

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 652 — Sowing Discord! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 652 — Sowing Discord!

Chapter 652: Sowing Discord!

Chenchong's pupils shrank. Without any shred of hesitation, he quickly withdrew. The eyes of the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples behind him turned red, but they forced down the madness raging in their hearts and ran, intending to leave the place.

Right behind them was that cultivator in Ascendance!

Almost at the same time the group with Chenchong at the head started retreating, the Evil Dust Sect cultivator turned his head towards them with an incredibly sullen face. After a moment of hesitation, a murderous glare appeared in his eyes. He could not offer any sort of explanation on the battlefield, and even if he did, it would be of no use.

The only thing he could do right then was to kill all those who saw this to prevent more chaos.

Once he killed all these people, then even if they investigated this matter in the future, he would still have a way to avoid it. After all, if he let these people escape due to a moment of hesitation, then while the other people's words might not be that believable, he knew that a single one from Chenchong would be much more credible, because he was Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy!

And even though he knew that this was someone's scheme, he could do nothing about it!

In frustration, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, the storage bag from the corpse flew up. Once he caught it in his hand, he started chasing after Chenchong and the others.

However, he was only giving a small amount of his concentration to Chenchong and the others in the front. Most of his attention was directed towards the fog around him, where that mysterious person who had killed the Hidden Dragon Sect cultivator in Ascendance was.

He might not be able to see him, but he knew that the person was definitely still lurking around.

Yet now, besides chasing down Chenchong and his group, he no longer had any other solutions to this problem. Once he let Chenchong escape, then no matter how he tried to explain his actions, it would be useless.

Besides, this was war. If he ended up killing someone... then that was that!

Chenchong's expression was incredibly dark. He might have seen that scene just now with his own eyes, but there was a sliver of doubt in his heart. No matter what, he was a man with extraordinary wit, and if he thought about this carefully, he would find something off about the situation. However, everything had happened too quickly, and he had too little time at hand. He had to think about this carefully before he could figure out the whole situation.

After all, before the war began, Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had arrived at a silent consensus - no powerful warriors in Ascendance were allowed to die in this battle.

Even for the prodigies, they would only be in slight danger and might even be exposed to possible death, but the possibility of that happening was slim to none.

Deaths could occur in this war, but they had to be controlled!

After all, it did not matter whether it was Evil Sect or the Immortal sects, they were all Immortals. They had all naturally understood the first God of Berserkers' blatant plot against them. That was why they had come to an agreement to control the deaths among their people.

Yet the chaos in the battlefield right then seemed to have caused an accident to happen in this controlled situation... the death of the cultivator in Ascendance. It made Chenchong's heart tremble in shock, as well as filled him with uncertainty.

However, all of these disappeared when the Evil Dust Sect cultivator started chasing after him, and a sense of danger rose within Chenchong's heart. He could sense other's killing intent, and because of that, all his uncertainties and questions disappeared like a puff of smoke, to be replaced by rapid thoughts of fleeing.

'Could it be that Evil Sect really wants to destroy all those from Immortal sects here?'

A glint appeared in Chenchong's eyes. Several shrill screams of pain came from behind him, all of them belonging to his fellow sect members from Hidden Dragon Sect. When he turned his head around to look, he saw that the powerful Evil Dust Sect cultivator in Ascendance was killing his sect members.

Time flowed by quickly. The face of the person from Evil Dust Sect turned incredibly dark, and frustration filled his entire body, but he quelled it. This was not caused by anyone's Art, but was due to his own heart becoming increasingly filled with anxiety.

He could not catch up to that Chenchong!

It was not because he did not have enough power, and neither was it because someone was interfering with his actions. Instead, it was because Chenchong had executed the Fleeing Blood Art and even possessed a plethora of endless Enchanted Treasures that he used without stop. This resulted in not only his speed reaching an extremely fast pace, but he had also managed to not die after being hit with three strikes!

'Just how many defensive and escape treasures did Hidden Dragon Sect give this boy?!' The Ascendance cultivator from Evil Dust Sect gritted his teeth and gave chase once again. 'Damn it, why did this happen?!'

He had to continue chasing Chenchong. Things had already progressed to this point, and he could not give up right then, or else he would be unable to explain his actions, especially since he knew full well of the agreement in this battle.

As these two people continued their game of cat and mouse, Su Ming moved about in the fog and watched their antics. Most of the time his gaze fell on Chenchong, and he had the same feelings as the Evil Dust Sect cultivator when he saw just how many Enchanted Treasures he possessed, as well as how quickly he moved.

He had originally decided to help Chenchong in secret, but by the looks of it, there was no need for him to do anything. All of the things happening at the moment were just allowing his plan to come to fruition even more perfectly.

Chenchong was in an incredibly pathetic state. All of the Hidden Dragon Sect disciples around him had either scattered or been killed by his pursuer. At that moment, there was no longer any doubt in his mind. He had only one thought in his head, and that was to run as fast as possible while holding back the person behind him so that the scattered disciples could notify their sect.

Evil Sect wanted to destroy the Immortal sects in this battle!

Yet as shrill screams of pain sounded around him, his heart trembled, and his eyes became bloodshot. He was familiar with those screams. They all came from his fellow sect members who had chosen to split up and escape... All of them were being killed in an attempt to silence them.

Whenever Chenchong heard a scream of pain coming from a certain direction, he would instinctively choose to avoid that place. He charged forward in a manner of following some kind of path, one he was completely unaware of.

If there was an incredibly skilled hunter watching by the side, he or she would definitely be able to tell that Chenchong was escaping like a trapped animal who had its entire path controlled. Every single one of his actions were decided by the hunter who had hid himself in the fog.

This was an advanced hunting skill, and Su Ming had mastered it in Dark Mountain when he was still a teenager.

When he was in Dark Mountain, the first Black Mountain Tribe member he killed had died because he had his every move controlled by this skill!

'I can't die! I have to tell my sect about this!'

Chenchong bit his tongue again and coughed up blood. His speed increased and he shot out in a dash. A loud boom rose into the air behind him, and a layer of yellow light appeared around him. Vague outlines of nine golden dragons surrounded him, but once the booming sound reached him, three of them instantly died.

But his speed increased exponentially due to his crazed dash and his attitude of not caring about his injuries. In the span of a breath, he charged into the area before him. The Evil Dust Sect cultivator behind him was giving close chase. The two of them rushed ahead, one right behind the other, and they ran straight into the center of the battlefield. Over there... was the spot where Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan and Evil Dust Sect's Shihai were fighting.

When a loud bang reverberated in the air, Jingnan let out a cold harrumph and fell back. He was feeling heated up due to his fight, but he still managed to control himself and did not truly fight with the intention to kill. Yet when the bang shot into the air and he took a few steps backwards along with Shihai, something suddenly seized his attention, and he swiftly turned his head around. In a glance, he saw the prodigy of his sect, Chenchong, rushing over from not too far away!

"Grand Sect Elder, the Great Sect Elder has died. I saw him killed by an Evil Dust Sect Ascendance cultivator with my own eyes... He's chased me all the way to here, and all my fellow sect members were killed by him on the way!"

Right at the instant Chenchong saw Jingnan, he immediately shouted with agitation brimming in his heart and soul. Once he finished delivering his words, it looked as if he had spent the last ounce of his strength and fell headfirst to the ground after coughing up blood.

Jingnan was momentarily stunned by the news, and Shihai's pupils also narrowed because of it.

Right at that moment, the Ascendance cultivator from Evil Dust Sect appeared in the area in a flash. When he saw Shihai and Jingnan, his face instantly turned pale.

"This is..."

He instinctively turned towards Shihai, wanting to explain his actions to his Grand Sect Elder, but immediately after, true killing intent appeared for the first time in Jingnan's eyes. With one move, he charged towards that cultivator.

Shihai's expression was as dark as thunderclouds. He could vaguely tell that there was something off about this, but he was also uncertain. After all, the person who said these words was Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy, Chenchong. The extent of his injuries also made it clear that he had been on a desperate run here... and this Sect Elder from his own sect had chased him down to this place.

Yet even so, Shihai could not just stand by and watch a powerful Immortal in Ascendance from his own sect being killed. With a single move, he immediately blocked off Jingnan's path by standing in front of him, and for the first time, the two of them brought out their full power that crashed against each other.

As loud booming sounds surged into the sky, Jingnan's rage-tinted laughter immediately echoed through the entire battlefield.

"Shihai, your sect killed my Great Sect Elder, and you even wanted to kill our top disciple to silence him! How dare you try and stop me?!"

Once his voice resounded through the entire battlefield and everyone heard it, the land fell silent for an instance.

Moments later, a furious roar came, immediately shattering the silence!

"How dare you kill our Great Sect Elder?! We will absolutely not forgive this!"

This voice was filled with an infectious power. Once it burst forth into the air, it caused a completely different wave of rumbles and fights to swiftly stir up in the entire battlefield!

The woman in white staggered and her face turned pale. She had finally managed to see through the mysterious person's plans, and when she wanted to stop this, a chill suddenly appeared in her heart. She had a vague feeling that there was a pair of eyes looking at her coldly from the fog in the battlefield, and if she did anything at all, then she would die on the spot, just like how the old men in her sect had done long ago.

"Don't provoke me, right...?" The woman in white closed her eyes in silence. She was not part of the three sects, and did not want to die because of this.

The battle instantly reached an intense state due to the death of Hidden Dragon Sect's cultivator in Ascendance. Su Ming watched it coldly from midair. The Verdant Abyssal Seal on his left hand was becoming richer in color, and the power of the Curse in his right hand was also increasing swiftly.

"The more you kill... the better," he mumbled softly. His gaze fell towards the spot where Hidden Dragon Sect was on the ground. At that moment, there was a shocking roar resounding from that spot. That roar did not come from a cultivator, but... a dragon that had been summoned by some unknown method!

This was a real dragon, due to the presence of flesh and blood. It might only be ten thousand feet long, but right at the instant it appeared, a powerful pressure swiftly spread out through the area.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. Once he cast a glance at the dragon, he lifted his head and looked towards the sky beyond the fog. Over there, Ji An and the Di Tians' battle had already reached an intense point. The waves of power stirred up by the booming sounds were much stronger than before, and in fact, not long after Su Ming began watching them, he saw one of Di Tian's clones wiping the corners of his mouth.

'Is he injured...?' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 653: A Shout to Stop!

The battles on the ground were growing more intense at an incredibly fast pace. The sounds of battle were mostly hidden within the fog, but some also traveled outwards, causing those who heard the muffled roars and howls to be able to feel just how terrifying was the situation below.

When the dragon from Hidden Dragon Sect roared and moved, Su Ming lowered his head and looked. A barely noticeable freezing glare shone in his eyes. He saw that the instant the giant dragon roared and moved forward, Evil Spirit Sect finally brought out the nine giant carriages they had taken with them.

Cracking sounds came from the nine carriages in the fog. A large number of Evil Spirit Sect disciples formed seals and chanted under their breaths, and the carriages immediately shattered to reveal what was within them!

They contained... ten giant rocks. Their surfaces were uneven, and they were purple in color, but the shades of it changed between darker and lighter ever so often. At the instant pressure spread out from these rocks, they flew up on their own and, with piercing whistles, charged straight towards that ten thousand feet dragon.

Some subtle changes manifested instantly in the battlefield's atmosphere once those ten giant stones appeared. Su Ming's divine sense also detected some raised voices ringing in the air.

"Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon! That is Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon... They actually had a true dragon descend in this place?! It's said that Hidden Dragon Sect has five true dragons, and each of them possesses incredible power. This one might seem weak, but it has had most of its cultivation base limited. Now that it has appeared, it will only become stronger with each passing moment!"

"It's really a true dragon, but those things from Evil Spirit Sect are..."

"They're the Grand Sky Stones, the sacred items from Stone Soul Nebula! Evil Spirit Sect must have obtained these stones after occupying Stone Soul Nebula!"

"You're right. They're indeed Grand Sky Stones. It's said that these stones are unique to Stone Soul Nebula and possess unfathomable power..."

In the midst of all the outbursts made by those watching, Su Ming narrowed his eyes. He watched the giant stones charging towards the huge dragon. Once they crashed into each other, loud rumbling sounds reverberated through the air, mingling together with the dragon's roars. The nine giant stones connected together and turned into a colossal giant on the ground!

The giant was made up entirely of purple stones, and looked as if it possessed unlimited power. It was a full thousand feet tall, and it continued clashing with the dragon, keeping Hidden Dragon Sect's true dragon locked in place, unable to escape with just its power alone.

'The Immortal sects... have a lot of history, that's why they had managed to collect so many powerful Enchanted Treasures...' Su Ming looked at the stone golem and dragon fighting against each other, and a hint of longing appeared in his eyes.

He sucked in a deep breath and forced down that strange emotion in his heart, telling himself that he would one day rush into the land of Immortals... and see with his own eyes just how the world of the Immortals looked like!

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and descended into the battlefield before starting his slaughter once more. There was no pattern to his kills, and there was blood from both Immortal sects and Evil Sects on his hands. However, when he chose, he would try as much as possible to not make any side obtain an advantage that would guarantee their victory.

He also withdrew all his Qi, causing all the powerful Immortals in Ascendance to find it difficult to discover him. He moved like a ghost, and wherever he went on the battlefield, rivers of blood would flow.

The aura of death on his left hand's Verdant Abyssal Seal grew thicker, and it was the same for the Curse on his right hand. It had now become much stronger than earlier,

especially when he was in the battlefield. As Su Ming's Curse spread out, many people fell under its power, but they did not notice it.

There were... already quite a large number of people like this. When Su Ming moved forward, he continuously spread the Curse's presence, and because of this, the number of cultivators who were affected grew as time passed.

Su Ming's blood boiled, and his killing intent grew at a mad pace, but he continued forcing it down. It resulted in him looking like a silent man most of the time. Since the start of the battle, he had coldly watched the battles unfold beneath him for most of the time, but he was already on the verge of being unable to quell the urge to kill Di Tian.

It was especially so when he had seen Di Tian wiping the corners of his mouth. Still, after some time, he finally managed to force down the killing intent once more. This suppression of his emotions time and again not only didn't result in his killing intent diminishing, but only made stronger each time he did so.

If he did not erupt in the midst of silence, then he would die in the midst of silence!

These words were the perfect description of Su Ming's heart at that moment.

He moved about in the battlefield, making the war become increasingly more chaotic, so much so that almost no one would be able to control it. At that moment, an awe-inspiring voice from Evil Lust Sect reverberated through the entire battlefield, reaching every place.

"All Evil Sect disciples, I, Bitu, will now temporarily attack! Immediately retreat and return to your own sects!"

Almost at the same time those words were said, another voice with the similar awe-inspiring quality reverberated in all directions from the Immortal sects.

"Immortal sect disciples, hear me! Retreat to your own sects!"

Su Ming did not know the owner of that voice, but the voices from Evil Sect and Immortal sects both pertained the intention to make the battle temporarily stop.

However, the battlefield was already in an extremely chaotic state, and while these shouts of command for the disciples to stop fighting had brought about some effects, they were unable to immediately make the people stop fighting.

It was especially so for Hidden Dragon Sect. They had already lost one of their Great Sect Elders, and there was no way they would stop just like that.

Su Ming stopped moving for a moment, and when he lifted his head, his expression turned dark. If the battle truly stopped, then he would be unable to fulfill his plans. This was something he could not allow. With a cold harrumph, he disappeared into the fog.

The disciples from each sect on both sides gradually grew uncertain. Just as they were about to slowly test the waters and stop fighting, a large amount of screams suddenly came from the battlefield. Those voices instantly made all the disciples who had stopped fighting to be on their guard.

The three Galactic Warrior Immortals that were fighting against the nine Yin Dragons were already extremely exhausted. Two of the nine Yin Dragons had also shattered. Right at that moment, suddenly, the three Galactic Warrior Immortals shuddered, and distortions appeared behind, revealing a shadow. That shadow moved, and the three Warrior Immortals who were becoming weaker with each passing moment crumbled and shattered at the same time.

Once they died, the remaining seven Yin Dragons roared and rushed straight into the Immortal sects' army. Even if the Evil Spirit Sect members wanted to immediately order them back, they too hesitated due to the screams of pain around them.

Soon after, the nine boys and three Dark Turtles that were fighting with the near hundred Shaman Souls let out a shrill roar, and one of the three Dark Turtles exploded, turning into a large amount of dirt that scattered everywhere. Three of the nine boys who were fighting against the Shaman Souls were immediately torn apart when a shadow flashed past their side.

The death of the Dark Turtle and destruction of the three boys caused a gap to appear in the cage, allowing a large amount of the undying Shaman Souls to be able to rush into the Evil Sect's army.

At that moment, a furious roar swiftly traveled through the air.

"Who's hiding among us?!" After that voice spoke, a long arc from Evil Sect flew swiftly towards the spot where the Dark Turtle had died in the fog.

Soon after, a similarly furious voice shot rang out from the Immortal sects, reverberating through the air. A long arc sliced through space and charged towards the same direction.

Right at the center of these two long arcs was Su Ming. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he spread out his divine sense. It was already stronger than of those in Ascendance, or else he would have been unable to hide himself from the cultivators in that stage.

Once he spread out his divine sense, he messed up the ripples of power around him, causing the two people coming over to be unable to investigate the spot where he was

with their divine senses clearly. The cover provided by the fog also caused people to be unable to see well. With this premise, almost at the instant the two people arrived, Su Ming charged towards that person from Evil Sect, who was on his left.

The person who had come was Evil Lust Sect's Bitu. He came charging here with a sullen expression on his face. The area before him in his divine sense was pure chaos, and he could not examine the place. Because of the fog, he could not see clearly either. The only thing he could sense was a wave of killing intent crashing into his face.

With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand and seized the air right after he formed a seal on it. Immediately, five black veins appeared on the back of his right hand, then twisted about before turning into a ferocious ghost face.

This was the divine ability that belonged to Evil Lust Sect's Bitu - The Art of Five Ghost Incarnations. Once he attained complete mastery for this Art, five ghosts would appear indistinctly when he attacked, causing the power of his divine abilities to increase.

At the instant that killing intent came charging towards Bitu, he had already pushed towards it with his right hand. Su Ming walked out of the rolling fog with one step right before him. His expression was calm and he did not say a single word. His head was clear, and in his mind he saw the battle between Hong Luo and Di Tian all those years ago. That battle had been etched in his mind since that time, but he had not managed to gain a lot of epiphanies from it. However, once his power increased, the epiphanies he had gained during that battle had turned into a serendipity, allowing him to understand even more.

Just like at this moment. Su Ming lifted his left hand, and his palm swiftly crashed into Bitu's right hand. There were no rumbling sounds, no ripples of power. In fact, the fog around them did not even move a single bit. It was as if Su Ming's body had suffered the full brunt of the attack.

Su Ming closed his eyes. At the instant their arms met, his left hand bent slightly, and five purplish-black waves of aura surged into his body. At the instant a destructive power was about to erupt, Su Ming's body seemed to have turned into a transition spot. He lifted his right hand, and five veins appeared on the back of his right hand, and it was those five waves of aura gathering on his right hand after swimming through his body.

Hong Luo had done this in the past!

Once Su Ming used it, five waves of aura that were the exact same as Bitu's immediately spread out from his right hand, and he pushed his palm at the fog—

It went straight in the direction of the person from the Immortal sects that had come to this place and was about to show himself.

A violent bang exploded in the fog, and the powerful Ascendancy cultivator from the Immortal sects became incredibly sullen. The violent waves of power around him caused his divine sense to be unable to see what was going on clearly, but there was no way he could mistake that strike just now. That was Evil Lust Sect's Art!

Chapter 654: The Purple-Robed... Di Tian!

The Immortal instinctively withdrew and wanted to temporarily leave this place, but before he could retreat too far, Su Ming swiftly caught up to him. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards him.

In the eyes of the Ascendancy cultivator from the Immortal sects, there was Su Ming, and there was also Bitu. He was right behind him and moving towards him with a face as dark as thunderclouds.

This scene made the Immortal's heart lurch, and because of the attack just now, the first thing he thought of when he saw this was that it was a trap!

"Fellow Daoist Sun, don't misunderstand, I have nothing to do..."

When Bitu saw that the expression on that man's face, he immediately tried to offer an explanation. He knew that he had to make things clear as soon as possible and absolutely not hesitate in this matter.

Yet before he could finish speaking, Su Ming had already closed in on the retreating Ascendancy cultivator with his quick speed and tapped his chest. A shudder wrecked that man's body, and as he coughed up blood, he moved to dodge.

"I was also fighting against this person just now. He was the one causing the chaos! There's no need to waste our breaths, we just need to work together to kill him!"

Bitu's expression was incredibly dark. When he finished speaking, he took a step forward to charge towards Su Ming, and since he was afraid that the Immortal sects would misunderstand him, he started forming a seal with his right hand as he lifted it. A green lotus immediately appeared and rushed towards Su Ming.

"Brother Bi, why are you wasting your breath with him? I've already injured him, all we need to do is kill him!"

At the same time Bitu spoke, Su Ming's aloof voice rang in the air. He clenched his right hand into a fist and threw a punch towards the dodging old man named Sun. His

attitude of completely exposing his back towards Bitu was seen clearly by the old man in Ascendance.

When he had originally heard Bitu's words, the path of his retreat had changed, and uncertainty grew in his heart, but when he heard Su Ming's voice, he became even more undecided. In the end, when he saw Su Ming exposing his back to Bitu, his heart trembled, and he withdrew even faster.

However, in his haste, he did not notice Su Ming gently flicking his left wrist behind himself when that lotus divine ability closed in on him. Due to it, time seemed to have flowed backwards, and the lotus divine ability as well as the raging Bitu both moved backwards slightly.

Because of that, Su Ming could calmly take a step forward and charge towards the escaping old man. In a flash, he disappeared.

This made it look as if Su Ming didn't need to dodge Bitu's lotus divine ability. The Ascendance cultivator, due to Su Ming swiftly appearing beside him a moment after he had disappeared, saw an illusion. Before he could even process what it was, Su Ming had already thrown a punch towards him.

"That man is skilled in imitation Arts! Fellow Daoist Sun, be careful!"

Bitu glared over with fire burning in his eyes. He was just about to take action, but shock appeared in his heart. He could not move his body forward, only backwards!

When his movements finally recovered, a loud bang rang in his ears.

The Immortals' Ascendance cultivator was only in the mid stage. When Su Ming threw his fist, he might have formed a seal with both his hands and pushed forward swiftly, but his body still exploded.

However, right when it happened, his Nascent Divinity swiftly escaped, and in an instant, he was already ten thousand feet away. He was madly escaping back to where the Immortal sects were located.

"Brother Bi, don't worry, that man's Nascent Divinity won't be able to escape!" Su Ming stated flatly and charged towards it with a whistle in the air.

"Shut up!"

Madness appeared in Bitu's eyes. A bang rang out in his body, but he could not fight against the time reversal Art. He might have spoken, but his body was still moving backwards, and anyone who saw this would only see a clear scene of him working together with Su Ming.

"My fellow Daoists in the Immortal sects and fellow sect members in Evil Sect, there is someone causing trouble in this war, and he wants both sides to fight to the death! He's skilled with imitation Arts and looks like a boy! He also has an art that can control time and make others move back...

"Brother Sun, don't misunderstand, this is..." Bitu yelled out quickly, but the more he spoke, the more he found even himself unable to believe in his own words.

Almost at the same time he said these words, hatred that surged into the skies rose within the fleeing Ascendancy cultivator's heart. He had seen everything with his own eyes just now. It did not matter whether it was that art of five ghosts that was executed right at the start, Bitu's withdrawal in the middle, the destruction of his body, or his Nascent Divinity being chased down. All of these things made him certain that this was not just a misunderstanding!

If it was really just a misunderstanding, then he would have Bitu go through that 'misunderstanding' as well!

It was especially so when he heard Bitu's words. It only made him start laughing in anger as he continued escaping.

"Bitu, you old coot! My fellow sect members in all Immortal sects, those goons from Evil Sect want to cover up their misdeeds while destroying all Immortal sects. Sky Mist Dao disciples, you mustn't stop fighting... even if you die..."

Almost at the instant the Ascendancy cultivator said these words, a shrill scream of pain cut them off, ringing through the entire battlefield. Su Ming flashed past that cultivator's Nascent Divinity, and with one punch, shattered it.

Due to the fog, only the man's voice had traveled through the entire area. However, all those who heard it could tell clearly that he had been silenced...

The temporary ceasefire which might have possibly happened became impossible. The Yin Dragons rained down chaos, the Shaman Souls continued their slaughter, while havoc occurred everywhere else along with never ending screams of pain!

Evil Sect and the Immortal sects had come to an agreement, but that consensus between them was incredibly fragile. Both sides were on guard against the other, and once this string of events occurred, it was practically impossible for any new agreement to be made between them!

Banging sounds echoed within the fog on the ground. As the battles continued at a frenzied pace, a red wave of ripples instantly came from Sky Mist Dao. Those ripples came from an oil lamp, and it was currently floating in midair. The oil within it was red, just like blood!

The lamp being lit up caused the blood on the ground to begin exuding an endless amount of blood fog as if it was boiling. It fused with the black fog, as if it contained some sort of venom.

There were waves of burning heat that instantly rose within the battlefield, as if they wanted to burn down everything.

This was Sky Mist Dao's retaliation after their Great Sect Elder died!

And since Hidden Dragon Sect as well as Sky Mist Dao brought out powerful Enchanted Treasures, it was only natural that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would not remain uninvolved. Four huge logs, several hundreds of feet wide, materialized right before it. There were a large amount of runic symbols drawn on them, and as they glowed, the four logs fell on the ground simultaneously.

Violent rumbling sounds spread out, and the entire ground immediately started shaking. Cracking sounds shot into the air as cracks tore the ground before the earth shattered. Thick waves of Earthen Aura gushed out, causing all the cultivators from Evil Sect who were touched by that aura to immediately start trembling. They then soon withered away and turned into skeletons.

In the midst of this uncontrollable situation, Evil Sect also brought out its ultimate moves. Each of Evil Lust Sect disciples brought out a blood-red skin pouch from their storage bags, and once they drank the contents, they instantly lifted their heads and roared. Loud sounds rang from their bodies, and they swelled up, growing much larger in size. Their eyes turned bloodshot, full of crazed killing intent.

As those roars echoed in the air, their power increased exponentially, and as if they did not know pain and fatigue, they rushed out with sounds reminiscent of wild beasts.

Red beads of sweat appeared on their bodies, and as they moved forward, this red sweat bounced off their skin and swiftly gathered in midair to turn into a gigantic blood-red kirin!

This creature might look indistinct, but when it appeared, its presence shook the sky and earth so greatly that it made even the fog in the area sink slightly!

This was true war. The outburst of new battles and the increase in the number of deaths let Su Ming suck in a deep breath of the bloody stench in the battlefield. Pain appeared on his left hand, and it was the type that would only appear if his hand was swollen. This was caused by absorbing too much aura of death, but he still continued making the mark on his left hand continue absorbing more

The Curse on his right hand had already made it turn black. The number of people who were affected by the Curse also grew, and every single time one of them died, their bodies would explode, and the people around them would be infected.

Su Ming hid away all his presence. He could feel several divine senses stretching out madly through the battlefield, clearly looking for him, but they could never manage to find him. As the war continued, the number of people who tried searching for him decreased, but there were still about three or four of them!

Su Ming was leaning against the stone on which he'd sat at the start of the battle. Qian Chen was behind him, still lying on the ground and pretending to be dead. He might not know what was happening around him, but the continuous booms and screams of pain as well as the boiling blood on the ground filled him with shock and fear.

A little while after the amount of battles increased exponentially and the number of deaths jumped by leaps and bounds, Su Ming noticed two war chariots of a thousand feet in size appearing within Great Leaf Immortal Sect in his divine sense!

A destructive presence that made even his pupils shrink spread out from those war chariots. Soon after, as shocking booms erupted from them, two rays of white light rose into the air from within a bag and charged towards Evil Sect. At that instant, the world turned white.

It was as if time had stopped during that instant. Immediately after, a deafening noise shot up. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The aura of death coming from ten thousand people was surging towards him madly, without being seen by anyone else.

The shocking presence erupted once more from the two war chariots from Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, and an incredibly solemn expression appeared on his face. He did not expect that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would be in possession of such a terrifying Enchanted Treasure!

His eyes sparkled, revealing a hint of excitement within them. This was the first Enchanted Treasure from all those he had seen among all these sects that had ignited a strong wave of interest in him.

Just as he was about to go forward, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt. His expression swiftly changed and he instantly lifted his head to stare fixedly at the area above him. At that moment, a gigantic vortex had appeared in the fog above him, and as booming sounds came there, a long purple arc came charging through it.

That long arc had descended from the sky into the fog, and it was... the purple-robed Di Tian!

His body crashed down with a loud bang, and right behind him was a black fan that was staying on his heels in its spread-out form!

At that moment, Su Ming could no longer suppress his killing intent and madness. In fact, he no longer wanted to suppress it. He did not expect that one of Di Tian's clones would descend here, resulting in the two clones being separated!

This was a chance, a chance that was, to Su Ming, given by heaven!

His eyes immediately turned bloody red!

Chapter 655: So What if It Is a Trap?!

Should he fight, or should he not?!

Should he attack, or continue holding back?!

This was an incredibly difficult choice. However, Su Ming had to make his decision as soon as possible, right at that moment. If he chose correctly, then his chances of killing Di Tian's clone would increase, but if he chose wrong, then everything he had done up to this point might come to naught.

Di Tian's clone had already descended to the ground. Once a loud bang shot up, the fog swiftly spread outwards, making it seem as if was about to be completely chased away from the ground.

The land trembled, and the fan that chased after the purple-robed Di Tian swiftly closed in on him. By the looks of it, it seemed like the thought of killing Di Tian was embedded within the very core of its being.

Su Ming's eyes turned blood red. Veins filled his entire face. This decision was too important. This chance was too rare. This threw Su Ming's original plan completely off balance.

His chance was right in front of his face, but was this a real chance or a gigantic trap? Su Ming... could not tell.

'I'll take that risk!'

A red glow shone in Su Ming's eyes. He was unwilling to accept giving up on this chance, even if it was a trap. If that was really so, the bait within that trap was still enough to tempt Su Ming.

His goal was to kill Di Tian's clones, and if those two clones were separated, then it would be the best chance for Su Ming. Even if it was a trap... so what?!

Resolve appeared on Su Ming's face. He sucked in a deep breath, and in an instant, his entire presence retreated inside, not a single hint spilling out. Then, like a sword in its scabbard, he began swiftly charging towards Di Tian without a sound.

There was no sound of anything slicing through air, neither was there any piercing whistles. There was only a wave of killing intent that would not retreat or back down until it tasted blood. That killing intent was kept within Su Ming, and it was a powerful will that would either burst out in an explosive force in silence, or die in it!

Su Ming charged towards Di Tian, and he was so quick that no words could describe his speed any longer. Not even saying he was like a flash of lightning would suffice. Everything before him turned into a blur. The only thing clear was the purple figure, that person who he hated to his very core and had sworn to kill.

The existence which prevented him from reaching Berserker Soul Realm, which controlled his life, and even turned everything in Dark Mountain into an illusion

During the two battles they had fought against each other, Su Ming had once killed Di Tian with an external force, and during the second time, he had lost horribly, even sustaining grave injuries...

'Even if it's a trap, I will still attack!'

An astounding roar shot up in Su Ming's heart. It rumbled within his body, but not a single sound spread out. It gathered within him, fused with his will, and turned into the astonishing speed of his movements right then.

In an instant... No, not even arriving within an instant could describe Su Ming's speed any longer...

The flow of time slowed down in Su Ming's eyes. He swam past an endless amount of disciples from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects. All these people's movements were incredibly slow. It did not matter whether it was their movements or their roars, their attacks or their retreats, everything had slowed to a pace that it seemed as if they were putting in their last struggle as they were caught in mud before they eventually sank into it.

All the scenes, all the bodies around Su Ming had slowed down into a blur. Only Di Tian's body remained clear. At that moment, he was just about to lift up his head as he stood up on the ground and wipe away the blood at the corners of his mouth. His gaze was not directed towards where Su Ming was, but at the fan that was closing in on him from the sky.

Time froze at this instant!

Su Ming traveled even faster with each passing moment, just like a sword that was slowly being drawn out of its scabbard. At the instant he was less than hundreds of feet behind Di Tian. All his power, life, Qi, will, and every fiber of his being fused together and gathered into one small dot that broke through the space within the world to appear right behind Di Tian!

Everything about him turned into a single finger. At the instant he pointed forward, the world lost all color, the universe rumbled, everyone and everything around him were no longer moving in slow motion, but became completely still.

Only his finger charged towards that purple-robed Di Tian like the shadow of death!

Right at the instant that finger of his was about to land, Di Tian, who had his back turned towards Su Ming, turned his head around swiftly, and a brilliant ray of light erupted forth from his awe-inspiring eyes.

"I knew... I would be able to lure you out..."

Even at the instant that purple-robed Di Tian said these words, not a single hint of emotion stirred up in Su Ming's heart. That sentence only meant that his previous uncertainties were not unfounded, and they also showed that the purple-robed Di Tian's descent to the ground was completely intentional. He wanted to use this method of separating one of his clones from the other to lure out... Destiny, who Di Tian believed might come!

Su Ming had firsthand experience of just how calculative and intelligent Di Tian was since a long time ago. When he encountered it again, even though he was guessing whether he would fail if he attacked... but with enough bait, it was still enough for Su Ming to choose the option to attack, despite knowing just how dangerous it would be!

Di Tian was fishing. He scattered his bait, thinking that he would just be fishing for a normal fish, and a normal fish would surely die without a doubt if it took that bait. But Di Tian... should be afraid of not only losing that bait, but also... catching a murderous dragon that would devour him!

With a calm expression, Su Ming's finger swiftly landed against Di Tian's lifted right hand.

At the instant they touched, the dot that was formed after Su Ming fused his power, life, will, and everything else erupted with a bang. Then, like a sword that was drawn out from its scabbard, the killing intent he had suppressed for a long time erupted at full force!

"Di Tian!"

Su Ming's low growl fused together with the astonishing booms that shook the sky and earth, and like the might of heaven itself, he poured out every fiber of his being into his attack.

Such a loud bang was something that had never appeared before on this battlefield. Even if there had been an endless amount of battles on the ground previously, a noise of this intensity had never come to be. This bang sounded as if it should not have

appeared in this world. When it echoed in the air and spread out, an innumerable amount of disciples from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects shuddered and coughed up blood as they fell backwards.

There were even quite a few that could not withstand the shock and exploded.

A layer of ripples with Su Ming and Di Tian as their center spread out with loud rumbling sounds towards all directions. Wherever they went, the fog on the ground would fall back, the bodies of the disciples from both sides would be swept up against their will, and the endless amount of stones on the ground would turn into smithereens with a bang!

In the midst of that sound, a shudder wrecked through Di Tian's body. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. This body of his had already sustained injuries when he fought against Ji An, and with that clash, the power that erupted from Su Ming caused his heart to tremble, and he took a few steps backwards.

Su Ming's right index finger exploded. As it was reduced to a bloody mess, he coughed up a large mouthful of blood, but he forced himself to stop, preventing any signs of retreating to appear on him. An even quicker speed erupted from him, and he charged straight towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

"I've been searching for you for a long time. I deduced that if you learned of our battle against Evil Sect, you would surely conceal your identity and come to this place... Indeed, you did not disappoint me..."

A brilliant light appeared in Di Tian's eyes. His goal in this fight against Evil Sect was not Destiny, but truly the control over Eastern Wastelands Tower. However, using this incident to lure out Destiny was one of his intentions.

He could not find Destiny. No matter what sort of Arts he cast, he could not find him. That sort of feeling that made him feel as if something was stuck in his throat made him remember the battle he had had against Su Ming all those years ago, and killing intent would rise within him whenever he recalled it.

All Immortals knew about Destiny, but only Di Tian alone had executed a plan to use him. This plan had dragged in too many people, and there were some other sects that were involved in it, but he hid the real truth from them. If he succeeded... then Di Tian might even have a chance to usurp Dao Chen and replace him!

However... when he fought against Su Ming all those years ago, he had witnessed Su Ming's power to turn back time, had seen him turning into Destiny. This was something he would never forget, and his heart had even shuddered lightly, something that rarely happened to him.

It was also right at that moment that he clearly realized... that a fatal flaw had appeared in his plans for Destiny. A crack that could not be closed up had opened up, and the possibility of him succeeding in his plans was already slim to none. In fact, it was already completely impossible for them to work.

He thought about that he would have to face Su Ming once he grew up into a terrifying existence, as well as the series of problems that might be brought to him once more people learned of his plans, and ... his thoughts changed.

He endured the pain and gave up on the plan that could no longer succeed even after he had prepared it for ten thousand years. He wanted to destroy Destiny and wipe away all traces of that plan without making a single ruckus.

The battle between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect was a great chance to lure him out in Di Tian's eyes. That was why... he had descended to the ground earlier, so that he could use himself as bait and make Su Ming attack him.

He knew that no one else would dare to attack him if he descended on the battlefield due to his status. Once anyone tried to ambush him, then that person... would definitely be the Destiny that he had been unable to find!

However, he had not expected that the power Su Ming could bring forth would be so much greater compared to what he possessed in the past, just a short few years back. That one tap had actually made Di Tian's pupils shrink and even torn through the injuries in his body.

As Di Tian retreated, Su Ming swiftly rushed forward and lifted his left hand. At the instant he pushed his palm towards the sky, a large amount of green fog instantly spread out from his left hand. That green fog stirred all the aura of death in the battlefield, and as it gathered and was absorbed into Su Ming's hand, the world rumbled at the instant he raised his left arm, its palm facing the sky.

'So what if it's a trap?! As long as the bait is good, that is enough!'

The green fog surrounded Su Ming's left hand, then spread out to turn into seven green shadows. They swiftly grew larger, and in an instant, surrounded the entire space between the sky and earth, catching everyone's attention in the battlefield!

The fog Ji An placed in the battlefield had already been torn into several pieces due to the impact just now. It fell backwards in all directions, as if several pairs of invisible hands were chasing it away, and for the first time since the battle started... the ground became clear!

There were only several tens of thousands of people left at that moment, and their gazes all gathered on Su Ming and Di Tian!

Even the eyes of Ji An, who had been fighting against the golden-robed Di Tian in the sky, flashed with a brilliant light. He whipped his head around to look towards Su Ming, and a strange smile gradually curled up on his lips.

"I see... so that's it!" His smile grew wider.

Chapter 656: Activate Verdant Abyssal Seal!

"Who is he?"

"That boy looks like he's only fifteen or sixteen, but the person he's fighting against is... the Heavenly Emperor Di Tian! It's Lord Di Tian!"

"He can fight against Lord Di Tian, not perishing from that first strike, and not only did he not withdraw, he even took the initiative and attacked... This... This is..."

Once the fog on the ground scattered away, tens of thousands of gazes instantly gathered on Su Ming and Di Tian, and an uproar immediately rose into the air.

All of this was because of Di Tian!

If Su Ming was not fighting against him, then it would be difficult for him to catch such a shocking level of attention, and cause such an astonishing level of commotion among the people. Di Tian's status was simply too high. He was one of the three Sovereigns and five Emperors among the Immortals and had the highest level of cultivation among all those in the Immortal sects who descended in the land of Berserkers, even if this was just his clone and not his real self.

Even if he was just a clone, he still possessed power that was enough to cause all those around him to look up to him, causing all those who were currently watching the fight to feel their breathing stop. Disbelief appeared on their faces.

It was especially so for those who knew Su Ming. Their faces were rife with the inability to accept this. Bao Qiu looked at the sky with a dumbfounded face as she stood on the battlefield. Her head was ringing and her thoughts were in a mess. Even though she knew that Su Ming had extraordinary power and she had even witnessed him fighting against Shen Dong, but she would never have expected... that he would dare to attack Di Tian!

Who was Di Tian? He was one of the five Emperors, and these people were the strongest among the Immortals, those who had reached the pinnacle of all pinnacles.

Even if it was just a clone, this sort of person could still make the weather change if he wanted to.

A dazed expression appeared on Bao Qiu's face, and she didn't manage recover even after a long time had passed.

It was especially so when she saw that exchange of blows between Su Ming and Di Tian just now. Su Ming might have gained an advantage because he laid out an ambush, but the fact that he had not managed to get himself killed by Di Tian's attack was still enough to make his name ring through the world.

But she did not know that this was not the first time Su Ming had fought against Di Tian. In truth, this was his third time!

In fact, Su Ming had even managed to kill one of Di Tian's clones. He might have used the power from the God of Berserkers, but the clone had still died, and that was fact!

During the second time, Su Ming might have been wounded badly and lost horribly, but he had made Di Tian pay for the consequences. He had forced him into an incredibly pathetic state!

This was the third time. With Bao Qiu's power, what she saw was Su Ming ambushing Di Tian, but that was not the truth. Di Tian was not completely unprepared. The exchange of blows just now was a true clash between the two of them.

Qian Chen was originally pretending to be dead, but when the fog scattered and he saw Su Ming fighting against Di Tian in midair, he started trembling and rubbed his eyes hard before a stunned expression appeared on his face.

'Senior... That guy is too bold, to the point he's reckless! He... He actually went and challenged Di Tian... Oh dear, it's over now. I trusted the wrong person... This guy's dead meat...'

As these thoughts appeared in Qian Chen's mind, his heart started racing in his chest. He might be regarding Su Ming's situation with a rather pessimistic outlook, but in the depths of his heart, he was gradually growing more excited.

His gaze as he looked at Su Ming made him feel as if he was getting to know him again.

Shen Dong's expression changed several times. He looked at Su Ming, who was fighting against Di Tian, with a complicated look on his face. The seven Verdant Abyssal shadows in the sky were extremely familiar to him. This was originally his divine ability... the Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal.

This was also one of the reasons why he had been able to recognize Su Ming at first glance. This person, who had fought against him just recently, had left a deep memory

in Shen Dong's mind. He had also gained a lot during that fight, but he had never imagined that their second meeting would be under such circumstances.

He immediately remembered the chaos that had occurred between Evil Sect and the Immortal sects just moments ago, and knew that it must have come from this person's hands. As for why he did it...

'He wants to kill Di Tian!'

Shen Dong's heart trembled. The answer he obtained made him think that his thoughts were incredibly absurd, but what he saw right before his eyes made him suck in a deep breath. This was because Di Tian was retreating while wiping the corners of his mouth, while Su Ming's Qi was growing with each passing moment.

In Shen Dong's eyes, this Su Ming was already far too different from the one who had fought against him. They gave off two entirely different feelings of power, and if the one who had fought against him previously had been the one who attacked Di Tian, then their battle might have immediately ended right when it started.

"It's him... It's him..."

There was a person mumbling right next to Shen Dong, and the one who was doing it was Evil Lust Sect's Bitu. He stared at Su Ming in the sky, and all his blood turned cold. This was a person who could fight against Di Tian. This thought made all his original intentions of searching for Su Ming to kill him so that he could take revenge vanish like a puff of smoke.

However, for a reason that was unknown even to him, when he looked at Su Ming, a vague sense of familiarity rose in his heart. Yet his face and his divine abilities were incredibly foreign to him, making this sense of familiarity really out of place. It was odd.

In truth... Bitu was not the only one who had this sense of familiarity rising within the depths of his heart!

When all those familiar faces within Su Ming's memories gathered their gazes on him as they stood on the battlefield, that sense naturally rose within them as well.

Yet this familiarity ran into conflict with the unfamiliar sight before them, causing all the people who had this feeling to not say a word. All of them only thought that it was a figment of their imagination.

However, even though Su Ming's appearance had changed, due to their encounter in Freezing Sky Clan, Beiling and Chenxin's sense of familiarity gradually overlapped with Su Ming's current appearance. This feeling then turned into a complicated look on their faces.

The woman in white from the Immortal sects had a pale look on her face, and she did not regret her previous decision. Right then, the sight before clearly proved that if she had exposed this person earlier and affected his plans to kill Di Tian, then the only outcome waiting for her would have been death.

Her death would have been nothing, but since this person possessed the courage to fight against Di Tian and had even laid out such a plan to kill him, then he must surely have some level of confidence to do so. Once... she provoked this sort of person, then there was a high chance that she would be bringing a large problem to her own sect!

Su Ming stared at Di Tian. He knew that there were tens of thousands of eyes looking at him at the moment, but he paid no attention to them. Right then, the only thing that existed in his world was Di Tian.

There was only one thought that existed in his mind at that moment as well - kill Di Tian!

Seven large green shadows connecting the sky and earth surrounded him, forming an indescribable wave of pressure that made the world lose its color, caused the earth to tremble, and made a solemn look appear on Di Tian's face.

Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal. The more aura of death it absorbed, the greater the power it would deliver. At that moment, this seal had absorbed the aura of death from tens of thousands of people, and as Su Ming executed this Art, the seven shadows instantly gained corporeal form.

Their green robes, thick waves of death, and their hidden faces caused the seven shadows to look like the Kings of Hell. At the same time, a dignified air spread out from their bodies, and they looked as if they were connecting with the underworld.

They... took a step forward simultaneously and appeared around Di Tian. At the instant they surrounded him, Su Ming spoke at a shocking volume, his words falling into the ears of all those who were watching the battle.

"Seven Abyssal..."

When Su Ming let out a low growl, the seven shadows lifted their heads at the same time. Dark light shone from within the robes that covered their bodies, and an exceedingly thick wave of death immediately spread out from them to cover the sky and seal off the ground.

The light in the world started twisting and getting indistinct at that moment. The world seemed to have lost a large amount of color within a moment, turning into a desolate land of only black and white.

"Yin Death..." Su Ming growled. The seven shadows instantly bent their backs and bowed swiftly towards Di Tian, who was surrounded in the middle!

At the instant they bowed, Su Ming flew up and pushed his left hand swiftly towards the sky.

"Activate, Verdant Abyssal Seal!"

The purple-robed Di Tian's expression changed. At the instant the seven shadows around him bowed, he suddenly felt his life force swiftly disappearing. It was as if his Life Matrix could not withstand the seven shadows bowing towards him. It was rapidly disappearing, and for the first time, signs of death descended on him.

The purple-robed Di Tian let out a cold harrumph. He prepared to lift his hand to form a seal to cast an Art so that he could fight against Su Ming's divine ability. He had confidence that he could kill Su Ming in this place, and he would not allow any situation where he could not find him arise again.

This time, to make Su Ming appear, he had even used himself as bait. When he lifted his right hand to form the seal, he was almost certain that he could make this divine ability shatter, no matter how extraordinary it was.

Yet right at the instant he formed that seal with his right hand, suddenly, Su Ming pushed his right hand into his bosom and clenched the grass knot doll in his robes.

A shudder wrecked Di Tian's body. His cultivation base started becoming chaotic, as if he could no longer control it, which was a rare sight.

This sort of chaos was completely inconceivable to him, especially when he was fighting against someone. The appearance of this chaotic cultivation base left Tian momentarily stunned. He might have quelled that chaos in the span of a breath... but he was too late!

When the seven shadows bowed to him, the world roared. Even Ji An and the golden-robed Di Tian swiftly retreated with their expressions changing. Then, right before their eyes, a large amount of clouds in the sky started flowing backwards, revealing the clear sky behind them!

Cracks started appearing swiftly in the sky, and with a bang, it shattered, as if a hole been opened up. An endless amount of Yin Death Fog madly surged in during that instant, as if it was sucked in. A roar reverberated through the are, and the Yin Death Fog charged towards Di Tian.

From the distance, it was as if a gigantic pillar of fog had descended from the sky beyond and crashed down.

Di Tian was just about to dodge, but he suddenly felt a sharp stab of pain. His cultivation base became chaotic again. His expression changed drastically, but he could no longer dodge.

CRASH!

A gigantic pillar of fog that was a thousand feet wide descended to the ground from the sky, with Di Tian right in the middle of it. He was completely covered by it. The pillar of fog charged towards the ground, and when a roar surged into the sky, a tremor so great it had never appeared before spread out through the land, causing the tens of thousands of people left in the area to immediately withdraw in an attempt to dodge.

Shock-filled eyes gathered on Su Ming from all the directions. Those gazes were filled with shock, disbelief, confusion, and even more so, astonishment.

Chapter 657: Grass Knot Puppet!

Sikong stood at the edge of the battlefield. He had been injured too badly previously, and the power of the Curse within him was incredibly difficult to deal with. Right then, his whole body was filled with a large amount of rotting black patches.

His hate towards Su Ming was already running so deep that it reached the depths of his soul, but after he saw his battle against Di Tian, and especially after he saw the pillar of fog that descended from the sky, his breathing quickened and his heart trembled.

Su Ming's strength made Sikong completely hide away his thoughts for revenge. He did not dare reveal even a single hint of it. At the same time, he felt a strong sense of danger rise within him, making him look swiftly towards the black patches on his body.

The intensity of that sense of danger was like a flood that almost drowned him. Sikong had a clear hunch that if he did not manage to get rid of these black patches within a short period of time... then his body and soul would be destroyed!

This feeling was too strong, causing him to no longer hesitate, and he brought out an incredibly valuable medicinal core his sect had given him before.

The core's name was Sacred Half Step!

It was a medicinal core that was rare even in Evil Sect, and only prodigies like him would be given one of these things. This core had no use towards training. Its greatest effect was to heal injuries.

Sikong had always been reluctant to use this, but now... he brought it out without hesitation. With gritted teeth, he placed it in his mouth.

Shen Dong's eyes went wide and he sucked in a sharp breath. There was no one else who was more familiar with this Verdant Abyssal Seal than him in this place, but at that moment, Shen Dong looked as if he was seeing it for the first time. His heart trembled, his mind rang, and he suddenly understood the true method to use this Verdant Abyssal Seal. It was unlike what he had previously done. Su Ming's method was the true way of bringing out its might!

The Verdant Abyssal Seal he cast could let him fight against powerful warriors at the same stage as he was, but in Su Ming's hands, it had managed to gain such power that it could threaten Di Tian's clone.

The golden-robed Di Tian's face turned livid with rage as he stood in the sky. He glared at Su Ming, who was standing beneath him, and took a sudden step forward. Right at the moment he was about to charge down though, his footsteps came to a sudden halt. Then, right before his eyes, Ji An walked out from the air in front of him.

"He could manipulate the power of Yin Death in this place and make it descend... That child down there... must be that Destiny, no...? But by the looks of it, you seem to want to kill him?" Ji An asked with a smile.

Di Tian's expression grew dark, but before he could say a single word, the gigantic pillar of fog beneath gradually disappeared to reveal a pit of about thousands of feet deep on the ground, as well as Di Tian, who was sitting within a ball of dull, purple light.

That Di Tian's expression was pale. When he lifted his head, the purple light around him instantly shattered, and the Emperor's robe on his body swiftly turned dull. Not a single hint of color remained.

He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and it spilled on the ground before him. At that moment, the purple-robed Di Tian's face was incredibly pale, but killing intent rose like surging waves in his eyes. He slowly stood up and glared at Su Ming.

There was also blood at the corners of Su Ming's mouth. When he wiped it away, he lifted his left hand and pressed it swiftly on his right arm, all while keeping his gaze fixed on Di Tian. With those actions, his right arm instantly grew taut. His flesh and blood on that arm changed and looked as if it had become like that of a golden statue.

Su Ming cut open a gash on his right arm with his left index finger. Multiple bloody gashes could be seen under his skin. This bizarre act instantly caught the attention of all those around him.

Even the purple-robed Di Tian also found his pupils shrinking at that sight.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming pushed two fingers into the wound on his right arm, and slowly, right before everyone's eyes, he brought out something from within the flesh and blood of that limb!

That was a blood-red ring!

Su Ming had obtained it many years ago from Madam Ji. It was something Ji Yun Hai had obtained by coincidence, and it was the source of the Curse.

Su Ming had hidden this ring in his right arm, which was why his Curse had become stronger and gained more depth as his power increased. It was also the true reason why he had been able to gather the Curse on his right hand.

Almost at the instant Su Ming brought out that red ring, the presence of the Curse swiftly surrounded the wound, and the gash closed up in an instant. Su Ming placed the ring... right where he had lost his right index finger.

That finger had shattered into pieces, but when Su Ming placed the ring on that appendage, the presence of the Curse instantly exploded. It gathered together into a finger, which was the Curse's finger!

At the instant the ring was on the Curse's finger, the power of the Curse spread out from Su Ming's entire right hand. It caused the weather to change, and the hearts of all the people watching trembled.

Even Ji An narrowed his eyes, and a brilliant light shone briefly within them.

At the same time, a strong sense of danger rose within the purple-robed Di Tian's heart. He could not let Su Ming continue. The feeling of danger from his right hand was actually much stronger than that from his left hand!

But what truly shocked Di Tian was how his cultivation base had become chaotic when Su Ming had used that Verdant Abyssal Seal earlier. That chaos and that stab of pain he'd felt had come incredibly suddenly, causing him to be completely incapable of predicting and reacting to them. This strange occurrence made Di Tian have a strong feeling that there was a distinct difference between his current self and his past self.

'I have to destroy him in this battle, or else... if he has more time, then it'll be even more difficult to suppress him.'

The purple-robed Di Tian swiftly took a step forward and turned into a long purple arc that flew straight out of the pit and closed in on Su Ming within an instant.

He might be injured, but those injuries were forcefully suppressed. He had confidence that this particular clone of his still contained an overwhelming advantage in strength over Su Ming.

If no one interfered with his actions, then there was no way he would fail in killing him this time!

Besides, even if someone tried to stop him, the other clone would do everything he could to delay that person at all costs.

Almost at the instant Di Tian closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed it against his chest before he immediately opened his mouth and spat out a ray of green light. It immediately turned into Han Mountain Bell and charged towards Di Tian. As bell chimes reverberated through the air, the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon manifested instantly above it.

When the bell appeared, Ji An turned his head swiftly around, but once he saw that it was the shadow of the Nine-Headed Dragon, he calmed down.

However... the tens of thousands of people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects around the area could not see it too clearly. Because of that, once they saw Han Mountain Bell, they were instantly unable to quell the roars in their hearts, and voices rose into the air once again.

"Eastern Wastelands Bell?!"

"Could... Could this be Eastern Wastelands Bell, but it's impossible!"

"Who is he?! He can fight against Di Tian's clone, and even has the priceless treasure that is Eastern Wastelands Bell... He's a Berserker!"

In the midst of those voices, Hidden Dragon Sect's Chenchong stared blankly at Su Ming. His mind was a mess. That sense of familiarity had become even clearer, but no matter what, he could not recall where he had seen this person before.

His face and divine abilities were all so incredibly unfamiliar to him...

Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan had an incredibly dark expression on his face. He stared at Su Ming in the sky, and gradually, a frightening guess rose swiftly from the depths of his heart.

'He brought so much of Lord Di Tian attention on himself... and he set up such a plan to kill Lord Di Tian... This child... could he be...?'

Jingnan's breathing quickened and he turned his head swiftly towards Chenchong. Then, right before his eyes, he saw a dazed look on Chenchong's face, who had now woken up from his grave injuries. His heart let out a loud thump against his chest.

'Could it really be him?!'

Shihai's expression changed swiftly. In his entire life, there was one thing that had changed the path in his life. This was something he had always kept buried deep in his

heart. At that moment, his heart trembled, and as he looked at Su Ming, the sense of familiarity brought a sense to him as if even his blood was trembling.

