the Dead Sea, it seemed to have triggered some sort of divine ability. Suddenly, a strong ray of light erupted forth

from one of the cultivation planets. Its color was purple, and at that moment, it illuminated the entire galaxy for a brief instant.

An indescribably terrifying presence came from within the purple light, and that cultivation planet looked as if it had turned into a gigantic Enchanted Treasure to gather it up, causing the purple light to let out a loud bang that reverberated through the entire galaxy. It charged straight towards the vortex and crashed into it in an instant, making the rotation of the fog to freeze. The purple pillar of light actually managed to shoot right into the fog before it charged past it, with loud banging sounds!

This sort of might and terrifying presence caused many of the people on the cultivation planets and continents in this galaxy to be instantly shocked awake from their meditations. All of them turned to look at the spot where that presence came from.

The cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Region were clearly not just mere decorations. They were... the Immortals' priceless treasures, used to keep a lookout on Yin Death Region! They only had one duty, and that was to kill all those who left Yin Death Region!

However, if Su Ming had been awake and seen this scene, he would definitely be skeptical, because when he left on the ancient bronze sword... he had not seen these cultivation planets.

The purple pillar of light with the destructive presence shot through the vortex of fog at an incredible speed and descended from the sky above Di Tian and Su Ming's battlefield. That powerful light spread out endlessly. When viewed from the galaxy, it had not seemed too big, but as Di Tian looked at it at a close distance as it descended, he saw that its size was several thousands of li big!

He clearly knew that only short-distance Relocation would allow a person to completely disappear. If it was a long-distance Relocation, then while the person might have seemed to disappear, in truth, the signs of his or her existence would still be around. Di Tian himself might be unable to notice Su Ming and destroy him... but once he placed everything on the line and activated the Immortals' Enchanted Vessel, all of this would change.

"Destiny, die!"

Di Tian let out a low roar, but his voice was drowned by the howls from the powerful light descending from the sky. With a bang, that purple light shot down and fell on the Dead Sea. All the water within thousands of li was instantly turned to vapor.

All the living creatures in the sea also died at that instant!

The seawater dissipated, and the world that was a continent under the sea all turned into powder once the pillar of light descended. It was pierced through...

This was the power to destroy worlds!

*Chapter 593: Ugly Little Thing*

Thousands of li of seawater vanished, and thousands of li of land at the bottom of the sea turned into powder. A gigantic pit appeared within the Dead Sea. As if it possessed intelligence, the seawater around the pit did not dare to get closer to the purple light crashing down, causing this pit to stay as is for a long time.

Di Tian's hair was a mess as he stood in midair, in silence. The bone xun before him had already disappeared, and so had Su Ming.

A moment later, Di Tian lifted his head, his face was twisted by a ferocious expression. An anger so great that it could practically burn the skies appeared on his face, and he let out a roar towards the sky, one so powerful it could shake the sky and earth!

That roar echoed in the air and spread to all directions. It lingered for a long time in the area, refusing to disappear.

Destiny's Heavenly Punishment had destroyed everything in a circular area of thousands of li, but it had not managed to find any trace of Su Ming. Di Tian had been able to sense that the power from Heavenly Punishment had affected Su Ming... but he did not die.

With killing intent and madness raging in him, Di Tian cast his divine sense outward and swept through the sky and earth, covering the furthest possible area within the limits of his divine sense... but he could not find Su Ming!

He had disappeared just like that from Di Tian's sight once again, causing him to be unable to find him...

He had sent his clone to this place, but the results in the end were the same. Destiny's awakening had especially caused Di Tian's heart to tremble. He remained standing in midair until the purple light disappeared and the pit was once again filled with seawater. The entire Dead Sea sank a little.

'I refuse to believe that you can hide eternally. One of these days, I will definitely find you again, and next time I find you, I swear... I will do whatever it takes to make your mind sink into oblivion!' Di Tian closed his eyes, but the dark expression on his face did not go away until he turned around and took a step towards the distant sky!

.....

The sky was blue, the sun was bright, especially now that it was near noon. The sun's rays felt warm when they fell on one's skin, forcing people to sweat. Not much of the heat was brought away by the wind.

A lovely fragrance of osmanthus could not be sent away by what little wind there was in the area, either. It could only linger around the place where it was born and continue filling it.

Laughter, weaving through the trees, came from a short distance away, and some scattered houses could be found in that direction.

There were about a hundred families there. Chimney smoke could be seen rising in the air at that moment, and amidst the fragrance of osmanthus, the place looked like a paradise.

There were a lot mountains in the area, causing this place to look incredibly secluded from the world. Not many people could be seen moving about, and only some faint trails from carriages could be found on the one and only path leading to the houses.

Perhaps it was because it had rained just recently. Despite the bright sun, the ground was still filled with mud. Those who walked on the road would find their feet letting out slapping sounds as they stepped on mud, creating a unique charm to walking about.

There was a teenager dressed in clothes that were filled with patches in the osmanthus forest at that moment. He was sitting on some leaves as he leaned against a tree, looking at the sky that could not be hidden away by the forest canopy, immersed in his own thoughts.

He looked rather pale, but this pale face made him look incredibly elegant and handsome. He was young, only about twelve to thirteen years of age, and the patched clothes could not cover his temperament that could make others grow fond of him the moment they saw him.

However, his body looked incredibly frail. His eyes, though, were extremely lively as he looked at the sky while leaning against an osmanthus tree.

He stared at the sky quietly. There were some blades of grass in his hands, and as he manipulated them, they were gradually woven into a figure of a small person. All of this was done instinctively. He was still looking at the sky, though no one knew what he saw. Perhaps it was the blue sky, and perhaps it was the white clouds. No one would know besides him.

After a long while, the sound of footsteps traveled through the forest, and along with them came a clear voice that belonged to a child. It fell into the boy's ears.

"Dog Leftovers, big brother, Dog Leftovers... ma wants you back home..."

This was a little girl's voice. There was a hint of innocence within her clear voice, as if she had yet to be tainted by the materialistic world, had yet to begin harboring complicated thoughts. She still retained her childlike, innocent dreams.

She was a little girl of eight to nine years old, and was dressed in clothes filled with patches. There were two braids by the side of her head, but she was not pretty. There was a birthmark on her face, yet her eyes were bright. If anyone looked past that birthmark, they would find that she was actually a very adorable girl.

When the boy heard the girl's voice, he averted his gaze from the sky, and a smile stemming from the bottom of his heart appeared on his face. He sat up straight and looked towards the girl running towards him.

"Slow down, the ground's filled with mud." The boy walked over, speaking gently. There was a doting look in his eyes as he looked at the little girl.

"Dog Leftovers, ma made good food today! She made my favorite medicinal herbs! Hurry up! Hurry up!" the girl said with a smile, as she ran to the boy's side. She even lifted her tiny hands and brushed away the mud and leaves on the boy's clothes.

The boy patted the girl's head and took her hand with a smile before walking out of the forest with her.

"Big brother, why do you always come here? There's nothing here besides osmanthus trees." The girl called Ugly Little Thing blinked her eyes and held the boy's hand as she asked curiously.

The boy smiled and did not speak. He merely lifted his head to cast a glance at the side, and a wizened look that no one else could see flashed past his eyes.

When they walked out of the forest, that wizened look buried itself in the boy's eyes, and it could no longer be found. Perhaps only the air around him could sense the sigh he let out in his heart, for it caused the originally clear sky to swiftly turn much darker, dark clouds appearing above.

The forest was not too far from the houses. It would only take them some time to reach the place. With the girl, who was clearly in a hurry to eat that medicinal herb, dragging his hand, the boy ran with her to the houses.

They ran into some children, who were about their age, playing with each other on their way back. Once they saw the siblings, some of the children started poking fun at them.

"Ugly Little Thing, what good food did your ma make today?"

"That's right, Ugly Little Thing, didn't you say your parents were going to make you clothes without patches?"

The girl holding the boy's hand lowered her head, and her body tensed up slightly, but she quickly recovered. She still had her head dipped down, however. She wanted to leave this place as quickly as possible, back to an ordinary house not too far away. That was her home.

This could not be considered a tribe, because the people here were not related to each other. Perhaps this place could only be called a village.

As the boy listened to the jabs and taunts thrown at the little girl, he frowned, but the girl held her hand on his wrist in a dead grip, and there was a pleading look on her face. It made the boy sigh once again in his heart. He could only follow her quietly back home.

"We're back! Pa, ma, I brought big brother back. We can eat now!" The little girl smiled happily and ran in once she pushed open the door to her house.

Dog Leftovers entered the house right behind her. This was a house made of mud. It was not big, and there were only two rooms in it. When he walked in, coughs could be heard coming from one of the rooms.

"Dog Leftovers, did you go look at the osmanthus again? They'll be gone in a few months' time, so you should look at them as much as you can now..." A middle-aged man walked out from the other room, speaking to the boy.

The man's face was filled with an ancient air. His clothes were simple, and his face honest. When he walked out, he looked towards the boy, and a kind smile appeared on his face. He was not tall, and neither was he strong. Only his hands would give others a unique impression. Those hands were full of scars, which covered many areas, especially on his fingers.

At that moment, with just one glance, the boy could tell that were clearly new wounds on the man's hands.

Right behind the man was a woman. Her skin was rough, but despite that her original beauty could still be seen. Time, however, had left too many marks on her, causing her to look older than she really was. She was holding two bowls in her hands as she smiled at the boy.

"You little rascal, if Ugly Little Thing hadn't called you back home for lunch, you wouldn't have come back. You'll only ever return when it's dark outside. You're still weak, be careful to not catch a cold outside."

A tender smile appeared on the boy's face. He walked up and received the bowl from the woman's hand and spoke softly.

"Pa, ma, I'm fine."

"Alright now, eat more of this mountain herb later. Your grandpa Zhang just got himself a grandson this morning, so he gave us some mountain medicine in exchange for some of your pa's straw dolls. He said to use these to provide nourishment for you and our little Ugly Doll." The woman looked at the boy and the girl, who was cheerfully setting up the table, with a loving look. She walked over to the table with her husband.

This was not a sumptuous meal. They only had the soft looking, well cooked mountain herbs and some sweet fruit juice. Ugly Little Thing's cheerful laughter echoed in this normal family, and the woman's love, as well the middle-aged man's gentle demeanor gave the house a warm atmosphere.

The boy looked at them, and a smile appeared on his face as well. That smile came from the depths of his heart. He was thankful to this family, and especially grateful to this little girl called Ugly Little Thing.

