

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 602 — Fang - Read

Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 602 — Fang

Chapter 602: Fang

Time passed swiftly. Su Ming had already stayed in Evil Spirit Sect for eight months. With the large amount of medicinal cores and the power of the world in this place, his cultivation base had finally recovered to half of what it was before!

Yet the more he recovered, the slower his pace of recovery grew. He had already changed the medicinal cores from Zhao Chong thrice, and he would take in large amounts of those each time. When he went to take more medicine three days ago, Zhao Chong had told him, with a hint of resignation in his voice, that he had temporarily ran out of medicinal cores.

Su Ming still looked like he was only about twelve or thirteen years old. He might have grown a little, but there wasn't much change in him. In fact, Su Ming even had a feeling that his body had reverted to the past and he could no longer return to how he used to look. This meant that he could only slowly grow up as Destiny.

To others, no power from any sort of cultivation base could be detected in him. Only those who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would be able to discover anything off about him.

However, there was only one person who was at the equivalent to the great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm defending Evil Spirit Sect, and most of the time he was in isolation. He would completely ignore what was going on, that was why no one could tell just what was Su Ming's level of cultivation.

Zhao Chong was naturally the same, but he had begun to grow suspicious. The medicinal cores he had spent on Su Ming during these past eight months had almost spent all his money, making his heart clench in so much pain that he had wanted to kill Su Ming several times out of rage.

All the disciples he met in the past were never as strange as this one. He had checked multiple times to be certain that Su Ming had indeed eaten those pills and had even made sure that he was just a mortal. He had even used an Enchanted Treasure to make sure that the child was not hiding any sort of cultivation base.

Yet in the end, the answer he obtained revealed absolutely nothing about Su Ming possessing any sort of cultivation base. No matter what, he was just a teenager... that had a slightly bigger appetite.

Or else it would be incredibly difficult for him to continue giving all those pills to him, when it made his heart ache so badly.

Several days ago, he was finally running out of the medicinal cores he could give away, those he had left were ones he could not bear to use on Su Ming. That was why he could only tell the child with a resigned tone that he was temporarily out of medicinal cores.

But he was not completely mortified by this. He had been frequently observing Su Ming during the past eight months, and while his heart ached at his losses, he also had high expectations based on just how much the child took in.

As for Su Ming, the recovery of his cultivation base over the past eight months had caused his divine sense to be much sharper than when he just arrived. He might not have left the courtyard, but he had scanned everything within the Outer Sect in Evil Spirit Sect in secret, and he was very familiar with it.

Su Ming would also not let Zhao Chong slide. However, he could only see a thick layer of fog within the man's room. There was a bloodiness to that fog, and he could vaguely see a person sitting still in it.

Zhao Chong's level of cultivation was also rather strange to Su Ming. He seemed to only be at the equivalent of the Awakening Realm, but when he took a closer look, he found a trace of the waves of power belonging to Berserker Soul Realm.

Besides that, he had found nothing strange about him during these eight months. Zhao Chong just repeatedly gave him large amounts of medicinal cores. If Su Ming had been without them, he would have taken a much longer time to recover the power he had when all his bones had turned into Berserker Bones.

That was why he chose not to attack when it came to Zhao Chong. He wanted to see what the other would do once Su Ming finished all his medicinal cores and reached the man's breaking point.

Eight and a half months since Su Ming arrived in Evil Spirit Sect, winter came and snow fell from the sky without stop, making the land seem as if it was wrapped in a silvery white robe. Even the moonlight looked as if it was shining with a silver light.

The entire mountain was dressed in a white winter coat, and even the black halls were the same. The perfect combination between the black and white shades could cause people to have the feeling that they were looking at an ink wash painting when they looked at this scene.

The black smoke that rose up into the sky looked as if it was an eternal existence that would never change in this ink wash painting.

On this day during midnight, Su Ming looked at the snow outside his window. He remembered being with Ugly Little Thing's family during winter last year...

"Big brother, can we make a snowman together?"

"Big brother, you bully! You ruined the snowman!"

"Big brother, why is there snow? I asked pa and ma before, they don't know about it."

A smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. There were an innumerable amount of ghosts floating about in his room, causing that smile on his face to be completely out of place with his surroundings.

Su Ming was already used to the ghosts' presence. In fact, he had even noticed that all the ghosts that came were never the same two nights in a row, as they moved in and out of the room. When most of Su Ming's divine sense recovered, he even saw that the ghosts did not just exist in his room. The entire Outer Sect, besides a few spots, was visited by these ghosts.

As Su Ming looked at the snow outside, a freezing glare suddenly shone in his eyes. He let out a cold harrumph in his heart and closed his eyes, falling back on his bed, but even though his eyes were shut, he could still sense everything around him with his divine sense.

He saw the door to his house opening without a sound. When a gust of cold wind blew in the courtyard, a person walked in. He was surrounded by black fog and his face could not be seen clearly, but as he walked in, the ghosts in the room froze for a moment before they slowly scattered and left.

The person went to Su Ming's bed and looked at him, who looked as if he was sleeping, since he had his eyes closed. The eyes in the black fog shone with a dark light.

"You little brat, it's time for you to repay me for eating so many of my medicinal cores!"

Naturally, that person was Zhao Chong. With a swing of his arm, a layer of black fog instantly swept up Su Ming and left with him back to Zhao Chong's house.

A freezing glare was hidden behind Su Ming's closed eyes. The man had been unable to discover his divine sense, and Su Ming watched himself being taken into the person's room before Zhao Chong brought him to a Rune that was hidden in the black fog in the room.

As the Rune shone, Su Ming and Zhao Chong appeared within a black mountain cave. From the waves of force from the Relocation, Su Ming could tell that they had not Relocated too far away. They should still be within Evil Spirit Sect's territory.

It might be dark all around, but when Zhao Chong flicked his wrist, dark light immediately illuminated the cave. This was a karst cave, and there were hundreds of dried up corpses around them. All of their mouths wide open, their eyes lifeless. They only had their skin and bones left, none of them retaining any traces of their flesh or life.

All of the corpses looked different, but their poses were the same. They were all sitting down cross-legged.

"You little brat, you're about to meet your older brother now!"

Zhao Chong was clearly resentful over the fact that Su Ming had taken great amounts of medicinal cores over the past eight months. Once he cursed him, he no longer bothered himself with the child and instead sat down cross-legged on the ground. When he formed a seal with his hands, all the fog around his body immediately tumbled back inside him, which made him reveal his face for the first time.

He was a middle-aged man with a face so pale it gave him an incredibly feeble look. Once Su Ming saw his appearance with his divine sense, his heart lurched.

That face was incredibly similar to that of Ugly Little Thing's father! If their ages were not the same, they would have looked like father and son!

Chapter 603: Senior, Please Spare Me!

'Chen Da Xi!'

At the moment Su Ming saw Zhao Chong's appearance with his divine sense, the first thing that popped up into his head was this person's identity! The man might look like Ugly Little Thing's big brother, but Su Ming was certain that Zhao Chong was currently occupying it!

'I see, it's Possession!'

The freezing glare in Su Ming's eyes was hidden away because they were closed. He had formulated his guesses earlier, but had overlooked Possession, because there was something in this matter that did not make sense.

Zhao Chong was a Nascent Soul cultivator among the Immortals, and that meant he was equivalent to those in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. This sort of person would only choose Possession when they were gravely injured.

Moreover, if they chose to Possess a Mortal, then their power would be greatly affected, and these people would usually choose not to Possess others because of that.

But this Zhao Chong was apparently not the case...

Su Ming swept his divine sense through the karst cave, and the dried up corpses with the same expression and actions all around him instantly made a thought appear in his head.

'Could it be that it's related to his cultivation method?'

The corpses around were clearly Zhao Chong's disciples. Su Ming could already imagine these people consuming the medicinal cores Zhao Chong gave them every single day when they were brought to be his disciples. Once they had taken a certain amount, they would be killed, and then... all of them would eventually end up here as a dried up corpse.

Ugly Little Thing's older brother was the last person Zhao Chong had Possessed.

Su Ming was the person who was about to take his place.

'Zhao Chong had mentioned a time limit of a year before, so he must have wanted me to take one of those medicinal cores every single day for a year... but now, it has only been eight months and he chose to take action. By how aggravated he is, it would seem like he harbors a deep grudge against me...'

Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart. Naturally, he knew exactly what made Zhao Chong act this way. After all, Su Ming had practically emptied out the man's stock, and had even almost made Zhao Chong's heart shatter in pain over his loss.

It would also seem like Zhao Chong could not find it in himself to give up on this, which made it seem that he was caught in a bind. This then turned into a situation where as long as Su Ming stretched out his hand, the medicinal cores would arrive on his palm, right until Zhao Chong's pockets were completely emptied. Then, in his rage, he decided to act earlier.

Su Ming could already imagine the grievance Zhao Chong harbored and the gloom he felt...

Su Ming was not in a hurry to attack. He started sizing up Zhao Chong with his divine sense, and once he scanned this middle-aged man's body, he noticed something strange.

If this person's body truly came from Chen Da Xi, then he should look like he was in his twenties, but his body... now looked like that of a middle-aged man.

'It should be a diabolical cultivation method. Once he Possesses a body, he will start absorbing its flesh and essence...' Su Ming sent his divine sense sweeping through all the dried up corpses in the area.

'He will also absorb the Possessed's life force and his soul. Once he finishes absorbing everything, the body will turn into a dried up corpse... This isn't Possession, this is... cannibalism!'

Su Ming focused his divine sense on Zhao Chong.

At that moment, the body Possessed by Zhao Chong suddenly started trembling, and once he opened his mouth, a layer of green fog swiftly flew out.

An indistinct figure, made entirely of fog, gradually floated towards Su Ming. As it tumbled about, Su Ming could vaguely tell that this was a Nascent Soul!

The Nascent Soul's eyes shone with a fierce glare when it looked at Su Ming.

"You little brat, I'd rather devour you first than absorb Chen Da Xi's flesh and essence! How dare you eat so many of my medicinal cores?! Damn you! I went through a lot to get those medicinal cores, they came from my blood, sweat, and tears!

"You sure ate them happily enough, huh?! Today I'll make you pay back several fold for how much you ate!"

Zhao Chong's anger had been accumulating for the past eight months, and the grudge he harbored towards Su Ming was incredibly great. As he roared, his Nascent Soul rushed forward and closed in on Su Ming.

When he approached him, a ferocious smile appeared on the Nascent Soul's lips. He was practically seeing himself taking over Su Ming's body once he lunged at him. Then, he would absorb his flesh and essence and devour his soul. He could already see himself absorbing all the nourishment that been provided to this body by the medicinal cores the child had eaten during the past eight months.

Ever since Zhao Chong became a Sect Elder in Evil Spirit Sect, he had taken in countless disciples, and all of them could not escape from his palm, but similarly, none of them had eaten as much as Su Ming while making him so utterly mortified by the amount he took.

In fact, he could still occasionally hear those words that had nearly made him cough up blood every single month over the past eight months.

"Master, I ran out of medicine."

"Master, I finished them..."

"Master, I finished them again. Could you give me more this time?"

"Master, could you give me another type of medicinal core? The one I was taking no longer gives me any kind of feeling."

"Master, can't you change it?"

Zhao Chong shook his head to clear his mind, then turned into a dark ray of light that charged towards the center of Su Ming's brows. He grinned ferociously, feeling extremely invigorated. This was a joy from being on the verge of breaking free from the torture he had to endure for the past eight months. During them, and especially in the last few months, he had even wondered whether he had owed this person something in his previous life, because how could he have received such a bizarre person as his disciple...

"Let's see you eating more, you jerk!" Zhao Chong growled.

At the instant his Nascent Soul touched the center of Su Ming's brows, he rushed into his body. His ferocious laughter reverberated in the host's soul, and Su Ming opened his eyes. There was a cold glare within them, but his expression was calm.

In this world, there was nothing else that was less terrifying than Possession to Su Ming!

Unless the person who was Possessing him had a will that was stronger than his, which had been refined into an imperishable will after going through endless cycles of reincarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World, then all people attempting Possession on him were just inviting disaster to themselves!

Clearly, it was impossible for this Zhao Chong to possess that sort of will!

At the instant his Nascent Soul rushed into Su Ming's body, Su Ming lifted his right hand and tapped a few spots on his body in succession. Every single time his finger fell, it would look as if he had placed a seal on his own body.

After several taps, his body turned into an inescapable cage for Zhao Chong, but the man was completely unaware of it at that moment. He was still immersed in his own joy as he rushed straight towards Su Ming's Dantian Region after he entered his body.

This was his habit. Every single time he Possessed his disciple, he would not devour their souls straight away. He would instead choose to suppress them, then absorb their flesh and blood, and take over their Dantian Region so that he could control them as if he was controlling his own body. Then, he would slowly enjoy his meal.

Usually, he would need to take a full year to devour a person, and while the process was slow, it was something he enjoyed immensely.

At that moment, he was merely acting according to habit by charging towards Su Ming's Dantian Region.

"This little brat has indeed been eating a lot of my stuff over the past eight months. Even the color of his bones has already changed, and his flesh as well as his blood also feel slightly different. Ha, it's your fault for eating so much, now it's all mine!"

It was unfortunate for Zhao Chong that he had not reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm before he was made to change his body by those in Evil Spirit Sect and was forced to practice the Evil cultivation methods. He might have formed his Nascent Soul, but his knowledge regarding Berserker Bones was incomplete.

Besides, Su Ming had all his bones turned into Berserker Bones. If his spine had been the only thing turned, then Zhao Chong would naturally have immediately noticed it.

In his glee, Zhao Chong did not even notice that Su Ming had sealed all the exits in his body. He was still acting on habit and charging towards Su Ming's Dantian Region, and he was getting closer, and closer still...

He could already imagine it—that Dantian Region would be filled with sweetness, and after going through the nourishment provided by the medicinal cores, a large amount of essence would definitely have gathered there. That Dantian Region would also be empty, just waiting for him, the only spiritual entity around, to go and devour it.

In the past... every single one of his encounters were the same.

However, this time...

Zhao Chong charged forward with anticipation brimming in him, but when he arrived before Su Ming's Dantian Region, he was left stunned. He found himself completely dumbfounded, and his jaw went slack in shock.

Unlike what he imagined, Su Ming's Dantian Region was not filled to the brim with essence that had accumulated over the past eight months, there was only a gigantic Nascent Soul sitting cross-legged there, and he was much larger than Zhao Chong's own Nascent Soul!

Perhaps it could no longer be called a Nascent Soul. This was Su Ming's Nascent Divinity!

At that moment, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity had his eyes opened and was looking at Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul calmly. After recovering from his shock, Zhao Chong suddenly let out a piercing shriek.

He shuddered, and as he screamed, he quickly retreated, almost disintegrating in fright. Whatever he thought, he had never expected that the disciple he originally thought was prey... would actually be a monster!

It was especially so when he saw the divine flow of power within that Nascent Soul. This was clearly a Nascent Divinity!

'Nascent Divinity! He's at least at Nascent Divinity! Damn it, how could this happen?! No wonder he took so many medicinal cores! How could this happen?! He's definitely not Chen Da Xi's little brother!'

At that moment, Zhao Chong's mind was a mess. Terror filled his entire Nascent Soul. His mind went blank, and the only thought he had at that moment was to rush out of Su Ming's body. He even had a feeling that he had just jumped straight into a trap. When he remembered just how pleased he had been and what he had done, he felt like crying.

It was like the creature he originally thought was just a harmless little sheep waiting to be devoured had suddenly turned into an ancient, ferocious beast the instant he opened his mouth to devour it while feeling all smug about it.

'Damn it, this monster must be practicing a cultivation method that is similar to mine! He wants to devour me!!'

The more Zhao Chong thought about it, the more he trembled in fear. Right at the instant he wanted to rush out of Su Ming's body, a bang went off in his head, and he was bounced off. Then, to his shock, he discovered that Su Ming's body had turned into a cage... and he could not leave!

He heard a cold harrumph reverberating in his head.

"Is my body a place where you can come and go as you please?" Su Ming's voice was cold. At the same time it reached Zhao Chong's mind, it made the man shiver even more, and his fear grew. As he shivered, he knelt down and started kowtowing repeatedly.

"Senior, please spare me. Please, spare me. I know my mistakes now. I didn't manage to recognize you earlier. It was entirely my mistake. As long as you don't kill me, then I'm willing to serve you. Senior, please spare me..."

Chapter 604: Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao

At the instant Zhao Chong knelt down and begged for mercy, fire suddenly erupted from his body. The power from the flames instantly filled the entire area, and at that moment, he swiftly scattered away. This was not self-destruction. He was simply using the chance he created while begging for mercy to make the other person hesitate, and during that instant, he executed the strongest Evil Art he had at his disposal, which was used specifically for devouring people.

He wanted to forcefully take over this person's mind and destroy his soul. He knew that this person's level of cultivation was higher than his, and he also knew that it would be difficult for him to be released unconditionally in light of what he had done, but he still had some marginal confidence that he could succeed!

Almost at the instant his Nascent Soul dissipated, nearly a hundred souls appeared in Su Ming's body, and all of them were letting out shrill roars. They... were all souls of disciples who Zhao Chong had devoured in the past.

Their souls had already fused together with his Nascent Soul, and as they scattered outwards, it meant that Zhao Chong was no longer the only one trying to occupy Su Ming's mind. There were nearly a hundred souls trying to do so at the same time.

This was his so called 'chance'!

Su Ming was waiting precisely for this moment. He had already correctly guessed this person's divine ability and its uses earlier, especially when he saw the dried up corpses sitting all around the karst cave. They were definitely there not just for decoration.

A clue was hidden here, and after a brief analysis, Su Ming was certain that Zhao Chong's cultivation method did not just allow him to absorb his disciple's flesh, essence, and their souls. There was another use to it, and that was the ability to use their souls to control their physical bodies, turning them into puppet-like existences.

These puppets might not be powerful, but since Zhao Chong did it, then he definitely had a way to transform their bodies.

By the looks of it, Chen Da Xi's soul was definitely still within, and perhaps... Su Ming had a chance to save him!

If that was not the case, Su Ming would have killed Zhao Chong a long time ago and would not have bothered with such theatrics. At that moment, Zhao Chong was forced into a corner and had scattered all his souls to charge at Su Ming's mind. At that moment, Su Ming's cold chuckles reverberated within all of the souls in his body.

Almost at the moment Zhao Chong and the others rushed into his mind, prepared to forcefully assimilate him, a powerful will abruptly descended on them.

The strength of that will was like the might of the world itself, like a limitless, raging sea. As for Zhao Chong and his souls, they were ants in that world, lonely boats in that raging sea.

Under Su Ming's will, the souls that had spread out from Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul started dissipating one by one. They had been extracted from their bodies for many years, and their lives were now connected to Zhao Chong's.

However, there was one soul that was surrounded by a gentle ray of light and disappeared from the list of those that would have to die. What was happening in Su Ming's mind did not cause much of a ruckus, but if souls died in his mind, they would also die in the world outside him.

Su Ming's will was the strongest force in his body. Under his suppression, all forms of resistance crumbled, including Zhao Chong's. As he screamed in a shrill voice, his Nascent Soul shattered, and he disappeared completely.

The instant that happened, trails of incredibly pure power that belonged to a Nascent Soul appeared in Su Ming's mind. The purity of this power was what Zhao Chong had obtained after devouring countless souls for many years, and it was what he had stored in his Nascent Soul to prepare himself to break into the next Realm.

Yet at that moment, when he died, the power spread into Su Ming's mind and was absorbed by his Nascent Divinity, causing it to begin recovering rapidly.

Five-tenths of his cultivation base had recovered previously, and that was inclusive of his Nascent Divinity, who was halfway to complete recovery. At that moment, once he absorbed the power of Zhao Chong's Nascent Soul, that pure power and the aura from the world caused the Nascent Divinity to recover a little more. Even Su Ming's Berserker Bones had showed signs of slight recovery after absorbing Zhao Chong's life force.

It caused the recovered cultivation base to rise from five-tenths to six-tenths!

Time passed slowly without Su Ming's notice, as he remained in the karst cave. In the blink of an eye, several days had already gone by. Su Ming sat in the cave and quietly meditated. When another evening went by, he opened his eyes.

A brilliant flash appeared in his eyes, and he breathed out a puff of putrid air. His face was calm, and once he cast a glance at his surroundings, his gaze fell on Chen Da Xi's body, who was sitting not too far away from him.

The physical body was still complete, though on the thinner side, but had very little life force left. It was also an empty shell that was void of a soul.

If Su Ming's arrival had not caused Zhao Chong to feel extremely pained at the loss of his medicinal cores, which led to him growing extremely resentful, to the point that he

hastened his plan to devour Su Ming, then a few months later, Chen Da Xi would have become the same as all his senior brothers.

However, Su Ming's arrival had caused Zhao Chong's plans to change. He could no longer care about absorbing Chen Da Xi first, which was the reason why the youth had a chance to be revived.

As Su Ming looked at Chen Da Xi, Ugly Little Thing's adorable smile appeared in his mind. He swiftly lifted his right hand, and a gentle ray of light gradually started spreading out from his palm. A dazed soul could be seen within it.

That soul looked just like Chen Da Xi!

This was the young man's soul. Before Su Ming destroyed Zhao Chong, he had found Chen Da Xi among the numerous souls and used his Nascent Divinity to envelop it, preventing his death when Zhao Chong was destroyed.

As Su Ming looked at this soul, he sighed quietly in his heart. There was not much life force left within the soul, and it was the same for his physical body. Even if he fused Chen Da Xi's soul with his body and the youth managed to wake up, he would not be able to live past ten years.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed forward. Immediately, that gentle light pushed Chen Da Xi's fazed soul back into his body. Right at the instant before it fused, the youth no longer remained dazed, but snapped awake. He turned around, as if he wanted to cast a glance at Su Ming, but before he managed to see him clearly, he had already fused with his body.

"You were originally dead... The only thing I can do is to help you gain ten years of your life. Use these ten years... to accompany your parents and your little sister..."

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the karst cave, falling into Chen Da Xi's mind. However, the youth was unconscious at that moment. His soul was slowly fusing back into his body.

Su Ming stood up and looked at the dried up corpses beside him. Then, in silence, he waved his arm at them.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust... You died in Zhao Chong's hands, but your bodies are still trapped here... I'm not a kind person, but I'll help you."

As Su Ming whispered softly, a gust of wind stirred up in the cave and blew gently outwards. Wherever that wind went by, all the corpses would turn into ashes before fusing with the wind and traveling into the deeper parts of the karst cave.

Su Ming did not know whether it was just a figment of his imagination, but when the corpses turned into ashes, perhaps it was because of their bodies being transformed, but the empty expressions on their faces seemed to have showed release before they disintegrated.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then took a step forward and walked towards the deeper parts of the karst cave, where the ashes traveled. The karst cave was built in the shape of a gourd. When Su Ming reached the other end, he saw an old man in black sitting cross-legged over there. His body was dried up and thin, and there was not a hint of life within him.

He was dead.

The ashes from the corpses had already floated to this place and were falling on that old man's corpse layer by layer, as if they wanted to bury the old man underneath. Perhaps these corpses that had existed for years contained some corrosive power, but as they fell on it, layer by layer, they also caused the old man's body to slowly show signs of decay.

A deep wave of hatred spread out from the falling ashes. Su Ming watched silently. He could already guess that this old man was Zhao Chong's original body, and the disciples he killed might no longer have any souls, but the grudge they felt before they died had made them determined to kill and destroy their Master before they disappeared!

As Su Ming looked the corpse gradually rotting away before it eventually disappeared from his sight, a sentimental feeling rose in his heart. He turned around and left the place.

Once he returned to where he was, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the unconscious Chen Da Xi. Immediately, his body flew towards him, and once he held him under his arm, he walked forward, heading towards one of the Runes not too far away. Su Ming lowered his head and cast a few looks at it. When he stepped on it, the light of Relocation shone from the Rune, and in the next instant, it disappeared, along with Su Ming and Chen Da Xi.

Dusk was over, but the sky was not completely dark above the mountain of Evil Spirit Sect just yet. Indistinct figures could still be seen on the ground. A dim light shone from the middle house among the three houses in Zhao Chong's courtyard, and Su Ming walked out from it with Chen Da Xin under his arm.

Once he stepped off the Relocation Rune, he turned his head around and cast a glance at his surroundings. He fell silent for a moment, then took off the storage bag and some of the other miscellaneous items from Chen Da Xi's body. Once that was done, he had his body gradually turn into a layer of black fog. As it surrounded him, it caused his body to become obscure.

With this, Su Ming looked no different from how Zhao Chong looked previously.

At the instant Su Ming absorbed the man's Nascent Soul, he also saw quite a bit of the his memories. From them, he learned that Zhao Chong was practicing an Art called Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao. This Art was incredibly sinister, but once someone mastered it, its might was nothing to scoff at.

However, for some unknown reason, it was incredibly difficult for the practitioners of this Art to reach complete mastery. Usually, they would mysteriously die when they were halfway through. It was also pure coincidence that Zhao Chong obtained this Art. The karst cave was not his creation, but had existed since the start. Once he stumbled upon it, he found the cultivation method for this Evil Art within the cave.

From then on, he started practicing it in secret...

'This person might be a Sect Elder in Evil Spirit Sect, but his status wasn't high. Besides, once he started practicing this Art, he was unwilling to mingle around with other people. His death should not catch too much attention.'

Su Ming originally had the idea of turning into Zhao Chong, but after a period of pensive silence, he shook his head.

'He was a Nascent Soul cultivator equivalent to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Stage. Even if he was a Berserker who had switched to train in Evil Arts and his death wouldn't capture too much attention, there should still be someone who would come up and investigate this.'

A flash of light appeared in Su Ming's right hand and covered Chen Da Xi's body. Immediately, it disappeared. After a moment of thought, he turned around and stepped into the Rune once again.

Chapter 605: Investigation

After a moment, Su Ming walked out and crouched down. With his eyes sparkling, he started rearranging the Relocation Rune to fit the structure of the one he had inherited from Hong Luo. Once he wiped away the traces on top, he walked out of the house without any expression on his face. After a moment of pensive silence, a freezing glint shone in his eyes, and he left the courtyard.

He had by then recovered a six-tenths of his cultivation base, and he could do many things that he previously could not. It did not matter whether it was about wiping away

the clues of his identity, which he left at the gate where the sacred python was, or about the uncertainties and doubts in Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun's hearts.

Before long, Su Ming returned with a calm expression on his face. He went back to his room and lay down on his bed. He closed his eyes and started taking a catnap.

In the upper region of the mountain that belonged to the Inner Sect of Evil Spirit Sect was a huge hall that towered into the clouds. It was black, just like the other buildings, and filled with a ghastly feeling.

Within the hall were two old men, and their facial colors were gray, causing them to look incredibly sickly. They did not move, and even when they breathed, no movement of their chests could be detected.

Behind them was a gigantic statue. It was incredibly big, carved in the image of a man wearing a ghost-patterned robe. This man seemed to be middle-aged, and there were numerous ferocious ghost faces embroidered on his robe. He was stepping on a huge python, and it was hissing while having most of its body wrapped around the man.

In the man's right hand was a shield, and there was an innumerable amount of vengeful souls stretching out from it. Each of the faces could be seen clearly, and all of them gave off a forlorn air.

A wicked air surrounded that statue, but right on top of it was a black lotus, and sitting on it was a woman. She had a dignified expression on her face, and was incredibly beautiful. There was even a holy air about her.

Holiness and wickedness. These two completely different presences fused together on the statue, and all those who saw it for the first time would find that there was something strange about it.

There were several bells hanging off the python under the man's feet. When there was no wind blowing, there would be no sound, but at that moment, right at the instant Zhao Chong died, one of the many bells started moving on its own, and let out a clear bell chime even without wind.

The sound started without warning, and it rang clearly through the quiet hall. Then, as the sound gradually spread, the bell shattered with a crack and fell to the ground.

At that moment, the two old men, who were sitting so still in the hall that they seemed like corpses, slowly opened their eyes. They were calm as they looked at the shattered bell on the ground.

"This Origin Bell is half black. It's from a Berserker who changed to practice the Evil Arts..." One of the old men averted his gaze after casting a glance at that bell before he spoke hoarsely. When his voice reverberated through the quiet hall, dark flames

immediately lit up all around them within the originally dark hall, causing light and darkness to begin criss-crossing with each other as those dark flames swayed in the hall.

The other old man let his eyelids fall slightly. After a moment, his words tumbled out of his lips slowly. "This is Outer Sect's Sect Elder Zhao Chong's Origin Bell."

"Zhao Chong... Is he the person whom the sect secretly baited into practicing the Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao?"

"I remember that he took in a disciple a few months ago..."

"Investigate this matter. No matter what, we will have to provide a reason if a Nascent Soul cultivator died within the sect." There seemed to be a lack of harmony between these two old men as they spoke. It was as if they were both giving each other irrelevant answers, as if their final few sentences were not actually directed at each other.

Once they finished speaking, two indistinct figures appeared out of nowhere behind the two old men. Once they bowed towards them, they turned around and left the hall.

When the two indistinct figures left, the dark light in the hall faded away, and the hall returned to its silent darkness once again, and no bell chimes could be heard any longer. The two old men also closed their eyes.

As for Su Ming, at the instant he returned to his room and lay down for a nap, a faint light shone behind his shut eyelids.

He might have recovered a six-tenths of his cultivation base, but it would still be to his benefit if he did not reveal himself, because this place was incredibly suitable for him to recover his cultivation base. Besides, Su Ming had a greater goal in mind.

If he could restore himself to the peak of his condition, then he was prepared to use this place and its dense power of the world to help him break into the Berserker Soul Realm. If he let this place slip out of his hands, then it would be incredibly difficult for him to find another one where the power of the world would be this thick.

He had never tried reaching the Berserker Soul Realm, but his Master had mentioned a few things multiple times when he was still in the ninth summit. He had to search for a place with enough aura to support himself when he was trying to reach a breakthrough into the Berserker Soul Realm, or else, it would be a high chance that he would end up failing halfway through.

Su Ming knew that it would be incredibly difficult for him to try and reach the Berserker Soul Realm. After all, all his bones in his body were Berserker Bones. If that was the case, he had to find an ample supply of the power of the world for him to absorb, and this place... was the most suitable!

That was why he did not want to expose himself unless it was absolutely necessary.

At that moment, the light in his eyes disappeared. He could sense two figures appearing in the courtyard right outside his house. These two people's level of cultivation was slightly higher than that of Zhao Chong. They might not have reached the level equivalent to the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but they were already infinitesimally close to it.

'There are a lot more powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands compared to South Morning... especially since the Immortals descended to this place. This is the key reason why the number of powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands is so much greater than South Morning.'

Su Ming did not even move a finger, just closed his eyes and 'slept'.

Once he sensed the two figures appearing in the courtyard, they charged straight towards Zhao Chong's house, stepped through his door, and moved into his room.

When Su Ming saw this, he smiled coldly in his heart. The whole reason behind why he went to the karst cave a second time was so that he could prepare for everything that was going to happen at this moment.

He could sense the two figures disappearing from Zhao Chong's house, a clear sign that they had been Relocated into the karst cave.

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, they reappeared. They did not immediately leave after rushing out of Zhao Chong's house, but instead went to Su Ming's house.

He was pretending to be asleep and his breathing was even, as if he was completely unaware of what was happening, but he had his divine sense faintly spread out. If anything happened, he would be able to determine whether he should take action.

The two people phased through the walls of Su Ming's room, and when they floated inside room, one of them smiled coldly and lifted his right hand, going straight for Su Ming's throat.

The other person's eyes sparkled as he kept his eyes glued to Su Ming's body, to observe each and every single one of his actions.

All of this might have seemed to have happened slowly and over a long period of time, but in truth, only a moment had gone by since the two figures stepped into Su Ming's room to the moment they struck. As of then, one of the figure's fingers were about to touch Su Ming's throat.

He shuddered, as if the sudden cold air had chilled him in his sleep. He turned his head around, and his eyelashes fluttered, as if he was about to open his eyes. It did not matter whether it was his expression or his behavior, all of them looked incredibly real, making it seem as if he was a real teenager, about twelve or thirteen years of age.

However, there was killing intent hidden within his heart. If these two people were just testing him, he would let them go, but if they wanted to kill him, then he might really have to attack.

Yet at the moment his eyelashes fluttered and it looked as if he was about to open his eyes, the person's index finger froze, and when Su Ming opened his eyes, the person was already gone with his companion.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he no longer bothered himself with them. He closed his eyes and continued taking his nap.

Soon after, the two figures who had tested Su Ming just moments ago appeared behind the two old men within the black and quiet hall, which was located at the top of the mountain belonging to Evil Spirit Sect.

However, the two had blended together with the darkness, and no one could see them clearly.

"All the dried corpses of Zhao Chong's disciples, which he had absorbed previously in his karst cave, have turned into ashes and buried his original body."

"His storage bag is still around, and all his other items are also present. Not a single thing is missing."

"There are no traces of anyone else in the karst cave. There isn't any sign of anyone fighting or casting any Arts in there."

"From the condition of the Relocation Rune, we were able to tell that it was only activated once before us. Someone went in, but no one came out."

"We've also investigated the disciple Zhao Chong received eight months ago. This child is just a mortal and is a bit of a loner. He did not show any signs of venturing out of his room during the past eight months, but he had an abundance of life force within him..."

"We've asked the disciples who brought this child to the mountain. Their reports are normal, and they didn't find anything strange about him, nor did they suspect anything about the child."

"We've also asked the sacred python of the Outer Sect's mountain gate. It does not have a deep impression of this child."

"We've also investigated the strange behavior of the vengeful souls on the mountain trail eight months ago when this boy went up the mountain. From our investigations, we found that it was due to Shanhen[1] acting on his duty and feeding them that day."

The two figures spoke one after another. Their voices were cool, and they did not add a single thought of their own. They only reported what they had discovered, because it was not part of what their duty to make any sort of judgments.

The hall was silent. After a long while, an old voice spoke up.

"It's normal that he's overflowing with life force. Zhao Chong must have given the child a lot of Soul Nurturing Cores."

"The dried corpses disintegrated into ashes to bury Zhao Chong's body... Looks like this is the karma that all those who practice Ten Thousand Evil Ghost Dao have to suffer..."

"This should have nothing to do with the boy... Have him go to Conscience Interrogation Hall to receive an interrogation. If there is indeed nothing wrong with him, then don't bother with him anymore."

"Even if there is nothing wrong with the child, he cannot stay in the Outer Sect... Have him placed in the labourers' lounge. This matter is dismissed." The old voices in the hall ended the investigation of incidents brought by Zhao Chong's death, and the hall slowly returned to silence.

When the next morning arrived, Su Ming was summoned by an expressionless Outer Sect disciple and brought to a spacious region near the Inner Sect of Evil Spirit Sect. There was a double storey building there.

Once the Outer Sect disciple delivered Su Ming to this place, he turned around and left.

"Come in..." A woman's cold and detached voice came from the double storey building.

Chapter 606: Junior Brother Chen, Where Are You Going?

The power of the world here was incredibly dense, so dense that it far surpassed the density within the other areas. It was as if quite a large amount of the aura in the mountain was being specifically sent to this place.

That was why the feeling about this place was completely different from the other places.

At the instant this voice seeped into Su Ming's ears, it turned into an indescribable warmth that filled his entire body, causing a dazed expression to appear on his face.

As if he had lost his soul, he started walking forward in a dazed manner, then pushed open the door to the double-story building and walked in. Before him was a statue.

This statue was not big, and portrayed a woman sitting on a black lotus. She had long hair and was incredibly beautiful. She had her eyes closed, and an air of holiness came crashing into one's face, causing the grudge-filled air in the mountain to seemingly disappear, not daring to come any closer.

However, the power of the world was surging towards the statue as if it was the center, circling around it as if it was a vortex, which continuously brought in more power to this place, making it circle and linger around.

Su Ming stared at the statue blankly, with a dazed expression on his face. His eyes were empty.

"Sit down."

The gentle, feminine voice traveled forward once again. Su Ming sat down slowly, like a puppet. His dazed expression made it seem as if he had become the age his body promised him to be, causing all those who saw him to lose all manner of wariness.

"What happened last night?"

The gentle voice reverberated in Su Ming's ears. It gave him an incredibly kind and cordial feeling, and it sounded like a mumbling from a dream. As if it had made him lose all forms of resistance, Su Ming started mumbling along with that voice.

He did not know how much time had passed when during his questioning, a person appeared behind him. It was an old woman, and her face was filled with wrinkles. She looked incredibly ugly, but that gentle voice came from her mouth.

She looked at Su Ming, and the cold, aloof look in her eyes was a huge contrast to her gentle voice. It was as if they belonged to two different people.

"Think again. Is there something you forgot?"

She spoke gently and lifted her right hand to pluck out a white strand of hair from her head before placing it on the front of Su Ming's head. She let it float down and fall on top of his skull before it gradually fused into his body and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming mumbled softly and answered everything she asked, as if he had forgotten about time. Only when the cordial, gentle voice told him he could leave did he stand up and walk out of the building in a daze.

Only when Su Ming left and returned to his house did that dazed expression in his eyes disappear, and it was replaced by a cold look.

'A hypnotic Art...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and pressed down at the top of his head. Then, a white strand of hair fell from the top of his head, and he grabbed it in his hand.

He stared at the strand of hair, and a smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

'The old woman's place isn't bad... The density of the power of the world there far surpasses the density here... There might not be many places in this mountain where the spiritual aura of the world is greater than there!

'It's the perfect place for me to heal my wounds and reach the Berserker Soul Realm!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at the white strand of hair in his hand. That woman had left it behind so that she could continue observing him.

Yet when Su Ming held it in his hand, he could turn its use around and make it into the tool for him to control that old woman!

'There's no need for me to rush...' Su Ming cast that strand of hair a glance, then while treating it as a blade of grass, he tied a knot on it!

At the instant he did so, the old woman, who was sitting down cross-legged in the double-story building some distance away from Su Ming's house, found her cultivation base fluctuating a little.

Her eyes suddenly flew open, and she frowned as she carefully observed her body, but she found nothing wrong with her. In silence, she closed her eyes once again.

She had already given the punishment hall the jade slip recording everything Su Ming had said. This matter was no longer any of her business.

After three days of silence, Su Ming sighed and left the courtyard in which he had stayed for the eight something months. Since Zhao Chong died, he received an order from the Outer Sect that he was expelled out of the Outer Sect and sent to the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. That was the place where all the laborers and the disciples who had no right to enter the Outer Sect stayed.

The people who brought him there were Zhang Ren and Zuo Xing Xun. Their memories about Su Ming had all been completely wiped away, courtesy of Su Ming himself. At that moment, their faces were filled with impatience, and once they sent him to the hall

that was in charge of managing all the affairs at the foot of the mountain, they left swiftly, without even going in.

The person in charge of the hall at the foot of the mountain was a thin, middle-aged man with an ugly face that somewhat resembled a monkey. He kept on sizing up Su Ming. He had been in this hall for many years and had met Outer Sect disciples who had been sent to this place as punishment before, but about half of these would be taken back before long.

Because of that, even though there was only half a chance for these people to be taken back, he still did not want to immediately offend them. Of course, if there was still no news after a year, then this man would naturally change his attitude.

But right now, he put on a smile on his face and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"I am Qian Chen, and you must be Chen Su, right? Junior brother Chen, don't lose heart. Just think of being sent here as taking a holiday. I do believe that you'll be able to go back before long. So, do you need me to give you a position to manage servant girls, or would you rather oversee our purchase of items from the world outside?

"Or would you rather become the officer who distributes spirit stones? I'll give you whatever position you want, as long as you ask for it!" Qian Chen patted his chest, and when he talked about the position to manage the servant girls, he gave Su Ming a suggestive smile.

"Managing servant girls is an art itself. How do you make them listen to you? There are a lot of things to learn about this, and you'll need to learn most of these things first hand, junior brother Chen. When you have the feeling that what you're doing is right, then you'll be doing it right, am I right?

"This is a very important position, and it's a position that requires selfless devotion. I believe that you can take up this position, junior brother Chen!

"There's also the position of managing the purchases from the world outside. Only an upright person can take it. There are plenty of people in the mountain, and just the matter of taking care of their food and drinks is already a great responsibility. To guarantee their standard of living, the person who takes up this position must be fearless. No matter how expensive it is, he must be able to buy that item!

"I'm in charge of the distribution of spirit stones as of now, but this post is even more troublesome. You shouldn't be too interested in this..." As Qian Chen continued speaking, he watched Su Ming's expression. As of now, he still could not tell just what this kid's background was, and he was most worried about him asking for the position to distribute spirit stones.

That was why he mentioned it, all for the sake of testing whether this person would be interested. At that moment, his small, beady eyes were flashing, but the smile on his face remained.

This was a person who took advantage of the weak but steered clear of the strong. He was a tactful person, but would turn hostile once he had a falling out with someone. Su Ming cast Qian Chen a glance. With his experience, he could already tell just what this person's character was, despite only coming into contact with him a few moments ago.

"Junior brother Chen, a few ladies have been taken up the mountain lately, and they're supposed to go there to search for their fated partners among the Immortals. I heard that... Ahem, that one of them is pretty good... You know what I'm saying. Why don't... I bring you to see her?"

Chapter 607: Qian Chen

The sky was bright, if you ignored the black smoke above Evil Spirit Sect's mountain. The parts that weren't blocked by it were very clear. Because of that, it made the black smoke look incredibly distinct, and at the same time, anyone who lifted their heads upwards would be able to see the blue shade in the sky serving as a contrast against it.

There were also some white clouds floating about, and under the radiant sun, a person would inevitably start feeling lazy. If it had not been winter, this weather might perhaps have been even more perfect.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky. Qian Chen's suggestive words were still ringing in his ears. This was something he had never experienced before. It did not matter whether it was when he was in Dark Mountain, in the ninth summit, or when he was in the land of the Shamans. He had never experienced such a thing like this, not before he entered this sect.

He was not a successor disciple, and no one paid too much attention to him. He was chased out of the Outer Sect as if he was banished, and when he came to the laborer's lodge, he met this Qian Chen, who was giving him a filthy smile, and as Su Ming looked at this man, a faint smile gradually appeared on his own face.

He suddenly found that he very much liked this feeling.

He did not need to use too much of his mind to know why this person was being so friendly. It was all because he still was unable to figure out his origins. After all, on the surface, Su Ming seemed like he was sent down from the Outer Sect.

He looked as if he was banished, and this was the punishment dealt towards disciples who had done wrong in Evil Spirit Sect. Hence, the possibility of these disciples being summoned back existed. Because of that, it was only logical that this Qian Chen would be so logical.

When Su Ming thought about this, he smiled at the man and shook his head.

Qian Chen did not hesitate even for a moment. His expression immediately morphed into one of seriousness. It gave off a solemn air, and at the same time, there was also respect and admiration contained within it.

After casting a profound gaze at Su Ming, he slowly nodded his head.

"As expected of an Outer Sect disciple. I originally wanted to use this to test you because I wanted to find out about your character, junior brother Chen. If you agreed to go and manage the servant girls and have numerous beautiful girls listen to you and serving you every single day as if your word was law... then I would look down on you.

"How could we cultivators neglect training our character for lust? This sort of thing is something we must absolutely not do!

"If you had agreed to this, I would have tried persuading you not to do it, because we're fellow disciples and I am your senior brother. I have a duty to tell you that this isn't something we should do!

"Junior brother Chen, I have always been selfless, or else the sect wouldn't have given me the important task of managing the laborers. And you are the most valiant person I've seen here, and also the person who deserves the most amount of respect among all those here!" Qian Chen stated slowly. As he spoke, his expressions shifted and changed, according to what was required in that part of his speech.

It sounded as if he had done all these things because he was merely being considerate of Su Ming, as if he was truly just testing him.

"Then, junior brother Chen, please take care of the purchase of items. This is incredibly important..." As Qian Chen spoke, he suddenly noticed that Su Ming was frowning slightly when he heard that. A thought immediately appeared in his head, and his tone as well as his words swiftly changed.

"...but even though this is incredibly important, it's impossible for you to do it!" His expression changed into that of burning righteousness as he looked at Su Ming solemnly.

"Because while this might be a great job for other people, this is a dirty thing you should never do!

"Purchasing items from the world outside requires you to always go down the mountain. This is a humiliation to someone like you who immerses yourself in training, junior brother Chen. I'll just be causing you harm and making you waste your training time!

"What is time, junior brother Chen? Time is life, this is something I believe in wholeheartedly. Don't worry, I will never make you waste your life. You don't know about this, but I was testing you again just now!

"Junior brother Chen, my respect for you has surpassed the one I hold for everyone else. I'm proud that Evil Spirit Sect has received a talented person like you, junior brother Chen..." Qian Chen's words continued like flowing water, and since the start, Su Ming had never said anything. Only Qian Chen's voice echoed in the place.

As Qian Chen continued speaking, he continued observing Su Ming's facial expressions, and anxiety started gradually welling up in his heart.

He found that he could not fully grasp this boy's thoughts. He had seen some of the disciples who had been banished here as punishment by the Outer Sect, but with just a few words, he could somewhat tell what they were thinking, and from there, he could determine their importance to the Outer Sect, which would also tell him whether the person had any backing.

From there, he could also tell whether he could use that person, and then, he would be able to give that person a rank in his heart.

He always bemoaned how tough his job was, because he had to observe other people's moods and determine which of the ones that were sent down had to be oppressed, which had to be fawned upon, which had to be treated aloofly, and which he had to be friendly towards.

To him, this was his most important task.

Yet he could not see through this Chen Su. Right from the start, this person had not said a single word. The composure he maintained also made him seem as if he was not chased away from the Outer Sect, but was instead akin to one of those rich kids that was occasionally taking a stroll outside.

This bearing made Qian Chen's heart thump.

'He's an ace! He's definitely an ace! This isn't about him having a high level of cultivation, but is a matter about him having a powerful background, or else it'd be impossible for him to be so composed at his age!' Qian Chen immediately made an assumption.

'These are the most troublesome ones! This person can rank in the third tier on the 'Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke' chart I've made after examining all the people sent here

through the twenty years I've worked in the laborers' lodge!' Qian Chen was smiling, but his heart was on guard.

He had met arrogant and aloof ones among those who were chased down from the Outer Sect, and dealing with these sort of people was a piece of cake to him. He had also seen those who liked putting on airs, those with murderous aura all over their bodies, and had even met those who might be smiling, but whose eyes would be flashing with a sinister glint.

He had met far too many kinds of people during the twenty years, and he only had a few words for the disciples who were chased out of the Outer Sect, which were...

"Damn you all, even if you're a dragon, you put your head down when you're in my territory! Even if you're a tiger, you lie down!"

'Something's not right, something's definitely not right! There's something off about this Chen Su, something incredibly off about him!' Qian Chen bent his back a little, and a bright smile appeared on his face.

"I know what job suits you the most, junior brother Chen. You're the most suited for distributing spirit stones. Don't worry, so that you will have a better future and Evil Spirit Sect will continue growing stronger, I will selflessly offer you this position. From now on, the task of distributing spirit stones will be handed to you!

"I know that this job will definitely not enter your sights, but I just realized today that you are even more suited for it than I am. Please don't reject it. This matter... concerns the future of Evil Spirit Sect. It affects the entire situation in Eastern Wastelands and is linked to the fates of tens of thousands of people..."

The compassionate look on Qian Chen's face towards all of mankind, the emotion in his voice, and the slight shiver in it made him seem as if he had turned into the lord of Eastern Wastelands, and right at that moment, he was it handing over to Su Ming.

Even Su Ming was momentarily taken aback by his words. If it hadn't been that he was absolutely certain that this Qian Chen standing before him was not hiding anything from him or had gone through any sort of transformations, he would have thought this man was actually the bald crane.

To Su Ming, only the bald crane could even hope to compete with his way with words. As for who would win... Su Ming would lean more towards the bald crane, after all, the level to which they catered to his desires was different...

"Give me a quiet and slightly remote place. I want to go into isolation." Su Ming cast Qian Chen a glance and spoke for the first time. His voice was calm and flat, but there was a might within it that allowed no room for dispute.

Qian Chen's heart let out a loud thump once again and he took two steps back before carefully sizing up Su Ming from head to toe.

'Rank increase. This person isn't ranked in the third tier on the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, he's on the second tier!'

He was feeling slightly nervous in his heart, but not a single hint of it was shown on his face. He continued showing a radiant smile, and when he heard his words, he nodded his head with a pleased expression.

"Not bad. As expected, I didn't misjudge you, junior brother Chen! I respect you!" As he spoke, he even gave Su Ming a thumbs up. There was not a hint of falsehood in the pleased look on his face, and there was even sincerity within his respectful expression.

He no longer bothered with any nonsense and patted his body with his right hand before immediately bringing out a jade slip for Su Ming.

"Junior brother Chen, I respect you, so I won't say much now. You can choose one of the glowing spots here as you please. You don't need to do anything, just relax and concentrate on your training. Junior brother Chen, I support you wholeheartedly. If anyone from above comes down here and checks, I will bear all responsibility for you! That's right, I'm that much of a fair and honest person, I'm that much of an upright person. I'm a man who loves thinking for others and won't bother with his own losses!

"Once we've been in contact for a longer period of time, you'll figure this out naturally, junior brother Chen."

There was a rather strange look on Su Ming's face. Once he accepted the jade slip, he sent his divine sense to scan it. Immediately, a map of the foot of the mountain with many glowing spots appeared in his head.

Qian Chen was watching Su Ming carefully. A barely noticeable glint shone in his heart, and he was feeling pretty smug about himself.

'If you choose a spot near the Outer Sect, then it means that the possibility of you returning there is incredibly high! If you choose a spot in the middle, then it means that you are also uncertain about it...

'Heh heh, if you choose the location at the bottom, then it means that you are also at a loss about your own future. This method might not be entirely accurate, but it can also tell just what exactly is going on with you.'

Once Su Ming scanned the map on the jade slip with his divine sense, he recalled the double-story building near the top of the mountain. After a moment, he chose a spot close to the Outer Sect. It was the place nearest to the double-story building.

Once he chose it, he handed the jade slip back to Qian Chen, who smiled and focused his attention on the jade slip once he received it. Immediately, his expression became a little unnatural, but it soon recovered. However, there was a faint glint in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming.

'There's no way I can be wrong about this. This person has an incredibly huge background, and he'll leave this place in at most a month. I'll have to serve him well. He might not be among the people ranked in the first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, but he's definitely in the top in the second tier!

'Ah, it's a pity that I've never met someone from the first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart... Er, well, best not to meet them.'

Chapter 608: Hair Knot!

The place Su Ming chose might be close to the Outer Sect, but it was actually located behind the mountain and was in a secluded area. Few people went there on a regular basis. There was a simple house there, and it was surrounded by weeds. Clearly, no one had bothered cleaning the place up for a long time.

The power of the world here was not dense and could not compare to the density in the courtyard where Su Ming had stayed previously. Obviously, the double-storey building that had tempted Su Ming incredibly was even further out of its reach.

However, this place was quiet, and it was also close to the double-storey building. In fact, if he stood outside the house and lifted his head to look, he would be able to vaguely see the indistinct shadow of the building residing at the upper middle section of the mountain.

Su Ming surveyed his surroundings, and he was somewhat satisfied with the place. Qian Chen originally wanted to send someone to clean up, but Su Ming stopped him. He preferred the area to be preserved in its original state, because that would make it look even more secluded.

Qian Chen continued following Su Ming around with a brilliant smile even after the sun had set, asking him about his well-being, and even whether he needed servant girls. Even when Su Ming declined, Qian Chen still continued smiling. Only when Su Ming showed hints of tiredness on his face when dusk arrived did Qian Chen bid his farewell by wrapping his fist in his palm before he left.

Qian Chen's thoughts and feelings as he left shall not be mentioned for the moment. Once dusk was over and the sky slowly darkened, Su Ming no longer remained in his

room. Instead, he sat outside while leaning against the wall to his house, looking at the sky.

It was winter at the moment. The weeds all around were covered in white snow. In fact, there were a few flecks of snow floating down from the sky. A snowflake fell down before Su Ming's eyes, and he lifted his hand to catch it. It chilled his palm as it melted.

'If snowflakes exist to melt on the ground, then can this be considered the snowflakes' fate...?'

By then, six-tenths of Su Ming's cultivation base had been restored, but there was still quite some distance before he could fully recover. By his predictions, unless he went to the double-storey building, he would need at least ten years before he could return to the peak of his form, and it didn't matter if he trained here or even in the courtyard in the Outer Sect.

After all, while recovery might have been quick when he tried to heal in the beginning, but the progress would become increasingly harder as he went further down the road. The speed for the final four-tenths of his cultivation base would not be something that the previous six could even hope to compare.

'I must go to that double-storey building...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he straightened his hand, a strand of white hair took form on his palm.

There was a knot on that strand of hair. Su Ming placed his right hand on the knot and let his eyelids fall slightly before he started quietly trying to find the sensation contained within the knot, as his father had taught him.

Time passed, and it was soon completely dark outside. More snow fell from the sky. It collected into piles, causing the path ahead to no longer be entirely covered in darkness. It was instead broken up by the snow.

Su Ming continued leaning against his house while sitting outside. The long, white strand of hair remained between his fingers, letting out a faint fragrance. As he continued holding onto it in the dark, he felt as if he could even touch the fragrance.

The night passed without a single word uttered... Su Ming sat by himself the whole time, immersed in the feeling Ugly Little Thing's father had mentioned as he searched for the quintessence within the grass knot records.

Su Ming was not aiming for a Curse, neither was he blessing anyone. He was instead trying to aim for the control over someone's mind. When more knots were created on this strand of hair, he would turn it into a doll, and with its power, he would control the old woman's mind.

Control over someone's mind would make that person a puppet-like existence. By doing so, Su Ming would be able to enter the double-storey building without anyone noticing and practice his cultivation there for a long period of time.

He had also thought about using his power to attack, but his cultivation base was not fully recovered at this point. Because of that, there were far too many things that were an inconvenience to him. Besides, he was also thinking of using the building to help him reach the Berserker Soul Realm, and he needed a person to protect him.

If he could control the old woman, then he would be able to get everything he wanted in one go!

When morning arrived, Su Ming's eyes flew open, and a hint of understanding shone in them. Without any hesitation, he tied another knot on that strand of hair!

At that moment, there were two knots!

At the instant the second knot appeared, the old woman, who was sitting on the balcony in the double-storey building, shivered abruptly. She swiftly opened her eyes. Surprise and bewilderment appeared on her face, and she quickly spread her divine sense into the area, with a grave expression.

However, no matter how much she investigated her surroundings, she found no clues or traces whatsoever. It was as if everything just moments ago had never happened, but she did indeed sense a chill just now. It was as if someone had used a needle to poke her. It was not incredibly painful, but it did indeed give her a feeling that someone had used a needle to pierce into her soul.

The old woman frowned. After a moment of careful thought, she started searching through her entire body, but found nothing unusual. Full of uncertainty, she put it away for now.

Winter always seems longer than any other season. During that month Su Ming was expelled from the Outer Sect, snow would occasionally fall, and it would come heavier each time. On this day, the snow that filled the sky made it seem like a huge pit had appeared high above. The sky was crying, but it did not seem to want anyone seeing its tears that was why it turned them into snow, which seemed incredibly soft and gentle.

However... once the snow accumulated to a certain degree, it could crush mountains, could freeze all things in the world, and could even... destroy all manner of living!

Snow floated down and covered the sky as well as the earth, coated Su Ming's house, and even gathered up into a thick pile where he sat to meditate.

Su Ming continued holding onto the white strand of hair. During this month, he did not try recovering his cultivation base, but instead immersed himself in trying to understand

the feeling, as well as the making, of the grass knot records. There were now six knots on the strand of hair!

Su Ming did not leave behind too much of his will within those six knots. He only left his understanding, and when he touched them with his hand, he felt as if he was touching his own thoughts.

Qian Chen would occasionally come over. The hospitality he showed made it seem as that Su Ming was his senior brother, and he himself was the junior brother or just a junior.

He came on this day once again. There were a dozen something laborers with respectful faces behind him. Under Qian Chen's instructions, those people immediately started clearing up the snow.

Su Ming closed his eyes and did not pay too much attention to them. If this Qian Chen continued being so sensible, then perhaps Su Ming would give him a serendipitous event in the future. He would lay down the path for him, but it would depend on how this person would understand what Su Ming had given him and how he would walk down it himself.

On the third day after the month had passed since Su Ming came to this place, hesitation appeared on his face. He looked at the white strand of hair in his hand. There were still only six knots on it. He had originally wanted to tie the seventh knot right at that moment, but he was not confident in it.

He looked at the strand quietly. During the past month, he had immersed himself in trying to gain an epiphany about the grass knot records, and the sensation he gained from the knots along with his understanding had increased a lot.

Su Ming had tied the previous six knots based on his understanding. Yet now, he had a vague feeling that he needed to add his will into the seventh knot, and the addition of his will into the seventh knot would cause it to become a key!

The importance of this knot lay in the fact that if Su Ming failed, the strand of hair would turn into dust, but if he succeeded, then with his will in the hair, he would be able to take his first step towards success!

'I only have one strand of hair. If I fail, I'll have to make other preparations...'

Su Ming's eyes shone. His hands started moving, and he tied the seventh knot!

When he did so, a shudder traveled through his entire body, and he forced himself to repeat one single thought in his mind.

'I'm your master. My will is your will, and you must obey all of my words!'

Su Ming continued repeating these words in his head and turned them into a will. Then, as if he was writing on a piece of paper, he wrote those words in the knot on the strand of hair.

However, fusing his will into the strand of hair was not easy for Su Ming. After all, he was still a beginner in making the grass knot records. He was not like Ugly Little Thing's father, who had naturally discovered the quintessence of these knots due to his talent.

More importantly, since Ugly Little Thing's father was a mortal and the dolls he created were also for mortals, though he did feel tired after making several dolls, he did not need to use up too much energy or worry about suffering repercussions.

However, that was not the case for Su Ming. This white strand of hair belonged to the old woman, and she had extraordinary power. The amount of power he had to spend as well as the repercussions he had to suffer were naturally much greater, since he wanted to use this Art to control a powerful warrior.

Even Su Ming found two trails of blood falling from his eyes in the form of tears, as his body trembled. His ears, too, soon started bleeding.

His breathing froze during that instant...

When a dozen something breaths passed, Su Ming let out a long breath. His eyes were bright when he wiped away the blood from his eyes and ears. He lowered his head and looked the seventh knot on the white strand of hair, and a faint smile appeared on his lips.

'This Art is indeed frightening. If I can understand it completely... then I'll be able kill someone without them noticing it, and controlling them will not be a problem. It's a pity that the backlash is also incredibly great, though...' Su Ming closed his eyes.

Almost at the instant he formed that seventh knot, the old woman, who was meditating in the double-storey building, started trembling viciously. She coughed up a mouthful of blood, and her face turned livid with rage. When she opened her eyes, she stood up swiftly and sent her divine sense outward, but still gained nothing.

Her face turned dark. During that instant a moment ago, she had faintly heard a voice. It seemed to be saying something in her mind, but when she tried to listen closely, she could not make out the words. However, she had a strong hunch that the words spoken by that voice were using a unique method to carve themselves into her soul.

'A mere child's play. Since you refuse to appear before me, then let's have a battle of Arts. I'd like to see whether that strange Art of yours or my Soul Catching Lotus Art is stronger!'

The old woman smiled coldly and walked towards the first floor to arrive beside the statue of the woman sitting on a lotus. Once the old woman cast a glance at it, she sat down cross-legged, and immediately, the eyes of the statue started shining with a brilliant light, as if she had woken up, and that light covered the old woman.

'The next time you come, I'll fight you!'

The old woman closed her eyes as if she was about to face a powerful enemy.

Chapter 609: Qian Chen's Fury

Yet Su Ming never tied the eighth knot on that strand of hair, even after a month had went by. There were three times when he wanted to do it... but every single time he would pause in his movements.

He could not find that feeling, could not find the vague sensation that Ugly Little Thing's father had spoken about. Like this, he had a feeling that if he forcefully tied the eighth knot, he would come face to face with utter failure, which would result in complete demolition of whatever he had done previously.