There was also Evil Spirit Sect's Shanhen. He looked dazed, and the familiarity he felt brought a stab of pain in his head... This sensation made him feel as if some sort of memory which had been sealed away was trying to break free to reveal itself.

There were also a dazed expression on Chenlong[1] from Great Leaf Immortal Sect and also on the man who was the Head of the Guards in Dark Mountain within Su Ming's memories. Their hearts trembled, and they looked at each other. In the midst of their uncertainty, shock appeared within their hearts.

There was also Sky Mist Dao's Wu Le. This ordinary looking woman also had a dazed expression on her face. She looked at Su Ming blankly, and that sense of familiarity made her sink into her thoughts for a long time.

However, all of these feelings remained indistinct. Some people had begun asking questions, while some continued feeling lost and dazed. The bell chimes from Han Mountain Bell caused all of their hearts to tremble, and their attention was drawn towards it.

Han Mountain Bell turned into a bell that was a thousand feet big and blocked Di Tian's path. At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed his palm towards the ground.

The land trembled with a loud bang. Then, a large number of Immortal sect disciples started shuddering violently and let out shrill screams of pain. Their bodies were instantly filled with a large amount of black patches, and in the blink of an eye, they started melting as if they were rotting away...

As these Immortal sect disciples died, Su Ming's right hand turned into a black mess. It looked as if there was some sort of color spreading out from it, and there was a strangely enchanting radiance to his hand.

Right then, a shocking roar reverberated through the entire world. The purple-robed Di Tian had executed his World Punishment Art and caused Han Mountain Bell to instantly disintegrate. Then, he turned into a sharp, long arc that sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming.

Right at the instant he closed in, Su Ming brought out a grass knot doll with his left hand from his bosom. The doll was gray, and there was a thick aura of death surrounding it. At the instant it appeared, a shrill howl that was voiceless but could be detected faintly with divine senses rang out from within it.

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes. With the Curse's black aura swirling on his right hand, he pressed it against the grass knot doll, causing the doll to be instantly dyed in black!

Chapter 658: I Curse You...

At the instant the doll was dyed black, Di Tian's footsteps came to an abrupt halt, coming to a complete stop hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. His expression turned incredibly dark, for a large amount of black aura had appeared around him out of nowhere.

He couldn't not stop. At that instant, he felt as if he had lost control of his own body. A power that actually terrified him seemed to be staring at him in the form of a pair of eyes in the endless universe.

This was a form of might. It was a form of... pressure that came from the ground, the world, the entire land of Berserkers. For some unknown reason, it now had gathered on his body.

Black smoke surrounded him, and it grew extremely thick in an instant.

This was Su Ming's Curse. The black smoke was his killing intent, his desire to kill Di Tian!

It was originally impossible for the Curse to gather on Di Tian, but due to Su Ming's skillful execution of his Art, the connection tying the grass knot doll and Di Tian was successfully used to lead the Curse on Di Tian.

"I curse you... that you will fall into the rivers of the netherworld and never see light again!" Su Ming took a step forward, and with his Curse-ridden right hand, he ripped off the doll's right arm!

"I curse you... that no matter in which universe they are, all those with your blood coursing through their veins would perish, die, and sink into hell along with your soul!" Su Ming took another step forward and ripped apart the grass knot doll's left arm.

Panic appeared on the purple-robed Di Tian's face, which was a rare sight. He could feel pain coming from his right arm, as well as the pain of his left arm being torn. More importantly, the black smoke had already seeped into his body... and he could not even move an inch.

'This is impossible!' Di Tian roared in his heart. To him, Su Ming was somebody who's fate had always been controlled. Even if he was able to free himself from its shackles some time ago, since he had yet to grow strong, he was still just an ant in Di Tian's eyes.

Di Tian was confident that he could crush that ant, even if he had to do it a few times. Still, whatever happened, Su Ming would be unable to escape from his palm. That was why he had thought of using himself as bait, but now... Su Ming had attacked twice. The first time was when he had used that Verdant Abyssal Seal, which had made Di Tian use his divine ability and his Enchanted Treasure to resist it. This time, he had attacked with the Curse's power.

And he had lost all his mobility. He could no longer control his own body. The shadow of death looming over his heart grew endlessly, making him have the impression that at the moment he made himself bait, he had cut off all his escapes!

This bizarre scene made all those who saw it to suck in a sharp breath. They were unfamiliar with this particular Art, especially since that doll in Su Ming's doll looked simple and even comical, yet no one could laugh. A chill that came straight from the depths of their hearts filled all their souls at that instant.

An Art that could control someone with just one doll. An Art that could curse others with just one doll, and there was no way to guard against it!

Right then, Su Ming had turned into the epitome of malice and strangeness in the eyes of those tens of thousands of people in the area...

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank as he remained in the sky. In fact, a large amount of black smoke had appeared around him as well. As it did so, he could clearly feel the panic within the purple-robed Di Tian's heart.

However, the golden-robed Di Tian was clearly more powerful than its counterpart. At that moment, golden light shone on his body, and as it did, it looked like it was fighting against the black smoke, allowing the golden-robed Di Tian to be able to move. And he did so. But just as he was about to charge out, he was once again blocked off by Ji An.

"Ji An! This has nothing to do with you! This is my private matter, how dare you stop me?!" The golden-robed Di Tian's voice reverberated in the air.

"The Candle Dragon's Curse... He's quite remarkable... As for you, well, I can choose not to stop you, as long as you admit defeat and let Evil Sect have control over Eastern Wastelands Tower..." Ji An smiled. He lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground. Immediately, a fan swiftly flew up from the ground. Once he held it in his hand, he looked towards the golden-robed Di Tian.

A dark glint flashed briefly in the golden-robed Di Tian's eyes. Without a single word, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pointed towards Ji An, who responded with a loud laugh. He swung his fan forward, and the two people were immediately engaged in a battle in the sky.

One of them wanted to rush forward, while the other would not allow it. In an instant, the battle between them erupted and grew intense.

As the two of them fought, Su Ming's voice reverberated in all directions.

"I curse you... that your soul will suffer through billions of billions of reincarnations, then suffer through the grudges of the world, and endless destruction!

"I curse you... that your skin will disintegrate, that your flesh will rot, and you will have a taste of the greatest pain brought to you by the world, forever and ever...

"I curse you... that your bones will shatter, inch by inch, into fragments and turn into sharp spikes that will devour your flesh and blood..."

Su Ming ripped off the doll's legs and tore apart its body. There was an indescribable hatred and madness within his voice, and just by listening to it, it was enough to make anyone begin trembling from the depths of their hearts. It was even more so for the frozen purple-robed Di Tian.

"I curse you... that your bloodline will end, that your soul will scatter, that your body will rot, that your bones and flesh will be destroyed, and that you will suffer an eternity of being devoured by wandering souls!

"I curse you... to die! Die! Die! DIE!"

Su Ming let out a loud roar and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His face instantly turned pale. The blood fell on the grass knot doll, and the world instantly started roaring. Thunder rumbled without end in the sky, and a blood-red vortex even manifested with loud banging sounds. The edges of that vortex were black, and it covered the entire sky.

This was not the only spot in the sky where something like this happened. At the same time, eight other identical gigantic blood-red vortexes appeared all over Eastern Wastelands. They were like eyes of the sky that remembered Su Ming's words, were bearing witness to his Curse, and... were obeying his voice!

"An anomaly in the world!"

For the first time, Ji An's face changed drastically as he fought against that golden-robed Di Tian, who also had a similarly shocked face.

"This person's Curse actually brought about an anomaly in the world... This can only mean that the world has obeyed his Curse! This... This is not a single person's Curse, but the Curse of the entire land of Berserkers and their universe! Di Tian, just what did you do to offend this person?!" Ji An's pupils shrank.

A shocking clamor shot up from the ground underneath, and all of it was because of that anomaly that had appeared in the world!

"With my life, with my power, with every single fiber of my being, I curse all of Di Tian's clones to perish in the land of Berserkers, and from now onwards, this world forbids Di Tian's existence!"

Blood poured out from Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

His right hand was no longer black. All the black smoke from it had already surged into the grass knot doll, and with his right hand, Su Ming ripped off the doll's head!

The sky roared. The earth trembled. And those rumbles did not just come from Eastern Wastelands, but also South Morning, the Alliance of the Western Region, and from Northern Province as well. The entire sky in the land of Berserkers was roaring. Blood-red vortexes appeared in large quantities throughout the whole world.

The trembling of the land was not limited to just Eastern Wastelands, either. Those tremors shook through all the continents in the land of Berserkers, all the islands, and all the living beings!

It was as if Su Ming... represented the entire world of Berserkers at that moment!

He lifted his right hand at that moment and pointed towards Di Tian!

Chapter 659: The Curse Fulfilled!

Su Ming's long hair danced in the wind as he stood in midair. His face was pale, but the brilliant shine in his eyes made him into the most eye-catching existence in the world.

At that moment, it was as if Su Ming had turned into the beloved child of the entire world of Berserkers. All the land was trembling because of his will, was hateful because of his dislike, and was roaring because of his intent to kill.

This was a divine ability that stirred up the entire world of Berserkers, and it was the first time any of the tens of thousands of people in the land saw something like this in their

lives. A cold chill rose in all of their hearts, and they suddenly had a feeling that they did not fit into this world.

The sand on the ground tumbled about above the ground, as if the tens of thousands of Immortals' existence there obstructed its path. Wind would occasionally blow past them from all directions, and while it seemed gentle, it would suddenly become strong when it fell on their bodies.

The clouds in the sky far ahead sank a lot further down, and at the same time a shadow loomed over everyone. The numerous blood-red vortexes in the sky let out loud rumbling sounds as they spun in a terrifying manner, as if all the lives within the world of Berserkers were roaring.

These roars came from the vortexes in the sky, the wind, the clouds, the sand on the ground, all the mountains, the rivers, the deserts, the plains, as well as the endless amount of lives in the world, be they dead or alive. Everything within the world of Berserkers had fused into those roars.

Within them were the cries of infants, the grudge-filled shrieks of women, the furious roars of men, the piercing howls of anger from ferocious beasts, and the biting, threatening sounds that came from the plants as they sashayed in the wind.

They contained the strikes of water against rock as rivers flowed down the mountains, the roars from the plains, the collapse of the mountains, and the surging waves from the Dead Sea. Everything had fused together with the roars coming from the Berserkers' sky.

At the same time these roars rang in the air, it was as if a voice that could not be heard with human ears lipped into those sounds. This was an indescribable will that had appeared once all the sounds within the land of Berserkers had fused together.

"Get out of our world!"

It was the will contained within all the roars that caused the world of Berserkers to surge towards all the Immortals with an unseen force at that instant, as if all the Immortals... were being rejected by the entire world at that moment!

It was as if the land had been persecuted for tens of thousands of years while enduring through all that suffering throughout the ages, and at that moment, it reached its breaking point. It was as if the land and its people could no longer bear with it, and they wanted to surge out like an explosion to expel all Immortals!

It did not matter whether it was the Immortal sects or Evil Sects. All the cultivators' expression immediately changed. Even Ji An's expression changed drastically, as he fought against Di Tian, and he whipped his head around to look at Su Ming.

That moment was when Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank. At the instant Ji An was shocked because of Su Ming causing the entire world of Berserkers to roar due to one finger, the golden-robed Di Tian took a swift step forward and charged towards Su Ming.

'Resonance... This is resonance! This is the entire world of Berserkers resonating with this child!' Ji An sucked in a sharp breath. He had noticed the golden-robed Di Tian leaving the place, and after a moment of hesitation, he chose not to stop him.

After all, he was also an Immortal... This resonance was too shocking to him. He had never heard of anyone capable of making the entire world resonate with him. Perhaps only the first God of Berserkers had been able to do such a thing in the past?

'Even the master of a world would not be able to resonate with his world. Even the strongest person of a race, too, would be unable to cause this sort of resonance... unless...' Ji An's pupils shrank.

Even if the golden-robed Di Tian was charging forward, he could not change what was already set in stone. At the instant Su Ming's finger swung down, he pointed towards the purple-robed Di Tian.

When he completed the motion of bringing his finger downwards, a thick wave of fatigue appeared in Su Ming's eyes. There was a dull look within them. But it did not matter whether it was the fatigue or the dull look that showed, what lay within the deepest depths of his soul was tranquility.

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered, and disbelief appeared in his eyes. For the first time, he was shocked, and it was to such a degree that even Su Ming's calm heart was pleased when he saw it.

Di Tian... was afraid!

This was the first time Di Tian clearly showed his fear before Su Ming, and that fear caused his haughty image to crack.

"So... you know fear as well!"

Su Ming's finger swiping downwards instantly caused the purple-robed Di Tian's face to turn pale. Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth, and a large amount of black patches appeared on his body. As they started rotting away, it made Di Tian suffer an indescribable pain while he remained frozen in place.

He could also feel his body being strongly rejected by the world at that moment. It was as if there was no possible way that he could coexist with this place. If he did not die, then the killing intent of this world would never cease!

Murkiness replaced the clarity in his eyes, and if anyone had seen the muddy rivers of the netherworld, they would be able to tell with just one glance that the murky shade in Di Tian's eyes was no different from those rivers!

It was as if the purple-robed Di Tian's eyes had turned into the rivers in the netherworld!

They covered his eyes, causing him to never be able to see light again. This was the fulfillment of Su Ming's first curse!

"I curse you... that you will fall into the rivers of the netherworld and never see light again!"

The purple-robed Di Tian could not open his mouth. His throat churned rapidly, as if a shrill scream of pain was raging in his body, but could not find release. His right arm looked as if it had been grabbed by a huge invisible hand at that moment, and it was yanking it outwards.

Then, right before tens of thousands of shocked gazes, the purple-robed Di Tian's right hand was torn off his body, just like how Su Ming had ripped off the grass knot doll's arm previously. It was as if the purple-robed Di Tian had turned into the doll in Su Ming's hands just moments ago!

At the same time, the golden-robed Di Tian, who was closing in from the distance, stopped as a loud bang rang in the air. His face turned pale, and blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. When he looked towards his right arm, he saw the signs that it was about to be ripped off.

A murky shade had also appeared in his eyes, and it was fighting against the golden light within them. He had to stop, because during the previous instant, the wind before him had instantly grown stronger and had come charging towards him in an unseen manner. Even with the golden-robed Di Tian's powerful strength, he still had to stop moving before the wind.

This was not any ordinary wind. This was the will that came from the entire world of Berserkers, from the incredible force rejecting his existence. If the golden-robed Di Tian dared to take one more step forward, then this force rejecting his presence that was formed from all the power in the world would become even stronger.

"How could this be...? This is impossible!"

The golden-robed Di Tian let out a low growl. He took a swift step forward, for he had to save the purple-robed clone. He might be a clone himself, but the will of his real self in

the land of Immortals had let him know that his real self had four clones, with the addition of one more that he had just recently obtained a few months ago. However, from the four, one had already died previously, so no more deaths could occur, or else it would cause quite a significant effect on his real self.

Almost at the instant the golden-robed Di Tian paused, the purple-robed Di Tian lost his right hand, and that limb instantly turned into black ashes. When it scattered away, not a single drop of blood fell from the now-empty shoulder.

Because... he no longer had any blood. His blood and his veins had already been completely corrupted due to Su Ming's second Curse!

As a result, the blood at the corners of the purple-robed Di Tian's lips was swiftly dissipating while his face remained pale. At that instant, his left arm was also torn off by the invisible arm, just like his right arm.

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered, and his hair was slowly changed from black to white. His face seemed to have aged within an instant, and with just one glance, it could be seen that his current appearance was different from how Di Tian looked.

All his life, Di Tian had never expected that his clone would one day be injured so badly by Su Ming's Curse. This Curse had already surpassed the limits of his power. It had fused with the will of the entire world of Berserkers, and it stood right above all forms of power gained from cultivation!

However, the purple-robed Di Tian's Curse was far from over; the outburst had just begun. As his limbs were torn off and his blood as well as his eyes were corrupted, he opened his mouth, unable to control himself, then lifted his head. His soul's presence seemed to have been sucked out during that instant so that it would suffer through the endless cycles of reincarnation within the world.

Piercing, shrill roars swiftly rose from all directions at that moment, and they came from the endless hate-filled spirits in the world. These spirits showed up in the sky, and they were of men and women, of the elderly and the young, and all of them were those who had died in the land of Berserkers.

The raging hate within these spirits rushed towards the purple-robed Di Tian at that moment and surrounded him before they started devouring his soul and his body with madness and enmity!

This was Su Ming's third Curse!

"I curse you... that your soul will suffer through billions of billions of reincarnations, then suffer through the grudges of the world, and endless destruction!"

As the endless hate-filled spirits devoured him, as the tens of thousands of Immortals shuddered and were overwhelmed by terror, as the golden-robed Di Tian roared and rushed over while throwing all caution to the wind, and as Ji An was shocked, full of complicated feelings...

The purple-robed Di Tian shuddered violently. Pain. It was painful, but he could not let out a single sound. It made him suffer through the utmost amount of suffering, and this suffering was enough to make a person's will crumble. More black patches appeared on his body until they covered most of him. The disintegration of his skin, the decay of his bones as well as his blood, and the extreme situation of being unable to scream even though he was in pain was as if the greatest amount of pain in the world had landed on him, and it would never end!

This was Su Ming's fourth Curse!

"I curse you... that your skin will disintegrate, that your flesh will rot, and you will have a taste of the greatest pain brought to you by the world, forever and ever..."

The purple-robed Di Tian, who had lost his arms and whose flesh was rotting away, was beginning to twist in a bizarre fashion. This was because all his bones were shattering inch by inch under the Curse. As they did that, they turned into bone spikes that reversed their positions and stabbed the purple-robed Di Tian's body from the inside.

This sort of pain was enough to make anyone's skin crawl once they thought about it.

Chapter 660: The Berserkers' Kismet!

What sort of enmity could possibly make a person curse another like this? What raging hate could make a whole world resonate with a person's curse...?

The pain the purple-robed Di Tian suffered from the bone spikes in his body at that moment came from Su Ming's fifth Curse!

Moreover, at the instant the Curse was activated so explosively, thunder rumbled in the sky, and a large amount of lightning appeared out of nowhere, once again blocking off the golden-robed Di Tian's path, who had once again intended to move forward!

This was no ordinary lightning, either, or else it would not have been able to stop the golden-robed Di Tian's path. It was formed by the whole world rejecting his existence. It had the strength equivalent to the lightning strikes from Heavenly Judgment, and it had the same strength as the Berserkers' Sacred Vessels.

Under the loud thunder, the purple-robed Di Tian's legs were torn off by the invisible hand, just like how Su Ming had ripped off the doll's legs previously, causing the purple-robed Di Tian to no longer have any legs.

Su Ming's sixth Curse was fulfilled then...

"I curse you... that your bloodline will end, that your soul will scatter, that your body will rot, that your bones and flesh will be destroyed, and that you will suffer an eternity of being devoured by wandering souls!"

Once the purple-robed Di Tian's body collapsed, Su Ming's seventh Curse was fulfilled!

A large amount of black smoke surrounded Di Tian's body, causing the majority of it to shatter, and his expression twisted. By then, his hair had already turned white. As his appearance changed, what appeared was no longer Di Tian, but a stranger.

Di Tian's presence on this stranger was rapidly disappearing at that moment...

It was also at this moment that Su Ming's eighth Curse arrived!

Lightning crackled. All the blood-red vortexes in the sky started shattering. The rivers boiled, the mountains roared, the plains collapsed, and all manner of lives fell into a daze... and the ground still trembled and the sky roared.

The final Curse made the resonance Su Ming had with the entire world of Berserkers reach a state that it had never achieved before. With it, the force of rejection formed by the entire world swiftly gathered in three directions!

One of them went toward the purple-robed Di Tian right before Su Ming, the other was aimed at the golden-robed Di Tian located a thousand feet away from this place, who was walking closer slowly as lightning and an endless amount of dimensional cracks appeared around him...

The final one landed in the direction where Sky Mist Dao was located, among the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground. That place was originally empty, but right at that instant, as the air in that space distorted, a black coffin appeared!

That coffin was placed vertically on the ground, having been hidden previously. Not even Su Ming had been able to detect it. But right then, when the world of Berserkers rejected Di Tian's presence, it appeared.

There were numerous complicated runic symbols on the coffin. They were glowing, and all of them looked incredibly strange.

A shocking boom rang in the air. The purple-robed Di Tian's body crumbled before Su Ming, for the invisible hand had grabbed the man's head, and just like it had ripped off all his limbs previously, it now tore off his head!

Once the purple-robed Di Tian's head was ripped off, Su Ming's eighth Curse was fulfilled!

"With my life, with my power, with every single fiber of my being, I curse all of Di Tian's clones to perish in the land of Berserkers, and from now onwards, this world forbids Di Tian's existence!"

The purple-robed Di Tian's body turned into dust. His head turned black while in midair, rapidly decaying. As it rotted away, Di Tian's presence within it was destroyed with a loud bang by the repelling force from the world!

Once Di Tian's presence dissipated, for the first time, clarity appeared within the rotting head's eyes. His face was no longer that of Di Tian's, as if... he had never been Di Tian to begin with!

Clones were people who had their minds and intelligence wiped off to be turned into puppets once Di Tian obtained control over them. He would forcefully take over their bodies and refine them, turning them into his clones to descend in the land of Berserkers.

At that moment, as Di Tian's will was forcefully wiped off and the clone was going to die, that person... remembered his identity, remembered who he was, remembered... his memories.

A large part of his head had decayed, and it looked incredibly hideous and terrifying. Yet there was calmness in his eyes and a momentary astonishment when he lowered his head to look at Su Ming. It then turned into a dazed look that was soon followed by a smile that shook Su Ming's heart.

"You grew up..."

These were the only words spoken by the stranger through his unfamiliar lips. They were clearly not uttered by Di Tian, but by the real owner of the body. They were the words that belonged to this stranger Su Ming had never seen before, and they were the last things he said before he died.

There was an air of age contained within those words, along with a sense of relief. Once the head completely disappeared, the words gradually faded away...

Di Tian's second clone died!

At the instant he died, a purplish black stone flew out from the recently disappeared head. An incredibly thick Yin Death aura spread out from it, and there was a ripple spreading out from that aura that caused Su Ming's heart to tremble.

It was this ripple that made Su Ming open his tired and dull eyes.

In truth, once he pointed forward, he had already started slowly closing his eyes. He had offered his life, his power, and everything within him to bring forth a Curse that resonated with the entire world of Berserkers, allowing him to finally kill Di Tian's purple-robed clone.

However, just killing this clone alone had made Su Ming... pay too great of a price.

At that moment, there was no longer a shred of strength left in his entire body. At the instant he opened his eyes and saw the purplish black stone, blood flowed out of the corners of his mouth, and his body plunged to the ground.

As he fell, the world before his eyes gradually turned indistinct, until he eventually saw nothing... However, he could sense that the ripples spreading out from that purplish black stone were so incredibly familiar. They had... his presence.

When he fell, the tens of thousands of Immortals' gazes were trained on him. There were complicated feelings in their eyes, and a variety of emotions, such as fear and relief.

Up till now, they still did not know Su Ming's identity or his name. They only knew that he was a Berserker... and that he had used a strange Art that could not be described with words. Then, right before the eyes of all those from Evil Sect and the Immortal Sects... he killed Di Tian's clone!

Everyone only knew that this person with a boy's appearance, whose name they did not know, had used all sorts of sinister methods, did everything he could at all costs—like causing tens of thousands of deaths— just to kill Di Tian!

He did it. Even if he had killed just one of Di Tian's clones... he still did it!

They watched Su Ming struggling to lift his right hand as he plunged to the ground, as if he wanted to seize something from the sky...

Su Ming was indeed trying to grab something. At that moment, his consciousness had already scattered, but he was instinctively lifting his hand to grab the stone that was giving him that incredibly familiar feeling.

The purplish black stone in midair shuddered and turned into a long black arc that charged straight towards Su Ming. At the instant his body crashed into the ground, the stone fused into the center of his brows and disappeared within him.

Su Ming's heart shuddered. He did not know how much time had passed before he eventually reached the ground, not feeling much of a rebound.

He did not know how much time had passed, because he could not see his body and because his vision had already turned indistinct. However, the tens of thousands of Immortals around could clearly see exactly what had happened during the time Su Ming was falling from the sky.

A great commotion resounded in the air, and the voices within were filled with shock, but it was a pity that Su Ming could not hear them anymore.

Ji An was staring at Su Ming blankly from the sky. His expression constantly changed, occasionally showing killing intent, and at other times hesitation. Su Ming's Curse and the resonance from the world of Berserkers was the reason why the usually resolute and sinister Evil Sect Sovereign would make such expressions. He saw... a strange sight that had left everyone in shock, when Su Ming fell to the ground just now.

"The Berserkers' kismet fused into him..." Ji An mumbled.

When Su Ming fell, his rapidly plunging body was supported by thick clouds that had appeared out of nowhere. Birds which had come out of nowhere charged in, supporting Su Ming's body even at the risk of their bodies being shattered.

There was also the wind that existed everywhere. It suddenly started blowing, slowing down Su Ming's descent. It was as if everything in the world was feeling compassion towards Su Ming and could not bear seeing even a single wound on his body.

The dimensional cracks that had appeared as he fell were also swiftly disappearing. The bolts of lightning that came towards him flashed as they surrounded him, as if protecting him and warning all the others in the area to not get even half a step closer to him.

In fact, the innumerable vengeful souls in the sky were also surrounding him while letting out anxious roars, as if they were trying to wake him up. There was also a large amount of green grass sprouting out below, where only empty ground had been previously.

That grass only grew in a small portion on the ground, and the speed of its growth was a startling sight. Because of everything, the speed at which Su Ming's body plunged down continued slowing down, and when he eventually reached the ground, not a single hint of injury could be detected on his body.

He was loved by the world... and the Berserkers' kismet was placed in his body.

Almost at the instant Ji An's expression filled with hesitation and complicated feelings, Su Ming's body landed on the grass. His vision scattered, and at the instant he looked

as if he had sank into a state of unconsciousness, the golden-robed Di Tian let out a furious and shrill roar. His body was surrounded by a large amount of black smoke at that moment, and that black smoke... was the Curse!

Clearly, once the Curse from the world of Berserkers destroyed the purple-robed clone, it gathered on the golden-robed one with the full intention of destroying it as well!

The clone swiftly turned his head to look at the ground and at Su Ming, who was lying on the ground. As his expression twisted, he did not care about the power of the Curse spreading into his body at that moment and moved towards Su Ming.

His power surpassed that of the purple-robed clone's, and since Su Ming had not directly cursed him, he could move!

His speed was incredibly quick as he charged towards Su Ming. At that moment, Ji An did not stop him. All the Immortals around him were also just watching by the side. The conclusion of this fight was almost set in stone within everyone's minds.

Yet right at that moment, Su Ming's eyes suddenly flew open, and a change... happened!

Chapter 661: The Berserkers' Legend!

With the aura of death accumulated from tens of thousands of people who died in battle, Su Ming had destroyed the purple-robed Di Tian's protective Enchanted Treasures, causing his defenses to be reduced to a certain extent.

With Han Mountain Bell delaying him for a while, Su Ming had also had enough time to bring out the source of his Curse - the red ring.

Once he put that ring on his finger, he used the grass knot doll to connect with Di Tian's soul, and with the Curse, he caused the entire world of Berserkers to resonate with him, causing the Curse to no longer be from him alone. It had become the whole world's curse.

This sort of power had already surpassed the limits of power from any sort of cultivation, and since Su Ming had offered up his life and all his power, even every fiber of his being, his killing intent had erupted with an explosive bang.

And it caused Di Tian's purple-robed clone to die!

If Di Tian had just sent a clone to this place, then all of what had happened would have meant Su Ming's success. He might have paid a great price, but he could still escape into the stone fragment's dimension to keep himself safe.

However... Di Tian had not just sent one clone, which Su Ming had only come to know after he came to this battlefield.

Once the purple-robed Di Tian died, he discovered once again that... there were not just two... there were three.

As Su Ming lay on the grass, his vision grew indistinct. His consciousness gradually scattered, but there was a hint of unwillingness within him to admit defeat, and that unwillingness turned into a crazed roar within his heart that continued stimulating it.

This unwillingness was because he had yet to complete his goal. He still had not killed all of Di Tian's clones.

He still... could not close his eyes!

The golden-robed Di Tian's arrival made that unwillingness erupt with a bang, which resulted in the dazed look in Su Ming's eyes rapidly scattering away. A determined gaze took its place, amid the fatigue.

To be able to instantly gather up his scatter consciousness when all his power had dissipated and when his life was almost gone was something that could only be done with an incredibly powerful will. Most people did not possess this sort of will, but Su Ming, who had gone through the endless cycles of reincarnation in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World... He had such a will.

This was a will that would not be crushed by anything, a will that would allow him to grit his teeth and continue moving forward even when the world crumbled before his face! There was also... the assistance given to him by that purplish black stone that made him feel as if his soul had become complete.

"I can still fight back," Su Ming mumbled. At the instant the golden-robed Di Tian closed in on him with raging killing intent, Su Ming lifted his right hand with an effort... and struck the center of his brows.

At the instant his palm fell, a loud bang immediately traveled out of his body. There was also a great amount of Qi that erupted swiftly with crazed force within him.

The strength of that Qi allowed it to instantly spread out with loud rumbling sounds, causing the incoming golden-robed Di Tian to fall back at the instant he came into contact with it.

What caused him to fall back was not Su Ming's own power, but a force that had been stirred up in the world at that moment - the spiritual energy of the world.

An anomaly appeared once again in the sky right at that instant. Rainbows swiftly manifested up ahead, and they looked like bridges in the air, but there was no end to them.

As the air beneath the rainbows distorted, a mountain appeared. This mountain had five peaks, which made it look like a person's hand. It stood erect in the world, causing some of the tens of thousands of Immortals who saw it to immediately spot drastic changes in their expressions. Disbelief and dazed looks appeared on their faces, and they looked swiftly towards Su Ming.

Because this mountain... was Dark Mountain!

"This is... the manifestation of a Berserker Mark!"

"The power of the world is gathering together, and it's bringing a change in the sky. This is... he's attempting to reach Berserker Soul Realm!"

"He's trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm. Could it be... Could it be that the power he showed just now was not actually one that belongs to Berserker Soul Realm?!" The tens of thousands of Immortals around the area had an incredibly in-depth knowledge regarding the Berserkers' cultivation system, and there were quite a number of them who were able to tell what Su Ming was doing with just one glance.

Su Ming was indeed trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm.

In the moment of crisis, the instant the golden-robed Di Tian's killing intent came towards him, he knew that he still not possess the power required to retaliate. At that moment, he realized that he still had a hint of a chance to survive, and that was... reaching Berserker Soul Realm.

This was especially so since that purplish black stone had fused into his body. It allowed Su Ming to feel that the power stopping him from reaching Berserker Soul Realm had vanished.

That was why he had chosen to take that one step towards Berserker Soul Realm during this crucial moment!

Almost at the moment the rainbow in the sky appeared and the instant Dark Mountain's illusion manifested, the golden-robed Di Tian was forced to move back continuously, because the endless spiritual aura in the land of Berserkers was surging madly from all directions towards Su Ming's body. Along with it came a powerful force of impact that prevented all manner of life from stepping into the area around Su Ming.

This meant that the Curse was still effective. The rejection from the world of Berserkers was still around.

As Dark Mountain's outline grew clearer and Dark Mountain Tribe gradually manifested underneath, the grass and trees in the tribe showed up clearly, and shocked cries came from the tens of thousands of Immortals in the area.

At the same time, all the familiar faces within Su Ming's memories who now had their identities changed into the prodigies among the Immortal sects had different expressions on their faces as they stared blankly at the sky and Dark Mountain.

"Su Ming, he's Su Ming..." Wu Le mumbled.

She swiftly looked towards Su Ming lying on the grass. A vacant and miserable look appeared on her face, along with an array of complicated feelings. She would never have thought that the person who had made her heart tremble so much... would be Dark Mountain's Su Ming, the one from her memories!

Chenchon's eyes went wide. His breathing seemed to have come to a stop at that moment. Just like Wu Le, he whipped his head around to look towards Su Ming. His head was ringing at that moment, and his mind was completely empty.

Sikong and Shanhen were both trembling, and eventually, their gazes gradually fell on Su Ming. Their complicated emotions could be seen with just one glance.

"He's... Su Ming..."

Dark Mountain's illusion looked real in the sky. Slowly, there was no longer just grass, trees, and houses in the tribe. People, too, appeared... Within the tribe were the elder, Bei Ling, Chen Xin, Wu La, and all the people Su Ming could not bear to part with in his memories.

Perhaps these people no longer existed. Perhaps all of them were fake... but deep within Su Ming's heart, they existed. They lived in his heart, and even if these people were Immortals, even if he had been fighting against these people just a breath ago, they had once been a part of his life.

Perhaps more accurately speaking, as Immortals, they were their own existences, but the people in Su Ming's memories belonged to Su Ming and only Su Ming.

"This... This is... This is Wu Le and Beiling!"

"That person is Evil Spirit Sect's Shanhen... and also Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Chenxin..."

"That one is Chenlong!"

A commotion rose up as Su Ming's Dark Mountain mark manifested in the air. When its people took form, loud voices immediately rose among the tens of thousands of Immortals.

The voices instantly filled the air, and when the Immortals saw the people of Dark Mountain, most of their expressions were filled with shock, because they did not know why this had happened. There were also quite a number of gazes that had gathered on the prodigies among the Immortals once they saw the people in Su Ming's illusory Dark Mountain.

These Immortals saw the complicated expressions on the prodigies' faces, and everyone's hearts filled with shock, as if there was some sort of great secret contained within this.

This secret was something that all Immortal sects did not want any outsider to know!

The golden-robed Di Tian's face gradually turned pale. Ji An's expression turned increasingly dark as he remained in the sky. He seemed to have remembered something, and his gaze gradually fell on the golden-robed clone.

Right at that moment, distortions appeared once again in the sky, right beside Dark Mountain's illusion. This time, what appeared was another mountain, but this mountain was incredibly big. As it stood erect in the air, most of the people found that they could not recognize it.

Because this mountain did not belong to Eastern Wastelands but South Morning. It was... Freezing Sky Clan's ninth summit!

To Su Ming, this mountain was a place that coexisted with Dark Mountain in his life. Right then, it fused into his Berserker Mark and became a part of what would establish his Berserker Soul, a part of what he could not bear to part with.

There were also some people on the ninth summit, and they were his senior brothers, and his Master, people who were like his family!

The the ninth summit, alongside Dark Mountain, occupied most of the sky, resulting in the rainbows in the sky starting to shine even more brilliantly. A presence that belonged to Berserkers descended swiftly from the sky.

As it did so, the sky distorted, which caused the light to scatter and most of the land was suddenly covered in darkness.

It was as if something was trying to come out from those distortions. They continued spreading out, and in just a moment, they completely covered the entire sky over Eastern Wastelands.

During that instant, all the Berserkers within the Berserkers' tribes and clans in Eastern Wastelands felt their hearts trembling. They immediately put down whatever they were doing and left their houses to lift their heads to look at the sky. Their expressions changed to reveal shock... because they could feel their blood quivering within their veins.

These quivers were not shivers, this was their blood boiling as if it was set on fire!

This strange sight filled all the Berserkers with shock. They did not know what had happened to stir up their blood!

At that moment, the constant presence of the rising thick smoke that represented a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm within one of the big tribes in Eastern Wasteland dissipated. An old man with a head full of red hair and whose body was covered in lightning stood silently in midair. He lifted his head to look at the distortions in the sky, and as he did so, his expression changed to reveal occasional ecstasy and perplexity before they eventually turned into a variety of emotions that constantly changed on his face.

He could feel his blood boiling, and could even feel his power... showing signs of increasing, despite it having remained stagnant for a long time. It might not be much, but the small increase made him unable to calm down for a long time. Excitement gradually appeared in his eyes, and it was one that he could not calm.

It made him remember a legend that had been passed down in the land of Berserkers since ancient times...

There it was said that when the God of Berserkers appeared, then the Berserkers' blood would boil, and the realm after the great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, which had disappeared along with the first God of Berserkers, would appear once more!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 662 — On This Day! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 662 — On This Day!

Chapter 662: On This Day!

The northern part of Eastern Wastelands was formed when twelve tribes in Eastern Wasteland fused together ten thousand years ago to form one of the four great factions of power - All Entities Clan. The old man who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had fought against Su Ming indirectly in the past was trembling at that moment as he stood in the sky above All Entities Clan. Right below him

were tens of thousands of Berserkers prostrating themselves on the ground, and excitement that had never been seen before appeared on their faces.

The old man looked at the distorting sky in midair and started laughing maniacally with his head thrown back. As he cried, tears of excitement fell down from his eyes.

"Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born, the Berserkers... are saved! All tribe leaders in All Entities Clan, come with me... to pay our respects to the Berserkers' fourth God of Berserkers!

"The time has come... for us Berserkers to retaliate!" The old man's laughter made it seem as if he had gone mad, but it was only that he had waited for this day for far too long. At this moment then, the day he had been waiting for so long, the day spoken of in the legends, had arrived!

The people from the twelve tribes in All Entities Clan let out roars that shook the sky and earth. Those roars were cries of excitement, shouts of madness, the resonance formed as the Berserkers' blood burned.

Long arcs swiftly flew up, and under the lead of the old man from All Entities Clan, a large half of the sky was replaced by an endless amount of long arcs. Whistling sounds rose and fell, and nearly ten thousand people charged through the sky.

They were moving in the direction their blood led them. It was the spot they could sense vaguely in their souls, the spot that was an unknown amount of distance away from this place... the spot where Su Ming was!

None of the Berserkers needed a precise direction. They only needed to go the way their blood boiled. The closer they were to him, the stronger their blood would boil, and that... was the best guide they could have.

In another direction in Eastern Wastelands was a place filled with trees that stretched endlessly. Poisonous fog surrounded the area, causing this place to look as if it had become a forbidden ground for all manner of life. Even if the Immortals knew that there was a Berserkers' tribe in this place, most of them would have been unwilling to come here.

The tribe here was one of the Berserkers' four great forces of power that stood toe to toe with All Entities Clan - Berserker Fang Tribe, as well as all the near a hundred small tribes that were its affiliates. The members of this union of tribes didn't leave their forest easily.

It was as if they had cut themselves off from the world. If the Immortals did not come to this place and offend them, then they would not go out and provoke the Immortals. This forest was their bottom line.

There was no black smoke spreading out from this forest, but it did not mean that there was no Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in this place. The Elder of Berserker Fang Tribe was known throughout Eastern Wastelands to have attained great completion in that particular realm many years ago.

Almost at the moment the old man led nearly ten thousand people from All Entities Clan away and charged towards where Su Ming was, a large number of trees in the originally tranquil forest started swaying in the poison fog. Human faces emerged from the trees, and all of them had the exact same expression. Shock and perplexity. These were the expressions born from the confusion they felt as blood burned in their veins.

A large number of figures also appeared at that moment from the endless amount of swamps on the ground. They had the same expressions, felt the same perplexity. The kindling of their blood had caused all the members of Berserker Fang Tribe to be filled with shock in their hearts.

Within the depths of the forest was an empty space. There stood an old man dressed in a beast skin, and eight people were kneeling on the ground behind him. Waves of power that were not weaker than those of the Berserker Soul Realm were spreading out from all of them. In fact, if anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were even more of these presences coming from the forest.

However, the Qi from these presences was chaotic at that moment, as if they were showing just how unable to calm down were these people. Gazes filled excitement gathered faintly on the only old man who remained standing, as if waiting for his choice.

The expression of the old man in beast skins constantly changed and would not settle for a single emotion. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. His eyes would occasionally show excitement, and at other times, hesitation. He could feel his blood being set on fire in his veins and could even feel a faint call coming from the distance.

"I know that all of you want to go..." After a long while, the old man slowly spoke up. No one around him spoke, but their desire could be felt from their harsh breathing.

"I, too, can feel my blood kindling. This is the sign of the God of Berserkers appearing... but this burn... is still too weak." The old man in beast skins sighed lightly and shook his head.

He did not dare take the risk.

On the west and south of Eastern Wastelands were two big tribes in Eastern Wasteland that had been forced into hiding when the Immortals invaded the continent, even though both tribes had occupied an incredibly large area.

One of them was hidden in the depths of the ground and lived in karst caves. They spent their days nursing their grievances and anger, but they did not dare appear on the

ground, because once they appeared, they would come face to face with the Immortals' siege.

The other tribe hid itself among an endless mountain range. It no longer possessed its past glory and only had a future filled with no hope.

At the same time the old man in the forest made his decision, roars filled with excitement reverberated and spread out in the depths to the south of Eastern Wastelands. As they rang beneath the ground, cracks that ran deep appeared in that region. Lights containing a multitude of colors shone from within, and those were from all sorts of statues of the God of Berserkers...

A thin old man swiftly shot out from behind those statues and stood in midair. He lifted his head and laughed at the sky, in a manner as if the grudge he and his tribe had harbored over the years had completely erupted from his body.

"The Great Tribe of Surging Clouds' hope has arrived... Our blood has been set on fire, and the God of Berserkers has been born! My fellow tribe members of Surging Clouds, how long are we going to hide...?" the thin old man roared at the ground, as if he had descended into madness.

"I, Xue Sha, Elder of Surging Clouds Tribe, had originally given into despair, but now... the light showing that we Berserkers will rise has appeared! Even if the entire tribe will be destroyed because of this, it will be still a fate better than what we suffer now! My fellow tribe members, come with me to pay respect to our fourth God of Berserkers!"

The thin old man moved his body, and an endless amount of roars instantly left the cracks on the ground. Long arcs swiftly flew out, with thin, emaciated people who looked like skeletons within them. Clearly, ever since they went into hiding in the depths of the ground, their lives had been incredibly bleak and miserable.

They already had nothing else to lose. If that was the case, then they would go and fight for their dignity!

However, perhaps it was because the living conditions of hiding in the mountains were slightly better than hiding underground, the big tribe to the west of Eastern Wastelands silently forced down their urge to go. Perhaps it was not because they were unwilling to leave and pay their respects to the legendary fourth God of Berserkers who had made their blood boil, but had more to do with the fact that they did not dare to give up everything for a legend.

Besides Eastern Wastelands, there were also those who found their blood boiling in South Morning. Long arcs flew into the air, either in crowds or by themselves. All of these people then charged towards Eastern Wastelands in the direction where their blood boiled.

This boiling of their blood was like a calling. This was the sign of the Berserkers' rise.

Among the numerous islands in South Morning were a group of people who lifted their heads at the same time at that moment. These were the people who identified themselves as Fated Kin!

They existed on many islands at the edges of South Morning. Some of them were scattered, and some of them were gathered together. They were all trying to search for each other... but due to South Morning's collapse and subsequent change, it was difficult for them to look for one another.

The people on the Fated Kin's islands were all worshiping the statue of their god at that moment, and during that instant, they started trembling. They could feel their blood being set on fire, but this burn was different from that of the Berserkers. It was direct, and their blood was boiling in a manner they could not describe.

At the instant Su Ming had turned into the Fated Kin's god, it was as if there was already a connection that could never be weakened or broken between Su Ming and this race.

It was also this connection that existed between them that made the Fated Kin feel their hearts quivering at that moment. Their blood being set on fire had caused their power... to increase by a large margin during that instant.

It was as if a river had been split into hundreds and thousands of small streams as it flowed downwards. A large amount of those split streams swiftly dried up, but there were also some that still had water running.

But if one day an endless amount of water suddenly appeared at the start of this river, then the endless branched out streams would also change because of it.

It was how the density of a big tree's branches and leaves was determined by sunlight, but also... by the water at the roots of the tree!

This was the power of the source

"Respected Senior Mo is calling us..."

The Fated Kin on the small islands that belonged to their race lifted their heads slowly. Excitement and desire appeared on their faces, and without a single bit of hesitation, they flew up together and left the island, charging towards Eastern Wastelands with all the members of their tribes.

At the same time, there were also numerous long arcs flying out from a large amount of places among the islands around South Morning. All of these long arcs were the Fated Kin that had been separated from their people.

Among them were those who had remained silent for many years, those who were somber and stayed unnoticeable to others, and there were also those who had become outstanding people who stood above all others among their factions of power.

However, all of them gave up everything without any hesitation and charged towards Eastern Wastelands to follow the direction where their burning blood and that faint connection existing within them was leading to, all so that they could search for... their Respected Senior Mo.

"I can no longer serve you. Please excuse me!"

On a small island, a strong and able-bodied man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards the middle-aged man before him. There was resolve on his face, and without any attachment within him towards the place, he turned around and rushed towards the sky. He even tore off the silver armor he wore on his body.

And he left the people behind him, along with their silent gazes.

Booming sounds were continuously echoing from a small island, along with low growls.

"Nan Gong Hen, our master has treated you well over the years! You know that! Why are you betraying him?!"

"Our master has been kind to me, and I have been serving him with my life over the years... but Respected Senior Mo is calling me. I have to leave." As those booming sounds roared in the air, a middle-aged man turned into a long arc and charged into the sky.

There was another small island where a young man stood silently at the top of the mountain. Right behind him was a woman, and she was biting the bottom of her lips as she stared at the young man blankly.

"Must you go?" she asked softly after a long while.

"When I was young, he was the one who brought me and my entire race out of that place. At that time, I looked at his back and swore that I will be as strong as he was in my life... Now, I've grown up and have my own family, my own life... but I am a Fated Kin!" The young man closed his eyes, then opened them swiftly after a moment and took a step into the air...

He left the woman behind him, who looked as if she had lost all her strength as she watched him silently.

"Wait for me. I will return eventually!"

A similar scene appeared on a large number of islands, among the vast amount of scattered forces of power around South Morning. No matter what forms of power or what people, they were unable to stop the Fated Kin from responding to their Respected Senior Mo's call and leaving in search of him.

Chapter 663: Arrived at Berserker Soul Realm!

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Hello~ Sorry to break your flow of reading like this. So someone mentioned that Berserkers' Legend is missing, and it has been uploaded. If you want to read the Berserkers' Legend, please go back to chapter 661, and then you can come back here :3

The entire land of Berserkers was trembling. Northern Province and the Alliance of the Western Region were too far away. Even if their people felt their blood boil, they could not come to this place, but the feeling of their blood boiling for those in South Morning and Eastern Wastelands had caused the sky above these continents to be filled with endless long arcs.

Nonetheless, there were also quite a few people who forced down the calling that came from their blood burning and did not choose to answer the summons. They were perhaps people who did not believe in the legend, or perhaps they believed only in themselves, and some perhaps did not want to give up on everything.

Su Ming did not know any of these.

At that moment, he was lying on the grass. Above him were an innumerable amount of brilliant rainbows, the illusion of Dark Mountain, which was his Berserker Mark, and the ninth summit, which resided in his heart. These two mountains had swiftly overlapped with each other due to Su Ming's will.

At the instant they did so, the world rumbled. The tens of thousands of Immortals around immediately sensed a powerful wave of impact swiftly spreading outwards from Su Ming, forcing them backwards.

Even the golden-robed Di Tian in the sky also took a few steps backwards with a dark face.

Su Ming's Berserker Mark had manifested in the form of an illusion and fused together. Then, with the power of Bone Sacrifice in great completion driving his Berserker Mark together, his mark would gain physical form and gather together into a soul!

This soul would be able to connect with the world and absorb its power, going through an evolution similar to a metamorphosis. After that, due to the merging of one's soul, will, and blood, the person would be able to create his or her own statue of the God of Berserkers.

Once the statue appeared, then it would begin forming itself in the person's image, resulting in the statue's face becoming exactly as that of its owner. Then it would fuse into the body, and the Berserker will have successfully reached the Berserker Soul Realm.

It might look simple, but if there was even the slightest mistake during the entire process, the person would fail.

Su Ming had failed in reaching the Berserker Soul Realm previously at the very first step. He had tried to fuse all his power of a Berserker into his soul, but his soul had been incomplete. Yet now, once the purplish black stone fused into his body, Su Ming had a strong feeling that his soul had become complete.

"Dark Mountain is my soul... and ninth summit is my spirit," Su Ming whispered softly. At the instant these words left his mouth, Dark Mountain and ninth summit started showing signs of fusing together as they overlapped in the sky.

More rainbows appeared above. The distortions behind them twisted even more violently, as if there was something trembling inside them excitedly, trying to break through and descend into the world.

Right at that moment, Su Ming could once again feel the seal in his memories showing signs of breaking, just like it had done when he tried to reach Berserker Soul Realm the first time.

"Berserker Soul Realm... Today, I will reach... Berserker Soul Realm!" Su Ming lifted his head and let out a low roar. He rose up slowly from the ground. He was shivering, but there was a burning flame of determination in his eyes.

He glared at the golden-robed Di Tian, and the killing intent in his eyes was so strong that even the clone felt shocked when he saw it. This was not any ordinary killing intent, neither was it any normal desire for blood burning in his gaze. It was a true murderous aura, and it shocked the golden-robed Di Tian because of the purple-robed clone's death just moments ago.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his right hand and swung it against the sky.

"Destiny is my sky!"

Once Su Ming swung his arm, an infant's illusion appeared beyond the overlapping ninth summit and Dark Mountain. The illusion was changing rapidly into that of a young

man with purple hair. As the infant and mountains transformed, they turned into a strange sight that almost made all those watching suffocate.

More rainbows appeared!

The distortions in the sky were so great that they looked as if they were about to make the entire sky collapse!

The tens of thousands of cultivators around the area were still in a rather good shape, but the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An's expressions immediately changed drastically at the moment they saw the purple-haired young man's face. There were even expressions of terror and shock that could not be hidden on their faces.

"Damn it! He has actually managed to bring out a magical illusion!" As Ji An's expression changed, he moved swiftly backwards, as if the illusion of the purple-haired young man was an undefinable terror to him.

Di Tian's face turned pale and he staggered, but after a moment, he started laughing maniacally.

"Destiny's... magical illusion... so what if it is him?!"

"My soul is in the world..." Su Ming closed his eyes and whispered softly. Once these words tumbled out of his mouth, the world immediately started roaring, and Dark Mountain, ninth summit, as well as Destiny's illusion instantly overlapped.

As the three fused together, Su Ming started trembling, but a brilliant light shone through the fatigue in his eyes.

"Since all of you are afraid of the illusion with purple hair... then I will make my statue around this image and turn it into this appearance..."

"Destiny will be the image, Dark Mountain will be the soul, and ninth summit will be the spirit. Fuse!" With a low growl, the purple-haired young man immediately closed his eyes in the sky, becoming the center of the three illusions.

The ninth summit was on his right, and Dark Mountain was on his left. As they overlapped, a deafening rumble rang into the air, and the three illusions fused completely together!

A bang rang out in Su Ming's mind. The seal in his head was swiftly breaking at that moment, but it did not shatter completely. It was as if there was a wave of power coming from another dimension to prevent it from fully falling apart.

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. At the instant his soul became perfect and the three fused together, an illusion of a purple-haired young man appeared before the crowd's eyes.

This young man had his eyes closed. His long hair danced in the air as he stayed still, but there was an endless amount of power from the world rushing madly from all directions toward him. Due to it, this soul swiftly transformed and rapidly went through the process of gaining physical form.

As the soul absorbed the power of the world as if it was devouring it, a great amount of pressure swiftly descended on the place as the sky behind the endless amount of rainbows distorted.

Once it came down, the tens of thousands of Immortals immediately started shivering. Some of the ones who had injuries on their bodies coughed up blood and were forced to kneel down as they shivered. They felt as if they did not kneel, then their bodies would crumble.

Once the first Immortal knelt down, the others immediately followed suit, and a large number of them knelt down. Even the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An in the sky could feel that wave of pressure, and their expressions changed.

"He's just trying to reach Berserker Soul Realm! How could such pressure and such a shocking change in the world appear?!"

"Even if he gathered the Berserkers' kismet on himself, such pressure wouldn't appear when he's just trying to reach the Berserker Soul Realm. Only if he was trying to reach the next realm after the Berserker Soul Realm would it be possible."

The golden-robed Di Tian's heart trembled. He whipped his head to look at Su Ming, and as he stared at him, his pupils suddenly shrank.

Ji An, who had moved back a little and also had his gaze gathered on Su Ming, found his breathing gradually quickening. He instinctively tightened his grip around the fan. He, too, had discovered some clues.

"Solidify, statue of the God of Berserkers!" At that moment, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and let out a roar towards his soul in the sky. As he roared, the soul's eyes flew open.

At the instant it did so, the purple-haired figure turned his head around and looked towards the golden-robed Di Tian.

Di Tian's pupils shrank and he instinctively took a few steps backwards. He might have hidden away his inner thoughts, but his retreat exposed his terror to the world.

Half of the rainbows in the sky collapsed when Su Ming roared, turning into spots of crystalline light that charged towards his soul. In the span of a breath, they fused into the purple-haired soul, and at that instant, Su Ming's soul shattered with a bang.

This collapse was not failure, but a sign that he had... solidified his statue of the God of Berserkers!

As the purple-haired soul crumbled, the glistening crystalline light came towards it and fused together with it to form a statue in midair.

This was Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers. However, right at the instant the crowd in the area saw the statue appear, an uproar rose up that could not be suppressed and reverberated in the air.

That noise came from the tens of thousands of people on the ground. Even the golden-robed Di Tian and Ji An were stunned when they saw it, but right after that brief moment of surprise, their expressions changed once again, and this time, shock was the dominant expression on their faces.

Because... Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers was incomplete. It only had one hand!

It was a right hand.

The whole limb was shining with crystalline light, just like a piece of jade. Those brilliant rays of light surrounded it, making it seem as if it had gathered the magnificent colors of the world. That right hand was floating in midair at that moment, and it was exuding a powerful presence that belonged to those in the Berserker Soul Realm.

As for Su Ming, the power he had lost appeared with a bang right at that moment, and as it rushed madly into his body, banging sounds rang out within him. He floated up, and his hair began moving without any wind. The arm that belonged to his statue of the God of Berserkers charged towards his right hand at that moment and fused into him in the span of a breath.

Right then, the true presence of those in the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from Su Ming's body with a bang!

At that moment, he had finally broken through the Bone Sacrifice Realm and stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm. He might only in its initial stage, but the difference between Berserker Soul Realm and Bone Sacrifice Realm was like heaven and earth—they were completely different.

The power of the world fused into Su Ming's body in a mad rush, causing the fatigue in Su Ming's eyes to disappear, and it was replaced by an endless amount of brilliant light.

Due to that light, it seemed as if there were stars in his eyes, and no one could look straight into them for a time.

The rainbows shone, and the distortions in the sky spread out once again. This time, they did not just cover Eastern Wastelands alone but most of the land of Berserkers. Loud booming sounds came from above those distortions, and the pressure descending from there became even stronger.

"His statue only has one arm. This is... Does... Does this mean that this person still hasn't completed his path to reach Berserker Soul Realm?!"

"The anomaly in the sky is still around, and not only has it not disappeared, it's growing stronger!"

"Just what is going on...?"

In the midst of those uproars, suddenly, a loud bang that signaled the sky shattering came from the distortions in the sky. It was so loud that everyone's hearts started roaring.

The thing that descended was an incomparably huge right hand, and the sound came from the shock it had created as it stretched down from the shattered sky!

Su Ming moved and came to stand on the gigantic palm that had stretched down from the sky. As he stood up above, he lowered his head and looked down towards Di Tian.

"Di Tian, we can continue fighting now."

Once Su Ming said that, the pressure that prevented Di Tian from getting closer instantly vanished.