A year ago, he had woken up in this place, and this girl had discovered him in the mountains when she was out alone picking different types of grass for her father to use for his straw dolls. She had carried him back home on her back, and from then on... he lived here.

He now had a younger sister, and her name was Ugly Little Thing, because she was ugly. But her kindness, her adorable laughter, and her lively eyes made him constantly remember a frail little body carrying him all the way back when he was still unconscious.

He now had a father, and he was an honest, good-natured man. He was a mortal, and he lived in poverty while being constantly plagued by sickness, but the straw dolls he made were incredibly lifelike, and they were the toys for the children in the village.

He now had a mother as well. She was an incredibly kind and gentle woman who loved her husband, her daughter, her family, and had also showered an outsider like him with ample motherly love.

He... was Su Ming.

A year ago, when he woke up in this house filled with warmth, his cultivation base had scattered, but did not disappear. It was hidden within his body, a remnant that stayed within him after he had made his power explode. Back then, he'd been heavily injured during his fight against Di Tian, and so that remnant needed time to fully recover.

*Chapter 594: Dolls*

Fortunately for Su Ming he had retrieved all the things he had brought out, including the small snake, during the fight a year ago. However, the small snake was in deep sleep, and Han Mountain Bell had also been put away into his storage bag. All of them needed time to slowly recover.

For some unknown reason, his own appearance had also not returned to that of an adult. He remained in Destiny's teenage form, and because his father was worried that others would not welcome him due to his hair, he had used grass juice to make a dye for Su Ming's hair. It was black now.

This warmth he experienced during the past year was something Su Ming could not forget. It had become a warm memory in his life. He loved this place, loved this younger sister of his called Ugly Little Thing, loved his father who weaved straw dolls, and loved his gentle mother.

But he had more important things to do. He had to search for his Master and his senior brothers. He had to make himself stronger, for only then could he turn this disaster that was so roughly shoved onto his person to become Di Tian's disaster when he eventually ran into him in the future!

He could not stay here for too long, because if he stayed here, then he could bring death upon this family, because Di Tian... could come at any moment.

The year might have gone by peacefully, but Su Ming could not... bask in this warmth forever.

As he ate that mountain herb, he looked at his younger sister and at his parents, and a thought bloomed in his head, one that had appeared multiple times in the past - If, one day, he managed to find his Master and his senior brothers, if they were still safe, if all of the problems disappeared, then he could stop searching for the future. As long as this place still existed, as long as he could still come back, he would return to this warmth and keep his mortal parents company through their entire lives. He would stay with his little sister through her life as well, and watch her grow into an adult, get married, have children, and grandchildren, and that... would be wonderful...

This was a beautiful life, and it made a smile appear on Su Ming's face.

"Big brother... big brother! Dog Leftovers! Why are you smiling?" Ugly Little Thing swallowed a large mouthful of mountain herbs and looked at Su Ming before she asked in her clear voice. Her eyes glowed, and it was a beautiful sight.

Dog Leftovers was the name this family had given to Su Ming. At that time, he had been gravely injured and had laid on the bed every single day, as if he would die at any moment.

If any child in his mother's hometown was sickly, the parents would usually give him or her a pet name. The name may be unpleasant to the ears, but it contained the family's gentle and familial love. They intentionally made the name sound demeaning so that the child could be healthy from then on.

Dog leftovers... food that even dogs were not willing to eat. By that notion, perhaps even the reapers would not take the child's soul away.

Su Ming patted Ugly Little Thing's hair and spoke softly. "I was thinking what sort of dowry I should prepare for you when you grow up and marry someone else in the future."

"Hmph, you're just older than me by a few years, why are you always talking like an old man? I'm also thinking what sort of present I should prepare for my future sister-in-law when you marry her in the future." Ugly Little Thing scrunched up her nose and imitated Su Ming's tone as she spoke.

Her parents looked at their children, then at each other, and they both saw the smile in each other's eyes, along with the warmth in their hearts.

This was a warmth that belonged to a family, it was a love that would not freeze over no matter how cold the weather turned, a love that repelled the chill from the rain that had chased away the heat in the world as it poured from the dark clouds that filled the sky, causing it to be unable to enter the house.

At some unknown point of time it had started pouring. It was now afternoon. The sky was dark, and the rushing sound of rain seemed to contain some sort of mysterious power that made all those who heard it for prolonged periods of time to be unable to help themselves but become drowsy.

Ugly Little Thing was affected precisely this way. She ate till she was full and patted her little belly, then flashed a brilliant grin at the parents and her elder brother. As she spoke, she gradually started nodding off. Eventually, her body fell into Su Ming's embrace, and she was asleep with a sweet smile on her lips.

Su Ming looked at his little sister in his arms with a gentle gaze. He lightly picked her up and brought her to the small bed in the room. Once he covered her with a blanket, he looked at the sleeping Ugly Little Thing and the distinct birthmark on her face. It wasn't hard to tell just how many times she had been mocked and ostracized as she grew up.

But she was a very sensible child. Even if no one played with her, she would play by herself. Even if she was bullied outside, she would wipe away her tears on the way back home and put on a smile so that her parents would not worry.

She was kind and did not hate any of her companions who mocked and teased her. She liked them and would help them, and would even choose to run away, dejected, when they repeatedly hurt her.

"Big brother..." Ugly Little Thing mumbled softly in her sleep, and the smile on her face became even more adorable, as if she was playing with Su Ming in her dreams. This was the happiest event in her heart besides being with her parents.

As Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing, he gently patted her back, and once he was sure she was fully asleep, he walked out of the room and looked at the increasingly heavier rain outside. When lightning crackled in the sky, thunder would travel forth in muffled rumbles. Ugly Little Thing's father was crouching down under the eaves, with grass of different colors and sizes placed beside him; he was weaving the grasses together as rain fell on him.

Ugly Little Thing's mother was putting away the dishes. Once Su Ming walked back into the room, she smiled with kindness and love at him.

"Is your little sister asleep?"

Su Ming nodded and helped put away the dishes.

"Oh, you... There's no need for that. Go and sleep as well. The rain might continue for an entire night, judging by the weather."

"It's fine, ma, I'm not tired." Su Ming smiled and shook his head.

The woman looked at him and sighed softly in her heart. When her daughter had carried the boy back a year ago, she had wondered which parent could bear to abandon such a beautiful child.

During the past year, his diligence and the attachment in his eyes when he looked at them had made her treat him as if he was her own son.

When the rain outside started pouring even heavier and the water had practically connected the sky and the earth, Ugly Little Thing was shocked awake by a clap of thunder. Her mother quickly went up to her and comforted her. With the patting, Ugly Little Thing slowly fell asleep again.

Su Ming walked over to the middle-aged man quietly and sat down beside him. He looked at the rain outside and felt the chill on his face. After a long time, he turned his head around and looked at this man who had been his father for the past year. He was completely absorbed in his task, and looked as if he did not know that Su Ming was by his side. The grass in his hands seemed to have gained life, and as he continued weaving it in his hands, it started gaining the form of a doll.

The different colored grasses were placed into the doll, causing it to look alive. However, many of the grasses had sharp edges. It was nothing usually, but the middle-aged man's concentration and actions made him ignore the pain brought by the grasses cutting into his hands.

The scar-ridden hands was a mark of his life of creating dolls.

Su Ming watched. At that moment, Ugly Little Thing's father was giving off a presence that he did not understand. He was still a mortal, but the dolls he created seemed to have been given life.

This wasn't the first time Su Ming watched his father, he'd been doing so over the past year. Ever since he woke up and became part of the family, he fell in love with his father's creations.

Every single completed doll seemed to possess signs of life, fascinating him, and he seemed to have gained an epiphany just by watching the process of their creation. As time passed, his understanding grew more, but there was always a veil covering his sight, causing everything to seem as if it was still shrouded in fog.

"What is Life...?" The words contained within the black wooden block emerged in Su Ming's head.

"How are your skills now?"

As Su Ming continued watching, he did not notice that the sky had turned slightly darker. Usually, at this point of time, it should only be dusk, but the dark clouds and the rain had brought the night earlier.

The middle-aged man finally lifted his head and looked at Su Ming sitting beside him. There was a smile on his face when he placed the straw doll in his hand on the ground and asked Su Ming that question.

Su Ming hesitate for a moment before he brought out the small doll he had created that afternoon in the osmanthus forest and passed it to Ugly Little Thing's father.

"I... always feel that it's lacking something." Su Ming frowned.

"It lacks life." Ugly Little Thing's father took the doll in his hand and smiled kindly.

"As long as it exists, everything in the world possesses life, especially plants. They have even more of it than us. The dolls that are created using grass also need life. I don't know how to expression this life, it's just a feeling. I've been making dolls my whole life, after all.

"This one you created doesn't have any life," Ugly Little Thing's father told Su Ming.

"How do I give it life?" he asked softly.

"Use your heart to create it. Think of how you want to create it, and think about the form on which you're basing its creation... I only know how to make two dolls, and they are both in the form of children. The girl is Ugly Little Thing, and the boy... ha... it's Ugly Little Thing's elder brother."

Ugly Little Thing had an elder brother. Su Ming had heard about him from her before. He was older than her by ten years, and eight years ago... he was taken away as a disciple by Evil Spirit Sect, which was located not too far away from this place.

In the blink of an eye, three years had passed by, and there was no news from him...

Su Ming fell silent. After a long time, he lifted the grass by his side, but just as he was about to begin weaving, suddenly, a barely noticeable glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his head. There was a chill in his eyes, but it was hidden.

Ugly Little Thing's father clearly did not notice anything. Swathed in his sentiment, he continued weaving dolls, but after a moment, the rain outside the house exuded an even colder chill, and two indistinct figures walked slowly towards the village from the distance.

As the two people came, the rain that fell on their bodies immediately turned into ice that toppled to the ground. The ice was black, and if anyone saw it during the day, they would surely be frightened.

'Immortals...' Su Ming calmly watched the two people walking in the rain, noticing how they were heading straight towards Ugly Little Thing's house!

*Chapter 595: Seven Days*

The rain that fell on the ground fused into the ripples that had formed there. They could not be seen clearly, because all the living souls on earth existed in the ripples of life to begin with...

Su Ming stared at the two cold figures walking towards him from the distance. They got closer to the house in the now dark world that would usually only be dusk at this point of time. As they closed in, a chilling air spread outwards, making the cold rain become even colder.

The lightning in the sky disappeared at that moment, as if it had retreated from this cold and had hidden itself in the darkness, refusing to come out.

Only the sounds of rain falling and squelching of feet walking on mud could be heard, the latter gradually growing clearer. It slowly reached the father's ears, causing the middle-aged man to instinctively lift his head.