That was why Su Ming chose to put away that strand of hair for the first time since he started working on it two months ago, no longer choosing to try and force himself to finish his work. Instead, he chose to let himself calm down.

'I need to find someone on whom I could test the complete doll formed by the grass knot records. Only then will I be able to be certain that nothing will go wrong with the eighth knot.' Su Ming let his eyelids fall slightly. It was now the coldest month of the year, and it was close to the first day of a new year.

By the tradition in the village, the first day of each year was the most important day in a year. It was the time when the entire family gathered together, and their house would be filled with joy and warmth.

Su Ming still remembered himself recovering in Ugly Little Thing's house during the first day of last year. That was the first time he had experienced what could only be constituted as true warmth after he left Dark Mountain. This warmth was different from the ninth summit, but it was similarly precious to him.

It was the warmth of having a mother, the warmth of a father's protection, and the warmth born from the joyful laughter of his little sister.

"It's about time for Ugly Little Thing's family... to gather together..." Su Ming mumbled softly. Chen Da Xi's soul had completely fused with his physical body a few days ago, and he was about to wake up sometime soon, but he had Su Ming had not yet brought him back to Ugly Little Thing's home. He had chosen to wait, because he had been observing Evil Spirit Sect watching over him after Zhao Chong died.

After the two months, he could put his mind at ease, because he was certain that Evil Spirit Sect would no longer be paying any attention to this matter.

As he continued thinking, he lifted his head and cast a glance into the distance. He then closed his eyes and started meditating in silence. Before long, several people came from the plain of snow in the distance. The person leading the group was Qian Chen, and his face was dark. There was a bag in his hand, and as he stepped on the snow, he approached Su Ming, stopping a hundred feet away from him. There was a hesitant look on his face, but after a moment, a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

"Junior brother Chen, this isn't a bad place, no? The spiritual aura here is abundant, and the view of the snow here is also incredibly pretty. More importantly, this place is quiet and secluded, a perfect place to practice your cultivation and cleanse your spirit!"

Su Ming remained calm, as if he did not hear any of it. This Qian Chen had been incredibly hospitable to him during the first month, but when the second month arrived, he gradually cut down on the times he came here, and every single time he came, he would size up Su Ming with an incredibly dubious eye.

"Hey, not talking, are we? Junior brother Chen, you should have told me the truth that you were banished from the Outer Sect, and I wouldn't have made things hard for you. I would have given you a job, and from then on, you would have done your thing and I would have done mine, and we wouldn't have been stepping on each other's tail!"

"But you! You lied to me! If I hadn't sent someone to investigate you in the Outer Sect, I would have continued being deceived by you. It's been less than a year since you entered the sect, and your Master went missing two months ago. It's because of you, isn't it?! That's why you were chased out of the Outer Sect!"

"Aren't you the sly one? You came here, putting on airs, but is this a place where you can come as you please?! I'm telling you, Chen, you..."

Qian Chen became angrier with each passing moment. He was most angry with himself though, for actually misjudging a person, for actually thinking that this person had a huge background, because this person had, in truth, nothing. This was a huge blow to his ego. It made him think that there was something wrong with his ability to judge people, which he had honed over the past twenty something years.

This was something he could not forgive, especially since he was kept completely in the dark about it. He had only begun growing suspicious because he had seen no effort by

this person to contact the Outer Sect and because the Outer Sect seemed to have forgotten about him. If it had been any other time, he would have not been surprised about this, but they were nearing the end of the year at the moment. At this point of time, the Outer Sect would be hosting their annual end of the year competition, and all the powerful aces in terms of power or background would show up there.

In the past, most of the Outer Sect disciples who had been sent to this place as a punishment would be summoned back during this time, but no matter how much he waited, he did not see anyone making contact with Su Ming. Worried, he used his power and the laborers he had sent outside the laborers' lodge previously to search for news.

Yet all the information that was sent back to him made Qian Chen suffer continuous blows to his ego. He was stunned for a long time before he stomped his feet viciously in anger. The information he had obtained had told him everything about Su Ming's origins.

"Chen, how could you be so sly even though you're so young?! No matter what, I will make you learn that you can't lie as you please!" Qian Chen was furious. He rolled up his sleeves, and the other people behind him did the same thing. All of them looked murderous.

"How dare you offend me when you're in my territory?! Not only am I going to teach you a lesson today, I'll also send you elsewhere! This isn't a place where you can stay!"

Qian Chen stormed towards Su Ming, but just as he was about to close in, Su Ming opened his eyes and cast him a calm glance.

That glance did not contain any sort of power, but the calm look in his eyes caused Qian Chen's footsteps to freeze. He even spread his arms wide open to block the people who were about to rush forward from behind him.

His heart suddenly started racing. As he looked into Su Ming's eyes, his expression gradually turned increasingly more solemn. With his experience and knowledge, he knew that anyone else in Su Ming's place would definitely be panicking, but the person before him was far too calm.

This sort of calmness made him gradually made his skin crawl, and he started having second thoughts.

'Could I be wrong...? No way, this brat is just putting up a farce. It's precisely because of this that I thought he was one of those aces earlier! Ace, my foot!'

Qian Chen narrowed his eyes into a glare. Once he thought about this, a ferocious grin curled up on his lips and he took a couple more steps forward, then lifted his fist into the

air. Just as he was about to hurl it forward, he suddenly saw a flash of something in Su Ming's eyes that made goosebumps appear all over his skin.

His action froze, and he even took a few steps back, staring at Su Ming for some time. A murderous glare shone in his eyes, and he let out a cold harrumph.

"Fine, since you're just a child, I won't take this to heart, but this is no longer a place you can stay. I'll give you three days... er, seven days! In seven days, I'm confiscating this place!

"At that time, if you refuse to comply... Heh heh..."

Qian Chen laughed coldly, and left in a hurry with the people beside him. When he was far away from the place, he turned his head back with fear lingering in his heart. He started mumbling in his heart.

'There's still something off about this. This person might seem like he doesn't have any background or support, but he should have some abilities and skills with him. But that's useless, once the end of the year competition ends seven days later, I'll bring some people here and teach him a lesson.'

As Qian Chen laughed coldly, a shudder suddenly ran through his body, as if he was cold. He quickly wrapped his fur-lined jacket tighter around his body and cursed under his breath before bringing the people behind him to the servant girls' quarters...

"Better that I find a few women to warm up my body. Ah... This is how you should live life. Isn't it great to sit by the fire and have a woman in your arms during winter? Isn't it just great? My life isn't too bad, I'd say." Qian Chen hummed and forgot about the sudden shudder that had wrecked his body just moments ago, as he quickly walked forward.

Su Ming looked at Qian Chen leaving. With his power, he only needed to send a little of his Qi outwards, and it would be enough to send Qian Chen into a shock before killing him. No one would be able to notice it either.

But he did not do it. Instead, at that moment, a black strand of hair had appeared in Su Ming's hand. It belonged to Qian Chen.

'The boy came at the right time. I can use him to figure out all the various uses for the puppets created using these grass knot recording skills!' Without any expression on his face, Su Ming started tying knots on that strand of hair.

The end of the year was slowly approaching. After several months of preparation, the Outer Sect of Evil Spirit Sect held a competition among all its disciples. This competition was held only among their own people, and it had nothing to do with the other Evil Sects. Evil Spirit Sect did this every single year because the Evil Immortal Sect that was

held at the highest esteem among all the other Evil Sects would host a large scale competition among all Evil Sects once every decade.

Evil Spirit Sect, Evil Dust Sect, and Evil Lust Sect would prepare for this festival in secret. Moreover, once the Outer Sect disciples finished with the end-of-year competition each year, besides taking the winner from this competition as an Inner Sect disciple, the sect would also host another competition among Inner Sect disciples, and they would reward the champion greatly.

However, this had nothing to do with Su Ming. It was still snowing on the night the Outer Sect disciples started competing against each other, and on that day, near the end of the year, Su Ming stood up and took a step forward.

When his foot landed, his body immediately turned indistinct, and he disappeared without a trace.

When he reappeared, he was already at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. He walked into the distance with an indifferent look on his face. The Protection Rune on Evil Spirit Mountain seemed to have no effect on him. No one even noticed him leaving.

In truth, no one in the sect paid much attention to Su Ming. After all, he had the appearance of a twelve or thirteen year old teenager.

It was snowing heavily. Su Ming walked in midair with the wind and snow blowing against his face as he moved calmly across the snow covered mountains, snow plains, and ice covered forests beneath him. He continued walking until he reached a forest.

It was all white because the earth and tree branches were covered by a thick layer of snow, which pressed down on the latter so heavily they bent downwards, making it seem as if they were welcoming Su Ming's arrival.

Once the snow and ice melted here and spring made the flowers bloom, this forest would be filled with the fragrance of osmanthus. This... was an osmanthus forest...

Su Ming could see the village he was so incredibly familiar with through the gaps between the trees in the forest. There were lights in each of the houses, and their color would make a warm feeling rise in the hearts of all those who saw them in this dark and snowing night.

A smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He stepped on the snow, and with crunching sounds coming from under his feet, he started walking forward. There was an incredibly normal house before him, and the light from a lamp could be seen shining through its paper window. He could also see the shadow of a little girl combing her pigtails.

It had been almost a year... almost been a year since Su Ming left. At that moment, as all the families in the village held their own reunions, he stood outside this house and

looked at the lamp and the shadows reflected on the window before mumbling softly, "Ugly Little Thing, your big brother Dog Leftovers is back."

Chapter 610: Fleetingness and Happiness

A year ago, Su Ming had left with only one-tenth of his cultivation base restored. When he returned, almost a six-tenths of his cultivation base had been recovered. Yet no matter what, he was still Su Ming.

He was still the big brother Ugly Little Thing called out to, still the frail but sensible boy in the eyes of Ugly Little Thing's parents.

Su Ming stood outside the house and lifted his hand to knock lightly on the door.

The sound was incredibly faint amidst the moaning of the blizzard, and it could not be heard clearly in the area outside, but those knocks rang incredibly distinctly within the house.

"Who is it...?" a feeble voice asked from the house. That voice belonged to Ugly Little Thing, but she sounded quite monotonous and lacking in strength.

"It's me," Su Ming replied softly.

Once his voice entered the house, silence fell swiftly within it. Before long, the door swung open from the inside, and the wind from the world outside charged inside with a howl, bringing snow in its wake. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's frail body stood between the door and the wind like a mountain and blocked off all the wind, causing it... to be unable to blow past him, much less reach Ugly Little Thing, who was looking at him with a dumbfounded expression as tears of joy flowed down her eyes.

"Big brother!" Ugly Little Thing cried and went up to hug Su Ming. He patted her back lightly, and continued using his body to block off the wind and snow.

"Don't cry, Ugly Little Thing. It's almost been a year since we last met, you've grown quite a bit," Su Ming said, smiling gently. When he lifted his head, he saw a couple standing inside the house.

The man's head was decked in grey and white, and there were even more wrinkles on his face. Time also seemed to have left its tracks on his slightly bent body and thin face, as well as his slightly opened lips. He looked as if he wanted to say something in the midst of his tears.

This was Ugly Little Thing's father.

The woman by his side had even more white hair on his head. Her original beauty was faint on her face and could no longer be detected clearly. Tears fell from her face, but at that moment, a smile Su Ming believed to be the most beautiful in the world appeared on her face.

"You came back. We were waiting for you..."

Those simple words caused warmth to instantly fill Su Ming's heart. He held Ugly Little Thing's hand and led her into the house. Once he closed the door behind himself, he looked at the simple family before him and knelt down on the ground.

"Pa, ma, your son Dog Leftovers came back..."

A wave of warmth born from familial love chased away the chill that had blown into the house just moments ago and expelled the cold from the world outside, causing the house to be filled with a warmth that could melt any cold.

On this night, Ugly Little Thing's laughter became the same as it was in the past and echoed the warmth. The kind gaze from father would also constantly wander to Su Ming's body, and mother brought out a cotton jacket from the house. She sewed this herself, and it was specifically made for Su Ming.

When he put it on, Su Ming looked like a true young teenager. There was no grief on him, no shedding of any blood, no complicated feelings. There was only warmth within him, a warmth that was born from this family.

The light from this family was never extinguished. Even as the darkness outside grew darker and the freezing wind blew became stronger, that light remained as a constant presence, because it might no longer be oil that was making it burn, but the simple, familial love that Su Ming had always desired.

It was due to it that the light continued blazing, and it was it that Su Ming cherished. He placed that love in his heart and turned it into a beautiful memory that he would not allow himself to lose.

Within that memory was Ugly Little Thing, her father, her mother, and also Su Ming himself.

"I will stay with all of you until your lives end..." This was what Su Ming had said to Ugly Little Thing in his heart in the past. It was also a string of words he carved into his memory right at that moment.

But most of the time, happiness will only last for a short moment, because there is an eye in the world that belongs to loneliness, and it does not want to see too many

beautiful moments in anyone's lives. That was why it made fleetingness to be a constant companion of happiness.

That was why people always said that happiness would only last for a short while...

This night eventually came to an end, just like how all beautiful moments in life would come to an end after a short while. Su Ming still could not stay in this place permanently, because if he did that, he might bring about death and disaster to this family before his cultivation base fully recovered.

The only thing he could do was to engrave this fleeting happiness into his heart... and leave quietly.

However, he left behind a person lying on one of the small beds, a person who was gradually opening his eyes at the moment. He was Chen Da Xi. He was Ugly Little Thing's big brother, and a pitiful soul.

His face should have originally been that of a middle-aged man, but Su Ming could not bring himself to make Ugly Little Thing's parents hearts break, and neither could he bring himself to make Ugly Little Thing cry, that was why he would rather delay the full recovery of his cultivation base and give some life force to Chen Da Xi so that he would look as if he was only twenty years old.

This was an illusion. The moment ten years passed, he would return to how he originally looked.

Su Ming left.

He smoothed out the bodies of Ugly Little Thing's parents, causing their sicknesses to leave them and made Ugly Little Thing's birthmark fade a little more. Then he took a step forward, and without even pushing open the door, he appeared outside the house.

'If not pushing open this door that leads to farewell will mean that I've never left, then I will never push this door open.'

Behind Su Ming was an endless amount of snow. It covered the path leading to his family's house, and it looked as if it had cut off his path back before gradually turning the area into a white, boundless world.

Su Ming walked on the snow alone and left farther and farther into the distance. The snow fell on his hair, his body, and the cotton jacket... It was very cold, but that warmth of the family resided in his heart, warming his body in the snow and allowing him to move farther away.

Su Ming left. He walked amid the falling snow, continuing alone as his head turned white. His body gradually faded away from sight and disappeared into the desolate world, slowly hidden away behind snow...

The moans from the wind sounded like the notes from a xun, and the snow falling down from the sky were the lyrics to its song. It sang in this endless space, and no one knew who could hear it.

That song sang about a city buried in snow, about the loneliness that extinguishes all forms of light, about an unknown person's setting sun, an unknown person's face, and the dozen something years of childhood that belonged to that unknown person that could not be seen amidst all the unfamiliar sights...

.....

Once Su Ming left, Chen Da Xi, who was deep in sleep on the bed in Ugly Little Thing's house, slowly opened his eyes. There was a dazed look on his face. He felt as if he'd had a very long dream and had just woken up from his sleep.

At the end of his dream was a voice that echoed in his mind. It was also that voice that brought him back from his dream, to his home.

"You were originally dead... The only thing I can do is to help you gain ten years of your life. Use these ten years... to accompany your parents and your little sister..."

Chapter 611: Punishment

Qian Chen was feeling pretty gloomy lately, and was constantly feeling paranoid. No matter what he did, he was careful...

He was never muscular to begin with, and now, he looked even thinner. His facial color was also becoming increasingly paler. Most of the time, there was a dazed expression on his face. Even those beside him would immediately find their expressions changing when they saw him, and they would react as if they had seen a murderous ghost and avoid him like the plague. Some of those who did not manage to avoid him would be filled with anxiety. They would watch their surroundings constantly, though no one had any idea what they were looking out for.

Right at that moment, three of the laboring disciples at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain became nervous since they saw Qian Chen staggering towards them while holding onto his head. They were just about to search for a place to hide when he caught sight of them.

"Stay there!"

The three people shuddered. One of them still did not stop and continued running away with gritted teeth. However, the remaining two already had their faces seen by Qian Chen due to their hesitation, and they could naturally no longer continue fleeing.

"Senior brother Qian..." The two people who did not manage to run immediately put on anguished faces once they saw him, and there was even a light tremor in their voices.

"Senior brother Qian, please be kind and let us go. We are very loyal to you, senior brother Qian, please don't bring trouble to us..."

"Nonsense!" Qian Chen glared at them and rubbed his forehead before he put his hand down. There was blood trickling down from his forehead at the moment, and some flecks of dirt could also be seen there. Clearly, he had just tripped recently and injured his head.

As if he was feeling indignant towards his luck during these past few days, Qian Chen kicked the tree beside him. He did not use much strength in that kick, but for some unknown reason, that tree suddenly started swaying and crashed down on him and the other two with a loud bang.

Qian Chen was caught off guard for a moment before he nimbly moved back and swiftly dodged that tree, but a branch had still cut his shirt, causing him to look incredibly disheveled and pathetic.

The other two people were already running away at maximum speed, and no matter how Qian Chen called out to them, they would not turn their heads back.

"Don't turn back! That Qian Chen has gotten himself wrapped in rotten luck nowadays, and not only is he unlucky, all those around him will also be unlucky!"

"I know right?! Sixth was with him yesterday, and the both of them fell through a hole in the ice, but since when have holes ever appeared in an ice mountain?!"

"I heard about this as well. Apparently when Qian Chen went to the servant girls' quarters a few days ago, he tripped nineteen times. He got so scared he refused to move later on, because he was afraid he would fall to his death..."

"This is nothing. Let me tell you, I saw Qian Chen nearly choking when he was drinking! Misfortune is on him, I'm telling you..."

These sort of words gradually started spreading through the entire area at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain, and more people learned of it. In their eyes, Qian Chen was the Star of Disaster and wherever he went... all the disciples would run away. They did not dare get close to him.

Qian Chen's face was incredibly pale. He hid himself in a small pot and watched the sky with a blank expression. He had a feeling that he might have offended Tai Sui, because there was simply no reason why he would be so unlucky for the majority of the past month.

All of this started when he was heading to the servant girls' quarters that day. He had not just tripped nineteen times on the way there, but had actually tripped thirty seven times... and had fallen until his body started shivering and fear filled his face. He had a feeling that if he continued walking towards the quarters, he would become the first ever disciple to slip and fall to his death on snow in Evil Spirit Sect.

From then on, he had to be careful not to fall when he walked and also had to be careful of holes in ice... When he remembered the holes in the ice, Qian Chen started laughing wryly...

He still remembered almost choking when he was drinking water just a few days ago, causing him to feel even his heart trembling in fear when he drank water now. When he ate, he would also observe his food carefully before he even had the courage to eat it, because for some unknown reason, he had nearly been poisoned to death once he finished eating...

'Damn it, just what is going on?!'

He looked at the small pot where he sat and felt extremely anxious, but could not express it. He had fallen into this small pot after he fell through another hole in the ice, and worse still, this was an Enchanted Treasure. He was trapped inside and could not get out.

He only saw a person passing through the place after a long time had gone by. After a series of shrill screams for help and some thrown threats, he was dragged out by that passer-by. After Qian Chen managed to get out, he almost went mad from all the grievances he had suffered. Just as he lifted his foot and was about to stomp on the ground to vent his anger, he immediately placed it down lightly, but when he turned around to leave...

Suddenly, a glint from a sword charged towards him with a loud whistle from a random spot in the Outer Sect, causing him to be completely stunned, unable to move from fear. At moment of crisis, that sword glare brushed past his waist and landed on another mountain rock.

Soon after, a long arc flew towards him, and within it was a boy. He was mumbling slightly under his breath while looking very embarrassed. Once he flew over, he grabbed the sword and cast a glance at Qian Chen, who was still trembling with that blank expression on his face. The boy wanted to leave, but felt that he should say something.

"Just go..." Qian Chen wept.

"I..."

"I know it's not your fault. Your Flying Sword went out of control all of a sudden and flew here on its own..." Despair appeared on Qian Chen's face.

"Er... Then... I'll be taking my leave, senior brother." The boy was momentarily stunned, because that was indeed the truth. After a moment of hesitation, he immediately flew off.

"I knew it..."

Qian Chen's body swayed and fell to the side. There was a blank expression on his face, and he felt that he was on the verge of going crazy. He just did not know what was going on with him.

'Today is almost over, right?'

Qian Chen cast a glance at the sky and with a bitter smile made a move to get up. The person who had dragged him out of the pot in the hole just now had already disappeared without a trace, and was perhaps washing his hands somewhere to get rid of the bad luck that might or might not have infected him when he pulled Qian Chen out. He was most likely also praying to his ancestors that Qian Chen's bad luck would not affect him.

But before he managed to stand up, a cold voice traveled towards him from the sky.

"Qian Chen, what are you doing there?!"

The person who spoke was an old woman. She was not the one from the double-story building, but was a Sect Elder from the Outer Sect. She had some connection to Qian Chen.

When he heard that voice, he immediately stood up and instinctively put on a respectful face, but the instant he stood up, his pants... fell down, along with everything covering the lower half of his body. When Qian Chen felt the chill between his legs, he was stunned.

The old woman was also stunned, before her expression changed. With a dark look on her face, she cast him a cold glare, then left with a swing of her arm, not saying a single word.

Qian Chen fell to the ground once again with a thump. He looked at the sky blankly, his mind empty.

'Something's not right, something's definitely not right! I've definitely offended someone...'

After a long while, Qian Chen picked up his pants while shivering. At that moment, he looked incredibly haggard, as if he had become much older in just an instant, and he started thinking back carefully on whom he might have offended before his first misfortune.

If it had been any other time, trying to recall who he had offended would have been a difficult task, because he had simply offended too many people. However, due to his burning rage towards the matter concerning Su Ming, he had not bothered placing any form of attention on anyone else before his first misfortune. If he had indeed offended someone, then it could only be Su Ming.

'Chen Su...'

The more Qian Chen thought about it, the more he believed in this train of thought. Once he remembered how calm that person had been, he became even more certain of his guess, and he immediately stood up, with one hand holding onto his pants, and hastily ran towards Su Ming's house.

Su Ming sat outside his place with a strand of hair in his hand. That strand already had ten knots on it, and it was plaited in such a manner that the contour of a small humanoid could be seen. There were also some weeds before Su Ming, which he was weaving into the plait. Gradually, a doll made of weeds appeared in his hand.

'There are ten knots here, and each of them contains a faint power of a Curse. This Curse won't kill, but it'll cause that person to be filled with misfortune...'

Su Ming looked at the doll in his hand, and a smile appeared on his lips. After several failures in this experiment, he had finally succeeded in delivering the full force of this Curse. It brought him confidence that he'll be able to control the old woman from the double story building.

'We don't have much enmity between us, so I won't tie the eleventh knot in your hair. Misfortune might also kill a person, after all.'

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance into the distance with an indifferent look on his face. Before long, Qian Chen appeared on the plain of snow far in the distance, but as soon as he took a few steps forward, he immediately fell. However, he continued running towards Su Ming while bruises and scrapes collected on his body. On his way to Su Ming... he tripped another eight times before he finally managed to reach a spot several dozens of feet away. He then knelt down with a loud thump on the snow.

"Sir, please spare me. I understand my wrongdoings now. Please give me a chance and spare me."

Qian Chen looked incredibly disheveled. On his way to Su Ming's place, he had tripped several dozens of times, and had almost fallen to his death several more. How could he not be afraid, especially since he immediately noticed the weed doll in Su Ming's hand at the moment he saw him? His heart instantly let out a loud thump against his chest.

He started crying. Tears fell from his eyes, and he started kowtowing nonstop before Su Ming while pleading for mercy. He was certain that everything that had happened to him was related to this youth. When he thought about how he might have to live this nightmare, in which he might suffocate during sleep just because he was snoring, for the rest of his life, a fear towards Su Ming, one that had never appeared even when Qian Chen faced Sect Elders rose within his heart.

"From now on, unless I summon you, none of you are allowed to come to this place," said Su Ming languidly.

At the instant his words were spoken, Qian Chen immediately nodded, and a pitiful look appeared on his face, but his heart was filled with shock. Su Ming's admittance to his deeds had caused the final shred of doubt to disappear from his heart. At that moment, there was a voice screaming in Qian Chen's heart.

'He's here! I've finally met the person who ranks first tier in the Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart I made twenty years ago!' When Qian Chen made this Absolutely-Do-Not-Provoke chart, he had wondered whether a senior veteran would take the form of a normal disciple and enter the sect before Qian Chen coincidentally ran into him.

He just did not expect that the day would truly come...

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slapped the weed doll. Immediately, it turned into a puff of black smoke before Qian Chen and disappeared with a bang. The moment it dissipated, Qian Chen instantly felt his body becoming warmer, though he did not know whether it was just a figment of his imagination.

His gaze when he looked towards Su Ming was filled with little amazement, because respect was the emotion that dominated his expression.

"You can go now. Without my word, don't come here," Su Ming said calmly.

Qian Chen quickly obeyed and left hastily.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 612 — Eleventh Knot! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 612 — Eleventh Knot!

Chapter 612: Eleventh Knot!

It was dark. The moon and stars shone brilliantly in the sky. There was no snow.

Perhaps it was due to the illumination from the moon, because the ground was silver, causing the night to no longer seem dark. When Su Ming lifted his head, he could see a faint light flickering on the double-story building at the upper half of the mountain.

Su Ming held a white strand of hair in his hand, and there were seven knots on it. When he averted his gaze from the double-story building, he looked towards the strand of hair on his hand, and his eyes sparkled.

He immediately started moving his hands. In an instant, he tied the eighth knot. At the moment it was formed, Su Ming's heart shuddered. He instantly felt a faint wave of power gathering on that knot, as if it was trying to struggle and fight against it.

At the same time, the white-haired old woman who had been waiting for over a month at the ground floor of the double-story building swiftly opened her eyes, and a strange light shone in them.

'You finally appeared!' She formed a seal with both her hands and pointed at the statue with one finger. Immediately, the female statue before her shone with a gentle light, and once it enveloped the old woman, she closed her eyes.

Right then, an illusory shadow appeared beyond the gentle screen of light and around the old woman within the building.

That illusion was of a white strand of hair. It circled the entire room, and as it went around, another knot appeared on it. An ancient presence spread out in all directions, and as the long strand of hair circled, knots were continuously formed on it, and the ancient, primitive presence grew stronger with each knot.

"I am your master. You must obey all of my words!"

An unclear voice reverberated in the room, or more accurately speaking, it echoed in the old woman's mind, causing her body to tremble. She continued changing the seals in her hands and directed the gentle light to fight against the knots in the hair that had appeared around her!

By then, there were eight knots. Each of them contained that ancient presence, causing the voice in the old woman's heart to feel as if it had Branded her soul, and it would not leave.

This scene could not be detected with any sort of divine sense, and if anyone pushed open the door to the tower at that moment, they would not be able to see the illusion of

that long strand of hair. They would only be able to see the old woman sitting alone in the building and meditating.

This was a battle of the mind, and it belonged to only Su Ming and the old woman!

At the same time the old woman started fighting against the knots in the strand of hair, Su Ming's heart shuddered, and the world around him started changing rapidly. Moments later, he saw a gigantic lotus before his eyes.

Faint mumbling sounds came from the lotus, uttering words that Su Ming could not hear clearly. A woman gradually walked towards him. Gentle light shone from her body, and when she walked over, he immediately recognized that she was the statue from the ground floor of the double-story building!

However, the woman before him looked as if she had been revived, and with a smile along with an air of holiness, she approached him slowly.

"My protector from my previous life, I've waited for you for many years... You're finally here." The woman's voice was soft and gentle, and there was an air within her words that shook Su Ming's soul.

"You once told me before you died that if time could turn back and if we could go back to the past, we would meet each other again... If you didn't remember me anymore... you would still want us to walk in the snow till our heads turned white."

The woman wore a long white robe, and when she arrived before Su Ming, she looked at him with a gentle look in her eyes and a holy expression on her face. Her beauty seemed to have turned into a radiance that made the world lose its color, and it seemed to have Branded itself in Su Ming's soul.

"Come with me... Let me help you release the seal in your memories..." The woman smiled gently and stretched out her hand before Su Ming, as if she was waiting for him to take hold of it.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the beautiful woman before him. She seemed somewhat familiar, but this sort of familiarity... was something Su Ming did not want!

When he looked towards her, he tied the ninth knot on the strand of white hair in his hand, all while having an aloof expression on his face!

At the instant the ninth knot appeared, grief immediately entered the woman's face. Tears fell from her eyes, and they landed on the lotus with a light patter.

With that sound, Su Ming's world was shattered, just like how that tear disintegrated...

At the same time, the ninth knot instantly appeared on the illusory strand of hair surrounding the old woman and the gentle light, and a layer of black smoke spread out. It charged towards the gentle light around the old woman, as if it wanted to rip it apart and rush into the old woman's body.

Her face turned pale. The seal in her hands changed once again, and she started mumbling under her breath, as if she was chanting. She even bit the tip of her tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood.

That blood instantly disappeared right after it left her mouth.

Soon after, the world that had shattered before Su Ming rearranged itself, but it had turned into another world, and it was dyed in the color of blood...

That blood red shade was not due to blood though, but the maple leaves that had filled the entire sky. They were crimson red, and as they floated down from the above, they drifted with the wind before slowly scattering on the ground.

Su Ming was sitting cross-legged, dressed in a brilliant, long red robe. Lying in his arms... was a woman of incomparable beauty. She was staring at him blankly, and blood was flowing from her mouth, but there was a beautiful and gentle smile on her lips.

She lifted a shivering hand and touched his face. The gentleness of her expression brought back the sense of familiarity to Su Ming, once he saw her. This time, it came charging towards him like an ocean in an attempt to drown him.

"Don't you remember...? You didn't manage to remember me in this lifetime... I will wait for you, and I will wait for us to meet in our next life. I will wait for you to remember me in our next life..."

As the woman spoke, her face gradually turned pale and her breathing slowly scattered. However, her gentleness was Branded into Su Ming's eyes, causing his heart to tremble.

"Kiss me..." The beautiful woman caressed Su Ming's face and uttered the final sentence in her life.

The familiarity in Su Ming's heart turned into a great wave of grief and pain at that moment, for the woman's voice gave him the feeling that he had lost his entire world. He shivered and dipped his head down, looking like he was about to kiss the woman's lips.

Yet right at the instant his lips were about to touch hers, Su Ming closed his eyes, and in his anguish, he spoke softly.

"I only want to use this place to restore my cultivation base and reach the Berserker Soul Realm... I don't have any intention of harming you. Once I leave, I will return to you your freedom... There is... no need for you to do this!

"You forced this familiarity onto me. This memory is also a part of your Soul Capturing Art." When Su Ming opened his eyes, clarity shone within them. At that moment, he tied the tenth knot on the strand of hair in his hand!

At the instant it appeared, the woman before him smiled brokenly and shattered along with the world.

At the same time, the old woman within the gentle light on the ground floor of the double-story building shivered. Her hair no longer remained white, but slowly turned black. The wrinkles on her face gradually faded away and were replaced with smooth, rosy-colored skin.

Her age also regressed, turning her from an old woman to a middle-aged one, and her appearance, too, changed into one of extreme beauty!

She also looked incredibly similar to the woman on the statue, besides her age. So similar, in fact... that they looked like the same person!

The gentle light around her was instantly devoured by the illusory strand of hair once the tenth knot appeared, and that hair charged towards the old woman before it surrounded her. A powerful will that she could not fight against crashed into her and turned into a mighty force of pressure within her soul at that instant!

"I am your master. My will is your will, and you must obey all of my words!"

The old woman shuddered again, and her appearance changed once more. Within an instant, she turned into a girl of twenty, and there was no longer any difference between her and that statue!

Her eyes flew open, and at the same moment a purple glare shone within them, the world that had shattered rearranged itself once more before Su Ming's eyes. He did not see the woman though.

He saw Dark Mountain, the familiar land of his hometown, the familiar voices, and the chimney smoke from his tribe in the morning!

He saw a man with long purple hair holding onto a long blade with an aloof expression on his face. He was walking towards Dark Mountain Tribe, and Su Ming could not see that figure's face. He could only see his back and his long hair dancing in the wind.

Screams of pain and shrill howls came from the men and the women in the tribe. Their faces were filled with despair and lament. Lei Chen shouted and demanded answers

from the man while tears fell from his eyes. Chen Xin was stunned. Bei Ling was filled with grief... and elder's face was pale. His eyes... were filled with sorrow.

Su Ming saw the entire tribe being killed by that purple-haired person within an instant. Lei Chen's head flew into the air and fell by Su Ming's feet. Bei Ling protected Chen Xin and was turned into dust. Tong Tong cried, and when the purple-haired person walked past the little girl, he seemed to hesitate for a moment before taking her life.

Everything turned into a mess before Su Ming's eyes, one covered in blood. He was stunned. He looked as if he had lost his right to speak, until he saw the purple-haired person turn his head to look at him.

Only then did Su Ming see that purple-haired person's cold face, and it was his own.

The man was still holding onto a bleeding human head, and when he looked towards Su Ming, he threw it at him. It landed before Su Ming, right beside Lei Chen's head. The hair on that head was white... and it belonged to his elder.

Even in the moment of death, he still kept his eyes open, and within them was anguish and regret. It made them look almost blank.

The purple-haired man walked towards Su Ming, and when he was right before him, he stabbed the blade in his hand into the ground. With an aloof expression, he tore his shirt open to reveal his chest.

"Kill me!" That was the two words this purple-haired man spoke since the start.

"Kill him... If you kill him, you can take revenge for Dark Mountain... Kill him, and you will be released from your pain... Kill him..."

A voice echoed in Su Ming's ears. He watched in silence, anguish slowly creeping onto his face. He grabbed the purple long blade before him and slowly lifted it from the ground. Then, he turned around and swiftly cut down the space behind him!

Right then, the entire world, along with the long blade in Su Ming's hand, shattered into pieces with a bang... The beautiful woman, who had appeared at some point behind him, also shattered when the blade cut through her, looking stunned even as she broke into pieces.

As the long blade and the world shattered, Su Ming's hands... tied the eleventh knot on that strand of hair!

"Knots are also disasters... I understand now," he mumbled.

Chapter 613: Meeting

The instant Su Ming tied the eleventh knot and the world before him shattered like a mirror and scattered onto the ground. Each of the shards contained the image of the woman looking at him in sorrow, her beautiful face gradually fading into the distance.

When the area beside Su Ming turned into white snow once again, and the low house as well as the weeds in the snow appeared... his field of vision returned to normal. He had returned to the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain.

At the same time, black smoke surrounded the double-story building at the upper middle section of Evil Spirit Sect. The old woman whose face had turned into that of a young woman was trembling at that moment, gritting her teeth while fighting back with a pale face.

Yet all of this changed completely the instant the eleventh knot formed on the illusory white strand of hair!

Its appearance caused the voice that was echoing in the woman's soul to instantly become several times louder, as if it had turned into some sort of law that was booming in the girl's soul. Eventually... that voice was Branded into her soul!

"I am your master. You must obey all of my words!"

The young woman shuddered and coughed up a mouthful of blood, and the black smoke around her swiftly charged into her body. In the blink of an eye, all of it disappeared into the young woman's body and vanished without a trace.

Soon after, the illusory strand of hair with the eleven knots dissipated, as if nothing had ever happened here. However, the young woman's pale face was a clear sign that what had happened just now was true.

'Just who is that person?!' The young woman closed her eyes. She had lost utterly and completely, in a battle of divine abilities in the area where she was the most skilled.

Right up till the end, she had not seen the person's face. The illusion she had forced on her opponent just now was due to her Art. If she had successfully caused him to be immersed in her Art, then she would have been able to see his face, and she could have turned the tables around and made him her slave!

But she failed... Anguish appeared on the young woman's face. She knew full well what those words that were Branded into her soul meant. At that moment, she could not do

anything to harm him. This was not a game of words. They were a surge that had Branded itself in her soul.

She knew that even though she did not know who that person was, he would come at some point.

This was a battle of Arts without any sort of physical clash. The battle between the young woman's Soul Capturing Art and Su Ming's Grass Knots Art had swept through their bodies and souls like a storm.

When the eleventh knot had appeared, that battle of Arts ended.

The result of this battle was not death, but a control over the loser's soul.

Su Ming opened his eyes, as he remained seated on the snow at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain. In his hands he held the white strand of hair. There were eleven knots on it, and he had twisted them around to form a small humanoid.

A hint of fatigue appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The battle of Arts just now was much more dangerous than he had imagined it might be. He had to admit, he had underestimated the old woman. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he had underestimated the young woman who had turned into that old woman.

'This person's Soul Capturing Art has already reached a level where it could affect memories... If she had been a little better with it, then the results of this battle would be harder to judge...'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He grabbed the weeds by his side and swiftly started weaving them into a small humanoid. After a moment, a weed doll appeared in his hand.

Within that doll was the white strand of hair with eleven knots tied to it.

Once Su Ming finished weaving, he took a look at the grass figure, and he could sense her presence through it.

'She hasn't lost her will. She just has to listen to the person holding onto the doll. This is something her soul cannot resist.'

Su Ming looked at the sky and put away the doll before he closed his eyes and started meditating to train. This was one of the few times when he cleared his mind and trained after coming to this spot. As of then, every part of his plan was ready, and he even had the most important key to launch it. Su Ming could finally calm his heart and wait for daylight to arrive while meditating.

The night passed by quickly. When the morning sun started shining and fell on the ground, it caused the snow to reflect its piercing rays of light, and at that moment, Su

Ming opened his eyes. He stood up and smoothed out his robes before he started walking into the distance at a moderate pace until he reached the administrative hall for the laborers.

He saw Qian Chen scolding a few laborers with a scathing tone as he pointed his finger at them. His spit flew everywhere, but the laborers, who had their heads dipped down, did not dare move away, and could only voice their acquiescence.

The difference between Qian Chen's current smug expression was too great compared to how he had behaved previously with Su Ming. Su Ming cast him a glance and let out a dry cough.

When that cough reached Qian Chen's ears, his scolding came to an abrupt halt. He shuddered, and then turned his head around. Once he saw Su Ming, he put on an obsequious expression on his face without a single moment of hesitation and quickly ran over. Once he stopped before him, he looked as if he was about to kneel down and worship him.

"Greetings, senior brother Chen. Senior brother, do you need anything? You can just tell me, and it doesn't matter whether it is possible for me to do it, I will not back down and will complete your request!"

His attitude immediately made the laborers that were scolded widen their eyes, and dumbfounded expressions appeared on their faces.

"Give me a plate to head to the Outer Sect," Su Ming said flatly. He wanted this plate because the number of restrictions increased the further he headed up Evil Spirit Sect. Even though it was not impossible for him to head up without a plate, but if he had it, it would be much easier for him.

Once Qian Chen heard his words, he immediately patted his chest and brought out a blue plate from his bosom, which he handed to Su Ming respectfully.

"Senior brother Chen, this plate might only be blue, but it is the plate with the highest authority in the laborers' lodge. With this plate, you can even head to the Inner Sect... but you will be stopped at the mountain gate leading to the Inner Sect. You will only be able to go in when the people from the Inner Sect summon you."

Su Ming received the plate and gave Qian Chen a nod.

The man's spirits were instantly lifted. Su Ming's nod was the greatest acknowledgment to him, and it made him feel quite excited.

Su Ming no longer paid anymore attention to Qian Chen. He took the plate, turned around, and left.

Even after Su Ming left into the distance, Qian Chen continued standing in his spot respectfully for some time, to send him off, before turning around with a brilliant smile. He waved his hand at the laborers, and it was clear that he had decided to let them off because his mood had become much better.

Su Ming walked up the stairs leading to Evil Spirit Mountain. There were statues erected on the sides, and vengeful souls surrounded them, but they did not dare approach. Su Ming walked up the stairs. He did not choose to secretly move during the night, but had instead chosen to move in the morning.

Due to the blue plate, all the hidden seals were released as the blue plate shone. Su Ming moved past them with ease as he walked forward, and when he arrived at the alley leading to Conscience Interrogation Hall, which was the double-story building, he was blocked off by two Outer Sect disciples standing there.

These two disciples' faces were apathetic and their eyes were cold, as if there was not a hint of emotion present within them. They were staring at Su Ming at that moment without a single word as they blocked his path.

With a cool look on his face, he threw the blue plate in his hand towards these two.

"Chen Su, from the foot of the mountain. I've come on orders from Conscience Interrogation Hall."

One of the two indifferent Outer Sect disciples received the plate and cast Su Ming a glance with a frown on his face. He had not received any orders about anyone coming up from the foot of the mountain, but once he cast a glance at the blue plate, he turned around and headed to Conscience Interrogation Hall without a single word.

The young woman was meditating silently with a sullen face within the double-story building at the moment. She had originally thought the person would arrive the previous night, but she had seen no traces of him even after waiting for an entire night. It was bright by then. She believed that the person would be wary, and would only appear at night.

Just as she was feeling frustrated and annoyed, she lifted her head with a frown on her face and looked outside the building.

After a moment, a respectful voice traveled into the building.

"Hall Master, a disciple from the foot of the mountain by the name of Chen Su is seeking audience."

The young woman was feeling incredibly frustrated. Once she heard Chen Su's name, the dumb looking boy from a few months ago appeared in her head. She had paid no attention to him once she sent him away, and now that she heard the Outer Sect

disciple's words, she learned that he had been sent to the laborer's lodge. The young woman did not think too much about it and immediately shouted at the disciple.

"Why are you asking me for permission when a laborer asked for an audience?! If several dozens of laborers ask for an audience, are you going to come and ask several dozens of times?!"

An awkward look immediately replaced the indifferent expression on the disciple's face outside the building. There was also a hint of wariness in it. He quickly knelt on the ground and voiced his acquiescence while hate burned in his heart towards Su Ming. Once he got up, he was prepared to leave and return to teach that nobody a lesson when the young woman's voice suddenly came from the tower again.

"Wait, did he say why he's seeking an audience?"

A thought suddenly took shape in the young woman's heart. She had a feeling that it was a little too ridiculous and inconceivable, but she still instinctively threw that question to the disciple.

"Hall Master, that person said he came here on your orders, or else I wouldn't have come and asked you about it..." The Evil Spirit Sect disciple sounded as if he was wronged.

A glint swiftly appeared in the woman's eyes, and after a brief period of silence, she spoke.

"Bring him here!"

The Evil Spirit Sect disciple was momentarily stunned. He might not understand what was going on, but he did not dare show it on his face. He was also beginning to feel uncertain about Su Ming, so he put away the idea of revenge and swiftly walked towards the mountain gate leading to Conscience Interrogation Hall.

Before long, under his guidance, Su Ming appeared in this place once again. He remained as cool as a cucumber all along the way and looked at the plants that still lived despite it being winter, sensing the thick power of the world in this place. When he arrived outside the double-story building, the Evil Spirit Sect disciple hesitated for a moment before he took a few steps backwards and stopped there.

"You may leave now," the young woman's voice said from the double-story building. Its voice was incredibly cold, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciple immediately voiced his obedience once he heard her words and lowered his head before he quickly left.

Once he left, only Su Ming and the young woman remained in the area.

"When have I ever sent you an order to see me?!" After a moment, an impatient and cold harrumph traveled out of the double-story building.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and once he cast a glance at the building, he spoke unhurriedly.

"Why are you still not greeting me even after you saw me?"

Once those words were said, they reached the young woman's ears and brought her such a shock that she felt as if the world had shattered!

Chapter 614: The Berserkers' Disaster!

"You!"

The young woman in the double-storey building opened her eyes swiftly and disbelief showed on her face. She even stood up, and with one swift move, she appeared outside the building.

She stared at Su Ming, and the shock in her eyes could not be concealed. She had absolutely not expected that the person who had caused her utter downfall would truly be this boy called Chen Su!

She had even personally taken action a few months ago to check whether he had any connection to Zhao Chong's death, but she had found nothing. This boy was incredibly normal and had ordinary potential. There had been no ripples of power that signified any sort of cultivation base either.

Yet now... When this boy stood before her, she came to a sudden realization that she had already lost to this boy several months ago...

But she still could not believe that this was real. She had wondered who the owner of the voice that had Branded itself into her soul could possibly be. To her, there was a high chance that it belonged to an old monster or a person she was familiar with in the Sect intentionally changing his or her own voice while attacking her.

She had thought about many people, but had completely overlooked this Chen Su. This was a person that was completely out of her expectations!

At that moment, she was looking at him blankly. This person appeared to be twelve or thirteen years old, but the ancient look and calmness on his face, his words, and his actions were definitely not something a boy could have.

"Who... are you?!" The young woman's breathing quickened. She only managed to recover from her shock after a long time had passed, and once she did, she looked at Su Ming with a complicated look on her face.

"Chen Su," Su Ming answered slowly.

"You killed Zhao Chong!" The woman's expression turned even more complicated.

Su Ming gave her a faint smile. He did not admit to it, but neither did he deny it.

Due to his silence, the young woman also fell silent, causing the area to turn much quieter. Only the light rustles of the wind could be heard echoing in the air, and after a long while, the woman let out a bitter smile and bowed to Su Ming respectfully.

"Greetings, master..."

"What is your name?" Su Ming asked calmly.

"Bao Qiu..."

The young woman sighed in her heart. Once she answered his question, her appearance gradually changed into the old woman's appearance, which she had used previously. She no longer needed to test him for anything. Every single word this person spoke brought forth a feeling of absolute obedience from the depths of her soul, and she had a feeling that she had to tell him the truth. It made her understand that besides this Chen Su, there was no one else who could have possibly fought against her the previous night.

"Bao Qiu, I will not enslave you for the rest of your life..."

Su Ming looked at the old woman and did not show any hint of emotion towards the change in her appearance. It was as if it did not matter to him whether the person before him was an old woman or a beautiful young one. To him, it was all the same.

"The power of the world here is thick, and I want to use this place to recover. It won't take me long. Once I leave, I will return you your freedom." After speaking, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the old woman and walked towards the building.

He entered the house and gave an order from inside, "I'm currently a laborer at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain, but I want to stay at your place for a long period of time. Make arrangements for this."

Bao Qiu remained silent for a moment, then nodded. This was an incredibly easy task for her. She only needed to say that she wanted Chen Su as her laborer, and no one would suspect anything.

Su Ming stood at the ground floor of the building and looked at the lotus as well as the female statue sitting on it. As he continued watching it, the scenes he saw in the illusion surfaced in his head. In the end, he shook his head and headed to the first floor. This was clearly a woman's room, and it was filled with a faint fragrance. Su Ming sat down there and closed his eyes before immersing himself in his meditation.

As he circulated his cultivation base, the dense power of the world around him swiftly gathered, and he started absorbing it slowly. At the same time he used it to heal his wounds, he also began walking down the path to restore his cultivation base to the pinnacle of his condition.

Days went by, and everything concerning Su Ming working as a laborer at the foot of Evil Spirit Mountain did not bring up any form of attention due to Bao Qiu. People only knew that Conscience Interrogation Hall's Lady Bao Qiu had asked for a laborer, and no one would pay too much attention to this sort of trivial matter.

Only Qian Chen would occasionally sigh deeply in his heart.

As time continued trickling away, winter too, gradually passed. The competition held among Evil Spirit Sect's Outer Sect and Inner Sect had both long since ended.

The disciples started preparing and training for next year's competition.

Su Ming found his rare, hard-earned peace. No one came to bother him, and he could calm his heart down to train. Besides, there was also someone outside who was specifically tasked with protecting him, and he also had plenty of medicinal cores and herbs to help him. As long as he made the request, Bao Qiu would be forced to fulfill it, even though her heart would continuously ache in pain for having to hand him all those things.

Gradually, as months went by and the rainy season arrived, Bao Qiu realized something about Su Ming that made her heart tremble from shock.

She remembered clearly that she had sensed no form of danger from Su Ming half a year ago despite being unable to sense the waves of power from his cultivation base. He had just been like a bowl of still, clear water.

However, as these six months went by, he started giving her the feeling that he was much different compared to the past. Although he was still just meditating calmly and Bao Qiu still could not tell his level of cultivation despite having the power equivalent to a Berserker at the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the moment Su Ming opened his eyes, he would always cause her heart to tremble and chills to run through every single part of her body. She would feel as if she was surrounded by death, and even if the Brand in her soul did not exist, he would still only need a single thought, and she would die before him.

This feeling would only appear for an instant, and it would only reveal itself at the moment Su Ming woke up after a long period of meditation. Yet that feeling that made Bao Qiu tremble as it manifested itself was like a nebulous fog that surrounded her heart, and she could not see through it clearly.

This was not the first time she tried guessing just what stage or realm this boy before her would reach once his cultivation base recovered completely... In fact, she could not even tell whether this person was an Immortal, a Berserker, or a Berserker who had changed his blood to practice the ways of Immortals... As time passed and as those instances became more common, she began to grow deeply respectful towards Su Ming, and the amount of respect she had for him was practically at the same level as the respect she held for Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder.

Over the past six months, Su Ming would not say anything except for his requests. He had placed all his mind and soul on recovering from his injuries. The power of the world here was always rushing over at a maddening pace, as if this place was a gigantic vacuum that was absorbing all the power of the world from Evil Spirit Sect.

If Su Ming had been anywhere else, he would have definitely been unable to last for so long, because the other powerful warriors from Evil Spirit Sect would have come searching for him a long time ago. Yet he did not need to worry when he was here. Even if someone came asking, Bao Qiu would be able to block off all of these people by just saying that she had entered isolation, and she would be able to erase all their suspicions.

During the past six months, Su Ming's cultivation base recovered at an incredibly quick pace, and with the aid of the medicinal cores he obtained from Bao Qiu, it had recovered to eight-tenths!

With this much of his cultivation base restored, he already had the power to fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. In fact, once he recovered those eight-tenths of his cultivation base, Su Ming discovered, slightly to his shock, that he had actually reached the peak of his condition when he initially fought against Di Tian all those years ago!

Yet at that moment his peak in the past was only eight-tenths of his current cultivation base. This clear increase in power lifted Su Ming's spirits even more.

He was also quite pleased with Bao Qiu. This woman had obeyed every single one of his orders and had never bothered him when he was in isolation. She would always choose to stay at the ground floor every single time he entered isolation.

Su Ming had been able to tell early on that Bao Qiu and Zhao Chong were different. This woman was not a Berserker who had changed her blood inheritance, because she was never a Berserker, but an Immortal!

'At most, with just another two years, I'll be able to reach the pinnacle of my condition, and that peak will be a state which I've never managed to reach before... With the power I'll have then, I will reach the Berserker Soul Realm and manifest my own statue of the God of Berserkers. Then, the possibility for me to jump past the initial and middle stage and head straight to the latter stage of the Berserker Soul Realm will be incredibly high. In fact, I might even be able to reach great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm...

'At that time I will aim for taking that very first step in Life Cultivation, and from then onwards, I will become a Life Cultivator in this world!' Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Over the past six months, he had consumed far too many medicinal cores, and all of them came from Bao Qiu.

At that moment, just as he was about to close his eyes and immerse himself in his meditation, his gaze suddenly fell on the stairs. Soon after, the sounds of footsteps reached his ears, and Bao Qiu appeared before him with her beautiful appearance of a young woman, which was a rare sight, since she preferred remaining as an old woman. She walked towards him slowly and placed two medicinal core bottles before him.

She hesitated for a moment, as if she wanted to say something, but in the midst of her hesitation, he had already closed his eyes. Bao Qiu turned around quietly. Just as she was about to leave, Su Ming spoke behind her.

"What is it? Just tell me."

Bao Qiu stopped moving, then turned around and looked towards him.

"I'd like to keep some medicinal cores for myself..."

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards Bao Qiu.

"There are three months before the Berserkers' Disaster arrives. All the members of the sect are in danger, and they won't be able to help me. I can only rely on myself to get through this... If I succeed, then I will be able to stay in the land of the Berserkers for another fifty years, but if I fail... then my existence will be wiped off.

"I've been training and accumulating a large amount of medicinal cores for the past few years. I originally wanted to refine and create a clone to die in my place... but now, I won't be able to create that clone. I'm preparing to use the final three months to stabilize my cultivation base and take a chance to fight against it...

"Evil Spirit Sect will send a Celestial Maiden to help us resist the Berserkers' Disaster at that time, but even if the Celestial Maiden is around, it doesn't mean that we will be completely safe. The risk is incredibly great, so I hope you will allow me to do so, master."

Su Ming focused his gaze on her.

"Berserkers' Disaster? Celestial Maiden?"

Bao Qiu was momentarily stunned. Once she cast a glance at him, a strange glow suddenly appeared in her eyes.

"You're a Berserker!"

Bao Qiu's heart raced for a while. When she looked at Su Ming, her heart descended into greater shock. She had always wondered about his origins, and now she had at least one clue about his background.

"You don't know about this, but all the Immortals who descended in the land of the Berserkers along with the Berserkers who changed their blood inheritance have to face a disaster, and that disaster comes from the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel!

"Originally, all the Immortals who show power that goes past the limit set here will make the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel appear... but with Sir Ji An's divine ability, he changed the laws for the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel's appearance, making it descend once every fifty years. It will last for an entire day, and it will annihilate all the people who show the presence of Immortals on this day.

"Our supreme Sir Ji An of Evil Sect have also ordered that all those who descended to this land must reveal our power on that day to bring the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel on ourselves. This is a cruel and brutal trial for us!"

Chapter 615: The Disaster Arrives!

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever. He only narrowed his eyes slightly, and the memory of when Hong Luo controlled his body all those years ago to fight against that person from Hidden Dragon Sect surfaced in his head.

In that battle, the one who killed that cultivator from Hidden Dragon Sect was not Hong Luo, but the terrifying halberd that had appeared in the sky. Its appearance had put all the Immortals of the entire South Morning in fear and awe, causing them to find their breathing still during that instant.

That halberd was the Berserker's Sacred Vessel in the Land of South Morning!

Ever since Su Ming came to Eastern Wastelands and learned about Evil Spirit Sect, there had always been a question lingering in his heart. At that moment, he understood.

Yet once he understood this matter, he remembered Di Tian. The man's clone had been completely unbothered by the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, but he had not chosen to destroy it, and it was clear that there was something about that halberd that made him wary.

However, that Ji An from Evil Spirit Sect actually had the ability to change the law governing the arrival of the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in Eastern Wastelands. The strength of that ability might be even greater than what was required to destroy it, and the difficulty of doing so might also be even greater than destroying it.

But the Sacred Vessel was still around. Once Su Ming thought of Di Tian's actions and linked them to this matter, he suddenly had a strong hunch that there must be some sort of secret contained within the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, which was why the Immortals did not dare to destroy it...

'That Ji An sure is bold. He actually had the guts to turn the Sacred Vessel's arrival once every fifty years into a trial for the successor disciples in Evil Sect, so only the ones worthy would survive...'

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he had understood many things. He also remembered that the title of Celestial Maiden was not limited to one person, but was a title shared among many!

This group of people existed in each Sect, and their duty was to help their people who descended to the land, covering the Berserkers' sky so that they could hide away their presences, but, clearly, the Celestial Maiden's use in Evil Sect was not such.

Su Ming cast Bao Qiu a glance before he asked slowly, "How confident are you in living through this?"

"I was originally certain that seven times out of ten I'd live... After all, I won't be the only one resisting the Berserkers' Disaster. There are quite a large number of people in the sect who will be fighting against it, and as long as I can withstand one blow from it, I will be able to make it... Besides, I would have a clone serving as my scapegoat. I wanted to use the its death and the injuries I would suffer to live through this disaster.

"But now... my chances have dropped to three out of ten." Bao Qiu remained composed, as if she was not talking about her own death.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence before he cast Bao Qiu a glance, and then he smiled.

"You can just ask for my help if you want it. There's no need to beat around the bush."

Bao Qiu's face turned slightly red, but it quickly faded away. She did not speak, because she did indeed require his help, or else, she would be wiped away, and similarly, Su Ming would no longer be able to train in peace.

This thought had begun bubbling in her head a few months ago, when she first discovered just how terrifying Su Ming was, and since she was not trying to harm him, she did not go against the restrictions placed on her soul.

She had restored her original, beautiful appearance before she came here to lay the groundwork for the things she just said as well...

"Three months later, I will help you once during the Berserkers' Disaster. Treat it as a compensation for keeping your soul in custody, using your place to train, and using up your medicinal cores. After that, you and I will no longer owe each other anything." Su Ming closed his eyes.

A hint of joy appeared on Bao Qiu's face. Once she got up, she wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards Su Ming before leaving the first floor of the building to return to the ground floor. She sat down cross-legged there, and as unknown thoughts ran in her head, she closed her eyes and started meditating after some time.

Su Ming's training did not stop because of this. He already had an idea of how he would help Bao Qiu, and he also wanted to use this chance to see whether his guess was correct.

'If my guess is correct, then I will have to ask her about it later...' Su Ming no longer thought about this and placed all his attention on restoring his cultivation base.

All his flesh, blood, and bones had turned into those belonging to a true Berserker, and his cultivation base had also returned to the pinnacle of his previous power all those years ago. As time passed and as his cultivation started recovering bit by bit, he gradually discovered that besides his flesh, blood, and bones, the extra two-tenths of his cultivation base had been absorbed by his brain...

Perhaps more accurately speaking, the thing that had absorbed those two-tenths of power was his soul!

Once Su Ming discovered this phenomenon, his heart trembled. He had a faint feeling that once his lost cultivation base was fully recovered, the increase of those last two-tenths would become the key in him successfully reaching the Berserker Soul Realm!

All of this made him think about the xun song that had echoed in his ears before he fell unconscious after his battle with Di Tian...

One month, two months...

Two months later, as Su Ming's cultivation base recovered and slowly increased, his soul gradually fell into a state as if he was asleep. He was immersed in a feeling he could not describe.

It was as if he was being nourished...

When another twenty something days passed and there were only three days left before the Berserkers' Disaster arrived, Bao Qiu slowly walked up to the first floor of the building and appeared before Su Ming.

She looked quite calm and did not have the pale look born of despair of someone who only had three days left. She cast Su Ming a glance and sat down before him quietly. She, who had resumed her appearance of a young woman, had a sacred beauty about her. She looked at the sky beyond the building quietly and waited for Su Ming to wake up.

Even after associating with him for most of the year, she still felt that there was a layer of mystery surrounding this boy before her. At that moment, she turned her eye away from the window, and her gaze fell on his body once again.

As she continued watching him, she suddenly found that this Chen Su seemed to be a little different than before.

He seemed... to have grown a little.

He no longer looked as if he was just twelve or thirteen years old, but appeared to be about fourteen or fifteen. When he closed his eyes, there was still a hint of youthfulness to his face, but she would never forget the ancient look in his eyes that made her feel as if she was looking at time itself when he shifted his gaze to her. There was a hint of grief contained within that ancient look, and when the sun began setting, it would show faintly and indistinctly in the red glow of dusk.

'Just what sort of secrets does he carry...? Just who is he? He's definitely not Chen Su. What is his name? Where did he come from...? He's powerful, so he shouldn't be some random nobody... What sort of person would be able to injure him so badly...?' These sort of questions had been rising nonstop in Bao Qiu's heart during most of the past year.

She started becoming curious about this boy.

It was especially so when the black shade in his hair started gradually fading away to show faint traces of white and purple.

The mixed shades in his hair did not give him an unkempt look, but instead gave him a dangerous air, causing it to be possible for others to look past the boy's physical age, and then, they would be able to see a young man's pragmatism and hardened will.

Bao Qiu propped up her chin on her hand and continued watching him just like that, as if she had forgotten about her imminent death three days later. When the last rays of light faded away outside, darkness arrived, then it went away and daylight came once again. Even then, Su Ming continued meditating, and Bao Qiu continued watching him.

When noon went by and dusk shone through the window once again, landing on both their bodies, Su Ming opened his eyes.

At the instant he did so, he saw Bao Qiu looking at him fixedly. He saw the red rays of the setting sun shining on her face, bringing to light an unparalleled sight.

The woman in the scene had a head filled with black hair, and she wore a pink dress. She had her chin resting on her hands, and her eyelashes were incredibly long... Her eyes sparkled as she looked at him.