Chapter 664: The Power of Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming could be said to be the center of all attention at that moment. The arm that had stretched out from the distortions in the sky was thousands of feet long. The great presence it exuded created an oppressive feeling in everyone's hearts while at the same time bringing shock.

Su Ming stood on the palm of that arm. His long hair floated with the wind and his eyes were like stars. Rainbows filled the area behind him, and the pure presence of the Berserker Soul Realm was spreading out from his body.

At that moment, he had a strangely enchanting air about him, one that was dazzling to the eyes.

His aloofness fused with the strange, enchanting presence around him as if it was trying to draw a picture scroll that was to be handed down the ages. If any artist could draw this scene, then it would surely be a picture that would shock the entire world.

However, there were no palm lines on the hand...

The tens of thousands of Immortals were staring at Su Ming with complicated feelings as well as shock on their faces. They could not hide it. Su Ming's existence, his identity as a Berserker, the powerful ripples of power, and the anomaly in the world had all formed a picture of a Berserker who was rising to the top.

"Su Ming..." The golden-robed Di Tian stared at Su Ming before he slowly spoke. This was the first time he said Su Ming's name right before the crowd in the battlefield.

At the instant the golden-robed Di Tian said that name, it was bound to be spread through the land of Immortals and Eastern Wastelands no matter the outcome of the battle.

This name would end up being remembered by all, and it would never be wiped away from their memories.

It was especially so since there was an air of mystery to Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers. It was enough for everyone's hearts to start shaking endlessly while they filled with shock, because even though he had brought up such a great and vast presence, he had only managed to form an arm.

If the anomaly in the sky had disappeared, it could have been explained that Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers only had a right arm, but the anomaly was still around. The rainbows had not disappeared but had instead increased. This... could only mean one thing.

Su Ming's path to enter Berserker Soul Realm still had yet to end!

His path to reach Berserker Soul Realm... had just begun!

Su Ming stood on his statue's right arm, looking down on the world, and issued a challenge towards Di Tian for the first time, from such a height. At that moment, the key to the battle seemed to no longer be about the ownership towards Eastern Wastelands Tower... but about Su Ming's rise and Di Tian's fall!

Perhaps a powerful warrior had to step on another's corpse to rise, only then would he be able to strike a blow towards the hearts of all those who saw him. This blow would be like a brand, and it would be etched deeply within them!

The tens of thousands of people on the scene found their breathing quickening. There was no excitement in their eyes, neither was there any agitation. There were only complicated feelings born from seeing a powerful warrior from another race. Aside from that, there was also silent respect.

Almost at the same time Su Ming broke through the great completion stage in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and stepped into the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, besides making all the people's heart tremble in shock, he had also stirred up an even more intense change within the burning blood flowing through all the Berserkers' veins.

If the kindling of the Berserkers' blood just moments ago was to be compared to boiling, then as Su Ming's power reached Berserker Soul Realm, then the term 'boiling' could no longer be used to describe the current state the Berserkers' blood was in. This was an eruption, and it made them feel as if all the blood in their bodies was no longer in their control. It was as if it wanted to leave their bodies and roar, for it was set on fire.

In a spot in the sky far away from where Su Ming was, near ten thousand people with the old man in the lead from All Entities Clan could not help but let out shocking roars. The excitement contained within those roars was difficult to describe with words, but these excited cries had been absent for a long, long time from the land of Berserkers.

The old man who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm from All Entities Clan was trembling at that moment. As he moved forward, he suddenly started laughing loudly. There was an ancient quality to his laughter, along with excitement that came straight from the depths of his soul.

Those peals of laughter were accompanied by tears and elation. He knew that he had not chosen wrong. He also knew that there was no mistake in the Berserkers' legend.

He knew that the signs of the fourth God of Berserkers' birth had truly appeared. These signs were erupting madly within him, and before long, they would completely reveal themselves.

"The Berserkers' future is right before us, in the direction where our blood is burning! All Berserkers will remember this day! This will be the day one when we Berserkers reached our most glorious moment in all of history!

"The time... for the Immortals to be completely chased out of our land is not far away now!

"My fellow tribe members, bring out your fastest speed, reveal your brightest presences! We will... slice through the sky and pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!" As the old man spoke, all the disciples from All Entities Clan behind him let out similar roars in their excitement.

"We will slice through the sky and pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!"

These roars shook the sky and earth, causing the sky to look as if it was swaying. The originally desolate ground also started showing signs of green, as if grass had grown on the land just to sway its body and show its excitement.

There were also ten thousand long arcs charging through the sky from another direction in Eastern Wastelands. These people might also be Berserkers, but most of them were thin, almost to the point of being emaciated. However, the fire burning in their eyes was not a single bit weaker than in those from All Entities Clan. They did not say a single word, but the excitement and the eruption within their blood was enough to make all those on the ground who saw them in the sky to feel their hearts trembling.

This group of people were like a pack of crazed wolves, but they were not out to hunt for prey. They were instead going to pay respects to their king!

The person in the lead was a thin old man whose eyes were bloodshot. The fire and eruptions in his blood had stimulated his cultivation base so much that it had grown once again, and it made him feel that he had absolutely not made the wrong choice.

"Hurry! Hurry up! Surging Clouds Tribe will be the first to appear before the fourth God of Berserkers. We will make the first Berserkers the fourth God of Berserkers sees to be the children of Surging Clouds Tribe!"

The ten thousand people let out low roars at the same time, and their voices were enough to shake even the galaxy, causing the ground to tremble, and their speed... to be even faster!

Besides them, there were also an endless amount of scattered groups of figures charging through the sky above Eastern Wastelands. These people were all charging towards the distance based on the direction their burning blood led them.

They could clearly feel the burst in their blood just now. That eruption that occurred as their blood was on fire not only made their power increase slightly, but also made the call within their hearts grow stronger, up to a point where it was enough to make them go insane.

The question of the Berserkers' hope, future, and whether their world still belonged to them was answered right at that moment!

The Fated Kin had also found an endless amount of potential erupting within them, causing them to charge forward without care for anything towards their Respected Senior Mo.

The entire Eastern Wastelands were shaking because of them. The members from an endless amount of small tribes had also risen into the air to fly madly towards the place where they were summoned by their blood in the midst of their confusion as their blood was set on fire.

The urge the Berserkers hidden within the mountain range had managed to suppress after much difficulty stirred up once again, and this time, it was much more intense than before, but after some time, they managed to calm it down once again. However, thousands of people in the prime of their youth, filled with determination and agitation, swiftly flew out of the mountain ranges. They were the small handful of people in the tribe who had chosen to take this path. They were different from the older generation. They did not want to hide, and did not want to live in the shadows of the Immortals. They... wanted to fight for their future.

This is why they chose to fly out on their own and charge towards where Su Ming was according to the direction where their blood led them.

Their tribe did not stop them, only watching them silently.

When the people within the tribe where Chi Lei Tian was found their blood erupting once again, Chi Lei Tian gritted his teeth and swung his arm. About ten thousand people from his tribe flew up altogether, and in the midst of their excitement, they charged into the air.

"It doesn't matter whether I live or die because of this! What harm would it do to me if I, Chi Lei Tian, believed in the legend this once?! My fellow sect members, come with me to see our God of Berserkers!"

The world rumbled, but Berserker Fang Tribe still did not have much change. They continued to remain hidden in the forest, but on the empty spot within the depths of the forest, there were no longer eight people kneeling behind the old man in beast skins—there were nearly thirty of them. They were kneeling silently on the ground with obstinate looks on their faces as they clearly showed their thoughts.

As an endless amount of long arcs charged through the sky in Eastern Wastelands to reach the place where Su Ming was, the golden-robed Di Tian suddenly started laughing loudly. As he laughed, his expression was no longer sullen, but slowly changed to that of calmness as he took a step towards Su Ming.

"You... are a person who is about to die. What right do you have to speak that way to me?"

The Curse's black smoke was surrounding the golden-robed Di Tian's body. But when a golden light shone on him, a dignified expression appeared on his face, and he took a step forward, an explosive presence erupted from within him. Once the golden light surrounded his entire body, that presence became stronger.

The superiority of the three Sovereigns and five Emperors suddenly started radiating off him, one that was familiar to all the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground.

"That right... comes from me killing one of your clones many years ago outside the Shamans' sacred mountain in South Morning. And just moments ago, I destroyed another one of your clones here," Su Ming said, his words calm.

When Di Tian moved towards him, he, too, took a step forward. There might still be a thousand feet between them, but once they took those steps forward at the same time, an indescribable wave of impact erupted from their bodies at the same time. Those waves crashed into each other with a bang, fighting to suppress the other.

From the distance, this scene looked like an illusion. Right before everyone's eyes, as Di Tian was surrounded by a golden light and it looked like half of the world had been dyed in gold, the illusion of a golden dragon with five claws manifested. It roared at Su Ming, then flew out with the golden light.

As for Su Ming, when he swung his arm, black smoke that had surged into the sky immediately spread out from the right arm of his statue of the God of Berserkers under his feet. That black smoke was like the Curse. As it spread in all directions, the statue's right hand swiftly moved upwards once Su Ming left its palm and furred its fingers into a fist. With a savage air, it hurled itself towards the golden dragon.

Both fist and dragon crashed into each other in an instant. A loud bang that surged into the sky rang out and reverberated in all directions. During that instant, Su Ming took another step forward.

"If I could destroy two of your clones..." Su Ming's voice rang in the air. At the same time he said these words, the step he took caused the air to roar, and Di Tian could feel the power of the world from all around the area charging towards him once Su Ming's foot landed. It was as if Su Ming already had complete control over the world.

This was the strength of Berserker Soul Realm - the ability to control the power of the world.

Chapter 665: Activate!

"I could have the entire world cursing your clones until they all died..." Su Ming said and immediately took another step forward. The world rumbled. The golden light on Di Tian's body also changed swiftly, as if it had sensed the pressure from all the area and the endless power of the world surging towards it.

Once Su Ming took two more steps, his Qi rose once again, and at that moment, his body seemed to have grown much bigger in everyone's eyes. This was just a figment of their imagination, but this illusion remained incredibly clear in all their hearts.

"I have the Berserkers' kismet on me!" Su Ming took another step forward, and with a roar, his Qi grew to the point it could shake the universe.

The golden-robed Di Tian let out a cold harrumph. He had a strong hunch that he absolutely could not let Su Ming's Qi continue growing, or else, he would attract even more power from the world to gather in this place.

Just as he was about to take action, Su Ming also took another step forward.

"I have the power to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

"I have the anomaly's might still in the sky... Di Tian, how could you not die?! What right do you have to fight against me?!"

The final question was practically yelled out with an interrogative tone. Once those words left Su Ming's mouth, they stirred up an endless string of echoes that made it seem as if the sky, the earth, and the entire world of Berserkers were roaring at that instant, demanding to know the reason why Di Tian should not die!

Those roars shook the sky and reverberated in the air, turning the faces of Immortals pale and pushing them back. Ji An's face turned dark then, but he still remained slightly hesitant.

The golden-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank. Almost at the instant Su Ming said those words, he took a step forward and lifted his right hand to point swiftly towards Su Ming.

"Since you used your Berserker Soul to gather the power of the world, then I will first take away the spirit of your Berserker Soul!" As Di Tian spoke, he pointed at Su Ming.

At that instant, booming sounds immediately rang out from the air before him. An illusion wearing a crown manifested at that spot, and as golden light shone on him, he charged towards Su Ming. There was a destructive power that could rip apart the world contained within that golden light, and as it shone, the entire world looked as if it had lost all other colors except gold.

"There was once only black and white in my existing eyes. Black was your soul, and white was your spirit." As Di Tian spoke, black and white immediately colored Su Ming's body as he was enveloped by the golden light, just like what Di Tian had said. Black was his soul, and white was his spirit.

"Gold is the light which I use to purify the world. With this light, I will purify your black soul and wipe away your white spirit. I will take away both your soul and spirit from your body!" Di Tian's left hand instantly formed ninety-nine seals, and once he was done, he pushed his left hand on his right.

At that moment, the black and white shades on Su Ming's body began distorting, showing faint signs of turning into gold, or perhaps more accurately, they were showing signs of being replaced by gold.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming slowly lifted his left hand under that golden light, and without bothering about the black and white shades that appeared on his body, he lifted the first finger on his left hand.

"Wind," he said languidly. At the instant this word was voiced, a strange runic symbol immediately started flashing on the left index finger, and in a moment, it had already flashed nine consecutive times.

A gigantic runic symbol appeared around Su Ming's body, looking as if it overlapped with him. That runic symbol also shone nine times in succession.

After that, there was a loud moaning sound, which was the sound of the wind as it charged forward. A violent gust appeared out of nowhere around Su Ming. It started spinning with loud booming sounds, turning into a whirlwind that connected the sky and earth.

In an instant, there was no longer just one whirlwind, but nine of them. They surrounded Su Ming before sweeping swiftly outwards. They were also a part of the power in the world, and once Su Ming reached Berserker Soul Realm, his soul could connect with the world so that he could use it. As long as Su Ming's body could withstand it, then he could endlessly gather up the boundless energy in the world.

The body of a normal powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm would definitely be unable to compare to Su Ming's, even if they had already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Su Ming's body was unprecedented for all those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and had never once appeared over the tens of thousands of years in the Berserkers' history. His body was the powerful existence that only appeared after all his bones, flesh, and blood had been turned into those of a true Berserker.

Once a body like this reached Berserker Soul Realm, what would be born would be a terrifying existence that could not be conceived with any form of imagination. Su Ming... was that existence.

Since he was just in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, his speed as he gathered the power of the world was still not very quick. However, it still managed to make the wind runic symbol he had come to understand from Hidden Dragon Sect to erupt forth with incredible power.

Almost at the instant it appeared, the eyes of those from Hidden Dragon Sect went wide open as they stood on the ground with the other Immortals. They stared above in disbelief, because they had just seen the wind runic symbol that belonged to their sect.

Yet before they could register its appearance in this place, Su Ming's aloof voice once again caused all the Immortals in Hidden Dragon Sect to tremble.

"Rain," he said flatly. At the instant he said this word, Hidden Dragon Sect's rain runic symbol shone on his left middle finger. This symbol swiftly grew in size and overlapped with the wind runic symbol before they fused together in front of Su Ming.

All of this caused the sky to roar. A violent storm swiftly formed and descended on the land. The rain poured down violently and stirred up an abnormal sight that caused all those who saw to be in shock.

Rain, whirlwind, and the world roared to fight against the golden light, as if they wanted to tear apart that golden light around them.

Hidden Dragon Sect's Jingnan started breathing rapidly. No matter how powerful Su Ming had been, once he recognized his identity, he had not been too surprised. His heart might have been trembling, but he maintained calm. However... when the wind and rain runic symbols appeared, his expression changed drastically. This was Hidden Dragon Sect's Art, but even among those within Hidden Dragon Sect, there were only a handful of them who could master these two runic symbols.

Then, right at that moment, a scene that made Jingnan's eyes go wide as his heart filled with so much shock that he almost cried out in surprise swiftly took shape.

"Thunder!"

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a low roar. Before his voice disappeared, it turned into a roaring thunder that reverberated throughout the world, causing the rain and whirlwinds to look as if they were aided by the might of heaven itself as they swiftly swept outwards.

"This is impossible... He... He actually mastered the wind, rain, and thunder runic symbols? This... This is..." Jingnan swiftly looked towards Chenchong.

Chenchong's face had already turned pale at that moment. He was looking at Su Ming blankly in the sky as his body overlapped with the three ancient runic symbols. Misery appeared on his face. He had mastered the previous two runic symbols, and it was precisely because of this that he had become Hidden Dragon Sect's prodigy. However, he had only managed to master half of the third runic symbol, which was the thunder one. He still could not fuse with it completely and achieve mastery over it.

Yet now, that thunder runic symbol had appeared distinctly on Su Ming's hand, and it was causing thunder to roar louder in the universe with each passing moment.

"Lightning!"

Su Ming's final word completely shattered the thought of him being lucky in the depths of Jingnan's heart. It also utterly destroyed Chenchong's pride. A broken smile appeared on his lips. Prodigy? Head disciple of his sect? Compared to Su Ming, he was nothing...

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air. After a loud bang, a bolt of lightning tore through the sky, making it seem as if it had ripped apart space. It did this with a loud bang, and as the light from the lightning, the madness from the storm, the howls from the whirlwind, and the roars from the thunder overlapped together beside Su Ming, similarly to those four runic symbols, the golden light that had covered the entire world was immediately torn apart. Once it was shredded into pieces, it completely dissipated.

Di Tian's body shuddered, but he still forced his body to not move back even after his Art turned on him after it was destroyed. As for Su Ming, once the wind, rain, thunder, and lightning runic symbols overlapped and destroyed that golden light, his face turned slightly pale, but there was clarity in his eyes.

"Since you can't snatch my soul away, then it's my turn to attack."

While speaking, Su Ming took a step forward and lifted his left hand swiftly, swinging it at Di Tian. Immediately, the four overlapping runic symbols charged forward with loud booming sounds.

Di Tian was instantly surrounded by pouring rain, shredding whirlwinds, roaring thunder, and destructive lightning.

At the same time, when Su Ming took that one step forward, he appeared right above Di Tian and lowered his head. As he did so, he lifted his right hand and pushed down swiftly.

With it, as thunder roared in the world. The right hand from Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared and stretched out all five of its fingers wide to press down on Di Tian.

In the process of that palm charging towards Di Tian, the Immortals in the area immediately saw Dark Mountain and ninth summit's illusions appear around the statue's right hand. Right in-between the two mountains was that murderous purple-haired young man. These three things were everything that formed the right hand of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers.

The mountains were falling on Di Tian, and the Berserker Soul was pressing in. All of these things were the strongest power Su Ming could muster in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. The power of the world, which he had gathered from the area, caused the world to lose its color and the universe to change. It made Di Tian's face turn incredibly solemn during that instant, and his pupils also shrank once more.

"Soar to the White Sky!" A low growl swiftly tumbled out of Di Tian's lips as he was surrounded by the whirlwind, rain, lightning, and thunder and the mountains that were Su Ming's Berserker Soul came crashing onto him.

Once he spoke, the entire world immediately fell silent.

The world turned black, and white flames appeared around Di Tian. At the instant that happened, a power that could destroy the world spread out, and those flames caused most of those who saw them to feel their hearts and minds instantly turning blank.

"I will offer up the power of this clone, and even at the price of this body being destroyed, I will execute the true form of Soar to the White Sky. Su Ming... I'd like to see how you manage to not die!" The golden-robed Di Tian looked as if he had gone mad when he activated that Art while white flames spread out from his body.

During that instant, Su Ming closed his eyes with a calm face. His Berserker Soul spread out, and his will fused together with the world.

"Middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... Activate!"

Chapter 666: The Middle Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The world roared. The rainbows filled even more of the sky, causing the seven colors to be even more abundant, up to the point they were endless. The distortions in the sky started showing even more signs of tearing, as if that one sentence from Su Ming had caused the universe to tremble.

With the power in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, Su Ming could not win against the golden-robed Di Tian, but his path towards the Berserker Soul Realm had just started. If he could not win against Di Tian in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, then he would rush to the middle stage.

Almost at the instant the changes in the sky became even more intense, a great wave of power immediately spread out and swept outwards from Su Ming's body. In the blink of an eye it looked as if it had filled up the entire world, causing everything in it to look as if they had slowed to the point of becoming still.

The white sun from that golden-robed Di Tian rose into the sky, continuing to grow bigger. It was covered by a great mass of power, and while it did not stop, it still slowed down. That vast mass of power was the power of the world. It was also the law of the world of Berserkers that looked as if it was using all of the world's kismet and everything else to suppress this place.

Su Ming was in midair, and he still had yet to open his eyes. He was not intentionally increasing his level of cultivation. Instead, when he had broken through Bone Sacrifice Realm and reached the initial stage in the Berserker Soul Realm earlier, he had a feeling, and that was... when his statue of the God of Berserkers was eventually completed, he would arrive at a state which he had never reached before.

This feeling was incredibly strong. When he was fighting against Di Tian, he had even felt... that he could become stronger.

"My statue is still incomplete... It only has one right arm, it still lacks..." Su Ming mumbled, and his eyes flew open. Immediately, the light of burning flames appeared in his eyes. That light was crimson red, and it was the blood moon!

The burning blood moon was reminiscent to the burning of blood, resulting in Su Ming looking even more bizarre in midair. He lifted his left hand and formed half a circle above his head. His right hand rose up at the same time and touched his left hand to form a complete circle.

There was red light shining within the circle, and for all those who could see it, it was as if Su Ming's arms had turned into a blood-red full moon. Moonlight shone in all directions, causing the entire land to turn instantly red.

"The moon during my youth... appeared red like blood due to fire..." Su Ming's voice reverberated in the world, and despite him moving his arms away from each other, the blood moon he had formed did not disappear. Instead, it looked as if it had gained physical form and charged into the sky. Once it flew up, it absorbed all the endless power from the world, making it all surge madly towards it.

At this moment, the blood moon looked like a real moon, and its existence above Su Ming exuded a presence that caused the hearts of all those who saw it to tremble in shock.

When Ji An saw this in the distance, there was no longer any hesitation on his face. Instead, his expression turned into that of dead silence. He looked at the blood moon quietly, then at Su Ming, and finally at the golden-robed Di Tian who was suppressed by the power of the entire world of Berserkers. Even if Di Tian had executed that extremely powerful Soar to the White Sky, he was still suppressed by the power of the world.

All the people in the world had become outsiders. Only Su Ming remained as a matchless existence in the place, becoming the sole focus of everyone's eyes in the area.

The appearance of the blood moon had caused loud rumbling sounds to come from the distorting and shredding sky. Those sounds were each louder than the last, eventually reaching a volume that was deafening to the ears, making it sound as if the entire world was howling.

"There was once a person who said something to me as we stood in the midst of snow... She said, 'If we continue walking in this snow, can we walk until our hair turns white...?'

"Many years later, I still remember that scene, which seemed so real, but at the same time was like an illusion. But it doesn't matter whether it is real or fake, the snow on that day... has now turned into white hair in my memories," Su Ming mumbled softly. Grief tinted with nostalgia appeared in his eyes. The images of two people moving through the snow gradually appeared before his vision, and as they continued walking, their figures were slowly concealed by the snow before his eyes.

It caused everything that Su Ming saw to turn into endless snow that covered the sky, the earth, and all of his memories, causing him to be unable to find the two figures. All he could remember was the snow and the locks of hair that had seemed to turn white.

A sigh came from Su Ming's grieving heart, turning into waves of ripples as it echoed. At some point in time, his hair gradually turned white, and that shade of white was due to snow.

Snowflakes quietly appeared in the distorting sky and floated down to the ground. They fell on Su Ming's body and his hair, making it look... as if his hair had truly turned white.

The snow slowly floated down without any wind. It covered the entire area around Su Ming and concealed the gazes of the tens of thousands of Immortals. Slowly, the snow... fell even harder in the vast world.

The blood moon was in the sky, and snow was falling down to the ground. As that scene took form and fused together with Su Ming as he stood in the snow, it turned into an incredibly beautiful picture. However, there was a forlorn incompleteness within this beauty.

A depressing sensation rose within the hearts of all those who saw this, causing the entire area to fall silent. Only the people's focused gazes remained unchanged.

"The blood moon is my soul, and the memories in the snow are my spirit...

"The blood moon represents my persistence during my youth. The nostalgia toward the snow is my reluctance to part with my past... Today, Dark Mountain, ninth summit, and Destiny have become the first soul of my Berserker Soul and turned into the right arm for my statue of the God of Berserkers.

"Now I will use the blood moon and my memories in the snow to form... the left arm for my statue!"

Su Ming lifted his head. At the instant he looked towards the sky, the roars from the distortions turned more shocking, as if there was some shocking changes that were unfolding madly within the cracks.

The blood moon and snow fused swiftly above Su Ming during that instant, and as they did so, the power of the world merged into one with a bang.

The snow and blood moon were about to fuse perfectly together. The roars from the distorting sky became even stronger, as if the left arm of Su Ming's statue was about to appear, just as he had said.

A glint suddenly appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

"The right arm of my statue contains Dark Mountain and ninth summit, allowing it to obtain the power of mountains, which can cause the world to crumble... It also possesses Destiny's power, allowing it to turn back time... This reversal of time is the skill contained within the right arm of my statue, and the mountains are the spells contained within it as well. This is what is known as Art!

"It is the same for my statue's left arm... The blood moon and floating snow allows my statue's left arm to contain bloodlust and the power to shred. This is its ability, but now, it lacks... spirit.

"I will fuse my Origin Vessel, the Origin Lightning, into the blood moon and floating snow, turning them into... the divine ability for my statue's left arm!"

Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and lightning sparks swiftly appeared within his body. This lightning was not formed by the wind, rain, thunder, and lightning runic symbols but born straight from his body.

When he finished speaking, a nine-holed cauldron-shaped item surrounded by lightning flew out swiftly from his mouth and charged into the sky. As it closed in on the blood moon and floating snow, an infinite amount of lightning erupted explosively.

As those bolts of lightning roared, all nine holes within the cauldron were filled in an instant, turning into piercing light that resulted in no one being able to see, but a deep wave of shock still burst forth from their minds.

'Divine Will's Lightning!' Ji An's eyes went wide, and he stared fixedly at the nine-holed cauldron. His breathing instantly quickened.

At the same time, some of the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground immediately recognized this lightning's name, and an uproar rose among them in the midst of their shock.

"This is Divine Will's Lightning!"

"It is said that this is the third type of Lightning Heavenly Judgment. It barely exists in the world, and there are few who can control it!

"This Su Ming... not only is he powerful, he can also control Divine Will's Lightning. No wonder he could draw Hidden Dragon Sect's lightning runic symbol."

Blinding bolts of lightning erupted from Su Ming's Origin Vessel in the sky, and during that instant, it fused with the blood moon and the floating snow. Once that happened, an arm that was surrounded by an endless amount of lightning sparks and filled with a bloodthirsty, destructive air swiftly appeared before everyone's eyes.

At the instant it came to be, it was as if some established law had been changed within the world of Berserkers. An endless amount of lightning bolts gathered toward this place from all directions: the whole Eastern Wastelands, all the other continents, and the entire world of Berserkers.

Those bolts of lightning replaced the entire sky, causing it to turn into a gigantic pool of lightning, and right in the center of it was the statue's left arm, which had been formed once all the elements fused together!

The left arm controlled the lightning in the world, and an illusory blood moon also appeared among them. That moon was the real moon in the world of Berserkers, but during that instant it... shattered.

It was as if the moon did not dare show its face before the left arm of Su Ming's statue. When it shattered and gradually dissipated, above the Eastern Wastelands, South Morning, Alliance of the Western Region, Northern Province, and the endless Dead Sea...

It started snowing!

Snow floated down in the wind and covered the entire sky and earth in the world of Berserkers, causing the it to instantly turn into a world of snow.

What other anomaly in the world could be more shocking than the sight of the entire world of Berserkers snowing because of Su Ming? What other anomaly in the world could be more unbelievable than the sight of the Berserkers' sky being covered by lightning...?

The world roared. At the instant the left arm of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared and charged towards him to fuse with his left arm, the Immortals saw the distorting sky among the snow and lightning collapsing with a bang. A gigantic statue's left arm stretched out from the sky with a presence that could make all the people's hearts crumble, bringing with it lightning, bloodlust, and a chill that could tear apart everything!

Su Ming's divine ability was contained in this left arm, and his Art was in the right arm. These two gigantic statues' arms came into contact with each other in the sky and each formed a seal.

Su Ming stood on the two fingers that were lifted up on the statue's left hand once it finished forming the seal. His long hair floated in the air, and his face alternated between being brilliantly illuminated and sinking into darkness as the bolts of lightning flashed around him. By that time, the brilliant light and calmness within his eyes had turned into...

A picture of eternal peerlessness.

Chapter 667: The God of Berserkers' Oath in His Song!

When the statue's left arm appeared, all of Su Ming's power burst out from his body with a bang. This explosion was out of his control, and it continued like water gushing out of a well, causing loud booming sounds to travel out of his body while also making his cultivation base instantly reach the peak of the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. At that moment, the explosions within his cultivation base paused for a moment.

However, even if it did stop, it only stopped for an instant before a loud bang rang into the air, and the explosions broke through the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, causing Su Ming to lift his head and let out a long roar. As he cried out... he became a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Those who had reached this stage could gather even more power from the world at a faster rate. In fact, they could also touch upon the laws of the world slightly, allowing them to use the laws within the world of Berserkers.

If it had been any other Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, then perhaps they would not be unmatched, but it was completely different for Su Ming. To him, being in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was already enough to bring out the full potential of his powerful physical body and the different powers contained within the left and right arms of his statue of the God of Berserkers.

As Su Ming's cultivation base erupted, the seal placed within his mind broke down even more. By the looks of it, it was about to crumble at any moment. However, there was still a hint of power whose origins were unknown coming forth to increase the strength of that seal, trying to prevent Su Ming from breaking the seal on his memories fully.

When Su Ming was still in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he had already sensed this, but he could see only brief signs of this external force within him. However,

when he reached the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and the seal broke even more, he swiftly engaged this external force in an invisible fight.

Su Ming could also vaguely feel that this external force did not come from the land of Berserkers, but from somewhere above, beyond the sky... from the galaxy that belonged to the Immortals.

In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that if his power could increase a little further, then he could find the source of this external force using it as his lead, and he would see just who was sealing his memories!

Even if Su Ming already had an answer, he still wanted to see... Di Tian's real self, who would surely be residing within the world of Immortals, since he could only send his clones to the land of Berserkers.

It was also during that instant that Ji An finally made his decision. He temporarily gave up on the fight over the ownership for Eastern Wastelands Tower... because he had to stop Su Ming. Even if this meant that he was helping Di Tian, Ji An would still do it, because he was, in the end, also an Immortal.

It was impossible for him to just watch Su Ming continue becoming stronger. This sort of result was something he could not accept.

'All of this is Di Tian's doing. I might not know his plans, but clearly, they failed. Instead he made Destiny... become this way...' Ji An's expression turned dark. He did not immediately attack, but instead chose to keep his gaze on Su Ming and wait for his chance.

'And this statue... This isn't a statue of the God of Berserkers anymore. I've been researching the Berserkers for many years, and I've never heard of any Berserker having this sort of statue appear when they reach Berserker Soul Realm!

'Usually, once they reach Berserker Soul Realm, the complete form of their statues would manifest in one go, but this Su Ming... still didn't manifest his full statue of the God of Berserkers despite merging his soul twice. He could only manage to make two arms appear.

'If we just let him continue like this, then once this unprecedented statue of the God of Berserkers manifested completely... just how strong would it be...?

'Based on Evil Sect's investigations, nothing this strange had occurred when the third God of Berserkers inherited the first God of Berserkers' will either, and it was the same for the second God of Berserkers. We don't know whether this happened for the first God of Berserkers, but...'

Ji An's pupils suddenly shrank and his heart instantly started racing in his chest. He lifted his head swiftly and stared fixedly at the arms that belonged to Su Ming's statue. His face instantly turned pale.

'Sovereign Chi made a prediction in the past. The first God of Berserkers' inheritance would end once he passed it to the third, and there would no longer be a fourth God of Berserkers who would inherit the first God of Berserkers' will... There is no possibility of error for this...

'Yet if there's someone who won't inherit the first God of Berserkers' will but manages to craft a path that is similar to the first's with his own strength and becomes a new God of Berserkers... then this will not be within Sovereign Chi's predictions!

'He gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet on himself and his Berserker Soul brought out an anomaly in the world. Snow started falling on the entire land of Berserkers and lightning replaced the sky... All of these... All of these things... are telling openly that this Su Ming... is about to become the fourth God of Berserkers!'

Ji An's pupils shrank even more, and his expression also started changing rapidly.

In the end, the killing intent within his heart increased several thousand times. The Immortals could absolutely not allow any God of Berserkers to appear among the Berserkers once again!

It was especially so when it was one who would not inherit the first's will but would be like the first and become the God of Berserkers on his own... and who had even obtained the entire world of Berserkers' kismet on himself while bringing forth such a change in the world.

However, at the instant Ji An made this decision in his heart, Su Ming, as he stood on his statue of the God of Berserkers' left hand while his Qi continued rising to reach the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, lowered his head and looked towards Di Tian. He then lifted his right hand and swung it outwards, and, immediately, the world roared.

All appearances of things having slowed down vanished at that instant, and the pressure in the world also dissipated. Everything returned to normal, and Su Ming took a step forward.

It was also at that moment that the golden-robed Di Tian let out a roar that reverberated in the air. The true Soar to the White Sky that he had activated by offering up his body had turned into a white sun, and with a loud bang, it charged towards Su Ming.

The white sun contained an indescribably vast power and a presence that could wipe away everything within the world. Hong Luo had been unable to match up to this Art in

the past, and Su Ming had also been injured gravely because of this Art several years ago. In the end, he was brought away by someone while he was at death's door.

However, it did not mean that there was no way to break this Art. Su Ming still remembered that by using the power from the God of Berserkers, not only had he managed to break this Art the first time he had fought against Di Tian, but he had also destroyed one of Di Tian's clones.

He had managed to do it in the past. Even though he had relied on the power of the God of Berserkers to do so, with his current abilities, he might be able to do this again even without the assistance.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. An eye-catching glare appeared in his eyes and he lifted his right hand to swing it against the incoming white sun. Immediately, the right arm of his statue rose up, and as it formed a seal, it charged towards the white sun.

The right arm contained the ninth summit and Dark Mountain, and had been formed after these two mountains overlapped, resulting in that right arm having the power to destroy the sky and earth. With a vast amount of pressure spreading out from within it, it charged forward, and since it also contained Destiny's Art to reverse time, it caused the space where it passed to look as if it was withering away. As wrinkles appeared in space, inch by inch, it looked as if it had been struck by more than just one fist. Instead, it looked as if there had been another fist that had struck space a breath ago, and another one two breaths ago.

Even if the Immortals tried to track down the start of this tunnel of time, none of them would be able to know just how many punches were contained within this reversal of time. They would only be able to see an endless amount of afterimages, which made it look as if there were worlds being born and destroyed around it.

It was as if everything had happened within an instant...

When the fist closed in on the sun, the world lost its color. The right arm looked as if it had controlled the reversal of time to get closer to the white sun with a bang.

Su Ming lifted his left hand at the same time and pointed towards the white sun. With it, the left hand of his statue swayed before immediately turning crimson red, the color of the blood moon. An endless amount of snow also appeared around it, and a power that thirsted for blood as well as aimed to tear apart everything erupted.

Nine Divine Will's Lightnings appeared on the statue's left arm. With a roar, they surrounded the entire area, as if having spread out through space and shattered the universe. With that indescribable presence, the left arm charged towards the white sun with its earth shaking divine ability.

The statue's arms contained Su Ming's will, along with his Art and spirit. As these two gathered together, they turned into... a realm that even Su Ming did not know about.

That was...

"Dao! This is Dao! He actually mastered Dao!" Ji An sucked in a sharp breath. He should not be doing this with his status, but at that moment, he could not help but let out a cry of surprise.

Once he voiced those words, the tens of thousands of Immortals in the area found their jaws falling slack out of shock as their minds filled with absent-mindedness and confusion. The powerful warriors who were in Ascendance, like Shen Dong, had even widened their eyes as they looked at Su Ming.

That was indeed Dao. It was the personal Dao that was rare even among the Immortals!

"Dao..." Tian Lan Meng's knees went weak as she stood among the crowd. She bit her bottom lip as she stared silently at Su Ming in the sky. Her heart was empty, and her face was rife with anguish.

She could still remember vaguely that there had been a faint possibility of a future between her and Su Ming in the past, but as time passed by and she took that particular action in the World of Nine Yin, that possibility had been cut off.

Over the years, she had originally thought that she would forget about the past, but at the moment she saw Su Ming on the battlefield, tears still flowed down her eyes.

"He doesn't suit you." These words were spoken with a sigh from beside Tian Lan Meng. They belonged to her older sister, Tian Lan You.

A shocking roar covered the sisters' words. The two arms from Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers crashed into the white sun at that moment, causing a loud bang to erupt into the air, one that made most of the tens of thousands of Immortals cough up blood.

Numerous Immortals endured the intense pain in their bodies with gritted teeth and looked towards Su Ming so that they could see his Dao, as well as the end of the battle.

They saw Su Ming closing his eyes in midair in the midst of that loud sound, and with his lifted right hand, he looked like an artist sinking into a trance before he drew the first stroke of his painting.

That one stroke was for Berserker Obliteration.

Su Ming had executed this Art many times in his life, but he had never used it under such circumstances, when he had been acknowledged by the land of Berserkers, had

the world's kismet on his body, and with the status of the fourth God of Berserkers... This was the first time he executed the God of Berserkers' song with Berserker Obliteration like this!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened...

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated. The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die...

"If the heavens don't have eyes, then I will step on it and watch myself seal the heavens!

"The world's kismet is upon me, and I will surely kill Di Tian with my own hands.

"If the deities don't have souls, then I swear I will slaughter the deities and become the Emperor!

"My Berserkers' Soul has formed, and I will dye the Immortals' sky red with millions of their lives throughout my life!"

This Berserker Obliteration was sung by Su Ming placing his whole life within it, and with this will... why should he not destroy all the Immortals?!

Chapter 668: Ji An Attacks!

That one stroke was the song for Berserker Obliteration, but even as it was sung, it could never capture all the emotions contained in the Berserkers' tears...

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he looked as if he was holding onto a brush in his right hand. It was still lifted in midair, and he drew one stroke... right across the white sun and the golden-robed Di Tian, even as the two arms from his statue of the God of Berserkers was charging over.

This one stroke looked as if it had gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet and contained the laws within the world, as well as Su Ming's oath to turn it into... a glorious scene as magnificent as the world being created.

It was like someone had lifted an old dusk-colored curtain to reveal the prideful sun rising into the sky behind it. It represented the world being turned back in time, and also represented the possibility of the Berserkers... rising in hope and glory once more.

At the same time Su Ming drew this stroke, a loud, deafening bang rang into the air. This came from the arms of the statue. With the time contained in the right and lightning in the left—these two arms collided with the white sun with a bang, causing a shocking bang to erupt into the sky.

Su Ming's Berserker Obliteration seemed to have changed the law within the world of Berserkers during that instant.

If the world of Berserkers had a spirit, then the change in that law would mean that the spirit would remember Su Ming's, as the God of Berserkers', oath, especially the last line...

"I will dye the Immortals' sky red with millions of their lives throughout my life!"

It was precisely this God of Berserkers' oath that caused the golden-robed Di Tian's white sun to start crumbling swiftly from the middle at the instant Su Ming drew that stroke across it. The sun eventually exploded completely, turning into a wave of impact that swept through the area in the sky.

Wherever it went, the space would crack, and it would also cause the earth to collapse. The Immortals on the ground looked at this scene in the sky in shock, and a chill slowly crept up their spines.

If this destruction had started on the ground, then perhaps none of them would be standing anymore.

As that white sun that contained the golden-robed Di Tian's life shattered, his body showed up. He staggered backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood. The crown on his head crumbled into pieces and disappeared.

His Emperor's robe was also torn apart before it exploded. The golden-robed Di Tian fell back once again, looking incredibly pathetic with his pale face. His gaze was unfocused and had lost its previous brilliant shine, but the grudge in his eyes was now much stronger than before.

At that moment, his grudge fused together with his broken smile. He looked at Su Ming, and he knew that from this moment onwards, perhaps Su Ming was truly completely out of his control.

But... it did not mean that he no longer had a chance!

Compared to Di Tian's current pathetic state, Su Ming remained as calm as ever, even though his face was slightly pale. However, the seven colors of the rainbow were shining on his body. That light seemed to be spreading out from his body and reflecting off the sky while fusing with the ground.

At that instant, a feeling that they did not know whether what was happening was their figment of imagination filled up all the hearts of those who were watching Su Ming.

And that was... Su Ming had... fused together perfectly with the world due to an opportunity.

He was the sky, the earth, and the whole world of Berserkers—this perfect fusion caused all the people to feel as if they were facing the world when they looked at Su Ming.

It was impossible to describe this feeling with words, but it was incredibly strong within each and every single person's hearts, yet none of them were able to give it words.

"Fusion with the world..."

Ji An sucked in a breath and mumbled to himself. He could tell with just one glance that Su Ming's power had already surpassed the First Step and was in the process of moving through the Second Step. He was going through the fusion with the world, and once he completed it, his power would increase by leaps and bounds.

'He might have gathered the world of Berserkers' kismet on himself, but it was just that. He had only gathered it, but had not fused with it... What happened previously was that the kismet used the child's body as a carrier to explode, and now... he had fused with it. This fusion means that it is no longer something as simple as the kismet gathering on him and using him as a carrier. He has taken control of it!

'If this person falls, the Berserkers will fall. If this person rises to glory, the Berserkers will also rise to glory...

'This is the sign of the God of Berserkers. As I expected, he's really the fourth God of Berserkers. The world of Berserkers' kismet only reacted this way because it has acknowledged his oath as the God of Berserkers!'

Ji An stared at Su Ming, and a deep wave of killing intent rose in his heart.

'He was acknowledged by the world of Berserkers. Destiny... Just as expected of Destiny!'

At the instant killing intent ran rampant in Ji An's heart, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He lowered his head and looked towards Di Tian, swiftly taking a step forward.

"The world's kismet is upon me, and I will surely kill Di Tian with my own hands!" This was his oath as the God of Berserkers, and it meant that he had to fulfill this oath.

At that moment, the golden-robed Di Tian was in an incredibly weakened state. The burning of his life had dealt a heavy blow to him, and the shattering of his Art had caused him to suffer a huge backlash. He... was no longer Su Ming's opponent.

Di Tian did not choose to dodge when Su Ming charged towards him. A strange light started shining in his eyes, and at the instant he looked as if he had made some sort of decision, Ji An, who had been watching from afar and had not chosen to truly attack since the start, lifted his foot swiftly and stomped the air before him.

With it, the world roared, and a powerful wave spread out swiftly, like the gusts of violent wind, from around Ji An.

"That's enough!"

Ji An let out a cold harrumph. As he lifted his right hand, he opened the fan in his hand swiftly, and a layer of black fog moved with a bang from within it to turn into nine black dragons, which then charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming had long since expected Ji An's attack. He might be from Evil Sect, but he was, in the end, an Immortal. Due to his position, there was no way he would just stand by and watch Di Tian's clones die one after another.

Almost at the instant Ji An activated his divine ability, ripples showed up around Su Ming. As they shone, they turned black, surrounding him layer by layer and preventing him from moving forward. Soon after, Ji An took a step forward and appeared right before Su Ming.

With a wave of his arm, a force that surpassed the golden-robed Di Tian's power charged towards Su Ming with a bang. From several directions behind him, the nine black dragons roared and closed in on him as well.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. Right from the moment he stepped out and fought against Di Tian, he had already known that this battle would be exceedingly difficult. Not only would he have to fight against Di Tian's clones, if he caused too much commotion, this Ji An would also attack.

In fact... even though the sky was distorting and crumbling, the two gigantic vortexes were still there, not having dissipated. They had only become slightly duller, as if they had been hidden away.

However, they were still around, and this meant that during the final moments of this battle, new Immortals would descend to this world... and Di Tian's real self would definitely not just sit back and watch his clones die. His real self might not be able to come to this place personally, but he would definitely think of something and send stronger people to this place.

Su Ming could not stop any of this. There was only one path that lay before his eyes, and that was... to fight!

He would fight till the world turned dark. He would fight till the sun and moon no longer shone. He would fight till a sea of blood surged into the sky. He would fight... until he killed millions upon millions of Immortals!

Besides, Su Ming knew that his statue of the God of Berserkers only had two arms at the moment, and there was a powerful urge within his body telling him... that he could become stronger!

However, even though this feeling of becoming stronger was incredibly great, it was still not enough for an outburst. It was as if his blood had not reached its boiling point just yet. If he wanted to make himself stronger, bring out more of his statute, then he would need a full outburst.

Then, in the midst of all these explosions, of understanding his own power, and all the battles and dangers, he would latch onto his own potential so that this feeling of becoming stronger would become reality.

Su Ming had not completely understood all of these things previously, but once he lost against the golden-robed Di Tian during their first exchange of blows, once he was overcome by madness due to his hate and made his decision to kill Di Tian, he clearly sensed that he could reach the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. That was why... he reached the middle stage of that realm.

Right then, what he needed was to sense the signs that told him he could reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Among these endless battles, he could... make himself become a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. He could even attain great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and even... Life Cultivation!

"All those that block my path have the same sin as Di Tian!"

Su Ming's blood was burning in his body. As his voice traveled outwards, he swiftly lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground.

The powerful Enchanted Treasures that had been activated between Evil Sect and all the Immortal sects on the ground no longer moved, since both sides were no longer fighting. But they were not taken back either.

At that moment, the blood kirin within Evil Sect standing among the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground had become Su Ming's target.

The blood kirin had spread out and covered the Evil Lust Sect disciples as if it was protecting them. Yet now, as Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, that creature started trembling, and it even lifted its head to let out a shrill roar.

The next scene after shocked the Evil Sect disciples to the heart—the blood kirin only let out one more roar before flying up against its will.

This creature might be Evil Lust Sect's treasure and was formed by the blood of the Evil Lust Sect disciples, but since it appeared in the land of Berserkers, then there was even more aura of death compared to blood in its body.

That aura of death was naturally born in the land of Berserkers. It was one of its kismet and laws. At that moment... if Su Ming wanted to use this kirin, then this beast could naturally not go against him.

Almost in an instant, the blood kirin flew into midair, but before it could get any closer, Su Ming formed a seal with his hand and pointed at it. The blood kirin let out a shrill scream of pain and its body crumbled with a bang. As it did so, a large amount of aura of death spilled out.

It was also at this moment that the nine black dragons behind Su Ming closed in on him. Ji An also appeared right before him, but Su Ming's expression remained calm. During the instant the blood kirin crumbled, he lifted his left hand and formed a seal.

The blood kirin's collapse caused a large amount of aura of death to spread out, and during that instant, that aura of death formed a gigantic seal in midair. It was... the Verdant Abyssal Seal.

"Shatter," Su Ming said softly.

The Verdant Abyssal Seal swiftly exploded, causing the sky to tremble. In the midst of the distortions, an endless amount of aura of death spilled out and descended from the sky above Su Ming to charge towards him. Then, with Su Ming acting as its center, it swept outwards.

Su Ming stood in the middle of it all with his hair flying and his robes dancing. His eyes were turning red with killing intent.

Whoever blocked his path... he would kill!

Chapter 669: Devour the Sky!

The instant the Verdant Abyssal Seal formed by the blood kirin crumbled, it turned into a huge wave of impact that instantly crashed into the waves that limited Su Ming's movements. A loud bang came from the crash, and Su Ming's body was freed. At the

same moment, the aura of death from the sky descended and enveloped the nine black dragons behind Su Ming.

Yet Ji An only paused for a moment before he faced that aura of death headon and charged towards Su Ming. He lifted his left hand and and struck him through the air.

It looked like a simple strike, but once he delivered it, dozens of illusions that belonged to dozens of strange, ferocious beasts manifested before Ji An. They appeared within an instant, then disappeared within the next, and his palm had already closed in.

At the instant his left hand crashed into Su Ming's right fist through the air, an even louder bang shook the sky and earth as it reverberated in the air. Blood trickled out of Su Ming's lips and he fell back almost a thousand feet. As for Ji An, his body swayed a little, but he did not retreat. However, the color of his face did change several times in succession.

Clearly, Su Ming's punch and the impact from the aura of death had also had quite the impact on him.

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth. A great fighting spirit shone in his eyes, and his blood was boiling. He could feel it. The greater the pressure from Ji An brought with it the signs of him being able to break through the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Stage becoming greater.

"If you want to fight, then we fight!"

Su Ming swiftly rose into the sky, and with a swing of his arm, his statue of the God of Berserkers' arms appeared once again beside him. They then charged towards Ji An once more.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. As a thought appeared in his head, an illusion manifested behind him. That illusion was his Nascent Divinity. It appeared with an incredibly dense presence, and at the same time it exuded waves of pressure from its body, it brought out a loud commotion among the Immortals underneath the instant they saw Su Ming's Nascent Divinity.

Even Ji An was momentarily taken aback by the sight.

Nascent Divinities were something unique to high level Immortals. It was impossible for these things to exist in Berserkers.

"Nascent Divinity... That is... That is a Nascent Divinity!"

"That person is a Berserker, but he managed to create a Nascent Divinity!"

"Could he be practicing both the ways of the Berserkers and the Immortals' cultivation? This is... Someone researched this many years ago, but in the end, they discovered that both systems couldn't exist at the same time in one body. Yet he... He actually managed to do it!"

Amid those loud voices, the arms of Su Ming's statue charged towards Ji An. The power contained within them was something that even Ji An did not dare underestimate. At that moment, he did not have any time to think about anything else. He swung the fan in his hand, and black fog immediately rose around him, turning into black armor on his body.

Su Ming closed his eyes once his Nascent Divinity appeared. He then lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Once he transformed it nine times, he executed Hong Luo's Nine Transfigurations and implemented it within the divine ability he was about to cast, then pointed towards his right leg. Right after, he lifted his head and took a step forward.

At the instant his foot landed, the entire world looked as if it was shaking, and right before everyone's eyes, a huge foot manifested in the sky above Ji An.

This was the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

Su Ming took seven steps in succession. Once the first foot appeared in the sky, six others followed, each of whom had the presence stronger than that of the one that came before it. Once these seven feet fused together and turned into one, it came crashing down.

The world roared, and Ji An's pupils shrank. He let out a low growl, and the black armor on his body spread out. At the same time, an illusion immediately manifested behind him, looking extremely bizarre. The creature had two horns on its head, but was in the shape of a human, yet not. It looked like a monster from beyond the world, and it was ten thousand feet tall.

That illusion lifted its head and let out a piercing roar, then charged towards Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps.

Even in the midst of those roars, Su Ming still had his eyes closed and did look toward the results of the battle. Instead, he continued stimulating his own mind, causing the signs of him being able to breakthrough the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to become stronger.

After executing Nine Transfigurations, Su Ming lifted his left hand. He did not form a seal, but instead chose to lock his left hand with his right. He then formed ten different signs. The area around him turned indistinct, and that indistinct state would grow stronger with each sign he made. When Su Ming formed the ninth one, the indistinct, hazy area turned into an illusion, and his body could no longer be seen clearly.

This was the Art Hong Luo had obtained by chance numerous years ago, but due to the nobility of his bloodline and his confidence towards the royal blood's divine abilities, he had regarded it with scorn and never bothered to practice it... the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, One Voice Art!

This Art could take the form of everything in the world, as long as there was a connection between the caster and the thing they wanted to create. Like Su Ming at that moment. Once he executed the nine transformations from the ten, he found that he could not form the final one, that was why he chose to give up on continuing. Instead, he fused his mind with his snake.

During that instant, right when the Immortals below calmed down, the indistinct area around Su Ming's body increased exponentially: to a hundred, a thousand, five thousand, and up to ten thousand feet!

Due to the indistinct area no one was able to see Su Ming anymore, but the appearance of such a scene in the world was still enough to cause all those who saw it to feel their hearts trembling in shock. At the same time, they also felt their hearts racing against their will, as if they were being controlled.

In fact, all the tens of thousands of people's hearts were forced to beat at the same high rate. Because of that, the pressure that was formed was enough to make all those people feel overwhelmingly shocked.

Badump, badump...

The sounds of the heartbeats caused all those who heard them to feel as if they were listening to their own heartbeats. However, if they listened carefully, they would find, with pale, ashen faces, that those heartbeats came from the indistinct illusion in the sky.

It was as if there was a heart within that illusion, and everyone's hearts had to follow its heartbeat. If they did not obey, then their hearts would explode because they did not harmonize with the world.

Even Ji An was shocked by it. At the instant the arms of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers locked with each other, he cast a sideways glance towards it. The moment he looked over, a shocking roar came from that indistinct illusion.

That roars did not seem like it belonged to a person but a ferocious beast that could destroy the world.

All the people's hearts started beating even faster.

As more roars reverberated through the air, the indistinct illusion swiftly broke and turned into an endless amount of crystalline lights that tumbled backwards. During that instant, a gigantic beast of ten thousand feet swiftly shot out!

The beast's appearance stirred up a commotion that surpassed all the previous ones. It also immediately caused the tens of thousands of Immortals instinctively retreat, causing the land to be in a state of chaos.

In the midst of that chaos, Ji An's pupils shrank. Disbelief could be seen entering his eyes.

"Candle Dragon!"

"That's a Candle Dragon!"

"Just how did Su Ming manage to do it?! How could he obtain a Candle Dragon as his pet?!"

"That's not a pet! That's Su Ming himself! He transformed into a Candle Dragon! Could it be that he's actually a Candle Dragon that transformed into a human?!"

In the midst of those voices, Su Ming's face appeared right above the head of that Candle Dragon in the sky. He had his eyes closed and was not moving. The giant snake's body moved in the sky, and when the Candle Dragon lifted its head, it let out a roar. That voice was filled with a power that could capture souls, and it made all the people who heard it feel their hearts and minds entering a daze. In an instant, illusions rose within their minds, and they could not control themselves.

At the same time, the Candle Dragon charged towards Ji An. At the instant it closed in, it opened its eyes, and once the dragon did so, Su Ming, too, opened his eyes. The power to capture souls that was a countless amount of times stronger than before erupted forth. This was the Candle Dragon's true power for soul catching.

At that instant, the world lost its color because of that power, and everything looked as if it had turned into emptiness. The Candle Dragon's eyes were the only source of dark light remaining in the world.

Even someone as powerful as Ji An could not help but enter a daze. This absent-mindedness might have only lasted for several breaths, but when his mind became clear, the arms of the statue of the God of Berserkers were already very close to him. But this was not the main point. What mattered was that the Candle Dragon's body was no longer before him, but was behind him, and it was charging straight towards the dazed and incredibly pathetic looking golden-robed Di Tian.

Ji An's pupils shrank. Without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and struck his body. He could not let anymore of Di Tian's clones die. At the very least, they could not die in Su Ming's hands.

With his power, he had long since been able to see that something was off about Su Ming. There was an incredibly powerful determination within him, and that determination

was focused on killing Di Tian. With each clone he killed, that determination would be stimulated, allowing Su Ming to absorb more power from the world and causing his cultivation base to increase explosively because of it.

Ji An knew clearly that if the golden-robed Di Tian was killed by Su Ming, then Su Ming might immediately have the thought to reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. In fact, there was even a possibility that he would arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm with just one step.

At that moment, when Ji An struck his body with his right hand, his body immediately started distorting, as if he was about to split up. Overlapping shadows immediately manifested behind him, as if they were about to form another clone.

However, right at the instant this clone was about to appear, Su Ming, who had turned into the Candle Dragon, turned his head around and let out a loud roar at Ji An.

This roar was the Candle Dragon's roar, and it was also Su Ming's... God of Berserkers' roar!

That roar also contained Su Ming's understanding towards the Nine Transfigurations, Ten Transformations, One Voice. That One Voice was like an order that caused the world to lose its color.

The booming roar caused Ji An's body to freeze, and at the same time, an eyeball also flew out from Su Ming's body. That eyeball swelled up in midair, and within it was a sealing power that belonged to... Hidden Execution of Justice!

The roar, seal, soul capture, arms from the statue of the God of Berserkers, and the God of Berserkers' steps had all been executed by Su Ming for one reason alone - to trap Ji An!