He saw the two lean figures walking over to the house in the rain, arriving right before Su Ming and himself.

"You are..." Ugly Little Thing's father shuddered. When he wanted to stand up, his body shivered, and Su Ming quickly stood up to support him, all while looking at the two people coldly.

He could tell that they did not harbor any killing intent, or else destroying this village would be as easy as breathing to them.

"Kneel and receive the announcement!" the person on the left said with a shrill voice.

As he spoke, the temperature around them turned even colder, and because Ugly Little Thing's father was simply a mortal, he was stunned by the voice and his face immediately turned pale. He suddenly remembered that his eldest had been brought away by people dressed in these clothes eight years ago on a rainy night just like this.

Perhaps it was because the person's shrill voice was rather sharp as well, it also traveled into the house, causing the sleeping Ugly Little Thing and her mother to be shocked awake from their dreams.

A barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. These two Immortals could be killed with just one finger if he was at the pinnacle of his strength, but his cultivation base was still in its recovering stage at the moment, and he had no idea when he would reach his peak. Yet even so, even with the one tenth of power he had recovered at that moment, he could still kill these people with ease.

"Junior brother Zuo!" The person standing to the right spoke with a low voice. He cast a glance at his companion, as if he was slightly displeased with what he had just said.

"Old man, is Chen Da Xi your son?" The black-robed person standing to the right turned his head around and cast a glance towards Ugly Little Thing's father, who was currently being supported by Su Ming. He had also caught sight of Su Ming at the corner of his eyes, but he paid no attention to him.

As he spoke, he pulled down the black hood covering his head, revealing a pale face that showed that he was about forty-something of age. He looked normal, and only the blue light in his eyes stood out, shining faintly and indistinctly.

Ugly Little Thing's father shuddered. If Su Ming had not been supporting him, he might have fallen to the ground due to the cold, biting chill, but the moment he heard that name, he seemed to have gained strength.

"Yes... Xi Er is my eldest, he... he..." Ugly Little Thing's father stammered. He did not know what had happened, but from the tone of this person's voice, he felt a stab of pain in his heart that he could not describe.

"Chen Da Xi has died!"

The person who answered Ugly Little Thing's father was the person standing to the left, the one speaking in a shrill voice. At the instant these words left his mouth and fell into the ears of Ugly Little Thing's father, the middle-aged man was stunned to his feet, and he felt as if his life had just left his body, causing him to look much older. Two trails of tears fell down from his eyes and into the ripples on the ground. They could no longer be differentiated clearly down there.

At that moment, the sound of something crashing to the floor came from the house, and that was Ugly Little Thing's mother, who had heard those words while walking out of her room. She fainted.

Ugly Little Thing was by the side and was looking at the two lean figures standing outside her house. The stranger's voice was still echoing in her ears at that moment, but soon her frail body seemed to have lost its soul, for her face turned pale, and she looked as if everything in her world had turned white as well.

"Old man, junior brother Chen had great potential and was well-liked by our Sect Elder Zhao, who took him in as his disciple, but a few days ago, junior brother Chen died of an accident, and the both of us have come on orders by Sect Elder Zhao to tell you, since we were close to junior brother Chen." The person to the right spoke in a low voice, and once he finished speaking, he brought out a bag and placed it under the eaves.

"This is the money junior Chen gathered over the past few years. We cultivators have no use for it, but to you mortals, it should be able to improve your standard of living."

The person to the right might have been speaking in a cool voice, but there was an expression of regret on his face. When he looked at Ugly Little Thing's family, pity flashed quickly past his eyes. On the other hand, the person to the left remained as cold and aloof as ever.

"Thank you... Thank you, Immortals. This is Xi Er's fate..." Ugly Little Thing's father cried, and he was just about to kneel towards the two cultivators, but was lifted up by the person to the right.

Su Ming looked at everything happening before his eyes. There might be no expression on his face giving away his thoughts, but he knew clearly in his heart that it was incredibly rare for a sect to send someone specifically to tell his or her family of the death.

This sort of thing was nigh impossible, unless... the person died of unusual causes.

Su Ming supported Ugly Little Thing's father and turned his head around to cast a glance at the little girl, who was standing in the house with a dumbfounded expression. He also looked at his mother, who had fallen unconscious. The warmth that had existed previously in this family had shattered because of this nightmare.

"This must be your other son, and this girl..." The person to the right trained his eyes on Su Ming once again, his gaze like lightning. After looking at him for a single instant, he looked at Ugly Little Thing.

'They don't know the details of Ugly Little Thing's family. Looks like they didn't ask around, and Ugly Little Thing's brother didn't go about telling others,' Su Ming thought.

"By Sect Elder Zhao's orders, we permit you to give us another child from your family. The Sect Elder will personally receive him or her as his disciple and they will inherit the regrets left behind by junior brother Chen. Congratulations, old man, we will give you seven days to choose the person who will enter Evil Spirit Sect. Seven days later, when we are on the way back to the sect, we will bring the child away." The person to the right spoke slowly, and once he finished his speech, he no longer bothered himself with Ugly Little Thing's family and turned around to leave.

The other sect member gave Su Ming and Ugly Little Thing a deep and profound smile before he, too, left.

The rain poured even harder. The two people in black walked in the rain, and their bodies turned indistinct, then gradually disappeared. Only Su Ming could see them farther away turning into long arcs and moving to the sky.

Su Ming had seen the Evil Spirit Sect they spoke of during the year he stayed in the village. It was a sect built on a mountain surrounded by clouds, and only when the entire sky was clear could he vaguely see its buildings.

However, the two disciples from Evil Spirit Sect were flying towards the east. Clearly, they were not returning to their sect. From what they had said and Su Ming's own analysis, he could deduce that the two people had left the sect on some other important business. They had come here while they were at it to complete this Sect Elder Zhao's request.

That was why they gave them seven days instead of immediately asking to take that person away. Clearly, taking a child along would affect their other mission, so it would be better for them to take him or her when they came back. It was just as they said, when returning, they might as well take the child while they were at it.

To these two people, this was a simple message, but to Ugly Little Thing's family, this was a bolt out of the blue and a nightmare that they could not refuse.

It was especially so when the parents had just gone through the pain of losing their son, yet had to face the fate of having another child taken away from their hands. This sort of thing was a disaster to this honest and kind family.

Ugly Little Thing's father stopped weaving dolls. He looked old now, and with grief in every fiber of his being, he moved to his wife and began crying silently.

The mother was slowly waking up at that moment, and she looked at her husband standing before her blankly before she started weeping as well.

Su Ming stood quietly by the side with a complicated look on his face. He could sense the family's pain and their helplessness in the face of fate.

Ugly Little Thing did not cry. She bit her bottom lip and lowered her head.

"We can't let Ugly Little Thing leave with them... She's still a child, she's..." Ugly Little Thing's mother looked at her daughter, who was silent and did not seem to be capable of crying anymore. Her heart was in pain, as if there was a knife cutting into it, but... she could not fight back.

"Seven days... We'll leave this place and flee without stopping!" Ugly Little Thing's father gritted his teeth and looked at his wife, as well as daughter, before he spoke resolutely.

"It's useless, pa, I heard from others that Immortals are deities. No matter how far we run, it'll still be easy for them to find us... At that time, all of us will be punished because we angered them. I'll go. I'll enter the Immortals' sect," Ugly Little Thing whispered softly, and at that moment, she seemed to have grown up.

"If I live, then one day, I can be like the Immortals, and I'll be able to find the cause of big brother's death!" She clenched her fists and closed her eyes.

"I'll go." In the midst of the family's grief, Su Ming cast a glance at the rain outside. It looked as if the sky was crying.

When his voice reached the family's ears, Ugly Little Thing opened her eyes.

Her mother was momentarily stunned. When she looked at Su Ming, conflict and hesitation appeared on her face.

"This has nothing to do with you, my son. Leave as well, get out of this place..." Ugly Little Thing's father immediately said.

Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing, then at her father and mother. A smile appeared on his face. He took a few steps back and shifted his robes before he knelt down towards the two elderly folk.

"I, Su Ming, cannot repay your kindness for saving me and keeping me in your home. The care and warmth of a home I've felt this past year is something I've rarely encountered in my life... Pa, ma, my little sister is still young. I'll go.

"I never had any parents since I was young, only my grandpa took care of me, but now... he is no longer around. You are the only ones who gave me this warmth... My Ugly Little Doll, when I leave, you have to be a sensible girl. You have to take good care of pa and ma. Don't worry, I'll come back and visit you."

"Big brother, I..." Ugly Little Thing opened her mouth, but she did not know what to say. She looked at Su Ming, and eventually, tears fell from her eyes.

"Pa, ma, this is settled. I'll go!" Su Ming cast a glance at the couple and engraved their image deep into his heart. One year was not long, but to Su Ming, it was an experience of warmth he had never felt before. It was wholly different from what he felt in the ninth summit or Dark Mountain.

*Chapter 596: Grass Knot Records*

It rained for three days.

The three days of rain washed the earth and beat down the osmanthus, causing the land to be wet and all the houses to be filled with humidity. Even after the people wiped the blankets they used at night to sleep, they would still be wet.

This was how it was during this season.

During the three days, very few people left their houses except to hunt. Only when it occasionally stopped raining would a few children run out barefooted to play in the mud. Their happy laughter rang in the air.

Usually, at this moment, Ugly Little Thing would bug Su Ming and pick up a handful of mud not too far away from her house to mould it into an unidentifiable animal.

Every single time, Su Ming would play with her with a smile on his face. As he looked at this kind and adorable girl, he remembered his childhood.

Yet now, what surrounded Ugly Little Thing's family was grief and silence. Su Ming's request had caused them to struggle greatly. They did not know what to choose.

This was also why Su Ming was gentle to this family, because if it was anyone else, then this would not even be a choice. After all, how difficult would it be to choose between a child they picked off the streets compared to their own daughter?

Ugly Little Thing's father was silent. His wife was also silent. Their gazes would always move between Su Ming and Ugly Little Thing. They would look at the birthmark on Ugly Little Thing's face and her thin body, and their hearts would clench in pain.

But when their gazes fell on Su Ming's body, that pale face, that frail body, and the understanding gaze, as well as the expression on his face that treated them as parents, the couple's hearts would clench in pain once again.

There were four days left, then it would be time for them to make their choice...

"Pa, you said that we have to give life to dolls when we create them, but just what sort of thoughts do you need to be able to give life to dolls?" Su Ming looked at Ugly Little Thing's father and asked softly.