Even the fine hairs of her face could be seen under the rays of the setting sun. Her gradually reddening skin was hidden under the sunlight, and no one could see it clearly.

"I'm looking at you because of the Brand you left in my soul. It'll make me subconsciously attracted to you, and I will feel a sense of cordiality towards you.

"Once the Brand goes away, all of these will no longer appear, and everything will return to normal. Don't misunderstand." Bao Qiu did not avoid Su Ming's gaze. She looked at him and spoke as calmly as she possibly could.

Su Ming smiled faintly and did not speak.

"It's your problem if you misunderstand, though. It has nothing to do with me. I hope you'll keep to your promise, and once your cultivation base is fully restored, you will return me my freedom!" Bao Qiu's heart raced, but she kept a straight face and made sure she spoke without emotion. However, even when the red glow of the setting sun moved away, her face was still rather red.

"Honestly, I quite like your current appearance. You look much better like this than as an old woman," Su Ming said with a smile. There was no underlying meaning contained within his words. He was merely stating the truth.

But when it fell into Bao Qiu's ears, the meaning of his words became slightly different.

She glared at him, but the cordiality within her soul and the inability to resist him made her expression turn gentle. She still did not move her gaze away and continued looking straight into his eyes.

Time continued flowing just like this. When darkness arrived in the world outside and midnight crept up on them to announce the near arrival of the third day, Su Ming started feeling a little awkward.

He might have gone through many things, but he had never met a woman like Bao Qiu who would stare at him so intently, and it was not just for a moment. She was staring at him for an incredibly long time...

With a dry cough, Su Ming decided to close his eyes and continue meditating.

Soon, midnight arrived, and the instant it was about to leave, Bao Qiu averted her gaze and looked towards the dark sky outside the window.

At that moment, there were a dozen something other people from Evil Spirit Sect who were also looking at the sky. They were all sitting quietly in their houses and staring up ahead.

Right then, within the everlasting black smoke at the top of Evil Spirit Mountain was a middle-aged man sitting inside a gloomy temple that worshipped a few indistinct statues. The man wore a long blue robe, and he was the strongest warrior within Evil Spirit Sect - the Grand Sect Elder, Shen Dong!

That black smoke came from him, and it was a symbol of his power, which was the equivalent of a Berserker who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, the Immortals' Ascendant Stage!

"Fifty years... How quick..."

His voice was hoarse. As he spoke in an unhurried tone, he lifted his head and looked at the sky. At that moment, a powerful cultivation base that could only belong to those in Ascendant erupted from his body!

At the same time, all the dozen something people in Evil Spirit Sect, including Bao Qiu, started releasing their presence from their locations, and those were the presences of all the Immortals who had descended to this place!

The Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance also released the ripples of their power, perhaps in fear, in silence, in arrogance, or in grief, causing the presences of all the outsiders in Evil Spirit Sect to surge into the sky during that instant!

Chapter 616: Mountain River, Yellow Sand!

Evil Spirit Sect was not the only sect that reacted this way. At that moment, on Eastern Wastelands, Evil Dust Sect and Evil Lust Sect also acted in this manner. They, too, spread out their presences as outsiders and had it move the sky.

It was as if they were afraid that the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel might not detect them. As their presences caused the clouds and wind in the sky to move, the weather in the entire Eastern Wastelands changed, and thunder rumbled loudly in the world.

As the world changed, Evil Immortal Sect, which was the core of the entire Evil Sect and was located to the East of Eastern Wastelands, also had numerous powerful presences surge into the sky.

"What is the Evil Sect? When all the others in all directions cower before the Berserkers' Disaster, only we of Evil Sect will stand and fight against it courageously!

"Now, we will let all of those around us see what they do not dare do. We of the Evil Sect... will not only do it, we will also stand against it! We are already here in the land of the Berserkers, so why should we be afraid of that Berserkers' Disaster and hide from it?! If that's the case, it'd have been better not to have come in the first place!"

A ghastly voice spread out from Evil Immortal Sect and reverberated in the area, turning into a thunderous rumble that spread through all the Evil Sects within Eastern Wastelands!

The other four locations of the continent were a huge contrast to the east of Eastern Wastelands. It did not matter whether it was the Great Leaf Immortal Sect where Di Tian was or the other Immortal Sects, all of them did not dare reveal their presences. It was clear that they wanted to avoid this particular day that came once every fifty years until the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel fell asleep once again.

Perhaps their choice was correct and Evil Sect's actions were mad, but this alone was enough to show just how different their beliefs were!

One of them would fight against the Berserkers' Disaster head on, and the others would watch it with ghastly eyes, and after they avoided it, they would show their fangs!

Just like a fierce tiger and a pack of wolves!

When a fierce tiger ran into an enemy, it would usually lunge on that enemy with all its strength and would rarely retreat! However, when a pack of wolves ran into an enemy, they would usually linger around in the area, and even their occasional attacks would be filled with dark, sinister intentions.

Almost at the same time the four Evil Sects released their presences, a sudden, loud sound that shook the sky and earth suddenly rang out, and a gigantic crack swiftly tore through the sky!

It was as if there was a sharp edge residing in the sky that could tear through everything. That sharp edge cut open the sky, revealing a huge crack that was a hundred something feet long!

When anyone lifted their heads, the crack above would remind them of a scar which wanted to rip open the sky completely.

A great, mighty pressure descended with a loud rumble from the crack to the land. That pressure swept through the continent and covered the entire Eastern Wastelands in an instant!

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He lifted his head and looked at the crack in the sky. He could sense the pressure's existence and even its strength. It... had already surpassed the might of South Morning's Sacred Vessel - the halberd! But Su Ming did not feel too much fear towards this pressure, because his entire body was that of a true Berserker!

However, Bao Qiu was different. She was trembling by his side and her face instantly turned pale.

She did not belong to the land of the Berserkers; she was an outsider. At that moment, as she felt the pressure spreading out from the crack in the sky, her heart instantly started trembling. A huge wave of terror rose within her, and she could do nothing about it. It was as if a mountain that should never have crumbled had just shattered, and it was collapsing right on top of her.

She could not put up too much of a fight under this pressure, as if everything had been predestined. She was fated to be crushed to death by Eastern Wasteland's Sacred Vessel!

'It had only just showed the beginnings of its might, and it's already so powerful... But the Evil Sect members who have descended in this place must have a way to resist this pressure, or else they would have died much earlier when this Sacred Vessel first descended.

'That Ji An from Evil Sect won't be asking the others from Evil Sect to go through this trial either.' Su Ming's face remained as calm as ever. He did not help Bao Qiu just yet.

The woman right now was swiftly forming seals with her hands, as she trembled. Gradually, a holy light spread through her body.

Su Ming stopped meditating and stood up. The power of the world in this place had started becoming chaotic due to the changes outside, and it was no longer suitable for training purposes. Once Su Ming stood up, he walked to the window and lifted his head to look at the sky. He narrowed his eyes.

He could vaguely sense that once the crack in the sky appeared, the spiritual aura in the entire mountain started flowing backwards, inside it, as if it was being absorbed.

The mountain was not the only one affected. More accurately speaking, the entire Eastern Wastelands was affected. An endless amount of spiritual aura was charging

towards the sky like invisible, surging clouds. They were devoured by that crack, as if the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel needed this vast amount of spiritual aura to rouse from its sleep.

Su Ming stood still and watched silently.

Bao Qiu was still trembling as she sat behind him, and it was obvious that she was resisting against that might with everything she had!

Time slowly passed, and the power of that pressure grew stronger. In the end, it became so strong that it almost felt like it had gained corporeal form, causing the sky to be distorted in Su Ming's eyes. It also became indistinct for a brief instant.

Suddenly, a sound that reminded people of something having struck another thing, which might have been gold, rang out clearly and echoed for a long time. It spread through the whole Eastern Wastelands.

It was difficult for anyone to determine swiftly what sort of sound that was. Almost the moment it reverberated in the air, Bao Qiu's body froze, and blood flowed out from the corners of her mouth. Her face turned even paler, and as she moved her hands, she quickly tapped a few parts of her body in succession. Only then did she manage to stabilize her cultivation base, which had been thrown in chaos due to that sound.

The entire Evil Spirit Sect was in a state of dead silence at that moment. When the sound rang out, many of the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance coughed up blood, and some of them even fell unconscious while trembling.

Only the pureblood Immortals who had descended into this land gritted their teeth and persevered, resisting in different manners according to the different levels of cultivation they had.

Shen Dong, the middle-aged Grand Sect Elder in that blue long robe meditating in the black smoke at the top of Evil Spirit Mountain, remained as calm as ever. There was not a hint of change in his expression. It was as if that sound that made many people's hearts tremble was nothing special to him.

Similar events were happening in all four Evil Sects in Eastern Wastelands. All the Immortals who had descended in the land and all the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance resisted the pressure. Perhaps the latter ones had done so to survive, perhaps they were pursuing strength, or perhaps they had done so for other reasons, but in the end, they had changed their blood inheritance so that they could practice Evil Sect's Arts, and the price they had to pay for this was also incredibly huge!

The price was that they no longer had the right to call themselves Berserkers, and even in Evil Sect, they were degraded to secondary humans. But the price was especially great during the Berserkers' Disaster that would appear once every fifty years. The

pressure they had to suffer was far greater than the one felt by those who had descended to the land of Berserkers.

It was as if the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel harbored incredible hatred towards these sort of people. Every single time the Berserkers' Disaster arrived, a large amount of these half Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance would die because of it.

Besides Evil Sect, the striking sound also spread through the entire Eastern Wastelands and into the other Immortal sects. However, due to them hiding themselves, they did not suffer too much damage. Nonetheless, the impact of that sound to their hearts had caused their impression towards the mysteries and magnificence of the Berserkers to increase every fifty years.

Mumbling could be heard in the sects that were not fighting against the pressure like Evil Sect. All of these voices belonged to women, and as they spread out in those indistinct mumbles, a layer of blood-red light covered those sects.

These blood-red screens of light looked would cover the Berserkers' sky, making it difficult for the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky to search for traces of Immortals. The blood-red screen was a necessary item for all the Immortal sects that had descended to the land of the Berserkers.

This was the Celestial Maidens' divine ability, and also their function!

Eight women in white could be seen within those sects that had descended. All of these women were incredibly beautiful, without exception. At that moment, all of them had closed their eyes and spread out their arms wide open. Before each one was a small red bottle, and within them were drops of extremely valuable blood.

The entire reason behind why they could cover the Berserkers' sky was this blood!

Celestial Maidens were the only ones that could bring out some of the power within that blood and cover the sky. They were the only ones who could do this, no one else.

There was also a Celestial Maiden in Evil Sect, but she was not tasked to cover the Berserkers' sky. Instead, she had another purpose due to Ji An's request. At that moment, as that sound in the sky faded away, the second strike followed soon after. It spread out with a loud bang, and it sounded as if it was incredibly close to the ground. Waves of dark light were spreading out from the crack in the sky, and as it shone, it was as if there was something that was slowly revealing itself from inside!

The second bell chime caused the Immortals who had descended from Evil Sect to tremble even more. As Bao Qiu formed a seal with her hands, she pointed forward, and immediately, an illusion appeared before her. It was a statue, and it was the exact same one as the one on the ground floor!

Once the statue appeared, Bao Qiu's face gained a little color and she looked a little better, but almost in an instant, the third, fourth, and fifth bell chimes traveled forth from the sky, with loud, rumbling sounds.

At the instant they reverberated through the air, the dark light from the huge crack in the sky became much stronger and illuminated the ground, causing the entire sky to look as if it had been enveloped by that light. The crack and the blue light could no longer be seen due to it. The only thing that could be glimpsed was a circular-shaped thing slowly descending from the sky under that layer of dark light!

That was... a monstrously huge bell. It might seem round, but that was just the edge of the bell. As it descended and Su Ming saw its full form, a loud hum started in his head. He took a step forward, and if he had not instinctively controlled himself, he would have walked out of the tower!

'Han Mountain Bell!'

Su Ming widened his eyes, and disbelief could be seen on his face. His breathing quickened in an instant. The Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky was incredibly similar to Han Mountain Bell!

However, there were also differences between them, and it was that the picture of the Nine-Headed Dragon was absent from the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel in the sky!

Instead, it had an endless mountain river covering half of the bell... and the other half was a desert of golden sand!

Chapter 617: Living Through the Disaster!

"Great Eastern Wasteland Desert Bell... This is Eastern Wastelands' Sacred Vessel, your people's vessel..." Bao Qiu hoarse voice reached Su Ming's ears from behind in bits and pieces.

Her voice was incredibly weak. The illusory statue before her was also trembling faintly at the moment, as if the bell's appearance had brought such a pressure on it that it would crumble at any moment.

Su Ming's breathing quickened slightly, and he only managed to calm it down after some time. He had his gaze trained on the huge Eastern Wastelands Bell in the sky, and his eyes were burning with a strong flame!

He finally knew just what it was - that sound that seemed as if something had struck another thing that might be gold. That was... a bell chime that came from the bell in the crack, but due to the crack cutting off its sound and the spiritual aura from the world surging into the crack continuously, the bell chime sounded as if it had changed.

But once he thought about it, that sound was clearly a bell chime!

Almost at the moment Eastern Wastelands Bell descended from the sky, eight women dressed in white appeared within each of the Evil Sects in Eastern Wastelands!

It was the same for Evil Spirit Sect. Eight women dressed in white floated into the sky, and judging by their expressions, they seemed to not be too affected by the pressure created by Eastern Wastelands Bell!

These eight women were all incredibly beautiful, and there was an indescribable presence surrounding them at the moment. They were floating in the sky, and all of them had a small red bottle before them.

A drop of fresh blood swiftly flew out from each of the eight bottles, and these eight drops imprinted themselves on the center of these women's brows. It looked as though someone had painted a vermilion mark between their brows. At the instant that happened, the eight women closed their eyes, and a piercing blood-red light burst forth from their bodies.

Their white robes seemed to have been dyed in blood under that light. As it filled the air, it completely enveloped Evil Spirit Mountain, but it was not used to cover the Berserkers' Sky and stop the Eastern Wasteland Bell from detecting the presences of the Immortals who had descended here. The red light was instead used to allow the Sacred Vessel to use its power on these people based on their different levels of cultivation and their limits.

It could be said that the blood-red light was a filter. Each time it changed, it would hide away all the other people's presences and only reveal one person's, so that he or she would be able to have a chance to resist the might of Han Mountain Bell alone!

That blood-red light could also change all the presences of those who had revealed their power within it, causing them to be weaker than their true level of cultivation. With this method, the people could go through what could only be considered as a true trial!

Because the divine ability of Eastern Wastelands Bells would release its power based on the different levels of cultivation it detected. It would not waste even a single bit of its power, neither would it release less than what it required.

Yet even so, this Eastern Wastelands Bell was definitely not an ordinary treasure. This was the Sacred Vessel left behind by the first God of Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands, the priceless treasure used to protect the Berserkers!

It had with it a strike that possessed the power to destroy everything. It did not matter what level of cultivation its enemy possessed, it would bring forth a power that was the exact same as its enemy's level of cultivation, but if its enemy was in a particular level of cultivation, then the bell would show the strongest amount of power possible within that Stage, and it would be so great that it could destroy all those within that same Stage!

Yet even though Evil Sect had already made such preparations and the Berserkers' Disaster would fall on them once every fifty years, there would still be some who would die under Eastern Wastelands Bell!

This sort of indirect control over Eastern Wastelands Bell and change towards the function of the Celestial Maidens was created by Ji An, the strongest in Evil Sect. This method might be crazy and dangerous, but it could make all those within Evil Sect to not want to waste even a single moment of their time and train in a frenzy so that they could fight against the other Immortal sects, because they could use Enchanted Treasures when they fought against the Berserkers' Disaster.

The blood-red screen of light that had been altered by Ji An spread out over all four Evil Sects at that instant, and immediately the first person was chosen to go through the trial from the Berserkers' Disaster, and he was the strongest person in the sect - the Grand Sect Elder Shen Dong!

Su Ming stared at the blood-red screen of light with bright, sparkling eyes. He was looking at the eight women and the blood-red bottles before them. In the midst of his silence, a hint of complicated feelings could be seen on his face.

He remembered the dazed Celestial Maiden that was residing in his storage bag at that moment...

A cold harrumph came from the top of Evil Spirit Mountain. Bao Qiu finally relaxed under the blood-red screen of light, as if all pressure on her had disappeared, but her expression turned even graver, and a deep anxiety could be detected in her bearing. With a pale face, she looked towards Su Ming's back.

She knew that the true trial was about to start!

The blood-red screen of light caused the person who let out that cold harrumph to be the only person who had his presence revealed. A strong, mighty power erupted forth swiftly at that instant, and it was a wave of power that could shake the sky and earth. It caused Su Ming's pupils to shrink, and he lifted his head to look towards that direction.

He saw that black smoke rising into the sky. At that moment, it turned into a gigantic shadow. It was about ten thousand feet tall, and its entire body was a little indistinct, as if it would scatter away if wind blew on it, but the truth was that no matter how strong the wind, it would not be able to blow apart that shadow. This was, of course, unless it was a gust of wind brought forth by someone with a level of cultivation that surpassed those

who had reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm or were above the Immortals who had reached Ascendancy.

The shadow seemed like a man, but due to its indistinct appearance, its face could not be seen clearly. However, the presence spreading out from that shadow caused Su Ming's pupils to shrink.

The feeling he gained from this person's level of cultivation was similar to the one when he faced off against Si Ma Xin after he had inherited the legacy from the second God of Berserkers and had mastered his numerous divine abilities!

Right at that moment, the illusory shadow seeped through the blood-red screen of light, and at the instant he revealed itself in the world, the Eastern Wastelands Bell let out a deafening chime in the sky. That bell did not even cast any sort of divine ability as that chime echoed in the air. It only used its gigantic body and pressed down on the ground.

The bell descended ten feet, and as it sank, a wave that looked like ripples spread out throughout the land. The ground let out a loud bang, and even Evil Spirit Mountain trembled because of it. A large amount of crushed stones fell from the mountain, and cracks appeared on the ground that started spreading rapidly in all directions.

At the same time, the huge, indistinct figure lifted its arms, as if it wanted to push against the sky so that it could hold up the pressure and resist the power of Eastern Wastelands Bell.

A low roar reverberated in the air, and it sounded as if someone had been holding onto their breath for a long time before finally letting it out. As that sound spread out like the muffled roars of thunder, the indistinct figure looked as if it could no longer bear with the pressure. Its arms exploded with a bang, as if they could no longer handle the pressure, and right before Su Ming's eyes, its body shattered completely like a broken bottle as that roar continued echoing in the air.

However, as it broke down, another person could be seen within the crumbling black shadow. It was a middle-aged man dressed in a blue robe with rather long hair. There was an eerie glint in the man's eyes as he shouted at the sky.

"Is this the limit of the power for late Ascendant Stage?! It's still not enough to destroy me!" The middle-aged man was naturally Shen Dong. As he spoke, he flew up and charged towards the bell!

'He's at the equivalent of great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm... the great circle of the Immortal's Ascendant Stage!' Su Ming's eyes sparkled as these thoughts echoed in his heart while he looked at Shen Dong's figure.

'But the presence he showed is not that of a person who has reached the great circle. It's instead at a level below that. He's just showing the power for Late Ascendant Stage. This should be related to the Celestial Maidens' screen of light...'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He could already guess the method Evil Sect used to resist the Berserkers' Disaster, and from this, he could also guess that the bell was displaying the limit of the power for a single Stage.

As he sank into his thoughts, he lifted his head and watched with sparkling eyes as Shen Dong got increasingly closer to Eastern Wastelands Bell in the sky. At the instant he was about to close in on it, a wave of ripples appeared from the Sacred Vessel, and that wave turned into an illusory river flowing down a mountain!

At first glance, that river and mountain still were clearly illusions, but they quickly gained physical form, so it soon looked as if there was a river and a mountain in the sky!

The mountain and river were, naturally, the things carved on the bell, and its original form was nine mountains, nine rivers, and nine deserts!

At that moment, what had appeared in midair was a mountain and a river, but no desert! At the instant the mountain and river appeared, Su Ming immediately saw Shen Dong's expression turning incredibly grave. When the river descended, it looked as if it had turned into a long dragon. Sweeping down, it charged towards Shen Dong. At the same time, the mountain let out a loud bang and warped above Shen Dong, crushing down on him.

This might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, only the span of a few breaths had passed since the mountain and river appeared. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the mountain and river disappeared, and Shen Dong coughed up a large mouthful of blood, but he retreated with a loud laugh.

The eight Celestial Maidens changed their footsteps, and the blood-red screen of light over Evil Spirit Sect immediately changed and covered Shen Dong's presence before revealing the wave of power from another person. The appearance of the Berserkers' Disaster in Eastern Wastelands on different individuals made Su Ming see the Immortals and the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance appear one by one, as the blood-red screen of light changed each time. The people revealed would either make it through the attack successfully... or die in the process.

Shrill screams of pain echoed in the air...

"This is the ninth person..." Bao Qiu said from behind Su Ming. With a pale face, she looked at the sky outside the window.

Su Ming did not speak. Sorrow gradually appeared on his face. He was not sad for the Immortals who descended to this land or the Berserkers who had changed their blood

inheritance. He was sad for the persistence of Eastern Wastelands' Sacred Vessel, which had not changed since ancient times...

Even if that persistence was being used by Evil Sect in this time and age for it to become the Berserkers' Disaster that served as a trial for the people in its sect, it still did not change.

Su Ming watched Eastern Wastelands Bell trying to kill all the outsiders, who had revealed themselves by spreading the presence of their cultivation base, and bringing its might on them to fulfill its mission on this day that would only come once every fifty years. He saw its persistence, despite knowing that it would be increasingly more difficult as time passed.

Su Ming closed his eyes. Soon after, a cold chill suddenly surrounded the building where he was. At the same time, the Berserkers' Disaster for Bao Qiu arrived!

A powerful pressure swiftly descended on the building and landed on Bao Qiu's body. She shivered and gritted her teeth to resist it.

Su Ming still stood with his eyes closed.

Chapter 618: Obtaining the Seal!

'Would I have the right to become its master...?' This thought appeared in Su Ming's heart.

Eastern Wastelands Bell. It was the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, and was also the treasure left behind by the first God of Berserkers as a blessing for his descendants, one used as an item to intimidate all outsiders... It was the treasure that made even Di Tian, who had sent two of his clones to the place, and Ji An from Evil Sect, to only be able to change the laws governing the treasure's descent, not daring to destroy it! Perhaps they could not even destroy it!

'That one mountain and river is equivalent to the limit of a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. If it would bring out all nine mountains, rivers, and deserts, then what level of cultivation would the wave of power that would erupt forth show...?'

Su Ming opened his eyes. Bao Qiu was trembling behind him. There was struggle on her face, and the seals on her hands were continuously changing, as she was gritting her teeth tightly. She did not ask for Su Ming to take action.

As the blood-red screen of light completely exposed the building, Bao Qiu's presence and power as an outsider showed up clearly under Eastern Wastelands Bell.

Her wave of power was between the Immortals' Soul Transformation and Soul Formation. At that moment, as the waves of her power were revealed, Eastern Wastelands Bell descended on her swiftly. The entire building shook. The illusory shadow of the female statue before Bao Qiu immediately crumbled and exploded into pieces. She coughed up a mouthful of blood, and as her face turned pale, she looked as if she was being flattened and would shatter at any moment.

Eastern Wastelands Bell descended another five feet, and it was like a great, heavy force suddenly appearing on a drowning person, as if it wanted to drag him into the depths of the water. It caused despair to appear in Bao Qiu's eyes.

As Eastern Wastelands Bell descended, the faint, illusory shadow of a bell could be seen falling on the young woman. At that moment, it had already landed on the building. It seeped through the walls, and began fulfilling its mission to kill all outsiders.

Su Ming sighed softly and turned around. At the instant the illusory bell seeped through the building and descended on Bao Qiu's jugular notch, he took a step forward. Right at that moment, he lifted his right hand to gently lift the incoming illusory bell that was descending on her!

With it, a shudder racked Su Ming's entire body, but his expression remained as calm as ever. The illusory bell no longer sank down and remained on his right hand. It was forcefully stopped in its tracks.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's right hand touched the illusory bell, Eastern Wastelands Bell let out a long bell chime in the sky. At the same time, a powerful will instantly descended on Su Ming's heart.

The will did not speak, but instead exuded a cold and ancient air. Once it scanned Su Ming's body, it returned to the sky, back to where Eastern Wastelands Bell was. Soon after, an even greater pressure descended once again, as if it wanted to move past Su Ming and crush Bao Qiu to her death.

A mountain appeared in the sky up ahead!

That mountain was a hundred thousand feet tall and towered in the clouds despite being a mere illusion. At the instant it appeared, all those who were watching in Evil Spirit Sect immediately sported changes to their expressions. Shen Dong's eyes also shone with a glint.

Up to now, only Shen Dong alone had been able to make a mountain and river show up on from the Eastern Wastelands Bell during the Berserkers' Disaster. All of the others

did not have the right for the bell to react this way, because the pressure as it descended alone was enough to kill them.

"Bao Qiu..." Shen Dong mumbled softly.

The mountain occupied almost half the sky once it appeared. It was green, and as a large amount of life force filled the area, it swiftly descended on the building that protruded from the blood-red screen of light!

Bao Qiu was beside Su Ming, and at that moment, she widened her eyes. She could sense the power of that mountain in the sky. This was something she had never expected to see - a mountain manifesting when she went through the Berserkers' Disaster!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He suddenly realized that his previous train of thought had been wrong!

Once the Eastern Wastelands Bell retrieved its will from his body and the mountain manifested in the air, he found that it was not aimed towards Bao Qiu... but towards him!

A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's face. Once he understood this, he looked at the descending illusory mountain once again, and he could tell with just one glance that it did not harbor true killing intent towards him!

It would be difficult for anyone else to discover this, unless they were directly involved in this like Su Ming and had the exact same analysis and judgments as he did. Everyone else, they would only see the Berserkers' Disaster descending on the building.

'You, who do not harbor any killing intent towards me, what is with the mountain that appeared because of me and now it descending towards me... If you're not intending to wipe away my existence, then you must surely... be a trial!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. And at the same time, the smile on his face grew, for within his eyes was a hint of respect.

Contrary to other people's feelings towards Eastern Wastelands Bell, he had been sad because of what he saw and respected the Sacred Vessel's persistence, due to his familiarity with Han Mountain Bell... Even if it was only a treasure, Su Ming still respected it!

As the power of that one mountain descended, Su Ming lifted his right hand. He swept his thumb across his index finger, and a thin wound immediately appeared, blood flowing out of it to dye Su Ming's right index finger red. When he lifted his head, he could sense that the power of that one mountain was getting closer, and Bao Qiu was

shivering even more violently. At that moment, he pressed his bloody index finger on Bao Qiu's fair forehead.

He left a mark of blood at the center of her brows!

It was like a symbol. At the instant he smeared the blood on her forehead, Bao Qiu was left completely stunned, because she realized that when the blood appeared on her forehead, she could no longer feel any sort of pressure on her!

It was as if she had been placed outside the pressure, as if she had been overlooked by Eastern Wastelands Bell, let off by the Berserkers' Disaster!

This scene caused Bao Qiu's heart to race. With shock in her heart, she looked towards Su Ming. She had a dumbfounded expression on her face, and there was a huge storm raging in her heart. The various questions that rose within her caused her breathing to instantly quicken.

It was difficult for her to understand how Su Ming could make the Berserkers' Disaster let her go by just smearing his blood at the center of her brows.

She could also not understand how he did it. Just who was he? What level of cultivation did he have? Where did he come from?

And what sort of connection did he have with that Eastern Wastelands Bell?

She could already guess that there was some sort of huge secret contained within this, though she was uncertain as to what that secret was. Then, as if she remembered something, her eyes went wide and she stared at Su Ming blankly. Disbelief and dazed confusion appeared on her face.

A loud bang reverberated in the world. As all the people from Evil Spirit Sect watched, the mountain that appeared seeped through the double-story building and descended within. Everyone, including Shen Dong, did not think that there might be another person in Bao Qiu's house.

To them, Bao Qiu was the one fighting against the power of the manifested mountain at that moment.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand, as his long hair danced in the air and his robes fluttered. He looked at the illusory shadow of the green mountain with a fixed stare as it came charging towards him as if it wanted to crush his soul, and the moment it came close, he pushed his hand swiftly up!

A muffled bang reverberated in the air once he pushed against the mountain. That bang spread out like a ripple and echoed through the entire Evil Spirit Mountain, but that

sound could not be heard with human ears. It could only be sensed with the soul. It was a sound only for the soul.

All those who heard that it would be dazed for different amounts of time, even Shen Dong. That sound echoed in their heads and refused to leave even after a long period of time has passed.

At that moment, Bao Qiu saw something, and it would become something she would never forget. It would even be carved into her soul to become an eternal memory.

She saw Su Ming smiling!

At the instant he touched the illusory mountain with his right hand, another illusory item appeared around him, and that was... another bell!

It manifested around Su Ming and enveloped him completely. She could see a faint figure of a nine-headed beast on the illusory bell. The pictures of mountains, rivers, and deserts might not be carved there, but the bell around Su Ming caused Bao Qiu shock once she saw it. She even had a feeling as if she saw the Eastern Wastelands Bell itself.

The sound that could only be heard with the soul and would cause others to be dazed had spread out after the power from the mountain clashed with this illusory bell!

Bao Qiu bit her bottom lip when she saw no form of killing intent or pressure bursting forth when that power from the mountain crashed into the illusory bell around Su Ming. Instead, that power dissipated as if it had melted, and then it surged into the illusory bell around the teenage boy.

When the power of the mountain completely dissipated and fused into Han Mountain Bell... a mountain that towered in the clouds appeared on the surface of Su Ming's bell besides the Nine-Headed Dragon!

"Thine appearance befits the laws left by mine master, Lie Shan Xiu. When the outsiders occupy our land of the Berserkers... I shalt bring down the Eastern Wastelands Tower... It has ninety-nine layers, and if anyone reaches the top, he shalt be my new master... He shalt also receive Lie Shan Xiu's epiphany towards all worlds, and the person shalt understand Life..."

"Thine power is not enough to withstand my power... I shalt grant thee the seal of one mountain, and with it... thou shalt obtain the right to enter Eastern Wastelands Tower... and activate the Blood Trail Path."

"Thou art the first to obtain the seal of the mountain... When Eastern Wastelands Tower appeareth, twenty six others shalt receive the right to enter after you in succession..."

A cold and ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's head. When it spoke, a focused look swiftly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After a moment, the voice disappeared, and as the blood-red screen of light changed, the double-story building was instantly concealed within it. The one that was exposed outside was another person from Evil Spirit Sect who was using this Berserkers' Disaster to train.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. Even though the voice in his head vanished, but the meaning behind its words was enough for him to mull over for some time.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... By the looks of it, this tower will only be allowed to descend once certain requirements are fulfilled. Besides the outsiders occupying the land of the Berserkers, the other requirement is for me to appear.

'Lie Shan Xiu...'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Bao Qiu was staring at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression at that moment, and respect gradually appeared on her face. It did not matter whether it was born from the master servant connection linking her to him or due to other reasons, all races would always respect the strong. That was an eternal law that would never change in all worlds no matter how they had developed.

"Thank you, master." Bao Qiu got up, then wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

Chapter 619: Vicious!

Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts, and he did not pay any attention to Bao Qiu.

After some time, she straightened up and meekly stood by the side. Occasionally, her gaze would land on Su Ming, and gradually, a hint of curiosity... and complication appeared on her face.

She had never expected to meet this person here...

In truth, at the moment the Berserkers' Disaster disappeared from her when Su Ming smeared that drop of blood at the center of her brows, she had been shocked, but at the same time, she recalled someone...

She had absolutely not expected that they would meet in such a manner... and he would become her master.

Time trickled by. The area outside the tower was silent, but the pressure and the bell chimes continued outside. When the sky gradually turned dark and midnight eventually arrived, more than thirty people had died under that Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Sect!

Most of these people were Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance. These people had betrayed the Berserkers and their ancestors for all sorts of reasons by changing their blood inheritance to practice Evil Arts.

Eastern Wastelands Bell did not just appear above Evil Spirit Sect on that day. Its body had remained above Evil Lust Sect, Evil Dust Sect, and Evil Immortal Sect as well.

In fact, the bell had also descended on some of the Immortals who did not belong to any of the sects in the land who had accidentally revealed their power on the ground. They were then killed by the Eastern Wastelands Bell that appeared right above them at the moment they revealed their presence.

When midnight was about to arrive and there were no longer any Immortals who had to go through the Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Sect, the blood-red screen of light covered the entire place, as if it had shrouded the Eastern Wastelands Bell's eyes so that it could not see the waves of power from the outsiders, causing it to only be able to slowly fade away during the last moments of that one day. Now it could only wait for another fifty years... to appear once again.

As time passed, a brilliant glare slowly appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a few steps forward, to move beside the window, and watched the dark sky outside to wait for a scene that might appear once dawn was over.

'Based on what that voice said, this Eastern Wastelands Tower...' While Su Ming was in deep thought, dawn arrived!

On that day, the dawn was a scene that was incredibly difficult for all of those in Eastern Wastelands to forget. It would forever be carved into their memories, and they would never be able to chase it away!

The Immortal sects as well as those from the Evil Sect which had descended on Eastern Wastelands had been waiting for one thing for a long time, but it had never appeared. But on that day, it arrived!

Ji An from Evil Sect had used a large amount of his power without holding back to change the laws governing the descent of Eastern Wastelands Bell because he was also hoping for this one thing to arrive. However, no one knew just what sort of requirement was needed for that one thing they desired to show up.

All the Immortal Sects as well as Di Tian's clone knew that one of the requirements for that thing to appear was that there must be enough outsiders in the land of Berserkers.

However, as years went by and as more outsiders landed on Eastern Wastelands... the thing they desired still did not appear... because of that, they reached a unanimous, unplanned agreement, and all of them executed a wide scale plan that required them to use up a large amount of their power and divine abilities, and had even made them give up an unimaginable price...

...to make Eastern Wastelands ram into South Morning!

Since they had no idea how to make that thing appear, they could only fumble around for clues and try out everything that might possibly be the other requirement and hopefully fulfill it.

The crash between Eastern Wastelands and South Morning might be a unanimous but unplanned idea, yet Evil Sect and all the other Immortal Sets had also used their own methods to search for the best in divination and had them predict the requirement for that thing's appearance.

It was the reason behind the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands!

Because while the predicted results Evil Sect and all the other Immortal Sects gained were different, the meaning between them was incredibly similar. The crash between two continents would bring forth the key for the appearance of that thing.

But no one knew what that key was.

However, no matter what, the first Berserkers' Disaster post-crash was the critical moment to check whether this key had truly appeared, and if it truly happened, then it would mean that the Immortals' prediction was a success.

If it did not happen, then they would continue trying other methods, and that thing would surely appear eventually.

Because the key might have appeared in this Berserkers' Disaster to bring forth that thing, that was why all the Immortal sects that had descended to this place used everything in their disposal and even the power of their sects to have their best prodigies descend in the land of the Berserkers.

Like... Beiling, Chenxin, Chenchong, Sikong... and also Bifeng from Eastern Wasteland's Evil Sect... along with Ye Wang from Justice Heaven Dao. These prodigies all descended to this place, and their trial would start once this thing appeared!

In fact, they had been sent out to search for the sealed limbs of the second God of Berserkers in South Morning and Eastern Wastelands because their sects believed that perhaps one of the requirements for this thing was connected to the second God of Berserkers.

This was a thing that was highly desired by all the Immortals that descended on Eastern Wastelands, and it was also something that they had tried to reach with various methods for many years but never succeeded.

This thing was connected to the first God of Berserkers!

As the Immortals that descended in the land of the Berserkers continuously occupied the Berserkers' territory, as they slowly unveiled the mysteries among the Berserkers that had made them respect this race so much in the past, and as they continued understanding and digging through their secrets, the Immortals gradually learned of a secret.

There was a tower in Eastern Wastelands, and it went by the name of Eastern Wastelands Tower. There were ninety-nine layers to this tower, and whoever reached its final layer would receive the first God of Berserkers' epiphany towards World Planes... and Plane Kalpa.

Perhaps the epiphany towards World Planes could not attract the attention of the few truly powerful warriors among the Immortals... but it was different for Plane Kalpa. This was the source they dreamed of tapping, and if they could gain that epiphany, then it would serve as a great help towards the breakthrough in their level of cultivation.

The first God of Berserkers' priceless treasure was left in that tower, along with his divine abilities and Arts. All of these things were enough to tempt the Immortals' hearts, and once they were certain of this, they desired the Eastern Wastelands Tower.

More importantly, once they finished analysing all the clues they had in their possession, they believed that there was a great secret hidden within the final layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower!

This secret... was related to Great Yu Barren Cauldron!

It was the clue that would lead them to the strongest treasure among the Berserkers!

This treasure was also related to an order that had come from Sacred Morning Dao World's Morning Dao Planet and had spread through the entire Sacred World in ancient times!

"All cultivators of Sacred Morning Dao World, you are to search for the Cauldron of Dao's Roots, also known as Great Yu Barren Cauldron... I, Dao Chen Yi Bo, shall give the person who will find this cauldron my inheritance, and he shall also be the sovereign of Sacred Morning Dao World!"

Su Ming did not know about any of these, but it did not stop him from standing beside the window of the building and looking at the night as he waited... for the scene spoken by that voice to appear.

At that moment, he was not the only one acting this way. As one of the people who knew about this secret since he was the Grand Sect Elder of Evil Spirit Sect, Shen Dong too looked at the sky and waited.

'Let's hope it works this time... The mystery of the land of the Berserkers caused those truly powerful old monsters to be unable to have their true bodies descend in this place, and even Sir Ji An can only have his clone down here to oversee things... I... might have a chance to bring a great contribution to the sect!'

It was the same situation in Evil Dust Sect and Evil Lust Sect. The Grand Sect Elders in those two sects and all those who knew about this secret were all looking at the sky anxiously.

Evil Sects were not the only ones that acted this way. Di Tian's clone was standing in his courtyard silently within Great Leaf Immortal Sect as he looked at the sky. His face was cold and aloof, but a brilliant light could be seen shining within his eyes.

Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao also had their own sects in Eastern Wastelands, and those who knew of the secret in those sects were all acting in the same manner. They were all looking at the sky in anxiety and anticipation, because they had already given up too much to make this Eastern Wastelands Tower appear.

Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You's expressions were different as they stood beside Sky Mist's ancestor. They were both looking at the night silently. Tian Lan You's face was icy cold, like ice that would never melt. As for Tian Lan Meng, there was a constant, complicated look on her face. She seemed rather dejected, as if there were many things troubling her.

At the instant dawn was over, suddenly, the expressions of all the people looking at the sky from all the different parts of Eastern Wastelands immediately changed.

The long crack in the sky did not close up and vanish as it did fifty years ago. Instead, brilliant rays of light came from within! They instantly illuminated the entire sky above Eastern Wastelands, and not a single dark spot could be seen!

Loud, booming sounds echoed in the air, and the crack in the sky swiftly widened. When it started spreading outwards, a gigantic object descended from inside.

It was like there was a gigantic rock that caused the crack to be unable to withstand its size. Once it was torn apart, it crumbled, turning into a gigantic pit that was several hundreds of thousands of feet wide!

Once that pit appeared, the gigantic object lowered itself, and it was the base of an immense tower that was octagonal in shape!

With a loud bang, the entire land trembled, and the gigantic tower swiftly landed on the ground. There were originally a mountain underneath, but it was too feeble and could not withstand the force of the landing. It shattered into pieces, allowing the tower to stand erect on the ground in a stable manner!

Its height... was endless. The part that was revealed between the ground and the sky was just a part of it. The other half was still in that pit high above!

This was a gigantic tower that could stun all those who saw it!

"The Eastern Wastelands Tower has appeared... from now onwards... I will give you a thousand days to fight for the remaining twenty-six spots in the tower... A thousand days later, you will all offer your sacrifices to make the blood-red light from the Eastern Wastelands Tower shine past ten million lis... The twenty-six people who will offer the largest amount of Immortal souls will earn the right to enter the tower.

"If the sacrifices offered are not enough to make the light from the Eastern Wastelands Tower shine past ten million lis, the tower will not open.

"Within this tower lies my priceless treasure, my divine abilities, my Arts, and my medicinal cores, and they can all be used by Berserkers and Immortals. It also contains my epiphany towards the World Planes and the enlightenment of the Plane Kalpa I gained after gathering all the understanding I have towards all worlds, as well as half of the cultivation I gained over half my life...

"Within this tower also lies... the clue to Great Yu Barren Cauldron, the greatest treasure of the Berserkers, which is also the treasure I had snatched from Dao Chen! I swear by my Life that you will be able to find the Great Barren Cauldron with this clue!"

Su Ming's heart trembled. As he looked at the sky, that unique voice rang in his ears once again. There was arrogance in that voice, along with a hint of wildness.

'The first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu... What a vicious man...'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath.

Chapter 620: Confidence

That first God of Berserkers was indeed vicious. Eastern Wastelands Tower's appearance, the ninety-nine layers, and the priceless treasure at the top were enough to tempt all Immortals and Berserkers!

The twenty-six slots to the tower could incite a bloody massacre, and to prevent any sort of situation that was out of the God of Berserker's control, such as these twenty-six people working together to determine the ranks on their own in secret, the God of Berserkers had added that the blood-colored light must span a distance of ten million li.

Because of that, what he would bring would no longer be just a bloody massacre, but genocide!

If too little Immortal blood was spilled, no one would be able to step into Eastern Wastelands Tower. If they did not have the right to enter the tower, then they would be unable to receive the great serendipity! That was why Su Ming had sensed Lie Shan Xiu's viciousness when he heard his voice reverberated in the air!

Similarly, it would make all the Immortals who heard it desire that treasure deeply, but at the same time, they would also feel a deep chill run through their bodies.

It was not as if no one had ever wondered whether those treasures truly existed in Eastern Wastelands Tower, but most of the people who were skilled in divination had predicted this to be true after all the descended Immortals from the sects came to them!

With Lie Shan Xiu's status as the first God of Berserkers and his level of cultivation, he would definitely not lie about this. This was something that the Immortals had to admit, even though they harbored a deep grudge towards him.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the dark sky and closed his eyes.

'The first God of Berserkers' Eastern Wastelands Tower is not a trap but a blatant attack... Di Tian's clone and Evil Sect's Ji An will definitely be able to tell that this is a plan to force them to kill each other.

'They will need a sufficient amount of Immortal souls, and if... any Berserker will want to obtain this right, they will also have to fight for it with everything they have... It would have been better if there was just one person fighting for it, but there are plenty of tribes and even clans like Freezing Sky Clan in the land of Berserkers.

'These clans will be even crazier over the first God of Berserkers' legacy...

'What a plan. Not only did he just make the Immortals fight among themselves, he also made the Berserkers rise to fight and kill those Immortals so that they could gain a chance to obtain a great serendipity...

'In fact... there will be situations where people will band together. During these thousand days, the Eastern Wastelands will be drenched in blood...' Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant glint appeared in his eyes.

'Chaos is about to arrive...' Su Ming waved his arm and took a few steps backwards before he sitting down cross-legged on the ground. He could feel danger in the air, and he needed to recover his cultivation base as quickly as possible, for only then could he obtain his place in the soon to be very chaotic Eastern Wastelands.

'Twenty-six slots... There should be twenty-seven, but the others... don't know about my slot!'

Bao Qiu had already cleared her heart, as she remained by his side. When she looked at him, there was respect and a hint of something else in her gaze.

"Master, don't worry. I won't tell anyone about what happened today. If you have nothing else to ask of me, then I will take my leave. My sect members will be coming continuously to learn the reason why that mountain descended just now."

Bao Qiu bent her body slightly in a bow towards Su Ming. With her beautiful head lowered, she walked backwards to leave the first floor of the building so that she could return to the ground floor.

Just as she was about to leave, Su Ming's gaze landed on her, and despite him seeing her beautiful face and alluring body, his face was as calm as still water.

"My blood helped you avoid the Berserkers' Disaster. What are your thoughts on this?"

Bao Qiu froze and a light shudder ran through her body. She lifted her head and looked at Su Ming. There was a slight hint of pity, confusion, and sentiment on her face. All these expressions fused together into an extremely complicated look on her countenance.

"I thought of nothing..." Bao Qiu dipped her head down, as if she did not dare to look him into eyes as she spoke softly.

"Have you ever met Destiny before?" Su Ming suddenly asked, looking straight at the young woman.

Once Bao Qiu heard the word 'Destiny', she shuddered again, and she instinctively took a few steps back. Her face instantly turned pale.

"I've never seen him, never heard about him... Master, please don't force me to say anything about Destiny. Every Immortal who descends to the land of Berserkers has to swear an oath, and if we say anything about Destiny, we will be punished... We will also get our families in the land of Immortals in trouble." Bao Qiu lifted her head and looked at Su Ming with a plea for mercy in her eyes.

He remained silent for a moment. Fatigue appeared on his face and he closed his eyes, no longer interrogating her about this matter.

What would he be able to do if he learned about Destiny, anyway? What could he do even after proving his own guesses correct? He would still be in Yin Death Region, and he would still not know where his memories lay. He would still not know where the girl who had called him her big brother was.

'In the end, I still need to be the one... who tears through this layer of mystery. One of these days, I will break this sky and walk out of this world!

'That day is already not too far away.' At the instant Su Ming closed his eyes, he said these words to himself quietly.

Bao Qiu left. After the Berserkers' Disaster, Evil Spirit Sect returned to its usual activities. Quite a large number of sect members came to visit Bao Qiu and asked about the mountain descending for her. None of these people noticed Su Ming's presence, not even the Grand Sect Elder Shen Dong. If Su Ming wanted to hide himself from him, it would be very difficult for the man to find him within a short period of time.

All the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands might seem as if they were in peace after the Berserkers' Disaster, for they acted as if it had never happened, but the gigantic pit in the sky, the flattened mountain range, and the tall Eastern Wastelands Tower at the center of the continent were a stark reminder that all of it had indeed happened!

Perhaps some people had investigated the tower in secret. Su Ming did not know what results they had obtained, but he did discover some minor changes within Evil Spirit Sect after a month had passed since the Berserkers' Disaster.

A large number of people in isolation had chosen to egress. Occasionally, mighty waves of power would appear on the mountain. None of the Outer Sect disciples dared to leave the mountain, and a large number of those who had left for training earlier were swiftly returning to their sect every single day, as if they had been summoned back.

A monstrously huge mountain protection Rune gradually enveloped Evil Spirit Mountain. At the same time it sealed off the mountain, a large amount of power of the world was sucked into the place, causing the place to look as if fog had surrounded it.

In fact, some of the Outer Sect disciples who had been driven to the foot of the mountain as punishment had been summoned back. They returned to their original positions and started making preparations in secret.

A tense atmosphere surrounded the entire Evil Spirit Sect. Su Ming was not unfamiliar with it. These people... were preparing for war!

Bao Qiu would deliver medicinal cores every single day to him, and the quality of those cores was becoming better. From the bits and pieces of the things she told him when she came, Su Ming knew clearly that what he had sensed was not incorrect. They were

indeed preparing for war. All of this was due to an order sent by Evil Immortal Sect three days after the Berserkers' Disaster.

That order was filled with a clear, bloodthirsty air, and there were only two sentences contained within it.

"Prepare for war. Get ready to fight!"

During that month, the recovery of Su Ming's cultivation base had sped up due to the medicinal cores. By his calculations, if this continued, then with just another month, a nine-tenths of his cultivation base would have recovered, and half a year later, he would be back at his full power. He then would reach a pinnacle of strength he had never achieved before.

At that time, he would be able to attempt breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm. If he succeeded, then he would be able to overlook all those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

This was his confidence!

'Half a year is a little too long... It would have been fine if everything was going on as usual, but now, there's a thousand days limit set for the Eastern Wastelands Tower, and because of that, I need to reach the Berserker Soul Realm as soon as possible. Looks like I'll have to go out and test the Secret Art I inherited from Hong Luo. Fortunately, my cultivation base is mostly recovered and I will be able to cast it somewhat. There might be some drawbacks, but I'll have to do this.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... will not activate if that blood-colored light doesn't reach ten million li, but judging from the first God of Berserkers' words, this restriction is set for the twenty-six slots... He didn't mention me.

'If I have the chance, I should go and check whether it restriction on me as well. If I don't...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he continued immersing himself in his training.

In the blink of an eye, another half a month went by. On this day during noon, Su Ming's eyes flew open while he was seated. A brilliant flash shone briefly in his eyes and he lifted his head. With a gaze as if he could see through walls, he looked at the sky beyond the building.

Three long arcs were charging towards the mountain protection Rune around Evil Spirit Sect. They traveled side by side and looked as if they were shooting stars that were surrounded by black fog. As piercing whistles rang in the air, the three long arcs closed in on the mountain protection Rune, and with a flash of black, they shot through and appeared within Evil Spirit Sect.

Their appearance immediately caught all the people's attention, who fixed their gazes on the trio.

"By the orders of Sir Ji An, Shen Dong of Evil Spirit Sect come forth and receive the declaration!"

Almost at the moment those words left their mouths, an eerie voice traveled forth from the black smoke rising into the sky in Evil Spirit Mountain.

"I, Shen Dong, greet the three Evil Sect messengers."

The trio immediately wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the black smoke, from which came Shen Dong's voice. The person in the lead brought out a jade slip, and once he crushed it, an illusionary shadow immediately appeared before him as the air distorted.

The shadow's face could not be seen clearly, and only a black robe could be glimpsed on his body, which also covered his head and face. A cold and sinister presence immediately spread out, instantly enveloping the whole Evil Spirit Sect, which caused all the people's hearts to tremble. They lowered their heads and prostrated themselves on the ground in worship.

As that cold presence filled the air, the sky, too, immediately darkened, as if a layer of fog had covered it so that the people could not see it clearly.

"Shen Dong." A deep voice traveled out from that shadow. There was not a hint of emotion that could be detected from those words, and all those who heard them felt a chill filling their bodies.

"Bring the Evil Spirit Sect and trample Thousand River Valley. Your goal is one of the branches of Hidden Dragon Sect located there... You have ten days, and your mission is to kill all of them!"

"Set up a line of defense there, and let it become one of the bases for us Evil Sect to invade all the other Immortal Sects here!"

A middle-aged man dressed in a blue robe walked out from the black smoke at that moment. He wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed respectfully towards the shadow.

"I understand!"

The shadow no longer spoke, but instead slowly faded away. The three Evil Sect messengers wrapped their fists towards Shen Dong in silence. Two of them turned around and transformed into long arcs that shot through the mountain protection Rune, speeding away.

The last person remained on the spot after giving Shen Dong a wrapped fist as a salute. He did not say a word.

Chapter 621: Thousand River Valley

"Inner Sect and Outer Sect Evil Spirit disciples as well as all Sect Elders. Today, at dawn, gather a half of our manpower and follow me... to attack Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Shen Dong swept his gaze across the mountain and paused for a moment at the double-story building where Su Ming was meditating before his words tumbled slowly out of his mouth. His words reverberated in the entire Evil Spirit Sect, causing all those who heard it to feel their blood boiling. A murderous aura erupted swiftly among them.

"The old rules apply. If you kill a person, you will own seven-tenths of the things they owned, and it is the same for the things you snatch!"

Shen Dong's voice reverberated outside the building. That one glance he cast towards the building just now had seemed to clash with Su Ming's gaze, causing the latter's pupils to shrink, but at that moment, Shen Dong averted his gaze.

'Shen Dong...' Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He had underestimated that person slightly. He might not have truly discovered him with that one glance just now, but he must have discovered some clues.

But Shen Dong had tolerated this till now. He might have his suspicions, but he had not done anything extreme or investigated anything. Even that glance he had just thrown in this direction was short, and without a hint of animosity.

Su Ming had not come into contact with Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder before, but from this alone, he could tell that Shen Dong was a very calculative man, and he was definitely not an ordinary person.

'If he can become the leader of a sect, then his level of cultivation is definitely at the Immortals' Ascendant Stage. He must also have great intelligence and canniness.' Su Ming closed his mind and continued immersing himself in his training.

With his current level of cultivation, he could already fight against Shen Dong without being disadvantaged. That was why he was not worried that Grand Sect Elder might discover any clues about him. If worst comes to worst... Su Ming could leave Evil Spirit Sect and search for other places as an isolation grounds, even though it might be a little troublesome.

He had also considered Shen Dong just reporting him to Evil Immortal Sect or telling about him to the strongest person in Evil Sect - Ji An. But even if the Grand Sect Elder truly reported this before he investigated it fully, Su Ming believed that with his current level of cultivation, it would still not be easy for Ji An to kill him!

Especially when they were now in the critical stage where the Eastern Wastelands Tower had appeared!

'The enemy of my enemy can become my friend...' Su Ming's expression was calm as he continued training.

Once Shen Dong finished his speech, the Evil Spirit Sect made a series of arrangements. Orders after orders were sent from the Inner Sect, and its disciples who received those orders walked out of their houses to gather at the spot they were assigned to at the appointed time.

It was the same for those in the Outer Sect. After all, most of the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance were in the Outer Sect. As these people gathered together, it could be seen that quite a large number of people had received the order.

In fact, when Bao Qiu returned during that night, she handed Su Ming a jade slip, top.

"Qian Chen from the laborers' lodge at the foot of the mountain gave you this jade slip. This is the Outer Sect's summoning order... Congratulations for being summoned back to the Outer Sect, master." Bao Qiu chuckled lightly.

Su Ming opened his eyes, and in the end, placed the jade slip by his side.

"Looks like I will be able to head out with you this time, master. I've also received an order. Tonight, at dawn, I'm supposed to head to Thousand River Valley and destroy Hidden Dragon Sect's branch in the eastern section of Eastern Wastelands.

"The other Evil Sects must also have received their orders. Over the next few days, they will completely wipe out all the Immortal sects in the eastern section of the continent." As Bao Qiu spoke in a soft voice, she sat down before Su Ming and twirled a lock of her hair with her fingers.

"Most of the Outer Sect disciples' level of cultivation is low. Will they be useful when destroying Hidden Dragon Sect's branch?" Su Ming frowned.

"They can be used during Blood Sacrifice. Clearly, you'll been treated as a target for this Blood Sacrifice," Bao Qiu said with a smile and winked. She thought it was highly interesting that a powerful warrior like Su Ming would be treated as a target for Blood Sacrifice by those in the Outer Sect.

"However, this is also a good thing for you, master. If you have time, you can go there. Hidden Dragon Sect is skilled with creating medicinal cores, and they are famous for it among us Immortals... Besides, when we attack, the laws of Evil Sect depict that we can obtain a seven-tenths of the spoils from our kills. I already have very few medicinal cores left, and the ones I gave you over the past few days were given to me because of war preparations.

"Master, with your level of cultivation, you will definitely be able to sweep through Hidden Dragon Sect's branch without anyone noticing you... At that time, please do give me some on behalf of me offering you all those medicinal cores during these days." Bao Qiu winked, and her smile turned even sweeter. Anticipation shone in her eyes, and there was even a hint of excitement within them.

"I can also lead the way. I went to this branch before..." As Bao Qiu spoke, she licked her lips. She was originally beautiful to begin with, and when she did this, she became even more attractive.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence, then nodded.

Medicinal cores could serve him in many ways, and more importantly, there might be some medicinal herbs within Hidden Dragon Sect's branch. If he could gather up a large amount, then he would suffer fewer drawbacks when he searched for ingredients to open the subsequent door in the fragment's dimension.

However, these were not what mattered most. The most important thing for him to go to this place would be because he had already recovered more than eight-tenths of his cultivation base, and he was very close to reaching nine-tenths. At that time, he would have already surpassed the pinnacle of his condition in the past, and he would be able to cast the Secret Art he had inherited from Hong Luo, albeit with much difficulty.

Extract Earthen Aura and gather it together to turn it into a soul!

However, he would not be extracting Earthen Aura, but would be drawing out spirit veins. He would gather them up into a dense amount of power from the world, and once he devoured them, his recovery speed would instantly increase by a large margin.

It was not convenient for him to do such a thing here, because Evil Spirit Sect was his temporary lodging. However, the mountain in which Hidden Dragon Sect had chosen to set up its branch would definitely have a Spirit Vein. There might not be much, but if Su Ming absorbed it, it would be still be good for him.

However, there were also drawbacks to such a thing. Since he would do a forceful absorption, it would turn into an underlying problem, and he would need to solve it by entering isolation in the future.

In truth, even if Evil Spirit Sect had not been ordered to destroy Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, Su Ming had already thought about going out to absorb this Spirit Vein so that it would take him less than half a year to reach the pinnacle of his condition from where he could try to reach the Berserker Soul Realm.

This was the most important thing to him at the moment.

Dawn was about to arrive. Not a single sound could be heard from the entire Evil Spirit Sect. There were thirty something Evil Sect disciples in the Inner Sect's square, and they were all waiting there silently. These people were all the ones who were given all the attention in terms of teaching and growth within Evil Spirit Sect. Hen Shan was also among them.

An eerie, chilling air surrounded the square in the Inner Sect. The sky was dark, and it was a night without the moon.

There was also a huge square in the Outer Sect, and there were about two hundred something people standing there closely together at that moment. These people's attitudes varied greatly. Some of them were waiting silently, some were pale in fright, and there were also some who had killing intent evident on their faces as their blood boiled. All sorts of expressions could be seen on different people.

Su Ming stood in a corner. His current appearance was still that of a thirteen to fourteen year old boy. His face was pale, and he gave off a sense of frailness to all those who saw him.

He was not alone. Right beside him was Qian Chen, who had hurried towards him from the crowd just now. Qian Chen was trembling, and when he looked at Su Ming, an obsequious expression appeared on his face.

"Senior, you have to help me... I... I don't want to die there."

Qian Chen had uttered similar words and all sorts of flattering phrases just now. He had not expected that he would also receive the order to participate in this battle.

In the midst of his fear, he placed his hopes on Su Ming, and even instinctively mobilized his power as a laborer over the years to receive a large amount of promises for protection within the Outer Sect.

However, he was still worried. Hence he returned to Su Ming's side and started pleading him for his protection again.

Su Ming did not speak and closed his eyes, as if he was dozing off. Before long, as Qian Chen continued pleading for protection, dawn arrived!

At that moment, the area around them instantly turned silent. Right before their eyes, the black smoke disappeared without trace from the top of Evil Spirit Mountain, a rare sight. At the same time, nine figures flew out from the top of the mountain, and the person in the lead was Evil Spirit Sect's Grand Sect Elder, Shen Dong!

Bao Qiu was also among the nine!

Su Ming opened his eyes. As he looked towards the sky with a calm gaze, Shen Dong swept his gaze across the land. When he looked away, he only said, "When Evil Sect rains down slaughter..."

"We leave no one alive!" the Inner Sect and a large amount of people from the Outer Sect shouted at the same time. Within this silent night, their voices reverberated in the air in so loudly that they shook the sky and earth. Those voices were filled with raging killing intent and also a trace of madness.

This was the Evil Sect!

With a step, Shen Dong charged towards the west. The eight people behind him followed suit, and soon after, thirty something long arcs flew up with a whistle from the square in Evil Spirit Sect's Inner Sect. They charged towards the west right behind those eight people.

Soon after, eight old men at the edge of the square in the Outer Sect, who had remained silent all along, lifted their hands, and with a swing, as loud rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the entire square within the Outer Sect started trembling like a huge bowl. Then, with the hundreds of people on it, it slowly rose into the sky and charged forward, right behind the thirty something people from the Inner Sect.

Violent gusts of wind ripped through the air and blew on everyone's bodies, causing some of the hundreds of people on the flying Enchanted Vessel that looked like a square to immediately fall down. They kept a firm grip on the ground, looking like if they did not do so, they would be blown off the Enchanted Vessel by that gust of wind.

Fortunately, this feeling only lasted an instant. After a moment, a gentle screen of light appeared around them, and wind gradually disappeared, to which the crowd let out a breath of relief. All of their faces were pale, and some of those with incredibly low levels of cultivation even almost threw up.

Qian Chen was one of them. He was trembling, and he was mumbling under his breath with a pale face. Su Ming would have originally not listened to him, but the man was right beside him, so he could not help but hear some of his words.