At that moment, he succeeded.

At the instant Ji An was trapped, the Candle Dragon that was Su Ming brought with him madness, killing intent, and hatred when it opened its mouth wide in the direction of the dazed Di Tian. Then, he sucked in a deep breath.

The world became dark, and Di Tian died.

Chapter 670: The Person in the Coffin!

At that instant, the world lost all light, and darkness replaced everything. When light reappeared and darkness gradually disappeared, the tens of thousands of cultivators who had retreated far away saw that there was no longer any Candle Dragon in the world, and neither was... the golden-robed Di Tian anywhere to be found.

The only thing remaining in midair was Su Ming, who looked exhausted, but whose eyes were shining with a brilliant light.

The Ten Transformations Art might be powerful, and Su Ming might be able to last in that form even longer... but the small snake could not withstand the chance after it had fused with Su Ming's will.

That was why once he devoured Di Tian, Su Ming gave up on remaining in the form he had gained after casting the Ten Transformations Art. He stood in midair, and at the instant the area around him sank into dead silence, he lifted his head and let out a roar that had been suppressed for a countless amount of years.

All those years ago, Di Tian's first clone, whose existence had been like the might of heaven itself, had died!

The powerful purple-robed clone who had pushed Su Ming to death's door on the Dead Sea had been destroyed!

The strongest among the three clones, the golden-robed Di Tian, had burned his own life to bring forth the Soar to the White Sky that was greater than that of the previous two clones... and he was still devoured!

The mountains that had pressed down on Su Ming's body over the years crumbled at that moment, and a feeling of freedom instantly rose within his heart. But he knew that the ordeal had yet to end. Di Tian had four clones. There was one more remaining.

His roars sounded like he was venting. All his depression and hate towards Di Tian erupted forth. At that moment, his roars reverberated in all directions, and when they fell into the Immortals' ears in the area, their hearts trembled.

Ji An's expression was incredibly dark. He had watched Su Ming devour the golden-robed Di Tian right in front of his face, but he had been unable to do anything to stop him. Right then, Su Ming's Qi was also rising endlessly right before his eyes, and as it did, even more powerful waves of power erupted from his body.

Su Ming could sense it. The signs telling him that he could breakthrough the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm had become incredibly strong. He could clearly feel the existence of the cracks in his power signaling his breakthrough, and he could sense the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm lying right behind a single thought.

He lowered his head, and his gaze fell on the ground... right on the erect coffin that was void of the presence of any cultivators around it.

Almost at the moment Su Ming looked towards the coffin, a muffled boom immediately traveled out from within it, as if there was a fist striking the lid from inside, causing some cracks to appear on it.

Bang. Bang. Bang.

This sound continued ringing, and the cracks on the lid increased with each passing moment. At the same time, a wave of power that surpassed the golden-robed Di Tian's and could even compare with Ji An's magical body gradually spread out from that coffin.

'Judging by Di Tian's expression and his words previously, he originally only had three clones, and the fourth one was created in the land of Berserkers...'

A complicated look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He remembered the location where the coffin was and recalled... the near hundred Shaman warrior souls that belonged to his eldest senior brother appearing from Sky Mist Dao.

He could... also sense a hint of familiarity from the presence spreading out from the person in the coffin.

That hint of familiarity caused Su Ming's heart to tremble, and it made the excitement he felt when he had killed Di Tian's clones... instantly vanish.

'Is it you...?'

Su Ming closed his eyes. The shivers in his heart turned into sadness and the most extreme form of pain. There was no way he could forget this familiar feeling. This familiarity... came from the ninth summit...

As if he had noticed the fluctuations in Su Ming's emotions, Ji An no longer fought against the Hidden Execution of Justice. Instead, he narrowed his eyes, and once he cast a glance at Su Ming, his gaze fell swiftly on the coffin on the ground. A dark light appeared in his eyes.

He knew clearly that Di Tian had only sent three clones to this place. That was why this fourth clone had to be quite interesting.

'Controlling him through worlds using your will... Di Tian, oh Di Tian, you have really spent a lot of effort so that you could control Destiny... If this clone dies as well, then even you might have to suffer a grievous injury...'

'By Destiny's expression... He might know this clone personally... Interesting. Very interesting!' A faint smile appeared at the corners of Ji An's lips, and it grew wider with each passing moment.

An increasing amount of cultivators in the area saw Su Ming's abnormal expression at that moment. The silence and grief about him could not be hidden away. There was also an increasing amount of people who saw the complicated look in Su Ming's eyes as he looked at the coffin.

"The person in the coffin is..."

"It belongs to Great Leaf Immortal Sect... Could it be related to Lord Di Tian?!"

Low-voiced discussions slowly spread out in the silent world. Su Ming's abnormal behavior had caused most of the people to gather their gazes on the coffin.

Bang. Bang. Bang...

The muffled thuds from the coffin continued without stop. The cracks on its lid spread out even more. With each bang, a large amount of shards would spill everywhere. The cracks spread out, and as they intersected with each other, a fist shot through the coffin's lid with a bang and appeared right before everyone's eyes.

They could tell that this was a man's fist.

Once it shot through the coffin, it slowly retreated back. When the banging sounds appeared once again, the coffin started shaking viciously. This time, two fists shot through the lid.

The sorrow on Su Ming's face grew even stronger. He stared at the fists in the coffin with a blank expression, and the sense of familiarity grew even stronger within him, so much so that it made his heart hurt even more.

A muffled bang instantly shot out at that moment. With it, the coffin's lid shattered, and a large amount of fog spilled out from inside. A powerful wave of power swiftly spread out into all directions.

As it did so, a murderous aura shot up into the sky and surged through the universe. With the coffin as its center, a gigantic vortex swept through the area.

A tall person gradually walked out from within the vortex. His body was hidden within the fog and his face could not be seen clearly, but the instant Su Ming saw his silhouette, even though he had already formed a guess in his heart, he still felt as if a mountain had crashed on his body. He staggered a few steps back, and his eyes turned bloodshot. His face filled with grief, and he looked as if he was about to descend into madness.

At that moment, his hatred towards Di Tian became even stronger than before, so much so that it already surpassed the level where he could not bear to be under the same sky as Di Tian.

He stared at the person gradually walking out of the fog, his figure slowly becoming clearer, and he... cried.

Su Ming rarely cried. In fact, it could even be said that besides weeping silently in the unfamiliar South Morning after he left Dark Mountain, he had never cried.

Because his elder had once told him that boys could bleed but could not cry. These were words his elder had told him kindly when he was still very young.

And he always remembered them.

Yet on this day, when he saw this person, Su Ming cried. However, those tears were only in his heart. They did not fall on his face, so no one could see him crying.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming stared at the clear figure, and everything in his world disappeared. The only thing that remained was the tall, big figure standing on the ground and lifting his head to look at him.

He was half-naked, revealing his powerful torso to the world. There was an incredibly complicated runic symbol on his body, covering most of his exposed skin.

The color of his skin was purple.

There were a large amount of scars on his body. They might have already closed up, but there were many of those that ran through his entire body, and Su Ming could tell that even if they had closed up, they had just been inflicted on him recently. They did not seem to have been left on him a long time ago.

At the instant Su Ming saw the scars, he seemed to have seen his eldest senior brother searching for his Master and his junior brothers, again and again, in Eastern Wastelands. He saw the madness and desperation within him as he searched for his family from the ninth summit.

His eldest senior brother stood on the sand with bare feet. His back was straight. He was not bending his back in the slightest, making it seem as if it represented his will.

He no longer had any hair. He was bald, and there were nine steel needles in his skull...

His face was no longer as it was in Su Ming's memories. There was now an ancient air to his face, along with a cross-shaped scar. That scar went through the center of the eldest senior brother's brows and his ears.

Su Ming could clearly tell that this was not a scar he sustained in battle. This was inflicted on him by someone carving it on him bit by bit. Then, so that it would not recover, that person had used some unknown method to make purple smoke fill that scar, which in return fused together with the runic symbol on the eldest senior brother's body.

It caused Su Ming's eldest senior brother to no longer be the gentle person from his memories.

There was a large hook attached to his right arm, because his right hand was already gone. That hook was now his hand.

His left arm was still there, but there were popped veins on it, and they were squirming about, as if there was some foreign objects in his body.

Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother. Then, in the midst of his grief and sadness, he let out a shrill roar that shook the sky and earth. Blood slowly trickled out of his eyes. He could not cry tears, but he could have blood flow out in place of tears!

Su Ming knew that his eldest senior brother was not a very expressive and eloquent person. He was even a little slow. He always showed his concern in an unseen manner and did not ask for anything in return. That was why even though others might not be able to detect it or feel it deeply within them, his concern was always around.

When Su Ming had just arrived to the ninth summit and had cleared his mind for the first time, Zi Che had arrived at that moment. Even though his second senior brother had been the one who attacked, his eldest senior brother's gaze had gathered on Zi Che. He would not allow any outsider to hurt his junior brother. Only when second senior brother attacked did he avert his gaze.

During the battle against Phantom Dais Tribe, the entire ninth summit had traveled out together. Eldest senior brother had been worried and sent one of his Shaman Souls to go with them. He had even given that person the order to protect his junior brothers even if he had to die in the process.

The ninth summit was Su Ming's home, and his eldest senior brother... was his older brother.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming shuddered, and a crazed wave of emotions erupted from his body.

"Fourth, you just came to the mountain. It's a pity that I can't come out of isolation just yet. I can only do so after a few years. How about this? I'll give this to you, use it to protect yourself." That was the first time Su Ming had seen his eldest senior brother with his own eyes. His gentle gaze and kindly words were things that he would never forget.

"Youngest junior brother... Your journey to the land of the Shamans will be perilous. I'll give you a slave of mine... Her name is Fa Zang..." These were his eldest senior brother's words before Su Ming left the ninth summit to the battlefield between the Berserkers and Shamans, and there was no way Su Ming could ever forget the concern in his voice.

Chapter 671: Grief!

"Youngest junior brother, let me tell you this. Our eldest senior brother is in constant isolation. He will only come out on the Day of Eternal Creation, and every single time he comes back, he'll make a huge ruckus. Even if yer dead drunk, you'll still wake up because of him. You'll have to listen to him shouting that he's finally out, and it's a real headache.

"You can treat him like a turtle. He usually sleeps, and when he wakes up he'll let out a loud yawn, then he'll go back to sleep." This was Hu Zi's description of his eldest senior brother.

"Our eldest senior brother is our older brother. He is an older brother who will stand in front of us and shield us from danger..." These were words once uttered softly by Su Ming's second senior brother as he looked at the foot of the mountain.

The scenes that appeared in Su Ming's head caused blood to flow down from his eyes. The color of that blood was crimson red, and it was formed by the maddened roars in his heart, as well as an outburst that was caused by a raging killing intent and extreme pain.

"Eldest senior brother..." Su Ming looked at the man walking out of the vortex on the ground, and his vision seemed to have become indistinct.

Eldest senior brother's eyes were lifeless. Not a single hint of light could be detected within them. His eyes were dull, as if they belonged to a dead person. However, the presence bursting forth from his body at that moment was strong enough that he could fight against Ji An.

This was clearly an attack Di Tian had prepared for Ji An, and it was the killing move that would help him determine the ownership of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Su Ming's gaze met with his eldest senior brother's, but the two of them had changed since that time long ago. Due to the grief on Su Ming's face and the apathetic expression on his eldest senior brother's, the meeting of their eyes brought no joy to either of them, like what had happened when they were a family in the ninth summit and their gazes had met. There was only a feeling of unfamiliarity between them, as if they were strangers meeting in a foreign land.

"Di Tian... As long as I live, I will definitely kill all Immortals, I will make you suffer utmost pain, and if I cannot achieve this, I will sink into the netherworld forever and have my soul disappear!"

Su Ming let out a shocking roar towards the sky as he cried tears of blood. Within that roar was a wave of madness and hatred that made all those who heard it feel their hearts tremble in fear.

At the instant Su Ming roared, his eldest senior brother lifted his right foot from the ground and, with his still apathetic face, took a step forward and appeared instantly in front of Su Ming.

His speed had already surpassed that of warping. At the instant he appeared, Su Ming instinctively lifted his hand, but the familiar presence, the warmth of his eldest senior brother from the past, and the endless scars on his body made Su Ming... unable to attack.

A loud bang shook the sky and reverberated swiftly through the air.

Su Ming coughed up blood and staggered backwards until he was several hundreds of feet away. He had lifted his right hand, but had never attacked. Instead, he chose to guard against his eldest senior brother's punch.

This punch was also so familiar it made Su Ming feel as if his heart was being torn apart. It the presence of... a Shaman.

As a descendant of Nine Li Tribe, his eldest senior brother was exuding the ripples of power that belonged to a Shaman. As they spread out, a gigantic statue of the God of Shamans appeared. That statue had his arms crossed over his chest, and once it appeared, Su Ming saw that it had the same scars, same tears, and the exact same runic symbols as his eldest senior brother.

This statue of the God of Shamans was also covered in wounds, but not a hint of weakness due to them could be detected from it. Instead, there was a huge wave of overflowing life force. However, Su Ming could sense that the life force was burning.

His eldest senior brother's life was being burned so that this statue could appear.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. In the midst of his grief, he looked at his eldest senior brother and lifted his trembling right hand. He told himself that... his eldest senior brother was no longer around.

Only when he attacked could he chase away Di Tian's will from his eldest senior brother's body and let his eldest senior brother have a slim chance of survival.

However, even Su Ming himself found that he could not believe in these words. At the instant he lifted his right hand, which was trembling, and formed a seal, a gentle voice suddenly echoed in his ears, and that voice... came from his eldest senior brother's lips.

"Youngest junior brother, how long has it been since we last met...?" That voice was rather stiff, but it was incredibly gentle. That was... indeed his eldest senior brother's voice, the one that belonged to him in Su Ming's memories.

The appearance of that voice caused Su Ming's lifted right hand to freeze, and he looked towards his eldest senior brother as more tears of blood flowed down from his eyes while his heart clenched in pain.

That familiar voice made Su Ming feel as if he had returned to the ninth summit. He knew this was not real. He knew.

But there were certain times when even if someone knew what they saw was fake, they would still choose to look and listen, because that was no longer their bodies taking action. Those were actions taken by their hearts driven by familial love.

Almost at the instant Su Ming looked towards his eldest senior brother, he lifted his head swiftly, and blood-red light shone in his lifeless eyes.

"Nine Li Tribe relic, Forbidden Curse: Blood Swamp..." Veins popped on eldest senior brother's skin at that moment, and his body was swiftly torn to pieces before he turned into a sea of blood that quickly disappeared as it rushed forward.

"He's not Di Tian... He's my eldest senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled. There was still blood trickling out of his mouth, and he was still feeling the sharp pain, which was caused by latest strike just now.

If eldest senior brother had executed Di Tian's divine ability, then Su Ming might have been able to deceive himself by saying that the person before him was not his eldest senior brother but Di Tian's clone... but he had cast a Shaman divine ability, Nine Li Tribe's Art. All of this made Su Ming unable to attack.

He could not attack his eldest senior brother, who was like a brother to him.

Su Ming laughed brokenly, and during that moment, the sea of blood that had disappeared just now swiftly appeared around him.

"Youngest junior brother, why don't you tell me where you've been over the past few years...?"

When that sea of blood appeared, eldest senior brother's apathetic voice echoed in the air once again, and it caused Su Ming to be filled with an indescribable sorrow in the midst of his broken laughter.

He did not choose to dodge as that wave of sorrow filled his body. Instead, he simply allowed his eldest senior brother to surround him. Then, that sea of blood swiftly gathered on him, and in the blink of an eye, it had Su Ming completely covered.

An even more shocking loud bang reverberated in all directions during that instant. Once the sea of blood regained its human form, Su Ming's body was like a kite with a broken string flying in a storm. Blood gushed out from his mouth, as well as other parts of his body. Su Ming's face turned pale. He fell back several thousands of feet before he managed to find his footing, and as he smiled brokenly, he looked towards his eldest senior brother.

His injuries had become worse. However, at this moment, his eldest senior brother's words reached him again.

"Youngest junior brother... with this power, how could you look for Master and your second eldest brother...?" Eldest senior brother took a step forward, and a loud bang exploded before Su Ming.

Su Ming coughed up blood and fell back once more. If his body had not been strong enough, he would have collapsed and died a long time ago, but even so, his body was still hurting badly, and the pain would not stop.

Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth. In the midst of his grief, his body was no longer the one in pain; it was his soul hurting. He was about to lift his hand again, but right at the moment he was about to counterattack in his sorrow...

"Do you still remember the time when we worked together and attacked Phantom Dais Tribe...?" His eldest senior brother's voice echoed in the air.

Su Ming's hand shook.

"Do you still remember the Shaman Soul I gave you before you went to the battlefield...?" Those words reached Su Ming's ears, and a shocking boom immediately resounded.

Su Ming fell back again. His whole body was covered in blood, but no matter how much blood he spilled, it could not hide away the pain in his heart, and neither could it cover the thick sorrow that surrounded him.

A layer of silence covered the area. All the Immortals were watching the battle with complicated expressions on their faces. They could see Su Ming's abnormal behavior and could tell that the person who walked out of the coffin had a incredibly unique relationship with him.

Eldest senior brother, this was what Su Ming had called the person in the coffin, and youngest junior brother was what that person had called Su Ming. These titles only served to prove their guesses correct. Tian Lan Meng stared at Su Ming's eldest senior brother in the sky with a dazed look, then at Su Ming. She bit her bottom lip, and an absent-minded expression appeared on her face.

She had only learned of her identity as an Immortal moments before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. This had caused her to sink into a long period of silence, and no one could have possibly understood the confusion and mixed feelings in her heart.

When she gradually began to accept her identity, she found that the Immortals she saw and the things she heard them say were vastly different from those of the Berserkers. The Berserkers might also fight among themselves, but they were much less sinister and had way fewer methods they could deploy against their enemies compared to the Immortals, just like... what was happening right at the moment.

A fight to the death between brothers of the same Master. Perhaps Di Tian had already predicted this. He might had even wanted to see this.

"Eldest senior brother..."

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a loud roar towards the sky. He told himself that his eldest senior brother's voice was numb and apathetic. He told himself once again that as long as he destroyed Di Tian's divine will, his eldest senior brother could return.

Su Ming repeated this thought in his mind again and again, taking a swift step forward as he roared. With it, tears of blood were shed, and as he formed a seal with his right hand, the arms of his statue of the God of Berserkers immediately appeared behind him and charged towards his eldest senior brother with a bang.

This time, his eldest senior brother did not dodge. Strangely enough, he chose to stand in the spot. He did not move, but at the instant the arms of Su Ming's statue closed in on him...

"Youngest junior brother, kill me!"

"Youngest junior brother, I'm your eldest senior brother!"

"Youngest junior brother, I'm under Di Tian's control. I can only fight against him for a while. Kill me! And in our next life, let us be fellow clan brothers again!"

There was an anxious tone in eldest senior brother's voice, along with a wave of grief, causing Su Ming to forcefully stop his charging statue of the God of Berserkers at that instant.

Yet when he stopped, his eldest senior brother opened his eyes, and the apathetic, lifeless look in his eyes, along with the words he just said made Su Ming understand... that everything he had told himself was false.

"Youngest junior brother, kill me..."

Eldest senior brother may be saying these words, but he also took a step forward and closed in on Su Ming, ramming his head into him. With a bang that rang in the air, Su Ming staggered backwards, and a cross-shaped shadow appeared on his face.

That cross-shaped shadow was the same as the cross-shaped scar on his eldest senior brother's face. Once it appeared on Su Ming's face, it looked as if it had sunk deeply into his flesh, and a burning, rotting sensation swiftly came from it.

However, Su Ming was completely unbothered by this pain. He looked at his eldest senior brother and the apathetic, lifeless look in his eyes, before he closed his eyes. After a brief instant, he reopened them, and the grief in his own eyes had been hidden in the depths of his heart. What appeared at the front were complicated feelings, as well as understanding and anguish towards life.

"Eldest senior brother, I understand now." With pain and grief in his body and soul, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the sky.

"Later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm... Activate!"

Su Ming's voice almost turned hoarse from his roars as he vented the endless depression in his heart at that moment.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 672 — The Statue from the Palace - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 672 — The Statue from the Palace

Chapter 672: The Statue from the Palace

'I wasn't strong enough. If I was strong enough, Di Tian wouldn't have dared to do this!

'My power still isn't enough for me to be considered a powerful warrior, or else I would be able to break the will connecting Di Tian and eldest senior brother!

'All of this... is because I'm too weak!

'I want to become stronger. I want to become endlessly stronger. I want to become a powerful warrior that can dictate its own fate!' Su Ming roared in his heart. Red filled his eyes, and his Qi burst forth from his body at that instant.

This was his roar towards fate, his roar towards Di Tian.

The anomaly in the world caused by his Berserker Soul had yet to disappear. It was still around, and Su Ming's serendipity had yet to end. He could still become stronger, but he needed enough stimulation and incentives. The stimulation he had obtained from his battle with Ji An had not been enough. By devouring the golden-robed Di Tian, that stimulation had reached an incredibly high level. Eldest senior brother's appearance and fate's decision against him had caused Su Ming to understand many things within a moment.

There were certain things that were out of a person's control when he lived in this world, just like what happened between eldest senior brother and Su Ming himself. This was... perhaps a form of Life.

And they needed to gain control over the power that was needed to break this Life themselves. Only by endlessly becoming stronger and making themselves the lords of everything could they... make sure that something like this never happened a second time!

This was Life.

In anguish, Su Ming knew that he had gained a deeper understanding towards the word Life, but the price for this epiphany was too great, and he... would rather have not gained it.

As his Qi erupted and his power in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm continued rising until the large amount of signs for the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm showed up, Su Ming saw his eldest senior brother being pushed back by an invisible force. At that moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand slowly and swung it at the sky.

"I understood how to clear my mind in the ninth summit, and after that, I understood the power of wind... I fused with the wind crystal and became the Wind Berserker." As Su Ming mumbled and swung his arm, the sky started roaring again.

More rainbows appeared, and their numbers were endless. They covered the entire sky until even the distortions up ahead looked as if they were only the wrinkles of the sky. When anyone looked over, they would find that their vision had been blocked off.

As loud booms echoed in the air, a humming sound that made it seem as if there was someone roaring begun in the sky. It was as if that person was trying to say something, but due to the distorted sky standing in between his words and the people's ears, no one could understand him.

Yet even so, the pressure and the anomalies in the world as Su Ming began his endeavor to reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm already surpassed what was brought out when he reached the initial and middle stages of the Berserker Soul Realm previously.

It was bound to happen. The vast presence of Su Ming's venture into the Berserker Soul Realm would be unprecedented!

It was bound to happen. All those who watched Su Ming reach the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find this scene to be the most brilliant and beautiful light that they had ever seen up to that point in their lives!

"I, Su Ming, now bring forth the Berserkers' Wind Berserker! Appear!" Su Ming's voice spread out, and as the world rumbled, an infinite amount of wind rose swiftly around him. The violent gusts then rose above the nine heavens.

The sky and earth trembled. At the instant this sight caught the world's attention, waves surged and tumbled about the endless Dead Sea far beyond Eastern Wastelands. It was as if there were an endless amount of raging dragons roaring in the sea, and their roars swept up the seawater to bring up waves that surged into the sky, making it seem as if the entire Dead Sea was boiling and erupting.

Within the deepest depths of it was a place that practically no one knew about, and it was a place that was separated from the world by an immeasurable amount of seawater. That place was once a continent many years ago, but now... it had turned into a frozen world.

There was an entire city frozen solid within the depths of the Dead Sea. Freezing air spread out from it, causing that place of the Dead Sea to be much colder.

There was an innumerable amount of buildings and palaces within that frozen city. A tall altar could be seen within the silent city as well. On that altar was a frozen old man, and right before him was a long animal spine.

That was... Great Yu Imperial City!

In the midst of all the silent years, Su Ming seemed to have been the only living person who had coincidentally entered that place. Aside from him, it seemed like no one else had come to bother Great Yu Imperial City's sleep.

Yet at that moment, as Su Ming summoned the Wind Berserker from Eastern Wastelands, a powerful presence suddenly erupted from a lofty palace to the right of the frozen Great Yu Imperial City, right in the depths of the silent Dead Sea.

The appearance of that presence broke the silence that had lasted for years there. As it erupted, a loud boom reverberated in Great Yu Imperial City. The lofty palace shattered in an instant and turned into broken pieces of rubble that spread out to reveal a huge statue that was several thousands of feet tall.

The statue looked incredibly ordinary, but there was an endless amount of light breezes surrounding its body. That wind grew stronger with each passing moment, until it eventually stirred up the entire Dead Sea and caused a giant whirlpool to appear at the surface of the sea.

As the whirlpool spun with loud booming sounds, a shudder shook the statue before it rose from the ground and charged towards the area above. Then, it disappeared into the whirlpool in the Dead Sea.

Almost at the instant that happened and Su Ming pointed forward with his right hand the moment he finished speaking, the world rumbled, and a long arc traveling with an indescribable speed that far surpassed Su Ming's own swiftly closed in from the distant sky.

The sounds of wind that were stirred up because of it were strong enough to tear through everything, including the sky and the earth. Quite a number of the tens of thousands of Immortals collapsed due to the piercing howls of the wind.

During that instant, a gigantic statue appeared right above Su Ming!

Naturally, this statue was the one that had appeared after the palace was destroyed under the Dead Sea! A power that belonged to wind burst forth from within the statue, stirring up all the wind within the land of Berserkers to gather about.

The weather changed, the winds and clouds moved, and the shock from this sight caused the entire world to fall silent within a moment!

The statue did not move, continuing to float in midair. Yet for some unknown reason, all those who saw it felt as if they did not know whether what they were feeling was just a figment of their imagination or not. The sense they got was that while this statue might not have been revived just yet, it still gave off an air as if it was worshipping Su Ming.

Right at the instant this feeling appeared within the hearts of all those in the land, their eyes immediately went wide. In the midst of their shock, they saw... the statue slowly rising its arms and wrapping a fist in a palm before... it knelt down and worshipped Su Ming.

This feeling of perfection made it seem as if the statue was supposed to do this right from the start. It was as if the statue... had been in this form when it was created!

"Lightning, I deceived you in the past with a trick and obtained half of the lightning crystal. I fused with that half... to let myself become the Lightning Berserker... Right now, I no longer need the other half of the crystal. I will use the half I've obtained as the guide and have... the Berserkers' Lightning Berserker... appear!"

Su Ming waved his arm, and an endless amount of lightning erupted from within his body with a bang. Those bolts of lightning swam in all directions and turned into lightning arcs that swept through the sky.

In another direction of the frozen Great Yu Imperial City was another hall in a palace. With a bang in the depths of the Dead Sea, an endless amount of lightning shattered the hall, and thunder traveled out, causing the entire Dead Sea to boil and erupt.

A large amount of lightning spread out madly within the Dead Sea, causing the ferocious beasts there to instantly let out shrill roars and dodge madly.

At the same time as the hall was destroyed, a statue that was surrounded by lightning sparks appeared. As thunder roared, it moved through the entire Dead Sea and shot straight out of the water's surface.

The statue turned into a bolt of lightning that could break space itself, allowing it to leave that way.

Chi Lei Tian was leading his people in a charge through Eastern Wastelands, when his expression suddenly changed drastically, and lightning started bursting forth from his body uncontrollably, filling the entire area around him. Those bolts of lightning let out thunderous cracks that sounded like roars, excited cries, and shouts of submission.

The sudden change caused Chi Lei Tian to be momentarily stunned before he whipped his head around to look in the direction of the Dead Sea with disbelief on his face.

"I can sense the Lightning Berserker deity statue!"

It was also right at that moment that Su Ming swung his arm and finished calling for the Lightning Berserker. An endless amount of lightning instantly appeared in the wind. At the instant those bolts of lightning turned the sky into a pool of lightning, shocking roars instantly closed in from afar, and they... belonged to a gigantic statue that was exuding an endless amount of lightning.

That statue stopped right above Su Ming, directly opposite the Wind Berserker statue. Then, as if it was looking at Su Ming, it slowly lifted its arms and wrapped a fist in its palm, and like the Wind Berserker statue, it... knelt down with a bang and worshipped Su Ming.

"This world originally did not have any Fire Berserkers... The Fire Berserker was just an incarnation of the third God of Berserkers and was what the people called him... I inherited the Fire Berserker's Art when I was young, and since this Berserker died with the third, then now... the Fire Berserker will appear in the world through my hands!"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and when he opened them again, fire rage within them. Immediately, in another direction of the Lightning and Wind Berserker, a wave of flames appeared out of nowhere in the sky.

"He Feng has died, but his will still exists in this world. With his will as your soul, the fires of the Berserkers as your body, and the Berserkers' kismet as your consciousness... Fire Berserker, appear!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed towards the flames that had appeared out of thin air.

Those flames immediately exploded with a bang, and at that instant, the entire land of Berserkers was set on flames by invisible fire. Right at the same time it seemed as if the entire land was responding to Su Ming, a figure with wings appeared within the flames Su Ming was pointing towards. The figure was like the Wings of the Moon, but it resembled... He Feng even moreso.

However, He Feng had already died, and the one that appeared right then was his will, which was remembered by the world after his death. Right then, his will manifested and fused with the world of Berserkers' kismet, and as it burned, a figure gathered in the air.

It was also a statue, but it was burning statue. It appeared as He Feng, and as it opened its eyes and met Su Ming's gaze, the Fire Berserker statue slowly lifted its arms and wrapped a fist in its palm as a salute before it knelt swiftly on the ground to worship him.

The Fire Berserker, Wind Berserker, and Lightning Berserker statues formed an equilateral triangle, and they were all kneeling towards Su Ming, who stood in the center, as if Su Ming was their king, their sovereign, the God of Berserkers which they acknowledged!

Chapter 673: Later Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Later Stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Su Ming was standing in midair, right in the center of the three Berserker statues. He looked at the sky, and there was an endless amount of rainbows shining around him, as if they were all worshipping the Berserkers' King.

The distortions in the sky became a backdrop for this scene of Su Ming being surrounded by the statues, resulting in him looking like the core of the world.

Su Ming's Qi erupted forth with a bang as the three Berserker statues knelt down and worshipped him. An invisible wave of air surrounded him, howling, and caused Su Ming's hair to move without wind and his robes to flutter. The presence of his cultivation base also erupted forth at that moment.

It continued rising, until it reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm in the blink of an eye. He was only half a step away from the later stage, and he felt as if he could reach that stage if he just took one step forward.

However, this half a step was not easy to take. Su Ming's Qi and cultivation base might have increased exponentially, but they only reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. Su Ming could not take that one step forward to truly become a powerful Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

It was as if there was a membrane lying between these two stages, and he could not break through it.

The seal within Su Ming's memories was also mostly broken as his cultivation base exploded forth, bringing with it sharp stabs of intense pain. This pain remained in his head, and as the seal cracked even more, it grew stronger.

Yet Su Ming always felt a wave of power that traveled through dimensions on him, preventing the seal in his head from breaking. It was as if that power would absolutely not allow the seal in Su Ming's head to break, and it was increasing its strength in attempts to it to stabilize completely.

It was this power that had become the membrane preventing Su Ming from stepping into the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, causing him to be unable to completely reach a full outburst to push through.

A freezing glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and swung at the sky. Immediately, the world rumbled, and the Fire Berserker, Lighting Berserker, and Wind Berserker statues lifted their heads, their movements causing a bang in the air. At the instant they stood up from their kneeling postures, they fused together right above Su Ming's head.

With the power that came from the fusion and the power of the world that was surging towards him from all directions, Su Ming charged once more towards the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. That charge turned into a loud bang that surged into the sky

in his body and shook Su Ming's heart and soul... but he was still slightly lacking and could not break that membrane.

"Wind, rain, thunder, lightning. These are four of the eight runic symbols in Hidden Dragon Sect. I've fused lightning and thunder into my Lightning Berserker Art, and wind also has its own Berserker Art, only rain remains... Then, with my will, I will now gather all the rain under the sky to fuse it into my rain runic symbol and merge it into my statue of the God of Berserkers!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he lifted his hands and formed a seal, he spread out his arms, and a large amount of rain immediately appeared out of nowhere as thunder roared and lightning filled the sky. Together, they swept through the land.

This area was not the only place that was visited by rain. The entire Eastern Wastelands, Dead Sea, and the land of Berserkers... were covered by rain during that instant.

It poured down from the sky, and as it continued without stop, an endless amount of rain drops gathered together to form a gigantic runic symbol before Su Ming. That symbol was shining with a brilliant light, and it charged towards the place where the three Berserker statues had fused together before it instantly merged with them.

Once that happened, the power that erupted from Su Ming's body became even stronger, but he did not immediately attempt charging into the later stage. Instead, with brightly shining eyes, he stared at the sky as if his gaze could penetrate space itself, pierce through Yin Death Region, and see the world outside, straight at the source that was trying to stabilize his seal.

'I understood the Curse from Madam Ji's ring and the Candle Dragon's eyes, and I mastered it when the reincarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World could not wipe away my soul!

'It was completed... because of Ugly Little Thing's pa and the grass knot doll in his hand.

'Today, I will fuse the Curse in my statue of the God of Berserkers and make the person who is trying to seal my memories have a taste of my Curse!'

At the instant the dark light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he lifted his left hand, and a wave of black fog instantly seeped out of his fingers. It swiftly turned into a doll that was surrounded by fog. That doll was an illusion. It looked as if it was made from grass, and its features could not be seen clearly, but there was an incredibly strange presence spreading out from it.

The fog doll seemed to possess a soul. It let out a piercing roar towards the sky, then charged to the three Berserker statues that had fused together with the rain runic symbol above Su Ming's head. The figures overlapped and merged together.

At that instant, Su Ming's Qi and cultivation base reached their pinnacle. This was the fusion of power from the Fire Berserker, Lightning Berserker, Wind Berserker, the rain runic symbol, and the Curse. As they gradually overlapped and fused together as one, a large amount of the rainbows in the sky collapsed and turned into an endless amount of crystalline light that charged towards Su Ming, then fused into the overlapped figure of the three Berserker statues, the Curse, and the rain runic symbol.

A loud bang that turned into a humming sound replaced all manner of sound in the world, causing the Immortals in the world to feel their minds roaring, and at the instant their minds turned blank because of the violent tremors in their heads...

The three Berserkers became one!

The Curse fused together with the rain runic symbol, and joined completely the three Berserker statues. When there was no longer any distinction between them, a huge body appeared in the world.

This was just a torso, but at the moment it appeared, the pressure that spread out from within it was powerful enough to shake the sky and earth. Su Ming swung his arm, and the torso immediately crumbled with a bang, then turned into pieces that charged towards Su Ming. Once they fused into his body, Su Ming lifted his head and let out a long howl that made the world tremble.

His howl reverberated through the nine heavens, and his cultivation base erupted at that moment, increasing madly within the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm before breaking through and allowing Su Ming to step into the cultivation stage that would only appear in his dreams when he was still in Dark Mountain.

The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

The number of powerful Berserkers in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm might be a little higher than those who had attained great completion in the entire world of Berserkers, but no matter in which region they resided, they could be said to be the most powerful warriors there, and even those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm would go out of their way to recruit them to their side.

All those who reached this stage were no longer weaklings. Unless they ran into people like Su Ming, who had managed to turn his whole body into that of a true Berserker and whose power could not be measured with any of the previous conventions because his condition had never appeared before, then they were people who could look down upon the world.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's level of cultivation reached the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the power which had come from another dimension and was holding down the seal in his head was faced with a direct resistance. Once Su Ming's cultivation base erupted, his power caused a large part of the seal to break.

As Su Ming fought back against that power, a bang went off in his head, and he immediately felt the power holding him down growing stronger, but even if it did so, it was not as pure as it was previously. It seemed that if more power was sent down, it would become increasingly murkier.

In fact, when Su Ming observed it with his power once he arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he found a trace of an invisible path that was used by this person to send his power into him.

That path seemed to have been carved into his soul and had turned into an indirect picture. This picture was formed after six points were connected together, and that seal was contained within what they had drawn.

This was the first time Su Ming saw the passage formed by those six points in his head.

He let out a cold harrumph and did not bother about the power of suppression that descended on him. Instead, he traveled up against the flow of the path, and his divine sense instantly fused into the picture formed by the six connected points. He wanted to travel up the path this person used to descend on him and see... just who was the person who was suppressing him through another dimension.

Almost at the instant Su Ming's divine sense touched the six connected points, a loud bang rang in his head, and his consciousness instantly became clouded. He could vaguely see the endless Yin Death Fog surging about around him, and he felt like he was walking on a thin thread to charge towards the void.

He had no idea how much time had passed. When the area around him became clear, he saw the brilliant galaxy once again, as well as the vortex that was Yin Death Region below him. He also saw nine gigantic planets surrounding that vortex.

He could also see a thin thread stretching out from that galaxy into the vortex, and his consciousness had come out of the vortex through that thread.

Su Ming's consciousness swiftly traveled up that thread, but perhaps it would be more accurate to call it a shred of his will instead of his consciousness. He wanted to see with his own eyes Di Tian's will, which he believed was suppressing him from the real body.

The sensation of a shred of will wandering about might feel as if it had only gone on for an instant, but could also feel as if it had lasted for years. Su Ming had no idea how much time had passed. His will gradually grew weaker, and the reason behind it almost

disappearing was because his power was still not enough to support his will spreading out like this.

Right at the instant it was about to disperse, Su Ming saw an innumerable amount of floating continents in the galaxy up ahead. There was a great amount of altars on those continents.

He had seen this place before. He saw it when Si Ma Xin died.

Su Ming's will dispersed, but right at the instant he was about to disappear, he saw himself following that thread and entering into the depths of the endless continents in the galaxy. It also meant that perhaps Di Tian's real self had cast an Art from this direction and caused Su Ming to be unable to break the seal.

Su Ming's eyes flew open. He stood in the sky, and there was an innumerable amount of gazes around him gathered on his person. He might have seemed to have gone on a long journey with his will, but in reality, it had only lasted for an instant.

At that moment, as Su Ming's cultivation base erupted and he entered the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, the world roared. In the midst of the endless distortions, a large area of the sky immediately tore apart... and a gigantic body descended with a bang.

This body had no limbs, no head; it was only a torso. However, at the instant it descended, the arms of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers instantly manifested and fused with the torso at the empty spots where they fit. Then, what appeared before the people was a gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers that had no head and legs!

A savage presence spread out from the statue, and there was no attempt to hold back that presence at all.

"The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm..." Su Ming took a step forward and stopped before the statue. He averted his gaze from the sky and looked towards... his eldest senior brother in the distance.

His apathetic eldest senior brother also turned his gaze towards Su Ming at that moment and looked at him with thousands of feet separating them.

After a short period of silence, as the pressure around Su Ming dissipated once his level of cultivation rose, a low growl that sounded as if it came from a wild beast swiftly fell out from eldest senior brother's lips.

Chapter 674: This Battle!

This battle could not be avoided!

This battle must be fought!

This battle was known as a Shaman's sacrifice!

As Su Ming's eldest senior brother roared, his expression turned incredibly ferocious. He lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, a gigantic war drum was dragged out from the space in front of him.

That war drum was a hundred something feet tall and was entirely purplish red. It looked as if it had been dyed in an immeasurable amount of fresh blood over the ages. There was also a large amount of vengeful souls surrounding it, and as it appeared, those vengeful souls immediately let out piercing roars.

Eldest senior brother stood apathetically by the drum, and with the hook acting as his right hand, he struck it. A drum's beat that shook hearts and made the world tremble instantly spread out in all directions.

Layers of ripples reverberated in the sky. That drum was no ordinary drum. It was Nine Li Shaman Tribe's Nine Li War Drum. Once it was struck, it would terrify enemies and cause the person who had struck it to find their blood boiling. As it was stimulated, their cultivation base would also burst forth as if it had been set on fire.

The single beat of the drum caused eldest senior brother's face to instantly flush red. His eyes were no longer lifeless, but were shining with a glow that made him look like a wild beast that possessed no intelligence. At the instant he opened his mouth and roared, he charged towards Su Ming.

There was an endless amount of vengeful souls swirling about in the area behind him. These ghosts came from that Nine Li Drum, and as its sound reverberated in the air, they became so agitated that they would only rest after devouring enough flesh and blood to calm their emotions.

Eldest senior brother rushed over with a shocking momentum. Su Ming stood in his place and silently lifted his right hand to point forward. Immediately, the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers behind him phased through his body and appeared right before him. The left hand, which represented lightning and thunder, was swiftly lifted up, and the statue hurled its left fist forward.

At the same time, the right arm that represented Destiny was lifted and swept toward the eldest senior brother's side. Due to being attached to a body, not only did the two arms become much more agile, they also became a lot more stronger than before.

A boom echoed in the air, and Su Ming closed his eyes behind the statue of the God of Berserkers. He formed a seal with his right hand before throwing a punch forward.

His statue was in the way, between his punch and eldest senior brother, but his attack still exploded at the spot where his statue clashed with eldest senior brother's divine ability. Su Ming's statue swayed and fell back several hundreds of feet before phasing through Su Ming's body to appear behind him.

Eldest senior brother staggered backwards until he arrived beside the war drum. Crimson gradually appeared in his eyes. They might still be dull and lifeless, but that crimson shade in his eyes could cover all of them, and almost at the instant that crimson started flashing, eldest senior brother struck the war drum with the hook acting as his right hand once more.

This time, three beats rang out!

The sounds from the drum rumbled in the air, and even if Su Ming was in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Real, he still felt his heart tremble. The statue of the God of Berserkers behind him even began showing signs of distorting. At the same time, right after those three beats of the drum rang through the air, eldest senior brother opened his mouth and let out a shocking roar.

As he did so, an endless amount of cracks immediately appeared on his body. Black blood spread out from them and turned into magenta fog. Once it surrounded him entirely, a powerful presence erupted from within that fog with a bang.

This presence was the pure presence belonging to a Shaman, and along with it was the strangeness and the ancient air of the Shamans. As that presence erupted, a hoarse voice spread out from the fog.

"I, the descendant of Nine Li, will now transform into... the Shaman Lord!" As his voice echoed in the air, the fog was swiftly absorbed by his body. When there was no longer any of it remaining, the eldest senior brother that appeared before Su Ming was distinctly different from before.

Even though he still looked as before, but complex runic symbols had appeared at the center of his brows, his arms, his legs, and his chest. These runic symbols did not seem like they belonged to the Immortals, but looked more like words that could be found among the Berserkers, yet no Berserker would be able to recognize them.

These were the Shamans' seals for their Spells!

"Youngest junior brother... I struck the war drum three times previously so that my blood would boil. As my blood was stimulated, I could turn into the Shaman Lord... but I couldn't maintain this form for long in the past, and I wouldn't have been able to cast the more powerful legacy Spells.

"Today... with Lord Di Tian's help, I can do it. This feeling of obtaining control over power... is great, very great..." Eldest senior brother's expression was still as apathetic as ever. He spoke slowly, and his voice reverberated in all directions.

"Since fate arranged for us to fight, then I hope... that you will not disappoint me in this battle..." As eldest senior brother spoke, he lifted his left hand and knelt down swiftly, but he was not kneeling towards Su Ming. He was kneeling towards the sky.

"I am the descendant of Nine Li and the Lord of Shamans... Youngest junior brother, let's see how much Shamanic power you will be able to make me bring forth!

"With the first Shamanic Spell, Song of Heavenly Worship, I ask the Shaman Vessel of the heavens to destroy this person who dares go against us Shamans!" Eldest senior brother bowed towards the sky.

With it, the distortions above instantly stopped moving, and threads of purple fog seeped out of the air before they gathered together into a purple skull in the sky.

That skull floated in midair and started spreading out a similar presence as all the Berserkers' supreme and priceless treasures in all continents that existed to destroy the Immortals!

This was clearly Nine Li Shaman Tribe's supreme treasure, the God of Shamans' skull!

At the instant this treasure appeared, it looked as if it had been revived, and dark light instantly appeared within its eye sockets. As it swept its gaze through the land, its eyes landed on Su Ming.

A chilling presence instantly filled Su Ming's heart. That skull's gaze immediately made a sense of danger rise within him.

At the same time, his eldest senior brother lifted his left hand and pointed forward, and the skull let out a buzz and charged towards Su Ming. As it moved forward, its powerful presence erupted, and an illusion also manifested above it. That illusion was of a hand, and by the looks of it, it wanted to crush Su Ming within its grip.

'Di Tian, what a clever move. So this child is the direct descendant of Nine Li Tribe? But by the looks of it, he shouldn't be the real direct descendant. He should lean more towards Xing Gan's line...

'Yet even so, just by using his blood as a lead, he could still summon the supreme treasure that belongs to Nine Li Shaman Tribe. Di Tian, oh Di Tian, by controlling this child, I can see... that you're aiming for many things!'

Ji An's eyes sparkled as he looked at Su Ming's eldest senior brother, and he looked as if he had understood something.

'This land is indeed mysterious. Not only did a terrifying existence like Lie Shan Xiu appear, it also has a powerful person like Nine Li's Shaman Lord. But it's also precisely because of this that the Berserkers were divided and the Shamans appeared. That was also why Lie Shan Xiu could not use many of the countermeasures he had left behind.

'Nine Li's Shaman Lord was born at the wrong time. His strength could compare to the first God of Berserkers and he even created the Shamans on his own. Then, he imitated Lie Shan Xiu and created several treasures to protect his race. These treasures can only be summoned by the direct descendants, and this alone makes him inferior to Lie Shan Xiu.

'Nine Li's Shaman Lord also has three clones that possess divine thoughts and intelligence. Each of them could be considered as direct descendant, and Nine Li Shaman Lords could appear from the descendants of those clones.'

As Ji An was busy musing, Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother and nodded his head in silence.

Almost at the instant his eldest senior brother executed the first Shaman Spell as a descendant of Nine Li and that purplish black skull appeared due to his Song of Heavenly Worship, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He formed a seal with his right hand, and his statue of the God of Berserkers also lifted its right arm behind him, forming a seal. Its left arm also moved.

"God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. First Alteration... Disaster of the Stars!" Su Ming hands touched slightly above his head before they parted swiftly, and he swung his arms at the sky. With it, the distorted sky looked as if it had been torn apart by a pair of invisible hands, and an illusion appeared in the air.

It was a piece of sky which had an endless amount of stars shining there, and the place was bright with starlight. At that moment, the stars moved about, and as they shone, they formed rays that grouped together into one to form a shooting star that charged towards the hand that had manifested from the skull.

This battle was a fight between Su Ming and his eldest senior brother, but it was also a battle between the God of Berserkers and the Shaman Lord!

Su Ming was executing the God of Berserkers' Arts, and his eldest senior brother was casting the Spells that he had inherited as a blood descendant of Nine Li's Shaman Lord. As these two clashed against each other, they seemed to have returned to ancient times, when the second God of Berserkers and Nine Li's Shaman Lord had fought as if it was their fate to do so!

Loud rumbling sounds surged into the sky at that instant, and the entire sky filled with stars crumbled, turning into an endless amount of shards. This was Su Ming's divine ability shattering. The hand formed by that skull also fell back under that roar, with all its

fingers crushed. Yet when it fell back, that skull let out cracking sounds and more illusions spread out, allowing the hand to instantly recover.

At the instant that happened, the hand stopped falling backwards and charged forward to seize Su Ming once again.

"Disaster of the Stars!" Su Ming stayed in his spot and did not dodge. He instead formed a seal and pointed towards the crumbling starry sky and shouted those four words.

In an instant, the broken starlight that still existed within the shattered and fragmented starry sky shone once again, and as they charged forward with their crumbling forms while the sky was still being swept away, the starlight shone down with a sense of incompleteness.

The rays of starlight started intersecting with each other as if they had gained corporeal form and turned into waves of murderous aura. This murderous aura came from the sky, the starlight, and the broken universe. At the same time the ground was illuminated, the starlight that filled the sky turned into arrows that rushed towards the hand that had gathered once again above the skull.

An even stronger bang reverberated in the air. Su Ming staggered backwards and coughed up a mouthful of blood. As a dispirited expressions appeared on his face, his fighting spirit started boiling uncontrollably in his body. This fighting spirit did not come from his will, but was born from the world as a Berserker and a Shaman fought.

His eldest senior brother fell back and also coughed up a mouthful of blood, but that blood was black. As he was forced backwards, he lifted his head swiftly.

"The second Shamanic Spell of Nine Li's descendants, Earth's Burial! I ask the Shaman Treasure of the ground to destroy this person who dares go against us Shamans!

"The third Shamanic Spell of Nine Li's descendants, Cauldron Transmutation! The Berserkers may have a cauldron as their priceless treasure, but we Shamans also have a cauldron, and it is the treasure that we Shamans use to hold down our kismet. As the blood descendant of Nine Li's Shaman Lord, I now ask the Shaman Cauldron to appear!"

Eldest senior brother lifted his head and pushed his left hand towards the ground.

Chapter 675: Shamans' Sacrifice!

As eldest senior brother's voice traveled throughout the region, the ground started shaking nonstop, and the entire Eastern Wastelands looked as if it was tumbling about. The entire Dead Sea also trembled because of it, as if there was something that had been buried under the land of Berserkers and under the Dead Sea.

And at that moment, those things were being summoned into the world.

Three breaths. Only three breaths! Then, a loud boom that surged into the sky immediately shot up from under the ground. Right before everyone's eyes, the land squirmed and was continuously torn apart before a gigantic mountain shot out of the earth.

That mountain was clearly not buried here but had gathered together from the land of Berserkers due to eldest senior brother's call. Once it broke out and appeared, what revealed itself before everyone's eyes was a mountain that was tens of thousands of feet tall and standing erect on the ground, causing the pupils of all those who saw it to shrink.

Right when Su Ming shifted his gaze to the mountain as it shot out of earth, cracks appeared on it and booming sounds reverberated in the air. The mound of earth crumbled swiftly and turned into an endless amount of pieces that tumbled backwards. At that moment... a green armor appeared within it!

That armor had been clearly buried within that mountain, and when eldest senior brother summoned it, it was finally brought into the world. The armor shone with a piercing blue light and flew up from the crumbling mountain, appearing on eldest senior brother's body within an instant before turning into a blue vortex. As he stood inside it, he equipped the armor and stood there, stirring up the aura existing in all directions, just like a supreme king!

Nine Li's Shaman Lord!

He lifted his right arm, and a circular hole that was the size of a palm appeared above the right hook. That hole was pitch black, and it looked as if it could swallow all light from the area, causing the space around its edges to look as if it was continuously shattering and disappearing. It was a terrifying sight to behold.

The black hole was lifted up by the right hook on eldest senior brother's arm, and he turned his gaze towards Su Ming.

"This is the Shamans' cauldron!"

Su Ming stared at the hole, then closed his eyes slowly. At the instant his eldest senior brother took a step forward and charged towards him like a blue shooting star, Su Ming's eyes flew open.

He lifted his right hand, then bent his body slightly to make himself look like a crescent moon. At the instant he formed that shape, he whispered softly, "God of Berserkers' alteration towards the stars, sun, and moon. Second Alteration: Shift in the Moon!"

When the shattered starry sky turned dimmer due to his words, a crescent moon appeared in the night-view above.

A powerful dark light shone from Su Ming's body, and he turned into a crescent moon whose light scattered through the area. Wherever it went, a biting, desolate air would fill the place!

Almost at the same time Su Ming executed this divine ability, an illusion of a moon appeared on his eldest senior brother's body, who was still closing in on him in the form of a blue shooting star. That illusion enveloped his body, making him look incredibly bizarre.

"Moon Slaughter!" Right at the instant his eldest senior brother was about to arrive, Su Ming opened his mouth swiftly and shouted.

The moon in the sky cracked right from the center, and the moon on Su Ming's body also cracked, but it did not result in any harm to him. The illusion on him had just dissipated. However, an incredible amount of power erupted forth from the cracks that appeared in the moon on his eldest senior brother's body, making it seem as if it wanted to rip apart all that existed.

"Destiny's reincarnations created my right arm!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed forward. The right arm of his statue of the God of Berserkers immediately turned into a young man with purple hair, and the two mountains behind him closed in on his eldest senior brother.

"The Lightning Enchanted Vessel became the divine power in my left arm!" Su Ming swept his left arm sideways, and his statue's left arm instantly turned into a bolt of crimson lightning that rushed towards his eldest senior brother.

"The three Berserker statues, the Curse, and the rain runic symbol became the source that formed my torso!" Su Ming's words were still echoing in the sky. His statue's torso immediately turned into the three Berserker statues and surrounded his eldest senior brother. At the same time, black rainwater poured down from the sky, bringing with it powerful Curses.

"And the final alteration for the God of Berserkers' alteration towards the sun, moon, and stars... Sun's Sacrifice!" Once Su Ming said these words, a piercing golden light instantly erupted from his body. As it spread out madly through the area, his body looked as if it had turned into a golden sun.

That sun was radiated a powerful light and heat, causing the entire world to be swiftly illuminated by its brightness. Within that light, Su Ming fused together with that sun, and with a heart of a martyr, he executed the strongest style within the alterations towards the sun, moon, and stars.

The entire world was replaced by the sun's light, causing no outsider to be able to see what was going on inside, but the continuous booms and tremors on the ground as well as the endless waves that were spreading in all directions were enough to prove just how powerful and shocking the clash was this time.

As booming sounds rang into the air, eldest senior brother fell back and black blood gushed out of his mouth. The blue armor on his body disappeared, and the Shaman Cauldron, too, vanished.

His body fell to the ground with a bang, right beside his war drum.

He lost, but he did not lose to Su Ming. He had instead lost to time, the time which allowed him to burn his blood. In the end, he could not make the span of time which he could become Shaman Lord last long enough.

The light in the sky disappeared, and Su Ming walked out from within. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and with a pale face, he looked at his eldest senior brother lying on the ground. If it was not because his eldest senior brother was unable to continue, then the victor for the battle just now would have still been undecided.

"Youngest junior brother... it is done..." Eldest senior brother struggled to stand up and lifted his head to look at Su Ming. "I have a final style... This style... is the limit of my blood. It is my fate... and also... my return..."

There was something unusual within eldest senior brother's words, and when Su Ming heard it, the grief that had originally been hidden away appeared once again. He nodded at him.

Just like how he had understood what was going on previously, he now understood that his eldest senior brother's will was not something that Di Tian could control completely. His will still existed, and it wanted to go through the Shamans' sacrifice. If he did not, then he would not live!

This was a form of life.

"I have the blood of Nine Li flowing through my veins. All the Shamans think I am a direct descendant... but I know that I am not. I am the scion of the three clones that belonged to Nine Li's Shaman Lord, Xing Gan..."

"Xing Gan's descendants... have always been headless!" Eldest senior brother stood up and sliced through his neck with the hook on his right hand. With it, his head flew up,

but even as blood gushed into the air, his body... remained standing on the ground. He showed no signs of falling down!

At that moment, a human face emerged on his chest. That face belonged to eldest senior brother, and the head that flew up crumbled in midair, turning into an illusion wearing a crown and an Emperor's robe. His face was filled with disbelief.

"As a descendant of Xing Gan, I will now forget my original name. From now onwards... I am Xing Gan! Axe of Execution, return!" A bang rang out of eldest senior brother's body, and the world went mad. Then, in eldest senior brother's lifted left hand, a gigantic bronze battle axe immediately manifested!

Chapter 676: The Immortals Descend!