On the fourth day since the people from Evil Spirit Sect left, Su Ming placed some blades of grass before his father and started weaving the grass with his head bent downwards.

"Everyone needs to be moved... Only when they feel touched in their hearts would they be able to create dolls with life," Ugly Little Thing's father answered gently, looking at Su Ming, but the complicated gaze in his eyes could not be hidden away.

"The dolls your pa once made did not have any life. It was only when your brother Xi Er was born and I heard his cries that I managed to create the first doll with life. I was standing outside his room back then." For the first time, Ugly Little Thing's father called himself 'pa' before Su Ming. The word came out naturally, and there was not a hint of artificialness or intentional acting there. When he said that word, he picked up a blade of grass.

First, he made a single knot, and then made many more on that blade of grass. When there were a dozen something knots, he looked towards Su Ming.

"Before I married your ma, I was a tribe member of Grain Support Tribe. It's a small tribe, and there were only about a hundred of us, but we had a long history...

"I never had the constitution to practice the ways of the Berserker when I was young. I could only be a mortal, but my father and grandfather were the tribe's eternal historians." A smile appeared on Ugly Little Thing's father's lips, and there was a nostalgic expression on his face.

"You know as well that only those who cannot practice the ways of the Berserkers can become eternal historians. They only have one job, and that is to record the tribe's history using the methods unique to each tribe.

"The legacy of Grain Support Tribe is very old, and no one knows precisely when it started. But we know that it is all real from eternal historian records in the tribe.

"The recording method we use is called the grass knot record. We use different grasses and different knots to record history. No one can tell their meanings, only the people who have mastered the method.

"I was my generation's eternal historian, but... the disaster that fell on our tribe brought death and separation to my tribe, causing all of these things to no longer exist. I met your ma and came to this place to stay... I'm just a mortal and I don't have any other skills. Trying to survive is hard.

"But I know how to knot grass, I know how to use these limitless knots of grass to weave dolls..." Ugly Little Thing's father looked at Su Ming. When he spoke, his hands never stopped. He continued weaving, and when he finished speaking, a small human doll appeared in his hand.

That doll was incredibly similar to Su Ming!

"This doll is made of twenty nine knots. I've recorded all twenty nine of my blessings for you in these knots. It's also a doll. I gave your older brother one when he was born, and also another one for your little sister when she was born. Now, I'll give this to you." Ugly Little Thing's father handed the doll in his hand to Su Ming.

"Grass knot records..."

This was the first time Su Ming had heard of this method to record history. It did not matter whether it was when he was in the Alliance of the Western Region or when he was in South Morning, all the tribes he saw did not have this sort of scribe, much less the title of eternal historian.

But he could tell that it was a position similar to the Head of the Guards and the chief of hunters in a tribe.

Su Ming received the doll, but the instant his hand touched it, a sharp, focused glint appeared in his eyes. He could clearly tell that there was a wave of life force contained within it. That life force was very faint, and if his divine sense hadn't slightly recovered, it would have been incredibly difficult for him to notice its existence.

That life force contained a blessing, and there was even a wave of warmth that spread through Su Ming's entire body.

He lifted his head and cast a deep look towards Ugly Little Thing's father. If he was not completely certain that this person did not possess any form of cultivation base and that he was a very ordinary mortal, once Su Ming saw this doll, he would definitely think that this had come from a person who possessed the power of cultivation.

The man's ancient face was filled with wrinkles, and they showed all the trials life had thrown at him. The waist that would bend slightly unnaturally when he stood up looked like the helplessness he faced and the fate he had to deal with during his life had pressed down heavily on his body.

But it was a mortal like this, a normal person like this that had managed to create a doll that contained the power of life. Su Ming had seen many dolls created by Ugly Little Thing's father before, but the life contained within each of them was very weak. It was not enough to cause his shock, but the one in his hand right then had made the scattered power of cultivation within Su Ming's body... show a slight ripple.

'This is related to grass knot records, but more importantly... only when you reach the pinnacle of conveying your meaning through these knots can you surpass the limits of your hands. Because of this, he was able to give thoughts to these grass knots, causing those thoughts to turn into a blessing, despite him being completely unaware of it. These blessings contain his prayer, that is why as long as he is alive, these blessings will stay.'

Su Ming seemed to have come to a little bit of understanding. It was the same principle as when he drew, and how people would have the feeling of the words other people wrote possessing the might of horses charging in a battlefield.

This was all due to a person having reached the pinnacle in a certain craft. It had nothing to do with cultivation, neither did it have anything to do with anything else. It was only connected to the heart.

"The grass knots you make do not possess life, because you don't know how to make records with grass knots. How about this? I'll teach you... Your big brother didn't manage to learn it, and your little sister isn't interested in this. You make your pa happy that you like this." Ugly Little Thing's father smiled kindly. He picked up a blade of grass and handed it to Su Ming before he picked another one for himself.

"Using grass knots to record history or thoughts is an ancient method. I don't know everything and can only make simple records. Each knot is different, and with each you make, you must think of the things you want to record.

"I remember my pa telling me this when he taught me...

"It doesn't matter whether it's grass knots or string knots, they will need you to use your eyes to see, your hands to touch, and your heart to feel them. The main point of this is that you need to touch it.

"You must touch and feel the sensation after you make every single knot. It's very strange and mysterious, and I'm not capable of describing the feeling to you, but before we had words, our ancestors used this method to record every single detail in their lives." As Ugly Little Thing's father spoke, he tied eight knots.

Time flowed just like this, and in the blink of an eye, several days had passed. Su Ming was continuously immersed in the grass knot records and continued learning from his father, but the man was clearly not a good teacher, because most of the time he made the knots based on feeling, and he could not express them in words.

When there were only two days left before Evil Spirit Sect came, Ugly Little Thing's father kept mostly silent. His gazes when he occasionally looked towards Su Ming were mostly filled with complicated emotions as well.

Ugly Little Thing's mother behaved in the same way.

After the rain stopped for a few days, it started pouring once more in the afternoon of next day. The rushing of rain echoed in the air even when midnight arrived.

Su Ming lay in his own room and looked at the rain outside through the window, as well as the occasionally flashing lightning, all while listening to the sound of thunder clapping. He could not sleep.

There were eight knots in his hands, and they were all given to him by his father before he went to sleep. Su Ming's knowledge about grass knot records was still vague, even if he had been learning them for the past few days. He did not have a really clear image in his head.

When Su Ming touched the knots on the grass, he started thinking about his own past.

Ugly Little Thing was in the same room as he was. It was difficult for a poor family like this to provide each of their children a room of their own.

Her even breathing had been following Su Ming for most of the year, leaving a deep memory in his mind that would be incredibly difficult for him to forget. He turned his head around and looked at her. As he watched the sleeping girl, a faint smile appeared on his face.

However, there were tears flowing down her eyes as she continued sleeping. The words she mumbled caused the faint smile on Su Ming's face to turn into a doting one.

"Big brother... big brother... Dog Leftovers... Don't go, I can do it... I'll beat them up..."

"Pa, ma... we'll be together, forever..."

In her world, the memory of her blood brother had become faint. After all, she had just been born at that time eight years go. She had only been told that she had an older brother who had entered an Immortals' sect.

Everything else about her big brother remained a blank. Su Ming's appearance had caused that blank to be gradually filled with his shadow. To Ugly Little Thing, her big brother was Su Ming.

Her greatest wish in this life was that her whole family, including her big brother Dog Leftovers, could live happily together.

Su Ming wiped away the tears at the corners of Ugly Little Thing's eyes, and a determined look appeared in his eyes. He did not want grief to take hold of this family. He wanted them to be eternally happy.

'Ugly Little Thing, I promise you, I will protect your family... up till the end!'

#### *Chapter 597: Parting*

Time passed quickly, and the final day before Evil Spirit Sect came arrived.

After it, those people would come and take away either Su Ming or Ugly Little Thing. Then they would send the chosen child to the Sect Elder Zhao.

When morning arrive , the rain stopped. Su Ming went to the osmanthus forest he frequented throughout the year, wiped away the water that had gathered on the leaves, then sat down and looked up.

The sky was clear. There were no clouds. It was completely different compared to the previous day.

Even though it was morning, the light from the sun was still gentle. When it fell on his body, it felt as if it could chase away the humidity that had gathered during these past few days, and it gave him a warm feeling in his heart.

However, the osmanthus in this forest had mostly turned into embellishments on the mud, causing even the mud to possess the fragrance of the flowers. It fused with the sweet smell of the mud after rain, stirring a special emotion in people who smelled it.

Su Ming continued staring at the sky just like that. No one knew what he was thinking about, and neither did he himself. His eyes were trained towards the sky, but his heart

had become quiet. He started circulating his Qi that had lain dormant in his body for a long time, causing the one tenth of his recovered cultivation base to slowly start flowing.

The recovery of his cultivation base was even more difficult than he imagined it to be. The injuries he had suffered in the past were simply too grave, and he was also stuck in Destiny's form. Su Ming had thought about this, and after some analysis, he gained an answer as to why Di Tian had not managed to find him.

Perhaps it was precisely because he was in this form that the clone was still unable to find him.

As for why he was in this form and why he managed to escape from the disaster brought to him by Di Tian... Su Ming only remembered a song from a xun before he fell unconscious, but he could guess from this that the person who saved him was the old xun maker.

"Berserker Soul... Once my cultivation base is restored, the most important thing for me to do is to reach the Berserker Soul Realm," Su Ming mumbled. In his hands he held a blade of grass. He tied a knot, then another, and yet another, until he eventually created a doll.

'If pa can gather up such power in his mind and turn it into a blessing even though he is just a mortal... then the strength of this power would be much greater if a person with the power of cultivation made the records with the knots!

'Grass knot records should be a unique Art. It... should be related to Curses!' This was the first thing that appeared in Su Ming's head when Ugly Little Thing's father was talking about the grass knots.

If he focused a Curse towards a person on one grass knot, and then another Curse on another person, then once he had placed many Curses on many knots and turned them all into one single straw doll, then... would he be able to create a different type of Curse?!

'It's said that some Soul Catchers use other people's hair to perform the Curse, but most of these are just rumors. Even if they do exist, the strength of those Curses isn't strong. Those who are truly strong, they can ignore them.

'But if I combine the Curse with these grass knots...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He dipped his head down and looked at the grass knots in his hand in silence.

The morning passed by just like that. When noon arrived, the sun became scorching hot, and the light from the sun slipped through the leaves to fall on Su Ming. The sounds of footsteps traveled into the forest from the area outside. Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and looked over.

It was Ugly Little Thing. She walked over quietly and stopped before him.