"All deities everywhere, my brother, my sister, my uncles, my aunties, father, mother... please protect me so that I won't get injured or killed. Please help me so that I'll be able

to get myself some treasures this time, please guide me so that I'll be able to get myself a woman. Please lead me..."

Su Ming closed his eyes, ignoring Qian Chen's nonsensical babble all along the way. After about an hour, a huge mountain valley appeared before them in the night. There were rivers in that valley, and the rushing sounds of flowing water could be faintly heard from within. The rivers there numbered to several hundreds, and none of them ended up connecting to each other. Water was flowing down all of them at the same time.

This was Thousand River Valley.

Su Ming opened his eyes. His expression was calm, but a freezing glint shone in his eyes.

He saw a hanging bridge connecting both sides of that Thousand River Valley, and at the top of the mountains on either side of the hanging bridge was a large amount of beautiful buildings. Lights could be seen shining among them in the dark night.

It was dark, and there was no moon in the sky. It was the perfect night to kill, pillage, and burn!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 622 — Blood Sacrifice - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 622 — Blood Sacrifice

Chapter 622: Blood Sacrifice

It was quiet. Only the hundreds of people within Evil Spirit Sect were floating in midair and looking at the Thousand River Valley in the distance.

Compared to the pale and trembling Outer Sect disciples, the Inner Sect disciples all had cold expressions on their faces, and a wild air was seeping right through their very bodies. There was also a hint of excitement and blood lust that could be detected within them.

They were members of Evil Spirit Sect and the disciples of Evil Sect. This was something that could be felt incredibly clearly from the Inner Sect disciples at that moment.

There was a layer of fog that surrounded these Evil Spirit Sect members during this dark night. Su Ming stood amid the crowd with an indifferent expression on his face as he swept his gaze past that fog around him.

It covered all the people from Evil Spirit Sect, and it seemed to have fused together with the darkness around it. Whatever was within could not be seen clearly, and unless the person's divine sense surpassed that of Shen Dong, it would be difficult for them to see that there was anything off about that fog.

Su Ming could see that this fog was formed by vengeful souls. They let out silent screams while floating about.

"These Immortals style themselves as righteous and call us evil... If they run into us, then they will fight us to the death. Now... you can kill to your heart's content!" Shen Dong's voice was cold, and there was even a sinister and chilling tone within it.

"We will first offer Blood Sacrifices, while the rest of you will have to seal off all the gates in this place and make sure that not one of those in Hidden Dragon Sect can escape!"

Almost at the instant the Grand Sect Elder said those words, the thirty something Inner Sect disciples swiftly turned their gazes on the two hundred odd Outer Sect disciples on the flying Enchanted Vessel.

A biting chill immediately appeared, and besides all the dozen something aloof gray-robed people standing at the edge, the expressions of all the other two hundred something Outer Sect disciples changed abruptly.

The clothes of those people in gray robes showed their identities clearly. They were all the outstanding Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance. They were all the Sect Elders of the Outer Sect, just like Zhao Chong.

The Inner Sect disciples would not easily provoke them when it came to the Blood Sacrifice.

Not all of the Outer Sect disciples were afraid either. There were several dozens of people within who were laughing ferociously, or had dark expressions on their faces, or were aloofly letting the ripples of their power to erupt forth from their bodies. Those ripples fluctuated in the air but were hidden away by the fog around them, which prevented them from spreading outside.

However, most of the Outer Sect disciples were trembling once they heard about the Blood Sacrifice.

Su Ming had heard about the Blood Sacrifice from Bao Qiu. This was a combat divine ability from Evil Spirit Sect. When they fought against their enemies, they would devour their companions' flesh and blood in exchange for a temporary strength. They would trap the souls of those that were sacrificed within them, which would make them lose their sense of pain and bring out an incredibly great amount of potential.

The more people were sacrificed, the greater their potential would be, and if the level of cultivation among the sacrifices was higher, those who devoured them would be able to bring out more potential as well!

If a certain level was reached when practicing this divine ability, those who executed this Blood Sacrifice would also be able to devour all the living souls around them to maintain their power or to strengthen their bodies. However, there was a drawback to this. After all, all skills had their limits, and the limit of this Blood Sacrifice was that it could at most increase a the cultivator's power by a stage, and it would not last long.

Almost at the instant Shen Dong declared the start of the Blood Sacrifice, the Inner Sect disciples looked over with hostile gazes. At the moment most of the Outer Sect disciples sank into anxiety and nervousness, the thirty something Inner Sect disciples swiftly flew towards the flying Enchanted Vessel.

Shrill screams of pain that were smothered by the fog and could not travel outwards echoed in Su Ming's ears. Qian Chen's face turned completely bloodless from terror. Perhaps he had indeed been able to gain some results from mobilizing his power of a laborer, since the Inner Sect disciples mostly ignored him.

The screen of light on the flying Enchanted Vessel had turned into a ravine that stopped all the Outer Sect disciples from running away, turning itself into a cage!

Su Ming stood at his spot, and a frown slowly appeared between his brows. He saw these Outer Sect disciples dying sad and painful deaths. They died under the hands of their own sect members. Their flesh and blood were torn apart, and they were turned into vengeful souls that were absorbed by the Inner Sect disciples. The pieces of flesh did not disintegrate either, but instead moved to surround those people and turned into a piercing, bloody, and brilliant ray of blood-red light.

The faces of those who had killed a fellow sect member from the Outer Sect would start distorting, and their would turn blood-red once they completed their kill. Their cultivation bases spread out of their bodies without any reservation. All of them were slightly stronger than before, and the murderous aura from them was practically billowing in the air.

The Sect Elders in gray robes were as calm as ever and did not bother themselves too much with what was happening around them, as if they were already used to this and were immune to it. The eyes of outstanding disciples within the Outer Sect flashed, and they swiftly charged out to fight against the Inner Sect disciples.

Swiftly, two or three Inner Sect disciples died painful and horrible deaths, becoming someone else's Blood Sacrifice!

When Su Ming saw all of this, he remembered the rules of Evil Spirit Sect, the one about the sect not forbidding their disciples from killing each other. Only then did he gain a deeper understanding towards this particular rule.

"So this is the Evil Sect..." he said softly.

When Su Ming cast his eyes towards Thousand River Valley, which was located in the distance, he suddenly felt that this was quite ironic. This style of Evil Spirit Sect to fight it out among themselves before a fight had caused them a large amount of deaths before they had even reached Hidden Dragon Sect's branch.

Yet, the deaths of the weak had brought greater strength to the strong!

This was especially prevalent among some of the thirty something Inner Sect disciples. About eight of them had not stopped after killing a fellow sect member from the Outer Sect, but continued with their slaughter. One of them was an Inner Sect disciple that was standing the closest to Su Ming. This person looked incredibly fragile and tall, but his power, which was not at all weak, and his bloodthirst were evident on first glance.

Three Outer Sect disciples had already died in his hands. He was currently holding onto a human head, and as he lifted it high above himself, fresh blood poured on his face, causing him to look ferocious and hideous even without needing expending any effort. Then, he fixed his gaze on Su Ming.

With a dark smile, that person took a wide step forward and charged towards Su Ming. Killing intent shone in his eyes as he was getting closer. With a calm expression, Su Ming looked the person closing in on him with the human head in hand. Since he was charging into his own death, then he had no reason to blame Su Ming for his viciousness.

One step, two steps, three steps... At the instant that Inner Sect disciple was about to reach Su Ming, Shen Dong's cold voice suddenly echoed in the area.

"The Blood Sacrifice has ended! All those who have successfully participated in the Blood Sacrifice come with me and attack Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Shen Dong's words echoed in the air, and the Inner Sect disciple that had closed in on Su Ming stopped moving. He gave Su Ming a dark smile, then turned around and no longer bothered about him as he went to Shen Dong.

The thirty something Inner Sect disciples and the few Outer Sect disciples that had participated in the Blood Sacrifice flew up and turned into long arcs. Then, under Shen Dong's lead, who was followed by eight powerful warriors who had descended in Evil Spirit Sect, the forty odd long arcs charged towards Thousand River Valley.

A bloody massacre was about to rain down in this place!

At the same time, the people in gray robes in the flying Enchanted Vessel took a step forward with aloof expressions on their faces, and once they formed a seal with both their hands, they pushed them onto the flying Enchanted Vessel, and immediately, it flew up to charge towards Thousand River Valley. A piercing dark light erupted swiftly from the vessel.

It instantly covered an area spanning hundreds of li underneath, causing the place below to look as if it had been sealed off, turning it into a place with no escape!

Soon after, seven of the gray-robed people that had stayed behind sat down cross-legged on the Enchanted Vessel, while the remaining one stepped out and charged downwards towards Hidden Dragon Sect.

At that moment, all those people on the vessel, including Qian Chen, only noticed after some time that Su Ming, who was originally standing right beside Qian Chen, had disappeared without a trace at some unknown point of time.

A shocking boom suddenly rang through the air. It came from the ground, and it was from the great Rune of Hidden Dragon Sect's branch in the valley.

That Rune would not be shown on regular days. At that moment, as that boom echoed in the air, it manifested itself to reveal a gigantic waterfall. It was in the shape of a ring, and it completely surrounded Thousand River Valley. The sounds of rushing water filled the area, and an enraged voice shot out from within the valley inside that waterfall.

"Shen Dong! How dare you violate the agreement between the Immortals and the evil Immortals?! If you dare surround our Hidden Dragon Sect today, then we will definitely destroy your entire Evil Spirit Sect in the future!"

The answer to this enraged voice was a dark peal of laughter filled with a wild and untamed air, along with Shen Dong lifting his right hand to seize the air in the direction of that waterfall that served as the sect's mountain gate. Immediately, a huge ghost claw stretched out from the air beyond the waterfall and grabbed it before yanking it upwards.

With it, loud booming sounds that shook the sky and earth shot into the air. Right before everyone's eyes, the water from the waterfall was yanked upwards and started flowing into the sky. The waterfall trembled, and a big gap appeared within the endlessly falling water!

"This is not the first sect I've destroyed, and neither will it be the last... Charge in! Leave no one alive! If you see a person, get their soul, if you see a corpse, get its medicinal cores, if you see a Nascent Soul, devour it! Make this place completely void of life!"

As Shen Dong's ghastly voice echoed in the air, he took a step forward and stepped right through the gap in the waterfall. Those members of Evil Spirit Sect standing behind him, including Bao Qiu, charged forth and entered Hidden Dragon Sect's branch as well!

When Bao Qiu moved through the gap, she lifted her head and looked at the Enchanted Vessel up ahead. She did not know when Su Ming would take action, but if he did not do so right then, he would be too late to the party.

Su Ming was standing on the hanging bridge within Thousand River Valley at that moment. With a calm expression on his face, he walked forward. He did not move quickly, but his body was like a specter that no one could see clearly. A breath ago, he was still on the hanging bridge, but a breath later, he was already outside a big hall to the left of the valley.

Right at that moment, a loud boom rang out all around him, and he saw a huge gap being ripped apart in the air right before him. Shen Dong walked through it with one step, and all the Evil Spirit Sect members behind him charged straight through to reveal themselves in the valley.

The slaughter began just like that. With enraged howls, several dozens of long arcs flew up from Hidden Dragon Sect and charged towards the Evil Spirit Sect members in the sky. Banging sounds reverberated in the air, and blood poured down from the sky down onto the ground in the form of bloody rain once the killing started.

Chapter 623: Pillage

Compared to the invading Evil Spirit Sect, Hidden Dragon Sect was clearly much weaker in terms of power. It was especially so since they did not have the bloodlust and madness that ruled their attackers.

The Evil Spirit Sect disciples who were surrounded by the flesh and blood roared with bloodshot eyes, and their roars brought about great terror and shock to those within Hidden Dragon Sect.

Besides, Shen Dong, with his strength, tore apart all those that tried to stop him as he moved forward, and he would capture all the Nascent Souls that tried to escape. In the midst of shock of all those around him, he would put those Nascent Souls into his mouth, crush them, and then swallow them.

The shock he brought to Hidden Dragon Sect with this almost pushed them to a breaking point.

"Ghost Claw Shen Dong!"

Su Ming stood outside the hall to the left of the hanging bridge. Once he lifted his head and looked at the sky, he started walking forward at a moderate pace. No one took notice of him and simply allowed him to walk into the hall.

There were a few giant statues placed inside there for worship, and they were all created using spirit stones. At that moment, there were seven old men meditating inside that hall with faces as dark as thunderclouds. They had their hands intertwined with each other, and at their center was an oil lamp.

It was not lit at that moment, but as the seven people spread out their power, there were signs that a flame was about to be kindled. Compared to the booming sounds and screams of pain outside, it was incredibly quiet in here.

'Seven people who are at the equivalent of those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm...'

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever as he walked into the hall. The seven old men still had their eyes closed and did not notice him. He did not walk towards them, but instead moved to stand beside the three statues in the hall. As he looked at them, a twinkle appeared in his eyes.

'It's a bit of a waste...' As he shook his head, the three statues immediately disappeared from the hall without a single sound!

Su Ming was about to leave when he turned his head sideways and looked at the oil lamp surrounded by the seven people, who were sitting on cushions. Those cushions were woven together from medicinal herbs, and there was a faint, refreshing fragrance coming from them.

'Basil Spirit Herb... This Hidden Dragon Sect really has a lot of them...'

Su Ming sighed deeply. He recognized this medicinal herb. Just one shrub of this thing cost at least a hundred inferior spirit stones, and just one of those cushions used up around a hundred of them, which also meant that each of these cushions cost ten thousand inferior spirit stones...

'What a waste!'

Su Ming frowned. He moved towards the seven old men who were still meditating with their eyes closed. From a wave of his arm, the seven men felt a chill run through their entire bodies, and they opened their eyes in surprise and wariness, but immediately after, they became slack-jawed in shock.

The first thing they saw was that the Hidden Dragon Lamp, the Enchanted Treasure they had been trying to light up, had disappeared, but what shocked them even more was that the cushions made of Basil Spirit Herbs under them had also disappeared.

Eventually, when they instinctively looked around them, the seven old men were left completely stunned, and a cold chill filled their hearts, because they saw that the three statues in the hall... had also disappeared.

Su Ming walked past the hall. Right before him was another one. The sounds of battle in the sky were reverberating in the air, and long arcs could be seen flying up from the ground. There were also long arcs that were descending from the sky. Battling, plunder, mad laughter, and screams of pain filled the world.

After taking a few steps forward, Su Ming came to an abrupt halt and lowered his head to look at the floor tiles under his feet.

'Just how rich is this Hidden Dragon Sect...?'

He crouched down and tapped the floor tiles. His eyes started shining with a brilliant glint. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm toward the ground. The floor tiles around him immediately started shaking, and as cracking sounds rang in the air, they flew up. Su Ming then waved his arm, and all the floor tiles were put away into his storage bag.

A hint of excitement appeared on his face. These floor tiles were not spirit stones, and neither were they medicinal herbs, but were medicine residue!

This medicinal residue was what remained after a failed attempt in creating medicinal cores. They should originally be thrown away, but there were still some essence of the herbs left behind in that residue, that was why these people gathered the residue together and turned them into medicinal tiles to lay on the floor. By doing so, they could naturally bring out the herbs' medicinal properties, and once they fused with the spiritual aura from the world, the effects would be even better.

An intense look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the various halls lying before him, and he moved faster towards the buildings waiting in front of him.

There was no one in the second hall, and it was clear that all of them were fighting outside against Evil Spirit Sect. There were a large amount of ancient scrolls placed in this hall, and a gentle layer of light could be seen spreading out of each scroll. Su Ming swept his gaze across them, and took all of them away, then looked at the bookshelves. He took a few steps forward and touched them, then let out a long sigh.

"Lightning struck wood... Hidden Dragon Sect, oh Hidden Dragon Sect..."

As he shook his head, Su Ming immediately put away everything within the hall into his storage bag without holding back even a single bit. Before he left, he cast a glance at the building itself, and a look of regret appeared on his face.

"The materials used to build these halls are also pretty good, but they're too big. It won't be easy to take them away." As Su Ming spoke, his gaze landed on the carvings on the walls around him. They portrayed gentle auspicious beasts, whose eyes were made of superior spirit stones.

Su Ming immediately took a few steps forward and walked around that hall. Once he took down all of the spirit stones serving as the eyes for the auspicious beasts, he looked at the hall. He got up and cut off half of the crossbeam before he left, bringing with him regret for not being able to take the whole thing away.

There were four Hidden Dragon Sect disciples nervously protecting the third hall. Their heads were lifted to look at the sky, and fear could be seen on their faces. These four people naturally did not notice Su Ming when he arrived. In fact, even when he moved into the third hall, the four people outside did not notice him.

He looked at the hall, and despite being mentally prepared, he was still stunned by what he saw. He sucked in a sharp breath.

The third hall was filled with an uncountable amount of medicinal herbs. They were enveloped by a gentle circle of light, and were actually still growing bigger. There were also a large amount of seals placed within the hall, used to protect the herbs.

Clearly, this was where Hidden Dragon Sect stored their medicinal herbs. In the past, they would give these herbs away to different disciples according to their needs by trade, or as provisions, or as rewards according to the disciples' achievements.

However, all of these now belonged to Su Ming.

When he left the third hall, he moved even faster, going so quickly that he practically turned into a bolt of lightning as he charged towards the fourth hall in the distance. On the way, he spread out his powerful divine sense and scanned the area before instantly moving to the place of his choice. All the things that caught his attention within his divine sense were instantly taken away at the instant he arrived.

There was an old man who was charging into the sky with a dark expression on his face. There were three people behind him, and they were all children each of whom was holding an old and simple looking sword in their hands.

The old man leading the group was holding a horsetail whisk. Wisps of freezing air seeped out of the hairs of that weapon, and if anyone took a closer look, they would find that those were not hair, but were actually thin, ice threads that looked like hair!

Yet at the moment the old man brought the three children who were acting as treasure guardians into the sky, a gust of cold wind flew past them, and as the old man was momentarily taken aback, a drastic change of expression immediately appeared on his

face. When he turned his head around, he saw bewildered expressions on the three children's faces, and the three swords in their hands were gone without a trace.

"Who is it?! Who is it?!" The old man's face was livid with rage. As he roared, a faint voice suddenly traveled into his ears.

"This horsetail whisk is pretty good as well. I'll be taking it."

That voice had appeared incredibly suddenly. The old man shuddered, and when he turned his head around, his horsetail whisk was already nowhere to be found. The wisp of divine sense he had connected to that weapon was immediately cut off as well.

Within one of the cave abodes in Hidden Dragon Sect was a middle-aged man with a dark expression on his face. The waves of power from an Immortals' Soul Transformation Stage could be felt from him. He had his eyes fixed on a medicinal cauldron before him, and in his hesitation, he lifted his right hand and slapped it. Immediately, that medicinal cauldron shattered, and three medicinal cores flew out from within.

Once they were swiftly put away into his storage bag, he quickly left to another chamber in the cave abode. When he walked through his entire place and put away all his belongings into his storage bag, he cast a glance at the crowd fighting in the sky. He saw the Hidden Dragon Sect cultivators dying in large numbers and also how those from Evil Spirit Sect spread out to rain down their crazed slaughter and plunder as their murderous aura surged into the sky.

The middle-aged man clenched his teeth and charged towards a small hidden alley located near his cave abode, but before he could move too far away, a gust of cold wind came towards him, and at the next moment, he felt pain in his head and fell unconscious to the side.

Su Ming showed up with a calm expression. Once he picked the man's storage bag, he saw another place that seemed rather strange in his divine sense. There were dozens of people on guard there, protecting an old man who had a dark expression on his face. That old man was swiftly running away.

'The best things are usually not things that are stored away and left behind, but those taken away when disaster arrives...' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he moved towards those people.

At that moment, as the members of Evil Spirit Sect spread out, three people with the thin man who had tried to kill Su Ming during the Blood Sacrifice as the lead stepped into the first hall located to the left of the hanging bridge. The seven old men in the hall were already gone.

The Evil Spirit Sect disciples looked at the empty hall that was void of statues, cushions, and everything else, and the thin Inner Sect disciple let out a cold harrumph and went behind the hall. The other two quickly followed suit behind him, and the three of them charged towards the second hall.

But as they continued on, their faces gradually turned slightly strange.

"Damn it, just who arrived before us and even took away the floor tiles?!" The thin man's expression turned dark and he started cursing under his breath. The other two people beside him were momentarily stunned by what they saw before their expressions turned even weirder.

"Did he go mad with poverty or something? He didn't even give up on the floor tiles..." As the trio charged forward, they quickly arrived at the second hall, but when they entered it, their faces turned even more sullen when they saw the empty building.

"Just who arrived before us?! That guy... he... he even took away the eyes from the carvings!" The two people immediately started cursing.

"That's nothing. Look up." The leading Inner disciple sighed and pointed upwards. When the other two lifted their heads and saw half of the crossbeam missing from the hall, they instantly fell silent.

"Give chase. We'll see who did this, and no matter what, we'll be taking the things he took from us back!" the thin Inner Sect disciple hissed out through gritted teeth. When they saw four Hidden Dragon Sect members fighting against some of their other fellow Evil Spirit Sect members, the trio immediately became excited.

"Someone is protecting that place, which means that the damn greedy looter won't have cleared that hall!"

With excitement brimming within them, the trio immediately charged forward.

Chapter 624: Bright Yang Stone!

Su Ming naturally did not know what method the trio used to fight against their fellow sect members for the loot before killing the four Hidden Dragon Sect disciples only to find the now familiarly emptied out hall. Neither was he privy to their expressions and emotions, nor bothered by what sort of psychological trauma he would cause them due to his deception.

He had already swept clean the places he had checked with his divine sense in the left side of the hanging bridge, and it could be said that he had an incredibly great harvest from his exploits. If it was not because the Evil Spirit Sect members were killing and pillaging through the buildings and cave abodes to the right of the hanging bridge, he would have definitely been incredibly interested with the things there as well.

However, Su Ming still harbored the thought of snatching some things from the right wing despite the Evil Spirit Sect members being there, but the old man who was protected by the dozen something Hidden Dragon Sect members attracted his attention.

As Su Ming charged forward, he saw numerous corpses lying on the ground. They were of men and women, and most of them belonged to Hidden Dragon Sect, though some of them were from Evil Spirit Sect as well. Nonetheless, the corpses that belonged to Evil Spirit Sect were few and rare in-between.

Similarly, he also saw that the souls of the deceased had not disappeared, but had been sucked into the sky, and it was clear to him that there was something up ahead that could absorb souls.

When Su Ming lifted his head, a glint appeared in his eyes. He saw an indistinct figure sitting in the endless sky. There was a small bottle before him, and it was that thing that was absorbing all the deceased souls.

The deceased Hidden Dragon Sect members on the ground were in an incredibly miserable and tragic state. They either had their Dantian regions dug out of their bodies and their Gold Cores taken away, or had their bodies ripped into shreds before they could self-destruct.

Some of them sported cracks at the top of their skulls, and that was the signs of Nascent Souls being forcefully extracted. By then, these extracted Nascent Souls had most likely been devoured by someone.

The female cultivators were in an even more pitiful state. If they were beautiful, they would naturally be unable to escape the fate of being turned into a furnace.

As Su Ming moved forward, he saw one of such scenes happening, and the instigator was an Evil Spirit Outer Sect disciple, who was standing up while laughing ferociously. He kicked the woman's head on the ground, and he was about to leave with sparkling eyes when he heard a sigh in his ears.

This was the final sound he heard in his life. Right after that sigh, his eyes went wide, and a bloody hole appeared at the center of his brow. He fell down, side by side against that female corpse whose head was now a bloody mess.

One of the woman's eyeballs fell to the ground when her head exploded, and it would remain staring at the dead man for all eternity.

Su Ming continued on his way.

Before long, he found the dozen Hidden Dragon Sect disciples protecting that old man with his divine sense. They had already gone down the Thousand River Valley and were at the foot of the mountain. As they charged forward, they neared an operating Relocation Rune located before them.

The Rune had clearly been hidden away previously, which was why those from Evil Spirit Sect had not noticed it. If the runaways stepped into the Relocation Rune, they would definitely be transported out of this place.

However, just as the dozen something people were about to rush towards their escape, with that old man they protected in their midst, their footsteps abruptly froze. Their expressions turned dark, tainted with despair.

All of this was because a person had walked out of the air right in front of that Relocation Rune. He was dressed in a blue robe and appeared to be a middle-aged man. His expression was aloof, and his eyes were cold and sinister... and he was Shen Dong, the Grand Sect Elder of Evil Spirit Sect!

"Fellow Daoist Gu, why are you in such a hurry?"

"Shen Dong!" The old man who was protected by the group immediately turned livid with rage as he glared at Shen Dong.

"How dare you be so conceited as to go against the agreement between the Immortals and evil Immortals?! No matter how well you manage to hide this, the superior Immortal Sects will still learn about it, and at that time, you will not be fighting against the Berserkers, but against the Immortals!

"Your Evil Sect will not have the power to survive being surrounded and attacked by all the sects in the land of Immortals!" the old man declared hoarsely.

"That is not a matter of my concern. Fellow Daoist Gu, since we know each other, hand over the Bright Yang Stone, and I'll allow you to die with your body intact. I will only devour your Nascent Divinity."

"Creating one Bright Yang Stone requires ten thousand Immortal souls, and it is an important item for us Immortal Sects. It can aid us in returning to the land of the Immortals while also serving as the foundation in setting up our sects here, once we landed in the land of the Berserkers.

"I am of lowly status, how would it be possible for me to obtain such an item?!" the old man stated firmly, then laughed loudly.

"Each of you Hidden Dragon Sects will be given a small piece of Bright Yang Stone when you want to set up your branch. It's fine if you don't want to admit to it. I'll still be able to get it if I kill you."

While speaking, Shen Dong took a step forward, and during that instant, all the guardians behind the old man started casting their Arts.

Yet right at the moment Shen Dong's foot landed, twenty-odd clones appeared as a hum traveled out from his body. All of these clones were exactly the same in appearance. As they charged forward, they shot past the old man like flowing streams of water.

There were no screams or loud banging sounds. There was only a buzzing, and when it gradually faded away, Shen Dong's clones also disappeared. Only one remained to stand less than ten feet away from the old man.

As for the guardians behind him, they all fell to the ground with lifeless expressions on their faces. Their bodies turned into puddles of blood that seeped into the sand on the ground.

A thick stench of blood surrounded the area. This scene caused that old man's face to turn even paler.

"The Great Blood Clone Transformation Art... I didn't expect you to truly be able to successfully master this Evil Art..." That old man laughed brokenly and moved to take a few steps backwards, but at the instant he did this, his body exploded with a bang.

That self-destruction came incredibly suddenly, and his body crumbled right away. The impact that was formed from the blast swept through the entire area, and during that moment, the old man's Nascent Soul grabbed a storage bag from his crumbling body and shot up to flee frantically.

However, before he could escape more than a hundred feet, the air before him immediately distorted, and Bao Qiu walked out of the air! The old man's Nascent Soul let out a shrill screech and immediately changed direction, but he still did not manage to fly more than a hundred feet before another person walked out once from the air again. In the end, once that old man's Nascent Soul changed several directions, the eight Evil Sect members who had been following behind Shen Dong appeared, and were coldly blocking off the escape.

"You can't run, fellow Daoist Gu." Shen Dong walked out of the impact and dust clouds on the ground formed by that old man's physical self-destruction. The Evil Spirit Grand Sect Elder's expression was as aloof as ever when he spoke languidly.

Despair appeared on the old man's Nascent Soul. Just as he was about to take action, he was momentarily stunned, but that brief moment of shock disappeared within an instant. Immediately after, he threw the storage bag in his hand in the distance.

Once he did so, he instantly ran in the opposite direction. Because of that, all the people's gazes, including Shen Dong's, were immediately absorbed by the storage bag.

The Evil Spirit Sect's Elder who was the closest to that storage bag was a pureblood Immortal, since he was an Immortal who had descended to this place. At that moment, his eyes sparkled and he charged forward with one swift step. Once he closed in, he lifted his right hand, and just as he was about to grab his target—

Another hand immediately shot out from the empty space next to him just as his fingers were about to touch that storage bag, and that hand snatched the storage bag before the Sect Elder could grab it.

This happened too suddenly, which caused all the people's gazes to be locked on it. At the same time, when the Evil Spirit Sect's Immortal saw that the storage bag that was just about to reach his hands was snatched away by someone else, he let out an enraged roar and formed a seal with his right hand. There was no time for him to think. He positioned both of his fingers into a sword and swiftly cut down on the hand that had stretched out of the air beside him.

A cold harrumph reverberated in the area. Right before everyone's eyes, that hand from the air that had grabbed the storage bag, did not even bother dodging the slash from the two fingers. It instead just turned its back to block it.

Rumbling sounds instantly rang in the air, and the person from Evil Spirit Sect immediately shuddered before he coughed up a large mouthful of blood. His body was instantly sent tumbling backwards, as if that power from the block executed by the back of that hand was so strong that it could flatten him!

This scene might seem to have happened slowly, but in truth, only a few breaths had passed ever since the battle began. When the Immortal coughed up blood and fell backwards, a person walked out of the air.

He stood tall and straight. There was a black mask on his face, and he was dressed in black robes. His long hair danced behind his head, and with the storage bag in hand, he looked at the crowd with a cold stare.

The people in the area might not be familiar with this mask, but if he was in the land of the Shamans, then there would definitely be quite a large number of people who would be able to recognize its owner!

The person wearing that mask was naturally Su Ming!

He still did not want to give up on such a recuperative spot as Evil Spirit Sect. That was why when he appeared, he decided to wear the mask. There might be quite a number of cracks on it and it had also shattered in the past, but it could still be used to hide his face.

"Who are you?!" Shen Dong's pupils shrank. He stared at Su Ming and demanded slowly.

Bao Qiu looked at Su Ming from her spot. With the connection they shared between their souls, she could tell with just one glance that this person was her master. She blinked and kept her silence.

"Why should I bother wasting my breath telling you my name?! I'm taking this Bright Yang Stone!" Su Ming put away the storage bag, speaking coldly.

"How conceited!!!"

Another old white-haired Immortal from Evil Sect instantly let out a low growl. As Immortals that had descended to this place, they always held themselves in a prideful manner. At that moment, when he saw that someone actually possessed the guts to snatch away their things and saw that he was in the advantage because he had more people on his side, he took a step forward while he spoke.

Those remaining in the area did the same thing, and Bao Qiu was forced to take the same action. Only Shen Dong adopted an incredibly grave expression as his pupils shrank.

Almost at the instant the Immortals closed in on Su Ming and started forming seals with their hands, a brilliant glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

The power of his Berserker Bones swiftly erupted from his body, and he lifted his right hand before hurling a fist towards the ground. At the moment his punch landed, the entire ground started trembling as if there were earthen dragons tumbling about it. When the ground started rising and falling like waves, wisps of black smoke seeped out from the ground, and when Su Ming lifted his right hand, that black smoke quickly gathered in his hand to turn into a thirty feet long spear!

Undertaker of Evil's Spear!

"If you want to fight... then we shall fight!" Su Ming lifted his head, and a cold smile appeared on his lips, which were hidden behind the mask.

Chapter 625: Murder in Three Steps!

"If you fight, then you must pay the price..."

The spear was originally violet, but when it manifested in Su Ming's hand this time, it turned black. Its entirely black body seemed to represent death, and a powerful wave of murderous aura started surging towards all directions from around Su Ming.

That murderous aura was nothing ordinary and it seemed to possess physical form. As it spread out, it looked as if there was a vortex surrounding Su Ming, and it seemed to have turned into a whirlwind that was roaring with a burning desire to tear apart the world at that moment.

Su Ming's newly-dyed black hair danced about as he stood in the whirlwind. When he lifted his head, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes under the mask, and at that instant, it caused the people who were moving towards him to feel their hearts lurching in their chests. As if a clap of thunder had roared in their heads, they were all frozen to their feet by Su Ming's presence.

The words he had spoken had sounded like the might of heaven itself when added with his expression and the subjugation dealt on them by his presence. It crashed into their hearts, causing Su Ming to appear like a bloodthirsty, battle hungry, and undefeatable evil Immortal!

His lips curled up into a cold sneer, and he tightened his grip around the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and took a step forward. Except for Shen Dong and the person who had been pushed back while coughing out blood, he was going to fight against all the other seven people alone!

These seven people were all pureblood Immortals that had descended to the land of the Berserkers. They were not Berserkers, and even among the other Immortals in Evil Sect, they were outstanding warriors. Even the weakest among them was at the Soul Transformation Stage, which was the equivalent of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

It was especially so for one of them. That person was an old man with a head full of grey hair who wore grey robes. There was a bump on his back that made him look like a camel... and he was the strongest in Evil Spirit Sect after Shen Dong!

He was also the one who had accused Su Ming of being conceited previously.

He had also reached Ascendance. Although he was just at early Ascendance, but any Immortal who was able to reach this stage was definitely no ordinary person! As that hunchbacked old man's pupils shrank, the six people around him started forming seals with their hands, and all sorts of divine abilities appeared in the air.

Almost at the moment they executed their divine abilities, Su Ming took three steps forward with the Undertaker of Evil's spear. With his first step, he swiftly thrust the spear forward, and a piercing sound of air being sliced apart rang out. A dimensional crack was also ripped open during that instant to form an arc that charged towards that gray-haired old man before him, who was the strongest person in this place besides Shen Dong.

The gray-haired old man lifted his right hand and right after forming a seal pushed it swiftly forward. Immediately, a ray of blue light manifested on his hand and turned into a blue bird that flapped its wings to charge towards Su Ming's spear thrust!

At the instant the Undertaker of Evil's Spear crashed into the bird, loud rumbling sounds spread through the air. The bird instantly exploded, and at that same moment, Su Ming took his second step forward, bringing with him the second thrust. With a hum, the spear shot through the air and arrived at the face of that gray-haired old man.

The spear was quick. So quick, in fact, that before the old man's eyes had registered what was happening in front of him clearly, the cold chill from the tip of the spear had already exploded with a bang, causing his hair to fly backwards. His face immediately filled with shock. He might have tried deducing this person's level of cultivation earlier and believed that he must have some form of capabilities with him since he had dared to snatch away their loot, but he had not expected this person to be this strong!

His first step and first thrust had destroyed the old man's resistance, and his second step as well as his second thrust had appeared right in front of his face. A wave of power that could destroy the world appeared at the tip of that spear, and the old man felt his skin crawl. In the midst of his shock, he even felt a presence that belonged to the Immortals' second step from that second thrust!

This was enough to scare him out of his wits, but he was, after all, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance. Even though his heart was racing in fear, he retreated without any hesitation, and as he formed seals with his hands, a gigantic shield immediately flew out from his storage bag. That shield was entirely green and a wave overflowing with life force spread out out from within it. The shield was round, and there was a large amount of runic symbols carved on it. Once that item appeared, a brilliant green light immediately erupted forth from it.

"Joist!" the grey-haired old man immediately let out a loud shout once he brought his defensive treasure.

As his shout echoed in the air, the shield instantly changed. As if it was originally formed of several layers overlapping one another, numerous layers spread out and turned into nine similar shields that overlapped to immediately block off Su Ming's second spear thrust.

The gray-haired old man's heart was filled with shock at that moment. He no longer cared about how to fight against Su Ming, but was instead thinking about how to escape being marked by this terrifying existence before him as quickly as possible.

He had a strong hunch that his shield would not be able to hold him back for long, but he only needed this person to freeze for an instant, and in that instant, he could immediately warp away from this place.

All of this lasted several breaths, since Su Ming took his first step up to the moment the old man brought out the shield. It was so quick that no one had time to react to it. The other people were still closing in and were still casting their spells, but even though this old man had his sect members beside him, Su Ming's two consecutive spear thrusts had still given him the feeling that he was facing off an army alone.

This feeling did not end, and neither did a momentary pause in Su Ming's movements arrive. Su Ming had driven his spear into the shield almost at the instant the old man brought it out. An even more deafening roar rose into the sky at that moment. The first layer of the nine-layered shield instantly shattered into pieces, along with the second, the third, the fourth, and the fifth. All of them shattered and exploded in that instant, and the impact of it caused the people who wanted to close in on Su Ming to feel shock filling their hearts.

The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth shields also shattered with loud booming sounds as Su Ming's spear ran through them like a hot knife through butter. As an endless amount of shards from the shield swept through the area, Su Ming took his third step forward!

With it, he executed his third spear thrust. As it brought a deafening hum that caused the people's ears to ring in pain, the spear went straight towards the retreating gray-haired old man's face.

The speed of this thrust surpassed that of the second one, and was even faster than what all the people could detect with their divine senses. The murderous aura and freezing intent within it caused the retreating gray-haired old man to instinctively freeze in his charge, and a chilling sensation immediately filled his body. He seemed to hear the shrill roars of vengeful souls by his ears, and a slightly dazed look appeared on his face. His eyes went wide, and in his mind he saw illusory pictures of people dying under the Undertaker of Evil's Spear. There was an endless amount of people there, dying sad and wretched deaths.

"The souls that died due to the Undertaker of Evil's Spear cannot reincarnate or disappear into the world. They will remain trapped within for all eternity and become this spear's soul!"

This sentence echoed in the gray-haired old man's mind, causing him to tremble, and then, he saw the hundreds of battle souls with all their billowing murderous aura. They

came storming towards him with that spear, and all of them looked as if they wanted to tear him apart.

"Save me!"

This particular spear thrust already contained the presence of Life Cultivation, and its might was so great that it could shake the sky and earth, especially after going through a baptism in Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. The might of that spear had become much greater after gaining a whole lot more new souls.

But the gray-haired old man was, after all, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance. As the Undertaker of Evil's Spear closed in on him, he actually managed to recover a bit of his mind, as he struggled through the illusions, and call out for help. This alone was proof that this person's mental fortitude was nothing short of extraordinary.

However, it was a pity that he had run into Su Ming. At the instant he cried out for help, the people around him closed in, and Shen Dong took a step forward with his pupils shrunk...

A bloody gash tore through the center of the old man's brows right when his heart filled with shock and fear, and even regret for choosing to descend to the land of the Berserkers. At the moment that gash spread out, the old man's heart let out its last thump and fell still. The world before his eyes stopped moving. A black long spear had pierced through the center of his brows, and half of the spear's body shot out from the back of the old man's head.

A power that could destroy everything spread out from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and charged into the body. As banging sounds rang out from it, blood trickled out from the old man's mouth and red appeared in his eyes, but his pupils were not focused. At that instant, before his Nascent Soul managed to escape, he was shattered by the power from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and absorbed into it.

Fresh blood trickled out of the tip of the spear after it had pierced through the old man's head. When it fell to the ground, it let out pattering sounds. Those sounds continued ringing in the air, and the bloody lines that formed when the blood from the spear fell to the ground caused the area to instantly fall into dead silence.

Shen Dong appeared several dozens of feet away. His face was as dark as thunderclouds, and he looked incredibly sullen. At the same time, wariness appeared in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming. A morose look could also be spotted on his face.

All the other people froze in their action of casting their Arts. They stood in their spots and looked at Su Ming in shock, as well as his long spear that had pierced through the center of the gray-haired old man's brows, along with the bloody lines that were formed as the blood fell. They were listening to the sound of the blood from the tip of the spear falling to the ground.

Bao Qiu's heart raced against her chest. She might have known that Su Ming was incredibly powerful, but she had never expected that he would be able to kill a powerful Immortal in Ascendance in less than a few breaths. This could already be considered an instant kill!

Right from the start till the end, Su Ming had only taken three steps and executed the power of three spear thrusts!

While surrounded by enemies with the strongest Immortal of Evil Spirit Sect in their midst, at the instant his enemies started casting their Arts, he attacked in an incredibly domineering manner, and killed a person with just three steps!

It was especially shocking since the person he killed was one of Evil Sect's powerful Immortals in Ascendance!

"I did mention that if you fight, you must pay a price... Who is next?" Su Ming asked calmly, and slowly pulled the long spear out of the center of the gray-haired man's brows. The old man, a powerful Immortal in Ascendance within his generation, fell to the ground still and unmoving.

"The second step's Nirvana Scryer Realm[1]! This is the combat power of the second step!"

"This isn't Nirvana Scryer, he's a Berserker! The Qi he showed just now belongs to a Berserker!"

"The Realm of Life Cultivation!" The Immortals that had descended immediately found their expressions changing. When they looked at Su Ming, all their previous expressions were completely replaced by terror and shock.

Shen Dong stared at the spear in Su Ming's hand and stated hoarsely, "Undertaker of Evil's Spear..."

Chapter 626: A Powerful Warrior's Respect!

"We Immortals have a saying that goes like this: The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind it... My fellow Daoist, you must have hidden your face because you were afraid someone might recognize you. If that is the case, I shall call you fellow Daoist Oriole," Shen Dong said languidly, taking a step forward.

He stared into Su Ming's eyes. His face was dark, but there was also a grave expression on him. In truth, he had long since detected that there was something off

about this person when he sensed a presence within him that made him wary. That was why Shen Dong had not attacked, but had instead let the others test his strength, but even he had not expected that the person would only need to take three steps before he killed the second strongest in Evil Spirit Sect.

Even he would have to make preparations to report this matter to Evil Sect's Sir Ji An. After all, the person who died was not a Berserker who had changed his bloodline, but a true pureblood Immortal who had descended in Evil Sect.

The death of such a person, especially when he was also a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, was absolutely nothing trivial to Evil Sect!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, you are a shrewd man. You must have snuck in while we invaded Hidden Dragon Sect. The things you pilfered are surely more than all of the things we of Evil Spirit Sect have pillaged, no?

"Especially this Bright Yang Stone... But my fellow Daoist, this battle is not entirely worth it for you. From what I understand of Gu Yuan Hai, he definitely had a backup plan. The storage bag he brought out is most likely just a diversion.

"He should have hidden away the real Bright Yang Stone." As Shen Dong spoke, his eyes started sparkling, and as he looked into Su Ming's eyes, he took another step forward.

Su Ming remained calm and did not speak. He merely looked at Shen Dong taking that step forward.

"You killed one of Evil Spirit Sect's Sect Elders, and we cannot let this slide easily. Evil Sect's Assassination Squad will naturally search for you... But before that, this humble Shen would have to fight against you, fellow Daoist Oriole...

"You must not want to waste time here, fellow Daoist Oriole. You're holding us back here so that you can give Gu Yuan Hai time to escape. This must also be one of the deals you made in the trade between the both of you, right?

"That Bright Yang Stone isn't in that storage bag, but it should be within one of Hidden Dragon Sect's treasures, or else with your cunning, you would have definitely not have fallen into his trap, fellow Daoist Oriole.

"If that's the case, then let's exchange three blows. We will fight for these three blows, and regardless of whether we manage to kill the other or not, and after the three blows, we will not bother each other anymore. What do you say?" Shen Dong offered slowly. At the moment his words left his mouth, some of the people around them who were a little slower in the head immediately spotted confused looks on their faces.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes, and a sparkle of surprise flashed within them. That Shen Dong had practically spoken the truth, and if he could tell what had transpired with just these clues, his intelligence was definitely nothing to be scoffed at.

The truth was just as Shen Dong had said. Su Ming was not too concerned about that Bright Yang Stone. He did not have much knowledge about that thing, anyway, so it was only natural that he would not stain his hands in too much blood for that item, and it was also impossible for him to kill all of the people here just so that he could have that item for himself.

Doing so was contrary to his interests, which was why when that Nascent Soul of the Hidden Dragon Sect's old man was in danger, Su Ming had sent a ripple from his divine sense to send a message to him.

He did not want that Bright Yang Stone. He only wanted the treasures of Hidden Dragon Sect and the things he took away in his storage bag. If Gu Yuan Hai could deliver those things to him, then Su Ming would help him stall for time.

This was a trade, and during that critical point, Gu Yuan Hai did not have time to think about his profits and losses. He had to agree to it, which was why that scene of a few moments ago had transpired.

Su Ming smiled faintly. Since this Shen Dong had managed to see what was going on, then there was no need for him to hide anything. Smiling, he opened his mouth to speak.

"If it's just three blows, then I'll agree to it!"

Shen Dong's eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He was waiting for these words, or else he would not have bothered wasting his breath saying so many things just now before he finally mentioned the exchange of three blows. This person's strength made him incredibly wary, and he was not confident that he could win against such a powerful warrior, but if this person persisted in interfering with his task, then it would be incredibly difficult for him to complete his mission.

After all, as time passed, that Gu Yuan Hai would manage to escape even farther, and while Evil Spirit Sect had sealed off all the Relocation Runes in the area, the old man would still be able to escape this sealed area if they continued delaying their search. Trying to track him down then would be incredibly difficult, and it would also be incredibly easy for unexpected situations to pop up.

"All of you, go and chase down Gu Yuan Hai!"

As Shen Dong spoke, he took a step towards Su Ming and lifted his right hand. Immediately, a red whip appeared in his palm, and with a flick of his wrist, thunderous roars instantly traveled from his weapon. A large amount of lightning balls also

manifested in the air. As they let out sizzling sounds, they fused together and charged towards Su Ming.

All seven people, including Bao Qiu, looked at each other for a moment then instantly turned into long arcs that flew into the sky. Bao Qiu originally did not want to leave, but it was not convenient for her to stay at the moment, so she left with the crowd.

It was difficult for her to calm her heart. That image of Su Ming killing a person with just three steps and three spear thrusts was deeply etched into her mind, and it still refused to leave even after such a long time had passed.

Su Ming did not stop those people from leaving the area. He only looked at Shen Dong, and battle intent gradually appeared in his eyes. As he lifted his right hand, he tightened his grip around the Undertaker of Evil's Spear, and immediately, that spear let out a humming sound and a large amount of black smoke seeped out. Moments later, he threw the spear at the incoming balls of lightning from the sky and the whip in Shen Dong's hand.

With a bang, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear turned into a puff of black smoke before closing in on the balls of lightning in an instant. Booming sounds echoed in the area, and the spear shot through the air and appeared right before Shen Dong.

A glint appeared in Grand Sect Elder's eyes, as if he had come to understand something. He let go of the whip in his hand, and immediately, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear swept it up before swiftly charging several thousands of feet ahead. Then, with a bang, it stabbed the ground.

"You can't win against me in terms of Enchanted Treasures. Let's fight using divine abilities!" Su Ming said flatly.

He would not use the Undertaker of Evil's Spear anymore in this fight. Chances of meeting powerful warriors like Shen Dong were rare for Su Ming. Now that he met this man, he wanted to see how much he had improved without the aid of any external powers.

"A fight without Enchanted Treasures... one only of divine abilities... Alright!"

Shen Dong might usually be a sullen man, but if he could become the Grand Sect Elder of a sect, then he would naturally have his own manner of courage and resolve when solving problems, as well as his own charms. Once he heard Su Ming's words, he nodded.

Right after that, he started forming seals with his right hand. Once he changed them multiple times, he waved his right hand before him, and a purplish red light appeared out of nowhere before him. As it shone, it turned into a purplish black bird. At the same moment a brutal look appeared in its eyes, a big bump started squirming on its back,

and a small black humanoid crawled out of that bump before it let out a piercing screech towards the sky.

Its body seemed to be connected to the bird, which looked like a cuckoo, but was incredibly ferocious and murderous in appearance. Almost at the same moment it appeared, another bird manifested beside it. This was a crimson eagle with blood-red eyes shining with madness. There was also a bump squirming about on its back before another small black humanoid left it.

Right behind that eagle appeared an Andean condor, and behind it was a Garuda. Each of these birds was slightly bigger than the last, and all four of them were screeching as they flew before Shen Dong.

"This is my Four Moving Birds Art. This Art was formed once I killed four Immortals in Ascendant Stage, who were at the same stage as I was. With their souls and Nascent Divinities, I created these birds..." Shen Dong said calmly. He did not attack immediately, but instead chose to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at the four birds. He could clearly feel a deep grudge surrounding these birds. That resentment seemed to have been suppressed within them for a long period of time, and because they could not vent their frustrations, that grudge grew deeper as time passed, causing their enmity to immediately make the world begin to feel a little indistinct right at the moment they appeared. It was as if they had even affected the endless amount of resentment in this land, and it was all gathering to this spot from all directions.

"What powerful grudge..."

Su Ming cast the four birds a glance. He knew that the matter of Shen Dong telling him the name of his divine art and how he had created it was a form of respect towards Su Ming, no matter whether his words were true or false.

This was the respect given to powerful warriors, and it was also an acknowledgement towards his status. Clearly, Su Ming was already a person who should be treated as an equal in Shen Dong's eyes. Even if Su Ming was a Berserker and they were both from different races, he would still give him the respect he deserved.

This was the first time Su Ming felt the respect from a powerful warrior. He cast Shen Dong a glance and lifted his right hand to position two of his fingers into a sword, then slowly swiped his left hand up those two fingers from the base to the tip, as if those two fingers had turned into an invisible sword. The whole motion was done slowly, and even when Su Ming swiped through those two fingers, he still continued having his left hand rise into the air. When his left hand was seven feet away from the two fingers, they immediately shined with a golden light.

As it grew to a piercing degree, Su Ming spread his right hand wide open, and immediately, the golden light that was spreading outwards flowed back like streams of running water to cover Su Ming's right hand, causing it to look as if it had turned gold!

Su Ming formed another seal with his right hand, and with a flick of his wrist, the golden light became much brighter. His right hand also started withering slightly right before his eyes.

But he was not done just yet. He continued forming eight other seals, and with each one, his right hand would change. When he formed the ninth seal, it was already in an emaciated state. The golden light also changed to black. By doing so, Su Ming's right hand looked as if it had turned into a skeletal hand!

The black fingers and long fingernails were a stark contrast to his arm.

"There is no name to this divine ability... I gained it through an epiphany in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World after I went through fifty reincarnations. I fused my understanding of the source regarding binary opposites in this hand... and those who have died under this divine ability... can no longer be counted!

"That was what you saw in the beginning. After it went through my Nine Transformations Art, it changed nine times, and now, it can execute its strongest form..." Su Ming lifted his stated slowly as he lifted his head and looked at Shen Dong.

The Grand Sect Elder's pupils shrank. His divine ability was born from killing four powerful Immortals in Ascendance, and it was an incredibly remarkable divine ability among those in the same stage, but when he heard Su Ming's words, he could not help but suck in a sharp breath. In truth, when he saw Su Ming executing this divine ability, his heart was already in shock, and a vague memory surfaced in his mind, but he could not be certain of his guess.

"Candle Dragon... Nine Transformations..." Shen Dong's expression turned incredibly solemn, and he became even more cautious than when he was facing the Berserkers' Disaster.

Chapter 627: Understanding

Su Ming made his right hand go through the nine transformations so that the pinnacle of the power of one seize he'd come to understand in the Undying and Imperishable World could erupt forth. It caused his right hand to be reduced to such an emaciated state that it looked skeletal.

Shen Dong formed a seal with both his hands and pointed forward with an incredibly solemn expression on his face. Starting from the cuckoo right up to the Garuda, the four birds in front of him immediately started screeching and flapping their wings before they charged towards Su Ming. The four small black humanoids that seemed to be part of the four birds opened their mouths wide on the birds' backs and let out piercing shrieks. As they formed various seals with their hands, they controlled their mounts so that they could close in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming's expression remained calm. He did not look at the four incoming birds, but instead placed his attention on his right hand. Almost at the moment the divine ability closed in and stirred up such a powerful gust of wind that it caused Su Ming's hair to dance wildly in the air, his right hand gained an amazing shade of gold.

It looked like a golden skeletal hand!

He lifted it and he made a seizing motion in the direction of the four incoming birds. At that instant, the cuckoo instantly trembled and froze in midair, as if the laws governing the world around it had changed to make the air around it to gain corporeal form in an instant. A powerful pressure squeezed down on it from all sides, as if it wanted to forcefully flatten that cuckoo in midair.

Immediately after, the eagle let out a shrill screech several dozens of feet behind the cuckoo. It was also forced to stop due to the power within that one seize. Loud booming sounds came from within its body, and it also froze in midair, just like the cuckoo. As it struggled, the power freezing it in place became stronger.

Soon after, the Andean condor started trembling violently as well, and a shrill screech escaped from its beak before the bird managed to rush forward a hundred something feet more before being frozen in midair by that one seize.

Once the Andean condor was frozen in place, Su Ming took two steps backwards. A serious expression appeared on his face, and it was clear that this sort of confrontation using divine abilities was not easy for him.

The giant Garuda, which was the final bird, swiftly closed in on him with a loud whistle. Su Ming's power contained within the one seize could only slow it down marginally. It could not make it stop in midair.

When he saw that the Garuda was getting increasingly closer to him while causing a violent gust of wind to howl in the air that changed the weather, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His right hand, which was previously positioned in the manner as if he was seizing the air, furlled into a fist.

At the instant he completed the act of forming that fist, the cuckoo immediately crumbled with a bang, stirring up an endless air wave that swept in all directions. During that moment, the eagle also trembled and exploded, followed by the Andean condor.

As the three birds exploded and the force that was stirred up by their explosion spread out, it filled the sky with endless booming sounds, and made the gigantic Garuda face the whole force of impact with its slowed down body.

Wisps of white smoke flowed out from the three broken birds when Su Ming clenched his right hand into a fist. It was soon surrounded by the smoke, which continued gathering around the hand, and Su Ming's face turned even more serious.

He was already incredibly used to this Art of seizing and absorbing. Right then, once he made this Art go through the nine transformations, he had a strong hunch that there was a new transformation waiting in his clenched fist.

At the instant that feeling appeared, a furious screech came from the impact formed by the three crumbled birds. As that sound traveled through the air, the Garuda's huge body shot out of the waves caused by the impact as if it had broken free from them.

It was so quick that the bird closed in on Su Ming in the blink of an eye, which caused everything within his vision to turn blurry. Only that ferocious Garuda remained clear!

The black humanoid let out a piercing shriek on its back, and a destructive power crashed into Su Ming's face.

His eyes flashed with a brilliant light, and almost at the instant the Garuda approached him, he unfurled his right hand, pressed his fingers tight against each other, and pushed his palm forward.

Right at the moment he did so, those white wisps of smoke surrounding his palm instantly started twisting, and the vague shadows of the three birds could be seen within them. Then, in the blink of an eye, right when Su Ming pushed his palm forward, his hand swiftly crashed into the Garuda!

This scene itself was like a picture. Within it was Su Ming, whose hair was dancing from the wind while his body remained in midair. He had his right hand lifted before him, and he was pushing against a gigantic Garuda, on whose back was a small, ferocious looking, black humanoid.

Time seemed to have stopped when this scene happened, but it only stopped for an instant before it was immediately ripped apart by a loud, shocking bang.

As it reverberated in the air, the Garuda started shattering inch by inch. Once those cracks went through its entire body, it fell to pieces. The small black humanoid on its back also let out a shrill shriek before it started dissipating like a person made of sand being blown apart by a violent gust of wind...

Su Ming was previously concealed by the Garuda's gigantic body, and only when it completely disappeared did he reveal himself. His face was slightly pale, but he

continued standing in the air and did not even take a single step backwards. His hair was still dancing about, but his eyes were closed at that moment.

When the smoke around him gradually disappeared and everything returned to normal, Shen Dong stood not too far in the distance with a slightly pale face. There was also a complicated expression on his face, along with a hint of shock.

'Gaining an epiphany during a battle... This is... I actually met a person who could do this! Only a person with an incredibly high level of comprehensive abilities could gain epiphanies during a battle.'

In hesitation, he stared at Su Ming, and after some time, gave up on the idea of launching an ambush. He was a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, and he could accept dying in battle, but he would not be able to overcome his own principles to lay an ambush.

Su Ming opened his eyes. During that instant he struck out with his palm, he had unconsciously sunk into a strange condition. It was difficult for him to describe that feeling, but it had felt as if everything around him had slowed down, so slow that he had gained enough time to think and counterattack.

In that state where everything had slowed down, he saw himself positioning his right hand flat, and at the instant he pushed forward, the white smoke turned into three birds, and they were the creatures that had been formed through Shen Dong's divine abilities.

He continued watching, and a faint, strange feeling rose within him, giving him the sensation as if he had come to possess a Creation Art... With this hand, he could destroy everything, and then make all the things he destroyed manifest themselves...

Seize, absorb... and push.

Seizing was to destroy, absorbing was to take the pieces in, and pushing... was to create them anew!

When he was in that strange state, he also saw Shen Dong's face. In truth, that man's changes of expression at that time had slowed down greatly in Su Ming's eyes, and he could observe him in detail and analyze his every move. If Shen Dong had truly attacked him, then Su Ming would have had enough time in that condition to wake up from the strange state.

This sort of feeling where the world had slowed down and only he remained the same made Su Ming's thought processes become much more active. He had a strong hunch that if he could stay in this sort of condition to understand all that was going on around him, then he could control the world and the universe.

But unfortunately, this feeling only lasted for several breaths before it immediately disappeared. When everything around him regained its normal flow of time, Su Ming woke up.

As his eyes started sparkling brilliantly, Shen Dong lifted his right hand.

"I failed to match up to you in our first match..."

A flash appeared in his eyes, and when he lifted his right hand, he formed a circle with his index finger and his thumb before he swiftly pushed his hand towards the sky. Immediately, a large amount of black fog swiftly seeped out of his right hand and started rapidly spreading through the area. In the blink of an eye, it covered Shen Dong's entire body, and when there were multiple layers of it, a huge figure of a hundred something feet tall stood before Su Ming.

That figure was formed completely of black fog, and it looked almost alive. Once it appeared, it let out a roar that sounded like the clap of thunder. Su Ming knew that Shen Dong was within this giant. This was the second time he saw this divine ability.

Shen Dong had executed this ability once before Su Ming when he was fighting against the Berserkers' Disaster in Evil Spirit Mountain. The shadow figure might have been destroyed by the bell, but Shen Dong had been completely uninjured!

"This Giant Spirit Transformation Art is one of the three ultimate Arts in Evil Spirit Art. The giant spirit formed by this Art contains the power to support the world, and it can absorb the spiritual aura around the world so that it would never die!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, please accept this strike from my giant spirit!"

Shen Dong's voice rumbled in the air when his words tumbled out of the giant's mouth. The giant did not move, but lifted its right hand and stretched it behind itself, its whole body bent backwards like a bow. Soon after, as a shocking roar reverberated through the area, the giant clenched its right fist, its bent body pulled taut and straight, and hurled its fist forward with a loud bang.

The gigantic fist stirred up a piercing sound that sliced through the air. It also caused the air to truly shatter, as if it could not withstand Shen Dong's divine ability. Wherever his fist went, the signs of air shattering could be seen.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He could feel sharp stabs of pain all over his body at that moment, and he even felt as if his breathing froze at that moment. He could clearly feel all the air in the area having been extracted as that fist came charging through, causing the place to instantly turn into a state similar to when he cast the third Style of his Wind Separation.

It was as if all the air around him had been absorbed by that fist to turn into a shocking power that came charging towards him. However, Su Ming did not back down. He could do so, and neither did he want to!

'As expected of a powerful Immortal who has reached Great Circle of Ascendancy, the equivalent of a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!'

A fierce battle spirit appeared in Su Ming's eyes. If Shen Dong respected him, then he would also respect this powerful warrior.

Even if their races were different, even if their dreams were different, and even if the way they lived was different, Su Ming would still give him the respect he should receive as a powerful warrior.

"This is the God of Berserkers' Roar... though I have no idea just which God of Berserkers invented this..."

At the same time that punch came charging towards Su Ming, he spoke calmly, and the instant his words echoed in the air, he let out his strongest roar at the incoming punch!

That roar rose swiftly into the air, causing booming sounds to instantly ring through the area.

Su Ming's power started bursting forth from his body at the same time. Clearly, he... had held back during the first match.

Chapter 628: Amicable

A roar that sounded like a clap of thunder that filled the entire world spread out, and during that instant, it caused Shen Dong's punch to instantly start slowing down several dozens of feet away from Su Ming. The giant also started trembling, as if it was about to disintegrate.

At that moment, Su Ming was using up an eighth of all the power in his body!

Those eight-tenths of his power was equivalent to the pinnacle of his strength when he fought against Di Tian in the past. But even though he brought that power out, that fist might have slowed down and looked as if it was about to disintegrate, but it still continued moving forward and continued getting closer to Su Ming. The destructive power behind it seemed to be able to destroy Su Ming's physical body and soul if it struck him!