As the battle axe appeared and eldest senior brother grabbed it, a primal and savage air erupted swiftly from his headless body.

That presence turned into a gigantic vortex and started sweeping in all directions from the entire area where eldest senior brother was standing. The world rumbled, causing drastic changes in the faces of Immortals around the area.

It was especially so for Ji An, whose eyes had begun shining with a brilliant light. He stared at Su Ming's eldest senior brother, and a solemn expression appeared on his face. Even with all his experience, he had never noticed the plans Su Ming's eldest senior brother had harbored. Only at that moment was he able to see that determination and resolve within him.

'This person has an incredibly powerful will... that was why he was able to retain a small portion of his will even after he was controlled by Di Tian, and that will was resisting all this while in the depths of his soul. But the way he resisted was a little unique. He didn't struggle, but instead used Di Tian's power to stimulate his blood, which was equivalent to Di Tian helping him gain the greatest boost in the evolution of his blood.

'He even cut off his own head so that his blood would return to that which belonged to his ancestors. With Di Tian's power, he allowed himself to successfully turn into Xing Gan's will and bravery. This person... is the same as Su Ming. They're both incredibly difficult to deal with, and by the looks of it, this Xing Gan's presence is even a little stronger than Su Ming's!

'The things he told Su Ming previously belonged to Di Tian, but were also his own words! It was especially so when he used his head to knock against Su Ming previously. No one would be able to see anything off with his actions just now... but they're fellow

brothers under the same Master, so it's clear that Su Ming had been able to detect something.'

Ji An's expression turned dark. The process of forming his deductions after the events was much easier compared to forming all those guesses before everything happened.

It was just as Ji An had thought. Su Ming had mentioned that he had come to understand something earlier, and what he had come to understand was the meaning behind his eldest senior brother's actions. His eldest senior brother was a blade, and the person holding onto that blade was Di Tian. That blade wanted to become sharper, and it needed a whetstone.

Su Ming understood his eldest senior brother's intentions, and he was willing to become that whetstone and sharpen... the blade used by Xing Tian to fight against the heaven!

The moment the edges of the blade were sharpened marked the instant the blade would turn against the person controlling it. Not only did the act of sending his own head flying into the air show how fierce and powerful eldest senior brother's will was, he had also managed to cut off all ties connecting him to Di Tian.

That was why the Di Tian which had appeared from the head when it flew up had shown disbelief on his face. As his soul disappeared and eldest senior brother lifted his body from the ground, the face that was protruding from his chest seemed to look at the sky.

During that instant, a muffled roar that shook the sky erupted from eldest senior brother's mouth.

"Youngest junior brother, I don't know where Master went. His presence has disappeared from the land of Berserkers, but I can sense that he hasn't died... However, your second senior brother's presence is incredibly weak... He's in Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

"No matter the results of this battle, you must go to the land of Berserkers' Great Leaf Immortal Sect and save... your second senior brother!" Eldest senior brother's voice reverberated in the air until the ground trembled and the sky roared.

"Youngest junior brother, your cultivation base is still showing signs of increasing, and you still can reach an even higher level of cultivation, but your heart is not resolute. I can tell that the world of Berserkers has acknowledged you. The world of Berserkers' kismet is upon you, and you are... the fourth God of Berserkers!

"But you still haven't acknowledged the world of Berserkers and the kismet in you. You also haven't acknowledged the status of the fourth God of Berserkers. I will fight this battle for you. Think carefully on whether you want to accept the title of God of Berserkers!"

Eldest senior brother was usually a man of few words, but at that moment, he uttered a long string of them. Almost at the same time he said all that, he took a step towards midair.

During that instant, Ji An's pupils shrank. He could feel a wave of killing intent and savagery from Xing Gan. Ji An moved and formed a seal with his hands before he swung his arm. Immediately, an endless amount of light hoops appeared around his body. Those light hoops surrounded him like a dimensional mouth. At the moment that happened, an eerie and sinister presence swiftly spread out.

Su Ming's eldest senior brother closed in and lifted the battle axe in his hand to cut down on Ji An.

A booming sound surged into the sky. These two people immediately started fighting fiercely. The near hundred imperishable Shaman Souls on the ground lifted their heads, and at the same time sobriety returned to their faces. They roared towards the sky, then cut off their heads at the same time. Once they became similar existences to Su Ming's eldest senior brother, their heads turned into battle axes. When they held them, they instantly flew up and charged towards Ji An.

Su Ming was silent by the side. As he watched his headless eldest senior brother fight against Ji An and listened to the continuous rumbles in the world, what appeared in his head was his eldest senior brother's words. They branded themselves in his heart.

It was indeed as eldest senior brother had said. Within the depths of Su Ming's heart, he had not acknowledged the world of Berserkers and its kismet. He did not have the desire to become the God of Berserkers.

If his memories of Dark Mountain were fake and if everything was fake, then he was not a Berserker and he did not have the blood of Berserkers flowing in his veins. If he continued tracing back, he would find that the memories of his childhood were clearly different from those of other Berserkers. The only reason he had succeeded in the first Berserkers' Initiation and obtained the right to practice the ways of Berserkers was because of...

Su Ming touched the black stone fragment that had been hanging over his chest for many years. It was all because of it.

Su Ming was feeling slightly miserable in his heart. In truth, he had noticed a long time ago that he was a tree without roots. He floated in the sky and did not know where he was supposed to go and where he could return to, neither did he know... where he was born.

In this state, he was indeed unable to acknowledge the world of Berserkers, its kismet, and that he could possibly be that God of Berserkers.

"I'm not a Berserker..." Su Ming mumbled.

The rumbles in the sky continued. Eighteen gigantic statues appeared behind Ji An. Each of them looked incredibly strange and evil, and all of them had different appearances. There were some in the form of people, and some in the forms of beasts. They were filled with ferociousness and evil, and they were also exuding an eerie and chilling presence.

There were also presences akin to those of vengeful souls on the eighteen statues. However, they were not filled with grudges. They were instead filled with bloodthirst and murderous intent. It was as if they were not creatures that existed in the world, but came from the boundless galaxy. They were ferocious spirits that had drifted about for years.

Their roars were incredibly unique. While sounding piercing to the ears, they were also sonorous. When anyone heard them, they would find their Qi and blood flowing backwards, their heartbeats increasing, and their emotions changing.

As Su Ming looked at the eighteen statues, his pupils suddenly shrank. He seemed to have recalled something and felt that the roars from these ferocious, murderous fiends from the world beyond sounded rather familiar. It was as if he had heard them somewhere before.

Yet right at the moment this sense of familiarity appeared but before Su Ming had the time to mull over it carefully, a loud boom that sounded as if the sky had shattered suddenly traveled from the sky.

At the instant these roars rang out, a presence that did not belong to the land of Berserkers spilled out from the sky. Su Ming sensed it instantly, because at the moment that presence came down, his body immediately started showing signs of decaying.

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. When he looked up, he saw the two gigantic Runes that had originally been there but had later on been hidden away by the distortions in the sky!

The presence that did not belong to a Berserker but clearly was one of an Immortal was spreading out from the Runes in the vortex, which looked as if they had sunken quite considerably.

"Bright Yang's presence!"

Su Ming narrowed his eyes. His past self would have been completely unable to withstand the Bright Yang's presence. Yet now, he had one half of a Bright Yang Stone sealed within his body. As he continuously resisted that presence, he could last a little longer under compared to his past self.

His eyes sparkled at that moment, and with one move, he charged towards the two Runes in the sky. He did not need to listen to the excited voices coming from the tens of thousands of Immortals underneath. He could tell himself that there were... Immortals descending to the place.

Almost at the instant Su Ming closed in, the booming sounds instantly increased exponentially. Right before everyone's eyes, two gigantic light hoops appeared, shining with a piercing light in the sky. They descended to the ground with a bang, forming two gigantic pillars of light that connected the sky and earth.

Several figures could be seen within the two pillars of light as they shone. In their distorted and indistinct states, these figures gradually appeared, and as if they were being elongated, as the forms of these figures gathered together and shrank, their bodies slowly showed up.

Almost at the moment these people showed up but before they completely regained their forms, Su Ming closed in on them with killing intent surging within him. He was so fast that he rushed into one of the pillars of light in the blink of an eye. At the instant he stepped in, black fog that surged into the sky immediately spread out from his body. He was not letting out this black fog intentionally, but due to the thick and dense power of Bright Yang, it had naturally come out from within him as his body withered and aged.

Su Ming's body started aging quickly, but not only did his speed not decrease, he instead traveled even faster. He quelled the pain that had appeared all over his body due to the power of Bright Yang and lifted his right hand swiftly to swing it in the direction before him.

With it, three of the people who had yet to regain their forms immediately trembled, and shrill screams of pain came from another dimension. The three figures instantly crumbled and disappeared into the air.

Su Ming did not stop for even a single moment. In a flash, he tapped another figure who had regained most of his or her form with his right index finger. As that figure shattered, Su Ming stomped the air beneath him, and with it, a large amount of ripples spread out violently under his feet.

The ripples caused the three nearest figures to immediately begin trembling, and they exploded with a bang. Su Ming moved and clenched his right hand into a fist before punching the final figure in this pillar of light.

This punch contained the full force Su Ming could gather within the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm. Along with the power he gained after turning his entire body into that of a true Berserker, even Di Tian's clone would need to be wary of this punch. As he hurled his fist forward, he punched the figure that had regained most of his or her form.

Chapter 677: The Curse's Pursuit!

The figure seemed to have let out a low growl and even showed signs of resisting against Su Ming's attack even if he was still caught in the state of regaining his form as he descended. Clearly, this person had extraordinary power, since he could do such a thing. After all, all the other Immortals descending to the place had been unable to put up even the barest form of resistance while their bodies were in the process of regaining their forms. They could only vanish while hate burned within them as Su Ming attacked them with his swift execution of his divine abilities.

The figure lifted his right hand and formed a seal before he pressed towards Su Ming's incoming fist. The two sides clashed, and loud bangs surged into the sky. A layer of ripples instantly spread outwards before tumbling backwards, shaking the pillar of light so much that it almost crumbled. Su Ming staggered nearly a thousand feet backwards and his Qi churned within his body. When he lifted his head, a brilliant light appeared in his eyes.

The figure in the pillar of light shuddered and crumbled swiftly, turning into thin black threads that eventually vanished into thin air. This person had failed in his descent, and even if he did not die, he would definitely be injured gravely!

A roar filled with discontent came from the pillar of light from another dimension.

"Who attacked me?! I'll remember this! Next time I come here, I'll definitely destroy you a thousand, no, a million times over!"

Su Ming turned a deaf ear towards those words. He might have dealt with the Immortals descending from this pillar of light, but there was another one. At that moment, several figures were rapidly gaining form within it, and two of them had even taken a step forward, as if they wanted to walk out of the pillar of light.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Immediately, threads of black smoke manifested around him. That black smoke instantly gathered on his right hand, and almost in an instant, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear appeared. Once Su Ming grabbed it, he swiftly lifted it up and tossed it towards the other pillar of light.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear was like a purplish black dragon that sliced through the air with a piercing whistle. It instantly shot into the pillar of light and penetrated through one of the figures who was taking a step forward. When Su Ming lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pointed towards him, that figure instantly exploded and turned into a large wave of impact that swept through the entire area within the pillar of light.

It caused the figures that were still regaining their forms to freeze for a moment, and during that instant, Su Ming closed in on them like a shooting star. He rushed in among them. The black fog around him had covered his face, and wherever he went, the only thing that could be seen of him was an emaciated hand that looked like a skeleton stretching out from the fog. That hand crushed all the figures that could not put up any form of resistance, but among those who descended, there was one who retreated swiftly under Su Ming's ambush.

That figure had only regained half of its form, but he did not slow down the slightest in his retreat. Almost at the instant Su Ming stepped into the pillar of light, that figure avoided the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and shot back in desperation. He turned into a pale looking middle-aged man dressed in a black robe, and as he ran, his expression was filled with livid sullenness.

The Evil Sky Sect's Sect Elder was among the first batch of Immortals descending to the land, even though he could not have his real body come to the place. He could only form a magical body and send it to the land of Berserkers. But even if this was just a magical body, it could still bring up power that could suppress the Berserkers. After all, based on the Immortals' knowledge, the strongest group of people in the land of Berserkers were only equivalent to those who had reached great circle in Ascendance.

Yet during the instant he descended, he sensed a life threatening danger that made his skin crawl. He had never expected something like this to occur in the process of him descending to the land of Berserkers. This was something that he had never even considered.

No matter how intense the battle between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect were, they would not do something like destroying the bodies of those who had yet to regain their forms. This sort of thing was too despicable! And the Immortals would definitely not accept it!

"Who are you?!"

Once the black-robed man shot out of the pillar of light, he swiftly retreated. When he lifted his head to look, there was no longer any of his people in the pillar of light. There was only an illusory figure surrounded by fog, and that person was leaving with a single step.

Once the person surrounded by fog walked out of the pillar of light, most of the fog dissipated to reveal an old face. However, his face soon started squirming about, recovering rapidly. When he took his seventh step, Su Ming regained his normal appearance.

"Just what is going on?!"

The man in black's face turned even paler. The strange sight of Su Ming's body had filled him with fear, and his act of destroying the Immortals who descended made him wary. In the distance, he could see a headless person fighting against Ji An and the booming sounds that surged into the sky due to their battle left him shocked. He did not know... just what had happened in this place.

It was especially so for the tens of thousands of Immortals standing on the ground. They consisted of people from Evil Sect and the Immortal sects, but they only watched the Immortals who descended be destroyed. None of them did anything to prevent this. In fact, as he looked over, he could see hesitation... and even fear on their faces!

"They're afraid... What are they afraid of?!" The black-robed man retreated once again, then lowered his head swiftly. Once he swept his gaze across the ground, he fixed his stare on Evil Sect's crowd.

"Shen Dong, tell me what is going on?!" The black-robed man clearly knew Evil Spirit Sect's Shen Dong. As he roared, he could see the pained look on the man's face, but he did not manage to last till his answer.

Su Ming's gaze landed on him at that instant. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he turned into a bolt of lightning that charged forward.

The man's expression immediately changed. He instantly turned into seven figures that spread out rapidly into seven directions. His power had not completely descended at that moment, and he only had power equivalent to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance. As the figures spread out, he did not choose to escape, but instead had them charge towards Su Ming from seven different directions.

Su Ming might have intimidated him previously, but he also managed to determine Su Ming's origins. He had the presence of a Berserker, and the most powerful group of people among the Berserkers were only equivalent to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance. He had been ambushed in the pillar of light previously, so the man believed that it was completely impossible for Su Ming to fight him on even grounds now that he was out.

'As long as I hold him back for a moment, the second batch of Immortals will descend, and at that time... this person will surely die, and I'll also know just what had happened here!

'But there's something really strange here. Who's the person fighting against Ji An? He's actually preventing Ji An from even have a chance to speak, for he has to pour every single bit of his attention on attacking!

'And where is Di Tian?' As these thoughts raced in the head of the black-robed man, he charged towards his attacker.

Su Ming swept his gaze around him. There were seven figures—this divine ability was incredibly ingenious, he decided—but he didn't need to spent too much effort to find the real person. Instead, he chose to stand on the spot.

Almost at the instant Su Ming stopped moving and froze in midair, the seven people that were transformed from the black-robed man spotted glints in their eyes, and cold sneers appeared on their lips.

In the span of a breath, these seven figures accelerated and appeared around Su Ming right away. All of them formed a seal at the same time. Then, with a low shout and several dozens of feet between each of them, they pushed their palms at Su Ming.

A power that belonged to those who had achieved great circle in Ascendance rammed into Su Ming's body at that instant. Booming sounds reverberated in the air, but Su Ming did not move. He simply allowed those waves caused by the attack land on his body, then lifted his right hand to punch the fourth person.

The world trembled. The fourth figure shuddered and coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He immediately fell back, and disbelief as well as shock appeared on his face.

"This is... power that has surpassed Ascendance. You..." As the fourth figure fell back, the other six figures shattered and were destroyed. The fourth figure was the black-robed man's real body. At the instant he started falling back, Su Ming had already disappeared from his sight.

His heart trembled, and a strong sense of danger rose within his heart. He turned his head around, and as his pupils shrank, the final picture that he would see for the rest of his life appeared in front of him.

It was a finger, and it filled his entire vision. That finger tapped the center of his brows, and a destructive power surged into his body with a bang. It tore through his flesh and blood, and at the same time it crushed his Nascent Divinity, a Curse also fused into his soul, charging straight towards his real self in the land of Immortals through the faint connection that existed between them.

"This is impossible!"

The black-robed man let out a shrill scream, and there was true terror within that scream. In truth, even if his magical body died, his real self would at most feel a decrease in its power, but his life would not be in danger. As long as he did not die, then he could redo everything. Yet now... the chilling Curse within his soul could attack his real self through his magical body. This was something he had never expected and was the true source of his terror.

When shrill scream rang out in the air, the black-robed man erupted with a bang, and died.

In the region of the endless floating continents in the Immortals' galaxy, there was one continent at the center that had several altars built on it. There was a middle-aged man sitting on one of the,, and that man was the black-robed person Su Ming had just killed.

At the same time his magical body died, his body started trembling violently, and black patches appeared on his skin. They began rotting rapidly, and almost in an instant, they covered his entire body. That person opened his eyes and let out a shrill scream of pain. Fear appeared on his face and he swiftly stood up. He swung his right arm before himself, and a Rune immediately appeared in front of him. He lifted his foot, intending to step into that Rune.

Yet almost at the moment he lifted his foot, his eyes turned dull and he trembled, then fell to the side. His body turned into black blood at that instant, and even his Nascent Divinity was unable to escape. He... truly died!

Moments before that, he saw more than a hundred altars around him as well as in the other continents shining with a powerful light. It was as if... the Immortals were about to activate another round of transportation and send another batch of people to descend.

Su Ming pulled back his finger in the land of Berserkers. He lowered his head and looked at the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground. All those who met his gaze instinctively lowered their heads.

Even if they were prodigies, and even if they were people who were familiar to him from his memories.

'The Berserkers gave me strength.' Su Ming's gaze swept past the crowd on the ground.

'The Berserkers gave me the power to search for the truth...

'There are people here who I can't bear to part with.

'The home which I will find hard to forget is here...

'I was born here. My existing memories contain the presence of the land of Berserkers...

'Then, from now onwards, why should I not... be a Berserker?!'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the two still operating Runes in the sky, which had the presence of Immortals descending to the place appearing once again. There was no longer any confusion in his eyes, but a look of determination, resolution, and also... acknowledgment!

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you. When you no longer know who you are, you will be you."

The faint song of a xun that carried with it an ancient air resounded in Su Ming's ears...

Chapter 678: Great Completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

'I am the God of Berserkers!' Su Ming lifted his head and said these words quietly in his heart.

At the instant they echoed in his heart, the presence of those descending appeared once again within the Runes in the sky. Those presences came from new Immortals, and they were coming from their distant land.

It was also at that moment that the rainbows beyond the two Runes increased, and the distortions also became even more violent. Sounds of something being ripped apart shook the sky and earth, and there seemed to be a faint voice roaring continuously towards the ground from those distortions.

"God of Berserkers!" If anyone listened closely, they would be able to tell vaguely that those roars were crying out these three words!!

Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared instantly before him. The torso that had no head and only two arms was exuding an endless mighty pressure. Under that pressure, Su Ming's eyes shone with a brilliant light that surged into the sky.

"My statue of the God of Berserkers still lacks a pair of legs before it can reveal itself in its complete form in the universe... I am the God of Berserkers, and the third God of Berserkers' soul shall be my statue's left leg!"

As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, the three pearls that were transformed from the third God of Berserkers' body after he died flew out. Those pearls turned into an illusory old man in midair. That old man opened his eyes, and once he swept his gaze across the land, he looked towards Su Ming. His obscured face made it impossible for anyone to see his appearance clearly, but they could still tell that he was smiling.

As he smiled, the old man's figure gradually disappeared. Almost at the moment he completely vanished, the left leg of Su Ming's statue appeared!

Su Ming's hair moved without wind. He watched the old man disappear, and saw the smile on his face. That was the smile the third God of Berserkers' soul left behind throughout the ages.

That smile contained acknowledgment!

At the instant the statue's left leg manifested, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted within his body and reached the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm within an instant. Only a membrane stood in his way to attain great completion!

As Su Ming's cultivation base increased, his presence was like a tidal wave that shook the sky and earth. The roars within the distortions in the sky grew stronger, and more rainbows appeared all around the area.

The figures within the pillars of light that were formed due to the Immortals descending from the Runes were gradually showing up. There were about a hundred of them, and they were rapidly gaining form.

Su Ming did not bother himself with them. He looked at his own statue of the God of Berserkers, then closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he lifted his right hand and swung it swiftly against the sky.

With it, the sky boomed, but those booming sounds could not cover Su Ming's voice, which brought shock to all the people's hearts at that moment.

"Second God of Berserkers, you, who exist as soul fragments in the world, who cry out during each Day of Eternal Creation, are you willing... to gather here and become my statue's right leg?! I swear the oath of a Berserker to you, I will surely destroy the Immortals and take revenge for you!" Su Ming's voice reverberated in all directions, causing all those who heard it to swiftly fall silent.

Besides the booming sounds from Ji An and Su Ming's eldest senior brother's battle still ringing in the air, the area was in dead silence.

Su Ming silently waited for his answer. If it had been any other moment, his words would not have obtained any answer, but now, he had the world of Berserkers' kismet in his body, and he was in the process of forming his statue of the God of Berserkers. His voice fused into the world of Berserkers, and it reverberated with his meaning, all the soul fragments in the world could hear it.

Time passed. With each breath, more Immortals appeared within the two pillars of light from the vortex. Some of them had even almost completely gained their forms.

Then, a whiff of green aura appeared out of nowhere at the empty spot where the right leg was supposed to be for Su Ming's statue. Soon after, more of it manifested from all directions of the world. As that aura gathered together, it formed an indistinct green figure before Su Ming.

This figure's appearance was as obscure as that of the third God of Berserkers. His eyes were blank when he turned, as if observing Su Ming. Su Ming also cast his gaze on the indistinct green figure.

The meeting of their gazes made the sense of familiarity that was hidden within the depths of Su Ming's memories rise up once again. This had happened the first time when he fought against Si Ma Xin and stepped on the second God of Berserkers' arm.

Right then, as this sense of familiarity rose up the second time, a dazed look appeared on Su Ming's face. He seemed to have returned to that unknown time all those years ago. In his ears he heard a baby girl's cries, a woman's gentle voice soothing her, and also... a man's voice that was filled with dignity, but at the same time a sense of gentleness.

The second God of Berserkers...

The green figure in Su Ming's eyes was made up of the second God of Berserkers' soul fragments, which had scattered through the world. This was the embodiment of all his unwillingness to admit defeat and his grudge before his death. At that moment, he was looking at Su Ming, and his empty eyes slowly gained light. Then, he gradually closed his eyes.

At the instant he did so, the green figure charged towards Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers to turn into its right leg, causing this statue to truly stand in the world.

At that instant, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted with a bang. At the same time, his statue became mostly complete and was only lacking a head. The statue of the God of Berserkers that stood in the world was ten thousand feet tall and looked like a colossal giant that was exuding a mighty pressure which shocked all the Immortals in the sky.

"The first God of Berserkers... Lie Shan Xiu, who left the land of Berserkers... who crafted the Berserkers' Enchanted Vessel to protect the entire land of Berserkers, the legacy you left behind will only last till the third God of Berserkers..."

"It is impossible for the fourth God of Berserkers to appear among the Berserkers, because they no longer have any legacy and inheritance, that is why if that person really appears, he would no longer be the fourth God of Berserkers, but would be... a new God of Berserkers!"

"Then, I will use the monument you left behind and the items you scattered in the land of Berserkers today to make the head for my statue. From now on, I will lead all the Berserkers... into new glory!"

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he swiftly opened his mouth. His words reverberated through the world and caused the world to resonate with him. During that instant, all the ferocious beasts in the entire land of Berserkers—Eastern Wastelands, the islands of South Morning, Northern Province, and the Alliance of the Western Region—started worshipping the sky while letting out shocking roars.

Hidden in the forest of Eastern Wastelands was Berserker Fang Tribe. There were several thousands of people kneeling on the ground behind the old man standing on the empty ground at that moment. Their bodies were trembling, and the desire as well as the expectation in their eyes had almost reached their limit.

Their gazes were gathered on the old man, who was the only person standing. At that moment, he was looking silently at the sky. After some time, he seemed to have made a decision in his heart, and he turned his head around and looked at all his tribe members behind him.

"Oh well, the flames within us have caused our blood to reach a boiling point. We of Berserker Fang Tribe will take this risk, and if we succeed, the Berserkers will be different from now on, and if we fail... we will die buried under the Berserkers' sky!

"Berserker Fang Tribe, come with me to pay our respects to the God of Berserkers!"

The old man swung his arm, and roars immediately rose from within the forest. In the span of a breath, nearly ten thousand long arcs charged out into the sky to move towards the spot where their burning blood directed them.

The person in the lead was the old man.

The tribe that was hidden in the mountain range had moved out earlier than Berserker Fang Tribe. They could no longer remain silent. The flames in their blood had increased their level of cultivation, and at the same time, a will had also erupted within their blood. Eventually, most of the people in the tribe chose to fly into the sky to meet the God of Berserkers.

All the Berserkers in Eastern Wasteland erupted at the same time and charged towards the spot where Su Ming was from all directions.

Right at that moment, Su Ming swung his right hand at his statue of the God of Berserkers, and a gigantic stone monument immediately flew out from his storage bag. An ancient air spread out from it, and it was the legacy the first God of Berserkers had left behind after he went away!

Su Ming's words made the stone monument shake as it flew out. It crumbled on its own and gathered instantly on the empty spot where the head of Su Ming's statue was supposed to be. Within an instant, that dust turned into a head!

That head had no features, but its appearance completed the statue of the God of Berserkers!

As his statue of the God of Berserkers was completed, a vast presence spread out. The world rumbled, and the statue slowly turned its head around, and its featureless face was like a mirror that was looking at Su Ming.

During that instant, he completed the final requirement to arrive at the Berserker Soul Realm— having his own reflection on the God of Berserkers!

Curves immediately appeared on the featureless face of the God of Berserkers, and gradually, a face that was the exact same as Su Ming's took shape. At the instant that happened, all the rainbows in the sky crumbled with a bang and gathered within the statue.

The distortions in the sky all collapsed as well, until there was not a single one left, and the sky to become transparent at that moment.

The sky in this area was not the only part that became transparent. The entire Berserkers' sky turned transparent during that instant, causing all the Berserkers to be able to see, perhaps for the first time in their lives... the true Berserkers' sky!

The world of Berserkers had no sky.

There was only a gigantic vortex. It was large enough to cover the entire land of Berserkers. It did not matter which corner a person resided in the land of Berserkers, they would be able to see that gigantic black vortex in the sky.

The vortex was still spinning at that moment. It was formed by an endless amount of dense fog that isolated their world from everything beyond. As it rotated with loud, booming sounds, some ferocious beasts that were several hundreds of thousands of feet in size or even bigger occasionally appeared within the fog.

However, while these creatures might be big, compared to the vortex, they looked like little animals in an ocean, and they could not even hope to compare with it.

This was the true Berserkers' sky!

This was also the sky that had existed during the first God of Berserkers' time. The sun, moon, and stars that appeared later on were all... fake!

They existed because of the Immortals' Rune!

At the instant everyone saw the sky, all the Berserkers who were flying stopped moving and stared blankly at the vortex.

As for Su Ming, at the instant the face of his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared, his cultivation base broke through the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he attained... great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Chapter 679: The Thirty Seventh Time!

At the instant Su Ming attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, a sharp, extreme pain immediately traveled out from the seal in his head. That pain caused veins to pop up on his face as cracks appeared on the seal. Su Ming sensed the power coming from the dimension once again, but it felt as if... it was no longer coming from another dimension. It was instead not too far away from him. Over that spot was a pair of eyes, and they were staring at him.

They were interfering with the cracks in the seal so that it would not break open. Instead, as the seal continued breaking, those cracks repeatedly closed up, resisting again and again within Su Ming's consciousness.

He could clearly tell that this was the power that had been trying to seal his memories all this while. The only difference between then and now was that it had previously been in another dimension. Right then, it seemed to be right in front of his eyes, having arrived in the land of Berserkers.

Su Ming lifted his head slowly. The eruption from his cultivation base, the resistance in his consciousness, as well as the cracking and subsequent closing of the seal caused a large amount of red to appear in his eyes. They looked as if they had turned crimson red, and as he swept his gaze across the area, his eyes landed on the pillar of light that was descending from the Rune at that moment!

"Are you... all ready?" Su Ming asked hoarsely. There was an unimaginable amount of power from the world in his body. He even had the feeling that he could cause the entire world to crumble with a single thought.

If he was the sky, then the sky was also him!

As his words traveled through the air, his voice seemed to have become one with the sky and rose with a loud rumbling. His words even sounded like a law that was implemented the moment it appeared, resulting the trembling of the entire world. As his voice reverberated in the air, the two pillars of light from the Runes began shivering, as if they were about to be unable to handle his might and crumble.

There were nearly a hundred figures within those pillars of light, most of which had already completed their descent, and all of them were silently looking at Su Ming with their hearts filling with shock.

They saw the entire process of Su Ming attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and they also saw the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers before him. The terrifying might spreading from it caused their hearts to race.

Su Ming's voice caused the pillar of light to tremble, which brought disbelief to the faces of all those people watching.

"Welcome... to the land of Berserkers!"

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. At the instant his words left his mouth, the world rumbled, and the two pillars of light trembled violently before they crumbled with a bang. At the same time, the people within them instantly shot out in all directions.

Most of these people had extraordinary power, and some of them had even reached great circle in Ascendance. There were even two of them who had power equivalent to Di Tian's clones.

Yet at the instant they rushed out, Su Ming lifted his right hand, opened his palm, and seized in the direction before him, just as he did all those years ago when he saw the old man in the Undying and Imperishable Realm, and just as he did towards the endless undying souls in that world.

Su Ming was doing the exact same thing he did in that world. At the instant he lifted his right hand, his statue of the God of Berserkers also lifted its right hand and performed the same action.

Booming sounds instantly rose into the air, and most of the Immortals from the pillars of light froze. As their bodies trembled, they let out shrill screams filled with despair and exploded with a bang.

As that happened, wisps of life force tumbled backwards and charged towards Su Ming's right hand. Once he held them in his fist, the power of his Curse spread out and rushed straight to the land of Immortals by tracing back the trails provided by the Rune!

At the same time, Su Ming took a step forward, and his body instantly appeared before one of the cultivators with power equivalent to Di Tian's clone. That cultivator turned his head around, and dark green light instantly appeared on his body. Just as he was about to retreat, Su Ming lifted his left hand and pierced through the dark green screen of light, completely unperturbed by it. He grabbed the cultivator's chest and squeezed.

The man's eyes went wide, and his heart was crushed.

A Curse also spread out and destroyed this person's Nascent Divinity before it went straight towards the land of Immortals to destroy his real self!

"From now on, the land of Berserkers... is forbidden grounds to Immortals!" Su Ming stated calmly.

Once he unclenched his hand, he turned around, his long hair dancing behind him. He lifted his left index finger and pointed forward. At the instant he turned around, the other cultivator with power equivalent to Di Tian's clone had already warped towards him. Mountains and rivers appeared in his hand, and the sun, moon, and stars as well as the

entire universe also seemed to be contained within it. These things turned into a gigantic flag, and he was swinging it at Su Ming.

Su Ming's left index finger did not stop moving. It shot through the flag and touched the cultivator's chest. That cultivator coughed up fresh blood, and as shock appeared on his face, he fell backwards. Su Ming took a step forward and snatched the flag with his right hand. Then, with his left, he hurled a fist towards that cultivator through the air.

"All Immortals who come here will be killed!" As Su Ming's flat, emotionless words reverberated in the air, his punch landed, and a voice that surged into the sky and earth shot up, stirring up multiple ripples in space. The cultivator's body crumbled and turned into pieces of flesh that scattered outwards. This person hadn't sent an ordinary clone, and the person before him hadn't either. Both of them had sent their magical bodies!

Magical bodies were of a higher level than clones. These were existences that were equivalent to Nascent Divinities among Immortals. Cultivators could entrust their lives to these bodies and refine them into beings that could help them preserve their lives.

That was why their levels of cultivation were equal to that of Di Tian's clones. However, now that Su Ming had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and obtained the world of Berserkers' kismet, killing Di Tian's clones... was no longer a difficult task for him.

Su Ming waved his arm and took a step forward to appear on his statue's shoulder. As he stood there, he looked at the sky, and a wave of killing intent appeared in his eyes.

"Di Tian, since you arrived a long time ago, why don't you just show up?"

As Su Ming spoke, the two radiant Runes in the vortex that was the Berserkers' true sky let out rumbling sounds again. At that same time, a man with a black crown who was dressed in a black Emperor's robe slowly revealed his body below the Rune, to its right.

At the instant he appeared, a wave of power that even had corporeal form spread out from him, turning into thunderous booms that surged into the sky and traveled through the air in the process.

This was not a clone!

Su Ming looked at the black-robed Di Tian with a calm expression on his face. He could tell with just one glance that this Di Tian was clearly different from the three others he'd killed previously.

This person gave Su Ming a feeling that Di Tian had not obtained this body via Possession, but that it was truly born after gathering the power of the world. His features were also incredibly stark. There was not a hint of indistinctness that could be found on his face.

In fact, this was the second time Su Ming had this feeling. The first had been when he a man in black robes standing on a gigantic head in the black void while he himself was bound in chains after he left Dark Mountain to enter South Morning. The memory of it instantly rose in Su Ming's head.

The first time he had had this feeling was when he had first encountered Di Tian's clone. With his power at that time, he had been unable to find many clues that hinted at the fact of him being a different Di Tian than the one he saw in the void, which was why the feeling he had the first time could be dismissed.

From then onwards, he saw Di Tian's second and third clones. They might be strong, but they could not make that feeling appear within Su Ming, and he had never felt it again... up till now!

It could be said that with Su Ming's current level of cultivation, at the instant he saw the black-robed Di Tian, a large portion of the seal on his memories tore up, and he seemed to have remembered something, albeit only vaguely.

However, as vague as it might be, he had a clear feeling... this was definitely not the first time he saw this black-robed Di Tian. The person who had appeared in the void was this Di Tian!

Perhaps more accurately speaking, this was the only one who could truly be considered as Di Tian. All the ones that Su Ming had killed previously were clones that Di Tian had controlled after he gathered his will and placed it on those bodies!

"This is... the thirty-seventh time I sent my magical body to this place..." the black-robed Di Tian said calmly. His voice had an ancient quality to it, and it was greatly different from that of his clones. The awe-inspiring air was absent in his speech, but there was an air of supremacy that made it seem as if he was looking down on all manner of living, even as his eyes were focused on Su Ming.

Then he lifted his foot slowly and walked towards him.

"The previous thirty-six times I came here was because you broke your promise and failed to fulfill the pledge you swore all those years ago. You tried to fight against me... and in the end, I killed you thirty-six times.

"I never truly killed you, but only made you sink back into oblivion ... This is the thirty-seventh time... and it will also be the last." Di Tian's emotionless voice seemed to be the law itself. As he closed in, the pain brought by the seal on the memories became stronger, and the cracks also increased in number.

"This time, there were more changes than ever before... It is also the only time you were able to destroy all my clones... However, in the end, you... will still fall!"

There were only several thousands of feet separating the black-robed Di Tian from Su Ming at that moment. A sharp pain that was enough to drive him mad appeared in Su Ming's head, and his memories... were gradually being restored.

At the instant Di Tian took another step forward, a bang resounded in Su Ming's head, and a large amount of pictures erupted swiftly in his mind, turning into a chaotic mess in his brain.

In the midst of all that chaos, he saw images... that belonged to a thousand years ago!

The boy a thousand years ago had been sucked into the void during the change in Dark Mountain, but he did not appear in South Morning. Instead, he had gone to a continent he had never been to before. That place was filled with wind and snow... and the people there were all strangers. The things there were all unfamiliar...

Several hundreds of years later, when he arrived at the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he found his memories and tried to turn against heaven. Di Tian appeared, and during that battle, he had been bound by an endless amount of chains. At that time he had lost miserably, and the person who defeated him was a man who stood on a gigantic head. He was... the black-robed Di Tian standing right before his eyes at this moment!

"This is the thirty-seventh time I descended, and just like the previous thirty-six times, if you will manage to destroy my magical body, from then onwards, I will no longer be able to descend to the land of Berserkers, and you will truly regain your freedom... I will even give you this plate..." In Su Ming's newly appeared memories, these were exactly the same words spoken by the black-robed Di Tian before they fought a thousand years ago.

"You truly disappoint me..." This was the end of Su Ming's memories a thousand years ago, and they came from the same person.

The black-robed Di Tian walked towards him slowly and asked flatly, "Do you remember now?"

Su Ming's eyes became even redder. He lifted his head and glared up at him with killing intent flashing in his eyes.

"Just like the previous thirty-six times, if you can kill my magical body, then you will truly be free from now onwards, and I... will give this plate to you."

As Di Tian spoke, he lifted his right hand, and a black plate flew out. There was a complete spine on that plate, and a ghastly presence surrounded it.

At the instant Su Ming saw this thing, a loud booming sound instantly resounded in his head. He'd seen this plate before!

Chapter 680: The Berserkers Arrive!

"Among those thirty-six times, there were nineteen when you fell under my Abyss Sword. This time, I'd like to see how you will fare!"

When Di Tian moved forward, his presence was like one Su Ming had felt when he first saw him all those years ago. It was the presence of supremacy that was like mountains crushing his body, and as it charged towards Su Ming in an attempt to intimidate him, Di Tian lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

A ray of dark light instantly appeared above and charged towards Di Tian's right hand before turning into a sword on his palm. This sword was Di Tian's Abyss Sword!

It was still the same, but the wielder of it before had been Di Tian's clone. Right then, the person who held it was Di Tian's black-robed magical body who had made Su Ming fall into oblivion time and again over a countless number of years!

This magical body was connected to Di Tian's own life, and his strength surpassed all his clones'. It was the strongest power he could muster in the land of Berserkers.

During the previous thirty-six times, Di Tian had used his magical body to perform the final judgment, and every single time he sent this magical body over, it would mean the end for Su Ming.

Only at this moment did his magical body descend from the land of Immortals, and it was telling enough that Di Tian had only now truly made his decision.

The most important reason behind his decision was because his magical body had descended to this place thirty-six times over the years, and the force of the laws within the land of Berserkers rejecting him had become incredibly powerful. Even if he did manage to descend, he could not stay for long, and so he had to end the battle as soon as possible.

The other reason was because Di Tian had sensed a strong danger after the thirty-sixth time he made Su Ming fall into oblivion and sealed his memories. This sense had not come from Su Ming himself, but a pair of invisible eyes in the land of Berserkers.

This pair of eyes always seemed to be staring at him, causing him to only send his clones to the land over the past thousand years and not dare risk sending his magical body again, as it was connected to his life. If it was not because he had to destroy Su Ming, he would not have sent his magical body to the land of Berserkers.

Di Tian was also too worried to send someone else to handle this matter, and since all his clones were destroyed, he could only... send his magical body!

Once the Abyss Sword appeared, the boundless vortex in the sky suddenly increased the speed of its rotation for an instant, and a wisp of Yin Death Aura was dragged down by the sword to the land. It turned into a ball of black fog that surrounded the Abyss Sword, and that black fog seemed to have turned into several faces of malicious ghosts once they surrounded the blade, and all of them were roaring at Su Ming.

"The first Abyss Sword is to extol the heavens!"

"The second Abyss Sword is to rise the land!"

"The third Abyss Sword is to execute people!"

The black-robed Di Tian swung the Abyss Sword in his hand, and it immediately split into three, resulting in three swords now flying around Di Tian. As they danced about, more Yin Death Aura surged forth from the vortex in the sky.

"The fourth Abyss Sword is to send off souls!"

"The fifth Abyss Sword is to mourn the body!"

"The sixth Abyss Sword is to destroy the spirits!"

A glint appeared in the black-robed Di Tian's eyes. The three Abyss Swords swayed once more before they turned into six swords that formed a sword Rune. They charged towards Su Ming with a sharp whistle, and the Yin Death Aura that they stirred up turned into thick black fog that tumbled about and formed a gigantic face of a malicious ghost in the sky. As it howled, it charged swiftly towards Su Ming.

A powerful sense of danger instantly rose in Su Ming's heart. That sense of danger came from his soul and from a spot in his memories that even he did not notice previously. It was as if his sealed memories remembered that there were a dozen more times when his body and soul had been destroyed under this particular style and he had sunk into oblivion because of it, just like Di Tian had said.

"If what you said is true, then this is the thirty-seventh time. I don't know why I would lose to this Abyss Sword the previous dozen something times, but now..."

Su Ming did not finish speaking. As he left his sentence hanging, not only did he not retreat, but he even took a step forward. At the instant his foot landed, his body disappeared in a flash. When he reappeared, he was already right before those six Abyss Swords.

At the instant he threw his punch forward—

"The seventh Abyss Sword is to bid farewell to life!"

"The eighth Abyss Sword is to bury the void!"

"The ninth Abyss Sword... is to destroy!"

The black-robed Di Tian swung his arm, and shadows instantly overlapped the six Abyss Swords around him. Once another three other swords were added to their number, they turned into nine Abyss Swords that clashed with Su Ming, and booming sounds reverberated in the air, surging into the sky.

Su Ming's fist stopped for a moment. When the nine Abyss Swords cracked inch by inch and fell backwards, they turned into fragmented pieces, but they did not disappear. Instead, once they fused with the fog, they turned into an eerie gigantic mouth of a malicious spirit that looked as if it had corporeal form, and it charged towards Su Ming to devour him.

This power could devour all those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, so even those who had incredibly great cultivation bases would find it difficult to escape it. This backlash from the power of Yin Death came from Di Tian's ultimate divine abilities, and it was an attack that could kill Su Ming a dozen something times in the past.

Di Tian's magical body did not bother to hold back even a single bit right from the start of the battle. His attacks were all filled with killing intent.

However, while this divine ability could destroy Su Ming a dozen something times in the past, it could not deal even a little damage to Su Ming on this day. Di Tian had made a miscalculation, and this mistake would cause him to pay an unbearable price.

In his memories, this was Su Ming's thirty-seventh awakening. To him, Su Ming's might came from the final burst in his cultivation base every single time after he awakened, and with each time, his cultivation base would be much stronger than before. Yet even so, he believed that he could control this Destiny who had awakened for the thirty-seventh time.

However, he did not know that this was not the thirty-seventh time Su Ming had awakened. He had awakened... a countless number of times!

Each destruction of his soul in the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World was like a real death. This resulted in not only the strength of Su Ming's will increasing by leaps and bounds, but he also obtained... innumerable awakenings the precise number of which even he himself did not know!

With each awakening, his potential would increase a little. This unforeseen circumstance of him awakening an endless amount of times in the Candle Dragon's

Undying and Imperishable World now caused a miscalculation in Di Tian's plans, and had also molded Su Ming to become greater!

Almost at the instant the big mouth formed from the Yin Death Fog closed in on Su Ming, his expression twisted. He lifted his head swiftly and let out a low roar towards that mouth.

"Yin Death Aura is the aura within my body! How dare you try to devour me!" Su Ming's roar reverberated in all directions. Veins popped up on his face, and as his roar echoed in the air, the gigantic vortex in the sky rumbled as well.

The big mouth that closed in on Su Ming shuddered, and fear as well as hesitation appeared on the malicious spirit's face. Then, as Su Ming roared, it changed its direction, turned its head, and charged towards the black-robed Di Tian.

Powerful killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. With a single move, he rushed towards Di Tian like a shooting star. It did not matter whether this was his clone or his magical body, the entire world of Berserkers was filled with Su Ming's murderous aura, and whoever it was that he wanted to kill had to die!

"Di Tian, you're going to die!"

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. The seal in his head continued breaking, and his memories raged in his mind like a storm.

Almost at the instant Su Ming charged towards Di Tian, nearly ten thousand long arcs that looked as if they had blotted out the sky and covered the earth rushed over from the horizon. The person in the lead... was All Entities Clan's Grand Clan Elder, Tian Qi, a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Excitement was rife in his eyes. The Berserkers behind him were all burning with passion, and their roars traveled forward with a loud echo.

At that instant, there were also nearly ten thousand long arcs charging forward from another direction. The person in their lead was an old man that was as thin as a skeleton. That old man was Xue Sha, the Elder of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds!

Chapter 681: Bright Yang, Yin Death

It did not matter whether it was the tribe members for the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds or the disciples of All Entities Clan. At that moment these people, who numbered to nearly twenty thousand, saw a shocking sight at the same time from two directions.

They saw the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers in midair, and at the instant their gazes fell on it, all of them felt their blood boiling with a bang.

That statue of the God of Berserkers gave Immortals pressure, but to the Berserkers, it brought them a wave of excitement and madness that could not be described with words. It was as if their full potential would explode forth if they were beside that statue, and their combat abilities would also increase by a large margin compared to before.

Aside from the statue causing these Berserkers to feel their blood boiling, the tens of thousands of Immortals on the land also caused the people from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan to have their pupils shrink.

The Immortals on the ground also saw the Berserkers coming en masse as well. All of them were silent, but they no longer had the arrogance and suppressive air they put on when they met in the past, because there was a terrifying person here who had slaughtered an innumerable amount of their own and even destroyed Di Tian's clones, and they had witnessed the entire process of this happening!

The Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan caused a slight change to happen to the battlefield. However, before the two forces of Berserkers could understand what was going on, they saw the gigantic statue of the God of Berserkers and the Runes rotating and rumbling in the sky!

As those Runes rotated, powerful light spread out from within them, and it was clear that a new batch of Immortals were about to descend.

Aside from these, there was also something else that caused the Great Tribe of Surging Cloud's Xue Sha and All Entities Clan's Tian Xi's gazes to gather in the same spot.

It was the sight of Su Ming's eldest senior brother fighting against Ji An in the sky, with loud, booming sounds echoing around. Eldest senior brother held a battle axe in his hand, and in his other hand was a huge shield that had been formed by the near hundred Shaman Souls at some point in time. He was engaged in a battle to the death with Ji An, and Ji An's expression was dark while retreating continuously. He had already executed a large variety of attacks, but none of them could suppress the fierce will that propelled his opponent to press forward courageously!

Black fog churned at the spot where these two people fought, and there seemed to be an endless amount of ferocious fiends from the world beyond roaring about. However, none of them seemed to have the courage to get closer to Su Ming's eldest senior brother. Booming sounds continued spreading outwards, and their battlefield took up half of the sky.

There was a long arc that was charging towards the person with the crown and the black robe. The face of that person in the long arc could not be seen clearly; he was only a blurry shadow. Almost at the moment these Berserkers arrived and saw the

battle in the region, a loud boom that shook the sky and earth traveled swiftly in all directions from the spot where there was a person fighting against the black-robed man who looked like an Emperor.

"It doesn't matter whether it's thirty-six or thirty-seven times, neither does it matter whether these memories are real or fake... none of them matter to me!" Su Ming's voice echoed in the air in the midst of the rumbling. He staggered nearly a thousand feet backwards, and when he stopped, he lifted his head. There was blood trickling down the corners of his mouth.

This blood was not due to him being injured by Di Tian. It had instead been caused by Su Ming biting the tip of his tongue to force his mind to clear up in the midst of the chaos that had been brought about by his memories erupting to the front of his mind.

"It was incredibly difficult to break this seal previously, but when you arrived, some of my memories were automatically released when the seal cracked. Di Tian... this is too fake. It doesn't matter to me whether what you said is true, as long as I kill you, none of this is important anymore!" Su Ming's eyes turned crimson, and he swiftly took a step once again towards Di Tian.

When he lifted his right hand, the statue of the God of Berserkers in the sky let out a roar and lifted its right hand as well before it hurled its fist forward. But it did not throw its punch towards Di Tian, it had instead directed its fist towards... Su Ming!

It was also at this moment that the people from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds and All Entities Clan gathered their gazes on Su Ming from two different directions, even if they were still tens of thousands of feet away from the battlefield.

They... saw Su Ming's face clearly, and also saw the exact same face on the statue of the God of Berserkers. At the instant their gazes gathered on Su Ming's body, an impulse rose within them, and that impulse made their blood start erupting out of their control.

It was boiling violently in all Berserkers now. They did not know who was the first to cry out, but quickly more roars joined in, and the sound of them all instantly rose and fell in the air until there was only one voice left in the sky in the end!

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

"Greetings, God of Berserkers!"

That voice shook the sky and earth, born from twenty thousand people shouting at the same time. This was the booming sound coming from the blood of twenty thousand

people. This was the roar of the Berserkers after they traveled several tens of thousands of li to this place!

Almost at the moment that voice reverberated in the world and shook the entire area, the right fist of the statue crashed into the charging Su Ming.

The ten thousand foot tall statue of the God of Berserkers lifted its head and let out a violent roar, as if it was responding to the Berserkers' roars.

In the midst of that roar, Su Ming's body swiftly fused into his statue. At the instant he disappeared, a powerful light that had never appeared in the statue's eyes suddenly began shining. That light was killing intent and intelligence. At the instant it appeared, it was as if the statue of the God of Berserkers became Su Ming himself!

Fusing with the statue of the God of Berserkers was a racial divine ability that could only be executed by those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Before they attained this level of power, a strong Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm could place their statue of the God of Berserkers in their body, but once they attained great completion, they could reverse the process and fuse themselves into their statue. Then, from there... they could bring out the Berserkers' powerful might!

The black-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank slightly. He let out a cold harrumph towards Su Ming's declaration that he did not care whether his words of killing him thirty-six were true. Di Tian did not bother to continue speaking. Killing intent instead shone briefly in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand swiftly, swinging it at the sky. During that instant, he opened his mouth and spat out a golden stone.

This stone was not big. It was only the breadth of a finger and half a finger long. However, once it appeared, the stone abruptly exploded, and the area around its edges began squirming. In the span of a breath, it grew to the size of a fist, and in the next instant it grew as large as a skull!

Once that stone appeared, a wave of power that belonged to Bright Yang abruptly spread out, causing the world around it to look as if it was being torn apart. Ripples spread out from around it, as if space itself could not withstand the stone's existence!

This was a Bright Yang Stone!

In fact, it was a Bright Yang Stone that was refined by Di Tian. The light it spread out could destroy all souls of Yin Death.

"You are, in the end, something from Yin Death. This Bright Yang Stone will be the item that will bring you your death. Under the radiance of Bright Yang, I'd like to see how you will manage to not be destroyed!" The black-robed Di Tian lifted his right hand and seized that stone before he squeezed it. The stone cracked and exploded.

When that happened, it looked as if a sun had broken down. Powerful rays of golden light spread out through the area with a bang, but it only spread out to a thousand feet before gathered together and charging towards Su Ming.

It caused the entire area around Su Ming, who had transformed into his statue of the God of Berserkers, to instantly turn gold. Moments later, a large amount of black fog spread out from inside it.

The face on Su Ming's statue began to swiftly and violently wither away. This feeling was much stronger than the first time Su Ming had walked out of Yin Death Region.

Su Ming let out a muffled roar, but he did not retreat. Instead, he took a step towards that golden light. He lifted his right arm, and with his palm facing upward while the back of his hand was turned downwards, he swung them towards the Bright Yang Light around him.

"What scatters away is the past, and what remains is the future, but the moment now... is Destiny!" Su Ming stated, his voice echoing in the air.

When he swung his arm, the Bright Yang Light that had caused him to feel death instantly fell back and moved away from his body, as if time had started flowing back. At that moment, the statue that was Su Ming's body was no longer enveloped by Bright Yang Light.

However, this was the divine ability Di Tian's magical body had used specifically to curb Su Ming. Even with Destiny's time reversal, Su Ming could only make that light retreat for an instant. Immediately after, Bright Yang Light gathered on Su Ming's body once again.

However, in that instant when there was none of it covering him, a large amount of black fog had spread out from Su Ming's body, and he looked as if he had grown endlessly older. His statue lifted its left hand at that moment and seized the Yin Death that filled the sky above the world of Berserkers.

"Verdant Abyssal Seal!" Su Ming let out a roar towards the sky, and as he shouted, seven green shadows immediately appeared around him. They were Su Ming's Seven Abyssal Yin Death Seal!

Bright Yang could curb Yin Death... but if he flipped it over, Yin Death could also curb Bright Yang!

Bright Yang Light came towards him once again. At the instant it covered Su Ming's body, the seven green figures around Su Ming gathered together to kneel and bow towards him.

At the instant they bowed down, the vortex in the sky let out a violent roar, and a large amount of black smoke descended swiftly, but it was not aiming to attack anyone. It was instead charging towards Su Ming.

Su Ming had placed the Verdant Abyssal Seal on his own body. By doing so, at the instant Bright Yang Light was about to reach him, the black fog that was Yin Death came rushing towards him with a loud rumbling.

A ceaseless noise that shook the sky and earth erupted. It shook the world so much that the sky changed and the earth looked as if it was about to start tumbling about. When that sound gradually dissipated, Su Ming's statue still remained standing in the sky.

He looked old, and an incredibly weakened air spread out from his body, but as killing intent flashed in Su Ming's eyes, he immediately started recovering from his weakened state, because those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could absorb the power of the world and use it for their own!

It was especially so when Su Ming had fused together with his statue of the God of Berserkers. The speed at which he absorbed the power of the world made it seem as if he was devouring it.

Bright Yang Light that had been around him was already gone without a trace. The only person remaining before him was Di Tian, who was standing thousands of feet away with an incredibly dark expression.

"Nine Abyss Sword could not kill you, and neither could Bright Yang Light destroy you... Then, I'd like to see how you will handle... Punishment!"

Di Tian's lips lifted in a cold sneer, and he raised his right hand and pointed swiftly towards the sky after he formed a seal!

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Chapter 682: Dying with You!

When Di Tian pointed upward, he also bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of golden blood.

At the instant this blood appeared, it immediately turned into drops of golden pellets that charged towards the vortex in the sky as he swung his right arm.

"With mine will, I activate the Immortals' Vessel and have it descend to Yin Death Void to execute Destiny's Heavenly Punishment!" Di Tian's voice reverberated in the area at that moment. There was a supreme might in that voice, causing all the people who heard it to feel their hearts tremble.

It was especially so since the divine ability Di Tian cast this time was definitely nothing ordinary. This was an Art that could only be executed by having him give up a mouthful of his magical body's blood as a price, and it would definitely not be on the same level as what his clones could execute.

Ever since Di Tian's magical body appeared, he had not once executed a weak Art. It did not matter whether it was his Abyss Sword or this Destiny's Punishment, all of them were killing moves!

Almost at the moment his blood turned into long arcs and charged towards the vortex that covered the entire Berserkers' sky, the vortex froze because of it, as if the rotations within it had stilled.

In the boundless galaxy beyond the vortex in the Berserkers' sky were nine cultivation planets that kept vigilance on Yin Death Region. When the vortex stopped moving, brilliant light erupted from the galaxy, and as the light grew to a piercing degree, a strong ray swiftly erupted with a bang from one of the cultivation planets and shot straight into that layer of Yin Death Fog. This forced the fog to spread out, allowing a little of that strong ray of light to seep through and charge towards the land of Berserkers.

But it was not just one!

There were nine of them!