"Big brother, you can't go," she said softly, looking straight at Su Ming.

"You'll die if you go. This is our family's problem. I must be the one who goes..." Ugly Little Thing bit her bottom lip. Her voice rang with her determination.

"Come, sit beside me." Su Ming smiled. He moved slightly to make some space beside him. The leaves there were clean. He looked towards Ugly Little Thing.

The little girl scrunched up her nose. Once she sat down beside Su Ming, she opened her mouth, looking as if she wanted to say something. Su Ming simply smiled and looked at her.

"If I will die if I go, then isn't it the same for you?"

"That's different, I... I'm smarter than you! If I go, I might not die, big brother, please listen to me this time, please..."

"Let's not talk about that anymore. Stay by my side for a while." Su Ming patted Ugly Little Thing's head and leaned against the tree behind him, then turned his gaze towards the sky. He no longer spoke.

Ugly Little Thing hesitated for a moment, then she leaned against the tree as well. She, too, looked at the sky. As she continued looking at the blue up ahead, she began to feel as if she had flown up and was roaming in the air.

"Big brother, just how big is the sky...?"

"Very big."

"Then... how high is the sky?"

"Very high."

"Hmph, you're cheating. Then big brother, here is another question, what is behind the sky?"

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, his eyes still trained at the blue sky. Then he spoke softly.

"There is a vortex of fog behind the sky."

"Then what is behind the vortex?" Ugly Little Thing's curiosity was sparked. She blinked and immediately threw out another question.

"There is a galaxy behind that vortex, and there are many stars there, along with many floating continents..." Su Ming mumbled. These were all things that he had seen with his own eyes.

"What is that place?" It was clear that this was the first time Ugly Little Thing had heard about this. She was, after all, still a child, and once Su Ming started talking about these things, she forgot her entire reason for coming to him, instead becoming more interested in his words.

"That is another world." A freezing glare flashed in his eyes when he said that languidly.

"Another world... Are they the same as us?" With her age, it was inevitable that the girl would remain completely clueless as to what Su Ming was saying. She frowned.

"I, too, want to know that. That is why, someday, I will go and see what the other worlds look like, and I want to see how different they are from us..." Su Ming said calmly. The resolve on his face was something Ugly Little Thing could not understand. Perhaps she would remember this scene, and many years later, she would understand what it meant.

The sky gradually turned dark. When dusk arrived, the sky gained a crimson red shade, causing the ground to look as if it had been dyed in a layer of brilliant light. Only then did Ugly Little Thing remember her goal when coming to this place. She immediately stood up and stared at Su Ming.

Ugly Little Thing forced down her fears towards the future and spoke firmly. "Big brother, I'm officially telling you this - you can't go! This is my problem! The person who will be taken away tonight is me. You... You have to remember to take care of pa and ma..."

"If our elder brother didn't die, would you really want to go?" Su Ming stood up and looked at Ugly Little Thing before he asked softly. There was a strange rhythm to his voice, and when it fell into Ugly Little Thing's ears, a dazed look gradually appeared on her face.

"I... I don't want to go. I want to stay with pa and ma. I want to be with them for the rest of my life, but I don't want you to go either. I want our family to be together forever."

Su Ming stroked Ugly Little Thing's head lovingly, then held her hand and walked out of the forest.

Once they were out, the girl snapped out of her daze. She remained stunned for a moment before she broke free from Su Ming's hand and took a few steps, then placed her hands on her hips.

"Big brother, I might be mild mannered usually, but when I get angry, I'm really scary, you know?! You... you can't go!" Ugly Little Thing puffed up her cheeks. She looked like an adult, and when Su Ming saw it, it made him smile.

"Alright, alright, I won' go."

"Really?" When Ugly Little Thing heard those words, she immediately spoke.

"Truly," Su Ming answered with a smile.

When she heard his answer, the girl relaxed and went up to hold Su Ming's hand, then skipped all the way back home, but the terror and fear towards the future could not be hidden away from her face due to her age. The happiness she put in her actions was what she had learned since she was young, and it was showing up naturally.

It did not rain that night.

On that night, Ugly Little Thing's laughter could be heard ringing in the house as their family had dinner, but there was a light wobble to that laughter. Her father was silent, and there was grief on his face, and her mother would occasionally turn her head around to wipe away her tears.

"Dog Leftovers, have some more of these. Here..." mother added more food into Su Ming's bowl, and there was a complicated look in her eyes when she looked at him.

There was one particular dish which she and her husband did not touch, and which Ugly Little Thing was also avoiding. Only Su Ming alone was eating it.

He could not taste the dish, but he could tell that there was a herb in there that had tranquilizing properties; it could make people drowsy. If someone ate too much of that thing, they would fall asleep without realizing it themselves.

Su Ming sighed in his heart. How could he not know what the family was thinking about. In the end, they had decided not to have him replace Ugly Little Thing and have him face a fate in which he might die. Instead, they had chosen to let him have a good rest. When the next day arrived, Ugly Little Thing would be gone.

Perhaps the couple had struggled and argued about this decision, but in the end, they had chosen to do this. Even if they would feel pain, even if they would end up regretting their decision, at this moment, this was what they chose.

Once Su Ming's final dinner with the family was over, he stood up and kowtowed deeply towards them. There was not a single reaction to his actions, because at that moment Ugly Little Thing had already closed her eyes and fallen asleep. It was the same for her parents.

Su Ming might only have restored a tenth of his cultivation base, but it was enough to let this family fall asleep without their knowledge and allow himself to not be affected by that herb.

He carried his father and mother back to their rooms, and once he covered them with their blankets, he looked at the couple, whose hair was now flecked with white. His expression was incredibly gentle when he lifted his right hand and pointed at their foreheads, slowly giving them some of what little remained of his life force. This would allow the couple to be able to recover in the future. Soon, they would no longer be plagued by sickness.

Then Su Ming carried Ugly Little Thing and placed her gently in her room. As he looked at the sleeping child before him, he once again heard the words she had said in her weak voice when she had carried him down the mountain.

After a long, long time, Su Ming placed his right hand on Ugly Little Thing's birthmark. When he lifted his hand after a moment, the birthmark had become much lighter.

Su Ming covered her with her blanket and walked out of his room, then put away the dishes used during dinner. Once he cleaned them, he rolled up his sleeves and started cleaning up the rooms. As he looked at the house that had grown on him during this past year, a reluctance to part appeared on his face.

*Chapter 598: Evil Sect!*

'Pa, ma, in my heart, you will forever be my father and mother... I'll be taking my leave now.

'Ugly Little Thing, my dear little sister, you have to be happy...' Su Ming looked at the house blankly, and the warm memories he had gained surfaced one by one in his head.

This was a kind family. Every single member of it was the same, both he had just arrived and now he was about to leave. This poor and ordinary family presented him with a warmth he would never forget.

Su Ming stood in place for a long time, looking at everything in the house. He then turned around and sat down under the eaves, waiting for the people who would arrive at night.

Midnight drew close. There was no rain right then. The light from the moon shone on the ground, causing the night to not be completely dark, and making the moon look as if it was adding another layer to this atmosphere of separation.

It was quiet all around. Only the snores of Ugly Little Thing's parents occasionally reached Su Ming's ears. That sound, too, brought warmth to his heart.

He closed his eyes and only reopened them after a long time. At that moment, two long arcs flew over from the distant darkness. After a moment, they descended before Su Ming and turned into the two people in black he'd seen seven days ago.

Those two people's faces were slightly pale, and when they appeared, their gazes instantly fell on Su Ming. He did not speak, but merely looked at the strangers coldly, and when he did so, one of them suddenly lifted his foot and walked past him with just one step.

Su Ming did not stop him, but a killing intent the duo did not notice appeared in his eyes.

If they dared to do anything to his family, then even if Su Ming had only recovered a tenth of his cultivation base, he would still attack. Even if he would lose his power once again, he would still kill these two people on the spot.

Fortunately for the Evil Spirit Sect disciple, he did not do anything out of hand after stepping into the house. Once he went through all the rooms, he saw the herbs in the kitchen, and he came out with a slightly odd expression. He cast a glance at Su Ming, then whispered to the other person's ear. After that

The Evil Spirit Sect disciple who had not spoken coldly to Ugly Little Thing's family seven days ago cast Su Ming a few investigative looks before he asked languidly, "Not bad, you have a lot of courage despite your age. What's your name?"

"Chen Su," Su Ming said calmly.

"Chen Su, close your eyes. We'll take you to the sect!"

The two people were clearly bothered by something and did not want to speak too much. The person who spoke waved his arm, and a gust of wind immediately swept up Su Ming. They all turned into long arcs and charged into the sky.

Their arrival and departure had not attracted any attention in the area. Ugly Little Thing and her family were still asleep. They did not know that their disaster had just passed.

Su Ming was held under one of the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's arm as they travelled in the sky. He looked at the ground growing further and further away, watched the place he had stayed in for the year slowly disappear from his eyes, and stared at the family who had given him warmth until they disappeared into his memories. Then, he closed his eyes.

He could no longer see the ground, could no longer see his family, and no longer smell the osmanthus' fragrance...

'Evil Spirit Sect...' At the instant Su Ming closed his eyes, a freezing glare flashed past them.

This place... was located to the east of Eastern Wastelands!

One of the clones Di Tian sent had to set Su Ming to rights, and the other had to defend what Great Leaf Immortal Sect had achieved over the years in Eastern Wastelands.

However, in the end, Di Tian was cautious of the most powerful Immortal from Evil Sect, who was from the east of Eastern Wastelands, and who was the strongest clone from the person who was considered a powerful warrior among the Immortals as well - Ji An.

Evil Sect was located to the east of Eastern Wastelands. There were four great sects who named themselves after the word 'Evil', using it as a uniform title.

These four great sects were Evil Dust Sect, Evil Spirit Sect, Evil Lust Sect, and Evil Immortal Sect, which was at a level higher than the other three sects!

The Evil Immortal Sect acted as the leader and the other three as its affiliates. Then once the Evil Immortal Ji An sent his clone to this place all those years ago, he had laid waste to all the land and the four great sects became the strongest power in the east of Eastern Wastelands.

He even uprooted all the Berserker tribes in that part of the continent, causing numerous tribes to be destroyed and the survivors to be slowly assimilated into Evil Sect. And as time passed by, they would even become disciples of Evil Sect!

There were four black puffs of smoke rising into the sky in the east of Eastern Wastelands. These four puffs of black smoke came from the four sects, and the black smoke from Evil Immortal Sect was incredibly thick. It filled the air above the nine heavens, and it was a sight that brought terror to all who saw it!