Shen Dong, who was hidden in the giant's body, had veins popping out on his face at that moment. All his power had erupted from his body and turned into the strongest power he could muster within the giant. It was the power that could stand up against the Berserkers' Disaster, and the fist swiftly increased in speed. With a bang, it closed in on Su Ming, as if it had just overpowered his strength of when the pinnacle of his state in the past.

Yet those eight-tenths of the power was just the pinnacle of what Su Ming had in the past. He might not have reached full recovery right then, but he had already recovered almost nine-tenths of his cultivation base, and the additional amount of power was released for the first time at that moment.

An explosive force burst out swiftly from Su Ming's body and fused into his God of Berserkers' roar, causing the wave of sound to suppress all manner of sound within the world, as if taking all of them over. At that moment, that roar exploded forth.

At the instant it reverberated through the air, the huge fist before Su Ming crumbled. As it shattered, inch by inch, the pieces fell backwards. The fog dispersed, and Shen Dong coughed up a mouthful of blood. He staggered ten steps back, and with each one, he would make the air shake, and the distance between each step was equal to ten feet!

After those ten steps, he was pushed a hundred feet backwards!

Su Ming's face was pale. When he finished the roar and when the fog giant Shen Dong had transformed into collapsed, Su Ming also coughed up a mouthful of blood and similarly retreated ten steps before managing to stabilize his body.

His breathing was rapid, and when he lifted his head, he looked at Shen Dong, who also had blood trickling down the corners of his mouth.

The two of them watched each other, just like that. Both of them had clearly held back during their first match, and that was why Shen Dong had put up a slightly less than stellar fight. Yet during their second match, he had brought out all his power, and the strength of it had caused Su Ming to be unable to fend against it even with the pinnacle of his power before he was injured. If he had not possessed hidden strength, then he would have lost this battle.

When he revealed the one-tenth of that power he had gained during his recovery and stirred up a loud bang that surged into the sky, both of them coughed up a mouthful of blood and were pushed back ten steps, a clear sign that they were both equally matched!

Only a completely evenly matched fight could bring forth the greatest amount of satisfaction and delight. The two of them continued watching each other while standing some two hundred feet apart. Neither of them spoke, only their gazes meeting one another.

After some time, a faint smile gradually appeared at the corners of Shen Dong's lips, and Su Ming's reaction was a mirror-copy. A smile curled up his lips, and it slowly grew wider until eventually turning into a loud peal of laughter.

Shen Dong laughed, and Su Ming, too, laughed. In this empty battlefield, the two people who had been fighting just moments ago were both laughing from the bottom of their hearts, and there was, strangely enough, not a hint of discordance in this. Instead, there was a perfect harmony in their laughter born from an appreciation of each other's presence, a respect towards each other, and an acknowledgement as well as affirmation towards the other.

"This battle... is enjoyable indeed!" As Shen Dong laughed, he lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag, and a gourd immediately flew out from within. Once he held it in his hand, he flicked off the cork, and a thick aroma of wine wafted into the air. He threw his head back and drank a mouthful from it.

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, would you like some?"

Once Shen Dong drank that mouthful of wine along with the blood in his mouth, he smiled and looked towards Su Ming. There was a hint of respect within his eyes, one that hadn't appeared once after he came to the Berserkers' world. Even when he was before Evil Sect's Ji An, he only held that man in reverence. It was not the same thing as respect.

"I'm a Berserker." Su Ming was still smiling, but it was gradually tainted with a hint of mixed feelings.

They were born from how this person had gained his respect through due to both his words and actions during this one battle, even though they had not had much contact with each other before this. That sort of appreciation towards each other's presence had not just appeared within Shen Dong's heart. It had also appeared within Su Ming's heart.

But the difference of their races was the final nail in the coffin of their relationship.

"So what? You're the second person I've met among the Berserkers who deserves my respect and admiration. Fellow Daoist Oriole, you are courageous but cautious, and you do things resolutely. Even though you have plenty of Enchanted Treasures and even possess the power of the Undertaker of Evil's Spear, you still chose to not use it...

"You also had the chance to gravely injure me when you pushed me back with that power from your roar, but you chose not to... We might be of different races, but I only know that I enjoyed this fight very much!

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, I will only give those I acknowledge this wine. I'll ask you one more time, do you want it?" Shen Dong looked at Su Ming, and his laughter rang in the

air. His honest and straightforward presence revealed itself and instantly chased away all the gloominess about him.

He might be from Evil Sect, but true men also existed within Evil Sect!

Su Ming looked at Shen Dong and lifted his right hand swiftly to seize that gourd through the air. The gourd instantly flew out from Shen Dong's hand and charged towards Su Ming. Once he grabbed it, he looked at Shen Dong and placed the gourd by his lips before he took a big swig from it.

"This battle is indeed enjoyable! But this wine is even more enjoyable!" The wine in Su Ming's mouth turned into a burning wave of heat that spread through his body as if it had drawn up a line of fire, and it actually managed to make a hint of his cultivation base recover.

It might be just a hint, but it was enough to show just how precious this wine was!

"If you like it, then this humble Shen will give you that gourd in your hands as a gift!" Shen Dong laughed, and a delighted expression appeared on his face. This was an incredibly rare expression on his face, which was usually schooled to a gloomy look.

However, Su Ming could tell based on his experience that there was not a hint of deceit in that expression. Shen Dong was sincere.

"I came to the land of Berserkers to break out of Ascendant Stage and a chance to reach the second step. Fellow Daoist Oriole, your Berserker cultivation method is very unique. You must have also reached a critical stage. If we can both reach a breakthrough, I'd like to fight against you again!" Shen Dong looked at Su Ming and brought out another gourd from his storage bag before he started drinking huge mouthfuls from it.

"We still haven't exchanged our third blow. Do you still want to fight?" Shen placed the gourd down and started laughing heartily.

"Of course!" Su Ming, too, laughed heartily. As they met each other's gazes, they could no longer find any hate in each other's eyes, but a glint screaming of a refusal to admit defeat was shining in both their eyes.

"I will be casting a divine ability I obtained purely by coincidence when I was in the land of Immortals. This Art was left behind by the Immortals of the past. I've been practicing it for many years, but I still haven't mastered it completely. This Art... is called... Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal!

"With my current level of cultivation, I can only bring forth the power of one seal. Fellow Daoist Oriole, please have a look!"

Once Shen Dong finished speaking, he suddenly bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a blood arrow. It abruptly exploded, and when it scattered into the air, seven indistinct shadows manifested. Once they appeared, an incredibly thick and great aura of death instantly surged in from all directions. Once the shadows absorbed all that aura, they swiftly became more corporeal.

All seven of these people wore crowns and were dressed in robes with the sky embroidered on it. Their faces could not be seen clearly, but a mighty pressure that made Su Ming's heart tremble came from those people.

Immediately after, the seven shadows dressed with the sky patterned robes lifted their right hands, and with a swing of their arms, the weather changed, and the land in all directions changed. The sky disappeared as well, covered by a layer of green fog.

At the same time, the seven shadows dressed in sky patterned robes also disappeared, but right at the moment they vanished, a great wave of danger came crashing towards Su Ming from below him.

When he whipped his head downwards, his pupils shrank. He saw that the ground that had been replaced by the green fog had now turned into a gigantic seal.

It was green in color, and it was spreading out the pressure that was causing Su Ming's heart to tremble. It looked as if it was about to begin operating at any moment to bring forth the destructive power that belonged to the Seven Abyssal Sinister Yin Seal. One that could destroy the world.

However, this gigantic seal was not centered on Su Ming. He was only located at the edge of it. At the instant he looked over, Shen Dong let out a low growl that reverberated in the air.

Immediately, a piercing green light erupted from the green fog seal, and it covered everything within it. No rumbling sounds could be heard, and neither did any sort of ripples that shook the sky appear. When the light disappeared, Su Ming was still standing on the ground, and Shen Dong was standing in the distance with a pale face.

The green fog disappeared, and the Seven Abyssal Sinister Yin Seal vanished with it.

However... there was an empty space about several thousands of feet away from this place at that moment. It was a hundred li in size, and a gigantic pit seemed to have appeared over there, because the ground there had disappeared. The sky there had also become an indistinct mess. In fact, there was a gigantic pit at the top of the sky that was slowly closing up at that moment.

Su Ming fell silent.

Shen Dong's breathing was quick. After some time, he looked towards Su Ming, and a smile appeared on his face.

"Fellow Daoist Oriole, there might just be one seal in the Art I cast just now, but what do you think of its might?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, then reopened them several breaths later before he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Shen Dong and bowed towards him. He did not answer the Immortal's question, but chose to lift his right hand with the back of his hand turned towards the sky and his palm turned towards the ground.

"If my hand symbolizes time, then one side represents the past, and the other represents the future..." Su Ming mumbled softly. For the first time, the black dye in his hair that Ugly Little Thing's family had used to cover him up faded away, revealing a startling combination of white and purple!

At the same time, the shocking sight of time flowing back appeared when Su Ming said those words and waved his hand.

Shen Dong's eyes went wide, and disbelieving shock as well as astonishment appeared within them. He stared at the time on the ground and sky swiftly flowing back with a dumbfounded expression. The pit in the ground in the distance disappeared, the hole in the sky vanished, then, when he saw the gigantic Verdant Abyssal Seal appearing once again between the sky and earth, he sucked in a sharp breath.

'What divine ability is this?!' Shen Dong's heart trembled, and he suddenly felt fortunate that he had not thought about killing Su Ming with the Verdant Abyssal Seal, or else...

Su Ming looked at the restored Verdant Abyssal Seal in the world, and a sparkle of curiosity appeared in his eyes, so he started looking at it carefully.

He looked as if he was copying it, using his heart as his drawing board and his soul as his pen...

Chapter 629: Sold Off...

The first thing Su Ming copied in his life allowed him to create Berserker Obliteration. He might have gradually reduced the use of this Art as his level of cultivation increased, but it was his first step towards becoming a powerful Berserker.

In his second copy he recreated the Roc's great speed, allowing his speed to surpass his limits. His understanding as well as mastery towards wind then gave him the

opportunity to obtain the Wind Berserker's Inheritance, which let him master the three styles of Wind Separation.

And on this day, during the final exchange in the promised three divine abilities duel in his match against Shen Dong, Su Ming decided to copy something once again!

This time, he did not have a drawing board, because his heart was the drawing board itself! This time, he did not hold a pen in his hand, because his soul was the world's pen!

With Destiny's control over the cycles of time, he watched time flow back and observed the changes in the Verdant Abyssal Seal before he fused all his observations into the copy in his heart. At that moment, the world Su Ming saw in his eyes was surrounded by green fog. Then, after it appeared, it gathered together into a seal before eventually exploding with a bang. The thing that triggered the explosion was not the power of cultivation, not the life force within the world, and neither was it the spiritual aura in the universe. It was instead triggered by... a faint wisp of the power of death.

The power of that blast had moved Su Ming, caused his heart to race, made his pupils shrink, and even made his breathing immediately quicken.

He now knew why such a huge pit would appear in the sky. He now knew the source of Verdant Abyssal Seal's great strength. He had seen that the pit in the sky was not formed because of the sky's collapse, but had been caused because of the endless Yin Death aura behind the sky having spilled forward, tearing through the sky to descend to this place, as if it had been summoned here.

This Yin Death aura was the power from the Yin Death Fog beyond the sky!

'Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal... Verdant Abyssal Seal!'

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. If it was not because of Destiny, he would not have seen the source of Verdant Abyssal Seal's power. If time had not flowed back, he would not have been able to see the entire process of the seal fading away!

If this was his first time copying something, just like he did when he was at the ninth summit and copying something to clear his own mind, then he would not have been able to see the source of this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal with just one glance!

Green gradually appeared in Su Ming's eyes, though it instantly vanished. He closed his eyes.

Shen Dong's eyes were wide from disbelief and shock at the moment. There was also a hint of incredulity in his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming.

'That divine ability just now... Time reversal... With that divine ability, he observed my Yin Death Seal and actually managed to find some clues about how it works. By the

looks of it, he had also come to understand it somewhat... Just what sort of comprehensive ability does this person have? If he truly understood the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal, I... I... This is impossible!"

Shen Dong laughed wryly. He remembered that he had used a long amount of time to practice this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal, and even now, he had only managed to somewhat master the first seal.

If Su Ming had truly managed to see through the true form and the origin of the Art, then this would definitely deal a huge blow to Shen Dong's pride.

As he laughed wryly, Su Ming opened his eyes. A green vortex shone in his eyes, and when Shen Dong saw it, a loud roar rang in his heart.

"Thank you for your Art, brother Shen!"

Su Ming's eyes regained focus. The green vortex in his pupils vanished, and with a stern look on his face, he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Shen Dong.

The Immortal was momentarily stunned, then he carefully asked, "You... You learned it?"

"There are still some parts that remain unclear to me, and I only managed to understand some of it. This Art uses the will of death within itself to stir up the aura of death from the world to form this Rune so that it can summon the Yin Death Fog beyond the sky. Once everything connects together, the Yin Death aura that is filled with death will explode," Su Ming said calmly.

Shen Dong's breathing quickened, and his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming was filled with astonishment, shock, complicated feelings, and also distress. After a long while, he laughed wryly and shook his head.

"My fellow Daoist, I've only seen that sort of comprehensive ability you possess in Ye Wang, who is among our generation. This match has ended, and I have lost. Even if that Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal had landed on you just now, that time reversal divine ability of yours would still have been able to break my Art." Shen Dong sucked in a deep breath and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Our match today was truly delightful. I've also obtained quite a lot from this match, and I can feel that I'm no longer far away from reaching my breakthrough. For this, I must thank you, my fellow Daoist..."

"But you must be careful. The death of an Evil Spirit Sect Elder in Ascendance is no trivial matter. I have my duties at hand and must report this... I hope you will remain

safe." As Shen Dong spoke, he cast Su Ming a deep look and turned around before he changed into a long arc and charged into the distance.

Su Ming watched Shen Dong leave, and after a long while, the green vortex of fog appeared in his eyes once again. As it spun, Su Ming slowly lifted his right hand, and the same green vortex of fog could be seen on his right hand. A thick aura of death seeped out.

'You are not from Yin Death Region, that's why mastering this Art is so difficult for you... The senior who created this divine ability must have surely come from Yin Death Region...

'Judging by Shen Dong's words, he obtained this Art in the land of Immortals. If that is the case... then if the senior who created this divine ability truly came from Yin Death Region, how... did he manage to get out of this place?'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky. A chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

"One of these days, I will definitely break through this sky... and step into your world. I can feel it, that day is no longer far away," Su Ming mumbled. He clenched his right hand tightly into a fist, and the green vortex on his palm immediately disappeared. He turned around and strode towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, which was now gradually brightening up as the light of dawn was slowly chasing away the darkness.

Almost at the moment Su Ming moved towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch, a gigantic dragon head peeked out of the clouds in the endless sky above the ground, right before darkness was broken by light.

That dragon's head was yellowish brown, and there was a murderous look on its stern countenance. As it lowered its head, it swept its gaze across the land, as if it was looking at Su Ming. On its back was a woman with rosy cheeks. There were roasted seeds in her hands, and she was eating them as her eyes twinkled with a lively sparkle.

'He's a rare Abyss Builder, a race rumored to have gone extinct in the Emperor of Abyss' True World... and he has high comprehensive abilities as well... And when I was watching him fight against that Immortal from the inferior world in True Morning Dao World... he showed the signs of the Abyss as well. I didn't expect to be able to see such a person here!' The woman's eyes sparkled, and when some unknown thought struck her head, she slowly started chuckling, with evident smugness.

'He's from the Emperor of Abyss' True World, and also a rare Abyss Builder, and he has such incredible comprehensive abilities, and has even showed signs of the Abyss to boot... Aaah~ Just what sort of good things can I get if I sell this person off?

'Who should I sell him to? Should I sell him to grandpa Prince Ming, or big sister Fu Shui, or should I just straight up sell him to the Emperor of Abyss?' As these thoughts

raced in the woman's head, her spirits lifted and her eyes shone in excitement. She had even stopped eating the seeds.

"Ah, I don't care. I'll sell him to everyone. Then at least my efforts for saving him previously won't be wasted. I'll just treat it as getting paid for saving him, but I don't think I'll go to the Emperor of Abyss. That old man is too shrewd and miserly. He won't even give a single spirit stone!"

Once the yellow dragon heard those words, it immediately shuddered, and terror appeared on its face.

The woman's expression grew even more smug, and she reached out to grab the yellow dragon's head with her right hand. The dragon shuddered and instinctively ducked its head, causing the woman to grab empty air.

"Xiao Huang, you're being disobedient!" The woman glared at the dragon, but her voice was incredibly sweet, able to make all those who heard it to feel their bodies tingle. That is to say if they did not see her face.

The murderous and stern look was gone from the yellow dragon's face, replaced by a miserable expression. It closed its eyes, and the woman grabbed its head with her right hand. Then, with one quick yank, she plucked three whiskers from its head. The yellow dragon yelped in pain.

The woman took one of the three whiskers and opened her petite mouth before blowing on it softly. A breath of her life drifted into the air. When it touched the whisker, it was immediately set afire.

As it burned, a wisp of white smoke floated into the sky, but it did not dissipate. Instead, it gathered together in midair and turned into a ring-shaped circle. The inside of it was muddy, and whatever was inside could not be seen clearly.

"Grandpa Prince Ming, I know you can hear me. Stop hiding." The woman blinked and let out a fake cough before she spoke sweetly.

The circle remained murky, and not a hint of change could be detected. The white smoke was also slowly disappearing, and by the looks of it, it would not take too long before it completely disappeared.

"Ah... and here I just found a person with great potential. The first person I thought of to tell was you, you know? But oh well, since you're not here, then I guess I'll have to go to big sister Fu Shui..."

The woman put on a regretful face, but she was staring at the circle of smoke without so much as blinking. When the circle became even thinner, a thought appeared in her head.

"Oh well, I guess this Abyss Builder is simply not fated to meet you, grandpa Prince Ming. Oh well..." As the woman spoke, she lifted her right hand, but just as she was about to wave her hand to dispel the almost completely gone circle of smoke—

At the instant she said her final sentence, the thin circle of smoke immediately froze and no longer continued fading away. Instead, it swiftly gathered together, and the murkiness within instantly went away to be replaced by clarity.

A chamber was shown within the circle, and there was an old man with a head full of white hair sitting cross-legged within it. The old man's form was indistinct, and his face could not be seen clearly. However, his gaze could be felt piercing through the circle of smoke, and he was looking at the woman.

"Hey there, old man Ming. It's been a while." The woman's lips lifted into a playful smile, and she lifted her hand to give him a little wave, as if she was greeting him.

"Hmph, how rude! Where are your manners?! You're always acting so wildly! How dare you steal the Cross Borders Spirit just so that you can run away from getting married to the Emperor of Abyss' fourth prince? Do you have any idea just what sort of trouble you've got yourself into this time?!"

"Eh... Gee, old man, that's my personal problem. Why are you butting into my business? So what if I want to run away? What Cross Borders Spirit are you talking about? I don't know what you're saying..." the woman said with a huff, glaring. As for the Cross Borders Spirit, she could only express confusion.

The yellow dragon beneath her put on a miserable face. Just as it was about to lower its head, the old man's voice traveled through the circle of smoke.

"Fine. I don't want to be bothered by this anyway. What Abyss Builder were you talking about just now?" The old man changed the topic and finally talked about the reason behind him showing up.

Chapter 630: The Emperor of Abyss's True World Expectations!

"I didn't mention anything about an Abyss Builder. You pissed me off, so I'm not telling you!" A smug expression appeared on the woman's face. After casting a sideways glance at the old man in the circle of smoke, she put on a regretful expression.

"It's a pity for that young man. He really has such good potential. He's young, has shocking comprehensive abilities, can use his heart as his drawing board and his soul

as his pen to copy the changes in the world!" As the woman spoke, she cast another glance at the circle of smoke.

The old man there might still be indistinct, but it could be seen that he was unmoved, and not a single hint of change in emotion could be detected on him. It was as if he was completely unbothered by finding a person who had high comprehensive abilities.

"Copying using the heart and soul isn't much," the old man stated slowly.

"With power that is equivalent to the Ascendant Stage, he fought against a person in the Second Step. He had laid out plot after plot against his opponent, and while he didn't win in the end, he managed to push that person in the Second Step into an incredibly pathetic state. He also managed to escape," the woman said once again.

"There might not be many who have an incredibly calculative mind and manage to fight against a person stronger than themselves, but they're not really that rare." This time, the old man in the circle of smoke remained silent for a moment before he spoke.

"Then what if I say he's not really that old and has showed signs of the Abyss... and that he can turn back time?" The woman remained calm as she spoke with a light chuckle.

Yet once she said those words, the circle of smoke instantly distorted, and after a moment, the old man's voice traveled forth swiftly.

"Turning back time?"

"That's right. He also has the Abyss Builder's presence. Based on my observations and judgments, I'm nine out of ten certain that he is an Abyss Builder, one of the member of the race that is rumored to have been wiped out in the Emperor of Abyss' True World," the woman said smugly after looking at the circle of smoke for a bit.

This time, the old man remained silent for an even longer period of time, and that silence lasted until his slightly excited voice traveled forth, despite his seemingly calm face.

"Are you certain he is an Abyss Builder and he showed signs of the Abyss?"

The woman did not speak. She lifted her right hand, and a jade slip flew out, floating into the circle of smoke. It shone with a brilliant light, and a scene was depicted within that light. This was naturally the fight between Su Ming and Di Tian, as well as Su Ming's fight against Shen Dong.

"Where is he?" After some time, a low voice immediately came out of the circle of smoke, and as the smoke distorted, a faint sight of the old man standing up from his previously meditative position could be seen.

"Ah... This is such an aggravating thing! I was willing to sacrifice my future happiness for the Emperor of Abyss' True World's future by coming out here to search for your scion, is it an easy thing for me to do?"

"I was even sorely misunderstood!"

"Ahem. Oh well, I'll write it off if you give me ten Abyss Piercer Swords, a hundred Dark Abyss Cores, three hundred Spirit Disintegration Pills, and a chance to undergo the Abhi?eka Ceremony in Abyss Lake." The woman counted with her fingers and put on an expression as if she was suffering a huge loss as she spoke.

"You little brat... Fine. I'll give these things to you. Now tell me, where is the child!" When the old man's resigned voice reached the woman, she broke off into a smile, and immediately brought out another jade slip which she threw into the circle of smoke.

As a layer of ripples shone in the air, everything instantly vanished.

Within the universe was a galaxy, and within that galaxy was one of the four Great True Realms - the Emperor of Abyss' True World. In the middle of an endless space was a black, floating continent. The end of it could not be seen, and its land was barren. Not a single hint of life could be detected there.

At the center of that continent was a ruin filled with a desolate air. Within its boundless space was a house, and the door to that house was pushed open silently at that moment.

An old man in long white robes walked out. His entire body was indistinct and he could not be seen clearly, but the hint of expectation in his eyes shone clearly.

"He's indeed an Abyss Builder... I didn't expect that there would still be an Abyss Builder in this world... The only problematic thing is that he's in True Morning Dao World... but even if he's in True Morning Dao World's Yin Death Region, I will still go and see whether he is real!"

As he spoke, he took a step forward. His body fused into the darkness and he vanished into thin air.

In another spot within the Emperor of Abyss' True World was a river of black stars. Its precise area could not be determined, but it was shining so brilliantly that even those far away from it could see it vaguely from the distance.

A large number of cultivators could be seen moving about in that endless river of stars... Deeper in there was a lake, and at the center of it an island. A woman could be found sitting in there at that moment. She wore a black veil over her face, and stars were sparkling in her eyes. Almost at the same time the old man left, a floating vortex appeared before her, and within it were the youthful woman and her yellow dragon.

"Big sister Fu Shui... A hundred Ap Vat Vriksha[2] Cores, and five hundred Stella Via Lactea[3] pints. You also have to help me call off my marriage with the Emperor of Abyss' fourth son, then I'll tell you where that Abyss Builder is. You're the first person I spoke to, if you refuse, then I'll immediately go tell that old man Ming."

The woman in the veil frowned and glared at the woman in the vortex, but the doting look in her eyes could not be hidden away even by the stern expression on her face.

When the vortex disappeared, a pensive look appeared in her eyes.

"There's actually still an Abyss Builder in this world...? Abyss Builders... The last of them died tens of thousands of years ago under the Rho Leonis Disaster..." When she mentioned the Rho Leonis Disaster, a hint of terror flashed briefly on the woman's face.

"If we trace back further, it is even said that the entire Emperor of Abyss's True World was created by that race, and if he's really an Abyss Builder, then it will be a great fortune for the Emperor of Abyss' True World!" The woman slowly stood up, and as her eyes sparkled, she took a step forward and disappeared into the air.

When light began lightening the world at dawn, Su Ming charged towards Hidden Dragon Sect's branch like a specter. In his hand was a jade slip, and it was the thing left behind in Gu Yuan Hai's storage bag.

A treasure cave in his sect under Thousand River Valley was clearly stated within it. All of the things that they could not take away in time when a sudden disaster fell on their heads were stored in that place.

As Su Ming moved forward, he did not make a sound. However, he could hear the occasional faint screams of pain from Hidden Dragon Sect. Those were the people Evil Spirit Sect killed as they continued with their pillaging activities, and these people were all being swiftly eliminated.

There was also the matter of the cage that was formed due to the seal. Besides Gu Yuan Hai, who might be able to escape with grave injuries using his power, all of the others would not be able to break free of the seal even if they managed to escape from Thousand River Valley.

That was why those faint screams of pain would reach Su Ming's ears from all around him. These were the sounds Hidden Dragon Sect disciples let out before they were cruelly killed off once they were discovered in their hiding spots.

Su Ming remained calm. He was not about to become a saint and stop this massacre. This battle between the Immortals had nothing to do with him. He drifted along silently, and when he arrived at the foot of Thousand River Valley, which was also the canyon right under Hidden Dragon Sect's hanging bridge, he stopped.

Once he checked the jade slip in his hand carefully, he spread his divine sense outwards, and after a moment, he charged down the canyon once more. Before long, he stopped again, and his gaze fell on the mountain wall before him.

That portion of the mountain looked normal. It was filled with moss, and there was an ancient air seeping out of there, a clear sign that it had existed for a long time. Not a single ripple of spiritual aura could be detected from the area, and neither were there any signs of the place being cut out before.

As Su Ming stood there, a surprised sparkle appeared in his eyes. He lifted his right hand, but just as he was about to form a seal, he frowned. Once he lifted his head and looked above him, he ignored whatever was up there and continued forming the seal before he struck that very normal mountain rock.

After a moment, as loud whistling that seemed to be able to slice through the air came from above, and as Su Ming continued delivering the seals on that mountain rock, that seemingly normal rock immediately started shuddering with loud rumbling sounds. Soon, as if a veil had been lifted, the moss disappeared to reveal a sealed off cave abode.

There was a notch on the door that was a perfect fit for a jade slip. Su Ming did not hesitate and threw it into the notch.

Rumbling sounds instantly came from the mountain door as it slowly opened up.

Right at the instant it did so, the whistling sounds that sliced through air from above became even more frequent, and a faint eerie voice reached Su Ming's ears.

"Boy, where's the treasure trove you said? If you were lying to us, then I will use your spirit as the missing primary spirit for my Heavenly Treasure Streamer. It'll fill you with hate as you die from torture!"

That voice was somewhat familiar to Su Ming. After a moment of thought, he remembered that it belonged to the thin Inner Sect disciple who had wanted to use him as a Blood Sacrifice when they were on the flying Enchanted Vessel.

Su Ming ignored the voice and walked into the cave abode. At the instant he stepped in, the fog above immediately churned, and three long arcs charged out.

The person leading the group was the thin Inner Sect disciple, and the two people behind him had bloodshot eyes filled with greed and anticipation. They followed closely behind him, and one of them had a quivering young man clamped under his arm. By the looks of his clothes, he was a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple.

At the instant they showed up from the fog, the thin Inner Sect disciple leading the ground saw the opened cave abode on the mountain wall, and he also saw Su Ming standing over there.

He was momentarily stunned before he immediately started laughing.

"How dare an Outer Sect disciple like you try to steal our spoils? You're in luck, because my Blood Sacrifice's power is full right now. Get out of my face!" As the thin Inner Sect disciple laughed coldly, he charged towards Su Ming. This kid was nothing in his eyes, and if he did not move, he would just kill him.

He was more concerned of the treasure trove in the cave abode that the Hidden Dragon Sect disciple had spoken of.

The two people behind him looked at Su Ming coldly. As they charged forward, they closed in on the place. Only the young man under one of their arms was staring at the opened door with a dumbfounded expression. He had noticed that there was a jade slip inserted on the door in a barely noticeable fashion. He could not help but find his pupils shrinking as he looked at Su Ming swiftly.

"What? Not moving? You puny ant from the Outer Sect, if you want to die, then I'll grant your wish!"

Once the thin person closed in, he saw that Su Ming wasn't moving, and a faint hint of impatience stirred up in him. He lifted his right hand, thinking of killing Su Ming, but right at the moment he did so, he saw Su Ming's eyes.

Those were a pair of calm eyes, so calm that they were terrifying. The calmness within them seemed to be such that would not shake a single bit even if the world crumbled before it. They were so calm that it made the thin Inner Sect disciple instinctively feel his heart trembling the moment he saw them.

Chapter 631: Eight Doors with Runic Symbols!

The thin Inner Sect disciple had quite extraordinary power, but that description of being extraordinary could only be applied when he was being compared to his fellow sect members. To Su Ming, this sort of person with only that kind power had provoked him twice, so there was no way he would continue indulging him.

He was calm, and that calmness was an expression of his aloofness.

The thin Inner Sect disciple's heart was trembling at that moment. He suddenly felt a wave of terror he had never sensed before from Su Ming, and especially from those aloof eyes. When he met their gaze, he felt as if two sharp swords pierced right through him, rushing into his eyes and sweeping into his mind before stabbing his heart. They then turned into tens of thousands of lightning bolts in his body, and they were all letting out explosive sounds within him.

Those rumbling lightning bolts shattered his heart and ripped through his soul, causing his breathing to quicken and his eyes to widen when he was less than five feet away from Su Ming.

He abruptly coughed up a mouthful of blood, and it dyed his shirt red, causing the thin Inner Sect disciple to tremble, and at that moment, numerous bloody cracks immediately appeared on his skin. They continued spreading outwards, and in the blink of an eye, they filled his entire body. He could feel an invisible pressure that fell on him like mountains, ready to crush and flatten him. It was as if his entire world had crumbled completely at that moment.

His heart raced madly, thumping loudly against his chest. It was gaining speed rapidly, and the thin Inner Sect disciple's face turned stark pale. A bang rang out in his chest, and his heart exploded, unable to bear with the pressure.

Once that happened, his organs were also crushed in that instant. His body turned into a bloody mess with a loud bang, as he stood five feet away from Su Ming. The torn pieces then collapsed to the ground.

The blood and flesh spilled all over the place, but none of it fell on Su Ming's body. It was as if the thin Inner Sect disciple did not dare to get close to Su Ming even in death.

Su Ming had not cast any sort of divine ability, had not even lifted his hand to cause the thin man's death. He had only used the might formed by his own power to press down on him. This sort of power had practically gained physical form as Su Ming's level of cultivation increased!

The two fellow sect members of the deceased thin man stood dumbfounded and confused by what they saw. The person to react first was the one who was not holding onto the young man from Hidden Dragon Sect. With a pale face, he immediately retreated without any hesitation, turning into a long arc and leaving this place in haste.

Terror filled his entire body, and the rhythmic beat of his heart was replaced by tremors. Shock and fear became the only things in his heart, and as he retreated, only one thought remained in his mind - he had to get as far away as possible from this place, without care for anything else.

A flash of crimson appeared, and it swept past him as he continued escaping. Confusion surfaced in his eyes and just as he was about to lower his head to look, his

head was separated from his body in the middle of his act of dipping it downwards. His head fell into the canyon, and his body, too, plummeted down with a shudder.

A storage bag flew out from the corpse, and it was swept up by the crimson light before it charged towards Su Ming. It floated before him and revealed itself. It was the small snake!

Its injuries were mostly recovered after these few years. It might still look a little feeble, but its body was at least complete.

"How long are you going to hide?" Su Ming stroked the small snake's head, and the snake looked as if it enjoyed his touch. It wrapped its body around his arm.

Su Ming's question was clearly not directed towards the small snake. Besides him, there were two people in this place. One of them was the stunned Evil Spirit Sect disciple. The other was the young man he held under his arm.

Almost at the instant Su Ming asked that question, the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's heart trembled, and he whipped his head downwards to look at the Hidden Dragon Sect member he was holding. During that instant, he saw a chilling glare shining within the young man's eyes.

This was the final ray of light he saw in his life. The next moment, that young man lifted his right hand and waved it swiftly like a ray of lightning, and blood gushed out of the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's neck. A muffled bang sounded in the air, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciple's body was torn into pieces, falling into the depths of the canyon.

The young man from Hidden Dragon Sect floated in midair. Then with an incredibly solemn expression mixed with wariness and nervousness, he wrapped his fist in his palm in a greeting towards Su Ming.

"I am Sun Shan, from Hidden Dragon Sect. Greetings, senior... If you know how to open this cave abode and also possess the jade slip to it... then I won't bother you..."

Sun Shan's heart was racing at that moment. As he spoke in the mid of his nervousness, he started slowly backing away. He could not tell Su Ming's level of cultivation, but if he could use his might alone to cause that thin man's entire body to collapse without even once relying on a single attack, then even at the lowest, his level of cultivation would be at the Soul Transformation Stage. There was even a high possibility that he was already in the Ascendant Stage.

Yet right when he took eight steps backwards, Su Ming cast him a flat look, and with it, Sun Shan's feet immediately froze. He forced out a smile, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming lifted his right hand and waved it in his direction.

Immediately, a gust of wind that appeared out of nowhere charged towards Sun Shan with a loud roar. Sun Shan's pupils shrank. He wanted to dodge, but after a moment of hesitation, he stood still and did not move, simply allowing the gust of wind to close in on him before turning into a whirlwind around him.

That whirlwind swept up his body and came rushing back towards Su Ming before moving past him and charging into the cave abode. Eventually, it reached the depths of the cave abode and pushed Sun Shan onto the mountain wall, as if sealing him there!

Su Ming's expression was calm. He cast a glance at Sun Shan, who had been thrown into the cave abode. If he had resisted that wind just now, then he would have died, but since he did not, Su Ming would not kill him. He was not a person who would kill on sight, anyway.

Once he sealed him up, he no longer bothered with him and stepped into the opened cave abode. When he moved inside, he waved his arm, and the jade slip that was inserted into the stone door fell off to turn into a ray of crystalline light that fell into Su Ming's hands. As he entered the cave, the stone door closed up with rumbling sounds. If anyone looked from the world outside, they would find that everything had returned to as it was in the beginning, and not a single thing off about this place could be found.

Su Ming walked in the cave abode calmly. This place was not incredibly large. Besides the hall in the middle, there were eight other chambers. Each of the chambers was sealed off by a stone door, and each of the doors had a runic symbol shining on it.

All of the runic symbols were different, and all shining with dark light. When Su Ming looked over, he found that each of the symbols seemed to contain a different meaning.

It was quiet in the hall where Su Ming stood. Besides the eight chambers sealed off by the stone doors, the cave abode was empty. That is, besides Sun Shan, who was kept in place by the wind around him on the stone wall before Su Ming. The young man was looking at him nervously at that moment.

His heart was racing, and cold sweat seeped out of his forehead. He was thanking all his lucky stars in his heart that he had not chosen to dodge or fight back just now. His level of cultivation was nothing to this person, and if he wanted to kill Sun Shan, he could do so with no more effort than it required to crush an ant between one's fingers. If he chose to act obediently before this sort of powerful warrior instead, he might have a chance to survive.

At that moment, he knew that he had made the right move. This person had not chosen to kill him but had merely sealed him up. Clearly, he did not want Sun Shan to go out and cause unnecessary trouble for him.

With a wry chuckle, Sun Shan thought to himself that even if he went out, he would still not dare to provoke this person. Yet similarly, he also grew deeply respectful towards Su Ming, who was unfathomable in his eyes.

This respect was aimed towards Su Ming's caution and his thinking process.

'This old monster has great power, and he's a careful person as well. He won't allow anything to go out of his control. That's why even if I'm nothing to him, he still chose to seal me here...

'And even though the seal is powerful, it won't do any harm to me. This is also to make sure that I won't feel a great sense of danger from this subconsciously, and he can prevent me from struggling against it in desperation.'

Sun Shan's eyes flashed with a light. He believed that he was considered one of the more calculative types in Hidden Dragon Sect, and it was precisely because of his power and his cautious attitude that he had been able to survive through this disaster.

'Wait! He might not be killing me because he's thinking of some other thing!'

Sun Shan's pupils shrank in fear once again, and his heart let out a loud thump in his chest. He quickly lowered his head and checked his entire body. Then, panic instantly appeared on his face.

Su Ming completely ignored Sun Shan, who he was busy overthinking things on the wall. When Su Ming's gaze fell on the first runic symbol that acted as a seal for the first stone chamber to his left, his eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He stared at that runic symbol, and a feeling of a stirring wind rose in his heart. In fact, he could even see a whirlwind appearing out of nowhere around him.

Su Ming had the highest amount of understanding when it came to wind. He was, after all, the Wind Berserker's Scion. As he sensed that gust of wind around him and within him, the light in his eyes grew brighter.

'This wind from the void appeared with just one runic symbol...'

While immersed in his thoughts, he looked towards the seal on the second stone door. At the instant he focused his attention on it and everything else became indistinct, he felt a wave of humidity in the air.

He could smell rain, and it was the smell of rain that was pouring down endlessly from the sky... Rain also started pouring around him. It appeared suddenly and fell on Su Ming's body, causing the pensive look in his eyes to become deeper.

After a long time, he moved his gaze to the third chamber. There he sensed the rumble of a thunderclap. On the fourth chamber's seal, he felt lightning swimming before it erupted into a shocking ray of light and power.

'Wind, rain, thunder, lightning...'

Su Ming turned his head around and started looking at the chambers to his right. Once he swept his gaze past them, he felt the abundance of life from spring, the heat from summer, the blend between them and death in autumn, and also the death of all lives as snow floated down onto the land during winter.

"Spring, summer, autumn, and winter..." Su Ming mumbled. The light in his eyes became even brighter.

'Forget the items in these chambers, these runic symbols alone can already be considered as treasures! If I can fuse all eight of them into my mind, then it would mean that I've mastered the power of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, as well as wind, rain, lightning, and thunder!'

Su Ming lowered his head and lifted his hands. A glint appeared in his eyes.

'Is this a coincidence...? There are five fingers on my left hand, but only four mean wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, and four of the five fingers in my right hand mean spring, summer, autumn, and winter...'

A faint smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. With a single move, he appeared before the first stone chamber to his left and sat down cross-legged before it. With bright eyes, he stared at the runic symbol on the stone door and started copying it!

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Chapter 632: Overturning the Path of Life and Death within the Four Seasons!

Sun Shan stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, his heart filled with shock. As a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple, he naturally knew about the eight seals on the stone doors. Once he saw Su Ming sitting cross-legged before the first stone door, looking as if he wanted to understand and gain an epiphany regarding the wind runic symbol, disbelief appeared on his face.

He also scoffed coldly in derision at Su Ming's actions in his heart.

'This person might be powerful, but he's overestimating himself. Trying to understand Hidden Dragon Sect's runic symbols? Ha! There are only a few who have managed to do it in the past. There's no way he'll be successful!' Sun Shan might be thinking this way, but he did not show even a single one of his thoughts on his face.

Time trickled by. Light appeared in the sky. Rain also started falling when it was daybreak. It fell on the ground and washed away the blood in Thousand River Valley.

As thunder started roaring outside the cave, a flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes as he continued staring at the first chamber. At some point in time he lifted his left hand swiftly, and with a flick of his index finger, he drew a runic symbol.

It was written in air, but it was the exact same as the seal on the door.

This was the wind seal, and due to Su Ming's outstanding knowledge towards wind, he had come to understand this seal the fastest among all who had ever tried. At the instant the seal was written, a runic symbol gradually appeared on the pad of his left index finger.

Once that runic symbol appeared, a loud rumble shot into the air, and the first door opened slowly to reveal the chamber inside, but it was empty. There was nothing within the chamber.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. There was not a hint of change on his expression. To him, it was no longer important whether there was any treasure in this chamber. He had already found the most valuable thing to him in this place.

The eight runic symbols!

Gu Yuan Hai would have never expected this to happen in the scheme he devised. He had wanted to use Su Ming to ward off his pursuers so that he would have time to escape and that he would not have to pay too much of a price for it. He only had to give up the few things he had in his storage bag and the jade slip to open the cave abode to the treasure trove in this place.

That jade slip could be considered as a valuable treasure usually, because it was the only token that could open this cave abode, and this place also contained the items Hidden Dragon Sect had accumulated for many years.

However, that jade slip was useless to him at that moment, because the cave abode was now empty, and all the things inside had been hidden away in some other place.

Yet he did not expect that the eight seals on the stone doors to the chambers would become Su Ming's greatest reward during his trip to Hidden Dragon Sect!

The eight runic symbols were something inherent to Hidden Dragon Sect, and it was present within all of its branches. Their usual function was to be used as seals, but there were also rumors that if someone possessed high comprehensive abilities, they would be able to understand the changes in the world with their help.

Because the eight runic symbols were left behind by Hidden Dragon Sect's ancestor.

Over countless of years, only a handful of people in Hidden Dragon Sect had been able to obtain a serendipitous event from the eight runic symbols. The others had not been able to sense anything, and their numbers were too great to be counted. That was why Gu Yuan Hai had instinctively overlooked it and had instead believed that the things he took away from the chambers were the real treasures.

If he knew about Su Ming's change right at that moment, he would probably be shocked by it.

Su Ming only gave the empty chamber a flat look before he got up to move towards the second chamber. There he focused his full attention on the second runic symbol.

Su Ming, who had all his attention trained on his target, did not notice Sun Shan's widened eyes and his expression of disbelief and shock.

The young man's breathing had sped up some time ago. He had been watching Su Ming all this while, and when he saw the wind runic symbol appearing on the kid's left index finger, the powerful mental blow left behind by what he saw made his heart race, causing him to be unable to believe in what he saw.

'He understood the wind runic symbol within four hours?! Even if the eight runic symbols here are mere copies and not the real ones from our sect in the land of Immortals, but to be able to understand them fully within four hours... This is...' Sun Shan sucked in a sharp breath and only managed to recover after a long time had passed.

When he saw Su Ming not taking even a moment to rest and moving to understand the second stone chamber rain runic symbol, Sun Shan could not help but become nervous. This time, he was not anxious for his own safety, but for Su Ming's actions, because they had completely overturned his beliefs.

Twelve hours later, when the sky outside turned dark once more, Su Ming lifted his right middle finger, and with a bright sparkle in his eyes, he drew out the rain runic symbol on the stone door. At the instant he did so, a runic symbol also appeared on the pad of his middle finger, just like it did for his index finger.

At the same time, the second chamber opened up with a rumble.

Su Ming did not even look inside. He got up and walked towards the third chamber and sat down cross-legged before it. As he looked at the thunder runic symbol, his eyes began shining brightly.

Sun Shan watched the wide-open second chamber with an awestruck face. His mind was completely blank, but before long, when the third chamber, too, opened up with a loud rumble, his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming became filled with terror once again.

He was still not afraid for his own survival, but of Su Ming's frightening comprehensive abilities!

'What's with his comprehension skills?! Just who is he?!'

Sun Shan felt that if he spread what he just saw and Hidden Dragon Sect learned about it, it would stir up his entire sect. In fact, perhaps even the other Immortal sects would be shocked by what they heard.

Two days later, with a slight hint of fatigue on his face, Su Ming drew the lightning runic symbol on his left little finger. Once he printed it on his finger pad, the four chambers to his left were open.

Su Ming did not look at them. Instead, he lifted his left hand and cast his gaze on the four fingers on his left hand. Gradually, his lips curled up into a smile, and he had a strong feeling that his left hand had now obtained control over wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. He might only have a small amount of control over these elements, but that control was like a seed that was buried deep within him!

At that moment, Sun Shan was gradually growing numb towards all the shocking sights he saw during these past two days. As he looked at Su Ming, besides laughing wryly in his heart, he only felt miserable. It did not matter whether it was Su Ming's appearance or his power, he had far surpassed him in both aspects. Even his comprehensive abilities were terrifying. His intelligence was nothing to be scoffed at either. There might just be a simple seal placed around Sun Shan, but the more he thought about it, the more he believed that there was something else lying in wait for him. No matter what it was, there were problems lurking all around for him.

One small mistake, and it would be over for him.

'Either this old monster has been walking down the path of cultivation for an unknown amount of years, or he's a prodigy of some sect. Ah... I might be lacking compared to those prodigies, but the achievements I've gained up to this date due to my upbringing are not something they can compare!' Only by thinking this way could Sun Shan feel a little comforted in his heart.

Su Ming did not immediately head off to understand the four runic symbols of spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Instead, he chose to sit down and rest for some time. Once his fatigue disappeared, he opened his eyes and looked towards the first chamber to his right - the spring runic symbol!

"Spring means to have an abundance of life. It is the season where all manner of life wake up from their slumber..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at the spring runic symbol, and this lasted for several days!

All that time lasted only for an instant to him, but he never managed to immerse himself completely within the symbol, and could not copy it down just as he did after understanding wind, rain, thunder, and lightning.

During those days, the fatigue in Su Ming's eyes appeared once again, and this time, it was stronger than before. He did not go on to try and think about what was happening in the world outside, but poured all his heart and soul into trying to understand the runic symbol and to copy it. Nothing about the world outside mattered to him at that moment, even if it meant that Thousand River Valley was by then occupied by Evil Spirit Sect once the Hidden Dragon Sect was completely annihilated. The valley thus then turned into the location for Evil Spirit Sect's branch, which resulted in the place becoming a line of defense for the eastern front of Eastern Wastelands, and one of the ways to reach the continent's center.

Numerous long arcs flew about in the sky. The members of Evil Spirit Sect were not the only ones occupying the valley, the people from the other Evil Sects also came to the place, causing Thousand River Valley to bustle with life.

Compared to the liveliness outside, Su Ming's cave abode was filled with silence. His breathing was not loud, and even though his eyes were slightly bloodshot, he still continued trying to understand the spring runic symbol.

The difficulty in his efforts to try and understand the symbol this time made Sun Shan breath out a sigh of relief. At least this person was slightly more normal because of this. If he had truly come to understand all eight runic symbols, then this would have become a huge slap in the face of Hidden Dragon Sect.

'This old monster might have extraordinary comprehensive abilities, but our eight runic symbols aren't that easy to understand. These ones might just be copies, but they still won't be easy for him to grasp!' Sun Shan cast Su Ming a glance, and he started laughing coldly in his heart again.

In the blink of an eye, another three days passed. Su Ming's face was colored in fatigue, and there was even more red in his eyes as he stared fixedly at the spring runic symbol. Over the past few days, no matter how he tried to understand it, he never managed to immerse himself, as if the life force contained within it was out of his element!

'Yin Death Region...' Su Ming closed his eyes for the first time since several days ago. In his mind, the memory of him rapidly aging and fading away as he stood on the ancient bronze sword as he left Yin Death Region surfaced.

Right after this scene was the memory of his blood turning into the aura of death on Fang Cang Lan's finger before it disappeared.

'Spring is the revival of all life, and summer is when all lives reach the pinnacle of their being... Autumn is the decline of life and the beginning of death, and winter... is the cold state of death for all lives!'

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He did not look at the spring runic symbol, but chose instead to look at the fourth runic symbol on the fourth door - the winter symbol that meant the lifeless state of all lives!

'I am in Yin Death Region, and that spirit from Nine Yin World once mentioned that I was dead, and I can also tell that from what I saw. I might not want to accept it, but there is a high chance that his words were true!

'Since I'm dead, then it's natural that I can't sense the life force of spring, but I can try and understand the lifeless state of winter, and I will reverse the flow of spring, summer, autumn, and winter to that of winter, autumn, summer, to spring, and with this order, I will walk down the path of revival from death!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed with a brilliant light. He had been lost for many years, and still could not see the path before him clearly. He had only been walking forward in this path that he could not see with a single-minded thought, and only at this moment, within this cave abode in Hidden Dragon Sect, did he gain a chance and found the path from death to life!

This path overturned the world, which reversed the flow of the four seasons. This path was a path depicting life and death, and it would start from winter before leading him straight to spring!

If everything in the world started from winter where all manner of life slept deeply in the lifeless state, then when autumn arrived, the snow and ice would melt, and the aura of death would exchange places with the faint traces of life. When summer came about, the aura of death would disappear, and life would erupt forth, which would allow a person to use it to move towards spring, and during spring, he would be fully revived, and he would wake up from his sleep!

Su Ming's eyes shone. At the moment he looked towards the winter runic symbol and came to understand the path of life and death in his heart, he lifted his right little finger and swiftly drew the winter runic symbol!

And with a bang, the door with the winter runic symbol opened!

Chapter 633: Bright Yang's Mystery

When the door with the winter symbol opened with rumbling sounds ringing in the air, a glowing runic symbol immediately appeared on Su Ming's right little finger. A freezing and lifeless air manifested around it as well.

At the same time, Su Ming's gaze landed on his right little finger, and he noticed that it was gradually withering away. The color of that finger became distinctly different from that of his other fingers, for it was the little finger of an old man.

Su Ming lifted his head after staying silent for some time. His expression was slightly different from before, because it was surrounded by a lifeless presence. It was as if his entire being had instantly gained an ancient air.

There was a light sound of someone sucking in a sharp breath, and it came from Hidden Dragon Sect's Sun Shan, whose breathing had become rapid due to his disbelief. He had breathed out a sigh of relief when Su Ming had failed to understand the spring runic symbol even after spending several days on it and had begun laughing at him coldly in derision once again. But once the events at the winter door caught his attention, he felt as if an invisible hand had just slapped him hard across the face.

It made all his cold laughter freeze in his heart and all his derisive words die in his mouth. With his breathing having become more rapid, Sun Shan looked at Su Ming with a dazed expression.

'The winter runic symbol is the last symbol among the eight runic symbols in Hidden Dragon Sect. It's also the hardest one to understand among them... Yet he... actually managed to understand it in an instant!'

The lifeless and dead presence coming from Su Ming's body also made Sun Shan feel as if he was looking at an illusion. In his eyes, Su Ming seemed to have turned into a big tree, a tree that had withered away and died from winter's biting chill. This sort of tree might just be waiting for spring to arrive, for the instant it would be revived and wake up from its slumber.

Several days passed since Su Ming started trying to understand the autumn runic symbol. Thousand River Valley was by then completely occupied by Evil Spirit Sect, and as they made preparations in secret, the scent of battle became incredibly thick in the air.

But all of these things didn't have anything to do with Su Ming at that moment. He stared at the autumn runic symbol, then closed his eyes. When he opened them once again after

a moment, he looked towards the summer runic symbol, and finally, his gaze returned to the spring runic symbol.

'I could instantly understand the winter runic symbol due to what I am, but autumn, summer, and spring are each more difficult than the last. With my current abilities, it'll be difficult for me to completely understand them.' There was no hint of dejectedness on Su Ming's face, only tranquility.

'Autumn symbolizes the downfall of death and the appearance of life... Summer is a period where there is a vast amount of life force... and spring... is the time where you open your eyes!' Su Ming had a faint feeling that when the day came when he fully understood the spring runic symbol, then it would mean that he had reversed the seasons, and he had managed to move from winter to spring.

It would mean that the day when he moved from death to life had arrived!

He kept the image of the autumn, summer, and spring runic symbols firmly in his head. He might not be able to understand and fuse them into his body right now, but he could take them away in his memory and understand them in time.

Su Ming stood up and cast a glance at the five chambers that had been opened up in the cave abode. He had been in this place for most of the month without being aware of it. To him, this empty treasure trove itself was a huge treasure.

As he swept his gaze past the area, he looked towards Sun Shan, who was still pinned to the wall. A glint appeared in his eyes. At that moment, he was still within the winter runic symbol's state, and his entire being seemed lifeless, as if he had withered away.

There was not a hint of light in his eyes, and when Sun Shan saw Su Ming's gaze, it made his heart tremble violently. He could not tell what sort of eyes were those. It was a gaze that could not be described with words, only expressed by what he felt. It was a feeling he would get when he looked at a corpse and it opened its eyes to stare back at him.

Those were dead person's eyes!

There was no spirit within them, no light, no life, no emotions. The hint of aloofness within them was also gone. There was only apathetic calmness, and it would give all those who saw it a feeling as if their bodies were rotting away at that moment.

Sun Shan trembled, and his teeth clattered against each other. The feeling he gained from Su Ming at that moment was too strong, so strong that it made his skin crawl, and he was so afraid that his soul practically left his body in fear.

Su Ming looked at Sun Shan and asked flatly after some time, "Are there any other treasure troves in Hidden Dragon Sect?"

Sun Shan nodded without hesitation, but his expression remained nervous. After that, he shook his head.

"There are, but... they're all empty now."

"What is your status in Hidden Dragon Sect?" Su Ming remained calm and threw out another question.

"A ninth generation disciple..." Sun Shan said with a quivering voice.

"Give me a reason why I shouldn't kill you."

Su Ming remained calm. There was not a hint of killing intent in his gaze, but those eyes that seemed like they belonged to a dead man were more terrifying than any sort of killing intent in Sun Shan's eyes.

"If you don't, then I will return your soul to the land of Immortals."

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and when Sun Shan saw the withered little finger, his pupils shrank. He trembled, and the threat of death surged madly into his heart, causing his face to turn stark pale. He immediately spoke up in a shrill voice.

"Senior, I'm only a normal ninth generation disciple in Hidden Dragon Sect, I... I..."

Su Ming was still as calm as ever. Lifeless waves of death aura started seeping out of the hand he had lifted in the air, and he pointed towards Sun Shan. Immediately, a wisp of gray smoke drifted from his little finger towards Sun Shan.

"Still spouting nonsense, I see. You lured the three Evil Spirit Sect members here because you wanted to kill them with the Rune in the cave abode, and you also wanted to open it so that you could hide from being killed in this disaster.

"Even if a normal disciple managed to think about this, he wouldn't be able to do it," Su Ming stated flatly.

When Sun Shan saw that the gray smoke was about to touch his body, anguish appeared on his face. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke up.

"I'm a ninth generation disciple who has the potential to search for the dragon. I... I know the way to break most of the seals under sixth rank in Hidden Dragon Sect!

"The treasures here have been taken away, but some of them are hidden. I might not know where they are, but if I can return to the main Hidden Dragon Sect, then I could bring all of the treasures to you secretly!

"I swear, I can do it, I can definitely do it!" The terror of death seeped into Sun Shan's voice, and as he looked at Su Ming, a pleading expression appeared on his face.

The gray smoke from Su Ming's little finger stopped three inches before Sun Shan. There might be no killing intent or any sort of sinister chill coming from that gray smoke, but the wisps of lifeless air coming from it made Sun Shan's life force run rampant in his body. It was like if that gray smoke touched his body, the fire that was his life would be immediately extinguished.

"Do you know the Hidden Execution of Justice[1]?" A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes before he suddenly asked.

Sun Shan was momentarily stunned, and his heart let out a loud thump against his chest. The Hidden Execution of Justice Art was the top secret Art in Hidden Dragon Sect. Few outsiders knew about it, much less the name of the Art itself, but the person before him had just mentioned it.

"I can only perform a fusion up to the fourth Dao, and I can only bring up a bit of its power..." After a moment of hesitation, Sun Shan explained in a low whisper.

"What is Bright Yang Stone?" Su Ming asked again.

Sun Shan's expression changed immediately and he fell silent. He no longer spoke.

Su Ming did not rush him. He simply waited for his answer.

After some time, Sun Shan cast Su Ming a miserable look and sighed in his heart.

"Bright Yang Stone is the source for us Immortals who descended in this land in large quantities to be able to use our power. We gathered our life force together on that stone so that we could descend in Yin Death Region.

"Each sect who descends in this place would need to prepare a Bright Yang Stone by gathering up souls... This stone is also the item we need if we want to leave this place."

"Bright Yang..." Su Ming's expression was calm, but a thought rose in his heart. Once he analyzed Sun Shan's words with the cause of why Shen Dong would want to snatch that stone, he could tell that most of what he said was true, even though he was still hiding something.

'No wonder Evil Spirit Sect wants to get that Bright Yang Stone. It's practically the same existence as a life stone[2]. It is an item that has gathered all the souls of those who descended here from a sect.

'This is Yin Death Region, and beyond this place we have Bright Yang Emptiness. When they came here from that place, this stone must have been able to prevent the

power of Yin Death from permeating their bodies. With its protection, the souls of all those who descended can remain in the state of Bright Yang.

'If Evil Spirit Sect gets this Bright Yang Stone and destroys it, then it would mean that they've killed off a large amount of Immortals who descended here...'

Su Ming's gaze landed on Sun Shan. He had chosen to bring this person into the cave abode earlier because he had his guesses as to why he had lured the trio from Evil Spirit Sect to this place. The interrogation just now had allowed Su Ming to get his answers, even if the man's words could not be fully trusted.

'If I was Gu Yuan Hai, who only had his Nascent Soul left and his sect destroyed, all while I had that Bright Yang Stone the Evil Spirit Sect is set on obtaining, I would definitely not bring it with me... I would instead hide it away. Only by doing so could I save myself!

'If Gu Yuan Hai was a person who was afraid of death, then this wouldn't happen. But during the fight, he had had the guts to make his physical body explode. He should be a very loyal member of Hidden Dragon Sect.

'If I was him and could split this Bright Yang Stone in half, then I would take a small half of it and leave this place so that I could make myself into a bait and obtain the chance to hide away the other, larger half of the Bright Yang Stone. Then no one would be able to find it.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He had already considered this when Gu Yuan Hai was fighting against Shen Dong earlier, that was why he had chosen to work with Gu Yuan Hai and help him stall for time, even though he knew that there was a chance that there would be no treasures in the cave abode.

Because not only was this act of stalling for time beneficial to Gu Yuan Hai, it was also beneficial to Su Ming for analysis!

'There were two-tenths of a chance that Gu Yuan Hai was afraid of death and my guess was completely wrong, but even so, I wouldn't have suffered any loss! There are four-tenths of a chance that he would hide the Bright Yang Stone away... and there are similar four-tenths of a chance that he would take a small piece with him, while the bigger piece would be hidden somewhere near this place!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes, and a brilliant light shone within them.

'The more important this thing is, the more desperate Hidden Dragon Sect would be to hide it. I wouldn't have bothered if Evil Spirit Sect had truly managed to snatch it away, but if my guess is correct, then once Thousand River Valley regains a little form of peace, Hidden Dragon Sect would definitely wonder whether they should send powerful

warriors to sneak into this place and take the stone away. After all, this place is now extremely dangerous to them!

'Perhaps I can create this chance for Hidden Dragon Sect.'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but at the moment these thoughts appeared in his head, Sun Shan looked at him and suddenly gritted his teeth. A determined look appeared on his pale face, and he said, "Senior, if you're determined not to let me go, then how about this? I can give you a huge gift. I can offer up my life and search for the places we keep our treasures in Hidden Dragon Sect!"

Chapter 634: Teach a Fish How to Swim!

Su Ming lifted his head and cast Sun Shan a glance. There was a resolute look on this person's face, making him seem as if he had decided to risk everything for the sake of surviving. Yet even though this Sun Shan was smart and calculative, with the amount of experience Su Ming had gained through his multiple life and death encounters, he still was able to find some clues.

He did not immediately speak, but chose to let his gaze fall on the ground in the cave abode.

'There's a Spirit Vein here, and it's the perfect place for me to swiftly recover my cultivation base, but when I absorb this Spirit Vein, I'll definitely cause a huge ruckus, and I can't immediately absorb it... It'll affect my plans to lure out Hidden Dragon Sect.'