Eight other strong rays of light came from the other cultivation planets as well. With a loud whistle in the air, they burst into the galaxy, causing the Yin Death Vortex to roar and a thick layer of fog to start spreading outwards madly. Then... a pit appeared in the center of the fog!

Anyone in the world of Berserkers who lifted their heads and looked at the sky at that moment would be able to clearly see the center of the vortex in the sky. Once the fog stilled and started tumbling about with those booming sounds while looking as if it was boiling, the fog started dispersing at the edges, and as it scattered away, it revealed...

A gigantic pit at the center!

And for the first time in their lives, the Berserkers... saw the true galaxy!

Yet the instant the galaxy appeared, it was immediately replaced by nine powerful rays of light that were piercing to the eyes. They sliced through the sky with loud whistling sounds and shot through Yin Death Fog to descend on the land. Their appearance immediately turned them into the most powerful light in the world of Berserkers.

The nine punishments appeared at the same time, and they were all coming to destroy Destiny!

In fact, this would not just affect Destiny. The might of these nine powerful rays of light could destroy the entire Eastern Wastelands. This... was the powerful killing move that Di Tian had prepared to destroy Su Ming!

"You're mad!" Ji An let out a furious roar as he fought against Su Ming's eldest senior brother in the black fog.

In the midst of shock, the Immortals on the ground spread out and started fleeing in all directions. Before the nine powerful rays of light closed in, the land began to feel like a sea of fire, and a wave of heat washed over everyone present!

The two Berserker forces in the sky were stunned, their gazes fixed on the sky. They watched the powerful light coming towards them, because... they had nowhere to run!

"Destiny, I refuse to believe that you will be able to fight back against this punishment! Besides..." A ferocious look appeared on the black-robed Di Tian's face. He bit the tip of his tongue once again and coughed up another mouthful of his magical body's blood. That blood charged towards the sky with a loud whistle.

At the same time, powerful light spread out from the nine cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Fog once again, and another nine rays of powerful light shook the planets, then burst forth with a bang.

"I'd like to see... how you'll fight against this!" The black-robed Di Tian let out a low growl. A malicious and cruel look appeared in his eyes as he looked towards Su Ming, who had fused with his statue of the God of Berserkers in midair.

Forget what sort of price Di Tian would have to pay to activate these eighteen powerful rays of punishment. If they descended on Eastern Wastelands, then it would bring this continent a disaster that was equivalent to the amount of damage that was brought forth when the it had rammed itself into South Morning.

The Immortals' might was shown clearly with this priceless treasure that could deal out a punishment strong enough to destroy the world of Berserkers. Perhaps this peerless treasure was the greatest reason for caution and would also bring about the greatest amount of damage to the Berserkers!

"I can spare you, as long as you lower your head before me and fall once again. I can give you... one final chance!" The black-robed Di Tian stood in midair and looked at Su Ming coldly.

At that moment, he had a real upper hand in this battle. Now that the true Punishment had appeared, Su Ming would not be the only one who died. The endless amount of Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands would die alongside him.

Su Ming looked at the sky. He saw the nine powerful rays of light charging towards him with loud whistles and also saw the second batch that had appeared right behind them.

This was not the first time he saw Di Tian executing this attack, but clearly, what he saw last time could not compare to what he was seeing right then. This... was the true Punishment!

'Is everything... about to end...?' Bitterness rose in Su Ming's heart. Even if he attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, in the face of the priceless treasure that could destroy the entire world of Berserkers... he was still unable to fight.

At that moment, his vow to kill Di Tian seemed to have turned into a massive joke, a spoof, a fact telling him that he could not hope to fulfill his vow.

And this was not even the real Di Tian. This was just his magical body.

'But I don't want to accept this!'

Madness appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and a crimson red light shone in them. It was formed by blood capillaries filling his eyes and determination that appeared in the statue's gaze when he fused with it.

"I refuse to accept this! How can I lower my head to you?!" Su Ming let out a hoarse roar. It was a voice filled with madness, a cry screaming that he was not bothered by death.

"I can die, but even if I die, I will remain standing! I will hold my head high as I die! Who are you, Di Tian?! You are not worth me lowering my head!"

"My power may not match up to yours, but my backbone... is made of madness that not even the universe can bend!" As Su Ming roared, he swiftly charged out and lifted his left hand to strike the first powerful ray of light that came from the sky.

He was full of an indomitable determination, a shocking will and resolution. It was a madness screaming that he would rather die than lower his head!

He hurled his fist forward, and at the instant his hand clashed against the first ray of light, loud booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the left hand of Su Ming's statue

exploded with a bang. It turned into shards that fell backwards before turning into powder that scattered in all directions.

As violent ripples swiftly spread through the air, Su Ming's laughter reverberated in the air.

"I lived in an illusion, I was lost, I could not find my home, I did not have a home... but why does it matter?!" Su Ming lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards the second ray of light as he charged towards the sky.

A roar reverberated in the air once again, shaking the world so much that the weather changed. Su Ming's right arm... was ripped into pieces and completely shattered.

"Why does it matter?! Between the threat of death and a spine that would never bend, I will choose... the latter!" Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers had lost both its arms, but his body still continued charging forward. With a spin, he lifted his right leg and kicked the third incoming ray of light.

It became darker, and the right leg of the statue was completely shattered!

This scene even shocked the black-robed Di Tian. The horrifying charge made him feel as if he had just gotten to know Su Ming for the first time ever.

Ji An and Xing Gan were no longer fighting. The horrifying booms were enough to shock all the people's hearts. The tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground were shocked to silence as Su Ming went through the horrifying and devastating blows.

During that instant, some among the two Berserker forces wept.

A loud bang shot into the sky, but it could not cover Su Ming's laughter. He lifted his left leg and kicked forward, making his leg clash against the fourth ray of light. Once it was destroyed and disappeared, Su Ming, who had lost all his limbs, used his body to fight against the fifth ray of light.

With each bang, all those who bore witness would fall into a deeper state of silence. At the moment the torso of Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered and he only had a head left in the sky, the sixth ray of light charged towards him.

Su Ming laughed long and hard, then rammed his statue's head against the sixth ray of light. Booming sounds swept through the world. At the instant the statue's head shattered, Su Ming's real body appeared in the sky. He coughed up a mouthful of blood and his body plunged down towards the ground.

The seventh, eighth, ninth... and up to the eighteenth ray of light were all charging towards him.

"I can still continue!"

Su Ming gritted his teeth. Without his statue of the God of Berserkers, he would immediately disappear into the wind under this light. Right at the instant the final burst of power erupted from Su Ming's body and he was about to force himself to charge towards the seventh ray of light... a tall, headless body appeared right in front of him.

"Youngest junior brother, I'll die together with you!" a muffled voice said, and tears fell from Su Ming's eyes. He laughed loudly.

"Damn it, if I knew about this beforehand, I wouldn't have come here... but since I'm already here... I, Xue Sha, from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds, will die together with the God of Berserkers!" The thin old man from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds let out a sigh at that moment, and his speed increased exponentially as he charged towards Su Ming.

"We of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds will die together with the God of Berserkers!" The near ten thousand members of the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds behind the old man did not retreat. All of them roared and charged forward.

"I, Tian Qi, from All Entities Clan, hereby greet the God of Berserkers, and am willing to die together with the God of Berserkers!" All Entities Clan's Tian Qi was the first person to have chosen to come and pay his respects to Su Ming. At that moment, there was a slight complicated look on his face, but there was no hesitation within him as he said these words. With one move, he charged towards Su Ming.

Right behind him, the members of the twelve tribes that formed All Entities Clan roared together and charged forward with loud whistling sounds.

"We are willing to die with the God of Berserkers!"

The voices from these twenty thousand people shocked all the Immortals' hearts at that moment!

These voices created a huge wave of emotion in Su Ming's heart... He had never experienced this kind of feeling before. The indescribable warmth that was formed from what he was seeing now spread, for the first time, through his heart.

Chapter 683: Elder!

A race should have a soul!

A race without a soul was bound to die out!

The Berserkers' soul had gradually faded away and died as the first God of Berserkers left, as the second God of Berserkers was torn apart, and the third God of Berserkers disappeared.

The only thing left behind was bewilderment and a sickly illusion. The Berserkers lived in the glory that existed in ancient scrolls and refused to wake up. Perhaps more accurately speaking... they could not accept the state of decline their race was currently going through.

The Berserkers were indeed no longer the race that had the worship of all worlds under the first God of Berserkers' rule... It was like an old man who had one foot in his grave and was walking down the final stretch of his life.

The separation of the continents, the inability to continue their culture, the inner strife caused by the Shamans' betrayal, and the permeation brought by the numerous Immortals who descended over the years had caused the Berserkers to fall apart, leaving behind only an empty shell.

Even their level of cultivation was eternally stuck at the Berserker Soul Realm and they could not enter the next Realm. As time passed by, this race began to gradually be unable to catch up to their history, and they were slowly... abandoned by time.

Would such a race still have a soul? No, it no longer possessed one, because it had already died!

Its past glory only remained in the moaning notes of a xun. Its past prosperity had also been destroyed and turned into emptiness. It was a skeleton burning in flames, and it was destined to only be a comforting dream. It could let her people's blood burn, but it would be difficult for it to set fire to its people's souls!

The Immortals' Nine Planetary Punishment was the guillotine hanging over the necks of the people in this world!

Perhaps this guillotine should have fallen a long time ago... but no matter what, this was the land of Berserkers that had been worshipped by worlds in the past, and a person who had made all Immortals bow their heads to him and made Sacred Morning Dao World tremble before him had been born in this world.

Lie Shan Xiu!

This was his hometown... and even though he had gone missing a long time ago, he... might perhaps not be dead! Perhaps he would come back one of these days.

Even if he did not return, he had left behind priceless treasures in the world of Berserkers to protect his people, and had also left behind... the Berserkers' law, which was much stronger than all his various priceless treasures!

This law was also Yin Death Region's law. Under this law, all those who descended to the world would find their power weakened without bounds. If it was not for this law, then the Berserkers... might have disappeared in time a long time ago.

However, these were all just external forces. If a race was void of a soul, then it was still walking only towards extinction.

What is a soul? Su Ming had no knowledge about it, but the roars echoing in his ears and the warmth as well as the powerful emotion he felt in his heart allowed him to understand something.

Perhaps these roars, these declarations to die together, and the state of their blood being set on fire had allowed... a shred of the Berserkers' soul to bloom!

They were afraid of death, but they quelled their terror and faced death bravely without turning back. If the people's soul had already disappeared, if the race itself had already been cast aside by time, then... if he could not make his people rise once more, he would... die with his race!

The declarations of dying with the God of Berserkers might not have even been aimed at Su Ming... but toward all the Berserkers!

They would die with the Berserkers!

The roars from these twenty thousand people, their shouts that shook the sky and earth turned into the strongest howls in the world at that moment. Madness could be heard in their voices, and it was an outburst that was born after being oppressed for an innumerable amount of years. Under this outburst... why should death even matter to them?!

Under this outburst and under this will to rather die with the Berserkers, the emotion Su Ming felt in his heart made a warmth bloom in his body. It was one that he had never experienced before, and it had nothing to do with any sort of love. This was... the shoots of the newly born Berserkers' soul!

This soul was no longer the Berserkers' soul of the past. It was a soul born from the unwillingness to accept fate even in the midst of destruction, a madness born from being empty... and a determination to die in glory rather than live in dishonor!

This soul had no form. It could not be seen, could not be touched, but during that instant, the tens of thousands of Immortals on the ground could strongly sense a will

from the twenty thousand people in the sky that seemed as if they could rise from ashes and crush everything!

Ji An's face turned pale. He took a few staggering steps backwards. At the level of cultivation he was, he could see the hints of what was going on with just a glance. As he watched the twenty thousand Berserkers roar and saw their wills erupting with loud booms, his expression changed rapidly.

'The Berserkers' soul...'

The black-robed Di Tian's expression changed immediately. He had also not expected that the Nine Planetary Punishment he executed would cause these twenty thousand Berserkers to show signs of forming a soul.

This sign was a form of belief and a worship. It was also a form of determination. Once this sort of resolution appeared within a race, then it would become incredibly terrifying in the future. It was a racial soul that no form of power could destroy.

Unless... all the descendants of that race were killed off, and none remained!

'These twenty thousand people are seeds. If they don't die in this disaster, once they spread out, they will spread the seeds of this Berserkers' soul throughout the entire world of Berserkers, and they will affect all those with Berserker blood. At that time... the Berserkers will be like a race that opened its eyes, having woken up after sleeping for tens of thousands of years!

'I absolutely can not let this happen. These people... must all die!'

A glint appeared in Di Tian's eyes, and he bit the tip of his tongue to cough up another mouthful of blood before he lifted his right hand and swung it at the air. The golden drops of blood charged towards the vortex in the sky, and as it rumbled, piercing light erupted once more from the nine cultivation planets that kept watch over Yin Death Region beyond Yin Death Fog, and another nine powerful rays of light descended with loud booming sounds.

Yet at the moment these nine rays of light shot through Yin Death Fog and were just about to charge into the world of Berserkers, a moaning note of a xun suddenly rang through the world of Berserkers, coming from Yin Death Fog in the vortex!

The notes of that xun begun ringing incredibly abruptly, and they sounded like the weeping of the Berserkers. The notes of that song reverberated in the air, and it caused the nine powerful rays of light to freeze at the instant they descended. At that instant, the entire universe and the world that was within Yin Death Region looked as if they had stopped moving.

The second batch of light also stopped moving, and so did the seventh ray of Punishment which was located right above Su Ming and which Xing Gan as well as a large number of Berserkers wanted to block!

Everything seemed to have instantly come to a halt. The only thing that existed was the moaning song of the xun. It echoed in the world, and at the instant the notes from the song fell into Su Ming's ears, he lifted his head slowly and looked towards the sky.

He was familiar with this song. He had heard it several times before, and the last time he heard it was before his battle against Di Tian's clone. The previous time before the last... was when he was looking at an old man, and he had played this song before Su Ming.

The old man's face appeared in Su Ming's head, but suddenly, he found that he could not remember how the old man looked. His breathing quickened, and to his shock, he noticed a fact that he had never realized before!

The old man's face... seemed to be different every single time Su Ming saw him. The only thing that remained clear in Su Ming's face was his actions, which looked like those of a blind man.

It was blatantly obvious that this old man had a different appearance every single time Su Ming ran into him, but only at this moment did Su Ming notice it. This was an incredibly strange matter, and it allowed him to understand a lot of things.

"A soul has finally appeared among us Berserkers. How can I just let you destroy it?!" An ancient voice that seemed to have lived through an endless amount of time came from the fog in the vortex. Once it started speaking, the moaning notes of the xun started echoing in the air even more animatedly.

The black-robed Di Tian's pupils shrank swiftly. This was the first time he had heard this voice, but it was not the first time he sensed the presence that now came from the vortex!!

It was this presence that had made him not dare to send his magical body to the land for years. It was also this presence that had given him that faint sense of danger!

"Who are you?!" Di Tian took a step forward. When he lifted his right hand, his fingers shattered and turned into five blood arrows that charged into Yin Death Vortex.

These five blood arrows immediately turned into five blood dragons that fused together as they roared ferociously, transforming into a five-headed beast of blood that charged into the vortex. A booming sound surged into the sky.

In the midst of that noise, Yin Death Vortex looked as if it had crumbled and started spreading outwards swiftly. At the instant it spread out... a person in white was revealed within!

That person was an old man with dull eyes. His face was different in everyone's eyes, and in fact, his face would also change every single time anyone looking at him blinked.

However... there were very few who noticed this. It was as if their minds had automatically ignored the fact that his face was constantly changing.

At the instant Su Ming saw the old man, he recognized him. This was the old xun maker!

However, this time, once he saw the old man's face clearly, he found his heart trembling violently. The amount of shock he felt was something he had never experienced before. Even when he learned that the world of Berserkers was really Yin Death World, the amount of shock he felt could not hope to compare to what he was feeling now.

He felt as if there thousands of lightning bolts crackling in his head, and all of them were roaring at the same time. His mind instantly turned chaotic and his body shuddered violently. He was stunned, unable to think, and the only thing remaining before his eyes was the old man's face.

He did not dare blink. He was afraid that if he blinked, the old man's face would change once again, and the face that was making him tremble would go away.

That face was the one that had left the deepest mark in his memories. That smile was the most difficult thing for him to forget in his life. All of these things caused Su Ming's soul to become empty, clear of all confusion.

"Elder..." Su Ming mumbled, and right after he mumbled these words, he let out a shocking cry. "Elder!"

The old man's face before Su Ming's eyes at that moment... was the one that belonged to Dark Mountain Tribe's Elder. He was Mo Sang, Su Ming's... elder!

Chapter 684: One Point!

Humans would usually describe time passing as something that happened in the blink of an eye. They would usually say something akin to "Many years have passed by in the blink of an eye." This was a metaphor, because time was short, resulting in most people finding that it was already too late by the time they wanted to treasure it.

This was an expression of regret after time passed. It was a thought that would appear after something had happened, and they would find themselves reminiscing over the time they had not cherished.

But for Su Ming, it was the opposite!

He did not dare blink, because he knew that if he blinked even once, he would no longer be able to see the same face. One blink, and time would pass. The reluctance to part before the eventual parting made Su Ming feel tears well up in his eyes as he stared at the affectionate smile and familiar wrinkles in the sky.

"You... suffered..." the old man said in a hoarse voice. Su Ming trembled, but he could not say even a single word.

"You're Mo Sang... No, you're not Mo Sang..." The black-robed Di Tian stared at the old man in the sky and uttered these two conflicting sentences. Almost at the moment he finished speaking, a glint appeared in his eyes. He swiftly lifted his right hand. His previously destroyed fingers had recovered, and Di Tian seized the air in the direction towards the sky.

"I understand now... but you're just a Yin Death Soul. Even if you've mastered the power of Yin Death and became an undying and imperishable existence... You can only do so here!" The black-robed Di Tian's words were a little jerky and difficult to understand. Once they were voiced and he lifted his right hand, a ball of fire started burning the black-robed Di Tian's body.

He was... burning his magical body!

The act of the black-robed Di Tian burning his magical body was telling enough that he was incredibly wary of the old man who had walked out of Yin Death Fog. He almost instantly let out a low roar that reverberated through the area.

"I won't be able to kill you here, but I can seal you... Immortals' planets, send Yin Death downwards!" As Di Tian seized the air, a string of complicated and difficult incantations tumbled out of his mouth. At the same time, the flames burning his body became even stronger, and his legs disappeared straight away.

As they vanished, a boom immediately surged into the sky from the vortex. Muffled, it traveled through the air. Then, four out of the nine cultivation planets in the Immortals' galaxy that keep watch over the world of Berserkers beyond the vortex changed their trajectory!

A powerful white light erupted from the four gigantic cultivation planets. Once they changed their trajectory... they swiftly charged towards Yin Death Vortex!!

This was Di Tian assimilating with the power from the cultivation planets by burning his magical body. With the descent of the cultivation planets, the power needed to suppress the old xun maker erupted forward.

With a loud rumble, one of the four cultivation planets sank its body sink into Yin Death Fog. All those who were watching could clearly see that it was sinking rapidly. Within an instant, it disappeared without a trace, just like a gigantic stone that had sank into the depths of a river.

The other three cultivation plants sank into the fog one after another, right behind that first planet as loud banging sounds rang in the galaxy.

At the same time, all those within the land of Berserkers lifted their heads and looked upwards. The fog in the sky was churning so violently that it had already surpassed the level of activity it had when the powerful rays of light shot through earlier. At that moment, the fog in the sky was roaring like a raging sea. At the instant that happened, a gigantic cultivation planet appeared within the fog in the sky.

The fog started spreading madly in all directions. The cultivation planet that was so big it would be difficult to describe its size with words replaced the whole sky. A curved edge appeared, and all those in the world of Berserkers could see the mountains and seas on it, as well as the shocking pressure that was coming from it.

That was... a planet descending into the world of Berserkers!

No matter where any person was, as long as they were in the land of Berserkers, they would be able to see the cultivation planet that had revealed a small arc of itself in the sky!!=

Eastern Wastelands trembled. The Dead Sea roared. The entire land of Berserkers started showing signs of collapse as this cultivation planet descended. During that instant, booming sounds that reverberated through the entire world of Berserkers traveled into the air, and right before everyone's eyes... there appeared other arching edges that belonged to three other cultivation planets!

There were four cultivation planets in total, and they had completely occupied the sky, shocking everyone who saw them.

If these four cultivation planets exploded at that moment, then the entire world of Berserkers... would no longer exist. The Dead Sea would completely dry up, and Yin Death Region might even end up turning into a gigantic pit.

"I'd like to see you stopping me from killing the person I want to kill and destroying the soul I want evaporated!" There was only a small portion of Di Tian's body that remained as he continued burning it. He laughed madly and lifted his arms to swing at the four cultivation planets that were now occupying most of the Berserkers' sky.

The four cultivation planets that had revealed their edges let out rumbling sounds and sank down, but no matter how fast they were, since they were too big, they looked as if they were sinking down slowly. It was the same no matter from where on the land of the Berserkers a person watched them.

As they descended and the circumferential area grew larger, Eastern Wastelands showed signs of collapse.

At that moment, a sigh echoed in the area. The person who let out this sigh was the old xun maker. At that instant, his body grew endlessly larger before everyone's eyes, and in the blink of an eye, he turned into a gigantic figure that could hold up the world.

That body was a mere illusion, and everything within him was made up of thick Yin Death Aura. It was as if his existence was formed by it alone. Once he supported the sky, his gigantic body changed once again with a bang.

He turned... into a piece of cloth that had no bounds!

The blue cloth was the color of the sky. As it tumbled about, it covered the entire Berserkers' sky and charged towards the four cultivation planets, enveloping them within.

Su Ming had never blinked, not even once, and he still did not blink when the old man turned into the cloth that was the sky and covered everything, also blocking Su Ming's gaze. Due to this, he was... no longer able to see that familiar face.

It was also at that moment that the black-robed Di Tian turned to look at Su Ming. He only had a head remaining after even his arms disappeared as his body burned.

"Su Ming, no one will be able to save you anymore... I've prepared a divine ability specifically for you. You'll like it a lot. You'll like it really much... And I will end this farce with this Art!"

At the instant a cold sneer appeared at the corners of Di Tian's lips, a powerful dark light erupted from his eyes.

That dark light spread out instantly. It covered the entire blue sky that was formed by the old xun maker's body, causing the whole sky to turn dark.

But it was not complete darkness. There were sparkling stars in the sky, and each of these stars were like Di Tian's eyes. At the same time a chilling light shone from those stars, they seemed to connect to form...

A gigantic face!

Su Ming's heart trembled violently. He felt as if every single person around him had disappeared. It did not matter whether they were Berserkers or Immortals, only Su Ming himself remained in the entire world under the sky.

He stood there and looked at the human face formed by the stars. At the instant he saw it, a loud bang rang out in Su Ming's mind.

How could he possibly forget this sky? How could he possibly forget this ancient face that was formed by the stars?

"Su Ming, remember this sky..." The final divine ability his elder had cast all those years ago in Dark Mountain seemed to be echoing in Su Ming's ears. It was a divine ability that made a flag cover the entire sky.

It was the same sky, the same face, just like how it was in his memories...

That face was incredibly similar to Su Ming's, but it was a lot older than his. However, there was no gentleness in its eyes. There was only an overbearing look, as well as a murderous, bloodthirsty glare!

He looked at Su Ming, and Su Ming was also looking at him.

"Do you want... to return to Dark Mountain?" The face in the sky gradually opened his mouth and let out a voice that sounded like thunder booming. It echoed in the air and fell into Su Ming's ears, shaking his soul.

"Do you want... to see your elder...?"

"Do you want... to fulfill your promise to Bai Ling...?"

"Do you want... to see Dark Mountain's sky once again...?" The voice grew louder with each question. Eventually it became part of the world, causing perplexity to appear in Su Ming's soul as it trembled.

"Do you want... to return to the past...?"

"Do you want... to restart from the beginning...?" When that voice asked this question, a powerful ray of starlight erupted from the sky. It spread out and covered the land, causing the world to turn muddled before it started repeating itself in a loop.

"A thousand years of reincarnations. A thousand years of destiny. A thousand years..." The voice and its overbearing pressure gradually weakened. Eventually, it became so faint that it was barely noticeable. Su Ming slowly closed his eyes. A deep wave of fatigue turned into a whirlpool within his soul that drowned his consciousness and... submerged everything about him.

A loud boom that shook the sky and earth surged up toward Su Ming's ears, and he instinctively opened his eyes. The fatigue that was spreading through all of his body made him unable to help himself, and he closed his eyes at the instant he reopened them.

However, right at the moment he opened his eyes, he saw a piece of blue sky, he saw that the now incomplete Dark Mountain only had four summits, and Black Flame Mountain no longer had any summit.

He also saw... Black Mountain Tribe's Elder, who should have been dragged into the void.

There was also... the familiar figure of his elder, who was originally standing on the mountain before he fell down in the midst of his exhaustion!

"This is... the past..." Su Ming mumbled. This was the final scene he saw before he closed his eyes once again.

This time, after he closed his eyes, Su Ming felt that he had a very long dream. In his dream, he saw himself going to a place called South Morning. Over there, he came to a place named ninth summit, which he called his home. He had three senior brothers and a strange Master who liked to change his clothes often.

He also went to Eastern Wastelands and became the God of Berserkers...

When Su Ming opened his eyes, he woke up from this dream and found himself lying on a small bed. Everything around him was incredibly unfamiliar.

"You're awake..." A familiar voice reached Su Ming's ears. It came from a pale looking teenager, who was... Bei Ling.

Chapter 685: Sixty Years

So... it was all just a dream.

However, the world in his dream had been so real. South Morning's ninth summit had been so warm. The concern shown by his senior brother Hu Zi, his second senior brother, and his eldest senior brother would filled his whole entire body with warmth when he recalled it, and he would miss it dearly, in a manner which he could not describe.

So... those were all just part of the dream...

He had not been swept into the void above Dark Mountain. His elder had not disappeared. He had never gone to... South Morning, and neither did he have a Master called Tian Xie Zi.

So... it was really just a dream...

He had not entered Freezing Sky Clan and neither had he gone to the World of Nine Yin. He did not meet with any Shamans either, much less witnessed the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. Neither did he form all that amount of enmity towards that man called Di Tian.

He did not attain great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in the end as well, and he did not become... the God of Berserkers.

"This dream lasted so long..." Su Ming mumbled as he leaned against a dried up tree in the region Wind Stream Tribe had given to Dark Mountain Tribe. He sat there and looked into the distance. The wind from the horizon sounded as if it was moaning, and as it blew on his body, it made him instinctively feel a little cold.

'In my dream, I saw all those familiar faces. Bei Ling, Chen Xin, Wu La, and the others... I saw the Immortals, Shamans, Berserkers, the old xun maker, and Yin Death Region." Su Ming sighed softly.

'Was it really... just a dream?' He lifted his head and looked at the flying snow in the sky. A dazed look appeared in his eyes.

Right behind Su Ming was a tribe that was no longer whole. His tribe members who had migrated from Dark Mountain had lost their families and their home. They could only be affiliated to Wind Stream Tribe within the tribe's area.

The elder was gravely injured, and he was still in a state of unconsciousness.

Lei Chen left. Su Ming had no idea where he went. Perhaps he would return some day. Perhaps...

Wu La died. Nan Song died. Many of his tribe members had already turned into corpses. Waves of sorrow filled the entire tribe, and they were so heavy that it made Su Ming's breathing freeze a little.

Shan Hen had also died. He died in Su Ming's hands, and Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his own hands, staying silent.

The little girl called Tong Tong was curled in a corner of the tribe behind him. She was hugging a broken doll, and tears were falling down her cheeks.

"Su Ming, we're about to start." In the midst of his silence, a deep voice reached him from his side. That voice belonged to Bei Ling, and he was walking towards Su Ming with a pale face, stopping under the tree Su Ming was sitting on.

Su Ming looked at Bei Ling. In his dream, he saw that this person was an Immortal, and he belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect. He was Di Tian's disciple, but that was... just a dream, was it not...?

Su Ming shook his head and jumped down from the tree.

A funeral service to make offerings to the deceased in Dark Mountain Tribe was held in the tribe in the midst of the tribe members' grief and silent cries. The burning flames danced about in a strange, distorted fashion. Arranged neatly within those flames... were the corpses of all those from Dark Mountain Tribe. Those were all the remains they had managed to retrieve of their deceased.

Most of these corpses were incomplete. There were few that were whole. The flames licked the bodies. In the midst of the coldest blizzard during winter, all Dark Mountain tribe members silently knelt on the ground.

They looked at the flickering light from the burning flames and listened to the cracking sounds traveling through the air. All the silent cries of the tribe members turned into a depressing air, causing the area around them to become even colder.

Su Ming saw Wu La and many familiar faces within those flames, and a number of those that were less so.

The funeral service ended during the third midnight. Su Ming stood in his tribe and looked at the snow in the sky, then at the ground that was no longer dark due to the illumination of the snow. He saw a girl's figure standing there, as if she was waiting for him in silence.

It was Bai Ling.

The blizzard was strong, so strong that it seemed to have broken the world into fragments, and these pieces could no longer gather together to become one. In that snow, Su Ming walked towards Bai Ling and stood with her. They remained in silence. Neither of them spoke.

Bai Ling, who was dressed in white mink fur and who had snow on her dark black locks, was an incredibly breathtaking sight with her beautiful face in this snow. However, the concern and sadness in her eyes caused her to look at Su Ming with a dazed expression, and slowly, tears fell from her eyes.

"I'm about to leave... I'm going to a place far away. My parents have sent a message to have someone pick me up..."

Bai Ling bit her bottom lip and looked at Su Ming.

"Come with me," she whispered softly.

Anguish filled Su Ming's heart. He had lost a lot of his tribe members, and too many other things had slipped from his hands. He could not leave, but it was even more difficult for him to make Bai Ling stay. He... did not know what right he had to make her stay, preventing her from seeing her parents.

"Have... a safe trip." Su Ming remained silent for a long time before he whispered in anguish.

Almost at the instant he finished saying those words, Bai Ling walked up to him and hugged him gently. Then, a pair of icy cold lips and that face which Su Ming could never forget occupied his entire world.

Her lips were very cold, but there was a hint of warmth amid their chill. The anguish in the girl's tears had also fused together with that warmth to turn into this... kiss of farewell.

"Our promise still remains. It won't end in seven days, nor will it end in seven years. It will last for an eternity... Su Ming, I will wait for you. I will always, always wait for you..." Bai Ling turned around and ran into the distance. Su Ming could not see where her tears fell in the snow, but there was one drop that seemed to have fallen on his cheek.

It was as cold as the snow, and Su Ming could not tell whether it was really her tear or just snow.

He stood in the snow and continued standing there until he saw two vague shadows of tall figures appearing beside Bai Ling, and as if they were protecting her, they took her into the distance.

Su Ming could not describe how he felt in his heart. He remained silent for a long, long time.

Half a month after Bai Ling left, his elder regained consciousness.

The elder mentioned nothing about the fight against Black Mountain Tribe's Elder, and neither did Su Ming talk about it with anyone. As time passed by, the death of Black Mountain Tribe's Elder gradually turned into something of the past.

Su Ming could sense that his personality had changed. He was no longer lively and had gotten used to silence. The cheerful sounds in the tribe in the past had also disappeared. The sorrow brought by the loss of their loved ones had caused all of them to choose to become silent.

He started training day and night, began creating medicinal pills without stop so that his level of cultivation would increase. However, he would often still open his eyes as he meditated in the dark, and he would remember that dream.

In the blink of an eye, ten years passed by.

Ten years could change many things. As the children grew up and time passed, the sorrow of ten years ago became incredibly faint. However, the people would still remember the devastating tragedy that occurred at that time every memorial day.

Dark Mountain Tribe had turned into an affiliated tribe of Wind Stream Tribe, because their elder... had already lost his power and become an old man who had one foot in his grave.

During these ten years, Su Ming stayed beside his elder, until the winter of the tenth year. That was a cold night. Freezing wind moaned in the air and blew against their tent, causing the lamp within the tent to flicker. His elder lay inside. At that moment, he was already incredibly old. He was looking at Su Ming, at the young man who had grown up before his eyes.

"I cannot continue staying by your side... La Su, don't be sad. This day was bound to come... Remember the things I told you in the past. Remember... Berserkers' Realm Mountain... You must find Berserkers' Realm Mountain. You have to find it.

"I don't know precisely where this mountain is either. I only know... that it is in your heart. Look for this mountain. You will be able to find all that you desire there."

These were the elder's final words to Su Ming before he breathed his last.

The elder passed away...

On the third day the flames of the elder's life were extinguished, and Su Ming entered the Awakening Realm, becoming the second to do so in the tribe. The first was Bei Ling.

The existence of two Berserkers in the Awakening Realm caused Dark Mountain Tribe to have an incredibly high position among all the affiliated tribes in Wind Stream Tribe, and it also allowed Dark Mountain Tribe... to migrate back to their home.

Even Wind Stream Tribe would not prevent this migration, because the current Dark Mountain Tribe had already obtained this right.

This was a trip back to their home after a long separation of ten years. At the instant the entire Dark Mountain Tribe returned to the ruins of their home, many of the elderly folk wept and knelt down on the ground. Their cries echoed in the air.

Dark Mountain was no longer as it was. There were only four mountains left, and after ten years, this tribe under Dark Mountain began rebuilding itself, and its past form gradually reasserted itself.

This was their home. It was Dark Mountain Tribe's home, and it was their people's soul.

Time passed by quietly as the four seasons went by one after another. Bei Ling and Chen Xin's wedding was held during autumn under Dark Mountain. That wedding was incredibly grand, because one of the people in the couple was the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe, and the other was the daughter of their previous tribe leader.

At the moment Bei Ling reached Awakening Realm, he was elected as Dark Mountain Tribe's tribe leader.

This wedding that was hosted after their people returned to their home was filled with joyful laughter, and many became drunk in this happiness. Su Ming stood in the distance in silence and looked at his people dancing around the bonfire at night. Joyful songs reached his ears. He saw the happy smile on Chen Xin's face and also saw the tall and firm stature that would give the handsome Bei Ling the might that belonged to a tribe leader. Su Ming silently drank his wine.

He remembered Bai Ling.

It had been seventeen years since Bai Ling left.

Su Ming could still remember the cold kiss she had given him seventeen years ago, before she left. He could also remember that promise.

He could still remember the long dream that he had when he woke up seventeen years ago, but it only appeared in his head occasionally now.

On this night, Su Ming became drunk. The seventeen years of silence and his personality that made him a man of few words caused him to possess an incredibly awe-inspiring bearing within Dark Mountain Tribe. It was especially so after he became Dark Mountain Tribe's Elder. That imposing air around him made all his tribe members not dare speak too much before him.

With a hint of tipsiness and a pot of wine in his hand, Su Ming looked at Bei Ling and Chen Xin before he turned around and walked back to his house. He started training, and right outside his house was a Fire Ape that was now a little old. It was Xiao Hong.

The passing of time and the people's separation from their loved ones due to death caused the leaves in the autumn to draw out growth rings like those from trees as they floated down. With each circle, another year went by.

Another thirty years passed.

Chapter 686: From Now Onwards, You Will Walk the Path of Life Cultivation!

"That is a very long story... In that story, there are Immortals, Shamans, and Berserkers... In that story, there is South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, and Great Yu Imperial Palace..."

"In that story, there is ninth summit, the Undying and Imperishable World, and also the God of Berserkers..."

During one particular autumn within the tribe there was a dozen something children sitting in a circle under a big tree while autumn leaves fell all around them. These children all had their eyes wide open as they listened attentively to an old man telling his story while he sat under a tree.

That old man looked incredibly ancient. Wrinkles had already appeared on his skin, and there was white in his hair. His smile was incredibly affectionate. There seemed to be some strange power contained within his voice that attracted the children's attention, and they were all immersed in his story.

That old man was Su Ming.

It was the sixtieth year since Bai Ling left.

The people who went through the upheaval that happened to Dark Mountain Tribe sixty years ago had already returned to the earth. New generations of their tribe members grew up and became the pillars of strength for the tribe.

Dark Mountain Tribe had become much bigger, and the territory they occupied under Dark Mountain had also become incredibly large.

When Su Ming reached Bone Sacrifice Realm three years ago, he became the strongest person in a circular area of ten thousand li. Even if there were powerful Berserkers who had reached Bone Sacrifice Realm in Wind Stream Tribe, but they... were not Su Ming's opponents.

He was no longer the boy he had been all those years ago. Time had left behind wisdom and age on his body in its tracks. Perhaps it was because he was old now, but as Su Ming gradually forgot the battle sixty years ago, he began to feel nostalgic about it.

"In the end, he became the God of Berserkers and fought against Di Tian..." Su Ming smiled and told the story to the children around him slowly.

"Grandpa elder, who won in the end?"

"That Di Tian is a jerk! Grandpa elder, come on, tell us! Who won in the end?"

"I don't know who won in the end either. The story ended at this point, or perhaps... it hasn't." Su Ming stood up and patted the head of a boy about seven or eight years old beside him. This child was Bei Ling's youngest grandson.

In the midst of all the children's reluctance and unwillingness to part with him, Su Ming left. His story had indeed ended. During these sixty years, he had expanded Dark Mountain Tribe by a lot more than it had ever possessed in the past. He had made Dark Mountain Tribe become the strongest tribe in the area. Even if he left the place, danger would not come to his home, because Bei Ling... had also reached Bone Sacrifice Realm, and during the past sixty years... four other Berserkers had reached Awakening Realm!

And there were many more of those under the Awakening Realm.

This was the effect of Su Ming's medicinal pills.

During this year, on the day when leaves fall the most during autumn, Su Ming packed up his luggage and walked out of his house, intending to leave the now powerful Dark Mountain Tribe.

Xiao Hong did not follow behind him.

Xiao Hong had already become old, and it had returned to the forest to stay with its children...

It was morning. At this point in time, there would usually not be many people walking out their houses and moving about in the tribe. Yet now, at the instant Su Ming walked out of his house, he found his entire tribe standing outside, and they were all watching him quietly.

"We send you off with our respect, Elder!" All his tribe members, no matter young or old, knelt down. Their voices echoed in the air, causing Su Ming's footsteps to come to a halt. He looked at his people, and after a long, long time, he smiled and nodded.

"Go off now. I'll come back." Su Ming waved his arm and walked towards the tribe's gate. When he walked out of his tribe, he saw an old man standing next to the gate.

This old man stood as tall and straight as a spear. His sparkling eyes looked as if they contained lightning inside, and as he looked at Su Ming, Su Ming, too, looked at him.

This was Bei Ling, who had reached Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"Are you really leaving?" Bei Ling remained silent for a moment before he asked languidly.

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at his tribe before he stated calmly, "It's been sixty years after that upheaval... Dark Mountain Tribe has become powerful. You don't need me here anymore..."

"But Lei Chen hasn't come back..." A reluctance to part appeared on Bei Ling's face. Making Dark Mountain Tribe great had been a pressure that he and Su Ming had shouldered together for the past few decades. During these sixty years, they had experienced many, many things.

"This is his home. He'll come back... I'll... be going now." Su Ming walked past Bei Ling and patted his shoulder. As he smiled, he took a step towards the sky and turned into a long arc that gradually disappeared into the horizon.

Su Ming left. This was the first time he truly left after sixty years.

Ten years later, in a boundless forest filled with evergreens to the south of the Alliance of the Western Region, Su Ming moved from the middle stage to the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

Twenty years later, he stood on the highest mountain in the continent to the east of the Alliance of the Western Region and let out a long howl towards the sky. He had attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Five years later, Su Ming stood on a boat at the edge close to the Dead Sea in the Alliance of the Western Region. At that moment, he was no longer a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The ripples of power that could fuse with the world coming from his body were a clear sign that he had already reached Berserker Soul Realm!

He had searched through the Alliance of the Western Region for thirty-five years, and during this time, he had walked through the entire Alliance of the Western Region... but he could not find Bai Ling.

They had been separated for nearly a hundred years, and that separation seemed to have turned into an eternity. It only existed as he reminisced about the past, but he could no longer clearly see that memory.

When Su Ming stood on the boat, he left the Alliance of the Western Region. As the waves in the Dead Sea roared, he rushed forward along with the waves in the sea, alone in his boat.

The Dead Sea was incredibly huge. With its foul stench crashing into his face, Su Ming plowed through. His goal... was South Morning!

During the first thirty something years in the Alliance of the Western Region, he learned of the other continents in the land of Berserkers - South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, and Northern Province! When he learned that there was indeed South Morning and Eastern Wastelands in the world, Su Ming gained the desire to go to South Morning. He wanted to see whether everything in his dream was real.

He wanted to see the ninth summit and find out whether that place was the same as in his dream.

Su Ming spent ten years on the Dead Sea, and ten years later, in the midst of battles and slaughter, he reached the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. He also reached the Land of South Morning!

There, he saw Shamans, Autumn Sea Tribe, the yet to be completely formed Sky Mist Barrier, and also... some Immortals.

In South Morning, he saw Han Mountain City. However, there was no city there. It was only a barren hill.

He saw Freezing Sky Clan and also the ninth summit, but the people living there were not Hu Zi, his second senior brother, his eldest senior brother, and not his Master.

Su Ming stayed for a hundred years in the Land of South Morning. He walked through every single place he had went to before in his dream and tried looking for familiar sights in these places. Some of them were familiar to him, but some were not.

On the year Su Ming chose to leave the continent, he attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he saw... the Shamans' Great Patriarch, and he also witnessed a gigantic battle between the Shamans and Berserkers!

He had originally not wanted to join this battle, but then he saw two people in the battlefield. One of them was the Grand Elder of Western Sea Tribe, and the other was a middle-aged man that had never appeared in the continent before and seemed as if he had only reached South Morning. At the instant Su Ming saw the man's face, something happened that rarely afflicted him, his heart trembled a little!

The middle-aged man was incredibly similar to Tian Xie Zi!

However, Su Ming's face was already ancient and filled with signs of time. He watched the middle-aged man working together with Western Sea Tribe's Grand Elder to fight against the Shamans' Great Patriarch. That Great Patriarch seemed to have surpassed the strength of those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, so Su Ming chose to join the battle and attack!

The battle ended. The Great Patriarch dissipated and his soul fell into deep sleep. Even if he regained consciousness, he would no longer have his current power, because his soul had been grievously injured.

The reputation of the three great Berserkers in South Morning rose up because of this battle, but no one knew Su Ming's name, and he gradually turned into the most mysterious one among the three great Berserkers.

Su Ming left. He had found his answer. He stepped on the boat that carried him all the way here from the Alliance of the Western Region, and with complicated as well as sentimental feelings, he left South Morning to go to Eastern Wastelands.

He went to two places when he arrived there. One of them was located in the depths of Eastern Wastelands. It was a barren piece of land under a mountain, which was the place where Ugly Little Thing's family lived in his dream.

He also went to the center of Eastern Wastelands, to a place that was filled with endless pits and floating stones - the place where Immortals had descended in his dream!

He stood on one of the big stones in the land where the Immortals had descended for a long, long time. He looked at the sky as everything in his dream continued surfacing in his head. In the end, he started laughing. There was a carefreeness to his laughter, along with understanding.

It was an understanding towards life. It was a thorough insight towards reincarnation, and also... control over fate.

"Di Tian..."

As Su Ming laughed, a chilling glare gradually appeared in his eyes. He lowered his head and looked at the ground before he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. That blood gathered swiftly before him and eventually turned into a blood crystal!

Su Ming brought the blood crystal to his forehead and poured all his power as well as his understanding towards fate into that crystal. Once he did so, he threw it towards the ground. That blood crystal immediately broke through the earth and entered the deepest depths... to be buried eternally under the ground.

Once Su Ming finished doing all these things, he walked towards the world in the distance without any hesitation.

"Reincarnation is just a point..." Su Ming's voice seemed to be echoing faintly and indistinctly in all directions even after he left.

Time passed, and another hundred years went by.

During these hundred years, Su Ming went to various mountains in the world of Berserkers in search of... the Berserkers' Realm Mountain his elder spoke had spoken of but he never managed to find it. Another hundred years went by, and another...

He had no idea how much time had passed. Su Ming walked through the entire land, but he still did not manage to find Berserkers' Realm Mountain.

When he was eventually filled with fatigue in his heart and soul, he sat down at the top of a mountain at a place whose name he had already forgotten and which was located in a continent somewhere in the world and looked at the sky in the distance.

"Berserkers' Realm Mountain..." he mumbled to himself.

'Elder said it's in my heart...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. Once he did so, the four seasons began passing by one after another in a circle around him, and time passed, though he had no idea how much...

One day, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a smile filled with understanding appeared on his aged face. When he opened his eyes, a mountain appeared right before him. It was a mountain that reached the clouds, and three big words were carved deeply into its walls.

Berserkers' Realm Mountain!

Su Ming stood up, and with one step, he landed on Berserkers' Realm Mountain. He looked towards the canyons that ran a hundred thousand feet deep from the top of the mountain, and with a smile, he took a step towards there. He did not activate any of his power and charged swiftly into the depths of the canyon.

The piercing howls of the wind roared in his ears, and his face started rapidly changing, and in the end... that ancient face of his turned into that of a teenage boy.

His world crumbled with a bang at that moment, and as it turned into an endless amount of fragments that tumbled backwards, he heard the song of the xun from his dreams.

"You have understood reincarnation, mastered inception, and awakened the race's soul..."

"You gave up your life in the Berserkers' Realm Mountain. You broke out of fate's clutches and entered... the other side of the mirror.

"From now onwards, you will walk down the path of Life Cultivation..."

"Who am I...? I will give you the answer when you reach Berserkers' Realm Mountain once again in reality. I will wait for you..."

Chapter 687: That Point

The song of the xun and that voice were the final things Su Ming heard before he sank into unconsciousness. His world rapidly crumbled as his body sank and turned into fragments that were swept away, like a ball of flame that had been lit out of thin air and burned away everything.

This might perhaps not have been a dream, but another form of reality.

The goal of Di Tian's Art was to make Su Ming sink into oblivion. It was... just like what Su Ming had went through previously. He would sink into oblivion and go through his next life as if he had been reincarnated.

Besides Di Tian himself, no one knew what his plans were. Even if there were many Immortal sects who had joined the plan and entered this setup that had lasted for years, they could only continue guessing his plans. No one could get a clear grasp of Di Tian's thoughts.

Perhaps the destruction Di Tian mentioned was not aimed towards his life, but to his memories. However, this time, Su Ming had escaped Di Tian's control, and that control Di Tian had over him was to be understood in its literal sense.

At the moment Su Ming opened his eyes, the first thing he saw was the gigantic Yin Death Vortex which covered the entire sky. The second thing he saw were the arching edges of the cultivation planets up ahead, as well as the sky which had been covered by the blue cloth.

The third thing he saw was the starry sky that was summoned by Di Tian's divine ability. The huge face which was formed by the stars was showing an expression of disbelieving shock, and his gaze met Su Ming's own.

The fourth thing Su Ming saw was the black-robed Di Tian, who by then only had his head left as his magical body continued burning in the distance. It was the first time Su Ming saw shock and astonishment on Di Tian's magical body.

His shock was real. As well as astonishment. And the disbelief on his face was also real!

Su Ming woke up.

"This is impossible!" Di Tian, who now only had his head, lost his dignity for the first time ever and lost control over his emotions. He also, for the first time, cried out in disbelief.

Veins popped up on his face. Clearly, his agitation was so great that it could almost surge into the sky as if it had form. He could not believe what he was seeing. This had overturned all that he knew and crushed his confidence.

"It's impossible for you to wake up! This is the Art that will make you sink into oblivion, which I activated by burning my magical body. This is a process that you cannot fight against, you should be incapable of fighting back against it... You should be like the previous times and sink into oblivion because of this Art and go through another one of your reincarnations, again and again, for all eternity..."

"This is your destiny! This is the destiny I bestowed upon you!"

"How could you wake up so soon?! Your life is mine! Everything concerning you has to go according to my will!"

Di Tian went mad, and his cries of surprise echoed in the air. At that instant, he lifted his head swiftly and roared towards the sky madly, as if he had sunk into hysteria.

"It's you! You are the one who intercepted my Art! You are the one who made him wake up from his state of oblivion! It's you! Who are you?! Just who are you?!"

Di Tian's voice rumbled in the air. Compared to him, there was a slightly complicated look on Su Ming at that moment, but calmness was the dominant expression on his face.

"I finally understand everything..." Su Ming mumbled. He, too, lifted his head and looked towards the sky. At that moment, the face formed by the stars was distorted, as if it was also roaring.

"A long time ago, an Enchanted battleship flew out of True Sacred Yin World... which was the Spirits of Nine Yin's Enchanted Vessel. With Sacred Yin's will, they searched for all the corpses that belonged to the strong in the boundless galaxy within the four Great True Worlds.

"One day, the Spirits of Nine Yin found an infant's corpse. They believed that this corpse fulfilled their requirements, and that was why they sealed it within the Enchanted battleship..."

"Many years passed since then. The Spirits of Nine Yin's Enchanted Vessel crumbled when it ran into an accident in True Morning Dao World. It fell into a place called Yin Death Region. That place... is where the Berserkers are, and due to the Spirits of Nine Yins' Enchanted Vessel, the World of Nine Yin was formed.

"The first God of Berserkers went to that place. The second and the third also went there... Perhaps the second God of Berserkers took with him a baby when he left the World of Nine Yin.

"Perhaps it was the first's order to search for that baby, but no matter what, the second God of Berserkers brought that baby back to Great Yu's palace and treated that baby as his own child, no different from his own daughter.

"That was a dead baby, because he was originally a corpse to begin with..." Su Ming mumbled softly. There was no anguish in his voice, only understanding.

"Not long after the second God of Berserkers brought the baby's corpse back, due to the first's departure and the fact that the Berserkers were no longer as strong as they were before... due to the Immortals' wariness and their fear towards the Berserkers' growth, they launched a war against the Berserkers.

"They won that war. They killed the second God of Berserkers and tore up his body. That war tore the land of Berserkers, and it was divided into several continents.

"That war caused Great Yu Imperial Palace to be frozen, and Great Yu Imperial City to disappear from the land of Berserkers from then onwards.

"After the war, the dead baby's corpse and the second God of Berserkers' daughter was taken back to the land of Immortals by Di Tian...

"They discovered the remarkable qualities of that dead baby, and perhaps because the second God of Berserkers' daughter had come into contact with the dead baby, the baby girl also possessed some of those remarkable qualities. From then on, the siblings were reduced to mere puppets.

"The dead baby was sealed in a region somewhere in the land of Immortals, and his little sister was taken away by Dao Chen... Di Tian, at that time, perhaps you found a method for you to become infinitely stronger by using that dead baby, and from then on, you executed that so called plan of yours that would last for years against that dead baby...

"Perhaps the baby was not really dead. Perhaps his death in Bright Yang Region meant that he could be alive in Yin Death Region. I don't know what you discovered, but this discovery made you carry out a plan. This plan was to make that dead baby sink into oblivion again and again in Yin Death Region.

"He sank into oblivion and was sealed time and again. You fabricated a memory for the baby, and that memory was known as Dark Mountain... With that memory as a foundation, you made him sink into oblivion again and again.

"Since memories are like a picture, once you paint it, you can make that baby sink into it and never be able to walk out...

"I don't know how many times I've sunk into oblivion, but I do know that this time, after I woke up, after Xiao Hong gave me that stone fragment in Dark Mountain, I was... different from all those previous times.

"This is reincarnation. This is fate. This is me..." Su Ming averted his gaze from the stars in the sky and looked calmly at Di Tian, who was practically in a state of hysteria.

"There is one person, perhaps he is just a soul, but when you first carried out your plan, he entered your plan and started changing things quietly in an attempt for me to wake up. He wanted me to truly open my eyes and take a look... at the world outside.

"I also have an answer in my heart as to who that person is," Su Ming whispered softly.

Di Tian's breathing quickened. He, who now only had his head left, found it burning as well. Red filled his eyes, and madness shone within them. He glared at Su Ming, and for the first time ever, greed appeared in his eyes, revealing his true emotions.

That greed made him look as if he wanted to swallow Su Ming whole and obtain everything of him!

"You are Destiny. Your life has been planned out. It doesn't matter even if you've come to understand many things. You are still in Yin Death Region. You are still in a state of oblivion. Even if you've woken up, you are still in that state!"

At the same time madness appeared in Di Tian's eyes, stars began shining in them. The light grew to a piercing degree within an instant, and brilliant starlight erupted from the eyes of the roaring face made of stars in the sky.

"This is your destiny for a thousand years, and you will sink into oblivion for a thousand years! Now... sink into oblivion again!"

As Di Tian roared, the face in the sky roared as well. All the starlight gathered on Su Ming at that moment, showing Di Tian's unwillingness to admit defeat; he was executing the Art once more.

"It's useless." Su Ming sighed deeply and shook his head. He lifted his right hand and pointed forward with his index finger.

"This is a point." As Su Ming spoke softly, a crystalline dot appeared at the spot where his index finger was pointing.

"I will draw towards the left and make a circle, and when I stop drawing... I will find that the end is in the same spot." Su Ming's right index finger started drawing towards the left and he drew a circle. The spot where the circle was completed was its beginning and its end. It was the point that fused both the beginning and the end together.

"This is reincarnation. Then if I draw from the right and make a circle, rotating from the end..." As Su Ming spoke, his right index finger started drawing another circle backwards from that dot. The spot that caused the circle to be complete... was still the same point.

"This is also reincarnation." When Su Ming finished speaking, an indefinable presence radiated off his body. That presence was not of those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but was... a presence that surpassed Berserker Soul.

It grew thicker and surrounded Su Ming's body, causing the starry sky to erupt with a bang at the instant it descended and touched it. It was as if the area where Su Ming was had turned into a forbidden region for starlight.

His hair flew while his eyes remained calm. His words contained endless wisdom, and they were echoing in the world.

"Reincarnation is a point, and that point... is Berserkers' Realm Mountain. That point is the start and also the end. You can walk to the future from that point, and you can also head to the past.

"This point is also the mirror's point. The mirror's face is the normal world. It is where the past moves towards the future. It is then the opposite inside the mirror. Life and death move in opposite directions. The past and future move in opposite directions. It is just as I have understood it in Hidden Dragon Sect. It is like the process of winter moving to spring... because the people in the world of the mirror move from the future to the past.

"The Immortals are the face of the mirror. They live in the world outside the mirror and move from life to death. The Berserkers' Yin Death Region is the world inside the mirror. They move from death to life..." The presence that had surpassed great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from Su Ming's body at that moment and surrounded him, causing him to look like a deity!

"You... you..." An even greater level of shock appeared on Di Tian's face. At that moment, the Su Ming in his eyes was so terrifying that he was making his heart tremble. That terrifying aspect was not due to his power... but due to his epiphany!

"I originally did not understand something, but the experience I went through just now made me understand everything," Su Ming whispered softly.

Chapter 688: Rise!

"What I don't understand is that if the face of the mirror means walking from life to death and the world in the mirror naturally moves in the opposite direction, heading from death to life... then what were those reincarnations I went through. What was that state of sinking into oblivion you speak of. And was that Art that made all those things seem so real but were illusions..." Su Ming stated flatly. He looked at Di Tian, but he was not asking anything. He had already obtained his answer.

"During that moment just now, I finally understood. The face and back of that mirror don't make a complete cycle of reincarnation." Su Ming shook his head, and a variety of emotions stirred up slightly in his heart.