The remaining three puffs of black smoke were slightly thinner, but they were still enough to bring shock to onlookers.

This black smoke was a symbol of a strong Immortal within the sect. Only those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or who were Immortals who had reached Ascendant would be able to bring out this sort of smoke symbolizing the strength of a powerful warrior, once their presence fused with Yin Death Region's aura!

At that moment, in a place far away from the village where Ugly Little Thing and her family were was a mountain that towered into the clouds. These clouds surrounded the mountain, causing it to become indistinct. Only when the sky was completely clear would anyone be able to see it faintly from the distance.

A puff of black smoke that was several tens of thousands of feet wide connected the mountain to the sky. As it churned about, it exuded a great and mighty pressure that caused all those who saw it to feel their hearts tremble.

Strange stones filled the mountain, and while they gave off a ferocious presence, black water could also be seen flowing down them like a stream. An eerie, cold, and sinister air spread out from the mountain.

This was where Evil Spirit Sect was located!

Flagpoles with flags of different colors were placed in many locations on the mountain. Shriill howls would occasionally come from those flags, filled with endless pain and hate. When they were out, they stayed for a long time, refusing to leave.

Entirely black halls filled the mountain. They were scattered and strewn at random, making the mountain seem as if it had been separated into three layers. Only the contour of the hall in the highest level was visible to the eye, and most of its other parts were hidden in the black smoke.

The largest area filled with these black halls was located at the center of the mountain. Quite a large number of them were floating in the air, and there would be a dried up corpse hanging on top of every hall. There were also numerous ferocious birds lingering around, occasionally flying down to eat the flesh.

A large amount of long arcs weaved about the buildings in the sky, creating a lively atmosphere in this eerie air. At that moment, two long arcs closed in on the mountain, side by side, and one of them had a person held under his arm. The person held like that was naturally Su Ming.

He looked at the eerie mountain and the large amount of corpses hanging on the halls. The evil and eerie air from the mountain came crashing into his face.

"Boy, this is Evil Spirit Sect. You're lucky that you don't need to go through nine days of hanging, nor do you need to carry the mountain for ninety-nine days, and neither do you have to be submerged in unclean water. You can become an Evil Spirit Sect disciple straight away. If you are successful in the future, don't forget the both of us."

"But let me give you a reminder, don't get into conflict with others in Evil Spirit Sect for nothing. This place... greatly promotes fights between disciples. All the disciples here already have way more blood on their hands than what you can possibly imagine!" the other person said with a cold and ghastly voice.

Su Ming looked as calm as usual, but even though he might seem composed, all the other people who saw him would only think he was pale with fright, because his skin color was sickly pale to begin with.

'Evil Spirit Sect...' A ghastly smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, one that went unnoticed by the duo. Perhaps no one here could actually compare to the amount of blood Su Ming had spilled.

He wondered, would his arrival here be considered Evil Spirit Sect's fortune... or misfortune...?

#### *Chapter 599: Outer Sect*

The mountain could still be marginally seen from the distance, but the grudge-filled fog surrounding Evil Spirit Sect caused the area to be obscured from view. It sounded like there were shrieks and howls reverberating in the air. Those shrill sounds were enough to make anyone's heart tremble the first time they arrived to this place.

This was precisely how the two people who had brought Su Ming back felt when they first entered the sect. As they flew forward, they misinterpreted Su Ming's paleness, which was normal to him, as fear. That was why they did not see anything wrong in his silence.

As the two people charged forward, they flew around Evil Spirit Sect's mountain several times before they plunged straight towards the foot of the mountain. They landed right before the gate to the mountain, which had an eerie presence seeping out of it and was black in color. It also looked as if there were numerous vengeful souls surrounding it, looking like they wanted to pounce on all those who wanted to pass through.

The people who brought Su Ming had calm expressions on their faces and were completely unbothered by the vengeful spirits. They held Su Ming by his arms and took a few steps forward. Once they passed the mountain gate, a huge flight of stairs leading to the top of the mountain appeared before them.

There were plenty of black statues placed on both sides of the stairs. Each of the statues looked incredibly ferocious and exuded a ghastly and cold presence. They were also the spots where the hate filled spirits gathered.

"If you walk on this path of no return, you will enter Evil Spirit Sect. Boy, do you hear those shrill cries around you?" One of the people who held Su Ming cast him a glance, then spoke with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

"If I let go of your hand and make you go up alone, you might be dragged away by these vengeful spirits before you even manage to take a few steps, and then you'll turn into one of them." The other Evil Spirit Sect disciple spoke coldly, and as he did so, he suddenly lifted his right hand and formed a seal before swinging his arm forward.

The path leading up the stairs instantly became different. It might look the same... but an innumerable amount of shadows appeared there. They were shaped as men and women, the elderly and the young. They were all either dressed in rags or were covered in blood, and they were all struggling and howling on the road. Many of them were staring at Su Ming and the two disciples with ferocious expressions, as if they were about to pounce on them.

There were also numerous vengeful souls like these on either side of the mountain stairs. All of them stretched out their arms as if they wanted to grab the trio and drag them to their side.

"Welcome to Evil Spirit Sect. Over here, you will know what is hell and what is terror..." The two Evil Spirit Sect disciples who brought Su Ming to this place smiled at each other and held him by the arms as they strode up the mountain stairs. As they moved up, the hate-filled souls around them swiftly moved away, as if they were incredibly afraid of the two disciples.

The souls did not dare get any closer to the three of them. Some who weren't able to move away in time, once the Evil Spirit Sect disciples holding Su Ming closed in, let out soundless screams and would rather have their bodies crumble instead of touching them.

This was even more so for the vengeful souls that were stretching out their arms on either side of the mountain. The moment the three people closed in, they seemed to have seen a frightening presence, for all of them backed away.

"Senior brother Zhang, there's something off about these vengeful spirits... They usually aren't like this when I return to the sect!" The person by the name of Zuo frowned and spoke in a low voice while continuing to lead Su Ming up to Evil Spirit Sect.

"You're right. Usually, when they see someone, they will lunge forward without caring whether we are from Evil Spirit Sect... I only remember them moving away in fear when they faced the progenitors of the sect, but now..." The other man holding onto Su Ming was also incredibly puzzled.

The two of them could not figure out an answer to this no matter how much they mulled over it. Due to uncertainty, they moved even quicker and brought Su Ming up to the middle section of the mountain. He remained silent all the way. He looked at the mountain, at the many black halls littered all over the mountain, and at the corpses hanging on top of the halls.

In fact, he could even see some long arcs occasionally flying through the sky.

'How could Berserkers practice the cultivation methods of Immortals...?' This was the question that was lingering in his heart when he thought about Evil Spirit Sect.

Before long, Su Ming saw a big man of about ten feet tall standing not too far away on the mountain stairs as the three of them continued moving upwards. He was half-naked and carried a huge basket behind his back, as he walked down the mountain. Once every few steps, he would lift his hand and reach into the basket to grab some minced flesh before throwing it into the air. There were wisps of black smoke on the torn pieces of flesh, and when they fell on the ground, the vengeful souls would immediately pounce on them, devouring each one.

The man had an incredibly ferocious expression on his face. He was also scarred, which made him look terrifying. When Su Ming and the other two saw him, the man also saw Zhang and Zuo. His lips parted into a grin. The scars on his face twisted, making him look as if he had four to five mouths on his face, and they were all laughing savagely at the same time.

He looked incredibly horrifying.

Even if Zhang and Zuo were uncomfortable when they saw that smile, they quickly stepped to the side and made way for the man.

"Greetings, senior brother Shan." The duo wrapped their fists in their palms towards the man in respect.

When the man approached them, Su Ming saw a red glare lying in his pupils. If he looked into the man's eyes for a prolonged period of time, he would feel incredibly uncomfortable.

"Why did you bring an outsider back to the sect?" When the man walked over to them, he grabbed another handful of torn flesh and tossed it to the side, making the vengeful spirits pounce on it and devour it without care for anything else.

"Senior brother Shan, this person is Chen's family, who Sect Elder Zhao asked for us to bring back when we went out of the mountain. He's Chen Da Xi's younger brother," Zhang immediately said while still holding onto Su Ming.

"Chen Da Xi..." The man cast a sideways glance towards Su Ming, and a strange look appeared on his face. When his lips split into a grin, he grabbed a piece of torn flesh from the basket and gave it to Su Ming.

"I see, so it was junior brother Chen. I don't have a welcoming gift for you, so I'll give you this piece of flesh." When Zhang and Zuo saw this, envy immediately appeared on their faces.

Su Ming felt a thump in his chest, and received the piece of torn flesh before wrapping his fist in his palm and bowing towards the man.

"Thank you, senior brother Shan."

"You don't have to thank me. It doesn't matter which vengeful soul you feed this to, it will end up helping you do one thing. Only Inner Sect disciples are allowed to have this. Treasure it well. If you can survive in this place for seven days, then you can thank me." The man smiled eerily. He no longer bothered himself with Zhang and Zuo but instead began walking down the mountain.

When he left into the distance, Zhang's gaze fell on the piece of flesh in Su Ming's hands. Zuo, who was standing beside him, was also looking at it with a light in his eyes.

Su Ming naturally saw their expressions and laughed coldly in his heart. Not only were these people from Evil Spirit Sect sinister, they also loved fighting among themselves. He had just arrived to this place today and had already bore witness to a scheme.

That man, Shan, had given him this piece of torn flesh at the spur of the moment after he heard of Chen Da Xi's name. By the looks of it, it would seem that he had some sort of grudge against Chen Da Xi.

This might seem like a gift, but in truth, if he was truly a twelve- to thirteen-year-old boy without a hint of power and he was greedy, then judging by Zhang and Zuo's expressions at the moment, he would most probably bring ruin to himself.

'Chen Da Xi... Ugly Little Thing's big brother, just what did you do in Evil Spirit Sect that this Sect Elder Zhao would ask for people to bring your family here, and why would this Shan, who is a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, want to plot against me...?'

Su Ming sighed in his heart and shook his head. Before waiting for Zhang and Zuo to say anything, he handed the torn flesh in his hand to Zhang, who was still holding onto him.

"Senior brother Zhang, I have no use for this thing. Please take it."

Zhang gave him a deep and profound smile, then took away the torn flesh without bothering with any form of courtesy. He cast Zuo a glance, and the violent look that had been in their eyes moments ago disappeared. When they looked towards Su Ming, a hint of praise was now present in their gazes.

"Junior brother Chen, you may be young, but you already know the principles of giving and taking. Not bad," Zuo said coldly.