Su Ming fell into a contemplative silence. Most of his analysis was made on pure speculation, and as he thought about the feasibility as well as the gains and losses in his plan, a glint appeared in his eyes.

'I'll first lure out those people from Hidden Dragon Sect. It'll be good if I succeed, but if I don't, then I'll stop thinking about anything else and focus on absorbing this Spirit Vein to recover my cultivation base and reach the Berserker Soul Realm!'

Su Ming made his decision. He waved his arm at Sun Shan, and the gray smoke before him immediately withdrew to return to his right little finger.

"Continue," Su Ming said languidly.

Once Sun Shan heard his previous words, his heart pounded nervously, but he still kept the determined look on his face and did not dare to show any cracks in his facade. He knew full well just how terrifying this person was, and everything about Su Ming in terms of

comprehensive abilities and his cultivation base had surpassed Sun Shan. Even if Sun Shan tried to deceive him, it would be difficult due to Su Ming's intelligence. That was what he believed.

"I possess the potential to search for dragons and can detect the presence of treasures. The seniors in my sect might have hidden the treasures away, but if I offer up my life, there are eight-tenths of a chance that I would be able to find them.

"I can also crack the seal there slightly. I cannot promise that I will be able to open the seal, but I can weaken it by a large margin so that you would be able to obtain it.

"Doing this is the same as betraying my sect. I will be using my life and this act as a chip in exchange for an oath from you. If I succeed, please let me leave." Not a single hint of deceit could be detected on Sun Shan's face. His despair and desperate expression, coupled with his words and tone of voice all screamed of a desire to continue living.

If it was anyone else, perhaps they would truly be affected by his words, but when it came to Su Ming, he only maintained his cool. After casting a few scrutinizing glances at Sun Shan, he nodded his head.

Sun Shan became even more nervous after he said those words. He kept his eyes fixed on Su Ming, and when he saw the nod, his heart relaxed slightly, but there was not much change to his expression. The determined look on his face only grew stronger.

'I only have one chance. If I succeed, this person will definitely die! If I fail... No, I shouldn't fail. This person might be extraordinarily intelligent, but I'm confident that I didn't slip. He might be suspicious, but no matter who it is, they won't refuse my offer. The most they would do is to agree to it and see how things unfold while remaining skeptical.'

"Senior, please swear an oath, or else even if I die, I will still never submit to you!" Sun Shan looked at Su Ming and spoke with gritted teeth.

Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart, but he remained as composed as ever.

"If you can do as you say, then once I succeed, I will naturally return you your freedom."

"Senior, please swear an..." Sun Shan began speaking again, but his words were cut off by Su Ming before he could finish.

"I'll give you the span of three breaths. Either you look for those treasures, or you die!"

A slight hint of impatience appeared on Su Ming's face. With a wave of his arm, he released the restrain on Sun Shan's body, which returned him his ability to move, and his cultivation base was no longer sealed.

The three breaths went by very quickly. Sweat beaded on Sun Shan's face, and when he saw Su Ming lifting his right hand, he clenched his teeth, and the determined look on his face became even more prominent.

"Senior, please do keep to your promise!"

As he spoke, Sun Shan sat down cross-legged on the ground. Once he formed a seal with his hands, he tapped his ears, and as his body trembled, two trails of blood flowed down from his eyes. Black blood also poured out from his ears at the same time.

Su Ming stood by the side, and a freezing glare shone in his eyes. He wanted to see just what this person was thinking. After a moment, he saw Sun Shan trembling even more viciously, and with a wave of his right hand, four black needles immediately appeared on his palm. Without a hint of hesitation, he stabbed one needle into the center of his brows, another into the top of his skull, the third into his heart, and the last needle went straight to his throat.

At the instant these four black needles went into his skin, a strange light shone in Sun Shan's eyes. A deep wave of fatigue also appeared within them. He lifted his head, and his gaze seemed to be able to see through the cave and look at the world outside.

'These four needles can stimulate his soul, and the potential within his life force will also burst forth under this stimulation... By the looks of it, the price for the stimulation of this potential is the burning of his life force.

'With this method, his body will become empty. It does somewhat fit into what he said about offering up his life.' Su Ming gave Sun Shan a onceover, and these thoughts passed through his head.

"The treasure trove is... seventy eight li away from Thousand River Valley, and within ten thousand feet of the third barren hill!" Once Sun Shan said these words, with much difficulty on his part, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. When that blood appeared, the four black needles immediately started shivering, and as Sun Shan started breathing rapidly, he immediately brought out two more black needles. He pushed onto into his Dantian region and the other three inches above his navel.

"Senior, please take me there. I will open the seal for you!"

Once the two needles entered Sun Shan's body, his face gained a slightly healthier shade, but there was a sickly red flush on his cheeks. Su Ming could see it clearly. Once the needles pierced Sun Shan's skin, his life force began burning a little quicker, and this was the reason why he could still remain conscious.

Su Ming didn't say a word. With a wave of his arm, he swept up Sun Shan and took a step forward. At the same moment his foot landed on the ground, he cast his Nascent Divinity outward, causing his body to instantly disappear with Sun Shan in hand.

Once he warped out of the cave, he warped once more without even stopping. After doing so several times, Su Ming arrived outside a mountain range filled with barren hills without attracting too much attention due to his extreme speed.

This place was seventy eight li away from Thousand River Valley!

There were seven barren hills in this place. Once Su Ming appeared, he swept his gaze across the mountain range, and his eyes landed on the third barren hill. That hill was empty, and there was not a single hint of green that could be spotted on it. It was very normal, so normal that it would not catch anyone's attention.

"Please place me at the top of the mountain, senior. I will do my best to break the seal for you. Once you successfully retrieve the treasure, please let me go free on behalf of me burning my life and betraying my sect," Sun Shan said, with much difficulty, his breathing labored.

Su Ming cast Sun Shan a glance and nodded. If this person truly did not have any other ulterior motives, then he would return him his freedom as according to his promise.

With one move, he brought Sun Shan to the third barren hill, and once he placed him on a giant rock at the top of the mountain, Su Ming took a few steps backwards and swept his gaze through the area. This place was empty. There was not a sign of anything being hidden here.

'Does he really mean what he said?'

Su Ming was uncertain. He had been observing Sun Shan up to this moment, and right from the moment he began casting his Art to this point, he had not slipped up a single time. All of his actions seemed to be truly of him solely searching for the treasures, and the burning of his life force as well as the burst of his potential were not fake.

It was especially so for his body, which was close to empty at this point. He was like water in an originally full bottle. Due to a fire, he was turning into steam and becoming less as time went by.

Sun Shan formed a seal with his hands once again before he pressed his palms flat on the ground. The entire mountain let out a loud hum, and a large amount of stones broke off. A stream of light could be faintly seen at the center of the mountain.

That stream of light was semi-transparent, and Su Ming could see that there was a door leading to a cave abode right under it!

Sun Shan's face turned pale. As he trembled, his hands flew off from the ground, as if he was bounced off by some sort of energy from within. His body swayed, and he coughed up blood once again before he waved his arms. Eight black needles immediately appeared.

Those needles sank into his body, and once he pushed them all deep within him, his body now contained fourteen black needles. Su Ming could see a large amount of Sun Shan's life force burning in him, and that life force was spreading out of his body.

"Senior, I can only keep it open for the span of a few breaths. I will tell you the time soon. You can choose not to go in and take out the items inside with just your divine sense." Sun Shan's voice was hoarse. His eyes were bloodshot, and sweat poured down his entire body.

Su Ming could not find any sort of problems with his words. If there was really something dangerous in the cave abode, he could simply omit the offer of asking Su Ming to enter the cave abode with his divine sense.

Su Ming frowned and looked towards Sun Shan again. A thought suddenly bloomed in his heart. Most of the young man's body had become empty at this point. The life force he was burning was spreading outwards, and it was gradually disappearing into the air. There was originally nothing strange about it, but his current condition was somewhat familiar to Su Ming.

'Possession! No, he's opening up his body for someone to descend on him!'

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. Sun Shan's body was entirely empty, and while he was a perfect vessel to be Possessed at that moment, his body was an even better vessel for a Nascent Divinity to descend on him!

To cast the Art for a Nascent Divinity to descend on a body, a person needed to practice a similar cultivation method as what Sun Shan was doing at that moment. When his body became empty like a bottle without any water, other people who practiced a similar cultivation method would be able to arrive swiftly no matter how far they were to fill up that bottle with water again.

When Su Ming remembered seeing him stabbing those fourteen needles into his body, he deliberately observed Sun Shan once more, and he found that there were seven among the fourteen that might have seemed to be stimulating his potential, but in truth, when compared to the seven others, they were clearly used to confuse Su Ming's eyes!

The remaining seven needles were arranged to form a Rune on Sun Shan's body with his veins under his skin serving as the connection between the needles. However, that Rune was still incomplete. Once Su Ming cast Sun Shan a scrutinizing look, he could tell that the Rune seemed to be missing one needle.

At that moment, Sun Shan lifted his right hand, and a black needle appeared on his palm. Without any hesitation, he pushed it straight above his left ear, and green veins instantly popped up on his face.

"Senior, you can enter now!"

At the same moment he shouted those words, the stream of light from the center of the mountain froze for a moment before rapidly fading away to reveal a gap!

The door to the cave abode also opened up a crack with loud rumbling sounds, and a trail of extreme Yang aura seeped out!

If it was anyone else, even if they were dubious towards Sun Shan's words, they would definitely be attracted to the cave abode opening at that moment, and would naturally relax their guard towards the young man. What Sun Shan wanted was this chance that lasted only for an instant. At that moment, he started chanting in his heart.

'The water in the sky contains the beauty that blesses an Emperor, and that beauty... is right at the center[1]! Master, please appear in me!'

Chapter 635: Mighty!

As Sun Shan shouted that chant in his heart, the presence of his burning life spreading out from his body immediately started changing based on some sort of law in the universe.

This change seemed to be working in accordance to the clouds, the stars, the wind around them, the terrain of the ground itself, and everything else in the world. It also formed a tight connection to the Rune that was formed after Sun Shan pushed the eight needles into his body.

It was as if Sun Shan's body had turned into an invisible black hole at that moment, one that was connected to a place somewhere tens of thousands of li away. It resulted in Sun Shan turning into a medium connecting two points through space, and his body becoming one of the two points. A Nascent Divinity would then be able to descend on him after traveling through the medium!

Sun Shan was laughing coldly in his heart. He believed that this plan he prepared was foolproof. Unless Su Ming absolutely did not believe in him and immediately cut him off at the moment he started casting this Art before killing him, Sun Shan was absolutely confident that he could make him walk straight into his deathtrap.

Everything he had done previously was for this final moment. At the instant Su Ming's attention was attracted by the cave abode opening up, he would make this energy in him explode. He only needed an instant for this to work. Even if Su Ming noticed it later, it would still make no difference!

However... all of these idealistic situations he'd imagined would usually not work as planned in reality. For example one could take the fact that when Sun Shan started shouting the chant in his heart to have his Master's Nascent Divinity descend on his body, he saw Su Ming, who he thought would be looking at the cave abode opening up... looking at over at him coldly instead.

There was a hint of scorn in that aloof gaze, and once Sun Shan saw it clearly, a shudder went through his body. Su Ming's gaze was like a sharp blade that pierced his body, and he felt as if all his secrets had been revealed under that gaze. He could hide nothing from Su Ming.

'Impossible! He couldn't have possibly noticed my thoughts! I didn't slip up even once!'

Sun Shan's heart let out a loud thump, and his body started trembling, but he no longer had time or freedom to be thinking too much. He swiftly lifted his hands and formed a seal before striking his own body.

Sun Shan started trembling violently with a bang, and a powerful might spread out from his body, as if another divine sense had appeared within him out of nowhere. That divine sense swiftly grew larger, rapidly turning into a Nascent Divinity to occupy Sun Shan's body and take control over it.

Right from the start till the end, Su Ming never tried stopping him. When Sun Shan saw this, his heart went wild with joy, but at the same time, he also grew uncertain. The feeling that he could not see through Su Ming's thoughts rose within him once again.

"Are you done descending yet?" Su Ming asked flatly.

At the instant he voiced that question, Sun Shan's heart started trembling violently. All of the things that he thought had happened to him by luck fell to pieces. He knew that this person had learned of what he intended to do a long time ago, but he still let him complete the entire process of calling his Master to descend on him. This would only have happened if he was either an idiot, or he had complete confidence in himself!

He was confident that even if Sun Shan asked his Master to descend on him, he would still be able to completely dominate him!

But Sun Shan was a little too slow in his realization. These thoughts had just appeared in his head when his consciousness disappeared with a bang and fell into deep sleep. He had finished casting his divine ability, and the divine sense that had appeared out of nowhere in his body had already expanded and gathered together to turn into a Nascent Divinity.

His eyes fell shut and his head rolled downwards, then all his Qi disappeared with his consciousness. But at the same time that happened, a terrifying might swiftly replaced his Qi and exploded from his body, but the radius of the explosion was limited to only a

circular area of ten thousand feet. Clearly, whoever it was did not want to spread that explosion too far away to avoid Evil Spirit Sect's detection.

"Sir, aren't you being a little too careless to just watch me descend...? How should I repay you?" A hoarse voice came from Sun Shan's lips. When he started speaking slowly, his shut eyes swiftly flew open, and a brilliant sparkle appeared in them, like a flash of lightning, before he lifted his head.

When he did so, his body began rapidly aging right before Su Ming's eyes. Almost in the blink of an eye, the young Sun Shan was no longer there, but was replaced by an old person who exuded an ancient air. His skin was filled with wrinkles, and his hair had already turned gray. A powerful presence that did not belong to Sun Shan slowly spread out from his body.

"If you want to repay me, then tell me how many fusions of Dao you can do with your Hidden Execution of Justice," Su Ming's said flatly, his expression remaining calm.

Cracking sounds came from Sun Shan's body at that moment, and Sun Shan's master slowly stood up. His gaze was like lightning as he looked at Su Ming, and he suddenly began laughing.

"So you were after Hidden Dragon Sect's Hidden Execution of Justice! I can fuse six Daos within that Art!"

At the same time the old man said those words, he took a step towards Su Ming. When his foot landed on the void, powerful waves spread out under it and started sweeping outwards in all directions, as if the air had turned into water, and his foot had turned into a stone that could create ripples on the surface once it fell in.

Those waves seemed normal, but in truth, each one contained the power of the old man's cultivation base. As it spread out and closed in on Su Ming, he also lifted his right foot and took a step forward.

At the instant his foot landed, waves also started spreading out from under his foot and crashed into the waves that the old man had created with his cultivation base. When the opposing waves connected, interconnecting loud bangs rang out continuously. The old man let out a muffled grunt and staggered a few steps backwards. When he lifted his head, his expression changed.

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!" His pupils shrank.

"Early stage in the Ascendant Stage!" Su Ming's body swayed slightly, but he did not back down as he looked at the old man and stated slowly.

"Are you Man Ya? Or are you perhaps Wu Shuang, Xue Sha, Tian Qi, or Chi Lei Tian, appearing before me after you went into hiding and changed your appearance?" The old

man stared at Su Ming and blurted these five names in one go. Su Ming was familiar with Chi Lei Tian's name among the five he mentioned, but he had never heard of the other four before.

However, if the old man would say these names when he presumed that Su Ming was a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, then these people must surely have the same level of cultivation as what he presumed Su Ming to have!

'These five people must be the five Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm within Eastern Wastelands. Besides Chi Lei Tian, one of the names he mentioned should include All Entities Clan's progenitor, who had fought against me across the sea.'

Su Ming did not answer his question. When his foot landed, a glint appeared in his eyes before he took another step. At the moment he moved forward, a vast amount of power erupted from his body and fused into his foot, causing the weather within ten thousand feet to change and a huge vortex to appear in the sky.

At the same time, a huge foot materialized in midair. This one step belonged to a certain divine ability - the God of the Berserkers' Seven Steps!

Sun Shan's Master swiftly moved back. He was cursing in his heart at that moment. He might have come here with his Nascent Divinity instead of his real self, but if his Nascent Divinity was injured or destroyed, it would also be a disaster for him.

He did not expect that his disciple would call him here to face a powerful enemy who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, which was the equivalent of the great circle in Ascendance. If he knew about this earlier, he would not have bothered about a single disciple's call or about his survival, even if that disciple had the rare potential to search for dragons.

Even if the presence of Bright Yang Stone here had allowed him to descend in this place while ignoring the consequences, but all of this was not worth it in his eyes if he had to fight against a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

After all, it did not matter whether it was his disciple or that Bright Yang Stone, both of these things were just external objects. Besides, that Bright Yang Stone did not have his soul, so he did not have to worry about his own survival either.

As he retreated, his expression turned dark and he lifted his hands while biting down on the tip of his tongue to cough up a mouthful of fresh blood. Once he formed a seal and pointed forward with both hands, the blood swiftly spread out and turned into a humanoid that charged forward.

Immediately after, that blood humanoid's body swayed as it moved forward and turned into two before it swaying once more and splitting into four. When nearly a hundred humanoids were in the air, they moved in unison towards the foot in the sky, and towards Su Ming.

Su Ming did not stop moving even for a single instant. He took the seven steps in swift succession. When he completed them, the world rumbled, and a powerful force of impact swept horizontally in all directions, starting from this place itself. Under the loud rumbles, the face of Sun Shan's Master turned stark pale. He swiftly retreated, and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. Shock also appeared on his face.

'He's not in the great completion stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but is halfway into the path to Life Cultivation! He's already equivalent to those in Illusory Yin and Corporeal Yang!'

The old man did not hesitate in his retreat. He already did not have the heart to continue fighting. The only thought he had in his mind at that moment was to widen the distance between them and strive for a chance to leave this body!

However, before he managed to retreat up to even some hundreds of feet, Su Ming charged forward like an arrow in the mid of that force of impact and subsequent shattering of space. When he lifted his right hand, wisps of black smoke spread out and turned into the Undertaker of Evil's Spear on his palm. Once he gripped it, he swiftly threw it forward.

A piercing hum came from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear as it turned into a long black arc that charged towards the old man, whose pupils shrank once again. He was already at a disadvantage because he could not bring with him any Enchanted Treasures when he descended to this place, and there was simply too big of a disparity between their combat abilities. When the long spear closed in on him, he swiftly lifted his hands and formed a strange seal that seemed like a vase before pushing it forward.

A vase that had streams of light flowing from it immediately manifested and crashed into the long spear. With a loud bang, the vase shattered, and the long spear shot through the broken pieces, slicing through the old man's right arm.

With a loud bang, the old man's right arm shattered instantly and turned into a bloody mess of torn flesh. His face turned even paler, but he still gritted his teeth and continued retreating hastily. With each step he took backwards, his presence in the body would reduce slightly.

'Soul's Return in Six Steps!'

The old man no longer had any will to fight. The only thought he had in his mind at that moment was to have his Nascent Divinity return to Hidden Dragon Sect. Once he took

three steps back, his presence reduced by a large margin, but just as he was about to take his fourth step back, Su Ming closed in on him!

Chapter 636: A Moth Attracted to a Flame!

Su Ming was slightly faster than the old man. When he chased the old man down, he was like a long arc that was instantly on him. The old man's eyes sparkled. He might only have three steps left before his Nascent Divinity could leave, but he would not be able to complete these with how quickly Su Ming was charging at him.

His face turned pale. No matter how he turned his head around to think, he could not find a way for him to survive. He did not have Enchanted Treasures, did not have items to help him block Su Ming's attack, his power could not compare to the other's, much less his combat abilities. The wild arrogance he had before he descended had completely disappeared, and it was replaced by a wave of despair.

In the mid of his despair, there seemed to be only one path that remained for him!

Self-destruction!

He could trigger the explosion of his Nascent Divinity, and with his real self having to go through a disaster in Hidden Dragon Sect as well as his power being greatly reduced as a price, he could injure Su Ming... but he did not want to do it!

This would bring no good to him. At that moment, the old man's hate towards Sun Shan was already so great that it was practically burning his soul!

'Damn it! Do I really have to self-destruct?!

The old man fell into despair. Unless he absolutely had to, he would definitely not take this path. This was something he absolutely could not accept.

Even if he could injure Su Ming, his real self's level of cultivation would still fall. He might not even be able to return to the land of Immortals. He might even die during the chaos that was about to arrive.

He could almost imagine it, for it was not like he did not have enemies in Hidden Dragon Sect itself. If his power fell, then with the slightest careless mistake, he would end up in an incredibly terrible state.

This was a dilemma!

These sort of thoughts were what were reflected on the old man's at the moment, albeit only for a moment. When he saw that Su Ming was getting closer still, he knew that the other would most likely close in on him and interrupt his actions before he could even finish taking his fourth step.

'What should I do?!'

The old man opened his eyes. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and anxiety appeared on his face. But just as he was about to attack in desperation, a thought suddenly flashed in his head, like a bolt of lightning crackling in the sky with a loud bang.

'Hidden Execution of Justice! That's right, the first thing this person asked me when I appeared was about Hidden Execution of Justice!' The old man had already reached Ascendant Stage, and his intelligence was naturally of extraordinary standards. When that thought formed in his head, he understood what he needed to do instantly.

And as that understanding dawned on him, misery, too, rose in his heart.

'What a calculative man. With this person around among the Berserkers, he'll surely become a great enemy of us Immortals in the future...

'He waited for me to descend for Hidden Dragon Sect's Hidden Execution of Justice. I don't know where he heard of it, but judging by his looks, he seems to be incredibly familiar with this Art, and he also knows that everyone can cast it!

'This person must have definitely asked that disciple of mine, and he wasn't satisfied with his answer, that's why I was allowed to descend. All of this was part of his plan, and Sun Shan did not even notice it.

'He waited for me to descend on purpose and even asked that question because he already knew the end result of the battle. He knew that I would definitely not be his opponent and would choose to run. He also knew that I would definitely be conflicted and struggle over my choices right now. Similarly, he knew that I would remember the first question he asked of me at this moment.

'It's clear now. He doesn't want me to self-destruct and get injured either. He will let me leave, but the price is... Hidden Execution of Justice!'

A resolute look appeared on the old man's face, as he was filled with misery. Right at the instant Su Ming was about to close in on him, he lifted his right hand and flung it forward.

"Hidden Dragon Ninth Dao, Autumn Harvest Winter Storage!"

As the old man's voice reverberated in the air and his right hand moved, a murky shade instantly appeared in his right eye.

"Hidden Dragon Eighth Dao, Hidden in Secret!"

While the words swiftly tumbled out of his mouth, he changed the seal in his right hand and pointed at his right eye. Then, the murky shade there started to rapidly gather together, and the edges of his eye began to gain clarity.

"Hidden Dragon Seventh Dao, Covering Tracks in Shadows!"

With these words, he took his fourth step backwards, and when his presence diminished once again, the murkiness and clarity in his right hand fused together, causing his right eye's pupil to look as if it was hidden away by his right eye, as if it was covered in shadows!

"Hidden Dragon Sixth Dao, Fire in Sleeves!"

The old man lifted his left hand and changed the seal. When it seemed like there were a few sparks flickering in his sleeves, a flame's glow instantly appeared in his right eye. As that light flickered, his pupil looked as if it had turned into a ball of burning flames. The sparks that had appeared in his sleeve were also immediately absorbed by his eye, making it seem as if there were flames moving in circles before the old man, and they were all surging towards him.

At that moment, his right eye was continuously alternating between four states - murkiness, clarity, flames, and illusions, all of which turned it into a shocking, strange sight!

"Hidden Dragon Third Dao, Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon!"

The old man let out a low growl and took his fifth step backwards. At the instant it landed, his presence turned incredibly weak, and his Nascent Divinity in this body gave off a chaotic feel, as if he was about to turn into wisps of divine sense at any moment.

As his voice rang in the air and the seal in his right hand changed, a large amount of afterimages from seals appeared before him. Those afterimages appeared like fog, and as dragon roars echoed among them, the seals connected together to turn into a roaring dragon.

Almost at the same time it manifested, blood capillaries appeared in the old man's right eye, and as they intersected, they formed a clear pattern of a tiger's stripes!

At the instant that happened, the dragon that was swimming about and roaring in front of the old man charged into his right eye and fused with the stripes.

"Hidden Dragon Second Dao, Concealment... in the Void!" the old man shouted out, and the blood capillaries in his eye changed to form a dragon at the center, with the

tiger's stripes around it, and the Eight Trigrams at the edges of his eye. A blood-red ray of light also appeared, causing his right eye to gain a strangely enchanting edge.

He lifted his foot, and when he moved to take his sixth step, he dug his fingers into his right eye socket, and without bothering about the intense pain brought by his actions, he yanked his right eye out of his body, then tossed it towards Su Ming, who was walking towards him slowly with a calm look on his face.

"I have acted rashly today, and now use this Hidden Execution of Justice as an apology for my actions. Let us meet again in the future!"

The old man took his sixth step. He might have understood Su Ming's thoughts and had done things according to his wishes, but he was still worried that the other would change his mind and constantly kept his guard around him. If Su Ming did something else, then the old man would self-destruct at all costs.

At the moment he took his sixth step, Su Ming caught the eyeball and looked towards the old man. The Nascent Divinity in the old man's body had already turned into divine sense, and it was sucked into Sun Shan's body as if he had turned into a black hole. It disappeared without a trace, a clear sign that the old man had left Sun Shan's body and went back to Hidden Dragon Sect, which was located tens of thousands of li away from this end of the connected tunnel.

Sun Shan, who had lost the old man's Nascent Divinity, fell to the side and was trembling violently in a state of unconsciousness. Blood trickled out from the corners of his mouth, and in his weakened state, he struggled to open his eyes, but as even his eyelids shivered, he lost all of his strength and his eyes fell shut once more as he breathed his last.

He did not die because of Su Ming, but because his Master had absorbed his last shreds of life in a fit of hate before he left.

Su Ming cast a glance at the Hidden Execution of Justice in his hand. Seeing this item's use when Hong Luo was in control of his body was not the only reason why he wanted this. More importantly, he had also come to know from the memories he inherited from Hong Luo that this Hidden Execution of Justice, which was a mysterious, ancient art in Hidden Dragon Sect, had the ability to break many seals.

However, this Art was rather sinister. Not only could a person practice this Art, it could also be snatched from a practitioner, just like what happened just now. Once the right eye of the person who practiced this Art was snatched away, then he would lose all the benefits that came with this Art, but that did not mean that there was no remedy to this situation. The practitioner himself would just need to take it back from that person who snatched the Art from him.

Su Ming did not know the details though. He was only aware of the general idea of how it worked.

He lifted his left hand and swung it at Sun Shan's corpse through the air, and the corpse immediately turned into ashes. Only his storage bag was left behind and extracted from his body before it landed on Su Ming's palm and was then put away into his bosom. With a sparkle in his eyes, Su Ming looked down at the barren land underneath.

The mountain range had already turned into a flat ruin, courtesy of the battle just now, which had caused the entire hill to collapse. Only a small part of the third barren hill remained, and that was because it was protected by the seal placed on it.

Su Ming was just about to take action as he looked at the seal when his expression suddenly changed. He lifted his head and cast a glance in the direction of Thousand River Valley. The waves of power that had appeared in this place just now might have been limited to only ten thousand feet, but when Sun Shan's Master left just now, the power of the world he had stirred up was clearly no longer just in the range of ten thousand feet, which was why the powerful warriors in Evil Spirit Sect had immediately noticed it.

A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he took a step forward, appearing right outside the door to the cave abode, which was hidden away by the streaming rivers of light. He lifted the Hidden Execution of Justice in his right hand and pushed forward, and the eyeball immediately shone with a strange light. The dragon and tiger inside roared, and the Eight Trigrams manifested. The blood capillaries changed their position, as if they were matching the patterns of the seal, and almost in an instant, cracking sounds rang in the air, and the flowing streams of light outside the cave abode instantly dissipated.

The door to the cave slowly opened up, and a powerful ray of light shot out from within. A presence of extreme Yang instantly spread out, and right at the moment Su Ming sensed that presence, his body started rapidly withering away, but he did not panic. His eyes lit up instead.

He was somewhat familiar with this presence. It was the same presence he felt in the galaxy beyond the vortex when he left the World of Nine Yin with the ancient bronze sword in the past.

By the time the door to the cave completely opened up, there were several long arcs charging forth from the distance. Su Ming stared at the cave, and the thing floating in midair within it.

It was a stone about the size of a fist, made entirely of gold. The light shining from its body was like the sun, and it could make people feel warm in its presence, but to Su Ming, this light and presence was like poison, and it was causing his body to swiftly wither away!

'Bright Yang Stone!'

Su Ming's skin filled with wrinkles, and he looked as if he had walked through his entire life during the couple breaths since the cave abode opened. A thick aura of death spread out from his body, but when it touched the light from this Bright Yang Stone, it melted away like snow and rapidly dissipated.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but it only lasted for a moment before he stepped forth without any hesitation and faced the light that was making his life disappear head-on. He charged towards the stone, and at that moment, he looked as if he had turned into a moth that was charging straight into a fire!

At the instant he grabbed hold of the Bright Yang Stone, a large amount of black smoke spread out from his right hand, and a sharp pain that went straight to his soul shot through his body, causing Su Ming to almost be unable to bear with the pain, but he did not loosen his grip around the stone. Instead, he wrapped his fingers tighter around it!

"Su Ming, if you can't even handle a small little stone and give up now, then what right do you have to say that you want to get out of Yin Death Region?!" Su Ming growled with a pale face. As he threw that question to himself, he grabbed that stone, took a step forward, stepped into air, and instantly warped away, right at the moment an innumerable amount of long arcs closed in on the area from the sky!

Chapter 637: A Small Yang Stone!

With that step forward, a large amount of black smoke spread out from Su Ming's body. The aura of death from the black smoke was incredibly thick, and it was enough to make all those who saw it feel their hearts trembling in shock. No one would know what would happen if they touched it.

The indescribable pain disappeared when Su Ming walked away, and the cave abode collapsed with a bang and turned into ruins, though there was still a thick aura of death surrounding the place. Almost at the same time Su Ming disappeared, numerous long arcs swiftly closed in on the ruins, and the person in the lead was Shen Dong. Right behind him were all of the powerful Immortals who had descended in Evil Spirit Sect and were currently residing in Thousand River Valley.

"What great aura of death!"

"Who was it? We couldn't see his face clearly just now, but the thickness of this aura of death is terrifying. Could he be a heavenly corpse type monster?!"

"There's also a sign of someone's Nascent Divinity descending in this place!"

Shen Dong looked around the area before his gaze landed in the direction where Su Ming left, and he looked as if he was absorbed in his thoughts. The people behind him were attracted by the strange sights in the place, and as they discussed the phenomena around the area among themselves, they retreated, unwilling to get too much of the aura of death in the place on themselves.

"Progenitor, should we continue chasing him down?"

A middle-aged man walked out from behind Shen Dong. There was a slight hint of wariness on his face. Once he cast a look at the thick aura of death around the place, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Shen Dong.

He fell into a moment of pensive silence before he said slowly, "No need. We've already obtained the Bright Yang Stone from Gu Yuan Hai and completed our mission. There's no need for us to bring new problems on ourselves..."

"Indeed. After all, we have to complete the other task given by Sir Ji An next and prepare to fight against the other sects. Judging by the thick aura of death here, the person who left just now must surely have an astounding level of cultivation. There's no need for us to provoke him," an old man in red robes stated in a deep voice.

Bao Qiu was also among the group. At that moment, her heart was pounding against her chest. They might not have been able to see Su Ming clearly just now, but based on her senses, she could tell that the person who let out that thick aura of death just now was him!

The group with Shen Dong as the lead stayed a little longer in the place to search the area thoroughly. Once they did so, they gradually left into the distance and turned into long arcs, flying into the sky.

'The only person around the area who could overpower a Nascent Divinity cultivator who descended in this place might only be him...'

When Shen Dong left, he turned his head around and cast a glance at the place filled with the aura of death. The image of a person who he could not forget popped up in his head, and he cast a glance at Bao Qiu in a seemingly casual manner.

Su Ming warped again once he reappeared after his first warp, and he continued warping until he appeared inside the cave abode with the eight runic symbols in Thousand River Valley. The moment he was there, he staggered. His whole body was surrounded by the black aura of death, and it was especially thick around his right hand. It looked as if it was about to melt.

Sharp pain filled Su Ming's entire body. He gritted his teeth in the cave abode and sat down cross-legged, then stared at the stone in his right hand. The extreme Yang presence coming from it was like a burning sun that wanted to melt all ice.

It was as if he was holding onto a ball of flames that would never die in his hands, one that currently posed a huge threat to him.

Su Ming glared at the Bright Yang Stone in his hand, with labored breathing, and red gradually filled his eyes.

'It's just a small stone, and it's already left me in such a pathetic state... If I truly leave this place and reach Bright Yang Region in the future, I might disappear in just a few breaths...'

Su Ming did not loosen his grip around the stone, but instead curled his fingers tighter around it.

'I don't believe that with my level of cultivation, I won't be able to suppress this petty Bright Yang Stone!'

Veins popped up on Su Ming's face, and his power swiftly burst forth from his body. All his power as a Berserker circulated through him, causing even more aura of death to spread out of his body. After some time, the cave became filled with thick black smoke, and it was so dark that even if Su Ming stretched out his fingers, he would not be unable to see them.

The circulation of his power increased in speed. At that moment, he was circulating all the power he could muster within him so that he could suppress the Bright Yang Stone in his hand!

'This stone is like a ball of flames. It might do nothing to other people, but to me, it's as if it's working against my Life!'

Su Ming lifted his left hand and formed a seal before he pushed it down swiftly on that Bright Yang Stone in his right hand. With it, his left hand immediately showed signs of disappearing, and his body also started trembling, as if all his efforts were in vain and he could do nothing towards the stone.

'I don't believe that I can't do this!' A dark look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'Even if this stone is a ball of flames and even if I'm just a moth before it, I will still use my body to extinguish it! Even if it's the sun and I'm just ice that will melt when it gets close... then I will make it extinguish as I melt!'

Su Ming's body rapidly aged. At that moment, he looked like an ancient old man, and even if a person who was close to him appeared before him at that moment, they would find it difficult to recognize him.

As his power erupted from his body, Su Ming felt like an endless amount of ice sprayed on the sun. He was melting continuously and disappearing nonstop, but he still did not give up. There was a determination within him, along with a refusal to give up.

He refused to believe that he would be defeated by a mere stone. If he could not even suppress this stone, then he did not know whether he would have the courage to move even further and walk out of Yin Death Region!

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, seven days went by. During them, most of Su Ming's body had become indistinct, and even his will was starting to shake as if it could not withstand the constant intense pain. The pain, the gradual disappearance of one's body, and the feeling as if something was directly conflicting with their Life[1] was enough to push anyone going through it straight into the depths of madness.

Su Ming gritted his teeth, but he did not loosen his grip around the Bright Yang Stone. He could put it away and avoid its brilliance temporarily before attempting to suppress it again once his level of cultivation raised a little higher.

But he did not!!

He was not willing to do such a thing. If the thought of pushing this back formed in his heart and avoidance took seed in his mind, then he would lose his courage to leave Yin Death Region.

He did not believe that one mere stone would be able to kill him!

It was precisely because of this unwillingness to believe that his will remained unshaken, no matter how great of a pain he had to suffer. During the seven days, he had circulated his power madly within his body so that it would completely burst forth to suppress the stone!

'If you are fire, then I am the ice that will extinguish fire!

'If you are the sun, then I am the darkness that will chase away the sun!

'You and I are born to counter each other... but since you are countering me, then I can also counter you!' Su Ming roared in his heart.

On the eighth day, when all his power erupted from his body and his cultivation base started showing signs of weakening after eight continuous days of suppression, for the first time, the Bright Yang Stone in his hand started letting out cracking sounds, and a crack appeared on it!

As that crack appeared, a large amount of aura of death surged inside and crashed into the power within. At that moment, as if fire and water were fighting against each other, the extreme Yang presence within the Bright Yang Stone started showing rare signs of weakening through Su Ming's continuous fight against its might from his disadvantageous position!

If any Immortal saw this at that moment, they would definitely be shocked, because Bright Yang Stones were objects that could allow Immortals to preserve their souls in the state of Yang. That's why they would not be too affected by the land itself once they descended in Yin Death Region, and these Bright Yang Stones were rare even in Bright Yang Region.

It was practically impossible to change the stone, and it was impossible for it to be filled by the aura of death, because wherever it was, it would instantly make all the aura of death disperse!

Yet now... that Bright Yang Stone was showing signs of being changed and suppressed because of Su Ming. These signs might still be far from the stone being truly transformed, but the appearance of these signs was enough to leave anyone who might learn of it in shock.

When the tenth day arrived, Su Ming's cultivation base became even more dried up, but the red in his eyes showed his determination. The extreme Yang presence from the Bright Yang Stone in his hand could no longer compare to what it was ten days ago. It might still be strong, but there was no way Su Ming could be wrong about what he sensed.

It could be said that he had gone through an indescribable metamorphosis during these ten days. He endured through it all despite the extreme pain and madness, and the longer he endured, the weaker the Bright Yang Stone became!

'One of these days, I will be able to change this stone completely and turn all of its life force into an aura of death, and I will turn this Bright Yang Stone... into Yin Death Stone!'

When the stone's might became much weaker and started showing signs of being suppressed, Su Ming lifted his left hand and cut open a gash across his chest. At the instant that wound appeared, he pressed the Bright Yang Stone in his right hand onto the wound.

At the instant Su Ming did this, his eyes became hazy, suddenly lacking focus, but they swiftly returned to normal in an instant. He gritted his teeth and forced the Bright Yang Stone into his wound to fuse it with his body.

This was his counterattack against Bright Yang Region!

He wanted to remember this feeling of being burned. He wanted to remember this feeling of withering away under Bright Yang. He wanted to remember all these things and get used to it slowly. He was going to make plans, make preparations, and get used to this feeling when he left this place in the future!

When the Bright Yang Stone fused into Su Ming's body, he formed a seal with both his hands, and his body instantly turned into something akin to a giant vortex that swept up all the aura of death in the cave and brought it all towards him, while loud rumbling sounds echoed in the air, to seep into the wound on his chest. This process lasted for four hours, and once all the aura of death in the cave was absorbed, the wound on Su Ming's chest closed up and could no longer be seen.

However, there was a Bright Yang Stone in his body that forced him to endure constant pain. But this pain... was something Su Ming wanted to get used to!

'When I no longer feel pain, then the destruction Bright Yang Region will bring to me will definitely be reduced. This is the process of reversing the seasons—winter moving towards spring—which is what I have come to understand!

'To move from death to life!'

Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath and closed his eyes. In the mid of the intense pain, he slowly circulated the power in his body to allow it to slowly recover and maintain a balance within him while also suppressing that stone.

He also spread out his divine sense down, towards the depths of the ground. Three days later, he found the Spirit Vein of Thousand River Valley deep within the ground!

Chapter 638: Great Completion!

It was a winding Spirit Vein located underneath Thousand River Valley, but it was scattered all around the place. Perhaps more accurately speaking, this Spirit Vein was incomplete and was in pieces. It was as if the words 'Thousand Rivers' were true for this Spirit Vein as well, in the depths of the ground, for it had split up into a thousand veins there.

Each vein was incredibly weak and barely noticeable, but the power of the world formed right at the end of these thousand veins was still able to make Hidden Dragon Sect take a fancy to this Thousand River Valley. Because of that, they chose this location to set up their branch.

This Spirit Vein that was a crystal vein, which gave birth to the stones called Shaman Crystals among Shamans, Berserker Stones among Berserkers, and spirit stones among Immortals, was the most important reason why Su Ming came to Thousand River Valley, besides looting all the sect's spirit medicine, of course.

Several days later, he opened his eyes in the cave abode. His face was calm and not a single different thing could be detected about him; no one could guess what sort of pain he was going through at that moment.

However, Su Ming knew that he had to get used to this pain and familiarize himself with it!

He stood up slowly, and with one move, disappeared from the cave abode. When he reappeared, he was already in the depths of the ground. As he swam through the earth, he saw a layer of crystalline light before him.

It was a crystal vein that was a hundred something feet long running down a winding path. It appeared as a crystal vein, but when Su Ming swept through it with his divine sense, he felt as if this was a small dragon that was buried in the depths of the ground.

'Let's hope that Hong Luo's Art works.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The power he had spent to suppress the Bright Yang Stone during the past ten days had completely recovered, and when it did so, he had discovered to his surprised delight that his cultivation base had increased a little. It might not be much, but it had made his cultivation base reach near nine-tenths in his path towards full recovery from the injuries he had suffered!

It might still be only nearing that amount, but there was only a sliver of distance left before he would have completely recovered nine-tenths of his cultivation base!

'If this Art works, then I will be able to recover to a state where I've never been before in a short period of time, and I will be able to try and reach Berserker Soul Realm!

'If I can reach Berserker Soul Realm...'

A brilliant glint shone in Su Ming's eyes, but when he narrowed his eyes, it slowly disappeared. He took a step towards the crystal vein before him. His body moved through the ground, though at a clearly slower pace than it usually would, because this sort of movement used up a large amount of power. After a moment, when Su Ming appeared by the crystal vein, his eyes flashed with a light. He lifted his right hand and formed a seal. After he changed it nine times, ripples spread out from his body and traveled outwards in all directions.

As it spread out, Su Ming's body slowly began turning indistinct. This kind of state lasted for about a quarter of an hour before Su Ming sat down cross-legged on the crystal vein,

and a strange change began gradually showing up on his body, as he remained in that state.

'In truth, this Art to devour a crystal vein came from... the Ten Transfigurations from the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice Art! Nine Transformations can increase the strength of any divine ability or skill nine times so that they would reach the limit of their power.

'And Ten Transfigurations is a divine ability that can transform a person. This Ten Transfigurations in Hong Luo's inheritance will only begin the transformation once I fuse into the item I want to change myself into, and once I choose it, I won't be able to turn back.

'The Ten Transfigurations Art allows me to fuse myself into ten different objects... and the first thing I will transform into with my Ten Transfigurations Art is a crystal vein!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. When he sat down, his body continuously turning more indistinct, his legs started slowly changing, and crystals started forming on them. They continued spreading up his legs, and an hour later, his whole body looked as if it had turned into a crystal.

In fact, at first glance, Su Ming looked incredibly similar to the crystal vein. Two hours later, he even completely disappeared to be replaced by an extra section protruding out of the crystal vein in the ground!

That extra section was in the shape of a person, but it looked like it was one with the crystal vein and could not be distinguished clearly. Even if there was someone else in this place, they might not be able to see anything wrong with this crystal vein at just one glance either.

This was the Ten Transfigurations Art. It would allow the caster to choose an item he wanted to transform himself into and fuse with it. Once he was successful, he could turn into the exact same thing as the item he had fused with, and not only would their appearance be similar, even their internal structures would also be exactly the same!

Just like now. Su Ming had chosen a crystal vein as his first transfiguration among the ten. And in a few hours, he had successfully turned into a crystal vein. When not a single difference could be detected between them, it allowed the process of him absorbing the spiritual aura from outside his body to turn into devouring the crystal vein from inside.

He was one with the crystal vein, and their fusion existed within their bodies. Time passed, and three days later, the crystal vein started showing signs of drying up. It gradually turned dark as it lost its spiritual aura. Only the extra, human-shaped crystal vein became brighter.

On the fifth day, this part turned indistinct once again and gradually turned back into Su Ming. He no longer looked as weakened as he was before either, but had recovered a little of his vitality.

A large portion of his cultivation base had also been restored!

'I can use this method!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he disappeared with one move. When he reappeared, he was already on another crystal vein that was a hundred something feet away from where he had been previously. Similar to before, when he touched that crystal vein, he transformed into it and became one with it.

This time, he did not take five days to absorb the vitality, only four, and after these days, the crystal vein turned into dust.

Time passed. As Su Ming continued absorbing the crystal veins while they subsequently turned into dust due to his actions, after a month went by, he managed to reduce the speed of his absorption from five to only one day!

That length of time was also still shrinking. If he continued with this speed, before long, the amount of crystal veins he absorbed in a few days might be equivalent to the amount he had absorbed over the past month.

The increasingly faster pace of absorption was due to Su Ming's growing familiarity with the Art and his own change!

The absorption of the crystal veins during the past month had let Su Ming see hope and filled his face with enthusiasm, because as he continued devouring, he had finally reach nine-tenths of his cultivation base!

Not only did he achieve that, his cultivation base was also still increasing.

He could clearly feel himself becoming stronger with each moment as he continued devouring the crystal veins. This feeling was incredibly addictive, and it also strengthened his ability to suppress the Bright Yang Stone in his body.

One day, two days, three days... the crystal veins behind Su Ming shattered, and when another half a month went by, the amount of time he required to absorb a crystal vein was reduced to only six hours!

As his speed increased, the thousand crystal veins under Thousand River Valley swiftly disappeared, and gradually, the spiritual aura in Thousand River Valley started slowly reducing. This was bound to catch many people's attention.

Yet strangely, no one came to check, causing Su Ming to be unable to use all the attacks he had prepared beforehand. This was something that puzzled him as he continued absorbing the crystal veins.

However, he was at a critical moment at that point, and it was not convenient for him to venture outside to check. The act of absorbing the crystal veins also rendered his connection with Bao Qiu almost non-existent, which was why he could not find out what was going on outside through her.

To him, nothing outside could be as important as him recovering his cultivation base at that moment, so he gradually stopped thinking about it. When two months had passed since the start, Su Ming was sitting on a large crystal vein, and in less than two hours, it shattered into pieces. When he opened his eyes, a piercing, brilliant light flashed in them.

'I've recovered ninety-seven percent of my cultivation base! There's only half a step left for me to reach great completion!' Su Ming did not know how many crystal veins he had absorbed, but by his estimations, he should have devoured nearly a hundred of them.

At that moment, while he needed around two hours to absorb larger crystal veins like the ones he had been sitting on, he only needed a quarter of an hour to absorb the small ones like the one he had chosen at the start.

'If I continue with this speed, then in just another month, I'll be able to recover completely! In fact, if I can increase my speed, I won't even need a month!'

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He might have surpassed the pinnacle of his power when he fought against Di Tian in the past, but his body still had yet to recover fully. There were still some hindrances lying about when he circulated his power. Right then, the hope of full recovery made Su Ming to resist feeling a little excited.

'Di Tian, the injuries I sustained all those years ago were because of you...' Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. When he closed them, he appeared on another crystal vein and began absorbing it.

Three days, five days, seven days, ten days!

When another ten days passed, the number of crystal veins Su Ming absorbed had already surpassed the number of all the crystal veins he had absorbed in the past. There were only a small amount of them left from the thousand that had existed at first. Most of them had already been devoured by Su Ming.

With his speed, he only needed a hundred breaths to be able to reduce a small crystal vein to dust by then.

On the tenth day, Su Ming opened his eyes after devouring the vitality of another vein, which shattered and crumbled under him, at his frightening speed. Right then, an indescribably powerful might swiftly burst forth from Su Ming's body with a loud bang.

His cultivation base continued rising without stop, and as he kept on recovering before eventually reaching complete recovery, the hindrances and obstacles that had existed previously when he circulated his power were now gone. The passages within him were like straight lines, which resulted in him reaching completion!

This was completion in its truest meaning. All his flesh and blood had been turned into that of a true Berserker. Every single inch of his bones had been turned into Berserker Bones. Every drop of his blood shone with a faint golden light, and all his organs, everything within his body, had become perfect at this instant!

Su Ming had a strong hunch that there was only one path before him at that moment, and it was to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

As he examined his body, surprised delight rose in him, but it swiftly turned into uncertainty before a variety of expressions started appearing and taking each other's place on his face.

He could sense that once he reached Berserker Soul Realm, then there was a huge possibility that he would be able to move straight from the initial stage to the middle stage, then the later stage, before he reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Because his foundation gave him the right to do so!

However, it also meant that the process of reaching Berserker Soul Realm would be exceedingly difficult. This difficulty might be a hundred times more higher than that of a normal person trying to reach that Realm.

Fortunately for Su Ming, due to the state of his foundation being something that no predecessor of his had ever possessed, even if he failed in trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, he would not be destroyed like the others. However, he could not fail more than three times. Once he did, then he would still die. This was something Su Ming had come to understand naturally once his cultivation base recovered and his body reached completion.

'Should I go for it, or should I not...?' Su Ming did not have an ounce of confidence in succeeding. After a moment of hesitation, a determined look appeared in his eyes.

'I'll do it!'

Chapter 639: My Soul is in the World!

Even if Su Ming had not made full preparations for this and there was a high possibility that he would fail, he still chose to attempt breaking into the Berserker Soul Realm!

Because the completion Su Ming had gained meant that he would no longer be trying to breakthrough into the normal Berserker Soul Realm, but would be heading straight into the great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm. He would be leaping across a huge Realm!

He could not choose to give up on this. Even if he failed, he would need to have the courage to face failure head-on!

Su Ming's eyes shone and he charged deeper into the ground. When he could no longer determine the distance between him and the surface, and when the pressure from the ground grew to a mighty degree, Su Ming sat down on a crystal vein. There was no earth around him, because it had spread outwards due to the pressure, revealing an empty space of around a hundred something feet wide.

It was quiet there. Not a single sound could be detected. Su Ming closed his eyes while in a meditative position, and as he circulated all his power within him, his Qi began rising nonstop.

The speed of that increase was so great that his Qi reached its pinnacle in an instant, and during that moment, the principles Tian Xie Zi had told his disciples regarding trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm all those years ago reverberated in Su Ming's head.

The main idea of Berserker Soul lay in the soul. It was the great completion of the Berserker Mark. A Berserker needed to activate the power of all his Berserker Bones in his body to stimulate his Berserker Mark. Then, once it gained physical form, it would become a soul! That soul would be able to communicate with the world, allow the person to use the power of the world, and allow them to go through a change in nature!

It could also be called a metamorphosis of the soul!

A Berserker Mark's transformation into a soul would gather up the Berserker's will and all his Qi as well as blood inheritance to form his own statue of the God of Berserkers. Then, with the statue as a reflection of themselves, they would be able to enter Berserker Soul Realm after fusing with it!

'Dark Mountain is my mark... and the ninth summit is also part of my mark!' Su Ming's Berserker Mark formed on his face, and the ninth summit's mark also manifested on his body. The grass, plants, houses, and everything else were reflected clearly on him.

A Berserker Mark was born from the heart and shown on the body. It was the entirety of a person's heart and soul!

"Dark Mountain is my soul," Su Ming mumbled. Immediately, the mountain that seemed to possess five fingers on his face twisted and gradually appeared behind him, as if it had turned into a mountain that was buried underground!

"The ninth summit is my spirit." Right before Su Ming's eyes, Tian Xie Zi, second senior brother, eldest senior brother, Hu Zi... and everything else in the ninth summit showed up.

With a bang, the ninth summit manifested in front of him. It was positioned directly opposite of the Dark Mountain behind him, and both mountains stirred up a series of loud bangs in the depths of the ground.

"My Berserker Soul is my eternal connection with Dark Mountain... and my everlasting gratitude towards ninth summit!" Su Ming lifted his hands and waved them, with a bright light shining in his eyes.

He felt as if could see his elder and everything within Dark Mountain, could even hear the faint moaning sounds of the xun in his ears, bringing with it an air of sadness and desolation, but at the same time, he also saw the setting sun on the ninth summit.

All of these things gradually fused together before his eyes, and once they overlapped with each other, he could no longer see clearly. Faint cracking sounds rang in his head, as if some sort of seal within him begun to break at that instant!

"Destiny will be my sky."

As Su Ming mumbled softly, the rumbling sounds from the depths of the ground reverberated once again, and the earth all around him started trembling. Right above him, an infant's shadow appeared, but that shadow continuously changed, occasionally turning into a young man with purple hair, and the murderous aura, as well as the aura of death, around him surged into the sky. It was so strong that it made the ground tremble without stop, as if even the earth itself was afraid of this illusory shadow.

"My soul is in the world!"

Su Ming moved his arms swiftly, and his divine sense spread outwards with his movements, fusing into the Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and Destiny. With his will as the center and his soul as the bond gathering them together, Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny's shadow slowly approached each other, and they began showing signs of fusing!

Su Ming started trembling. He could feel that the power pulling these three things closer and fusing them together was the Berserker power stored in all his blood and flesh as well as his Berserker Bones. With everything in his body, he was slowly fusing the three things together.

Once the fusion was complete and the three became one in soul, then it would mean that Su Ming had finished his first step in trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm! The next step would then be a reflection of that soul by forming a statue of the God of Berserkers and activating the world in his body so that he would enter Berserker Soul Realm!

Forget even the second step, the first step alone was already incredibly difficult for Su Ming. He had already made all his power erupt from his body, but he still could not make the three objects fuse together quickly. He could only make them slowly become one.

In fact, he had a constant feeling that he seemed to be lacking something, but he just could not tell what it was that he lacked.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, six hours went by. Su Ming's entire body was drenched in sweat, and his face was pale, but he still gritted his teeth and persevered. The cracking sounds in his head were becoming more frequent, and the feeling as if a seal was being broken became even more distinct.

He had a strong hunch that once the seal in his mind was broken, then the inheritance Hong Luo had left behind of his Path to Life would completely surge out, and a part of Su Ming's own sealed memories would be activated. He would then be able to see all that had been buried within him!

Almost at the instant Su Ming tried fusing the three objects together and the seal in his mind continued breaking, the spiritual aura in Thousand River Valley started turning chaotic, and the weather in the sky also changed. Thunder rumbled above, and rain would occasionally pour down. At other times, snow would fall, and sometimes dark clouds would sink down as well.

These changes in the weather caused all the Evil Spirit Sect members in Thousand River Valley to feel shocked, and all of them lifted their heads to look.

'These are... the signs of a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm!'

Shen Dong lifted his head and stared at the sky with an incredibly grave expression on his face. He could tell that this was not just any normal procedure of a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm. This was just the beginning, and it had already caused this amount of change in the sky. By the looks of it, these changes would only become stronger as time passed.

In a mountain range in Eastern Wastelands that was located an unknown amount of distance from Su Ming was an endless amount of great halls standing erect on each of the mountains!

The buildings here seemed endless, and there were even more than a hundred palaces floating in the sky. Each of them shone with a piercing light, and from the distance, a person who saw them would discover to their amazement that there was a giant sword stabbed into the ground right at the center of this area. That sword was a hundred thousand feet tall, and sword aura was seeping out of its entire body to cover a circular area of several li.

On the sword's hilt was a golden palace, and the light shining from it made it seem as if it was a golden sun!

This was where Great Leaf Immortal Sect's headquarters were located in the land of Berserkers!

At the same time these changes in the weather occurred, there were two people sitting directly opposite each other in that golden palace. These two people were different in shape and form, but their clothes were the exactly the same. They were both wearing an Emperor's robe and crown. They both possessed an aloof presence, and their expressions were cold.

One of them was dressed in a golden robe, and the other in a purple robe. The color might be different, but they were both Emperor's robes, and the presences from both their bodies were astonishingly similar.

If Su Ming saw that person in purple robes, he would definitely be able to tell with just one glance that this was the Di Tian that had fought against him in the Dead Sea island!

The person in golden robes... was also Di Tian!

These two people were the two clones Di Tian had sent into the land of Berserkers!

At the instant Su Ming tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm and the seal in his mind showed signs of breaking, the Di Tian in purple robes opened his eyes, and a surprised glare shone in the. He looked outside the palace swiftly and a frown appeared between his brows.

"I can feel his seal breaking..."

"I can't find where he's hiding!" The person who said these words was the clone in golden robes, once he also opened his eyes.

"He has already left our control..."

"Our real self already knows about this, but he still hasn't sent his will to us. He seems to be hesitating."

"Our plans over these numerous years have gone off track because of Hong Luo. This is a crime so great for the royal blood in the land of Immortals that even death cannot pardon their sins!"

"His seal is breaking. It should be caused by him trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm... We cannot let him succeed!"

"Our real self hasn't sent his will over. We can just act according to the original will which he gave to us. The seal that has been placed on him by our real self over the countless reincarnations won't be so easily broken..."

As the two clones spoke calmly, the Di Tian in purple robes lifted his right hand and pressed his palm at the center of his brows. After a moment, when he lifted his hand, he brought out a greenish black stone from within his body.

An incredibly dense aura of death spread out from that stone. The aura of death surrounding it made it seem as if the stone had gathered the essence of hell on itself. It looked similar to the Bright Yang Stone, but its presence was completely different!

And more importantly, there was a picture on that stone, and it formed the contour of a person... who looked vaguely like Su Ming!

"He does not dare show up and reveal himself before me. He no longer dares fight against me and stayed hidden for many years... I might still be unable to find him... but I can make the seal placed on him stronger!" the Di Tian in purple robes said calmly and lifted his left hand before straightening it and pressing his palm swiftly on that greenish black stone. With it, the aura of death on the stone trembled.

At the same time, a violent shudder wrecked Su Ming's body as he was meditating under the endless depths of Thousand River Valley while fusing Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny together into a soul while the seal in his mind continued breaking.

A sharp stab of pain erupted from his mind, and that pain caused his eyes to instantly become bloodshot. It was as if a wave of power had appeared out of nowhere and caused the seal in his mind to become stronger in a heartbeat. The signs of it breaking instantly vanished.

The pain came too suddenly, causing Su Ming's body to tremble, and the three objects that were fusing into a soul before him immediately started showing signs of dissipating before crumbling with a bang.

Once that happened, Dark Mountain vanished, ninth summit disappeared, and Destiny was also gone without a trace. All these things returned into Su Ming's body once again, causing him to fail in his attempt to reach Berserker Soul Realm...

Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood. As his face turned pale, he endured the sharp pain in his mind and lifted his head swiftly. Red filled his eyes, and a crazed killing intent raged wildly within them.

"Di Tian!"

The murderous intent within Su Ming's voice caused murderous aura to rise from him and surge into the sky. His will to kill Di Tian reached its pinnacle.

At that moment, an incredibly powerful will burst forth within Su Ming's mind.

'I'll kill Di Tian!'

This was the first time the thought of killing Di Tian had appeared in Su Ming's mind, he no longer thought of hiding and dodging his oppressor!

Chapter 640: Evil Immortals and Immortals

Even if Di Tian had not attacked this time, the chances of Su Ming succeeding in reaching Berserker Soul Realm were still incredibly slim. He had expected this earlier and had felt it deeply when he was going through the entire process of trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm.

However, it did not matter whether he would succeed or fail, Su Ming would still choose not to run from it. Even if he failed, he would still try looking for the sparkle that would lead him to success in his failure, but this time, the reason for his failure was not due to himself, but because of Di Tian's seal!

This feeling where his breakthrough had been cut off by someone else made Su Ming's killing intent towards Di Tian run even deeper!

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips. The red that had filled his eyes only started scattering away after a long time had passed, but even though the killing intent in his eyes was hidden away, it still showed in the dark look on Su Ming's face.

"If I don't kill Di Tian, I won't be able to reach Berserker Soul Realm!" Su Ming spat out each of the words, and each one contained his desire to kill Di Tian.

But it did not mean that Su Ming had not gained anything from his failure this time. At the very least, he knew that reaching Berserker Soul Realm could break that invisible seal placed on his memories, and the breaking of it would attract Di Tian's attention, and that person would jump in to interfere with his breakthrough!

If that was the case, then if he did not kill Di Tian, the same thing would happen when he attempted his second breakthrough to the Berserker Soul Realm, and it would also be the same for his third time. This was something Su Ming could not accept. There was only one path lying before him at that moment, and that was... to kill Di Tian!

But Di Tian was incredibly strong... Su Ming did not have the confidence to kill him.

With a dark look on his face, he closed his eyes and calmed down his cultivation base, causing the power that had turned chaotic in his body due to his failure to reach Berserker Soul Realm to gradually calm down and the chaotic state in his body to slowly return to normal. In the end, all his power fused back together and circulated through his body.

Golden light shone on Su Ming's body. This was the direct manifestation of all his blood, flesh, and bones turning into those of a true Berserker. A powerful presence spread out of his body, causing all the earth around him to fall back and coagulate, and the crystal vein beneath his body to shatter inch by inch before turning into dust.

This presence and the powerful might spreading out of Su Ming's body at that moment was slightly stronger than before he tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm. Once that power completed several circles of circulation and returned the body to normal, the brilliant light that shone in Su Ming's eyes the moment he opened them was enough to pierce through all nine layers in the ground.