"It is just like the existence of Yin and Yang. People only see these two faces, but they forget... that there is another point!

"The world outside the mirror belongs to the Immortals, and the world inside the mirror belongs to the Berserkers. But in truth, there is a mirror inside the mirror. If two mirrors were positioned opposite each other properly, then the endless darkness would then be the mirror inside the mirror!

"That is the place where you had me sink into oblivion, and it is also the point of reincarnation. It also the world of reincarnation!

"That is also the place the elder kept telling me about... Berserkers' Realm Mountain.

"Jumping down from Berserkers' Realm Mountain was not so that I would die, but to find that point. By walking out of that point, I walked out of the mirror in the mirror and moved into the world inside the mirror itself.

"The me right now truly exists in the mirror... and my next step is to move from death to life, from the world inside the mirror to the world outside, from Yin Death to Bright Yang, from the land of Berserkers... to the land of Immortals!"

At the instant Su Ming finished saying all these things, the presence that surpassed that of great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm increased exponentially. It caused the world to roar and the earth to shake, filling the entire world with splendor during that instant.

It also made the face made of stars in the sky to distort. When Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it in the air, the face shattered with a bang, revealing the blue sky. This was what the old xun maker had transformed into, and it was the Art that prevented the cultivation planets from descending.

Su Ming's hair moved without wind.

His cultivation changed drastically at that moment. This change caused the presence that was spreading out of Su Ming's body to turn into a mighty pressure, and it instantly covered the entire land and sky, spreading over the whole world of Berserkers.

The Berserkers' sky and world trembled. All the mountains shook, all the rivers stopped running, and all the ferocious beasts on the land lifted their heads at the same time to roar at the sky.

Even the ferocious beasts that were fighting against each other stopped fighting and lifted their heads to roar. Their voices echoed through the entire land of Berserkers.

Huge waves rose up in the Dead Sea, surging into the sky. It was as if the entire Dead Sea had started boiling. The roaring of the waves shook the sky and earth, and it was as if the entire world of Berserkers had risen up to roar.

The roars that erupted from South Morning, Eastern Wastelands, the Alliance of the Western Region, and the Northern Province caused the entire land of Berserkers to obtain a soul that could gather these split up continents together at that instant.

This was Berserkers' soul!

During that instant, the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds' Xue Sha and the near ten thousand tribe members beside Su Ming found their blood reaching boiling point. Their breathing quickened, and a presence they could not hold back erupted from their bodies.

The tens of thousands of Immortals found their bodies trembling under this pressure, and one by one, they started kneeling down, unable to control themselves. This was not their will, but the will that existed within the world. It told them that if they did not prostrate themselves on the ground, they would immediately be squashed by the world.

Ji An's face turned pale. All of this had surpassed his expectations. In fact, perhaps not even a single Immortal had expected that something like this might happen due to the appearance of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Su Ming's power climbed up madly. The change in his cultivation base turned him into the most radiant light in the world.

Streams of light, which had appeared out of nowhere, begun gathering together before Su Ming, then turned into a gigantic statue!

Su Ming could recognize this statue. In fact, some of the Berserkers had seen this statue before as well. It... was the deity statue of Awakening!

All those who manifested a certain amount of blood veins among the Berserkers would see this deity statue appearing in front them at the moment they reached Awakening

Realm. This statue was created by the first God of Berserkers, and it was worshipped by all Berserkers. It was the being that allowed them to obtain the power of Awakening - the deity statue of Awakening!

The deity statue looked exactly the same as it did in Su Ming's memories. Once it appeared, a strange light appeared in its eyes, and it stared at Su Ming as if it had resuscitated. It wrapped its palm in its fist and bowed swiftly!

This was the deity statue of Awakening's form of worship. It was the deity statue of Awakening's sign of respect!

Almost at the instant the deity statue of Awakening bowed towards Su Ming, the sky rumbled. More streams of light erupted madly from empty air, and then right above the deity statue of Awakening and in front of Su Ming... the light gathered together into another gigantic statue.

That was... the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice!

Every single time the highly exalted deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared, it meant that there was a person among them who had incredibly great potential. It meant that someone among them had obtained Great Yu's acknowledgment and had been appointed a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice!

This was a supreme form of glory. Every single time the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared, most of the people who saw it would prostrate themselves on the ground and worship it. Yet now, once the deity statue of Bone Sacrifice appeared... it lowered its head towards Su Ming, just like the deity statue of Awakening. Then it wrapped its fist in its palm and bowed in respect.

As it bowed, the sky rumbled. As it bowed, the whole world looked as if it was trembling.

Once it bowed, more streams of light gathered swiftly above it. A radiant layer of light swept past the sky like running water, and a deity statue that was even bigger and stronger appeared in the sky with a bang.

"That is..."

"That is the deity statue of Berserker Soul?!"

"That's the deity statue of Berserker Soul that has appeared the least, and its appearance was rare even during ancient times!"

An uproar rose at that moment. Right before everyone's eyes, the deity statue of Berserker Soul, which stood erect in the sky, lowered its head just like deity statue of Bone Sacrifice and Awakening had done, and then wrapped its fist in its palm, bowing respectfully towards Su Ming as if it submitting itself to him!

The appearance of the three deity statues and their subsequent show of worship caused Su Ming's Qi to erupt with a bang. At this moment, he had far surpassed the power those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm possessed, and his Qi was still rising continuously. A terrifying, mighty pressure was spreading out from his body, and the statue of the God of Berserkers that had crumbled previously slowly manifested behind him.

All these scenes caused a dazed look to appear on Di Tian's face, along with a fierce and crazed expression of struggle.

"The three deity statues of Berserkers have bowed towards him. This is... the legendary Life Cultivation Realm! This is the presence of Life Cultivation. This is... the presence of Life Cultivation appearing once again in the land of Berserkers since ancient times!"

The thin and old Xue Sha from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds could no longer control his excitement. He looked at Su Ming with his body trembling. The fire and respect within his eyes instantly flared up, burning at an intense degree.

"This is the day the Berserkers rise! I, Xue Sha, am willing to follow the God of Berserkers and die with the Berserkers to break a path that will lead us to the land of Immortals for the God of Berserkers!" Xue Sha had went mad, a madness born of excitement. He knelt down towards Su Ming, and as he trembled, he swore the Berserkers' oath!

"From now on, I offer my soul to the Berserkers, and I sacrifice my body to the people. With my flesh and blood, I will break open the sky for the Berserkers, and with the power contained in my blood, I will give up everything for my people's rise to power!" Xue Sha's voice reverberated in the air with his agitation, with the resuscitated excitement in his old heart, and with his tears that were falling down from his eyes in his exhilaration.

He loved the Berserkers, truly, deeply, loved his race... and only at this moment did he no longer need to suppress his love. Only at this moment did he no longer need to be in despair and could let out his emotions in a violent outburst.

The near ten thousand tribe members from the Great Tribe of Surging Clouds knelt down behind Xue Sha and shouted out the same Berserkers' oath as he did!

All Entities Clan's Tian Qi was also weeping at this time. He knelt down in excitement and with the near ten thousand people from the twelve tribes behind him, he, along with them, shouted out the Berserkers' oath, offering his everything to Berserkers' people!

It was also at this moment that the endless long arcs from several other directions arrived in a mad dash. This sort of speed had already surpassed the limits of what a person could do. It was a form of madness born out of recklessness.

"I, Chi Lei Tian, greet the God of Berserkers! I offer my soul to the Berserkers, and I sacrifice my body to the people. With my flesh and blood, I will break open the sky for the Berserkers, and with the power contained in my blood, I will give up everything for my people's rise to power!" That was Chi Lei Tian's voice, and right behind the old man who was surrounded entirely by lightning sparks was the ten million something members of his tribe shouting out the oaths in roars that could shake the sky!

"I, Ya Man, Elder of Berserker Fang Tribe, greet the God of Berserkers! From now on, I offer my soul, my body, my blood, and my flesh to the Berserkers! With the power of my blood, I will give up my everything to the Berserkers! I am willing to have my soul scatter for the rise of the Berserkers, and I will never regret it!" There was a certain timbre to his ancient voice that showed just how excited he was. Then, the ten thousand people from Berserker Fang Tribe descended to the place with the fastest speed they could muster and shouted out their oaths as well!

"I, Wu Shuang, Elder of Goldenrain Mountain Tribe, brought ten thousand of my people to greet the God of Berserkers! We of Goldenrain Mountain Tribe are willing to be the vanguards for the rise of the Berserkers, and we are willing to trample through the universe for the God of Berserkers and our people!" The hidden mountain tribe had also arrived with a bang. They appeared and knelt down altogether, resulting in Su Ming being the only one in the entire world standing in the air as his Qi continued erupting forth.

Su Ming's hair danced in the air and he looked calm. In his ears, familiar voices echoed.

"I, cultivator of Fated Kin, greet Respected Senior Mo!"

"I, Nan Gong Hen of Fated Kin, greet Respected Senior Mo!"

The people who did not come in groups appeared from all directions and shouted in loud, booming voices that were filled with excitement and passion.

The Fated Kin had arrived!

Su Ming looked at all the people kneeling around calmly, as he stood in midair. He looked at Di Tian, who only had a small portion of his head left due to the flames burning him, and he saw that his face was pale. He saw the madness and the unwillingness to admit defeat in his eyes, as well as a deep perplexity.

'Reincarnation is a point... That point is Berserkers' Realm Mountain. It is also here.'

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the ground. With it, the ground collapsed, and a blood crystal that was buried in the depths of the earth for an unknown amount of time turned into a long arc and charged towards Su Ming, bringing with it an ancient air.

Right behind it, more blood crystals flew out from the ground with a bang. These blood crystals turned into long arcs and charged towards Su Ming, swiftly fusing with his body. With each fusion, Su Ming's cultivation base would erupt madly, the might of his body increasing at a terrifying pace!

"From now onwards... I will walk down the path of Life Cultivation!" Su Ming stated flatly, with determination and resolution shining in his gaze!

At that instant, he sensed the frozen Great Yu Imperial City!

Chapter 689: Entering Life Cultivation Realm!

The blood crystals closed in on Su Ming and fused with his body. With each blood crystal, Su Ming's cultivation would swiftly increase exponentially. His Qi stirred up the world and the universe, and an awe-inspiring air that could not be described with words was born in his eyes.

This mighty pressure was the peerless presence of the universe and the world. This awe-inspiring air also symbolized the Berserkers' crazed outburst after living in oppression for a countless years.

Su Ming did not count just how many blood crystals he obtained, and neither did he need to calculate the number, because he was no longer bothered by it.

It did not matter how many reincarnations there had been. There might have been ten, a hundred, a thousand, or even more. To him, it no longer mattered. What was important was that he had moved out of the cycles of reincarnation from the mirror within the mirror and that he now knew clearly that he was no longer... in that cycle of reincarnation!

Because he was no longer in the mirror within the mirror. He had leaped off the Berserkers' Realm Mountain and found that point, then had walked completely out of there!

He knew that he was real, and he was the only one who was real!

That is why it no longer mattered to Su Ming how many reincarnations he had went through!

Su Ming, who had come to understand all of this, found that the power erupting from his body after the numerous blood crystals fused had fused with him surpassed the power he had obtained after attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and it had

exploded with a bang. The seal in his memories also completely shattered at that instant. With its destruction, a large amount of memories surged into Su Ming's divine sense like a tidal wave, and he saw a world.

That world was black, and it was filled with a kind of loneliness. He heard the voice of the second God of Berserkers' daughter again. She was his little sister, and every single time she called out to him, Su Ming's heart ached in pain.

He did not recover many of his memories, for it only lasted for a very short time, but even from that short memory, he could sense that he had been outside Yin Death Region and within the Immortals' Galaxy. There was someone urgently calling him from there. This was not his little sister's voice, but came from his soul, and it felt as if it was a summon that seemed to be a part of his body.

While this summon might be incredibly urgent, there was an endless amount of other, weaker and fainter, voices calling to him as well. They gave Su Ming a strange feeling.

It was as if... all the cultivators in the land of Immortals possessed... what originally belonged to Su Ming. This was why he felt as if there was an endless amount of voices calling to him from the entire land of Immortals at that moment.

As these voices called to him, Su Ming took the most critical step after attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and from then onwards walked down the path of Life Cultivation!

The four Realms within Life Cultivation were Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life!

To understand what Life meant, to understand their own Life Matrix, to understand the changes in the world, and to obtain the power of knowing about the will of heaven—this was Life Matrix!

"My Life Matrix is to move from death to life. My Life Matrix is to head to spring from winter. My Life... is to not bow down to the will of heaven and obey its orders, but to have heaven bow to me. I will dye my whole life with my will of death!" Su Ming declared languidly.

At the instant he said these words, the power of One World contained within the fragment given to him as a form of blessing by the Candle Dragon when he was in the World of Nine Yin immediately started melting within his body and soul.

As it melted, Su Ming's eyes shone like the stars. During that instant, his presence completely changed. It was as if his body was going through a spiritual metamorphosis, evolving!

The entire world of Berserkers roared, and right behind Su Ming, his statue of the God of Berserkers, which had previously crumbled, manifested once again.

As the ten thousand feet statue manifested in the air and slowly gained corporeal form, all the Berserkers who had arrived here let out delighted howls, worshipping the statue as they knelt in its direction.

These voices spread in all directions and shook all the Immortals who heard them, for within those voices was madness, a frenzy born from oppression, and the Berserkers' soul!

As those voices echoed in all directions, the Dead Sea started churning even more violently and looked as it was about to surge into the sky. The endless waves roared madly, and many of the sea creatures inside the sea trembled before quickly rushing away.

At the time when the Dead Sea produced its most intense roar, the water of the sea started spreading back in all directions... as if there was something big rising from the depths!

As the sea water flowed backwards, a whirlpool that was several hundreds of thousands of li big appeared on the surface of the sea. That whirlpool rotated with loud booming sounds, and wisps of freezing air spread out from within it, causing the world of Berserkers to instantly become much colder.

Almost at the same time this drastic change occurred to the Dead Sea, the Immortals' Runes used to descend to the land let out a shocking boom behind the blue cloth in the sky, right above Su Ming's head. Light flashed rapidly, and it was a clear sign that more Immortals were about to descend.

By the looks of how these two Runes were operating, the number of Immortals descending this time might be incredibly huge!

Su Ming turned around slowly and looked at his statue, which had revealed itself behind him. As he looked at it, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards it.

"From now onwards, my statue of the God of Berserkers will be the deity statue of Life for all Berserkers who will break through Berserker Soul Realm! From now onwards, Berserkers will be able to break the limit of cultivation that was Berserker Soul Realm and will be able comprehend the principles of Life Cultivation!"

Su Ming's words were implemented as law and spurred on the world of Berserkers' kismet. As his voice reverberated in the air, his statue of the God of Berserkers instantly let out a ray of light that surged into the sky, and the presence of Life Cultivation appeared on it.

It was spoken in the Berserkers' ancient legends that when another God of Berserkers appeared, he would be able to change the fact that Berserkers' cultivation system so Berserker Soul Realm would no longer be the limit. When that new God of Berserkers created the deity statue for the new Realm, all the Berserkers... would reach a breakthrough!

All the Berserkers present found their cultivation bases immediately rising by leaps and bounds. Even those who were not in the battlefield also noticed their cultivation bases increasing exponentially as their blood burned.

It was especially so for the powerful Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had been stuck there for a long period of time. During that instant, they felt the signs of Life Cultivation from the deity statue of Life as their cultivation bases boiled within them.

Before long... they would be able to have a possibility of taking that one step into Life Cultivation Realm, just like Su Ming had due to their boiling blood and the epiphanies they had gained!

This was the true hope and sign of the Berserkers' rise!

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

The roars from the Berserkers reverberated in the air even louder, turning into the only sound in the land. As that sound rang in the air and Berserkers worshipped Su Ming in reverence, he turned his head around and looked towards Di Tian, who now only had a small part of his head left as he continued to burn.

"Your Reincarnation Art is far inferior to the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World... far, far inferior." To be more precise, the reincarnation in the mirror within the mirror which Di Tian had set on Su Ming's body had the same principles as the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World.

However, Su Ming had been able to keep his mind intact even through the innumerable cycles of reincarnation in the Undying and Imperishable World, even refining a powerful will inside it before walking out after gaining an epiphany from it. Compared to it, Di Tian's Art was simply nothing.

He had sunk into a state of oblivion earlier and returned to Dark Mountain hundreds of years ago, but if Su Ming had been unwilling, he would not have returned. He had only sunk into oblivion earlier because he had wanted to search for that point!

There was a complicated look as well as an expression of shock that could not disappear on Di Tian's sullen face. All of these things were out of his expectations, and so it was completely impossible for him to change anything. Only at this moment did he understand that this time he had truly lost control over Su Ming. He knew that, from then onwards... Su Ming would no longer have any connection to him, and he could no longer make him be reincarnate.

Because of this, what awaited him would not only be the Immortal sects who were involved in this plan questioning him, but also the reality that he'd have to face... Su Ming trying to kill him after he got out of the world of Berserkers.

Su Ming might not be too powerful compared to his real self... but Su Ming's growth and comprehensive abilities made him remember the signs of the Abyss. He remembered the disaster spoken of in the Immortals' legends and the benefits that corpse in the land of Immortals had brought to all the Immortals, including himself. Over the years, almost everyone had been able to walk down the path of cultivation because of this benefit, and if anything happened to it, a new disaster would be brought to the Immortals!

An insane thought suddenly bloomed in his head, 'I absolutely can't let him leave the world of Berserkers!'

Almost at the moment this thought appeared in Di Tian's head, a strange light begun to shine in Su Ming's eyes. He could clearly sense that once he stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, there was a faint link born between him and Great Yu Imperial Palace, which was located at the depths of the Dead Sea, and that link was becoming more distinct with each passing moment!

Su Ming took a step towards Di Tian. At the instant his foot landed, blood capillaries filled Di Tian's eyes, and the remainder of his head exploded with a bang.

With the power brought by the explosion, Di Tian let out a shrill roar, "Destiny's Heavenly Punishment: Light from the nine stars, leave no traces of the stars' radiance!"

Di Tian's explosion reverberated in the air with his roar. At the spot where his head fell apart, an illusion instantly took shape. That illusion was like the surface of water, and the nine cultivation planets were reflected off its surface. In that illusion, the nine cultivation planets let out powerful rays of light. They shot them through the surface of the illusory water, and the rays actually charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever. At the moment he took a step forward, the endless amount of powerful light phased through his body. And that's all it did. It was unable to do anything to Su Ming. At the instant he took that step, he appeared right before the surface of the illusory water reflecting the nine planets inside.

"With my Life Matrix, I curse..." Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed towards the surface of the water.

At the instant his palm landed, the water immediately looked as if ink had been poured in it, rapidly dyeing it black. A presence of decay rose from there, causing wisps of black smoke to immediately appear. They quickly disappeared around Su Ming, but at that instant, a muffled groan came from another place.

This was Su Ming's Curse. Even if Di Tian's magical body had disintegrated, but that Curse would chase after the life that was linked to this body and arrive at where his real self was so that it could cause him to rot!

Just as Di Tian's magical body disintegrated and Su Ming's Curse went after his real self, the blue cloth in the sky scattered away. As ripples appeared on the blue cloth to turn into an old face, the song of a xun filled the air. That face cast a glance at Su Ming from the sky, and an affectionate smile appeared on his lips.

"I'll wait for you at Berserkers' Realm Mountain..."

The blue cloth disappeared, and the sky returned to the image of the vortex. The cultivation planets that had descended previously had disappeared without a trace, but the Immortals' two Runes that were used to send Immortals down were flashing brilliantly, and the figures of people were appearing one after another.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand... nearly ten thousand people appeared with a bang!

Chapter 690: Great Yu Appears!!

That was not nearly ten thousand, but several tens of thousands!

Several tens of thousands of Immortals descended at the same time. This was something incredibly rare even in the past. Besides the massive invasion launched by the Immortals a long time ago, when they attacked Great Yu Imperial City, the same thing had never happened again.

This was because descending in such a large scale within a short amount of time would waste too many of the Immortals' resources. But this was just secondary. What was really important was that they would also need to bring out what little remained of Morning Dao's power as well.

Morning Dao's power was the strongest power in True Morning Dao World, and that power was bestowed upon them by Dao Chen himself. But there was already very little left of that power. After all... it had been a long, long time since Dao Chen had performed any miracles.

Besides using up Morning Dao's power, each cultivator would also have to personally sacrifice some of their life to be able to suppress the laws in Yin Death Region. The amount of life they had to sacrifice was incredibly huge, and it was not something tens of thousands of people could withstand. They would need people that numbered to nearly a hundred fold to the amount of Immortals descending to sacrifice part of their lives to do so, and they could not regain those parts after. The amount of life they lost could never be recovered.

There were some other conditions as well, such as they even needed to use some of their supreme and priceless treasures to be able to send a massive amount of people over. And they would also not be able to have these Immortals over at Yin Death Region for a long period of time.

It was just like when the millions of Immortals had descended to the land of Berserkers all those years ago. Those Immortals might have won that battle, but if they factored in the price they'd had to pay, then it could only be considered as a pyrrhic victory. The Immortals had been in a state of recovery for many years after that.

This time was a far cry from back then, and so it meant that they wouldn't need to bear such huge consequences. However, even if they only sent several tens of thousands, they would still... have to pay quite a large price.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could sense that the connection between him and the Great Yu Imperial City in the Dead Sea was growing greater. He first cast a cold glance at Ji An, then swept his gaze across all the tens of thousands of Immortals on the land. All of them had become shocked silent because of him, and all of them lowered their heads when his gaze landed on them.

Almost at the moment Su Ming saw this, his chilling voice immediately reverberated in the air. "All Berserkers, hear me! Kill all the Immortals that fight back against us!"

At the instant Su Ming spoke those words, the close to sixty thousand Berserkers in the area instantly started roaring "Kill them!" These roars screaming of bloody murder instantly shook the sky and earth, and the tens of thousands of Berserkers sliced through the sky to charge towards the Immortals who had just descended.

Su Ming took a step forward and disappeared to appear right above the crowd. He charged towards the Rune used by the Immortals to descend and lifted his right hand to strike it.

He was not aiming to kill, but to destroy the Rune!

With his previous power, Su Ming could not even dream of accomplishing this, but now... once he had stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, he possessed incredibly great combat abilities. And he also possessed the right to do as he wished.

Almost at the moment he struck the Rune, causing it to tremble, Ji An's expression changed. While he was full of hesitation and struggle, Su Ming's eldest senior brother, Xing Gan, lifted his gigantic battle axe and looked over at him with a cold gaze.

At the same time, the sounds of battle between tens of thousands of people swiftly rose into the air. The Immortals who had descended were clearly prepared. At the moment they landed, before their bodies even gained physical form, their still invisible hands crushed something, and they completed the process of gaining corporeal form instantaneously. Their bodies manifested fully and they started fighting against the Berserkers.

"Send the orders of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors to all. The Berserkers have rebelled! Slaughter all Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands and South Morning to serve as a warning!"

A voice filled with a mighty pressure came from the Runes in the vortex. Immediately, hundreds of people walked out, and the ripples of power from their bodies were those of Ascendance. Not all of them had reached great circle in that Realm, but the intimidating force coming from hundreds of cultivators in Ascendance was incredibly strong.

Almost at the same time that voice reverberated in the air, a violent boom rang out. It was Su Ming ramming his fist against the Rune in the sky. A wave of ripples spread out, and the Rune instantly started shaking.

That loud noise lifted the curtains of battle, and the sounds of fighting spread out, surging into the sky. Tens of thousands of Immortals fought against the Berserkers, resulting in the sight of blood raining down from the sky. This blood splashed down on the ground and corpses plunged down after it. Torn pieces of flesh fell from above, causing the Immortals on the ground to shiver as they continued staring at the sky. That wasn't entirely correct though, they were staring at Su Ming.

No one could say who was the first to let out a low growl before he flew into the sky, intending to join the battle with a ferocious look on his face, but before he flew even a hundred feet into the sky, a shudder wrecked his body. He looked as if he had knocked into an invisible barrier, and his body exploded. He was instantly reduced to bits and pieces.

This brutal sight immediately made all the Immortals who wanted to rush out stop moving. At some unknown point in time, a barrier had been placed in the air a hundred feet above their heads. All those outside could enter the barrier, but those inside could not rush out. It was like a cage.

Su Ming was the one who had set up this barrier, and he had his own reasons as to why he had chosen not to kill these Immortals who were stunned to the ground.

The battles in the sky became even more intense. Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw another punch. The ripples of destruction spread out from his body in all directions. At the same time they crashed into the Rune, they also destroyed all the Immortals who had wanted to get closer to him.

"The Immortals' Rune..."

Murderous aura flickered in Su Ming's eyes. During that instant, a large amount of black aura of death surrounded his body. Due to it, Su Ming seemed to be filled with malice and ghastliness.

He lifted his right hand and threw another punch.

At the instant he did so, the Immortals' Rune let out a loud bang that shook the entire area. With it, an endless amount of cracks appeared on the Rune, and they continued spreading until they covered the entire thing.

However, almost the instant those cracks appeared, they instantly closed up, and vast waves of Bright Yang Aura spread out. The Rune then was surrounded by a golden light and looked like it could not be destroyed.

Long arcs charged forth from all directions in the Immortals' galaxy towards the region with the endless continents. There were tens of thousands of these Immortals.

There was an incredibly huge Rune on one of the floating continents. At that moment, there were thousands of people defending it by meditating on it. Among them were three old men with incredibly great power, and they were sitting at the center of the Rune.

With each Relocation, these thousands of people would instantly become older. Quite a large number of them would instantly turn into ashes, but new people would immediately take their place and offer up their lives to keep the Rune running. And so they would continue sending their warriors to the land of Berserkers.

As booming sounds echoed in the land of Berserkers due to Su Ming, the Rune in the world shone. Even if cracks appeared, they instantly recovered under that light from the Rune as thousands of people continued suppressing it.

As the Rune continued running, more Immortals rushed into it and were swiftly Relocated.

"Shatter!"

Su Ming's roar sounded as if it could tear apart space it as it rang in the world of Berserkers. His body shot through the air like a black shooting star. At the instant he crashed into the Rune, it started shaking violently.

But it did not shatter!

Su Ming lifted his head and let out a roar. He shot into the Immortals' crowd, and as he charged through their midst, all the Immortals were unable to resist his attack wherever he went. From the distance, the blood that gushed out where Su Ming passed through looked like a blood dragon, and Su Ming was the dragon's head that was causing more and more blood to flow.

After making a circle, Su Ming brought with him the blood that had been spilled by all the people he killed and surrounded himself with it. At the moment the blood dragon was formed, he charged towards Yin Death Vortex.

"With the Immortals' fresh blood, I summon the aura coming from Yin Death Fog. All of you whom I can sense... are you willing to lend me the aura of death to destroy the Immortals' Rune?!" Su Ming stopped before Yin Death Vortex, while the fresh blood around him charged into it.

Muffled excited roars immediately came from the vortex. Black aquatic dragons showed up and sucked in a portion of that fresh blood. More strange beasts then manifested in the fog and started devouring madly.

At the instant Su Ming became a Berserker in Life Cultivation Realm, not only did he sense the endless amounts of voices calling to him from the land of Immortals, but he also sensed the endless ferocious spirits within the fog in Yin Death Vortex, which existed between the land of Berserkers and Immortals. These ferocious spirits were formed by the aura of death, and that was the source as well as the end of all deaths in the land of Berserkers!

When the ferocious spirits devoured the Immortals' blood, dark light appeared in their eyes, and all of them charged out of Yin Death Fog towards Su Ming.

There were a large number of Aquatic Dragons among these ferocious spirits, as well as other strange life forms. Yet no matter what shape they took, once they flew out, they turned into wisps of black smoke that surrounded Su Ming. They enveloped him in black smoke that stretched to tens of thousands of feet!

"The Immortals' Rune which they use to descend... Shatter!" Su Ming took a step forward and closed in on the Immortals' Rune, then lifted his right hand and hurled his fist towards that Rune!

At the instant that punch landed, the aura of death that spanned an area that was even wider than ten thousand feet shot forward with the fist. The Rune let out a loud boom that had never come from it before, and the thousands of people defending the Rune on the Immortals' continent let out shrill screams of pain, then coughed up blood at the same time. Black smoke surrounded them, and the Curse caused their bodies to decay.

The three old men at the center shuddered, and at the moment a large amount of black patches appeared on their skin, the Rune under their bodies exploded with a bang.

At the same time the Immortals' Rune exploded, Su Ming's fist landed on the Rune and caused it to be torn into pieces. A violent wave of impact instantly swept through the entire area.

Near a thousand people who were still descending through the Rune let out shrill screams of pain that were filled with their unwillingness to admit defeat as they shattered into pieces.

Yet the moment the Rune shattered... three more instantly appeared in the sky, and together with the Rune that had not been yet destroyed, they started shining with a brilliant light, and more Immortals descended. It was as if the Immortals were launching a counterattack towards Su Ming for destroying one of their Runes!

Su Ming felt a strange impulse at this moment. It came from the connection that felt as if it had now gained physical form within him. It tied him to Great Yu Imperial Palace, and he had a feeling that... if he just summoned it, the city would appear and respond to his call!

"Great Yu Imperial City!"

At the instant these four words tumbled out of Su Ming's mouth, a loud bang immediately rang out in Su Ming's heart and soul.

An infinite amount of freezing air erupted madly from within the whirlpool that spanned tens of thousands of feet in the Berserker's Dead Sea. That air could freeze the universe, and as it exploded, the entire Dead Sea instantly stopped howling.

A... city so great that it was difficult to describe with words appeared after it had been buried for ages!

It was Great Yu Imperial City!

The Berserkers' holy land!

Chapter 691: The Berserkers' Advancement!

The Great Yu Imperial City rose up. At the instant this ruin that had been buried for an unknown amount of years in the depths of the Dead Sea completely showed up in the world, a freezing air instantly spread through the area.

Wherever it went, the Dead Sea would look as if it had been frozen as it remained still. The rotations within the vortex in the sky also slowed down.

The entire climate in the world of Berserkers became much colder.

Great Yu Imperial City was incredibly big. As it rose from the Dead Sea, the city moats and walls as well as the numerous palaces within were revealed before everyone's eyes. These buildings gave off an awe-inspiring air, but all of them were frozen. It did not matter whether it was the city moats or the palaces, all of them were encased in thick layers of ice.

It looked like Great Yu Imperial City, but in truth, it was a gigantic block of ice!

It possessed its own intelligence. Due to Su Ming calling to it, it had appeared after being buried for years. At the instant it rushed out of the surface of the sea, the ice on the city distorted and fell off.

However, the freezing air did not disappear. It instead became even stronger. Immediately after, the air before Su Ming distorted, while he stood in the battlefield between the Immortals and Berserkers held in the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands!

An inconceivable, mighty pressure violently spread out from the city that had suddenly risen up. That mighty pressure felt as if it had corporeal form, and wherever it went, the entire world would instantly become still. The expressions of Immortals instantly changed drastically. They could clearly feel their bodies, their Nascent Divinities, and even their souls being squashed with a crazed force. All of them could no longer remain in the sky and plunged to the ground.

"This is... This is Great Yu Imperial City!"

"It's the holy land! It's Great Yu Imperial Palace! It's the Great Yu Imperial Palace which had disappeared countless years ago!"

The Berserkers burned with fevered ardor. In the midst of their disbelief and their endless excitement, they looked at Great Yu Imperial City. A bang rang in their heads, and they knelt down to worship the city as their bodies trembled.

Tears fell down the cheeks of all Berserkers. To them, Great Yu Imperial City symbolized everything that was the Berserkers. At that moment, when they saw Great Yu Imperial City with their own eyes and saw the ice that had encased it for an unknown number of years, a fire born from rage blazed through their blood.

All the Immortals, on the other hand, instantly turned pale. Even the four Relocation Runes in the Sky stopped operating at the instant Great Yu Imperial City appeared, and no more Immortals descended.

This was Su Ming's retaliation towards the four Runes!

He stood high above and looked at the city he had summoned. At that moment, the faint connection in his heart binding him to the city had become stronger. It was especially so when he saw an old man sitting on a lofty altar under all that ice.

He was Great Yu's Court Diviner.

Su Ming also saw the numerous dead corpses kneeling under the frozen altar in the imperial city. All of these were the warriors of the past.

The air was still extremely cold. Once Great Yu Imperial City rose up, all the battles stopped. Su Ming took a step forward and appeared above the imperial city, stepping on the gigantic block of ice.

Around him were tens of thousands of Berserkers who were kneeling on the ground as they wept. No matter what level of cultivation they possessed, at that moment, all the Berserkers only had one single thought in their heads. That thought was like a storm in their minds and a fire that had been buried after being oppressed for a long time.

Great Yu Imperial City... It was their Berserkers' holy land!

"With a single thought, I have made Great Yu Imperial City rise up from the endless Dead Sea!" Su Ming declared, his voice reverberating in all directions, as he stood on the ice.

All the Berserkers were kneeling and worshiping the city at this moment, and tens of thousands of Immortals were shuddering, still in a state of shock.

"Melt Great Yu Imperial City's ice with the Berserkers' tears! Dispel the ice on Great Yu Imperial City with the Immortals' blood! Make Great Yu Imperial City stand tall in our land once again!

"From now onwards, we swear... to kill all Immortals who descend in our land!!" As Su Ming spoke, his Nascent Divinity, which was formed through the Immortals' cultivation methods, melted and fused with his will and his soul due to his level of cultivation having reached Life Cultivation Realm. It then turned into... Atman, a soul unique to those in Life Cultivation Realm!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and swung it. Immediately, the tears flowing down the cheeks of all the Berserkers who were kneeling in the air worshiping the city flew up. These tears then gathered together and charged towards Su Ming.

To be more precise, they were charging towards the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial City. With their hot tears, the Berserkers would melt the ice, with their tears, they would make Great Yu Imperial City stand tall!

The endless amount of tears brought with them everything within the Berserkers' hearts and souls. At that moment, tears poured down like rainwater and scattered on the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial City. Within an instant, that ice started showing signs of melting!

"Not enough, it hasn't melted enough. My fellow Berserkers, my fellow people, let us use the heat of the Immortals' blood to melt the ice on our holy land!"

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head. At the instant his words reached the Berserkers, they immediately lifted their heads, and a crazed killing intent appeared in their eyes.

"With the heat of the Immortals' blood, we will melt the ice on our holy land!"

These were the words shouted out by all the Berserkers at the same time. These roars had reverberated in the air when Su Ming became the God of Berserkers and caused the Berserkers' blood to burn and their cultivation base to increase exponentially. It was also there at the time when Berserkers' soul was born. When Great Yu Imperial City appeared and lit up the flames in the souls of all the Berserkers in the place, waves of madness crashed about in their hearts...

A Berserker who had attained great completion in the Awakening Realm suddenly found his cultivation base erupting with a bang as the roars that symbolized all the Berserkers rang in the air. At the time he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Su Ming, he broke through great completion in the Awakening Realm and reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Almost at the instant this person's level of cultivation reached a breakthrough, more people's cultivation bases erupting within their bodies, and many of those who were in the Awakening Realm reached Bone Sacrifice Realm!

Similarly, those who were the backbone of the Berserkers' power, the people in Bone Sacrifice who had attained great completion in Bone Sacrifice but did not have the confidence to reach higher found their cultivation bases breaking through, allowing them to reach Berserker Soul Realm!

This was not a single person's cultivation base increasing, either. It was something felt by all the Berserkers in the place at the same time. All of their levels of cultivation increased by a stage when their blood started burning and Great Yu Imperial City rose up!

Those in the initial stage reached the middle stage, and those in the middle stage reached the later stage. As for those in the later stage, they attained great completion, and those who had attained great completion... reached a new Realm!

It was especially so for Xue Sha and Tian Qi, who were originally powerful Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm in Eastern Wastelands.

They might not have truly stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, but as all the Berserkers' blood evolved and their roars shook the sky, they took half a step forward in their level of cultivation. They were no longer Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but were people who were half a step into Life Cultivation Realm! They might not be able to compare to Su Ming's strength, but their existence alone caused a tremendous change in the Berserkers' overall power.

The same change happened among the tribal leaders who were in the Berserker Soul Realm since the beginning. The increase in their levels of cultivation not only brought out their roars that shook the sky and earth, but also symbolized the rise of the Berserkers!

"Kill them!" Su Ming shouted out and lifted his right hand to point towards the Immortals on the ground. The black aura of death around him then immediately charged forth and turned into a black Aquatic Dragon, rushing into the Immortals' midst.

At the same time, all the Berserkers, now filled with excitement born from the explosive increase in their cultivation, turned into long arcs to charge towards the Immortals...

As booming sounds exploded into the air and Su Ming pointed forward, the black Aquatic Dragon started ripping apart the Immortals. The tens of thousands of Immortals that were trapped in the barrier Su Ming had set up previously shuddered, filling up with despair. In the midst of it all, most of the people found their bodies exploding with a bang, and blood spilled into the air.

An even more brutal fight begun.

The Immortals who died did so with their minds broken as they watched Su Ming and Berserkers' rise to power. If Su Ming had not set up other plans for them, it would have been impossible for them to live up to this moment.

Right then, their value was their blood, and it was to be used to melt the ice on Great Yu Imperial City.

This was Su Ming's retaliation towards the Immortals sending three other Runes after one of them had collapsed!

'Since you brought out three other Runes, I summoned Great Yu Imperial City and killed all the Immortals to melt the ice with their blood. If you create more Runes and send more Immortals here, then this war between the Immortals and Berserkers will last until one side is completely destroyed!'

The sounds of battle echoed through the world, and Ji An's face was pale. Even he would not be able to fight against the Berserkers, who had now risen to power, especially since Di Tian's magical body had died. Su Ming's might shocked his heart

and soul, and the world of Berserkers' suppression towards the Immortals was becoming stronger rapidly.

Perhaps before long, as this suppression increased, the Immortals' power would become even more limited.

Ji An knew that all laws were balanced. If there was a powerful law around, there would also be weak laws lying about. The evolution of the Berserkers' blood, the increase in their levels of cultivation would make the laws in the world of Berserkers become stronger. Once that happened, then it was only natural that the power the Immortals could bring out in the land of Berserkers would once again be suppressed.

This was also why the Immortals had not dared to step into the world of Berserkers when the first God of Berserkers was still around, because the Berserkers were too strong at that time, resulting in the laws in the world of Berserkers reaching an inconceivable level. Even powerful Immortals who had reached the Third Step would instantly find themselves only able to bring out the power of those in Ascendance when they arrived in the land of Berserkers.

At that moment, Ji An lifted his right hand without hesitation, and a simple jade slip with an endless amount of runic symbols carved on it appeared on his palm.

An ancient air spread out from that jade slip. Clearly, it was a relic, and it was definitely no ordinary item. The runic symbols glowed on the jade slip as if they contained the laws in the galaxy.

At that moment, Ji An did not hesitate and crushed that jade slip. At the instant it was destroyed, a powerful light erupted from Ji An's magical body. As that light shone, his body immediately disappeared.

Su Ming looked coldly at the spot where Ji An had disappeared. He could feel the waves of relocation coming from a Rune over there, which was a sign of Ji An leaving the land of Berserkers. This body of his might just be a magical one, but as one of the three Sovereigns, he was definitely not someone normal Immortals could compare to. His jade slip could break through the space separating worlds, allowing him to leave this place.

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Chapter 692: His Atman Leaving his Body!

At the instant Ji An left, a large amount of Immortals' blood flew into the sky towards Great Yu Imperial City and scattered on the ice, causing a large portion of the ice to melt.

The more it melted, the stronger became the mighty pressure spreading out from it, and the stronger the pressure was, the more powerful grew the laws in the world of Berserkers. This was a cycle, and one that was built upon the Immortals. It made all the Immortals that descended to the land of Berserkers be continuously oppressed and weakened.

Because of that, the Berserkers' slaughter filled with even greater madness.

Su Ming did not join in the slaughter too much. He lifted his head and looked towards the four Runes which had stopped operating once Great Yu Imperial City rose up. This was not due to the pressure caused by the city, but due to the Immortals in their land becoming hesitant.

The slaughter continued, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air. The whole world filled with a bloody stench, and the Immortals' blood was continuously swept into the sky, as their bodies were destroyed, becoming a part of what would melt Great Yu Imperial City.

The large amount of blood caused the ice on Great Yu Imperial City to be dyed in crimson, and the speed at which it melted increased.

At that moment, the four Runes that sent the Immortals to this place suddenly started flashing after remaining silent for a moment. In an instant, that light grew much stronger, and more people descended swiftly.

Once these people came down, nearly ten thousand Immortals let out a powerful presence from their bodies. At the instant they revealed themselves, their powerful presence immediately froze, as if an invisible hand was pushing down on them. It caused their presence to spread out and so be reduced, and the power they could bring forth in the land was now limited to about the beginning stage of Ascendance.

This was the Berserkers' kismet, its law, its soul, its Great Yu Imperial City, and its people's evolution in their blood affecting the power of the law within the world of Berserkers!

At the same time, Berserkers from smaller tribes and scattered groups of people continuously charged towards the place from all directions in the form of long arcs. They could sense the blood boiling in their veins and their cultivation bases erupting. They saw Great Yu Imperial City, and based on their blood's guidance, they all arrived to join the war.

Su Ming took a step forward. The black smoke around him gathered swiftly to turn into an armor, and he seized the air with his right hand. Purple fog appeared out of thin air and turned into... the Undertaker of Evil's Spear in his hand!

He seized the spear, and as the murderous aura all over his body surged into the sky, he took a step forward. The world rumbled at that instant, and an illusory foot manifested in the air. This was Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Seven Steps!

He took seven steps in succession, and the seven gigantic illusory feet instantly fused together to turn into a scene that seemed as if a giant was walking high above. Its foot stomped on the near ten thousand Immortals who had descended from the sky.

As violent booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged into the crowd. Not a single Immortal could make him pause for even a single instant wherever he went.

This was a massacre where there was a huge disparity in power between the two sides. It could be said that Su Ming, who had stepped in the Life Cultivation Realm and reached the initial stage of Life Matrix... was invincible in the world of Berserkers!

This sort of invincibility might have several causes, but the most obvious one was that there was a law suppressing the Immortals. No matter what, at that moment, Su Ming... was invincible!

Even if there were people who could dominate Su Ming in terms of power in the world of Immortals, but when they were in the world of Berserkers, they would be limited by the law. It would then be difficult for them to defend against even a casual strike from Su Ming.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear swept through the land, and as Su Ming moved forward, he pierced through the center of an old Immortal's brows. An unwillingness to accept defeat and despair appeared on the old man's face, which was born from him being a cultivator who had arrived at the Second Step. He believed that if he was in the land of Immortals, this person would definitely not be able to kill him, but in this place... he could only swallow his hate.

Su Ming flung his Undertaker of Evil's Spear, and the old man's body immediately shattered. His blood then charged towards the ice encasing Great Yu Imperial Palace. Su Ming took a step forward, and without even looking back, he seized the air behind him with his left hand.

A middle-aged man who was charging towards him from behind in an attempt to kill him felt an intense pain coming from his neck. He could not breathe, and this was because Su Ming's left hand was like a clamp that had seized him up. Without even a moment of hesitation, Su Ming squeezed harder, and with a bang, the middle-aged man's head

exploded. The aura of death from Su Ming's body surged into that man's corpse and destroyed his Nascent Divinity as well as his soul.

As Su Ming continued with his slaughter, the Immortals fought back violently. The bloody stench in the world was so thick that it was difficult to describe it with words. The only thing that could be said was that the ground was red. Besides the vortex in the sky, everything that the people could see... was red.

"Kill them!" Su Ming swung the Undertaker of Evil's Spear before him, and it let out a series of loud booming sounds which resulted in a huge number of Immortals bodies crumbling and disintegrating wherever it went.

The scenes of Su Ming's slaughter greatly stimulated the Berserkers. His invincibility made all the Berserkers let out excited roars.

They wanted to kill all the Immortals and chase them completely out of the land of Berserkers!

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!"

Such roars reverberated in the air and shook the sky and earth. The entire battlefield looked as if it had turned into hell.

During that instant, the four Runes in the vortex in the sky let out a powerful ray of light once again. However, this time, the number of Immortals who descended was not as high as before; there were only about seven thousand of them. Their power was immediately suppressed by the law in the world of Berserkers from the moment they arrived, so they could only show power that was around the Ascendant stage. In other words, they were... absolutely not Su Ming's opponent.

With an unparalleled presence, Su Ming swept through the battlefield and brought with him an infinite amount of blood to melt the ice on Great Yu Imperial City. At that moment, Su Ming's presence was matchless.

However, the Berserkers' enemies were the Immortals. The depth of their power was not something the Berserkers could compare to. Even though Immortals had been unable to make all worlds worship them as the Berserkers had done, but they still existed to this date and continued to be strong while the Berserkers had reached an extreme state of decline. If Su Ming had not appeared, they would not have been able to rise to power at all.

They could only slowly lose their blood inheritance, being like the orchid cactus, which can only bloom once in its lifetime.

Almost at the instant Su Ming lifted the Undertaker of Evil's Spear with his right hand and threw it towards the seven thousand Immortals who descended from the Rune, that spear turned into a violent dragon that charged towards them. But at that instant, right when Su Ming was about to move forward, in an incredibly strange fashion, he... suddenly froze!

The Undertaker of Evil's Armor, which was formed from black smoke, immediately exploded. Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's mouth, and a sharp pain that was almost unbearable came from his chest.

That pain appeared incredibly suddenly, and Su Ming was completely unprepared for it. He felt as if there was a needle piercing his body, attempting to stab him through the heart.

Veins popped up on Su Ming's face. As his body shivered, he lifted his head swiftly upwards and glared at Yin Death Vortex. He could clearly sense that no one around had ambushed him. This strange pain seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

Almost at the instant the pain in his chest begun, Su Ming experienced an even greater pain at the center of his brows. It was as if a needle had pierced through the spot between his brows and stabbed his brain!

Su Ming trembled, but the two waves of pain did not disappear. The unbearable sensation spread to his arms, and even his legs. The pain was like a tidal wave that submerged him, and it infuriated him.

He coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and staggered backwards. His sudden change stunned all the Berserkers who saw it, while crazed delight rose within all the Immortals.

The numerous Immortals in the sky charged towards Su Ming without any hesitation. Booming sounds echoed in the air, and their divine abilities crashed into Su Ming's body. His face turn pale, and he coughed up blood once again. He retreated, but just as he was about to retaliate, a sharp pain that far surpassed what he had experienced just then came from his Dantian region!

It was as if a hand had reached deep into his stomach and yanked his organs in an attempt to drag them out of his body. Sweat drenched Su Ming's body, and even his consciousness became unclear.

The Immortals around him started executing their divine abilities once again in the midst of both excitement and ferociousness. At that instant, a figure flashed next to Su Ming, and his eldest senior brother stood in front of him with a gigantic axe in his hand. Like a huge mountain, he blocked all the divine abilities that were coming for Su Ming.

Blood continued trickling down the corners of Su Ming's mouth. This sudden incident could change the whole situation in the battlefield. Berserkers' anxiety gave Immortals

time to regain their bearings and gain momentum despite them having suffered huge losses moments before, and they launched their counterattack.

"World of Berserkers' kismet, Yin Death Aura!" Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue and forced himself to regain consciousness. He lifted his right hand and pushed against the ground, then pointed towards Yin Death Vortex with his left hand.

"Who was the one... who injured me?!" Su Ming let out a shocking roar that shook the sky and earth. At that moment, his power in the initial stage of Life Matrix erupted with a bang.

Su Ming closed his eyes, and a shadow separated from his body. That shadow was the soul of his will, and it was something that only those who had reached Life Cultivation could do!

When Su Ming's Atman appeared, Eastern Wastelands, the islands in South Morning, Northern Province, the Alliance of the Western Region, and the Dead Sea started showing the gray shade of decay. During that instant, a large amount of life force from the land was extracted by the world of Berserkers' kismet and charged towards Su Ming, then surged into his body through his right hand, which was directed to the ground, towards his Atman.

An infinite and boundless amount of aura of death charged down from Yin Death Vortex, fusing into Su Ming's Atman through his left hand. The Atman charged into Yin Death Vortex while bringing with it black smoke and the world of Berserkers' kismet. With a bang, he shot through it.

'Who injured me?!' That sharp pain drove Su Ming deeper into madness. The Atman he had sent out brought with him his killing intent and his madness as it shot out through the vortex over Yin Death Region based on a faint trace.

He appeared... in the Immortals' galaxy.

He did not stop there. At the instant the black aura of death around started rapidly evaporating, the Atman shot through the endless boundaries and saw an infinite amount of continents in the distance, and he also saw tens of thousands of Immortals.

But they could not see him!

Su Ming had a strong feeling that the source of the pain was right before him!

Chapter 693: Physical Body!

Su Ming could see the Immortals' galaxy, could see the endless amounts of continents floating there, and could also see the innumerable Immortals on these continents as well as the flashing Runes.

His Atman felt a sharp pain, and a large amount of aura of death enveloped his body. At that moment, as Su Ming charged forward, large quantities of that aura of death were scattering away. It did not matter to him though, for he was filled with madness. He wanted to see just what was the source of his pain.

His Atman shot through the continents. He could see numerous altars on the various continents in the place, and on each of these altars was a corpse.

He also saw more than a dozen Runes. All of them were letting out waves of Relocation, but there were only four that were letting out a piercing light.

He saw thousands of people sitting on the four flashing Runes, and he also saw Immortals continuously stepping into these Runes and getting Relocated.

However, these were not the source of his pain. Once Su Ming's Atman swept through the place, he charged towards the depths of the region of floating continents in the galaxy.

Perhaps a long time had passed since then, but perhaps it was only the blink of an eye before the largest continent appeared in front of Su Ming. That continent far surpassed the others in size, and it was the most astonishing region of them all. There was only one gigantic altar there.

Su Ming could vaguely see a person lying on that altar.

This was not the first time he had come to this place. When he killed Si Ma Xin all those years ago, he had come here, but had been unable to see the area clearly. However, now that he was here again, he could see more than he did in the past, and everything was also clearer.

He saw a mighty pressure that could not be described with words spreading out from that lofty altar. And there was also an endless amount of powerful seals surrounding the area, as if the person in the seal was incredibly important to the Immortals, but they were also extremely wary of him, which was why they had placed all those layers of seals around the place.

In fact, Su Ming could even see that the continents in the galaxy were grouped together to form a gigantic galactic Rune, and at the center of that Rune was this place - the biggest continent in the area with only one altar with layers of seals placed on the person lying on the altar!

Su Ming was too far away and could not see the person's face clearly, but at the instant the Atman saw that person, a storm immediately started raging in his heart.

A summon. It was an incredibly powerful summon. The strength of that call almost made Su Ming's soul shatter. It was as if the person lying on the altar was even more important than his own life.

Under that powerful summon, Su Ming immediately sensed that the source of his pain was over there!

The Atman charged forward, and as he closed in, he saw that the person who was calling to him was not the only one on that altar. There were three other middle-aged men standing beside him.

These three people stood around the person calmly, but they gave Su Ming a feeling as if they were ancient, ferocious beasts. It was as if the entire galaxy was trembling because of them, and a mighty presence that almost made Su Ming suffocate surrounded the area.

These three people were dressed in white, black, and red respectively. The middle-aged man in white was holding a black needle in his right hand, and there was a transparent bottle in his left.

There was red liquid inside the bottle, and it looked like blood.

At the instant Su Ming closed in, he saw the man in white pushing the needle deep into the bottle, and once some of that red blood stained the needle, he brought it out and stabbed the sealed person between his brows.

Instantly, Su Ming felt a sharp pain at the center of his brows, and his Atman shuddered violently, as if it was about to disintegrate. At the instant that man stabbed the sealed person, Su Ming finally saw the appearance of that person on the altar.

A loud bang that was strong enough to shatter Su Ming rang out in his heart.

The sealed person was a young teenage boy of about eighteen to nineteen years old. He was dressed in a sackcloth, and his face was as pale as that of a dead person, or perhaps it would be more apt to say that this was a dead person, a corpse.

He was incredibly thin and feeble. His pale skin and shut eyes gave people a feeling of a naive child from the mortal world.

There were black needles embedded deep into the center of his brows, his chest, his limbs, and his Dantian region, but that was not all. Besides these spots where black needles could be found, there were also a hundred something white needles on his body.

At the instant Su Ming saw this boy, his Atman shuddered. These shivers came straight from the depths of his soul, and it was as if... he was one with this corpse. It was as if... as long as his Atman could fuse into that corpse, then the corpse could open its eyes, and the boy... would be revived!

The boy's appearance was also... incredibly similar to Su Ming's!

'He's me...'

This thought swiftly rose up in Su Ming's mind. He could also sense a hint of familiarity with the blood in the black needles, and that familiarity seemed like a faint voice addressing him as big brother.

At that moment, right when Su Ming saw everything, the three people standing beside the corpse lifted their heads, and their gazes fell on the spot where Su Ming's Atman was.

Su Ming could not see their faces clearly, because the presence spreading out from the trio's bodies was too great, but at the instant they lifted their heads to look at him, Su Ming immediately sensed... Di Tian's presence from the man in white's gaze!

He did not have time to see more. A bang resounded in the air, and Su Ming's Atman disintegrated, disappearing in the Immortals' galaxy.

At the instant his Atman vanished, Su Ming swiftly opened his eyes in the world of Berserkers. Right before him was his eldest senior brother, and before him were thousands of Immortals charging towards them with ferocious looks on their faces.

The disappearance of that trace of the Atman affected Su Ming, but this effect was not great. He could recover after taking some time to heal and nurture himself. Yet that trace of his Atman had been able to see everything, and so there was a dazed expression on his face when he opened his eyes.

He had finally obtained the answer to the final question in his heart!

The boy on the altar was him. He was the baby from all those years ago. However, while that baby might have been dead, if anyone looked at him from another angle, he was also not a dead person.

Over the years, this dead infant had slowly grown up into a teenager, and this was enough proof to show that there were mysteries within him that perhaps other people were unable to fully comprehend.

But he was still dead, because his soul was no longer in his body, but was in...

'Yin Death Region!'

Su Ming trembled. The dazed look in his eyes disappeared, replaced by clarity, as well as madness. He understood now. That boy was him, and Su Ming himself was currently... just a soul!

He was a soul that was sent to Yin Death Region!

When he combined all the memories he'd restored, a clear picture appeared in Su Ming's head.

When Di Tian brought the two babies out of the land of Berserkers all those years ago, the Immortals saw their uniqueness in the land of Immortals. One of them was the older brother, and the other was the little sister.

Since the little sister gradually grew up, she was taken away. No one knew where she went, and the only clue about her whereabouts was Dao Chen.

The older brother was left behind in the endless darkness and could only lie quietly while madness fueled his rage. He could stop the endless amount of Immortals from using his body to practice their cultivation.

In the end, everything within his body was discovered, and they found out that a soul had appeared in his body. Once this change happened, his soul was slowly extracted as he grew up. Perhaps they could not destroy it, but it could also be that if his soul died, it would be impossible for his body to retain that aspect that made him so interesting to the Immortals.

That was probably why his soul was not killed, but was instead sent into Yin Death Region to be doomed for eternity!

Perhaps it was at this moment that Di Tian saw the uniqueness of that soul and executed that long-term plan of his!

Su Ming understood all of this at that moment.