"Senior brothers, who is that senior brother Shan just now?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"He's an Inner Sect disciple, and we're Outer Sect disciples. We're different... Remember this, Outer Sect disciples can fight among themselves, but if we run into Inner Sect disciples, we have to be careful, because while it's alright for an Inner Sect

disciple to kill you, it'll be huge trouble for you if you hurt an Inner Sect disciple." Zhang seemed to have decided to warn Su Ming because of that piece of torn flesh.

"But with your current situation, you'll have your hands full by just trying not to get bullied, you won't have time to bother about offending any Inner Sect disciples."

As they charged up the stairs, Su Ming saw a few other Evil Spirit Sect disciples, and they were all gloomy and silent. When they walked past these people, Zhang and Zuo continuously greeted them, and from this alone, Su Ming could tell that their position in the sect was not high.

He could also tell that this Sect Elder Zhao was also just an ordinary person in Evil Spirit Sect.

After a moment, Zhang and Zuo left the middle section of the stairs with Su Ming and walked to a small path on the side. Su Ming could see a gigantic mountain gate in the distance.

"This is where we Outer Sect disciples belong to in Evil Spirit Sect. If we go any further, we'll reach the Inner Sect. The foot of the mountain is where we keep our pets and also where our laborers stay. Once we walk past this mountain gate, we'll bring you to Sect Elder Zhao. It's not up to us to know where you'll be placed from then on.

"But since you gave us this piece of flesh as a sign of respect, allow me to give you a piece of advice. All the Berserkers who want to walk down the path of Immortals in Evil Spirit Sect need to soak themselves in the Evil Pool and change their blood to activate the passage of Qi of Immortals in their bodies, but only one among ten who step into Evil Pool manage to survive." Zhang smiled eerily and no longer spoke.

In his eyes, this person called Chen Su will definitely not survive past three to five days. It was especially so when he remembered Chen Da Xi's strange death and all the rumors in the sect surrounding Sect Elder Zhao. He was certain that this Chen Su would definitely die.

Soon, they got close to the mountain gate, and when the trio stood by its side, Su Ming immediately saw a gigantic python wrapped around it.

That python was hissing with its tongue out and staring at the trio with a cold and dark look, as if it was about to charge forward and devour the three of them in one bite.

The python was perhaps thousands of feet long, and despite it having wrapped its body around the mountain gate, the remainder of its tail that was not on the gate was still very long.

*Chapter 600: Sect Elder Zhao*

The python was entirely black, the same color as the mountain gate. If it did not move, it could be easily mistaken for an ornament on the gate. At that moment, it was staring at the trio with a cold and sinister expression. A wave of murderous aura crashed into their faces, and Su Ming could clearly sense Zhang and Zuo instantly becoming respectful.

"I, Zhang Ren, hereby greet our sacred beast of the mountain gate."

"I, Zuo Xing Xun, hereby greet our sacred beast of the mountain gate." The duo quickly wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the black python on the door.

Su Ming was placed on the ground at that moment, and no one bothered with him anymore.

The giant python hissed as it swept its gaze past Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun. Then, when its eyes fell on Su Ming, Su Ming too looked at it. His power might not have recovered, but he could still sense that the pressure of that python to him was incredibly faint. Based on his judgment, this python was only equivalent to a Berserker in the middle or later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

While this sort of ferocious beast might be rare, Su Ming, if his power had fully recovered, could destroy it with just one finger.

Almost at the moment the python looked towards Su Ming, it suddenly started moving at a speed that caused Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's eyes to swim. Its body shot out from the mountain gate and its huge head appeared five feet away from Su Ming. It even stuck out its forked tongue when it hissed, which was almost touching Su Ming.

This sudden scene caused Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun to be stunned, and immediately after, their expressions changed. They quickly took a few steps back, not daring to stand in the python's way.

Even Sect Elder Zhao would need to be courteous when he saw this mountain guardian python. The two disciples might need to hand this boy to Sect Elder Zhao, but they honestly did not have any need to offend this sacred python, which was rumored to be a creature which harbored grudges for an incredibly long time.

Su Ming stood his ground and did not back down. His expression was as calm as usual, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes, and as he looked at the python staring at him, he slowly opened his mouth and said, "Get lost!"

The moment he said those words, Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's eyes went wide. They had brought quite a large number of people back to Evil Spirit Sect before, and all who saw this python would show respect. None of them would dare to be so disrespectful and tell the scared creature to get lost.

At that moment, there was also a huge different in the feeling Su Ming gave them, as if he had completely changed into another person.

What threw them into an even greater state of disbelief, to the point where they were completely stunned, was how the python withdrew slightly after Su Ming said those words. It hissed even more, and its eyes seemed as if they were flashing, but gradually, it started moving farther and farther back. In the end, right under Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's dumbfounded expressions, the python retreated back to the mountain gate.

Su Ming remained calm. All ferocious beasts with this level of cultivation would possess unique intelligence. Perhaps other people would think that the words Su Ming said were normal, but the python could feel a murderous aura that made its heart tremble in fear.

From that murderous aura, it could clearly sense that this seemingly weak person was definitely not as simple as he seemed. That was the reason why it chose to slowly back down.

Since Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun remained stunned, Su Ming lifted his foot and walked towards the mountain gate. Once he reached the spot behind the two of them, he paused briefly before saying flatly, "Let's go."

Zuo Xing Xun and Zhang Ren's expressions immediately turned strange when they looked at Su Ming. They took a few brisk steps forward and walked through the mountain gate to step into the territory of Evil Spirit Sect's Outer Sect disciples. The both of them could not calm their hearts. The scene just now kept repeating in their heads.

Their gazes when they looked at Su Ming also became rather uncertain and filled with surprise. Their behavior towards him was also much better than before.

All along the way, Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's hearts were filled with shock and surprise. In silence, they would occasionally look at Su Ming. When they reached the middle section of the mountain, which was the territory that belonged to the Outer Sect, they moved past several black halls to appear in a courtyard that was situated in a more remote area.

The courtyard was located against a mountain stone. There were three black houses there, and it was quiet all around. There was an oppressive air surrounding the entire area. At the entrance to the courtyard were two statues.

They looked rather similar to the statues on the way up the stairs. There were also vengeful souls surrounding them, causing the courtyard to look even more eerie.

It was especially so for the area above. That place was where the smoke was spreading out from Evil Spirit Sect. Because of that, the sunshine on this mountain was constantly

dim, and it would never be bright, giving this place an even colder and more sinister feeling.

Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun stopped outside the courtyard and wrapped their fists in their palms before they bowed deeply towards the courtyard.

"I, Zhang Ren, hereby greet Sect Elder Zhao."

"I, Zuo Xing Xun, hereby greet Sect Elder Zhao. We've brought the child from Chen's family. This person is junior brother Chen's younger brother, Chen Su." Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun bowed down respectfully and did not dare raise their heads.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He also lowered his head, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

He was not too worried about his own safety. Unless he ran into powerful enemies like Di Tian, then even if he ran into those who had gained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he would still be able to fight against them if he recovered.

He might only have recovered a tenth of his cultivation base, but he had been observing his own body during the past year, and he had noticed that all his Berserker Bones were still within him. They were all dim though, as if they were covered by a layer of dust. Yet even so, his body was still as sturdy as it was previously. It would be difficult for anyone to try and injure him.

More importantly, his divine sense had recovered a little, and he could open up his storage bag. The small snake might still be in deep sleep and not show any signs of waking up anytime soon, and the crimson dragon be in the same state, but he could already use Han Mountain Bell.

This treasure might be damaged, but its might when activated was still something that should not be taken lightly.

As for the bald crane... Su Ming had not seen it since he woke up, which would mean that it had most likely ran away during the chaos because of its timid nature.

While Su Ming could still protect himself with his current abilities combined with his Enchanted Treasures and the strength of his physical body, he would still choose not to attack if he could. After all, what was most important to him at the moment was to recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible.

'I might not know what is this Sect Elder Zhao's goal, but he won't be thinking about hurting me just yet, not when he thinks I'm a member of the Chen family, or else he wouldn't have needed to go through the trouble of asking someone to bring me here. He would have just needed to go down the mountain once and would have easily dealt with everything once and for all.'

With his experience, once Su Ming gave a brief onceover towards this matter, he could already guess most of what was happening.

At that moment, a hoarse voice came from the courtyard. It was incredibly ghastly, and when it traveled outwards, it caused the cold air around the trio to become so much thicker that the vengeful souls shuddered as well.

"Leave him here. You two can leave now."

Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun quickly obeyed and left the area. When they were far away from the courtyard, the both of them wiped the cold sweat on their faces. They cast a glance behind them, then looked at each other.

"How we live and die is already predestined, and our fate depends on heaven itself. We can't do anything about this, we're just obeying orders..." Zhang Ren shook his head.

Zuo Xing Xun agreed to this, but after a moment of hesitation, he spoke in a low voice. "That's right. This has nothing to do with us. If Sect Elder Zhao dies, it's also because of him... Senior brother Zhang, do you think that Chen... Is he really a sage and a senior who went into hiding?"

"Quiet! This has nothing to do with us!" Zhang Ren immediately shouted lowly with a nervous expression on his face. He grabbed Zuo Xing Xun and took a couple more steps forward before he spoke again in a low voice.

"He should be. Didn't you see how cautious the sacred python was? When have you seen that old thing being so nice before...? This isn't something we can interfere with. We should keep this to ourselves and let it rot in our hearts. We can't tell anyone, or else we might end up offending others."

"Yeah. Thank goodness no one else knows what is going on with this... but... but there were quite a number of people who saw him on our way here, especially senior brother Shan... Oh, right, you're still holding onto his Soul Flesh."

"We have to form a single story about this matter. You don't have anything to do, right? Come, let's talk at my place."

When Zhang Ren heard about that Soul Flesh, a pained look immediately appeared on his face. He scanned the area for a moment before he grabbed Zuo Xing Ren and left swiftly.

Su Ming near the statues and lifted his head. He looked at the courtyard. It was not big, and there was black smoke seeping out from the ground at the moment. They turned into ferocious shadows in midair, and once they dissipated, they were absorbed by the ground. The process repeated itself, causing all those who saw it to be stunned by this strange sight.

When Su Ming looked towards the courtyard, the gate opened by itself without a single sound.

Su Ming did not make a sound. After waiting for a moment, he walked into the opened gate slowly. At the instant he entered the courtyard, the gate behind him closed automatically.

"Your courage isn't too bad. You're just like your older brother when he first came here. This is precisely the quality I want for my disciple!" The moment the gate to the courtyard closed, a hoarse voice reverberated in the air.