The depths shuddered lightly, as if they could not bear the mighty pressure that spread out once Su Ming opened his eyes.

"I failed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm, but not only did my power not dwindle, it increased slightly... With an eight or nine-tenths of my cultivation base, I can fight against a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and not fall behind. I can fight against them on equal grounds!

"With my cultivation base fully restored, I should be able to win against a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! Right now..." Su Ming's gaze was biting cold as he mumbled to himself.

"I'm halfway... to Life Cultivation?" Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he shook his head.

'Only when I succeed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm can I be considered halfway to reaching Life Cultivation. Right now, I'm just infinitesimally close to it, but there are only few who could win against me under Life Cultivation Realm!'

Su Ming stood up slowly, and with one step, his body swiftly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was still in the depths of the ground, and after several warps, he appeared in the cave abode, and Bao Qiu's urgent call emerged deep in his heart.

By the looks of it, this was not the first time she had called out to him, but since Su Ming had been in the depths of the ground recovering his cultivation base and trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, that call was lost in the waves of power and pressure produced during his activities.

Su Ming lifted his head and cast a glance at the roof in the cave abode. After a moment of pensive silence, he moved towards the entrance to the cave and gradually vanished.

There was a large number of Evil Spirit Sect members within Thousand River Valley looking at the sky at that moment. When the numerous strange phenomena slowly disappeared and the sky returned to normal, these people slowly fell silent while still harboring a large amount of questions within them.

Most of the people here could guess that the change in the weather was due to a Berserker trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm, and it was not an easy breakthrough. There should be some sort of change no one knew about contained within.

Yet no matter what, the strange phenomena in the world had vanished, and no statue of the God of Berserkers had appeared. This meant that the person who tried reaching Berserker Soul Realm had failed.

Reaching Berserker Soul Realm among the Berserkers was a life and death situation. Once they failed, then their bodies and souls would be destroyed. There were few exceptions to this, and that was why most of the people here believed that the person who had failed in reaching Berserker Soul Realm just now had died.

Shen Dong frowned. In the mid of his uncertainty, he believed that this was not what had happened, but this was just a feeling he had, and he did not have too much time to investigate it. That's why he just shook his head and put this matter aside.

The long arcs that had been forced to stop in the distance beyond Thousand River Valley now began to rush back once more. All of the people within these long arcs were Evil Spirit Sect disciples. It was as if they had received some sort of order during the past few days and were all hurrying towards Thousand River Valley in succession to obey that order.

Right then, there were thousands of Evil Spirit Sect disciples in Thousand River Valley. However, there were even more Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance among these people, and they numbered to nearly ten thousand!

It caused Thousand River Valley to become incredibly lively during these past few days, and the sounds of human chatter were loud in the air. If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to find some hints of what was going on. These Evil Spirit Sect disciples who had gathered in Thousand River Valley were mostly solemn, and there was even a desolate air lingering around them, though it was vague and indistinct. The loud human

chatter, too, slowly disappeared as the days went by, until all the people eventually fell silent.

Day by day, they quietly trained, quietly polished their Enchanted Treasures and swords, quietly looked at the world, and quietly accumulated the murderous look in their eyes.

Bao Qiu meditated within her hall, located at the top of one of the mountains in Thousand River Valley. There were plenty of seals placed around her, and most of the time, her expression was sullen when she was in her usual old woman's disguise, making it seem as if she did not want anyone getting close to her. This was one of the reasons why the hall where she stayed was incredibly deserted.

At that moment, she was calling out to Su Ming repeatedly in the depths of her heart. This had lasted for an entire week, but every single time she called out, her voice would sink like a stone falling into the sea. No response would be given to her, and it was as if Su Ming had left, completely forgetting this place.

An anguished look appeared on Bao Qiu's face and she sighed.

'There's still two days left until we have to depart, but he still hasn't replied... even though I can sense that he's close to this place...'

Bao Qiu's expression constantly changed. She had a seal placed on her soul and her life was no longer in her hands. When she thought of the great battle that would occur two days later and she remembered that she had to dissipate her soul as one of the members to set up Evil Spirit Sect's Sky Devourer Rune because of all the souls of those who formed this Sky Devourer Rune had to be fused together to activate this powerful Rune, Bao Qiu smiled bitterly.

She wasn't certain whether anyone would be able to find anything off about her once her soul fused with the others. But based on her analysis, the chances of this matter being discovered were quite high. After all, the person who would manage this Great Sky Devourer Rune was Sir Ji An's personal attendant, and that person's level of cultivation was higher than Shen Dong's.

That was why she had been calling out to Su Ming urgently during the past few days, so that they could find a solution to this problem. After all, she would be in great trouble if something wrong was discovered about her when they activated the Great Sky Devourer Rune.

'Oh well, if he still hasn't responded to my call before I leave, then I will have to go to Sect Elder Shen Dong and tell him the truth... But his seal on me...' Bao Qiu struggled for a moment before she sighed resignedly.

At the moment she heaved out that sigh, a chill suddenly ran down her spine, because right, a cold voice rang in her ears.

"What is it that made you call me so many times?"

Bao Qiu shuddered, and when she turned her head around, she saw that Su Ming had appeared not too far behind her at some point. The familiar sight of his white robes as well as his long hair made Bao Qiu immediately wrap her fist in her palm before she bowed towards him.

"Greetings, Master.

"Master, Evil Sect has issued an order to launch an all out attack. Two days later, the entire combat force of Evil Sect will be fighting against all the other Immortal sects, who will be led by Great Leaf Immortal Sect. At that time, Evil Spirit Sect will be forming the Great Sky Devourer Rune..." Bao Qiu lowered her head and quickly told Su Ming the things that had brought about her anxiety over the past few days.

Yet when she finished speaking, she did not receive any reply from Su Ming. She hesitated for a moment before she lifted her head to look at Su Ming. Then, she saw a pensive look in his eyes, as if he was distracted by some consideration.

When Bao Qiu saw a faint hint of killing intent shining in that pensive look in his eyes, her heart trembled, and she did not dare look him in the eye anymore.

She had a vague feeling that Su Ming was a little different from how he was in the past, but she could not describe what was unlike before. Right now, she felt the same kind of anxiety within her as she did when she had to meet Sir Ji An in the past.

"Did you just say... Great Leaf Immortal Sect?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly after some time, and his gaze landed on Bao Qiu's face.

This was not the first time Su Ming had learned of the Great Leaf Immortal Sect. In truth, as time passed and he gained more exposure, he had been able to tell from various clues that there were several other huge Immortal sects besides Evil Sect in Eastern Wastelands and South Morning.

Hidden Dragon Sect had clearly targeted the Shamans, and also had an incredibly great amount of influence in Eastern Wastelands.

From the name itself, he could tell that Sky Mist Dao was connected to Sky Mist's ancestor, and Tian Lan Meng was also in there.

As for Great Leaf Immortal Sect, it had occupied the land of Berserkers in South Morning and the most important parts in Eastern Wastelands. Di Tian's servant was from this sect... and Di Tian was clearly also from this sect!

"Yes. This time our major opponent is Great Leaf Immortal Sect. After all, the Emperors from Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao have not descended here. Besides Evil Sect having the presence of Sir Ji An among us in Eastern Wastelands, only Great Leaf Immortal Sect has favorable climatic and topographical elements that allowed Di Tian of the five Emperors to send two of his clones here.

"They are our greatest enemy!" Bao Qiu quickly said, and when she mentioned Great Leaf Immortal Sect possessing favorable climatic and topographical elements, she instinctively cast Su Ming a glance.

"Two clones!" A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes, and his mood grew even more sullen. He could tell that Bao Qiu was not lying, and neither was there any need for her to lie about this. If that was the case, his guess had been slightly wrong. Di Tian had not sent one clone to this place this time... but two!

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming's eyes shone with a strange light and he suddenly asked, "How confident are you to win this battle?" .

"With Sir Ji An around, its fifty-fifty on who wins," Bao Qiu said softly, after hesitating slightly.

"Ji An..." Su Ming mumbled. He had heard this name multiple times when he was in Evil Spirit Sect. Gradually, a dark smile curled up on his lips.

Chapter 641: There Can Be No Failure in this Battle!

'The time limit to gather ten million lis blood light from Eastern Wastelands Tower is only a thousand days... and the more this drags on, the more disadvantageous it would be for the Immortals. This would mean that they're just giving a perfect chance for Berserkers!

'That's why Ji An is in such a hurry to launch a full scale battle between Evil Sect and all the other sects, and this must also be the other sects' intention as well. They want to determine who would win and lose with just one battle!

'Perhaps there's some form of trade going on behind the scenes beyond Yin Death Region. Are they going to determine who will be the ones taking charge and who will be the ones who can only follow when they enter Eastern Wastelands Tower with this battle...?'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he started analyzing the situation. He might not have concrete evidence to back up his guesses, but he should be close to the truth.

After all, this was one of the few methods that could resolve the plan the first God of Berserkers had set up for Eastern Wastelands Tower.

'The main part of this battle is the fight between Di Tian's two clones and Ji An himself, only then will come the fight between the disciples from the other Immortal sects.

'But since Ji An would dare to launch this battle, then he must have some sort of confidence. If that's the case... Di Tian, you will die!' The killing intent in Su Ming's eyes shone brighter. He wanted to kill Di Tian, but due to his level of cultivation and Di Tian's great strength, it was difficult for him to fulfill his wish.

But if Di Tian did not die, then it would be impossible for him to reach Berserker Soul Realm. Because of this, his desire to kill Di Tian grew even stronger.

'I'm not your opponent if I face you head-on, but if I hide myself and mix with the cultivators from Evil Sect... then when you fight against Ji An and think that I will absolutely not choose to attack during the battle, my chances of killing you will raise to the highest possible level!

'Ji An from Evil Sect will surely not give up that perfect chance either!' Su Ming laughed coldly in his heart. After mulling over this particular thought carefully in his head, a determined look appeared on his face.

"With me around, I won't let anyone be able to see any sort of problems on you when you cast that Great Sky Devourer Rune. When you leave two days later, I will go with you and fight against those Immortal sects!" Su Ming waved his arm in dismissal and no longer paid any attention to Bao Qiu, disappearing without a trace from the hall with a single step.

Only Bao Qiu remained in the hall with a stunned look on her face. After a moment, a puzzled expression appeared on her face, but she soon seemed to have remembered something. A shudder ran through her body, and she whipped her head around and looked at the entrance to the hall, her breathing picking up in speed. She only managed to recover after a long time had passed.

'Could it be... that the rumors about Di Tian and Destiny are real?!

With Di Tian's strength, it was difficult to judge the possibility of anyone ambushing him while his two clones fought against Ji An.

Even for a powerful Immortal in Ascendance, it would still be difficult for him to be useful unless he self-destructed. At the very most, he would only be able to provide a few chances for Ji An to be on the offensive.

If it was a low leveled Immortal in Ascendance, then he would not even need to bother about attacking, because he would be completely useless. Unless a person's power had

surpassed that of Ascendance and they could fight against one of Di Tian's clones on his own, only then would things be perfect for Ji An.

Su Ming did not possess this sort of power. Perhaps more accurately speaking, he did somewhat have this power, but compared to that, what was even better was that he was familiar with Di Tian's divine abilities! After all, when Hong Luo was in control of his body, he had fought against Di Tian, and after Hong Luo disappeared, Su Ming had killed one of them himself!

In fact, just a few years ago, he had engaged in a shocking battle against one of Di Tian's clone on the Dead Sea island. During that battle, Su Ming might have needed the old xun maker's help to escape, but if he did not possess the ability to force Di Tian's clone into a pathetic state, then even with the old xun maker's help, Su Ming would have still been unable to escape.

Su Ming had not died in all three battles against Di Tian, and now, he was about to take the initiative and launch the fourth one!

'I can't depend on Ji An for the success of this battle...'

Su Ming appeared at the edge of Thousand River Valley. This was the place where most Outer Sect disciples gathered. He searched for a slightly more remote place before he sat down and sank into his thoughts.

He touched his storage bag. He had retrieved the God of Berserkers' spike after he had used it all those years ago, and while that spike could still be used, he had to be much more careful with his timing this time compared to the past, or else it would not make much of a difference.

A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and he patted his storage bag with his right hand. A ray of dark light appeared before it instantly vanished into Su Ming's mouth, and it immediately began receiving nourishment in his body. That light had contained the spike!

'All of my Enchanted Treasures were destroyed during that battle... One of the only things I can still use is the might of the one mountain Han Mountain Bell absorbed from Eastern Wastelands Bell. The bell's power has increased by quite a large margin because of this, so at least I'll be able to use it.

'And then there's the divine lightning Di Tian was incredibly wary of in the past!' Su Ming's eyes sparkled. The powerful strength that had erupted from the nine-holed cauldron that day was something he still could not forget up to this date.

'Aside from this, I have three other divine abilities with me which Di Tian's clone hasn't seen me use before. They might prove useful!' In silence, the first thing Su Ming thought of was the grass knot puppet Art he had learned!

'It's a pity that I'd need Di Tian's hair or a personal belonging of his to cast this Art... Hmm?' Su Ming's pupils constricted. A thought had suddenly struck him.

As that thought popped up in his head, Su Ming's heart immediately started racing and pounding against his chest.

'Perhaps I won't need his hair or his personal belongings... As long as Di Tian's mind exists in something and he has an incredibly close connection to it, then I might be able to use it...

'And even if that something is a person, I can still use it! As long as that person is someone close to Di Tian and is mentally connected to him, then I should be able to do it!' A cold sneer curled up on Su Ming's lips. He had just remembered Di Tian's servant!

The old man in black Su Ming had captured in the World of Nine Yin was still in his possession. He had originally wanted to learn about Destiny from that old man's mouth, but now, he would be the best possible tool in his plot against Di Tian!

'This person is Di Tian's servant and he was sent here to keep an eye on me, so clearly, he is a trusted subordinate... He could also communicate with Di Tian and was protected by Di Tian's clone in the past, had even fused with him. That's why... this person is definitely mentally connected to Di Tian!' In the mid of such thoughts, Su Ming began laughing coldly in his heart.

'Di Tian, you placed a seal on me and could even bring about my failure through a long distanced attack when I tried to reach Berserker Soul Realm. Today, I will use this grass knot puppet Art and have you get a taste of your own medicine!' A ruthless look appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but it quickly vanished.

'There's also the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. This is Shen Dong's divine ability, but since he's not from Yin Death Region, he couldn't reach completion in this Art. I copied it that day, and I'm quite certain I can execute it.' Su Ming closed his eyes, and once he mulled over that Verdant Abyssal Seal, he blinked them open. His desire to kill Di Tian grew stronger.

'The last one is...' Su Ming lifted his left hand and looked at four of his fingers. The indistinct runic symbols shining on their pads caused Su Ming's eyes to slowly be surrounded by brilliant light.

'Wind, rain, thunder, lightning... and winter!' Su Ming's gaze fell on his right little finger.

'Two days...'

Su Ming stood up and disappeared without a trace. When he disappeared, a shifty looking person walked out from the alley beside where he'd been sitting. When the stranger walked over, he started looking all around him, sighing without end.

"What should I do...? What should I do...? I'll definitely die in this battle... Qian Chen, oh Qian Chen, are you really going to die young...? Ah, the heavens really do hate talented people!"

That person was, of course, Qian Chen. He sat down right, with a sigh and a miserable look on his face, where Su Ming had been previously sitting and started daydreaming while looking at the sky.

"Ah... If I had known about this before, then I wouldn't have wasted all my efforts to descend here in secret. It would have been so much better if I had stayed up there... I could have gotten all the girls I wanted and all the spirit stones I wanted... It's my fault for being greedy. I thought I could get an easier life if I descended to the land of Berserkers." Qian Chen pulled his hair and his face was twisted in distress. Judging by his words, this person was an Immortal who had descended to the land of Berserkers!

But perhaps... he was the weakest cultivator to have ever descended.

While he was sighing, Su Ming had already returned to his cave abode. Once he sat down, he swung his arm, and a black ball of fog immediately appeared before him. Within it was the old man in black robes - Di Tian's servant. However, the area around him had already been sealed up, causing his presence to be unable to spread out.

Su Ming stared at the old man in black, and with a glint in his eyes, he immediately brought out a blade of grass before he started tying knots on it. With each one, he would extract a little piece of the old man's soul...

His killing intent and hate towards Di Tian caused all of the knots Su Ming tied to be filled with Curses, killing intent, and all sorts of sinister Arts. Within them were also madness, destruction, suppression, death, and all sorts of other thoughts he wished upon Di Tian.

As he tied those knots, wisps of chilling air spread out and absorbed the old man's soul before fusing it into the knots. Then, with the power from the knots, Su Ming started stirring up the faint connection between Di Tian and the old man in black robes.

With this connection, he would use this old man as a medium to Curse and plot against Di Tian! As Su Ming continuously played with this idea in his mind, he gradually found the dots connecting Di Tian and the old man, and slowly, he began to have a feeling as if he was looking at Di Tian when he stared at the grass-knot doll in his hand.

'If I don't kill Di Tian in this battle... I will definitely not be satisfied!

'If Di Tian doesn't die in this battle, then it will be me who will die!

'I cannot lose this battle!'

Su Ming held the doll, and the murderous aura on his face grew so thick that it caused a layer of frost to instantly appear in the cave abode.

Time passed, and two days were gone in the blink of an eye. Two hours before Evil Sect marched out, the sky was getting bright, and a faint green mark appeared on Su Ming's right palm.

There was a wave of death contained within it, one which wasn't dissipating. This was the key for Verdant Abyssal Seal, which Su Ming had gathered during these two days besides making that grass-knot doll. It was the key he had obtained when he copied Shen Dong's Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. It might not be complete and he would need to bear certain consequences when he activated it, but Su Ming still chose to use it.

He had seen the Art's might with his own eyes, and he had the confidence that the power of Yin Death from this Verdant Abyssal Seal activated with his own aura of death would be greater than what Shen Dong had managed to achieve!

Besides this green mark, Su Ming also held a grass-knot doll in his left hand. The old man in black robes had already disappeared, but there were wisps of chilling cold air coming from the doll. If anyone stared at it for a prolonged period of time, they would be able to hear shrill screams of pain coming from inside it.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. Once he put away the doll, he stood up and disappeared from his cave abode.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 642 — Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 642 — Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors!

Chapter 642: Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors!

The disciples were still flying on something like the giant flying Feng Shui compass they used when they came to Thousand River Valley, but this time, there was not just one, but nine of those things!

The amount of Evil Spirit Sect disciples sitting on those nine gigantic Feng Shui compasses numbered to thousands. These disciples were all from the Outer Sect or were Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance.

They looked like a large mass of black, and their sheer numbers gave off a feeling that there was great strength lying within them, simply because of just how numerous they were.

Beyond these nine Feng Shui compasses were eighteen gigantic Yin Dragons. They were formed by vengeful souls, and each of them were tens of thousands of feet long. They surrounded the Feng Shui compasses, and as they flew forward, their roars echoed in the air.

Nearly ten thousand people could be counted sitting on the Yin Dragons, and all of them were the elite disciples from Evil Spirit Sect. Their expressions were ghastly, and there was a wave of killing intent reflected off their aloof faces. As they sat on the gigantic dragons formed of dead spirits, they charged through the air.

There were two or three people sitting on each of the Yin Dragons' heads. Most of them were the powerful monsters within Evil Spirit Sect, and Shen Dong was standing on top of the head belonging to the dragon right in the front of the army. As for Bao Qiu, she was on the final Yin Dragon.

The presence alone from the army in the sky right then far surpassed what they had when they invaded Thousand River Valley. Clearly, the fight in the valley had just been a warmup, and the real battle had yet to begin.

Right behind these Yin Dragons were nine huge carriages. Each of them was thousands of feet big and covered by a large amount of runic symbols. No one could tell what was contained within them, but the slight waves of pressure spreading out from there allowed everyone to tell that there might be incredibly powerful murderous weapons contained within!

These carriages formed a vertical line and were dragged through the sky as if they were following the dragons' lead.

But that was not all. This might be able to show just how powerful Evil Spirit Sect was, but it did not show how domineering the sect was. However, once the churning dark clouds in the sky turned into gigantic skulls, it made Evil Spirit Sect's army look terrifying.

It was especially so when there was a large banner placed on the two Yin Dragons traveling at the left and right outermost edges of the army. These banners were larger than the dragons themselves, and were nearly a hundred thousand feet long. As the dragons charged through the air, the banners danced in the wind, causing all the people to definitely take notice of them when they caught sight of Evil Spirit Sect!

There were only three words on the left banner.

Evil Spirit Sect!

There were also only three words on the right banner, and they were words that would give off a bloodthirsty feel to anyone who saw them!

Massacre all lives!

The flapping sounds coming from the banners, as they danced in the wind, fused with the moaning cries in the air from the charging Yin Dragons' roars, turning into a strange, piercing sound that traveled in all directions as Evil Spirit Sect's army rushed forward.

Wherever they went, everyone on the ground would fall silent. It did not matter how strong the wild beasts were, they would all feel inferior and lower their heads as if they did not dare to look at the army. The numerous Berserker tribes on the land, too, fell silent.

Su Ming sat on one of the nine Feng Shui compasses surrounded by the eighteen Yin Dragons and looked at the sky before him with a calm face. He was circulating his power in preparation for this battle that would surely shake the skies.

Evil Spirit Sect could be completely destroyed and the Immortal sects could also be annihilated for all he cared. These things were none of his concern. The only thing that he cared about was Di Tian's death!

Di Tian had to die in this battle!

"Senior, we're really fated together! I didn't expect to see you again here. Senior, you have to save me this time..." At the moment killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes, a whimpering sound reached his ears.

Su Ming did not even need to turn around to know that it was Qian Chen.

The man was holding onto the handle prepared for everyone on the Feng Shui compass so that he would not be swept away by the wind pressure. He was circulating what little amount of cultivation base he had within his body rapidly, and once he managed to stabilize himself, albeit with much difficulty, he slowly moved around the eighth Feng Shui compass and started asking for help from a large number of people. Once he saw Su Ming, surprised delight immediately shone in his eyes, and he crawled over to him in desperation, looking at him with pleading eyes.

He knew that Su Ming was definitely not some ordinary person and was surely someone who had hidden his strength. Qian Chen also remembered how Su Ming had disappeared during the battle in Thousand River Valley.

"Senior, all four great sects in Evil Sects are going to march out this time, but we don't know where the gathering point is. However, all the prodigies in Evil Sect are definitely going to appear this time..."

"It doesn't matter whether they're the old monsters or the new generation prodigies, all of them will appear... like Sikong from Evil Dust Sect. This person is the strongest among all the younger generation in Evil Dust Sect!

"He is someone who is equal to Shanhen from our sect..."

A thought appeared in Qian Chen's mind as his eyes twinkled, and he immediately started speaking about these things. He knew that he did not possess any valuable qualities for Su Ming to take care of him, but once he thought about why he would hide his power and come to Evil Spirit Sect, he knew that it would be best for Su Ming to know as much as possible about Evil Sect. At that moment, Qian Chen's life was in peril, and he really could care less about keeping the information about Evil Sect a secret from outsiders. He simply spilled whatever he knew to Su Ming.

He was an Immortal who descended to this land, and hence, no normal disciple would be able to compare to his status. It was also the reason why he knew a lot more things compared to other disciples.

"Sikong..." A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he turned his head sideways to cast the speaking man a glance.

Qian Chen's spirits were immediately lifted. He felt that he had just found his chance to show how useful he was, and he immediately spoke up.

"Senior, please look at that biggest man on the third Yin Dragon, he's Evil Spirit Sect's Shanhen!" Qian Chen pointed towards the third Yin Dragon in the distance, and when Su Ming looked over, he also saw the man standing at the top of the Yin Dragon's head.

That man was incredibly built, and as he stood there, he looked like a small hill. The waves of power coming from within him were not weak, and the vengeful souls surrounding his body gave off a feeling that would cause all those who saw him feel their hearts tremble against their will.

"Shanhen..." Su Ming looked at that man. In truth, when he first came to Evil Spirit Sect, he had already noticed this person, who had been feeding the vengeful souls at that time.

"Shanhen... Shan Hen..." If that matter with Bei Ling and Chen Xin had not occurred, Su Ming would not have thought too much about this. Yet now, he had already come to understand quite a large number of things, which was why he hadn't behaved strangely when they first met. He only cast the man a deep look before he averted his gaze.

'With my current appearance, all those people with these familiar names will be unable to recognize me,' Su Ming thought silently in his head.

"That Si Kong you mentioned just now, how do you spell his name?" Su Ming asked slowly.

"Sikong, without any space between the syllables." Qian Chen was momentarily stunned. He did not know why Su Ming would suddenly ask such a question, but he quickly answered it anyway.

'Si Kong... Sikong...' Su Ming fell silent.

"Speaking of which, the strongest among the younger generation in Evil Spirit Sect isn't Shanhen, but Wu Shen[2]! But Wu Shen went out to train many years ago and he's not in the army right now. Still, I believe that the sect must have contacted him, since this is such a huge matter. We should be able to see this person when we reach Evil Sect's gathering spot." When Qian Chen saw that Su Ming was no longer asking any questions, he started talking about everything he knew once more.

"The strongest disciple in Evil Lust Sect is called Bi'su. Er... The su in her name is pronounced softly[4]. Bi'su's a girl, but she's incredibly talented and has an incredibly shocking talent... Bi'su, Wu Shen, and Sikong can be said to be incredibly famous among all the Evil Sects in the land of Berserkers."

'Interesting...' A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes.

'So Wind Stream Tribe's Wu Sen from my memories is the strongest disciple in Evil Spirit Sect! And that Bi Su from my memories is a girl called Bi'su!'

Su Ming remained calm though. This was not really a secret. It would not be difficult for him to learn about it if he really wanted to know it. What Qian Chen had told him was not really that valuable.

Perhaps it was because he had seen Su Ming's composure, but after a moment of hesitation, Qian Chen gritted his teeth and got closer to him whispering the next few things.

"There's also Sir Shen Dong from Evil Spirit Sect. Senior, you should be familiar with him, but you definitely wouldn't know that he has an extraordinary status in the land of Immortals. He's one of the three Apogeas in the three inferior sects in Evil Sect!

"Evil Sect is divided into three superior sects and three inferior sects in the land of Immortals. The three inferior sects are Evil Spirit, Evil Dust, and Evil Lust, and as for the three superior sects, they are Evil Sky, Evil Dao, and Evil Immortal!

"This time, the one that descended to the land of Berserkers is one of the three superior sects, Evil Immortal Sect, and they brought with them the three inferior sects..."

A sparkle appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he looked towards Qian Chen.

When the man saw his interest, he quickly continued whispering to him.

"Sir Shen Dong is one of the three Apogeas in the three inferior sects, and the other two Apogeas are Sir Shihai[5] from Evil Dust Sect, as well as Bitu[6] from Evil Lust Sect!

"These three people have all reached great circle in Ascendance, and all of them possess the constitution to be able to descend to the land of Berserkers with their full form. The limitations set by the laws of Yin Death in the land of Berserkers are practically nothing to them!

"They're unlike the Immortals who descended thousands of years ago, who had been suppressed to the point where they could only use a bit of their power..."

Su Ming stared at Qian Chen. He did not expect that this person would know about these things, and by the looks of it, he was not making it all up.

"The Evil Immortal Sect is one of the three superior sects, and it's incredibly powerful. The people there might not be able to descend with their complete power, but with Sir Ji An's presence, they could still fully make up for their losses.

"Sir Ji An is one of the three Sovereigns in Evil Sect!" Qian Chen was not going to stop unless he managed to shock Su Ming with his words. He continued pouring out everything that he knew so that the other would think that he had some qualities worth protecting.

"Three Sovereigns?" Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

"That's right. The Immortals might only have occupied a third of the galaxy in Morning Dao World, but we are one of the greatest forces there... There are three Sovereigns and five Emperors [7] among us Immortals. The three Sovereigns belong to the Evil Sect, whereas the five Emperors come from the Immortal Sects!

"Sir Ji An is the Sovereign of Destruction among the three Sovereigns! As for that Di Tian in Great Leaf Immortal Sect, he is the Heavenly Emperor among the five Emperors," Qian Chen whispered softly.

Su Ming's heart trembled in shock. This was the first time he had heard about things in the land of Immortals. If someone who had a great level of cultivation would have told him about all this, he would not have been too surprised, but the person who was informing him was Qian Chen!

"What are the levels of cultivation of the three Sovereigns in Evil Sect and five Emperors in those Immortal sects?" Su Ming immediately asked.

"I'm not certain of the details... but it's rumored that besides Sovereign Chi, the other two Sovereigns have already reached the Third Step."

"As for the five Emperors, besides the Yellow Emperor [8], the other four are all almighty people who have reached the Third Step... but these are just rumors. I cannot tell whether they are true or false with my status."

'The Third Step...' The description of the Immortals' cultivation methods Su Ming had inherited from Hong Luo appeared in his head.

"If that is the case, then Evil Sect's influence in the land of Immortals is weaker than that of the Immortal sects! But since they can fight on equal grounds, then there must be something that allows them to do so," Su Ming stated languidly.

Qian Chen winked at him and grinned. Once he swept his gaze across the area, he started speaking in a hushed tone as well as a voice that gave him a mysterious air.

Chapter 643: The Place Where Immortals Descend!

"Senior, you are wise. That is indeed the case, because the Yellow Emperor, who is the strongest among the Immortals, went into isolation many years ago and still hasn't come out up to this date. It is said that the Yellow Emperor has already died... There are also rumors that the Yellow Emperor has been killed after Di Tian used some unknown method on him!

"But these are just rumors. After all, the difference between their levels of cultivation is simply too great... But ever since the Yellow Emperor went into isolation, his royal bloodline was divided. Even his son, Hong Luo, went mad and was subdued by Di Tian. No one knows where he was sealed.

"From this alone, we can tell that something unexpected happened to the Yellow Emperor...

"And even though Sovereign Chi, who is the strongest among the three Sovereigns, would occasionally send his divine sense sweeping across the land of Immortals to intimidate the Immortals, he is mainly in isolation. That's why this current state of balance was formed." Qian Chen put on a mysterious look, and when he saw Su Ming listening to him intently, he regarded him in great disdain.

He mocked Su Ming in his heart for still being just a Berserker in the end, despite having a high level of cultivation. All he needed to do was reveal a little of what he knew about the Immortals, and he could already leave Su Ming stunned.

"You are one of those people who descended here." Su Ming closed his eyes, and once he opened them after a moment, he uttered his words slowly.

This was something that could be easily deduced. Qian Chen never thought about hiding it either. He quickly nodded, and he grew even more disdainful towards Su Ming, thinking that any person who was not an idiot would definitely be able to tell in the blink of an eye that he was someone who had descended to the land after hearing him say so many things about the Immortals. Clearly, this person had already fried his brain while training, for he actually needed to close his eyes and think about this sort of thing.

However, Qian Chen did not dare to show any of his thoughts on his face. Instead, he merely put on an expression of awe towards Su Ming's wisdom.

"The method you used to descend is different from the rest," Su Ming said calmly.

Qian Chen blinked before he nodded again. However, he was feeling slightly nervous in his heart. When he thought about his low level of cultivation, his status that was distinctly not close to that of a prodigy among the Immortals, his failure to fulfill the requirements of descending to the land, and his knowledge towards the Immortals, he found that there was only one explanation about how he would have come to this place. Once he thought about it, he felt his worries fade away, and while he still harbored disdain towards Su Ming, that feeling had lessened slightly.

"You are also not from Evil Sect," Su Ming stated flatly, still calm.

Yet when he said those words, Qian Chen was momentarily stunned, and a slight change of expression could be detected on his face. After a moment of hesitation, he nodded his head slowly, and he began to feel anxious and doubtful.

"Neither are you an Immortal!" There was a ghost of a smile on Su Ming's lips as he stated that slowly.

Qian Chen eyes went wide and he almost leaped to his feet. His heart also started racing in his chest, as disbelief showed itself on his face and a loud bang rang out in his head. Each of Su Ming's words had brought him greater shock than the previous one, and the sentence he had uttered just now had struck him completely dumb with astonishment. At that moment, there was no longer any hint of disdain in his heart. Finally, he knew exactly what this man had been thinking of when he closed his eyes just now, and that was definitely not about figuring out that he was a person who had descended to the land of Berserkers.

"Um... Senior, don't scare me now. How could I not be an Immortal?"

The disdain in Qian Chen's heart turned into anxiety. That faint smile on Su Ming's lips right before his eyes gave him a feeling as if everything about him had been seen through with just one glance, and as if all his secrets had been discovered by his gaze and expression.

He had never experienced this kind of thing before, and right then, the more he looked at Su Ming, the more he felt that he was impossible to figure out, and it made his anxiety increase even further.

"Where you come from has nothing to do with me." Su Ming cut off Qian Chen's words, and once he cast a deep look at this person, he said these words languidly.

"I can protect you and let you have the highest possible chance of surviving during the battle between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects... The likeliness of whether you will end up surviving will depend on your value though." Once Su Ming said these words, he stopped speaking.

A large variety of expressions passed one after another on Qian Chen's face. He had naturally heard the meaning behind Su Ming's words - the higher his value, the greater his protection would be...

In silence, Qian Chen cast his gaze around the area before sighing in his heart. He knew that if he lost Su Ming's protection, then he would only be able to depend on his luck to survive through the battle. Yet once he remembered how rotten his luck had been previously, a shudder immediately ran down his body, and a wary expression appeared in his gaze when he looked back at Su Ming.

"Senior, I've had enough of living in the land of Berserkers... If you can keep me alive during this battle, then I will tell you how the Immortals come to the land of Berserkers, and how different my method is compared to theirs..."

"In fact, I'll even tell you how to leave this place... I'll let you see with your own eyes how I leave the land of Berserkers and return to my land!" Qian Chen looked at Su Ming with a pleading look and a face full of sincerity.

Su Ming was also looking at Qian Chen. After some time, he nodded.

When Qian Chen saw him accepting his offer, he let out a huge sigh of relief, and a large variety of emotions rose in his heart. He remembered how he had gone to the land of Immortals and how he had arrived in the land of Berserkers. Sometimes, he would feel very satisfied, but there were certain things that made him feel disappointed, and this life and death situation he was about to face soon especially made him feel miserable and agonized.

The urge to return home caused Qian Chen to make this sort of promise to Su Ming.

At that moment, he did not know just what sort of disaster he would bring to all Immortals and just how long the sky would remain red because of it...

Neither did he know that if Su Ming saw how he left this place and returned to the land of Immortals, it would be a set-back to Di Tian's plans like none before it, and it would all

happen due to Qian Chen's promise. Because of this, Su Ming would bring an even greater amount of shock to Di Tian that even compared to the time Hong Luo woke up!

All of these, he did not know.

Time passed. In the blink of an eye, a few days went by. Su Ming sat on the Feng Shui compass calmly. Since he was an Outer Sect disciple, almost no one paid any sort of attention to him. Besides, even though he had physically grown up a little more, his current appearance was still that of a fourteen to fifteen year old boy; he looked little different to how he was before.

There was still a hint of youthfulness on his face, and because of that, it was easy to for him to be ignored by other people.

During these past few days, the eighteen Yin Dragons had dragged the nine huge carriages behind them, practically shooting through a small half of Eastern Wastelands. Their traveling speed was so quick that it even made Su Ming narrow his eyes when he occasionally lowered his head and looked down.

Another three days went by, and a large piece of flatland appeared before Evil Spirit Sect...

Perhaps it was not accurate to describe this place as a piece of flatland, because the ground here was black, and there was an air of decay coming out from it. There was also a large amount of deep pits on the ground!

These pits came in a variety of size, and all of them looked as if they had been formed by the stars from beyond this world crashing down. Some of the larger ones were several hundreds of thousands of feet in size, but even the smallest ones were thousands of feet wide.

There were some places that did not have any pits but were filled with gigantic stones. They filled the cavities, and the part of them that was revealed outside gave of a shocking feeling of age.

These stones also came in different sizes and were scattered all over the land. When Su Ming looked over... he found that the number of stones was as countless as the ground was endless...

Overall, the number of pits on the ground was about the same as the number of stones on the land.

There were several hundreds stones that were each hundreds of thousands of feet in size, and if anyone stood on them, they would find that they were all incredibly tiny in comparison.

The land here was strange, and the sky, too, was also unusual. There were no clouds above. In their place were stones just like the ones on the ground, and they were all floating in the sky on their own. It was as if there was some form of power from a Law that existed between them and the ground that allowed them to not fall nor move, just remain floating in the sky.

This spot was close to the center of Eastern Wastelands. The area of this desert was incredibly big... and it was also not too far away from Eastern Wastelands Tower!

This was the battlefield that had been chosen by both Evil Sect and the Immortal sects for their battle!

Over here, they would be able to determine who would be the ones taking the lead when they entered Eastern Wastelands Tower, and who would be the ones who had to follow. The ones who lost would have to deliver a sufficient amount of Immortals' souls so as to light up that ten million blood-red light from Eastern Wastelands Tower and in turn fulfill the requirement to enter the tower.

This decision was clearly not made in the land of Berserkers, but had been made by the three Sovereigns and Five Emperors in the galaxy of the Immortals.

When Evil Spirit Sect's army charged down to the land from the sky, they became the first sect to arrive in this place, because Thousand River Valley was the closest one to the battlefield, compared to the spots where the other sects were built upon.

Thousand River Valley could become a transfer point that would make it easy for those in Evil Sect to advance and retreat. This was also one of the reasons why Evil Spirit Sect had been sent to occupy this region before the battle.

The Yin Dragons' roars echoed in the world and stirred layers of ripples that caused the sounds in the area to move, albeit slowly and only slightly.

As the eighteen Yin Dragons descended, and the Evil Spirit Sect disciples on them turned into long arcs and leaped down. They took over several dozens of the meteors in the sky and a dozen something stones filling up the pits in the ground.

The nine carriages were positioned horizontally on the ground, and there were quite a large number of disciples sitting on them and exercising their breathing quietly as they waited for their orders.

With Shen Dong in the lead, the old monsters all sat down on a gigantic stone of a hundred thousand feet instead of choosing to stand on one of the meteors in the sky. They did not say a single word but merely waited silently.

Only the two gigantic banners continued floating in the air, causing all those in the distance to be able to see the words 'Evil Spirit Sect' sprawled on one of them, as well as the other three words 'Massacre all lives' shining in bloody red light.

Including Su Ming, the thousands of Outer Sect disciples along with the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance were cut off from these groups of people. They were not told where they were supposed to go, hence most of them split up and went off on their own. Su Ming chose a thousand feet stone on the ground, and when he sat down there, Qian Chen followed him, all while looking around himself nervously.

"Senior, I know what this place is... This is the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands! The law of Yin Death is the weakest here, and it's the perfect place for Immortals to come. Most of them in Eastern Wastelands had chosen to descend here!"

Qian Chen sucked in a deep breath, and once he swiftly swept his gaze around the area, he lifted his head again and looked at the sky.

'Could it be... that there will be new Immortals coming here during the battle? If that's the case, there's absolutely no need for them to fight here!' Qian Chen's heart let out a loud thump in his chest. He had a vague feeling that the battle this time might be greater than what he had imagined.

Su Ming remained calm. Once he cast a glance at the sky, he narrowed his eyes. He could feel the ripples of power from the Rune in the sky.

Chapter 644: Chen Chong, Wu La!

The ripples from that Rune were not strong, but due to the unique environment, it seemed like it had fused with the world, forming a strange absorption force in the place.

'There must be a reason why the Immortals chose to descend in this place!'

Su Ming averted his gaze. He was not concerned with whether there would be any new Immortals descending during the battle. From the moment he stepped out of Thousand River Valley, all his thoughts had merged into one single thought, and that was... to kill Di Tian!

This thought would not change because of any illusion, any power, or anything else. It represented Su Ming's mind and spirit, as well as the determination lying in the depths of his soul!

'Di Tian's real self might be strong, but his clone is not unbeatable in the land of Berserkers... Besides...' A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. Aside from all the things he had prepared, he also had a bold plan towards killing Di Tian!

The possibility of success for this plan might not be high, but it was still high enough. Once it succeeded, then the possibility of him killing Di Tian would rise out of nowhere, and this increase in that possibility would practically seal Di Tian's fate!

Su Ming remained seated on the rock quietly, as a dark, cold smile formed on his lips.

Those from Evil Spirit Sect were the earliest to arrive, and two hours after they saw the first signs of others. Numerous long arcs came charging towards them from the sky in the distance.

Those long arcs seemed to form a gigantic kirin. As it charged forth in the sky, the sounds the people made sounded like the roars of a beast. That kirin was an illusion that had manifested from a Rune that was formed by 9,999 people. All of them worked together in the Rune, causing the kirin to look incredibly mighty and alive!

The roars that came from the kirin caused all the Evil Spirit Sect members to lift their heads and look towards it coldly, even before it had arrived. Wind swept up the sand on the ground, making it seem as if it wanted to lift up the dust and cover up the sky.

Right behind that giant kirin were seven huge mountains several, each of which was tens of thousands of feet tall, charging through the air, but this was not what shocked the Evil Spirit Sect's disciples. The real thing that caused their pupils to shrink were the seven giants under those seven mountains.

These seven giants were like abnormalities in the world. Each of them was several thousands of feet tall. They had no expressions on their faces, and waves of power that could cause fear to rise in the hearts of all people were spreading out of their bodies. Their eyes were shining with such bloodlust and madness that no one would dare to look them in the eye!

Each of them was carrying a mountain and taking huge strides in the sky as they followed right behind the kirin.

If anyone took a closer look, they would then be able to tell that these half-naked giants had skin like metal and stone. Clattering sounds came from their bodies and rang in the air. They... were not real living beings, but were puppets that had been created with some sort of unique method!

"This is the Hidden Dragon Sect's kirin formed with sacred thoughts... and there's also... their Galactic Warrior Immortals!" Qian Chen sucked in a sharp breath. His face turned even paler and his teeth chattered, but he gritted his teeth and told Su Ming everything he knew.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's kirin is formed through the sacred thoughts gathered from ten thousand people activating the methods of their special cultivation. If there is one person among the ten thousand that can cast most of the divine abilities in Hidden Dragon Sect, then the kirin would even be able to communicate with spirits!

"There're also these... Galactic Warrior Immortals. Hidden Dragon Sect actually sent seven of them here... This... This shouldn't be possible. From what I know, these Galactic Warrior Immortals are the most valuable treasures in Hidden Dragon Sect, and each of them possesses power equivalent to the peak of the Second Step!" Qian Chen's breathing quickened and disbelief appeared on his face.

"These seven giants are known as Galactic Warrior Immortals?" Su Ming's eyes sparkled, but after a moment, he shook his head slowly.

"They all have power equivalent to Berserkers who attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and each of them have a Berserker's presence within their bodies...

"I get it now! These seven Galactic Warrior Immortals were created using the flesh and blood of the Berserkers in the land. They didn't descend here." Qian Chen sucked in a deep breath and mumbled his last words under his breath.

Su Ming did not speak. He had already managed to tell this before Qian Chen even said anything.

A loud bang echoed in the sky, and the kirin charged through the air, descending on one of the giant stones on the land. At the instant it landed, it seemed as if the stone could not withstand the weight and a large amount of cracks appeared on it, along with cracking sounds. Eventually, it fell to pieces with a bang.

There was a wave of hate and enmity in the kirin's eyes. Once it cast a glance at the people from Evil Spirit Sect, it closed its eyes. At the instant it did so, the creature's body dissipated, and right at that moment, ten thousand Hidden Dragon Sect disciples spread out to occupy the area around them. They were all standing right opposite the Evil Spirit Sect in the distance.

The person in the lead was a fair middle-aged man without any beard. He held a dragon staff in his hand, and once his gaze met that of Evil Spirit Sect's Shen Dong, a bloody red light seemed to shine in his eyes.

Right behind that middle-aged man were eight people. Three of them were women, and the other five men. All of them possessed outstanding power and their aura as Immortals surrounded their bodies. Anyone would be able to tell with just one glance that these people were Immortals who had descended in the land of Berserkers.

The other Hidden Dragon Sect members spread out like a fan around this group of people. On the left were a dozen something young men and women with sullen looks on their faces. Murderous aura filled the air around them.

Among these Hidden Dragon Sect members were two people who made Su Ming fall into a moment of absent-mindedness when he saw them.

One of them was the first powerful Berserker he had seen in the Awakening Realm. He could still remember that feeling of shock he had experienced at that time all those years ago. That person... was Wind Stream Tribe's Elder... Jing Nan!

Right then, Jing Nan was the beardless middle-aged man standing right in the middle of Hidden Dragon Sect. From his spot on that stone and the instinctive respect the people around him showed, it was not difficult for Su Ming to tell that this person had an incredibly high position in Hidden Dragon Sect!

And his level of cultivation... Su Ming could see the faint ripples belonging to those in Ascendance on him.

"Jingnan[1]... He was originally one of the Sect Elders in Hidden Dragon Sect when he was in the land of Immortals. He was appointed the Sect Master of the Hidden Dragon Sect here, once he descended in the land of Berserkers. Even after his power was suppressed, he still possesses the power of those in the great circle stage of Ascendance," Qian Chen immediately whispered.

Su Ming remained silent. After a moment, his gaze fell on the second person. The man from his memories was now standing among one of the young men and women to the left.

Chen Chong, as Su Ming remembered him, was a slightly plump person he had met before they climbed up the Wind Stream Mountain. He was a person who had been slightly comical but had incredible talent that was only second to Ye Wang, and he had also left a deep impression on Su Ming.

He was still the same. His current appearance as he stood among the crowd was no different from the person in Su Ming's memories.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong[2]... This person is rumored to possess the most shocking amount of talent among the younger generation in Hidden Dragon Sect. It is said that while he cannot compare to Ye Wang, he can still somewhat put up a fight to him. But... it is also said that he's lazy and does not like training... Instead, he likes making friends, and he apparently has close friends all over the world." When Qian Chen saw the direction where Su Ming looked, he immediately whispered what he knew.

Chenchong might not be laughing and talking with the people in his crowd just as how Su Ming remembered him, but the aloof gaze he cast towards Evil Spirit Sect and the manner of the people gathered around him, as if they were stars surrounding the moon, reminded him of the past. He could still recall how he had stood in the crowd quietly, while standing next to Wind Stream Mountain, and watched as people lavished praises on Chen Chong.

At that time, Su Ming had been completely inconspicuous... just like now. He was just as unnoticeable in Evil Spirit Sect as he had been back then.

He did not know whether this was a coincidence. The scene in his memories seemed to have found a similarity with what was happening right then that allowed Su Ming to overlap his memories with what he was seeing.

Once the seven giants in the sky descended, they threw the mountains in their hands on the ground, and the deafening booming that rose into the air caused even the ground to shake. Right before everyone's eyes, the seven mountains crashed onto the ground and surrounded the territory occupied by the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples like a Rune formed by seven mountains!

After that, the giants stepped on their own mountains and glared at Evil Spirit Mountain while crouching down.

The forces of Evil Spirit Sect—the eighteen Yin Dragons—started roaring and howling. The members of the two sects seemed to no longer be able to contain their desire for battle.

Yet right at that moment, howling came from a distance. Nine gigantic blue shooting stars sliced through the sky from the direction where Hidden Dragon Sect had come and charged towards them, causing the world to tremble in their wake.

At the same time, three dust devils, which seemed to have connected the sky to the earth, came charging forth with loud booming sounds from the direction where Evil Spirit Sect had come, as they swept up everything in the world. The shooting stars and the dust devils that came from two different directions did not slow down even a single bit as they approached the future battlefield. Instead, the closer they came to the spot, the faster they traveled.

At that moment, the world roared, dust flew in the air, and the universe was cast in shadow!

The dust devils and shooting stars immediately made all the people from Evil Spirit Sect and Hidden Dragon Sect lift their heads to look. Almost at the instant both parties looked over, the nine shooting stars crashed into the three dust devils in midair, right above the spot where the Immortals descended.

Deafening booming sounds shook the sky, and earth rang in the air, and large amounts of ripples appeared in the sky. Waves of impact spread swiftly in all directions, causing the entire sky to start distorting, as if it was about to shatter.

In the midst of these rumbling sounds, the nine shooting stars fell backwards and landed by Hidden Dragon Sect before they turned into nearly ten thousand cultivators. All of these people had dark expressions on their faces, and quite a number of them coughed up blood once they landed on the ground. Among the people in front, Su Ming saw Sky Mist's ancestor!

He also saw Tian Lan Meng, Tian Lan You, and a face he remembered clearly from his past - Wu La!

At the same time, the three dust devils that seemed to have connected the sky and earth too fell backwards due to the crash and descended on the ground, disappearing and turning into nearly ten thousand cultivators. Once they landed on the ground, there was also quite a number of them who coughed up blood, but an even stronger murderous aura erupted forth from their bodies.

Evil Dust Sect!

Sky Mist Dao!

"Nine Stars of Sky Mist. This is Sky Mist Dao's renowned Rune. It can be formed with just nine people, and it's very famous among all Immortal sects. This sect has the greatest enmity with Evil Sect's Evil Dust Sect, and whenever Immortals fight against each other, those two will always fight each other to the death right from the moment they run into each other!

"Evil Dust Sect's overall power is the same as that of Evil Spirit Sect, but the people in that sect are more skilled in commanding the powers of earth. Their skills are completely different from Evil Spirit Sect's Arts to control vengeful souls..." Qian Chen might be a bundle of nerves by then, but he still continued introducing the sects in a low whisper.

Chapter 645: Si Kong, Bi Tu!

Qian Chen's words echoed in Su Ming's ears as his eyes followed the few familiar faces standing among Sky Mist Dao. He wanted to retain his composure, but some ripples had still stirred up in his heart, which eventually turned into a sigh.

He saw Tian Lan Meng, the woman he had gotten to know in Freezing Sky Clan...

He saw Sky Mist's ancestor, the man who had forced him to leave the land of Berserkers all those years ago. All these things were like memories of a past life. They were rather blurry, but he would never forget them.

There was also that woman that looked exactly as Tian Lan Meng. Su Ming remembered her vaguely, knowing that she was Tian Lan Meng's sister.

However, it did not matter whether it was Sky Mist's ancestor or the sisters, all of their images gradually faded away from Su Ming's eyes, along with the near ten thousand other people of Sky Mist Dao. All of them turned into blurry images... except... for hers.

It was a woman who could not be considered incredibly beautiful, only somewhat pretty and a little more attractive than an average looking person. She wore a blue dress and stood among the crowd with her short hair as if she was just another person in the crowd.

Yet while she was standing among the crowd... her position was right in front of the sisters and beside Sky Mist's ancestor!

"So she didn't pass away..." Su Ming mumbled softly, in a voice that only he could hear. He looked at the woman, Wu La. In his memories, she had called out to Mo Su before she closed her eyes and died in his arms.

She was still the same as she was in his memories. Nothing had changed about her, and neither could he detect much difference in her... Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, he looked towards the old man standing behind Sky Mist's ancestor, right before Wu La, among the ten thousand cultivators from Sky Mist Dao.

The old man was of average looks, but the light in his eyes made it seem as if there was lightning circling his eyes, causing no one to be able to look him in the eye.

"Sky Mist Dao's Zhou Fang. This person was in charge of dealing out punishments when he was in the land of Immortals' Sky Mist Dao. He has killed an endless amount of people, and the murderous aura on him is troublesome even for those in Evil Sect. This person... has been appointed the Sect Master in the land of Berserkers' Sky Mist Dao, otherwise known as the Grand Sect Elder!

"I don't know the old man behind him, but the woman beside him is a rare prodigy in the land of Immortals' Sky Mist Dao. Her name is Wu Le!"

When Qian Chen's voice fell into Su Ming's ears, he looked away silently and turned his gaze towards Evil Dust Sect, who was located not too far away from Evil Spirit Sect on the side of the battlefield belonging to Evil Sect.

The first person he saw there was a young man full of pride and whose presence was like the sun itself, as he stood among the Evil Dust Sect. Most of the disciples avoided

his spot, causing the place where he stood to be incredibly eye-catching. It was as if he was afraid other people did not know of his status and his position in Evil Dust Sect.

He wore an extravagant looking purple long robe and had fair skin, like that of a white jade. He was incredibly handsome, but the aloof gaze and the arrogance on his face caused him to exude a presence that kept the others away from him.

"Evil Dust Sect's Sikong!"

Su Ming heard Qian Chen's words, but even if the other had not introduced him, he would still have been able to recognize him with just one glance. After all, this person was the Si Kong from his memories, the person from Dark Dragon Tribe, a member of the same tribe as Bai Ling.

The prideful and arrogant look on his face was the exact same as in Su Ming's memories, and it brought an incredible amount of dislike within his heart at the moment he first saw him.

Su Ming moved his gaze and looked towards the most powerful person in Evil Dust Sect. It was also a familiar face, for it was Wind Stream Tribe's Shi Hai, the old man who had taken him to Wind Stream Mountain.

His power in the great circle stage in Ascendance had allowed him to be one of the three Apogeas, along with Shen Dong.

He stood there with a cold sneer on his lips as he looked at the people from Sky Mist Dao. The killing intent shining in his eyes was already so strong that it was practically surging out of him.

Su Ming had saw far too many familiar faces on this day. If his past self from many years ago had been here, then there would have surely been a huge storm raging in his heart at the moment. He would not have been able to calm down, and would have been in a huge state of confusion in the midst of his shock.

But Su Ming had already gone through far too many things. He had already found his answers from Beiling and Chenxin. Still, he did not want... He really did not want to find his elder and Lei Chen in the crowd...

In the midst of silence, Su Ming closed his eyes. After some time, when a loud roar rang in the sky and the world's might fell on them, he opened his eyes and looked towards the sky to see... a sea of blood coming towards them!

This was a sea of blood about several hundreds of feet wide, and it was churning as if it possessed life. Some corpses would occasionally show up within it, and they were of men and of women, of young and of old. There were also some babies as well, but all of

them were dead. They were all corpses now, and there was no longer any blood within them. They were submerged in the sea of blood and brought to this place.

At the instant Su Ming saw those corpses, killing intent shone briefly in his eyes, and a dark, cold look gradually appeared within them. He clenched his fists tightly. His sudden reaction was due to the fact that he had managed to tell that all the corpses came from people that came from Berserker Tribes, and there was more than just one tribe among the dead...

It was clear to Su Ming that those Berserkers had not died too long ago, and it was also equally apparent to him that Evil Lust Sect had killed all the tribes they saw on their way to this place to form this sea of blood that surged in the sky.

This monstrosity was still closing in, and a thick, bloody stench came crashing into everyone's faces before surrounding the entire flatland, refusing to dissipate even after a long time had passed. As the world roared, the sea of blood arrived in the blink of an eye, and once it took a full circle in midair, a strange laughter traveled from within it.

Eventually, the sea of blood crumbled with a loud bang and turned into a bloody rain that poured down on the ground. Once a drop fell, it would merge together with others, and as the bloody red light shone in the air, causing everyone's vision to turn blurry, nearly ten thousand people descended beside Evil Dust Sect. The bloody rain that had gathered together rapidly closed in on these people and turned into blood-red long robes on their bodies.

The person standing in the lead was an old man with a dark look on his face. He wore a blood-red long robe and held a black wooden staff in his hand. Once he swept his gaze across the area, a bloodthirsty smirk curled up on his lips.

Almost all of the Evil Lust Sect members standing behind him spotted the same look. There was also a woman behind him dressed in a red robe. She was incredibly beautiful, but the murderous aura coming from her body gave off an incredibly threatening air. The blood-colored robe on her body and the bright red shade on her lips caused all those who saw her to be unable to tell whether her robes and lips were just dyed in that shade of brilliant red... or whether it was really blood!

"Evil Lust Sect loves killing and collecting blood the most. Their Grand Sect Elder, Bitu, is one of the three Apogeas, and his power is on par with that of the other two, but if we talked just about the number of people killed, then he's definitely the one in the lead among the three!

"The woman behind him is Bi'su, the prodigy who is equal to Wushen and Sikong! This woman has incredibly high potential, and she is one of the prodigies in Evil Lust Sect. She also has an older brother by the name of Bisu. The su in Bi'su's name is pronounced quietly, and as for Bisu's name, both syllables are accented[1]!

"Her older brother is in Evil Immortal Sect, and is the strongest among all the prodigies in Evil Sect. His potential surpasses that of all the others. He is the person Evil Sect is training and developing in hopes that he would be able to stand up against Justice Heaven Dao's Ye Wang," Qian Chen immediately explained.

As Su Ming sized up Bitu, a killing intent that was on par with the one he harbored for Di Tian lit up in his eyes. It appeared beyond his control, because this Bitu was the Elder from Black Mountain Tribe that had caused Dark Mountain's destruction in his memories... Bi Tu!

He was the person who had transformed himself into a half-human half-bat hybrid and whom Su Ming had fought in the sky above Dark Mountain!

'Most of the people in my memories have already appeared. I didn't expect I would be able to see them in the battle between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects...'

When Su Ming swept his gaze past these people, a ray of light that outshone all others appeared in the world, and it was charging forth from the sky behind Hidden Dragon Sect and Sky Mist Dao.

It was a sword glare that outshone all the light in the world!

And it came from a huge sword that was several hundreds of thousands of feet long. The only other sword that was bigger than it was the ancient bronze sword Su Ming had seen in the World of Nine Yin. Besides it, no other sword could compare.

The sword glare separated the sky and earth. As it charged forward, it made all those who saw it feel their hearts tremble against their will. All those from Hidden Dragon Sect stood up, and the cultivators from Sky Mist Dao did the same thing. At the instant they looked towards the sword, the heads of the two sects, Jingnan and Zhou Fang, cast each other a look before they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the incoming sword in the sky.

"We of Hidden Dragon Sect greet the Heavenly Emperor!"

"We of Sky Mist Dao greet the Heavenly Emperor!"

Once these two people spoke, all the cultivators from Sky Mist Dao and Hidden Dragon Sect wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards the sky. Their voices as they paid their respects were shockingly loud, echoing in all directions.

However, even when the voices of those tens of thousands of people rang in the air, they still could not cover the whistle of the sword as it traveled through the air. They merely served as a contrast. Soon, the sword arrived at the battlefield!

Su Ming's pupils constricted and killing intent raged within his body, but he would not show even a single hint of it. Instead, he just looked over with a freezing glare.

Once the sword closed in, an innumerable amount of people from atop it turned into long arcs and charged towards the ground. Each of them stood on a sword, and they numbered not to ten thousand, but were near thirty thousand. They spread out across the sky and earth, and with just the power of their sect alone, they could completely put down all the three inferior sects of Evil Sect!

At the same time, two figures appeared on the sword in the sky. They were two people wearing crowns on their heads, and even though the sword glare made it so that no one could see their faces clearly, the waves of power coming from their bodies could suppress all those in Ascendance. This was definitely no longer the power that belonged to those in the First Step!

It was incredibly rare for any Immortal to possess the power beyond the First Step due to the Laws in Yin Death Region set in the land of Berserkers. Almost at the instant Su Ming saw these two figures and sensed that familiar power, a brilliant light immediately shone in his eyes.

At the same time, his heart also sank.

'Two of them!'

Immediately after, he saw Beiling and Chenxin among the thirty thousand cultivators that descended on the land, as well as two other people who caused certain faces to emerge in Su Ming's memories.

One of them was Bei Ling's father, Dark Mountain's Head of the Hunters!

The other was Chen Xin's father, Dark Mountain's... tribe leader!

These two well-built men were now dressed in purple robes and stood right in the front of all the cultivators under the sword. Their expressions were cold and aloof, and a power that belonged to those in the great circle stage of Ascendance spread out from their bodies. Clearly, this was not their original level of cultivation, but what they possessed after their powers had been suppressed!

Su Ming was certain of it because the feeling of threat from them surpassed what he felt from Shen Dong!

With calm eyes, he looked towards the two people in Emperor's robes on the sword in the sky. At that moment, there was not a single thought distracting his mind. He had already set out what he must do, and no matter what sort of price he had to pay, his desire to kill Di Tian would never waver!

He swept his gaze past Beiling, Chenxin, Sky Mist Dao's Wu Le, Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong, Evil Lust Sect's Bi'su, and Evil Dust Sect's Sikong.

'All these people are the prodigies off of their respective sects in the land of Immortals. I'll ignore why they appeared in my past for now... They lost to me when we were in Wind Stream Mountain, and now... they will lose to me again in this place!'

Chapter 646: The Battle Begins!

"The person on the sword is the Heavenly Emperor... Di Tian!" Qian Chen's voice quivered slightly and he went a little nearer to Su Ming before he spoke up again in a whisper.

"There is a rumor circulating about the five Emperors in the land of Immortals. It is said that if the strongest Yellow Emperor truly died, then his death is definitely related to Di Tian, because Di Tian was the Yellow Emperor's disciple, and the Yellow Emperor's children have all been sealed off and divided by Di Tian!"

Su Ming did not speak. He merely sat on the stone and kept his gaze fixed on Di Tian in the sky, refusing to look away even after a long time had passed. He knew that he had one advantage over Di Tian at that moment - he could see Di Tian, but Di Tian did not know that he was here!

While Su Ming was being silent, his gaze fell on Beiling and Chenxin, and a complicated look appeared in his eyes.

"That is Di Tian's disciple, Young Lord Beiling... This person's potential is said to be just right under Ye Wang's and is on par with Chenchong's. He is also said to be a serious and staid person... The woman beside him is his junior sister." Qian Chen looked towards the direction of Su Ming's gaze and immediately started introducing the people he saw.

"The two people behind Beiling and Chenxing were Dharma Protectors when they were in the land of Immortals' Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Right now, they're the Sect Masters of the land of Berserkers' Great Leaf Immortal Sect. It is said that they followed Di Tian around all the time when they were in the land of Immortals, and they are all incredibly trusted subordinates of his..."

This Qian Chen seemed to know everything. From his mouth alone, Su Ming could already understand the whole world that belonged to the Immortals.

Almost at the moment Qian Chen finished speaking, rolling black fog immediately appeared out of nowhere in the sky from the direction of Evil Sect. That black fog filled the entire sky, and piercing screeches could be heard coming from within it.

The black fog tumbled in the air and looked as if it had covered the whole sky. It seemed endless, for no one could see any light in the distance. This darkness had come incredibly suddenly, along with the piercing screeches that sounded as if they possessed a power to pierce through the soul. It caused almost all the people in the land where Immortals descended to feel their hearts shudder. As if needles had stabbed into their bodies, they all started shouting together as if they could not withstand the pain and were almost pushed to the brink of madness because of it.

Evil Sect was in a better state though. Besides the weak ones, most of the disciples were fine, but most of the people among the Immortal sects instantly turned pale once those piercing screeches rang in the air. Black shadows even swiftly appeared between some of their brows. As they trembled, their bodies started rapidly withering away. Their flesh and blood did not disappear, but were being swiftly absorbed by the black shadows between the center of their brows. It was as if there was some sort of malicious spirit contained there, and it was absorbing these people's flesh and blood to be able to charge out.

Almost at the moment these Immortals could no longer bear with the piercing screeches, a cold harrumph echoed in the sky, and once it fell into everyone's ears, they felt as if they were listening to a sword humming. It sounded as if there was a sword crashing against stone and metal, and it was a clear sound that exuded a biting, chilling air!

All the disciples from the Immortal sects who heard that sound as it echoed in the air immediately started shivering as if they had just woken up from a dream. Expressions of wakefulness appeared on their faces, and their bodies stopped withering away. The black shadows at the center of their brows seemed let out silent screams of pain and then were wiped off.

Su Ming's pupils constricted. At the moment the evil sound had rang shrilly in the air, he had already lifted his right hand and pressed it against Qian Chen's shoulder, causing him to only tremble under that piercing screech while remaining uninjured. However, the reason behind Su Ming's pupils constricting and a slightly grave expression appearing on his face was because he had vaguely seen an illusory sword slicing down from the sky on the Immortal sects as that cold harrumph rang in the air.

There were few who could see that sword in the battlefield. Even Bao Qiu and the others around her could not detect it. Only those who had reached the great circle stage in Ascendance like Shen Dong would be able to see some clues hinting at its existence.

That sword seemed like a mere illusion, but it seemed to have executed the Law of the World and separated the spot that the Immortal sects resided. It might only have been

separated for an instant, but it had made the evil sound lose its targets, wiping away the inner Devils that had been born among the Immortal sect disciples due to that evil sound!

More importantly, the person who had let out that cold harrumph was not the Di Tian in purple robes, who Su Ming was familiar with, but instead the other clone in golden robes. The power that of that harrumph had immediately allowed Su Ming to make his judgment.

'Two clones... And the clone in the golden robes is stronger than the one in purple!'

"Immortals and Evil Immortals' Curse." Qian Chen's face turned pale and sweat beaded on his forehead as he mumbled.

"This is the great divine ability of Evil Immortal Sect, and it is also one of the Ji An's favorite great divine abilities. In the past, all those who heard this Immortals and Evil Immortals' Curse would find Evil Neonates emerging in their bodies, and they would then absorb their flesh and blood, causing their bodies to wither away. Then, once their bodies died, the Evil Neonates would be born.

"These creatures would then act as Ji An's powerful killing moves, and they could even merge together to form Immortal Neonates," Qian Chen explained in a quiet voice.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and looked towards the endless black fog charging towards them from the sky in the distance.

The black fog got increasingly closer as it tumbled about in the sky. The people on the battlefield could vaguely see an innumerable amount of people within the clouds, but they were nothing compared to the fog's appearance, which was the sight that had truly brought shock to all the people in the Immortal sects!

As it closed in, the portion right in the front merged together and turned into a gigantic human face. It looked incredibly ferocious, with the black fog as its body and the threads by the side its hair. As this creature approached the area, a dark voice rang in the air with such strength that it shook the sky and earth.

"Di Tian!"

This voice echoed in all directions, causing all the cultivators on the ground to feel their hearts tremble. Even Shen Dong and the others were the same. As for Sikong and Chenchong, their faces turned pale.

Su Ming sat on the rock, and the brilliant light shining in his eyes moments ago was hidden away. He looked at the black fog in the sky. After having heard this man's name for so long, this was the first time he finally saw him.

Su Ming's gaze seemed to be able to pierce through the fog and look within it, where he saw twenty thousand people in black armor, wearing aloof expressions on their faces while dark light shone in their eyes. Right before them was a boy dressed in black robes!

That boy was incredibly handsome. His black hair danced in the air, and he held a black fan in his hand. If the black fog and all the people in black armor were not around, then this boy would have definitely looked incredibly elegant and graceful!

Almost at the instant Su Ming looked towards the boy, the boy also seemed to have noticed his gaze and immediately lowered his head, but Su Ming had already averted his eyes by that time. The boy looked at the ground for a moment and a light crease appeared between his brows. But he stopped paying any attention to the ground after that.

"Ji An!" slowly called out the Di Tian in golden robes, as the rolling mass of black fog hovered directly opposite of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's giant sword in the sky.

"Today, the Immortals and Evil Immortals will fight, and the winner will take control of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As for the one who loses..." the Di Tian in golden robes said in a low voice. But before he could finish speaking, the rolling black fog immediately exploded and spread out, instantly filling up the entire area on the ground, as if it had separated the sky from the earth!

Immediately after, the twenty thousand people in black armor lifted their heads and turned into long black arcs that charged towards the fog on the ground.

"Why are you being so talkative? Di Tian, are you old and senile now?! Disciples of Evil Sect, kill them!"

Once the fog filled the area on the ground, none of it could be seen in the sky any longer, causing Ji An's figure to be revealed in the air. The boy in black robes put on a sinister smile on his face, and his eyes shone with killing intent in his chilling glare. He was completely unbothered and not the slightest bit wary of the two clones. With a step forward, he charged towards the sword where the Di Tians were.

The eyes of both the clones shone, and the one in purple robes took a step forward, with a cold sneer on his face.

"You might be slightly weaker than our real self's magical body, but you still have to bear with the limitations set by the laws in Yin Death Region. I'd like to see how you will fight against two of our real self's clones!"

Rumbling sounds instantly echoed in the sky, but no one on the ground could see what was happening above, because the fog that filled the sky had blocked off all the gazes

directed upwards. The rumbles then turned into waves of impact that swept towards Great Leaf Immortal Sect, Hidden Dragon Sect, and Sky Mist Dao.

The battle suddenly erupted at the instant Ji An arrived!

Almost the instant the fog spread outwards and covered all the people's gazes, Su Ming stood up and struck Qian Chen's shoulder. With it, a faint ray of golden light immediately surged into Qian Chen's body through his hand.

"Close your eyes and fake death. As long your luck isn't too rotten, then as long as you have my power protecting you, you will be fine!" Once Su Ming said that, he took a step forward.

Qian Chen was taken aback for a moment, but then immediately let out a shrill scream of pain.

"Ah...! You ambushed me... you... bas... tards..." As he screamed, he started looking everywhere, and once he fell down, he quickly crawled under the stone beside him and laid down under it while his heart raced in anxiety in his chest.

Su Ming moved like a ghost. As he charged forward, he moved about in the fog. He did not immediately rush out but instead spread his divine sense outwards. The fog around him might be thick, but it was practically non-existent within his perception.

Almost at the instant the fog spread out, Su Ming lifted his right hand with an aloof expression and swiped at the fog to his right. A scream of pain rang out, and a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple was grabbed by the throat. Shock and despair appeared in the disciple's eyes. Up till this point, he still didn't understand why the target he had singled out before the fog appeared would suddenly become so terrifying.

The spot where he stood in Evil Spirit Sect was clearly one the belonged to an Outer Sect disciple...

A pity, but he no longer had any chance to think about that question. Su Ming squeezed with his right hand and a bang rang in the air. The Hidden Dragon Sect disciple's head exploded, and Su Ming continued walking forward.

He could clearly see a woman in white where the three Immortal sects were gathered in his divine sense. She had multiple layers of protection placed on her and would occasionally send out jade slips to the people. These jade slips were like orders that caused the fifty thousand cultivators among the Immortal sects to quickly organize themselves in the fog after only a short period of chaos.

As for Evil Sect, they were clearly incredibly familiar with this black fog. As if they had been prepared for it beforehand, at the instant it appeared, they started swiftly killing the Immortals under the lead of the twenty thousand people in black armor!

Su Ming calmly lifted his left hand. The green mark on his left hand was shining rapidly at the moment, and wisps of aura of death started charging towards his left hand from all directions.

"The true way to use this Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal... is not to transfer the power of Yin Death, but... to offer the aura of death to the seal!" Su Ming said flatly, and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 647: Sinister!

If Su Ming had enough aura of death to deliver to this Verdant Abyssal Seal, then he would be able to trade in even more power of Yin Death from the world. Then, with this power of Yin Death, he could bring up an explosion that was even greater than what Shen Dong had managed to summon.

This was the epiphany he had gained when he was examining the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. There was an innate difference between him and Shen Dong, which was why Shen Dong had been unable to understand this Art fully, but once it was in Su Ming's hands, he would be able to make it shine brilliantly.

'A fight between ten thousand people... In terms of numbers, they can't compare to the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, but the power within each of these people here is much stronger compared to the Shamans and Berserkers... If that's the case, since the aura of death's thickness will increase because of a person's level of cultivation, then even if there aren't many people fighting on both sides, the aura of death will still be great because of the Immortals' power will cause it to increase by multiple fold!'

Su Ming walked in the black fog at a moderate pace. Roars and the sounds of battle rose and fell in his ears. However, he no longer had the hot-blooded fervor he had during the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers. His heart remained cold.

He had no reason to be fired up for this battle!

This was an internal strife among the Immortals and a scramble for power between Evil Sect and all the other Immortal sects. Su Ming was just a guest in this battle, a stranger who came to this battlefield with his own goals.

He only had one really, and that was to kill Di Tian. To accomplish this goal, others had sprung up. It was just like building a tower. Several layers needed to be built upon each other before a tower could be formed!

'I'll need at least half of the people to die to complete the Verdant Abyssal Seal. It'll be even better if I could get more...'

A glint appeared in his eyes. With his divine sense, he saw the three Immortal Sects slowly finding their way in the fog as the woman in white led them, issuing her orders with the jade slips. Instead, they started shrinking back, and with the woman in white as the center, they slowly looked as if they wanted to form a formation of three rings.

A squad was formed with nine people, and a platoon with nine of these squads. With nine platoons, a brigade was formed. The dozens of brigades then started retreating in an organized fashion continuously, and as they set up their formation, the Evil Sect teams that were rushing at them were like fierce tigers that had run into hedgehogs and could not swiftly slaughter a large amount of them, unlike what they had managed to do at the start.

The leaders were the ones who had a crucial function within these brigades, and the people with this position were the ones who would directly receive the woman in white's orders. Then, they would send these orders to the platoons in their brigades, and these platoons would then send the orders to the squads. This then resulted in the three Immortal sects looking like a single being that could not be separated, yet one that was also capable of dividing itself into several dozens of groups at any time it wanted!

On the other hand, the charge led by the twenty thousand Evil Immortals clad in black armor was now like the last flickers of a dying flame. Once the three Immortal sects started fighting back, they gradually lost the advantage they'd had at the start.

Aside from that, powerful Immortals in Ascendance like Shen Dong and Shihai had been detained by other Ascendant cultivators in the fog. Booming sounds kept coming continuously from their direction as these people fought against each other.

Even Bao Qiu was fighting against another cultivator in Soul Transformation Stage from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. They would not allow any person who had a high level of cultivation join in the charge between both armies.

It was the same for the Immortal sects. Once they had been marked by those in Evil Sect, they were also held back by their enemies.

'By how things usually progress, they should be heading into a stalemate very soon. Both sides will each bring out all the powerful Enchanted Treasures against their opponents that are of the same level of cultivation as theirs, and then, they will try to gain the upper hand again and continue with the slaughter!'

Su Ming's gaze occasionally fell on the fog before him. Once he could vaguely see ahead, he started observing the world outside with caution. The sky above him was not bright. There was a faint layer of purple fog there. It was not thick, and in that thin layer

he saw three figures crisscrossing each other as they fought. Loud booming sounds that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air.

The ripples coming from the Rune above these three people were becoming stronger, and it seemed that new Immortals would descend to the land before long.

'I can't afford to wait for such a long time. If I let those from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects act according to their plans, then not many of their people will die, and it'll be slow. The Rune in the sky also seems rather strange.'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. When he saw that Evil Sect had already reached the end of their slaughter and looked as if they were about to retreat, he took a step forward and charged forward like a specter towards one of the brigades that were setting up their formation.

This was a brigade of a thousand people filled with boundless vitality at that moment. It was composed entirely of people from Sky Mist Dao, and a murderous air filled the area around them. The eyes of each person here from Sky Mist Dao were burning brightly. The leaders of the platoons among them were all cultivators who had reached the Nascent Soul Stage. Some of them were in the Soul Formation State. The leader of the brigade, who was surrounded by multiple layers of people, was a cultivator in the Soul Transformation Stage.

This Immortal brigade, which was the closest one to Su Ming, was retreating continuously, as if all the wills of the people inside had become connected to each other. They were retreating swiftly to complete the formation. Right before them were numerous Evil Sect disciples and a large number of people in black armor who were bringing with bloodlust and madness as they continued raining down their attacks on the brigade.

Shanhen was right in front of the team, among the people leading the charge. A mighty force burst forth from his well-built body at that moment, and his power spread out while nine black blades surrounded his body. As he charged forth, he was like a whirlwind sweeping across the land... but the thousand man brigade did not show any signs of dispersing despite being in the midst of the charge. They continued retreating in an organized manner, causing those in Evil Sect to feel incredibly helpless against them, because another brigade had appeared in the direction where these Evil Sect members were, and it was clear that they had been surrounded at some point without being aware of it.

In the midst of that helplessness, these Evil Sect disciples began thinking of retreating. Bloodlust shone in Shanhen's eyes, but after letting out a cold harrumph, he, too, started withdrawing.

After all, this was something that could not be helped. They were not the only ones retreating at the moment. The entire Evil Sect army was retreating to widen the distance between them and the Immortal sects.

This was something that was part of their plans to begin with, and they were quick on their feet as they began retreating.

However, almost at the moment Shanhen started withdrawing, a wave from the fog that would only be formed when someone was charging forward suddenly appeared not too far away from where he was. As those ripples spread out, a faint silhouette of a person could be seen within, and that person was so quick that he seemed like a shooting star charging through the fog as he rushed towards the thousand man brigade.

Both sides clashed in an instant, and a shocking bang swiftly erupted into the air. The will formed together by the thousand people started showing signs of crumbling once that silhouette charged into them. At the same time their will started crumbling, the stranger made his way into the thousand man brigade. Wherever he went, shrill screams of pain would travel out and blood would spill everywhere. Naturally, that silhouette was Su Ming!

With just three steps, he appeared right before the leader of a platoon. That person was a cultivator in the Nascent Soul Stage. The man's pupils shrank and shock appeared in his eyes. He knew that unless it was a cultivator in Ascendance, then no person would be able to break into this thousand man brigade where he was right at that moment.

Yet, all the cultivators in Ascendance within Evil Sect already had someone of equal level from the Immortal sects fighting against them... So how did an additional cultivator in Ascendance suddenly appear in Evil Sect?!

And he was clear that this was a cultivator in Ascendance Stage, not someone in any other stage of cultivation. Besides, more importantly, this sudden addition was incredibly fatal to one side of the battle among low-leveled cultivators!

It was a pity, but this man no longer had any time to think about this. Su Ming did not stop. With one step, he closed in and lifted his right hand. When he moved past that person, he seized his throat, and once he dragged him a dozen steps, he crushed the man's throat and shattered his Nascent Soul.

Once he let go, he moved towards the leader of the brigade - the old cultivator in Soul Transformation Stage.

That old man was dressed in green robes, and his eyes were as wide as saucers at that moment. There was also shock in his gaze, and he immediately fell back without any hesitation. A strong life threatening sense of danger shot up like a sharp needle piercing his heart, causing the only thought in his mind in the midst of his nervousness to be that of hastily fleeing for his life.

Yet with Su Ming's speed and power, the old man's speed as he fled was simply too slow. Almost at the moment he started retreating, Su Ming had already turned into a long arc and moved past him in a flash. Blood gushed out like a fountain in the air, and in Su Ming's hand was the old man's head, who could now no longer close its eyes.

There were no screams of pain nor shrieks. There was only stunned silence, for the thousand man brigade whose purpose was to suppress those from Evil Sect had their brigade leader and several of their platoon leaders killed in a short span of time, courtesy of Su Ming. After a short period of silence, cries of surprise erupted from these thousand people.

At the same time, Shanhen and the others who had been retreating nearby were also momentarily shocked, but immediately after, they let out excited roars and no longer retreated. Instead, they rushed into the thousand man brigade that was near breaking point like murderous demons and fiends.

"I am Shanhen. Thank you for your help, senior. May I know which Evil Sect you came from?" In the midst of his crazed slaughter, Shanhen spoke up, but he did not obtain an answer. Su Ming had already left.

He moved like the god of death in this piece of land filled with black fog. As he weaved about, he would charge swiftly into one of the brigades and kill its leader and numerous platoon leaders, with his greatest speed and amount of power he could muster. It was as if he was cutting through knots with a sharp knife.

While he had only dealt with eight brigades and not all of them, the effect he brought to the battlefield was still incredibly apparent, causing the originally retreating Evil Sect to stop moving for a moment before they charged forward to kill once again. The eight crumbled brigades were gaps in the Immortal sects' formation, and they were continuously being torn wider!

Su Ming did not tear open more gaps for Evil Sect. He did not want a single side to win in this battle. He wanted... a complete annihilation of both armies when their strength became equal once again. Only when that happened would he be able to gain a large amount of aura of death within a short period of time. Only then would the might of his Verdant Abyssal Seal reach a terrifying level!

Green light surrounded his left hand at that moment, and the aura of death there was rising exponentially at a maddening pace.

"Go on, kill... The more you kill, the better," Su Ming muttered under his breath.

Suddenly, he whipped his head to the side and looked towards the Immortal sects' direction. He saw a woman's gaze locking onto him, and it belonged to the woman in white who had been setting up the formation for the Immortal sects.

"She can actually find me?" A flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 648: Don't Provoke Me!

"How can this be!"

"There are eight powerful warriors in Ascendance from Evil Sect besides the three Apogeas from the three inferior sects... But these eight people are just in the early stage of Ascendance... From the information we received, one of them died in Thousand River Valley, so there should only be ten people from Evil Sect that are in Ascendance!"

"We already sent people to handle these ten, and by the looks of it, all of them are still held back by our plans, so who is the new one who appeared?"

There were some old men standing beside the woman in white behind the multiple layers of protection created by those in the Immortal sects. These old men's faces were filled with shock, and they were all speaking out of surprise. They might be standing in a circle, but none of them possessed the power of Ascendance. They were at most in Soul Transformation Stage, yet all of them were in possession of divine senses that had surpassed the limits of their current level of cultivation.

They were four old men, and they were originally sitting cross-legged on the ground with their divine senses spread outwards to gather on the woman in the middle. Due to the change in the battlefield at that moment, grave expressions appeared on their faces.

"Could it be that the information we obtained was wrong, and that cultivator in Ascendance who we learned was dead didn't truly die?!"

"This is the only explanation..."

The woman in white remained calm as she looked at the rolling black fog in the distance. After some time, she uttered softly, "He noticed me..." There was an airy and ethereal quality to her voice, as if it did not belong to this world.

"Notify Hidden Dragon Sect and send a Warrior Immortal to kill this person. If it won't be able to kill him, then at least have it tie him down!"

The woman in white had a flat expression on her face. Once she finished speaking, the four old men behind her used some sort of unknown method and contacted Hidden Dragon Sect, and one of the seven Galactic Warrior Immortals crouching down on the mountains spotted a brilliant light flashing in its eyes. It stood up, and when it took a

step forward, it grabbed the mountain with its right hand and left into the black fog with it as loud booming sounds echoed behind them.

The woman in white rubbed the center of her brows and no longer bothered herself with this matter. To her, this was just an unforeseen accident, and once she sent a Warrior Immortal over, she would be able to wipe it clean.

She placed her gaze on the battle, and a light crease appeared between her brows for a moment before disappearing. She waved her right hand, and dozens of jade slips instantly appeared before her. Once her orders were placed on those slips, they immediately spread out.

Su Ming started retreating within the fog. As he moved about, he avoided the Evil Sect disciples around him. He narrowed his eyes and hid away the chilling glare in his eyes.

'That woman can see me... This doesn't fit into my plans... By the looks of it, the old men beside her fused their divine senses together and lent her their power. That's why she was able to locate me...'

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. When he turned his head to the side, he saw a Galactic Warrior Immortal leaping in the air, and as a loud bang echoed from the ground and the earth trembled, the puppet landed several thousands of feet away from him.

At the same time, a piercing howl sliced through the air. Right before Su Ming's eyes, when the huge Galactic Warrior Immortal landed on the ground, the mountain it brought with it came charging towards him with loud rumbling sounds.

The mountain was several tens of thousands of feet tall, and the force with which it was flung into the air was astonishing. It made all the Evil Sect members around the area to instantly turn pale and quickly avoid the place. The mountain approached Su Ming, making all the fog in the area it passed through to scatter in all directions, which resulted in a gigantic empty space!

The howling sounds were piercing to the ears. With a strange pressure on it, the mountain came charging towards Su Ming. When it closed in and was about to ram into him, the giant that had landed nearby lifted its head and let out a shocking roar. The clattering sounds increased in frequency, and it sounded as if there were some sort of gears turning in the giant's body, causing it to lift its foot swiftly and step on the ground before it rushed at Su Ming.

With each step it took, the ground would tremble and the fog would scatter. A monstrous wave of murderous aura came crashing towards Su Ming.

There was a mountain descending on him from above, and a Galactic Warrior Immortal closing in on him from the front, but Su Ming did not dodge. Instead, his lips curled up into a cold sneer.

This was just a mere Galactic Warrior Immortal, and it was even created in the land of Berserkers to boot. It only possessed the cultivation base and power of a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. When Su Ming had recovered just eight-tenths of his cultivation base, he could already fight against those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. At that time, he was already halfway through to truly reaching Berserker Soul Realm. Once he started circulating all his power, killing one person or creature at the equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was nothing to Su Ming!

Not only was he going to destroy this Galactic Warrior Immortal, he was also going to destroy the woman in white's power that allowed her to keep her gaze fixed on him. Only then would he be able to continue moving about in the darkness, without anyone being able to see or find any traces of him.

Only then would his plans work as intended!

Almost at the instant the Galactic Warrior Immortal took its first step and the ground started trembling, Su Ming lifted his right hand and stomped on the ground. With it, he shot up from the land like a long arc that had erupted from the land and charged towards the mountain crashing down at him from above.

He was so quick that he appeared in midair in almost the blink of an eye, which meant that there was less than hundreds of feet between him and that gigantic mountain. A great wave of pressure fell on his body, but as Su Ming circulated all his power, that pressure instantly crumbled and shattered.

With a calm expression, he lifted his left hand and pushed against the sky. At the instant he did so, the mountain fell and crashed into his lifted left hand with a bang!

Booming sounds immediately resounded around Su Ming's entire body. It sank down swiftly, but right when it sank three inches downwards, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and the power that belonged to the ancient Berserkers erupted from his left arm!

The Berserkers' cultivation methods and inheritance came from the first God of Berserkers, but the source of their power lay in their blood, and it was the blood they inherited from the ancient Berserkers, the people who were born with the power of Berserkers during the time before history was recorded! The first God of Berserkers had found a method for Berserkers to awaken the blood inheritance coursing through their veins so that they would no longer be barbarians and savages. Instead, they would be able to walk down the ways of cultivation, just like other people and make their race shine with a brilliant light!

A normal Berserker had very little of that ancient blood flowing through their bodies. Only when they reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm would they be able to gather up power and form the spine that belonged to the ancient Berserkers, who were also the true Berserkers. At that point, they would be in possession of extraordinary power.

Yet when it came to Su Ming, he had turned all the bones in his body and even his flesh as well as his blood into those of a true Berserker. It could be said that his body was already like those of the ancient Berserkers that existed before the recorded history!

This was something that even the first God of Berserkers had been unable to do when he made this cultivation system. That was why, as of then, what right did this puny mountain have to try and crush Su Ming's body?!

When the power of the ancient Berserkers erupted from Su Ming's left arm, the mountain was forced to a stop in midair with just one hand. Su Ming was barely noticeable under that ten thousand feet tall mountain, but he, who was seemingly unnoticeable and insignificant, was holding the entire mountain with just his left hand. He spun his body slightly, causing the mountain to shift to his right hand, and then, he threw it swiftly towards the spot where the woman in white was surrounded by the numerous Immortals!

Piercing howls that shook the sky and earth rang in the air, and the mountain charged straight towards the woman in white, while loud rumbling sounds shot up into the sky!

This scene was incredibly shocking, and before the woman in white had time to react to what was happening, Su Ming had lowered his head swiftly. A sneer revealed itself on his face, and killing intent shone in his eyes when he charged down towards the ground.

He was so quick that before anyone could see what was happening, he had already completed the entire process of descending from midair to the ground. When he appeared there, he took a huge step forward and appeared right before the Galactic Warrior Immortal that was roaring ferociously.

One punch!

Su Ming's abrupt appearance was as if he had forced his way into the empty space before the Galactic Warrior Immortal. When he appeared, his body still remaining as an indistinct blur, his fist landed on the Galactic Warrior Immortal's body with a loud bang.

Loud booming sounds shook the world, and even the powerful Immortals in Ascendance who were fighting against each other in the fog felt their hearts shake, but they did not have any time to take a look at the source of the tremors. They were all fighting, and could not afford to be distracted.

With that one punch, the light within the Galactic Warrior Immortal's eyes instantly vanished, and cracks started spreading rapidly throughout its body from the spot where Su Ming's fist had landed on its chest. In a span of a breath, the gigantic Galactic Warrior Immortal shattered into pieces with a bang, turning into a large amount of torn pieces and gears that tumbled backwards. At that moment, Su Ming's body was fully revealed in the air. He took a step forward, and with a piercing screech that signaled of

the air being sliced apart, he shot through the crumbling Galactic Warrior Immortal and flew into midair.

He was fast, so fast that when he was done killing the giant, the mountain he had tossed from midair was still charging down its trajectory and hadn't yet fallen to the ground!

In a flash, Su Ming caught up to the mountain and swiftly landed on its top. As the mountain charged forward, his image as he stood there became the center of attention for all those who saw him, and dazed expressions appeared on their faces.

The person on the mountain had long robes that danced in the air and long hair that moved with the wind, and it was an image that filled the stranger with an indefinable, elegant air!

It was a pity that there were not many people who were paying attention to Su Ming at that moment. The place was filled with fog that had caused even the divine senses of everyone to be slightly blocked off, making it seem as if it sealed off all the people's gazes. However... there were still people who managed to see the sight.

The woman in white's pupils shrank, and an incredibly rare expression of intense solemnity appeared on her face. In fact, her breathing had even paused for a moment. The four old men beside her could no longer find it in themselves to remain seated. All of them stood up and looked towards the sky as they sucked in sharp breaths. Their faces were filled with shock and astonishment.

"He killed a Galactic Warrior Immortal with just one punch!"

"Who is he?!"

"When did such a powerful person appear in Evil Sect?! Why didn't we receive any information about him?!"

A glint appeared in the woman in white's long and narrow eyes. When she lifted her right hand, the four old men immediately formed a seal with their hands. Immediately, their divine senses joined together and surged into the woman's body. She swiftly widened her eyes, and her divine sense immediately grew several times in size. As if it had gained physical form, it charged towards the incoming mountain, as well as towards Su Ming who was standing elegantly on its top.

A loud bang shot into the air, and it turned into an endless amount of echoes. Once the mountain crashed into the woman's powerful divine sense, it instantly shattered into pieces and crumbled apart. A large amount of broken stone pieces shot outward, and for a time, it looked as if female deities were throwing down petals from heaven. It was a dazzling sight to behold.

Once the woman in white cut off Su Ming's charge, exhaustion appeared on her face, but immediately after, her expression changed drastically.

"Something's not right!"

The mountain was destroyed too easily. Once that thought appeared in her heart, she whipped her head around and saw a shadow flashing past two of the four old men behind her. Then, their heads were separated from their bodies, and shock appeared in their eyes as their heads flew into the air.

That shadow was originally going to disappear, but it stopped for a moment and turned its head around to look towards her. It opened its mouth and moved its lips, but no sound appeared, neither were there any thoughts sent to her.

'He didn't come to kill me. He just wanted to destroy the support I had that allowed me to cast that divine ability to keep my gaze on him...'

The woman in white's face turned pale and she staggered a few steps backwards. There were multiple layers of Immortals surrounding her, yet none of them had noticed anything. This made a chill creep through her entire body despite the fact that she was surrounded by a crowd.

"Don't provoke me, huh...?"

The woman bit her lip. She had been able to understand the words Su Ming had mouthed before he left.

Chapter 649: The Person From Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

Su Ming left.

No one could stop his arrival, and neither could anyone stop his departure. If he wanted to kill that woman in white, he could do so with ease, and no one would be able to stop him.

The woman was rather beautiful and would make others pity her, but in Su Ming's eyes, it did not matter whether his enemy was a man or a woman, they were nothing to him! Su Ming was not concerned with the woman's survival, but she could not die at this point, because if she died, then perhaps other forms of change will appear in the Immortal sects, and the goal of making both sides fight against each other until they died would not be accomplished.

He only came here to destroy the focus the woman in white had on him. It was just like destroying one of the eyes on a person, so that he or she will be unable to continue sensing him. From there, Su Ming could fuse back into darkness and make sure no one noticed him.

The woman in white shuddered lightly and watched Su Ming's shadow disappear. The focus she had on Su Ming had also disappeared without a trace and she could no longer find him.

The two old men beside her had incredibly dark faces, but they did not do anything extreme. The power in their opponent had completely stunned them to their feet.

Only at this point did the Immortal sect disciples that had provided them with those multiple layers of protection notice what had happened. As their hearts trembled in shock, expressions of astonishment appeared on their faces.

A light breeze blew past the land. That wind could not blow away the fog, but the bloody stench in the area was swept up and started spreading outwards. The two headless corpses on the ground started giving off a presence that chilled others to the bone.

The woman in white remained silent for a moment. When she closed her eyes and reopened them shortly, calmness returned to her eyes. She continued sending out the orders on her jade slips to the other Immortals, but she no longer did anything against Su Ming.

To her, the death of the two old men in the sect was a warning. The voiceless words Su Ming had sent to her before he left also gave that warning a bloody air.

If she continued provoking him, then the ones who would die next would be her and the remaining two old men.

She was not a part of the three sects and was only invited here to organize this battle. She had no reason to give up her life for this.

As Su Ming left, the sounds of battle continued reverberating in the air and grew more intense as time went by. There were few who could see Su Ming's actions due to the fog. Even if they did notice it, they would still lose track of Su Ming's presence as Su Ming hid himself away from the fog once again.

At that moment, Su Ming stood on one of the corners of the battlefield. Fog surrounded him, and with an aloof expression on his face, he spread out his divine sense and watched the changes in the battlefield. The Verdant Abyssal Seal on his left hand was absorbing all the aura of death coming swiftly towards him from all directions.

Screams of pain and booming sounds crisscrossed with each other and reverberated in the air throughout the entire battlefield. The battle between both sides were intense and

there seemed to be no end to it. The Evil Sect's charge in the start and Su Ming's attack had caused the Immortal sects to remain on passive, and this had caused them to pay an incredibly large price.

Most of those who died were the disciples from the Immortal sects.

However, once the woman in white fell into a brief moment of silence and started sending off her orders again, Su Ming noticed something different in the corner of the battlefield. He saw a change. He saw the brigades in the Immortal sects suddenly change. They were no longer brigades formed of a thousand people, but were brigades formed of three thousand people. Once they fused together, they seemed to have formed a new formation, causing the momentum of the battlefield to abruptly change, and once the brigades that had lost their leaders fused together with the others, they turned into a fan shaped formation and started retreating.

In Su Ming's eyes, the actions of several tens of thousands of people doing such a thing was an incredibly grand thing. As the ground continued shaking and rumbling, Su Ming's eyes immediately started shining when he saw the Immortals doing such a thing.

'There has been quite a lot of deaths in the Immortal sects... Now, it's Evil Sect's turn!' Su Ming did not want any side to obtain a kill count that would decide the tide of the battle, or else there would not be too many people who died at the end. He wanted both sides to suffer huge losses and wanted both Evil Sect and the Immortal sects to be completely annihilated.

A cold smirk appeared at the corners of his lips. With one step, Su Ming moved, and he immediately began swimming about in the fog. There were a few Evil Dust Sect disciples not too far away from him. All of them were surrounded by sandstorms, and they were all charging towards the Immortal sect brigades in the distance, but as Su Ming closed in and a loud rumble rang in the air, those sandstorms collapsed, the Evil Sect disciples within them widened their eyes. A bloody hole appeared at the center of their brows. A cold shadow from the fog in the distance also appeared in their eyes before it swiftly disappeared.

He stopped the charge from Evil Sect and gave a chance for those in the Immortal sects to change from being on the passive to taking the lead in the attack. Su Ming believed that even if the people from those Immortal sects would be hesitant and doubtful, they would still walk down the path for the plan he had after they after having so many of their own die.

At that moment, Su Ming moved about the fog at an extremely fast pace. He lifted his right hand and seized a completely Evil Lust Sect disciple charging past him while roaring in bloodthirst, completely unaware of his presence. At the moment he was taken aback, Su Ming had already pressed his right hand on the top of that person's skull. He did not kill him, but that Evil Lust Sect disciple started trembling viciously. A dead look

appeared in his eyes, and veins started popping up on his face, as if he was suffering through an unimaginable pain.

But he could not make a single sound. His skin grew dark, as if a layer of black smoke had appeared on him, and it was continuously spreading through his entire body. With the person in hand, Su Ming started moving through the fog like the wind.

Wherever he went, Su Ming would not hesitate even a single bit and point towards all the Evil Sect disciples he met on the way. All those people from Evil Sect who he touched with the tip of his fingertips would shudder and their life force would immediately leave their bodies before they breathed their last.

The limitation on their power caused all the people Su Ming killed to have no possibility of defending themselves against his attacks.

However, there were far too many fights in this place. Su Ming might have a high level of cultivation, but it was still difficult for him to kill all these people with just his power alone. However, the slaughter he rained down as he moved like a fish in water in that fog made his existence become like that of a nightmare in this battlefield.

This nightmare continued. Su Ming moved freely like flowing water in the fog. The path he chose leaned close to the front of Evil Team's assault team. Wherever he went, blood would fill the area, and shrill screams of pain would immediately reverberate in the air.

When Su Ming rushed to the middle of Evil Sect's team and he pulled back his left hand right before the confused gaze of an Evil Sect disciple. At the instant that Evil Sect disciple fell down, the Evil Lust Sect disciple who Su Ming was still holding onto in his right hand had already turned completely dark. All his hair fell off from his head, and it was the same for his teeth. The bones in his body also became soft and limp, and his entire body had already withered and shrank into a bundle.

There was a strange and enchanting air within this darkness, causing all those who saw it to be unable to help themselves but feel their hearts tremble. There was also a faint fragrance coming from this person's body, and all those who breathed in that fragrance would feel relaxed and happy, but if they breathed in that scent for too long, they would started nauseous and would want to puke out even all their organs.

This strange smell and sensation... came from the Curse!

As Su Ming's level of cultivation increased, his ability to utilize the Curse also became much stronger than before. The Curse he cast at that moment was another way to use this Art. It was a cursed person formed after he fused the Curse with Shamanic Spells, causing the person to be in a state of being alive and dead, like a living dead person, and like a dead living person!

As the power of the Curse continuously fused into the person's body, he would turn into a cursed body, and the more Curses he contained in his body, the level of destruction would be greater once he self-destructed. In fact, it would even bring a disaster to the area!

This was also the first time Su Ming used this method. As he grabbed that cursed person in his right hand, he moved about in the fog until the vague shadows of nearly a hundred people from Evil Sect appeared before him. Without any hesitation, Su Ming jumped up, then threw the Evil Lust Sect disciple in his hand to the ground with one powerful throw.

The Evil Lust Sect disciple's eyes began shining in a strange and enchanting light. At the instant he fell on the ground, his body exploded with a bang, and a layer of fog that was similarly black in color instantly swept towards all directions with loud rumbling sounds. Wherever it went, all those Evil Sect disciples that were touched by this fog would immediately start trembling viciously, and a large amount of black spots would appear on their skin.

Su Ming was still in midair. Just when he was about to turn around and leave, his heart suddenly leaped in his chest. He clenched his right hand into a fist and hurled a punch straight towards the air to his left. A loud bang rang in the air, and the fog to Su Ming's left instantly disintegrated. A person was revealed in the fog, and he coughed up blood as he fell back. When his face was revealed, Su Ming recognized him with just one glance. That person was Sikong, and his face was filled with shock and disbelief at that moment.

Su Ming turned his head around and cast Sikong an aloof gaze.

"Who are you?!" Sikong's voice was rather piercing to the ears. Almost at the same time he said these words, blood trickled down the corners of his mouth once again and sharp pain shot up in all his organs. His cultivation base had even begun showing signs of instability. The jade pendant hanging over his chest also shattered as cracking sounds shot into the air.

A small black patch had also appeared on his skin due to the Curse seeping into his body, and it was still spreading continuously while spreading out a presence that made Sikong's skin crawl as terror filled every fiber of his being.

'What is this divine ability?! It has a power that surpasses those in the great circle stage for Ascendance!! This is...' Sikong sucked in a sharp breath. His jade pendant could withstand one full powered blow from an Immortal at the great circle stage in Ascendance, but it had shattered just now, which meant that the punch this person delivered just now had already surpassed those in the great circle stage in Ascendance.

He was shocked. The black patch on his body was already the size of a fist, and while there was no pain coming from it, when Sikong swept his gaze towards that black patch,

he could feel a strong threatening presence from that patch. It made him nervous, and he swiftly retreated. As his heart pounded in fear, he almost reached the fastest speed he could muster while he retreated. Su Ming narrowed his eyes. There was a pair of powerful cultivators in the great circle stage in Ascendance from Evil Sect and Immortal sect fighting in the direction where Sikong retreated. Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silent before he let out a cold harrumph. He did not chase after Sikong. Killing or sparing Sikong was a small matter to him. Turning the battlefield into chaos was more important to him right then.

"How dare you try to ambush me, who came from Great Leaf Immortal Sect, with your puny power," Su Ming spoke flatly, then turned around and disappeared from the spot.

'Great Leaf Immortal Sect! He's a person from Great Leaf Immortal Sect!' Sikong could not control himself and coughed up blood once again. As he swiftly retreated, he saw that the person did not chase him down, and when he saw this, he clenched his fist. Hatred as well as madness appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 650: Clues About His Eldest Senior Brother's Whereabouts!

As the power of the Curse spread out from the spot where Su Ming was, black patches immediately appeared on quite a large number of Evil Sect disciples. Panic descended on these people, while Su Ming left into the distance.

Two more rapidly darkening bodies appeared in his hand, as he moved without a sound. After a moment, once the sounds of two explosions spread out, the Curse's presence became thicker in the air.

The Curse did not act fast, but looked incredibly terrifying. It did not matter who it was, when they found a large amount of black spots appearing on their bodies and smelled the sweet but nauseating scent while feeling the black patches on their bodies continue spreading and rotting away, terror would crawl up from deep within their hearts.

After a moment, Su Ming went past between some Evil Sect's assault teams. The fear creeping in their hearts exploded, resulting the teams becoming more and more chaotic as time passed .

This chaos was immediately discovered by the Immortal sects and spotted by the powerful warriors in Ascendance from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects fighting against each other. However, it was difficult for them to break off from the life and death battles they were engaged in at the moment, so they could not pay too much attention to it.

A glint appeared in the woman in white's eyes. She could immediately see that this chaos was a perfect opportunity to turn the tides of the battle. She lifted her right hand, but just as she was about to send her orders, she instinctively paused.

She was incredibly hesitant. This chaos was clearly man-made, but who exactly would create such an opportunity for the Immortal sects...? The first person that came to her mind was Su Ming. She had originally thought that he came from Evil Sect, but due to her survival after his attack, she began to have other thoughts regarding his origins.

When she saw the chaos among the Evil Sect, there was no way she would be unable to guess what was happening with her intelligence.

She sighed softly. Even if she was able to tell that the person had intentionally caused this, she still had to seize this chance. She no longer hesitated. She swung her arm, and a dozen something jade slips flew into the air.

"Have all the remaining six Galactic Warrior Immortals from Hidden Dragon Sect attack. You must absolutely change the tide of this battle right now, when Evil Sect is in chaos!"

One of the woman in white's jade slips flew towards the direction where Hidden Dragon Sect was. It was caught by Chenchong, who was standing on one of the big stones. His eyes sparkled, and when he formed a seal with his left hand, loud booming sounds that shook the sky reverberated in the air. The six Galactic Warrior Immortals lifted their heads from the mountains and roared.

As they roared, the six giants flew into the air with a bang. The six huge mountains also rose up and followed right behind them, slicing through the air with rumbling sounds in their wake.

When the six bangs connected with each other and echoed in the air while the ground trembled, the six mountains crashed into Evil Sect's army. The pressure that spread out from them caused all those who were enveloped within it to feel as if their bodies had been bound. They could not dodge, only stare as they were crushed and turned into minced meat as they screamed in pain.

The ground trembled once again, and this time, it was because the six Galactic Warrior Immortals had landed from midair. Once they descended, a bloodthirsty, murderous aura spread out from their bodies. These giants' eyes were bloodshot. Roaring, they charged forward into six different directions. Wherever they went, the Evil Sect disciples would be completely unable to retaliate. From the giants' mad charge, these disciples would usually either have their bodies broken, or be ripped apart and tossed away once grabbed.

"Go on, kill. Kill more, then my Verdant Abyssal Seal will become stronger..." Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He cast a glance at the green mark on his left hand. It was now letting out an enchanting light, which made it look incredibly strange. At that moment, Su Ming's gaze fell on his right palm.

There was a black bundle there, which was letting out a sweet scent. Naturally, that was the Curse. Su Ming had come up with this form of the Curse on the spot - to use nearly a hundred thousand bodies to provide nourishment so that the Curse would become more terrifying as time passed.

When the six Galactic Warrior Immortals started their counterattack in the fog, once chaos became apparent in Evil Sect, the Immortal sects received orders to no longer retreat but instead turn around. All of them transformed into long arcs with loud roars. They brought out their divine abilities and Enchanted Treasures and charged against those from Evil Sect. The tables had been turned.

The booming sounds from Arts and divine abilities rang loud within the fog. The waves of power from the spiritual aura in the world continued spreading outwards, but it still could not make the fog show any signs of disappearing.

Su Ming no longer paid any attention to the battle. He rose into the air until he reached the edge of the fog. When he was there, he lifted his head and looked at the sky. At that moment, clouds were tumbling about, and the three figures within were executing a series of divine abilities. Ripples spread out from it, making it seem as if the sky was about to shatter, and it was a shocking sight to behold.

However, there were two spots in the sky where the ripples and waves of impact would immediately dissipate when they closed in on them. Those two spots were two vortexes that were showing faint signs of their existence!

These two vortexes were spinning slowly at that moment, and when Su Ming saw them, he had a strong feeling that these they were the spots where the Immortals descended!

He shifted his gaze away and finally looked towards the three fighting figures in the clouds and fog. Su Ming saw Di Tian's clones. One of them was casting that Art to mend the sky, and the other was casting the Art to submerge the sun. As the two clones executed these two divine abilities, the world lost its color, causing Su Ming to narrow his eyes.

He looked towards the boy in black. Ji An's magical body was still holding the fan in his hand. His expression could not be seen, but his movement of swinging the fan was clear. Immediately, a huge ghost-face appeared before him. It was ten thousand feet big and looked incredibly ferocious. It opened its mouth wide before it snapped its jaws shut, as if it wanted to swallow the whole entire world.

The sight made Su Ming's pupils shrink for an instant.

After some moment, he closed his eyes and suppressed the urge to attack. When he reopened them, he cast a deep look toward Di Tian's clones. Su Ming knew that he could not be hasty in this. Only when Verdant Abyssal Seal and the Curse became stronger as the people from both sides continued dying would the time come for him to truly attack.

Besides, this was not the time for him to launch any sort of ambush, either. The moment he walked out the fog on the ground, he would be immediately discovered by Ji An and the two Di Tians in the sky, and more importantly...

'Their battle has just started. There's no heat to it as of yet... and neither are they injured!'

Su Ming suppressed the urge in his heart. He knew that if he made a single mistake he would be easily revealed. He had to continue hiding, and when the time came for him to launch his attack, he would burst forth with a will to kill even the nine heavens!

"The Seven Abyssal Yin Death Art and the Curse are the first burial gifts I've prepared for you, Di Tian..." Su Ming mumbled softly. He still had a few burial gifts he had in store for Di Tian in the depths of his heart, and they were all gifts aimed to take them man's life, all fit to bury an Emperor!

At that moment, booming sounds from the ground shot through the fog and arrived near Su Ming, breaking his thoughts. He looked down, towards the direction of that sound.

There were now only three of the Galactic Warrior Immortals left on the land.

The six giant mountains shattered, one by one, and the booming sounds he heard just now were due to them exploding. The cause for their destruction and the reason behind the deaths of the three Galactic Warrior Immortals were the eighteen Yin Dragons from Evil Spirit Sect within the fog.

However, there were no longer eighteen of them. Only nine remained. These still alive Yin Dragons roared and swept through the land within the fog, charging straight towards the last three Galactic Warrior Immortals.

Most of the Evil Sect disciples had already recovered from the chaos, and the ones who were injured were sent to the rear. The main body then organized itself into a formation with those from Evil Immortal Sect, clad in black armor, right at the front, those from Evil Lust Sect in the middle, those from Evil Dust Sect to their left, and those from Evil Spirit Sect to their right.

They were fighting against the Immortal sects in the land where they descended.

Su Ming saw Chenchong, Shanhen, Bi'su, Beiling, and Chenxin... in different locations within the fog fighting against their enemies! He also saw the Tian Lan sisters, as well

as the woman who he knew as Wu La and Wu Le. They were all in the fog, and as booming sounds rang from both sides, each of these people showed off their brilliance.

They were prodigies and geniuses of their sects. Even among the crowds their talents still shone brilliantly, causing all those who saw them to be able to see their breathtaking abilities.

They were either skilled with Runes, or with divine abilities, or with seals, or were in possession of shocking Arts, or were skilled in laying out defenses. They had all sorts of abilities, and Su Ming was able to tell them apart with just one glance!

Besides them, Su Ming also saw the Evil Immortal Sect members clad in the black armor while he was in the sky. One of those people positioned near the frontline of the army hurled his fist against the ground, causing it to tremble and explode. The earth gathered together into an earth sword before it went rushing towards the Immortals before it.

That cultivator in black armor let out a shrill roar towards the sky and yanked off his helmet, revealing long black hair that danced in the air. It was a man, and he looked incredibly similar to Evil Lust Sect's Bi'su. However, the hard lines of a man on his face let Su Ming know... that he had the exact same face as Bi Su in his memories!

He was the Bisu from Evil Immortal Sect, the person Qian Chen had mentioned earlier!

But that was not all. What made Su Ming feel anguish was that he saw an old man standing to Bisu's left among the cultivators clad in black armor. There was no way Su Ming would forget that old man's face... It was Nan Song.

There was also an old woman to Bisu's right. Su Ming still remembered her... She was Bai Ling's grandma and Dark Dragon Tribe's Elder, Le Su!

'It doesn't matter whether they are real... or fake...'

Su Ming closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath. When he reopened his eyes, he quelled the emotions in his heart. At that moment, a voice that echoed throughout the battlefield appeared from the Immortal sects' side.

"Bring out Sky Mist's Battle Corpses!"

At the instant that voice traveled through the entire battlefield, nine shooting stars appeared out of nowhere from the direction where Sky Mist Dao was located. With a shocking boom, they charged towards the battlefield, and they were so quick that they closed in on the war zone in the blink of an eye. Loud rumbling sounds shot up into the air and the nine shooting stars disappeared...

Instead, nearly a hundred shadows appeared in the battlefield!

There were ninety-nine of them, and all ninety-nine of these shadows exuded a powerful presence that belonged to Shamans. And one of them... made Su Ming's head roar right at the instant he saw them!

That shadow... served under his eldest senior brother, and he was the bald man who had fought with Su Ming in Phantom Dais Tribe in the past!

Chapter 651: Is It a Coincidence?

'It's him!'

Su Ming froze for a moment and his breathing quickened. His gaze was fixed on the bald shadow. He could see the empty look in his eyes, as if he had lost his soul. Right then, he was only a walking corpse.

However, the presence that belonged to a Shaman had not diminished on him. Instead, it had become stronger. He seemed to have reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but there was something different about him as well, and that difference caused Su Ming to immediately look at the shadows around the bald man.

Each of those shadows was similar. They were filled with the presence of Shamans, which was incredibly thick, and because of it attracted a large amount of attention from those in the battlefield. It was like a stone had been thrown into a lake, bringing up a large amount of splashes and ripples in its wake.

'All of these are eldest senior brothers three hundred Shaman Souls... By the looks of it, their minds are being controlled now... If that is the case, then eldest senior brother is...' In silence, Su Ming whipped his head towards Sky Mist Dao, and killing intent shone in his eyes.

This was an incredibly important clue to Su Ming, a clue that would help him find his eldest senior brother!

Almost at the instant the ninety-nine Shamans appeared, their presence erupted from their bodies and they charged into the distance. They did not seem to possess any corporeal form as they moved forward and looked rather indistinct, just like illusions. This made all the Shaman shadows... to possess undying and imperishable forms, even though their power was only that of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Su Ming saw these Shamans fighting against people from the Evil Sect, and even when they shattered under divine abilities, their crumbled bodies would immediately merge back into one after a moment.

But that was not all. In truth, every single time they merged back, the waves of power coming from their bodies... would also become stronger!

Right at that moment, a shocking roar suddenly came from Evil Dust Sect. A sandstorm abruptly appeared in its location and swept out in all directions. It might not be able to move the black fog on the land, but it managed to gather up a large amount of dust and earth to form three huge Dark Turtles!

These three Dark Turtles were the color of earth. Once they appeared, they let out roaring sounds and charged forward.

There was a person standing on each of the three Dark Turtle's heads. These three people wore yellowish brown long robes, and their bodies swayed along with their rides' movements. Almost at the moment the Dark Turtles leaped up from the ground, the three people immediately formed seals with their right hands and lifted their left hands and swung them in the air before themselves.

With it, nine yellow pieces of paper were immediately tossed out. There were no runic symbols drawn on these yellow papers, but they had instead nine young boys drawn on them!

"Let the Emperor clear the path, let Heaven's Howler destroy everything, let the Dust Stallions become the steeds... to bring forth the bodies for the nine beings!"

Once the strange words tumbled out of the mouths of the three people, the nine yellow pieces of paper immediately started burning. As they burned, piercing howls came from the fires, and nine boys appeared, tearing through the flames to emerge in to the world.

Once they came out, they immediately let out a shrill scream towards the sky and charged towards the Shaman warrior souls.

The entire battlefield was immersed in the battle between Enchanted Treasures. All of the sects possessed incredibly destructive Enchanted Treasures. As they continued fighting against each other, they started bringing all these items to the table.

Su Ming still remained silent in midair. Most of the time, his gaze would go over towards the Shaman warrior souls, and during those times, he would have to suppress his urge to save them.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had more important things to do at the moment, and that was to kill Di Tian. Before he managed to do this, he could not attack too frequently, or else he would attract the attention of Di Tians in the sky, and then he would have to pay with his life.

The number of deaths on the ground continued increasing. The ninety-nine Shaman souls and the nine paper boys were engaged in an intense battle with each other on the

battlefield. The three Dark Turtles also split into three different directions and trapped the Shaman souls within as if locking them up in a cage.

Not too far away, the nine remaining Yin Dragons were fighting against the three Galactic Warrior Immortals, with booming sounds ringing in the air.

In all the other directions around Su Ming, the people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had already descended into a killing frenzy. Blood filled the ground under their feet, and torn limbs as well as mangled corpses could be found everywhere.

This battle would have originally not accelerated to this point so quickly. By the leaders' plans, they should have held back a little. After all, the main role of this battle did not lie with them, the ones of the ground did not have too much of a deciding factor towards the end result. The real deciding factor was in the sky.

However, for some unknown reason, this battle had accelerated with such an explosive force that it had exceeded everyone's expectations.

It seemed as if there was an invisible hand that was slowly pushing everyone forward, causing the number of deaths to increase exponentially... That hand, was Su Ming!

He was standing in midair at the moment, all while watching the ground and looking at the massacre he had personally caused. His eyes were aloof, and the green light on his left hand shone brighter than before. The power of the Curse in his right hand also grew stronger.

"Kill them. The more you kill, the greater my chances to kill Di Tian will be," Su Ming mumbled.

However, not all of the people had lost their rationale. At that moment, when the intensity of the battle had exceeded the expectations of both armies, the powerful warriors in Ascendance who were fighting against each other spotted changes in their expressions. Shrill screams of pain were traveling continuously into their ears, each one possibly belonging to the members of their own sect.

The battle should not be like this!

The person fighting against Evil Dust Sect's Grand Sect Elder, Shihai, who was one of the three Apogeas of the three inferior sects, was Jingnan, the Sect Master of Hidden Dragon Sect. These two people had already reached the great circle stage in Ascendance. At that moment, both of them were attacking each other, and their divine abilities were clashing against each other nonstop. A long series of crashes and rumbles rose into the air. The spot in which they had chosen to fight was closer to the center, and they were the first to notice that a change that could not be controlled had happened in the battlefield.

'There's something wrong...'

Shihai's eyes shone, and once he formed a seal with his right hand, he pushed his palm forward so that the seal he formed would crash against Jingnan's divine ability. As booming sounds rose into the air, he took a few steps backwards and formed a long series of seals with his left hand before he seized the air. Immediately, a jade slip appeared on his hand, and once he threw it backwards, that slip charged straight into the fog.

Jingnan, too, frowned, but he was still somewhat uncertain in his heart. With a cold harrumph, he also chose to throw out a jade slip before he reengaged Shihai in battle.

Questions had also formed in Shihai's heart. He could not tell just what was the reason that had caused both sides to lose control over the battle and whether the Immortal sects truly wanted to destroy Evil Sect.

Despite their uncertainty, the duo did not stop attacking each other. After all, their power was too great, and even if they had a feeling that something had happened to the battlefield, they could not personally check the situation. Their presences would easily incite more chaos. That was why they chose to throw out those jade slips.

In the midst of the rumbling sounds, their jade slips went in the same direction. There, two cultivators in the early stage of Ascendancy were fighting against each other. One of these cultivators came from Evil Dust Sect, and the other was from Hidden Dragon Sect.

When the two jade slips charged towards them, the two people began retreating while still fighting. Once they grabbed those jade slips, they swept past their contents with their divine senses at the same time, and their expressions immediately changed. These two people cast each other a glance that was still filled with killing intent, and without exchanging a single word, they stopped attacking and swiftly left in two different directions.

Su Ming saw this scene clearly from the sky. A freezing glare shone in his eyes, and he disappeared without a single sound, turning into a dark shadow that charged through the fog.

His target was that Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator in the early stage of Ascendancy. That person was incredibly quick, and he was rushing towards the Immortal sects' base. He had received Jingnan's orders to check what was wrong within the battlefield.

Yet before that person managed to close in on the base, his pupils shrank and he came to an abrupt halt. Right before his eyes, Su Ming walked out from the fog in front of him, then turned into a shadow that closed in on him in an instant.

Booming sounds immediately rose within the fog. They were incredibly powerful but lasted for only ten breaths before Su Ming walked out. In his hand he held a head, and right behind him, the headless corpse of that cultivator in the early stage in Ascendancy was slowly falling down. Su Ming seized it through the air and it flew up on its own, following him.

Su Ming's expression was cold and dark. While holding the head, he moved into the fog. This time, his target was the Ascendancy cultivator from Evil Sect, but before that, Su Ming had his own plans. With a single move, he disappeared into the fog.

Chenchong, the prodigy of Hidden Dragon Sect, leading nearly a hundred Hidden Dragon Sect disciples, was fighting against the disciples from Evil Sect in the fog covered battlefield. He did not notice that there was a shadow flashing past him in the fog around him.

That shadow was Su Ming. With his speed, he had located that Evil Dust Sect cultivator in the early stage in Ascendancy in the blink of an eye. While charging forward, Su Ming swiftly closed in on him, about to launch an ambush.

Yet at the moment he neared him, that Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendancy swiftly turned around, positioned two of his fingers into the form of a sword, and slashed towards the fog behind him resolutely.

A muffled groan came from there, and a shadow appeared, staggering a few steps forward before he rushed deeper into the fog in an attempt to flee. The Evil Dust Sect Ascendancy cultivator's eyes shone, and he let out a cold harrumph as he gave chase.

The two of them charged forth, one after another. After pursuing him for some distance, the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendancy immediately noticed the shadow before him disappearing. At the same time, a strong gust of wind with the ripples of an Art contained it within came crashing towards him.

That Evil Dust Sect cultivator smiled coldly. He lifted his right hand, positioned his palm vertically into the shape of a blade, and swiftly cut towards that wind!

A scream of pain came from the fog, and Su Ming's body disappeared without a trace. Yet when the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendancy looked over, he saw a headless corpse and a head falling down before it landed by his feet.

When he saw the head's face clearly, his expression immediately changed drastically. He well-knew that there was no way that the slash he delivered just now would have been able to bring about such an effect. There was no way he would be able to kill a person with the same level of cultivation in an instant.

Someone had definitely orchestrated this scene before his eyes secretly! A chill rose from the depths of his heart, and at the same time, his gaze suddenly fell on the storage bag that was exposed on the dead Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator's body.

Right at that moment, Chenchong brought the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples and showed up in the fog before that Evil Dust Sect cultivator!

Then, as if everything was just a coincidence, Chenchong saw the corpse of the Great Sect Elder from Hidden Dragon Sect who was second only to Shihai, along with the Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance who was standing beside the corpse and was clearly looking at the Grand Sect Elder's storage bag after he had killed him.