"I am Zhao Chong, and I had three disciples, but they all died. Your brother was my third disciple and was also the one I was most pleased with. Before he died, I promised him that I will send his belongings and money back to his family, and he also asked me to accept his brother or sister as my disciple.

"From now on, you are my fourth disciple!"

"You have the constitution of a Berserker, so you aren't suited to practice my Evil Spirit Arts. A year later, I'll send you to the Evil Pool to wash away your Berserker blood, and from then on, you can practice Evil Sect's divine abilities.

"But if you don't want to die in the Evil Pool, then you must take in Evil Grudge Cores... These core will allow your body to absorb grudges, and you'll be able to build your foundation from there." Once the hoarse voice said these words, a gourd flew out from the house in the middle.

The gourd was black. It was exuding black smoke, which formed into the face of a ghost at times. Mortals would not be able to see it, but Su Ming could see it clearly.

The gourd flew to the area before him and fell to the ground.

"The house to the right is your house. You can go there now!" Once the hoarse voice said these words, it didn't speak anymore.

Su Ming picked up the gourd without batting an eye and walked to the house to the right.

'Did he use Chen Da Xi to create a core?'

Su Ming pushed open the door to the house, and cast a glance at the house in the middle through the corner of his eye. His divine sense had yet to recover enough, or else he would have definitely taken a look at just how that Sect Elder Zhao looked.

## *Chapter 601: Healing*

The room was not a big one. The table, bed, and all the other furniture was covered in a layer of dust. Clearly, no one had been staying in this room for a long time. Once Su Ming cleaned it up, he sat down on the bed and looked at the dark sky outside the window. His eyes began to sparkle.

Gradually, a hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his lips.

'The power of the world here is indeed thick!' Su Ming had noticed this when he was going up the mountain. As he sat on the bed, the feeling he gained from the presence all around him became even clearer.

'As expected of the place where a sect is located...'

There were three reasons why Su Ming came to Evil Spirit Sect. One of them was to resolve the crisis for Ugly Little Thing's family, the second was to help her find the cause for her brother's death, and the third was so that Su Ming could recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible.

The thick presence here was incredibly helpful towards helping him recover, but...

'The grudge is too deep...'

Su Ming frowned. The power of the world here might be thick, but the grudge contained within it was similarly thick. If he stayed here for a long period of time, his personality would definitely be affected.

He remained in pensive silence for a time, then his gaze fell on the gourd, and he saw that the ghost face formed from the black smoke was also looking at him, smiling ferociously. It thought that Su Ming could not see it. After all, he was merely a mortal in its eyes.

Su Ming did not bother himself with that ghost face. He opened the gourd, and an even thicker wave of grudge instantly came crashing into his face. It instantaneously filled the entire room, causing shrill screams to sound in Su Ming's ears.

After a moment, his face turned dark and sinister. He poured out a medicinal core from the gourd, which was purplish black. The thick grudge within it was terrifying.

Yet strangely, when he placed the medicinal core to his nose to sniff it, a medicinal fragrance wafted into his nostrils, and it turned into a refreshing feeling.

Su Ming shook the gourd slightly, and found that there were about a hundred something medicinal cores inside it.

He closed his eyes and only opened them again after a long moment. A pensive look appeared in his eyes.

'This is a very good supplement. If a mortal takes it, they will be able to strengthen their bodies... They will be filled with blood... Just what is this Zhao Chong thinking about?' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he swallowed the core.

He was familiar with medicinal herbs since he was young, and had ample experience when it came to creating medicinal pills. With just one sniff, he could tell the general effects of this medicinal core. Since he could not tell what was going on with that Zhao Chong, he decided to just swallow one of the cores.

The medicine turned into a wave of warmth that flowed through Su Ming's entire body. After a moment, a brilliant glow shone in his eyes. He brought out a few more pills and swallowed them one by one. His cultivation base recovered a bit more after he swallowed those medicinal cores.

When it turned dark outside, Su Ming lay on his bed, circulating his cultivation base within his body as he pretended to sleep. When midnight arrived and everything was silent outside, the cold air in his room suddenly turned thicker. A black shadow floated out from the wall by his side.

The ghost-like figure floated to Su Ming's bed, as if he was observing him. Soon after, ghosts like these floated out from all the walls in the room. Before long, there were about a dozens of them in Su Ming's room. They floated around while going in and out of the room, but they did not make a single sound.

With his eyes narrowed, Su Ming lay on his bed and watched this scene. If he was really a child, then he would definitely be so terrified that he would be shivering when he saw this sight.

However, he was Su Ming. He only narrowed his eyes and looked at them coldly. These were indeed ghosts, but judging by their looks, they had been here for a long time. They continued wandering about the room, and no one could say what they were doing.

This scene lasted for several hours. When the sky started becoming brighter, all the drifting and wandering ghosts suddenly stopped moving and looked towards Su Ming simultaneously.

A murderous look appeared in their eyes. When they looked at him, their gazes seemed to have gained corporeal form. Almost at the instant they looked at Su Ming, they abruptly moved and charged towards him.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He chose not to move and simply allowed the ghosts to surround him. Once they did so, he saw all of them sucking in a breath in his direction.

With it, Su Ming could clearly feel a hint of his life force being absorbed. A freezing glare flashed in his eyes. The ghosts slowly retreated once they absorbed a hint of his life force. They returned to the walls around him and disappeared.

The sky turned bright at that moment.

'This room is very interesting...'

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the walls around him with slightly cold eyes. He averted his gaze and picked up the gourd on the ground, then continued to swallow the medicinal cores.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, ten days went by. During them, Su Ming did not get out of the house, neither did Zhao Chong send any word to him. Everything remained silent.

However, when night came, the ghosts would appear. Every single day before morning, they would absorb his life force and leave.

Thankfully, they would only absorb a small wisp, and it was not much of a problem to Su Ming. Besides, when he ate the medicinal cores, he could replenish his life force. Su Ming spent most of his time in absorbing the power of the world in this place and used it to recover his injuries.

On this day, he finished eating all the medicinal cores. He cast a glance at the gourd and picked it up once he stood up. When he stepped out of his room, he pushed open the door to his house for the first time and walked into the courtyard.

It was dusk. The sky was filled with a layer of crimson. The remaining rays of light from the sun scattered on the ground, and it looked incredibly beautiful. With the gourd in hand, Su Ming went to Zhao Chong's house and wrapped his fist in his palm with a respectful expression on his face.

"Greetings, Master, I've already finished all the medicinal cores." To Su Ming, these medicinal cores were still marginally useful. They could make him recover faster.

It might not be much, but if he could get free medicinal cores, he would naturally not let it pass.

Deathly silence filled Zhao Chong's house. The hoarse voice only appeared slowly after a moment.

"You finished them? There were a hundred Soul Nurturing Cores, and you finished all of them in ten days? Didn't I tell you to only take one per day?!" For the first time, a hint of emotion could be heard within that voice.

"My body felt warm and really comfortable once I ate those medicinal cores, so I didn't manage to control myself and ate more," Su Ming said.

He did not know what Zhao Chong was thinking at that moment. After a period of silence, another wave of fog flew out from the house and turned into a dried up arm before Su Ming. It swiftly grabbed his right hand.

Su Ming smiled coldly in his heart, but his face was pale. He allowed his right hand to be held by that arm and sensed a wave of cold air rushing into his body, swimming through his body once before leaving.

"There are three hundred here. You... don't you dare eat them too quickly!" Once the cold air went away, the black fog also retreated, and three gourds flew out from the house before falling by Su Ming's feet.

"Thank you, Master." Su Ming picked up the three gourds on the ground and went back to his house, no longer bothering himself with that Zhao Chong.

'This person definitely has ulterior motives. If that's the case, I'll just get what I can from him.'

Once Su Ming returned to his house, he sat down in his room and brought out one of the medicinal cores to inspect it after he opened the gourd. Then he swallowed it.

Time gradually trickled by, and twenty days went by...

Su Ming had been in Evil Spirit Sect for a whole month now. During this time, the rate of his recovery far surpassed what he had managed outside. His cultivation base had recovered by about fifteen percent as he took in those medicinal cores and absorbed the power of the world in secret.

On this day, he finished the medicinal cores once again. Su Ming gave a lazy stretch and stood up, then grabbed the three gourds before going to Zhao Chong's gate once again.

"Master, I finished the medicinal cores again."

This time, Zhao Chong's house remained silent for a much longer period of time compared to the last time. When he eventually spoke, there was a hint of disbelief within the hoarse voice.

"There were three hundred in there!"

"That's right. I ate them all." Su Ming nodded.

"How many do you eat per day?" Zhao Chong's voice became much darker than before.

"Sometimes I don't take any. Sometimes I take about a dozen per day. My record was a hundred per day," Su Ming reported honestly.

Zhao Chong's house fell silent once again. After a long time, a cold harrumph traveled out.

"Since you like these medicinal cores, no matter how much you want, I will let you have them!" When those words were spoken, a huge gourd about half a man's height abruptly flew out from the opened door to the house and fell with a bang before Su Ming.

"There are two thousand cores here. If you can, finish them within a month!"

Su Ming grinned, then dragged the gourd back to his room and closed the door. Once he inspected it, he started going through his life of recovering his cultivation base again.

But he was smiling coldly in his heart. Zhao Chong was really good at holding it in regarding this. On one hand, it was because he had not noticed the waves of power from his cultivation base, and on the other hand, it also let Su Ming see that whatever it was that he was plotting for, it was something of incredible scale.

'Alright, let's see just where this person's limits lie.'

Time passed as usual, and in the blink of an eye... another month was over.

"Master, I finished the medicinal cores." Su Ming stood at the same spot in the courtyard before Zhao Chong's house. Before him was the empty giant gourd. He even tapped it, and an empty sound rang from within.

Zhao Chong's house remained silent. When the time taken for almost half of an incense stick to burn went by, three huge gourds flew out from inside the house, and each of them contained about two thousand pills. They landed before Su Ming.

This time, this Zhao Chong did not even seem to want to speak.

Another month later...

"Master, I finished them again."

Another month later...

"Master, do you have anymore?"

This lasted up to half a year. During it, Su Ming would take a large amount of medicinal cores from Zhao Chong every month. The number of pills he took already numbered to tens of thousands, and Su Ming was taking more and more in each go. His speed of recovery combined with the power of the world in this place had allowed him to recover almost four-tenths of his cultivation base during these past six months!

This sort of recovery had made Su Ming see hope, but the effects of the medicinal core were practically insignificant by then.

On this day, Su Ming came to Zhao Chong's house once again and said these words, "Master, could you give me another type of medicinal core?"