'I will leave Yin Death Region, return to the land of Immortals, fuse with my real body, and... open my eyes!' Su Ming's expression turned dark. With madness and a hint of grief on his face, he started laughing brokenly once he understood everything.

That laughter contained his hate towards the Immortals, his determination to fight against destiny, and his desire to overturn the universe.

A roar left Su Ming's mouth, revealing his fury. He stood up from his seated position. The pain was still spreading through his body, continuously surging like a tidal wave to the rest of his body in an attempt to drown him completely.

"You strike my physical body so that you can destroy my soul... but even if you crush my body, you won't be able to truly wipe away my soul from Yin Death Region!

"Because we are in different worlds. You are in Bright Yang, and I am in Yin Death!

"This pain is nothing!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared as his body trembled. The pain turned into madness within him. His eldest senior brother was fighting against thousands of Immortals before him, and with bloodshot eyes and immense pain, Su Ming shot forward.

Kill. He would bring forth a massacre so great that it would surge into the sky, draining away the pain in his body. Only by murdering could Su Ming make people pay with their deaths for the pain he had to suffer.

Only...

"Kill them!" With a roar and bloodshot eyes, Su Ming charged into the Immortals' army. Wherever he went, not a single Immortal could put up a fight against him.

With his invincible power in the land of Berserkers, he killed all Immortals who had most of their power limited when they descended to this place. Blood rain poured down from the sky and fell to the ground, causing the entire region to turn into a bloody hell.

Su Ming turned his pain into infinite slaughter. He drenched his body in the Immortals' lives and blood to drain away his suffering.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw a punch forward. Immediately, a female cultivator before him widened her eyes. She collapsed, unable to fend against Su Ming's power of Life Cultivator. As her blood spilled into the air, Su Ming took a step forward and opened his mouth to let out the God of Berserkers' roar!

That roar reverberated in the air and shook space itself, so much that distortions appeared within it.

The sound echoed in the hearts of all Immortals before Su Ming, and tremors caused by these booms wrecked their bodies so badly that they started bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth, and they also became dazed.

Chapter 694: Bidding Farewell to His Memories!

"Where did I come from...?"

Su Ming waved his arm, and a loud bang immediately reverberated in the air before him. A sea of fire started up there, and from the distance it looked as if most of the world had been engulfed in flames.

"Why was I dead when I appeared...?"

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. He lifted his left hand and formed a seal before he pointed it forward. Immediately, the space in front of him shattered, and cracks swiftly spread out. Wherever they traveled, the bodies of all Immortals in their way would be torn apart in the places where the cracks went through them.

"Do I have any other fellow members of my race...?"

Su Ming leaped up, and as his expression twisted, veins popped up on his face. The pain in his body made him descend further into madness, and the more violent the pain inside him grew, the more frenzied his killing would become. He used this method to fight back the unbearable sensations.

Pain can make a person crumble. This is common knowledge.

But pain can also make a person go mad, and this was an overthrow!

"Do I... have parents?!"

With a roar, Su Ming charged forward and rammed his head against an old Immortal's body. This old man, whose level of cultivation was at the Second Step when he was in the land of Immortals, was now as brittle as paper. Once Su Ming rammed his head against the man's forehead, that person's head exploded and scattered like paste. His body fell to the ground, and his Nascent Divinity was instantly destroyed.

"Do I... have a home?!"

Su Ming seized an Immortal before him, and in his pain induced madness, he tore apart that Immortal's body.

"For what reason was I alive?!"

Wherever Su Ming went, blood would turn into drops of rain, and the amount of blood he shed was enough to shock the Berserkers. They roared excitedly when he passed through and then would resume killing the Immortals in a frenzy.

"If you cause me pain, then I will strike back and take several times the amount of lives from your people!"

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the Undertaker of Evil's Spear manifested in the air. After he threw it out, a bang rang out, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air.

Right at that moment, the four Relocation Runes in the sky started shining with a piercing light once more. Thousands of Immortals descended, and once their bodies rapidly gained corporeal form, four powerful rays of light erupted from within the Runes. Two of them charged towards the ground and crashed into the invisible barrier Su Ming had placed there. The barrier instantly shattered, allowing the Immortals on the ground to fly up.

The other two rays of light charged towards Su Ming and closed in on him in an instant. Su Ming whipped his head around, lifted his right hand, and seized the first ray through the air.

Booming sounds surged into the sky. That ray of light instantly distorted and shattered. However, the second ray of light shot through and crashed into Su Ming's body.

Su Ming staggered a hundred something feet backwards. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, but the crimson glare in his eyes only grew stronger. Immediately after, the thousands of Immortals who had just descended charged towards Su Ming.

Once the barrier on the ground shattered, all the Immortals fighting against Berserkers on the ground instantly flew up, causing the battlefield to swiftly expand.

Su Ming continued killing. All the Berserkers let out roars that signaled their rise in power as they killed. Right then, the war had developed to a point where both sides would not cease to fight until one of them perished completely.

It would either be the Berserkers being completely wiped off, or the Immortals giving up on descending to their world. From then on, they would vanish from the world of Berserkers, and all those quietly remaining would wait for their deaths.

With a punch, Su Ming broke space itself. The ripples that spread out wrecked all the Immortals around him with tremors. He lifted his left hand and seized the air. Immediately, three Immortals were caught in the direction of his left hand. As they let out screams of despair, their bodies crumbled.

A large amount of blood was swept up from all directions of the battlefield to charge up, towards Great Yu Imperial City, and the ice on the city began to rapidly melt. In fact, some of the areas in the city were already exposed to the air.

Once Su Ming seized these Immortals with his hand, he swiftly turned around and lifted his right index finger, pointing at a powerful gust of wind that was charging towards him from the side. Before his finger landed, Su Ming saw the person who was trying to lay an ambush on him.

That was... Jingnan!

In Su Ming's memories, the Sect Master in the land of Berserkers' Hidden Dragon Sect was the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe - Jing Nan!

"From now on, you will be wiped away from my memories!"

Red filled Su Ming's eyes. His voice was as cold and biting as the winds in winter. By the time the words fell into Jingnan's ears, Su Ming had already tapped the center of the man's brows with his right index finger.

With a bang, Jingnan crumbled and died.

"Su Ming!" a furious roar came from the crowd. It was Chenchong, who was Chen Chong in his memories!

He was a prodigy of Wind Stream Tribe. At that moment, when he saw Su Ming killing Jingnan, sorrow appeared on his face, and he charged towards Su Ming. When he closed in, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a jewel-encrusted purification vase appeared in his hand.

"If you attack me, you will also be wiped away from my memories. " As Su Ming stated that flatly, Chenchong closed in on him. When he lifted the vase in his hand, a gust of freezing wind shot out from the mouth of the bottle. That wind brought with it moaning sounds and sharp whistles which swept through the area and charged at Su Ming without even the slightest bit of hesitation.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. In silence, he lifted his right hand and pushed against the incoming wind, moving straight through it until he pressed his hand against the vase. The vase trembled and immediately shattered to pieces before falling backwards. However, it could not move faster than Su Ming's right hand. It shot straight through the vase and seized Chenchong's throat.

The great disparity between their power caused Su Ming to easily be able to kill Chenchong.

"You're seeking death?"

Su Ming looked at Wind Stream Tribe's prodigy in his hands as he held onto Chenchong's throat. This person had been surrounded by people in the past, while Su Ming had only been able to watch by the side.

"So what if I am? You've already killed so many Immortals, why would it matter to you if you killed me as well? Su Ming, you're no longer the same as you were in Dark Mountain, you..." Su Ming tightened his grip, and with a crack, Chenchong died before he could finish his words. Su Ming's great power also destroyed his Nascent Divinity.

"Don't speak of Dark Mountain before me... You are not worthy!" Su Ming let go of his hand, and his gaze fell on the area around him. He saw the faces from his memories among the Immortals, and they were all staring at him coldly at that moment.

There were also some of them who had complicated looks mixed with the cold glares in their eyes. Those came from Wu La, Chen Xin, Bei Ling, and Nan Song...

"You've killed Chenchong and Jingnan... then kill us as well!" The person who said these words was Lei Su. In Su Ming's memories, she was Bai Ling's grandmother.

The old woman swiftly shot out from the fighting crowd, and with a ferocious look on her face that was full of mixed feelings, hatred among them, she charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming fell silent. At the instant Lei Su closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and pointed at her. Then, before the old woman could even manage to get close, she shuddered and her head exploded. She died, just like that.

At the moment all the people in Su Ming's memories saw Lei Su die, they fell silent in this blood-filled war zone, just like Su Ming.

He lifted his head and swept his gaze across the land. A crease suddenly appeared between his brows, and with a cold harrumph, he took a step backwards. With it, he immediately crashed into a person who had suddenly appeared behind him.

A shrill scream of pain reverberated in the air. Sky Mist's ancestor appeared behind Su Ming, and his body was torn into shreds. Clearly, when he had been knocked into, his life force had been completely shattered.

"Sky Mist's ancestor." Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized the air in the direction of the nearly dead, retreating old man. Immediately, that old man's body started twisting, and he coughed up blood. Then, he charged towards Su Ming's left hand, and Su Ming grabbed him by the chest.

"Su Ming!"

Right at that moment, two long arcs came from the battlefield. They were... Tian Lan Meng and Tian Lan You. The two of them closed in swiftly. The person who called out Su Ming's name was Tian Lan Meng. As for Tian Lan You, she was charging forward with an apathetic look on her face, looking like a moth rushing into flames as she rushed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng and his left hand froze for a moment before he crushed Sky Mist's ancestor's chest. His heart and his Nascent Divinity were crushed at the same time.

Tian Lan Meng's face turned pale. She took a few staggering steps back. During that moment, Tian Lan You closed in on Su Ming. As she lifted her right hand, she formed a seal and pointed forward.

With a cold look on his face, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized Tian Lan You's hand at the moment she closed in on him. Then, with a one push upwards, a crack tore through the air, and Tian Lan You's right hand twisted, and it was shattered instantly.

Cold sweat broke out on Tian Lan You's forehead, but she gritted her teeth and did not let a single sound escape her lips.

"Sky Mist's ancestor injured me in the past, and I wanted to kill him. As for you two..." Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Lan Meng and let go of Tian Lan You's hand. With a swing of his arm, the woman was flung several hundreds of feet backwards. She fell back to Tian Lan Meng's side with a pale face.

"You're on your own now!"

"And all of you as well..." Su Ming swept his gaze past the faces in his memories. "I will let you leave today, and from now onwards, we will be strangers!" Su Ming appeared right before Evil Dust Sect's Sikong, who trembled at his approach, and tapped the center of his brows.

"But that doesn't include you."

Su Ming took another step forward. This time, he appeared right before Bi'su. The woman's expression changed and she started retreating. With an expressionless face, he pointed forward, and as Bi'su let out a shrill scream of pain, her body torn to shreds.

"It doesn't include you either."

Su Ming turned around and looked at Bi'su's older brother - Evil Immortal Sect's Bisu. The man's face instantly turned pale, but in a fit of savagery, he chose to self-destruct. Clearly, he wanted to use the power he could bring out by self-destructing to injure Su Ming, even if it meant he would have to die in the process.

However, before he could even finish self-destructing, Su Ming had already walked past him, separating his head from his body.

"And you, too."

Su Ming appeared right in front of Bitu. This man had been Black Mountain Tribe's Elder in the past, and was the Sect Master of Blood Lust Sect in the land of Berserkers. At this moment, he did not stand a chance before Su Ming.

Chapter 695: The Immortals' Last Resort!

The world roared. The four Runes in the vortex started rotating again, and thousands more of Immortals descended. The ice on Great Yu Imperial City had already mostly melted, and as it did so, a large amount of cold wind spread out, causing the temperature in the area to drop by a large margin once again.

The fighting continued, and there was also quite a large number of Berserkers who had died. This was a battle that caused both sides to descend into madness. After all, Immortals' power was slightly higher overall than that of Berserkers. If it was not because of the limitations set by the laws in the world of Berserkers, not because the Berserkers' level of cultivation had risen due to the Su Ming's existence, and not because Su Ming's eldest senior brother had sent out his Shaman Souls in the battlefield, then it would have been very difficult for the Berserkers to win this battle.

Yet fortunately, as the war continued, more Berserkers arrived due to the calling of their blood and joined the battle. It made the devastation brought by this fight become increasingly higher.

Su Ming was an invincible force among the Berserkers. Since he was someone who had reached the Life Cultivation Realm, none of the Immortals whose power was limited to only the Ascendant level were his opponent. More importantly, as the ice on the Great Yu Imperial City continued melting, the laws in the world of Berserkers became stronger.

Because of that, even if the Immortals continued sending people downwards, it was still becoming incredibly hard for them to win, unless... they could send nearly a hundred thousand Immortals in one go. Only then would there be a possibility for them to turn the tides of this war.

But that was impossible. The difference in the price they had to pay between sending thousands of Immortals in different batches and sending nearly a hundred thousand in one go was huge, and this price was not something the Immortals were readily able to accept.

After sending thousands of Immortals, the Runes in the sky stopped flashing for a long time. The Immortals that were sent during the last dispatch also numbered less than two thousand.

The battle continued. The Berserkers' madness and the Immortals' despair caused the battle to slowly turn in favor towards the Berserkers. However, it did not matter whether it was the Immortals, the Berserkers, or even Su Ming, they were all filled with deep

fatigue. If the Berserkers had not been joining the fray in continuous streams, their fatigue would have become worse.

At that moment, two thirds of Great Yu Imperial City had already melted. Besides a small portion that was still encased in ice, many other spots were now completely free.

Su Ming's whole body was drenched in blood. Most of it belonged to Immortals, but some were his own as well. He did not know how many Immortals he had killed; he could no longer count the number.

His breathing was ragged. There was evident fatigue in the red of his eyes. However, the battle continued, and so Su Ming could not stop. Besides, the pain in his body had yet to go away. It was still battering against his will to persevere. Su Ming did not retreat under this fatigue as well as the torment dealt on him by the pain. Instead, he endured everything and went on fighting in this war that seemed to have no end.

The Berserkers had gained a huge upper hand. There were less than twenty thousand Immortals left, and they were all surrounded by the Berserkers who were intending to whittle away their numbers from the edges bit by bit until they were all destroyed. At that moment, the Runes that had not shone for a long time suddenly burst forth with piercing light.

Once they did that, Su Ming looked over, and his pupils shrank.

He saw one of the four Runes shattering, and as it crumbled, the light from the Rune spread out, then was absorbed by the other three Runes.

At the same time, two more Runes exploded, and once their light was absorbed by the last remaining one, the light shining from it became brighter than ever before.

That light shot through everything, like a sun that was suddenly hung high in the sky. A presence that even Su Ming found terrifying spread out from that one and only remaining Rune.

The Immortals had destroyed their own Runes to gather together a power that would deliver a shocking Relocation. Clearly, this was the strongest power the Immortals had prepared for this battle, in a situation where they would not send a hundred thousand Immortals in one go.

If they were sending a person over, then this person would surely possess an item that would not be oppressed by the laws in the world of Berserkers. He would also possess a power that could completely suppress Su Ming.

If they were not sending a person over but were sending a treasure, then that treasure would surely be something astonishing and extraordinary.

Hope rekindled itself in the Immortals who were full of fatigue and despair. With loud cries, they rushed out and looked at the only Rune in the sky, which was also their only hope.

Su Ming leaped up. Right before the Immortals and Berserkers' eyes, he moved through the air and stopped right above Great Yu Imperial City's palace, looking at the only Rune in the sky.

The light from the Rune grew stronger, becoming the strongest light in the world of Berserkers. Then, a terrifying, destructive presence descended and spread out.

Then two other presences equal in power erupted right after.

"By the orders of the Immortals, the three punishments of heaven, earth, and man will descend and suppress the Berserkers!" a loud voice as great as the might of heaven itself came from the Rune. However, that voice was not clear, but rather indistinct. Clearly, these words were not spoken in the land of Berserkers, but had come from the land of Immortals through the Rune.

Almost at the instant that voice reverberated in the air, the first destructive presence exploded. A gray pillar of light appeared and shot out of the Rune.

That gray pillar of light was actually a long arc. Within it was a stone that was about the size of a head. That stone was heavily riddled with holes, because of which it stirred up piercing sounds while sliced through the air.

Its speed was inconceivable, and its mighty pressure brought with it a power that could destroy the world. It was clearly no longer that of Ascendance. It... had already surpassed the Ascendant stage and even made Su Ming, who was in Life Cultivation Realm, feel terrified of it. Clearly... this was either an Enchanted Treasure that possessed power that was at the pinnacle of the Second Step or a priceless treasure containing the power of the Third Step.

This item was also not suppressed by the laws of the world of Berserkers, and neither were there any of the Berserkers' priceless treasures coming forth to stop it. This was a telling sign that Immortals had used some sort of method to be able to make this item descend with its complete power!

The stone that was about the size of a head in that long gray arc sliced through the sky, but it was not... traveling towards Su Ming!

It was... instead charging towards the strongest person beside Su Ming in the land of Berserkers - Su Ming's eldest senior brother who had beheaded himself, Xing Gan!

That stone moved so quickly that not even Su Ming could stop it. With a bang, the stone appeared right above eldest senior brother. A glint appeared in the man's eyes, which

were located on his chest. With the battle axe in hand, he charged out and sliced towards the incoming stone.

Yet almost at the instant he lifted his axe, the gray stone exploded with a bang. A gray ray of light spread out and covered the area of several thousands of feet.

There were Immortals, Berserkers, and Su Ming's eldest senior brother within those thousands of feet. As that light spread out, eldest senior brother was the first to be covered in it, and once his battle axe was enveloped in that gray light, the man was immediately petrified!

His body instantly turned into a stone statue in front of everyone's eyes!

And this happened not to him alone. All the people within those thousands of feet, no matter whether they were Immortals or Berserkers, turned into statues at the instant that stone exploded and the gray light spread out.

The people retained their previous poses and expressions as they became statues, existences that would bring shock to all those who saw them, in the land of Berserkers.

This was the suppression the Immortals chose to deliver to the Berserkers' uprising.

"Eldest senior brother!"

Anger raged violently in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward, but just as he was about to arrive beside his eldest senior brother's statue, another presence that possessed a destructive power that could destroy the world left the Rune in the sky.

It was... a human head!

It was a gigantic human head that looked like it belonged to a giant. There was black blood flowing out of its eyes, and his hair was a mess, but even after death, there was a savage and crazed presence to that head.

There was also a familiarity to it which made Su Ming and all the Berserkers' hearts tremble. It was a Berserker's presence, for that was... the head of the God of Berserkers!

"Second God of Berserkers... That's the second God of Berserkers' head. That presence, the agitation in my blood will not lie..."

When the Berserkers saw that head, madness immediately erupted within them. Sorrow and rage appeared on all of their faces. There was nothing else that could make the Berserkers so livid with rage than the head of a God of Berserkers.

Su Ming trembled. Right when his senior brother's survival was still unknown after he had turned into a statue, Su Ming was faced with the head of the second God of Berserkers. This head might still be unfamiliar to him, even after he retrieved his memories, but its presence was incredibly familiar.

It belonged to the gentle voice that had reached his ears all those years ago. It belonged to the God of Berserkers who had been frozen with Great Yu Imperial City and had died for the Berserkers.

The second God of Berserkers was torn limb to limb in the past. His body was buried in the land of Berserkers, but his head had been taken away by the Immortals. At this moment, he was brought out, and by the looks of it, he had been refined into a piece of treasure.

Almost at the instant the second God of Berserkers' head appeared and all the Berserkers descended into rage and madness because of it, the head... opened its eyes.

When it did so, everyone saw that its eyes were completely black. A violent shudder wrecked the head, and the second God of Berserkers exploded right before all the Berserkers' eyes at the moment his head had opened its eyes!

A huge force instantly swept outwards. That force brought little suffering to the Immortals, but to the Berserkers who had watched that head explode, that impact... was a strike to their blood.

Chapter 696: Disaster! The Sword of Murder!

These were the Immortals' last resort, and they were attacks that were directed against all the Berserkers. The first treasure had broken the hope of the Berserkers rising in power again after Su Ming died by turning his eldest senior brother into a statue, who had been the strongest existence besides Su Ming.

The second treasure was aimed against all Berserkers. With the destruction of the second God of Berserkers' head, the Immortals would deliver an attack to their blood. Those without Berserker blood would be unaffected by this attack, but for those with that blood, it would be a disaster.

All the Berserkers coughed up blood at that instant. Their bodies began to swiftly wither, as if their blood had been sealed away. They fell backwards and were swept away by the wave of force.

It did not matter whether it was Xue Sha or Chi Lei Tian. No matter who it was and what level of cultivation they had, at the instant they were struck by the impact, they coughed up blood and were all heavily injured. There were even nearly ten thousand Berserkers who were reduced to ashes by this attack to their blood.

The remaining Berserkers were continuously sent flying backwards in all directions while heavy injuries. In the blink of an eye, not a single Berserker remained in the battlefield.

All the people were swept away, and none of those who remained had any idea how many tens of thousands of the others were sent backwards or whether those Berserkers were even still alive after this attack to their blood. All of them were gone... except Su Ming, his eldest senior brother's statue, and the other statues in this place. Aside from them, the only others that remained were the Immortals.

At that instant, the blood that the Berserkers coughed up gathered together in midair and turned into a blood red Rune that swiftly descended on the ground to cover all the Immortals.

"You will all be transferred to your sects in the land of the Berserkers. Activate the Rune to your sect and recover as you wait for the next time we descend. We will then purge the land of Berserkers!" A buzzing sound spread out from the only remaining Rune in the sky. When it reverberated in all directions, the Immortals disappeared into the blood Rune.

Once all the Immortals disappeared and there were only corpses, fresh blood, and one still alive Berserker in the area, Su Ming looked up at the sky. There was no longer any hint of madness on his face. He had instead calmed down. The Immortals' tactics had once again let him come to know how powerful his enemies were.

They were the Immortals, a race with great depth and whose reign had lasted for countless years.

However, Su Ming understood well that sending this priceless treasure that the laws in the world of Berserkers could not completely suppress had forced the Immortals to pay an incredibly devastating price as well.

He might not know what that price was, but it had surely pained Immortals greatly to part with it.

This was a battle that had no victor. The Immortals did not win, and neither did the Berserkers. That blow to their blood would have resulted in most of the Berserkers dying if it had been delivered in the past, but now it had only cause some suffering. After all, that blow had come after the burning of their blood and once all of their cultivation bases had increased exponentially.

Because of that, even though the impact from the blow might be great, there were many who managed to survive. And once they collected themselves back together, they might experience another outburst in their cultivation bases due to surviving such an attack.

This event might not necessarily have been a bad thing for the Berserkers.

For Immortals though, there were far too many of them who had died in this battle. They could not leave. They might have been sent back to their sects in the land of Berserkers, but they were no longer as arrogant and conceited as before.

The voice from the Rune telling the Immortals to return to their sects had also revealed something.

The Immortals were probably unable to send anyone to the land of Berserkers for the time being, which was why they did not use this chance to descend. Instead, they were forced to have the Immortals in the land of Berserkers activate the Runes in their sects to protect themselves.

After all, the attack to the blood was only limited to the Berserkers in the area. There were still many Berserkers who were charging forth from Eastern Wastelands and the islands in South Morning who had not suffered any damage.

This was originally a war waged between the Immortal sects and Evil Sect to decide the ownership of Eastern Wastelands Tower, but it had turned into a battle between Immortals and Berserkers. Yet no one won this battle, and the end result was both sides suffering great losses.

The only thing that did not end well was the killing intent the Immortals harbored for Su Ming!

The third presence that could destroy the world came from the Rune in the sky. The strength of this presence was so great that it caused the only Rune in the sky to start trembling violently at the instant it appeared.

As it trembled, the Rune started showing signs of crumbling, but it was quickly restored. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had originally intended to leave, but now he chose not to.

This war might have ended, but he still had something to do.

Su Ming leaped up, lifted his right hand, and pointed towards the largely thawed Great Yu Imperial City.

"Great Yu Imperial City, crush that Rune used by Immortals to descend to our land. Make it so that it will be even more difficult for them to come from now onwards!" This

was what Su Ming wanted to do. As he pointed forward, Great Yu Imperial City shuddered before it rose up slowly. Then, it charged towards the sky.

Su Ming had not done this earlier because he knew that once the Immortals' Rune was destroyed, more would appear. After all, his Atman had seen a lot more of these Runes among the endless continents in the galaxy.

However, since there was only one Rune in the Berserker's sky, since the Immortals had sent three priceless treasures to suppress the Berserkers, and since the Immortals had told the cultivators down here to activate the Runes in their sects to fend for themselves, Su Ming was certain that the Immortals had given up on this battle.

That was why there was a possibility that they would be unable to activate more Runes in retaliation if he destroyed this last Rune. As Su Ming pointed forward, Great Yu Imperial Palace traveled even faster and stirred up a roar that shook the sky and earth as it got closer and closer to the sky.

Right at that moment, the destructive presence in the Rune grew stronger. At the instant it erupted forth with a bang, a blue ray of light swiftly shot out.

It was a blue sword!

A sword's main purpose is to kill, and blue is mainly used to seal. This was... a sword that destroyed all manner of lives. The presence spreading out from it made Su Ming's skin crawl, and his heart trembled. This was a killing sword that could destroy all those with power lower than the Third Step.

"Seal off the Immortals' Rune! If I don't die from this disaster, then we will destroy all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers!" Su Ming lifted his head and roared. At the instant the blue sword charged towards him, he controlled Great Yu Imperial City and rammed it against that Rune in the sky.

The Rune was destroyed. At the instant it crumbled, Su Ming heard an endless amount of faint groans and sound of death from the distant land of Immortals.

The sky rumbled...

And the blue sword closed in on Su Ming!

Chapter 697: Damn it...

Almost at the instant Great Yu Imperial City crashed into the Immortal's Rune in the sky and caused it to shatter, Su Ming tried to rush into the black stone fragment hanging on his neck without any hesitation.

The strange dimension in the black stone fragment was Su Ming's shelter. It had allowed him to avoid a series of dangers more than once.

Yet almost at the moment Su Ming's mind touched the stone, he immediately felt as if the area around him had been completely isolated, and his mind could not obtain any sort of connection.

The blue sword closed in with a hum. It was already less than a hundred feet away. Without any hesitation, Su Ming gave up on fusing with the black stone fragment and charged towards the ground.

The blue sword gave chase behind him, as if it was embedded in its soul to do so. The killing intent and freezing air spreading out from it seemed to be capable of destroying everything.

In fact, due to the blue sword's presence locking down on Su Ming, he could not even execute warping. In the blink of an eye, he descended to the ground. There was one particular body among all the corpses that was covered in blood. It did not move even a single bit, but at the instant Su Ming closed in on it, he lifted his right leg and kicked him.

That kick contained no killing intent. Instead, a gentle force spread out of Su Ming's body and surged into the still body before it sent it charging into the distance.

"Qian Chen, wait outside Evil Spirit Sect! Once I get rid of this sword, I'll come and get you!" After saying this, Su Ming turned around swiftly. When there were only fifty feet between him and that killing sword, he turned into a long arc that charged into the opposite direction of the body that was flying away.

The body which was surrounded by the gentle power and sent into the distance suddenly blinked. That person was naturally Qian Chen, who had been pretending to be dead from the very start. He put on a long face as he used that gentle power within him to rush away.

'Damn it, damn it, damn it... Just how far is this place from Evil Spirit Sect? Just how far is it?!... How... How far do I have to go before I can get back?!' Qian Chen looked glum, but he did not dare disobey. He could sense that the gentle power was not leaving his body but had settled itself inside him. By the looks of it, this was definitely some sort of seal that would limit his movements.

Su Ming must definitely have doubts about Qian Chen's loyalty, and that was why he did this.

'Damn it, damn it all! How could he still find time to seal me when he was being chased by the blue killing sword?!' Qian Chen ground his teeth in anger, but once he thought about how terrifying Su Ming was, he immediately sighed and gritted his teeth, then ran into the distance.

Su Ming did not even turn his head back. He activated all his power and charged forward with a bang. As he sliced through the air, he stirred up piercing whistles. His expression was incredibly dark, because the blue sword was becoming faster with each passing moment. The tip of the sword was already less than twenty feet away from him. Waves of cold air and pressure pressed down on his heart and body like mountains, and a life-threatening sense of danger filled his heart.

At that moment, a blue light began to shine at the tip of the blue sword. Immediately, an endless amount of power in the world in a circular area of several dozens of li was forcefully extracted. It then gathered on the blue sword...

Su Ming could sense that sense of danger increasingly exponentially, and his expression instantly changed. Without any hesitation, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. This blood immediately enveloped his body, causing his speed to instantly increase by several fold.

However, once the blue sword extracted the power of the world from a circular area of several dozens of li, it distorted space itself and arrived right behind Su Ming in the blink of an eye. Blue light flashed, and as a muffled boom reverberated in the air, that blue sword pierced Su Ming's chest!

It did not pierce his heart though. When Su Ming increased his speed, the strong sense of danger had made him move slightly to the side, and because of it, the blue sword had only grazed his heart.

As banging sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. Destructive power erupted in his body. A bang rang out, and as that power spread out, his legs exploded. His left arm also shattered, and half of his body turned into ashes as well.

The destructive power was about to spread out and extinguish Su Ming's life, but he circulated all his power and crashed it against that destructive power inside him. As booming sounds reverberated in his body, Su Ming rushed forward with the speed provided to him by the power from the blood shield like a kite with a broken string flying in the air.

Su Ming lifted his head and roared, then gritted his teeth and endured the pain as he charged forward madly. He only had a small portion of his body left. The power from that one strike had almost destroyed him completely.

And this was after Su Ming had reached the Life Cultivation Realm. If he had been the slightest bit less powerful, he would surely have died right away!

In fact, if it was anyone else in Life Cultivation Realm suffering this blow, they would have found it difficult to survive that attack. It was a killing sword that would destroy all those under the Third Step.

However, Berserkers were people who mainly cultivated their bodies, and Su Ming had turned all his flesh, blood, and bones into those of a true Berserker during Bone Sacrifice Realm. The level of strength he possessed was incredibly terrifying, and it was also the reason why he could kill those who were above him in their level of cultivation.

However, even with such a strong body, Su Ming was still almost destroyed by the blue sword, and this was a clear sign of just how powerful this weapon was. Su Ming's face turned pale. From madness, his eyes became crimson red, but he continued to charge through the sky with the remainder of his body. The blue sword behind him gave close chase, as if it would definitely not disappear unless it killed him.

'Immortals!' The destruction of his body caused Su Ming's hate towards the Immortals to become even stronger.

The blue sword's killing intent did not disappear, and the life-threatening sense of danger surrounded Su Ming's heart and soul. He continued coughing up mouthfuls of blood, and every single time he did so, his speed would increase a little.

Yet even so, he still could not shake off that blue sword. The blade continued charging forward and stirring up piercing whistling sounds behind Su Ming. Blue light appeared at its tip once more, and at the same time, the power of the world from a circular area of a hundred li were forcefully sucked in.

Su Ming felt his skin crawl. His heart was roaring. Before the blue sword had delivered that strike just then, it had absorbed the power of the world from all around just like this, and that was just an area of several dozens of li. This time, it was sucking the power of the world from a hundred li.

If this second strike was delivered, Su Ming knew that he would surely die!

The Immortals had sent three priceless treasures. The first had petrified his eldest senior brother. The second had scattered the Berserkers after dealing a blow to their blood while Relocating the Immortals, but if they were to be compared in terms of strength, then the third treasure would be the strongest!

The sword of murder!

After all, to the Immortals, it did not matter whether it was Su Ming's eldest senior brother or the Berserkers, they were nothing compared to Su Ming. Su Ming must be

destroyed and sealed in this place. They would absolutely not allow any other unforeseen circumstances to happen.

The treasure they sent was a sword of murder and it had been given a task when it descended, which was... to murder and seal Su Ming!

Su Ming's expression turned dark. At the instant he sensed the power of the world in that circular area of hundred li being forcefully sucked away, he stopped charging forward and turned the remaining half of his body around. During that instant, he lifted his right hand with the back of his hand turned downwards and his palm turned towards the sky.

"That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny!" As Su Ming roared, the blue sword let out a hum, less than ten feet away from Su Ming, as it continued sucking the power of the world from all around it!

It was also at that moment that Su Ming swung his right hand at the incoming blue sword.

With it, the reversal of time was executed with Su Ming's current power as a Berserker in the initial stage of Life Matrix. Its might was far stronger than what he could bring out previously. With it, not only was the blue sword affected, the world around him and even the wind as well as clouds were affected. In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that if he had enough power, then he could even reverse the law of the world.

In fact, once he reversed the law of the world, he could make that world's time flow backwards due to his will. He could make all his enemies rot away and return to the starting point of the universe.

At the instant this feeling appeared in Su Ming's mind, it gradually disappeared. When he swung his right hand forward, the incoming blue sword... stopped for the first time.

The blue sword started trembling. Once it was less than five feet away from Su Ming, it started moving backwards slowly, and as time started reversing, the large amount of power of the world started flowing out from that sword, as if it was returning back to its original place.

Sweat broke out on Su Ming's forehead. The power of Destiny was his Origin Divine Ability. He had always thought that he was using up his cultivation base to cast this divine ability, but only at this moment did he realize that not only did the power of Destiny use up his cultivation base, it also used up his spirit. This then resulted in a great wave of fatigue washing over him.

Before he stepped into the Life Cultivation Realm and the initial stage of Life Matrix, Su Ming's Destiny Art had been incredibly weak in terms of level. That was why it was also known as the sign of the Abyss, because it had been merely just that - a sign.

That was why the consummation of his soul had not been bad. In fact, it had been so weak that Su Ming hadn't even noticed it. Similarly, its might was of only ordinary level as well. If his past self had executed Destiny's time reversal at this moment, he would not have been able to do anything to the blue sword.

Yet at the moment Su Ming stepped into Life Cultivation Realm and reached the initial stage of Life Matrix, the might of his time reversal could bring about an effect. As the blue sword withdrew and the large amount of power of the world spread out, Su Ming reached his limit of Destiny's power. He pressed his right hand against the center of his brows.

"God of Berserkers' Statue of Life Cultivation!"

Su Ming let out a roar, and the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers manifested around him with a bang. The statue moved through Su Ming's body and clasped its right hand with its left before ramming both of them into the blue sword.

A powerful presence erupted forth from the statue of the God of Berserkers, as if it had activated the world of Berserkers' kismet and added it to its own body, and had also activated the power of the world all around it.

As a loud bang rang into the air, Su Ming turned around and charged away with a pale face. He did not stay for long in this place. He knew just how strong that blue sword was. Even if he had cast Destiny and brought out his statue of the God of Berserkers, he wasn't able to destroy it, but he could... stall it for some time!

This amount of time could allow Su Ming to seek refuge and heal his body.

At the time Su Ming retreated, he brought out a large amount of medicinal cores and crushed them. He then sucked in a deep breath, absorbing all the powder into his mouth to nurture his body. His flesh and blood started squirming within him, healing rapidly.

Chapter 698: Pursuit!

As Su Ming swallowed the large amount of medicinal cores and his flesh as well as blood started recovering, he stopped moving forward and instead charged towards the higher altitude. He had chosen to seek refuge in Yin Death Vortex.

No matter how strong the blue sword was, it was an item from the land of Immortals, which meant that it came from Bright Yang Region. If that was the case, Su Ming deduced that Yin Death Vortex could suppress the blue sword.

Su Ming did not have time to think too deeply into things. Once he made his decision, he charged into the vortex in the sky like a shooting star. At the instant he widened the space between him and the blue sword up to several thousands of feet, booming sounds came from behind him. Blood trickled out of the corners of Su Ming's mouth. That was the injury he sustained when his statue of the God of Berserkers was unable to continue blocking the blue sword.

Su Ming knew that this was not due to his statue of the God of Berserkers not being strong enough. It was instead because his power was not sufficient to bring out all the statue of the God of Berserkers' power. As of then, he could at most bring out a fraction of its might.

As booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers disappeared into the world, but it did not shatter. The blue sword let out a piercing whistle and sliced through the sky, turning into a blue long arc that charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming's body was rapidly recovering. His speed had already reached the limit of what his current level of cultivation could allow. He was slicing through the air towards Yin Death Vortex at that moment, and he was getting closer to it with each passing moment as he continued rushing forward.

The blue sword, which was now thousands of feet behind him, suddenly let out a blue light that almost dyed the entire world in its color. Under that light, Su Ming discovered, to his shock, that the blue sword was forcefully absorbing the power of the world from several thousands of li around it in an incredibly tyrannical manner.

By just absorbing the power of the world within several dozens of li, that blue sword had been able to put Su Ming at death's door. By absorbing the power of the world within a hundred li, it could kill Su Ming straight away. Right then, by absorbing the power of the world within thousands of li... As Su Ming's skin crawled, the blue sword's speed suddenly increased by tenfold!

It was fast to begin with, but now, as its speed increased by tenfold, it traveled at a pace where it would be difficult to describe its speed with words. In just a flash, that blue sword shot through thousands of feet.

Even the sense of danger Di Tian had once brought to Su Ming was a far cry from this. He had a feeling that he would absolutely not be able to step into Yin Death Vortex before that killing sword launched its attack, and he would not be able to avoid that attack.

Even if he was already incredibly close to Yin Death Vortex, less than a thousand feet away from it, but that thousand feet could determine his life and death. It mattered little if it was a distance that gave others a feeling that they could touch it if they stretched out their hand.

He only had a small part of his body left, and fatigue filled his body and soul. His eyes were all red. The level of devastation he currently suffered was nothing like what he'd ever faced. If it had been anyone else, they might have already found their will crumbling before the blue sword even arrived.

Su Ming gritted his teeth and his expression twisted. He looked almost sinister and vile. At the instant the killing sword closed in on him and death was knocking on his door, he laughed. There was an endless amount of freezing cold in his laughter, and it was tinged with determination as well as madness.

"No one can take away my life!" Su Ming's soul was set on fire at that instant. It was the burning of his soul. It was an unyielding will and determination in the midst of madness.

As Su Ming's soul burned up, a large amount of power erupted from within his body. This was an outburst of power exchanged for burning his soul, and it was incredibly great. Su Ming's body was originally recovering, but as his soul burned up and exploded, all his recovery was dispelled, causing his flesh and blood to twist. The pain brought by having his body being torn not only did not manage to suppress Su Ming, but instead made him descend into further madness.

Almost at the instant the blue sword closed in on him, Su Ming clenched his right hand and hurled his fist forward at that blue sword in a bout of madness!

A loud boom shook the sky and earth at that instant.

This was a strike delivered by Su Ming's burning soul. It was the strongest attack he could deliver with his power when his soul was set on fire. This punch surpassed the limits of Su Ming's level of cultivation and had reached an even higher level compared to what he could originally bring forth.

As that boom echoed in the air, Su Ming's right arm shattered completely. What little remained of his body exploded. All except his head, and under that violent impact, his head was sent sweeping backwards. In an instant, he was sent a thousand feet back, straight into Yin Death Vortex.

At the same time, the blue sword let out a loud buzz, and for the first time, there was a shrill note in that buzz. This sword possessed a spirit, and Su Ming's punch had struck it, causing it to fall a hundred feet backwards in midair before it stopped.

However, once it stopped moving, the power of the world from a circular area of ten thousand li swept towards it with a bang and gathered on it. The blue sword absorbed it in the span of a breath, and immediately after, it turned into a piercing ray of blue light that charged into Yin Death Region. It would not stop until it killed Su Ming.

At the instant Su Ming's head was swept into Yin Death Fog, his consciousness became clouded. The injuries he sustained could not be described with just the word grievous. This was already in the territory of 'fatal'.

If it was anyone else with these sort of injuries, they would surely die!

That is to say if their levels of cultivation were below Life Cultivation. Once a person stepped into Life Cultivation, then even if this sort of injuries were fatal, it was not completely impossible for them to heal.

Life Cultivation was a cultivation of a person's own Life. This form of cultivation was different from the Immortals' on this aspect, but they were also similar. The Immortals had Nascent Souls and Nascent Divinities. No matter how terrible were their wounds on their physical bodies, as long as their Nascent Divinities were not destroyed, they could Possess someone else and continue living. They could also think of other ways to gather up a physical body.

The Berserkers could not do this, but once they moved into Life Cultivation, then even if everything about their bodies was destroyed, as long as a piece of flesh remained, then there were endless possibilities lying ahead of them. The only prerequisite to this was that... their soul was not destroyed.

Berserkers' souls were different from Immortals' Nascent Divinities in the sense that those within Life Cultivation could not use their souls to Possess other lives. However, as long as their souls were not destroyed, then their bodies would not be destroyed.

If that had not been the case for the second God of Berserkers, then the Immortals would not have needed to use Morning Dao Items to suppress him after he was torn apart. His soul was simply too strong. It might have disintegrated, but its fragments still existed in the world.

That was why to prevent any form of accident from happening, that change in the world had occurred.

Su Ming would have surely died with these kind of wounds if he had not stepped into Life Cultivation Realm, but now that he had done so, as a Berserker in the initial stage of Life Matrix, he had obtained this specialty of the Berserkers' cultivation system. Even if he only had his head, as long as his soul was not destroyed, then he could be restored.

However, the burning of the soul before Su Ming rushed into Yin Death Fog was a grievous blow to him. However, his will was incredibly strong. Even if he had burned his soul, he could still keep his mind clear. Besides, he had only burned his soul for a short time, which was why he had not suffered any fundamental damage.

At that moment, Su Ming opened his mouth wide and sucked in a deep breath as he stood in Yin Death Fog. Immediately, a large amount of aura of death charged towards his head. Once it fused with him, signs of recovery appeared on Su Ming's body once again.

Muffled piercing whistles came from behind him. A ray of blue light shot through layers of fog and chased after Su Ming; however, this was the vortex formed from Yin Death Fog. The blue sword came from the land of Immortals and from Bright Yang Region, so it naturally slowed down in the vortex, having been suppressed.

Because of that, as one party's speed increased and the other's decreased, there was constantly a thousand something feet between the sword and Su Ming. It could not catch up to Su Ming, but he could not shake it off either.

However, Su Ming moved like a fish in water within Yin Death Fog. As he absorbed a large amount of it, his body started recovering rapidly. First he formed the top half, then the outline of his legs. By the looks of it, his legs would be completely formed before long as well.

The feeling of flesh and blood growing in his body was not comfortable. Instead, it felt numb and painful. However, this pain was nothing to Su Ming. He had even burned his own soul before. Compared to that, this pain was not even a fraction of what he'd felt back then.

However, even while Su Ming moved like a fish in water in Yin Death Vortex while it suppressed the blue sword, there were plenty of powerful and ferocious beasts in this water. There were quite a large number of these ferocious beasts who possessed power equivalent to the power of Life Cultivation Realm. In fact, there were even some who had power that surpassed it. There were some ferocious beasts who had their own territories in this vortex, and there were also some who loved devouring other beings. Overall, these Yin Death Beasts in Yin Death Fog could become stronger because they continued devouring each other.

If Su Ming had come to this place alone, he would have been fine. As long as he was careful, he would not have attracted too much attention. After all, his presence could fuse together with this place, and since he was in Life Cultivation Realm, he was not weak. However, the blue sword was chasing right after him. It was like a bright lamp in the darkness, and not only did it light up the sword itself, it also lit up Su Ming!

Because of that, not long after Su Ming and the blue sword moved into Yin Death Fog, several dozens of mighty pressure that surpassed Su Ming's level of cultivation instantly descended on them with a bang. These dozens of mighty pressure were like a storm that swept through the area. Su Ming had just recovered his body completely when he was sent charging backwards because of the impact. A glint appeared in his eyes, and once he absorbed a large amount of aura of death from the area again, he immediately started charging downwards.

He could sense a vast amount of displeasure and warning from the dozens of pressures and wills belonging to the various ferocious beasts in Yin Death Vortex. If he continued traveling in this place, then he would suffer a retaliation that would not be any weaker than what the blue sword was going through.

The dozens of pressures also swept past the blue sword as it continued chasing after Su Ming. Since it came from the land of Immortals and possessed Bright Yang's presence, the impact it suffered was far stronger than that faced by Su Ming. In fact, besides the dozens of pressures, there were three other waves that pressed down on the blue sword with sinister intent. These three waves of pressure came from the depths of Yin Death Vortex. They came from a spot far away from this place, but their pressure possessed power that was equivalent to the might of the Third Step.

Because of that, the blue sword that was 'taken care' of by these three waves of pressure let out a shrill sword whistle that rang like a scream of not being able to bear whatever was happening. The blue light on its body became much duller. It even looked as if there was aura of death circling within it.

The sword spirit immediately roared. As it wilted, it made the blue sword stop, not daring to move even a single bit forward. The sword trembled, then started chasing down Su Ming, who was escaping downwards, once again.

Roars that sounded as if someone was laughing maniacally came from the distant depths of Yin Death Fog. It was as if these creatures were incredibly happy with what they had done.

These were beings that were born within Yin Death Fog in the ancient past. Their strength was what forced the Immortals to activate those Runes to descend. They were the existences that made it difficult for the Immortals to move past Yin Death Fog. This blue sword was nothing in their eyes.

In fact, those three powerful waves of mighty pressure might have seemed to have come from the depths of the fog, but in truth, they were far from the true depths.

"Not bad, boy. If you manage to not get yourself killed by this sword spirit that has that disgusting Bright Yang Presence, we'll let you train here in Yin Death's Holy Land for some time.

"That's why you have to get rid of it!"

"Get rid of it and turn it into Yin Death's Sword!"

These voices sounded like roars in Su Ming's ears. He was momentarily taken aback by them, then he gritted his teeth.

Chapter 699: Devour You!

When those voices shouted, they brought with them sinister laughter. These bouts of laughter harbored no malicious intent towards Su Ming. After all, there was aura of death about Su Ming's body, so he was a part of Yin Death Fog.

But it was different for that blue sword. The pressure it had to withstand was incredibly great. It was especially so when the three waves of pressure had knocked into it earlier; it had almost been unable to withstand those blows just now.

The three waves of mighty pressure that were as powerful as the mighty in the Third Step brought with them a barbaric and murderous air as they forced a wave of Yin Death Aura into the blue sword. The sword had then let out a whistle that screamed that it had found what they did to be unbearable.

The blue sword might have become duller than before, but there were some aspects within it that remained as sharp as ever. With a piercing whistle, it charged straight towards its target. Su Ming gritted his teeth and no longer continued forward. Instead, he stopped at the edge of the fog.

This was the second time he stopped under the blue sword's pursuit. At the instant he did so, his legs almost recovered, Su Ming lifted his right hand and started forming seals.

With an extremely fast speed, he formed ninety-nine different seals.

Once all the seals were formed, the blue sword was already less than hundreds of feet away from Su Ming. A sharp presence pressed down on him, and it brought with it killing intent that seemed like it would not stop until it killed him.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!"

At the instant the blue sword was only a hundred feet away from him, Su Ming let out a low growl and swung his right hand. He then lifted his left hand and formed a large amount of different seals again. After that, once he clasped his hands together, a strange and enchanting light appeared in his eyes.

"With the ninth Transfiguration, turn into the Candle Dragon!"

Su Ming let out a low growl, and his mind fused together with the small snake. The Candle Dragon's presence erupted swiftly from his body at that instant, and as the presence erupted from his body, Su Ming instantly started twisting. Almost at the instant

the blue sword closed in on him, Su Ming disappeared and appeared right above the blue sword as a gigantic Candle Dragon!

This was Su Ming's Ten Transfigurations Art!

The Candle Dragon could devour the world and the stars. When it opened and closed its eyes, it could replace the sun, moon, and stars. At the instant Su Ming turned into the Candle Dragon, the blue sword crashed into his body.

A loud bang that shook the sky and earth spread out, causing Yin Death Aura to violent churn in all directions. There were also words spoken with an ancient air and malicious intent, mixed along with loud laughter coming from the depths of the fog.

"You transformed into the Candle Dragon? Not bad, boy! Put more fire into it and get rid of that sword!"

"How dare you show Bright Yang's presence in Yin Death's Holy Land! That puny toy sure has some guts. Even the Immortals' sword spirits with the power of the mighty or even those beyond would not dare act so arrogantly in Yin Death's Holy Land. Lad, if you don't get rid of that thing today, I'll get rid of you!"

"Put more fire into it! Damn it all, didn't you eat before you came here, lad?!"

The voices with their odd chuckles continued coming from within the fog, but Su Ming did not have the time to even be annoyed by them. The blue sword was still incredibly powerful. At the instant it touched the Candle Dragon's body, it shattered. It fell backwards continuously, and it looked like its entire body was about to crumble.

However, at the time the Candle Dragon's body crumbled, it opened its mouth wide and sucked in a deep breath at all the Yin Death Fog around it. Immediately, a vast amount surged towards it with loud rumbling sounds. Once the Candle Dragon sucked it in, it used that fog to withstand the blue sword's might.

The booming continued without stop. As the two continued fighting, only a small part of the Candle Dragon, which was Su Ming had transformed into, remained. The other half of it had already disappeared without a trace.

Pain filled Su Ming's entire body. His eyes turned crimson, and the Candle Dragon swiftly opened its eyes. A strange and enchanting light appeared within them, and red also filled their entirely, as they glared at that blue sword.

The sword's blow could not kill Su Ming when he was in the form of the Candle Dragon. As the booming echoed in the air, the sword was forced into Yin Death Fog and continued tumbling within, its light growing even duller. The sword let out a sharp whistle and turned around, but this time, it did not charge towards Su Ming. Instead, it was charging to reach the area outside the fog.

It wanted to leave Yin Death Fog. Only by leaving this place could it devour the power of the world around and get rid of the Yin Death Aura inside its body. Only then could it bring forth its real might.

It had already locked onto Su Ming. No matter where Su Ming went, it could instantly sense him and chase after him. However, as of then, it needed a few spans of breath so that it could absorb enough power of the world.

That was why it had decided to temporarily give up on chasing Su Ming. But just as it was about to rush out of the fog, the three mighty pressures from the depths of the vortex turned into furious roars.

"Damn it, how can you let it run?! Why don't you get rid of it?!"

"How can you not even get rid of a sword?! And you're the God of Berserkers in the world below?!"

"You waste of space! You good for nothing! Utterly useless piece of trash! If you don't get rid of it, then just wait for it to get rid of you!"

Even though these sinister voices were roaring, there were no anger within them. However, these three voices had been continuously speaking since Su Ming entered the fog with that sword on his tail to the moment he attacked it, and they gave off an incredibly long-winded air.

Su Ming would have been fine with them if it had been any other time, but he was currently heavily injured, and he was originally annoyed to begin with. As the three voices continued nagging him, he lifted the Candle Dragon's huge head and let out a roar towards the fog.

"All of you, shut up!"

His roar moved through the fog like a thunderbolt. At the instant those words spread out, the three voices paused for a moment, as if they could not believe that Su Ming would actually dare to yell at them.

When Su Ming yelled out, the blue sword already had half its body outside the vortex; it was about to charge out completely. Once it was out of Yin Death Fog, then, before long, it would be able to bring forth a powerful might. Then, unless Su Ming refused to get out of Yin Death Vortex for the rest of his life, he would definitely be in danger the moment he stepped out.

Also... there was a high chance that this sword would be able to fully recover outside. Once it gained even stronger power and rushed into the fog again, Su Ming would be in danger once again, unless he rushed into the depths of the fog.

This was a chance. It could be said that this was the only chance Su Ming had to destroy the sword. His eyes turned crimson red, resulting in the Candle Dragon's eyes shining with madness. At the instant the blue sword was about to leave the fog, the Candle Dragon swiftly opened its mouth wide and sucked in the air in the direction of that blue sword!

The Candle Dragon could devour mountains and rivers. In fact, an adult Candle Dragon could devour an entire world, and this mighty talent was incredibly terrifying.

The Candle Dragon Su Ming had turned into might still be a baby... but the Candle Dragon's blessing and the power of one World was contained within his heart and soul, and because of them, it allowed Su Ming to possess endless possibilities in the things he could devour.

At the instant he sucked in that breath, all the Yin Death Fog around the fleeing blue sword that was already halfway out of the vortex tumbled backwards swiftly. It was as if an invisible but incredibly powerful suction force had filled the area and was spreading outwards with a bang.

As the Yin Death Fog tumbled backwards and charged towards the Candle Dragon's mouth, the power of the world within that fog also surged into the Candle Dragon. The blue sword, in the meantime, erupted with a powerful ray of blue light, trying to escape being devoured by the Candle Dragon.

Red-eyed, Su Ming appeared on the Candle Dragon's head. He glared at the blue sword, and all his power erupted forth as he activated the Ten Transfigurations Art. It caused the Candle Dragon's ability to devour to become stronger.

"You want to kill me?! Then I'll eat you first!" Su Ming roared out. His face was twisted with ferociousness, and his soul was melting that fragment containing the power of that one World. As that power fused with the Candle Dragon, it swiftly erupted forth.

Cracks immediately appeared in the space around the blue sword. With a bang, even the space around the sword started distorting before it charged towards the Candle Dragon's mouth in straight lines.

The blue sword fought back against that suction force, wanting to break free of it all and continue onward. Yet, since they were already at this point, there was no way Su Ming would just let the sword escape. No matter what, he was going to devour it. He did not have time to think about what would happen next. Anything was better than letting the sword leave Yin Death Vortex and absorb the power of the world.

"That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny!"

When Su Ming lifted his hands, he had the back of his left hand turned upwards and the back of his right hand turned downwards, then swiftly slammed his hands together.

Everything around him instantly started flowing backwards. A tremor wrecked the sword. It could no longer move forward and could only move back.

Destiny's power, the Candle Dragon's ability to devour the world, and Yin Death Fog's invasion into the sword had caused the sword to turn duller as it was oppressed by these three powerful waves of mighty pressure, and it was finally made to turn back.

However, this sword was incredibly powerful. Even if it was moving backwards, it only did so for a hundred something feet before it stopped. Then, the sword swiftly turned around. It no longer chose to rush out of the fog to try and escape from being devoured by the Candle Dragon, but instead, as piercing blue light shone around its body, a wave of killing intent and murderous aura erupted from it with a bang. It... actually decided to go along with the flow of the suction force and the reversal of time to charge towards the Candle Dragon's mouth.

Both sides swiftly closed in on each other. A loud boom that shook the sky and earth erupted within the fog. As it echoed in the air, the Candle Dragon devoured the blue sword, but its body crumbled at that instant.

As it crumbled, Su Ming shot out. This time, the Candle Dragon was not devouring the sword, but it was Su Ming who did so. At the instant his body appeared, blue rays of light erupted from within him, and they could be clearly seen swimming beneath his skin. That blue light was the blue sword!

Intense pain wreaked havoc in Su Ming's body, but the ferocious look remained on his face, along with determination. He circulated his cultivation base within him and started absorbing all the Yin Death Fog around him to suppress the killing sword within his body!

"... Alright, I'll forgive you for yelling at me just now. Lad, you've got guts. You actually had the courage to devour that sword..."

"Haha! You did good! Refine it, turn it into your Enchanted Treasure! Make it Yin Death's sword. Damn it all, if you manage to not die, then you can come as you please into Yin Death's Holy Land in the future!"

Shrill howls escaped Su Ming's mouth. A large amount of blood mist burst from his body with a bang. The color of that blood mist was blue, and rays of blue light were spreading out from his body. Clearly, that blue light was in the process of destroying Su Ming's body as it attempted to escape him.

Chapter 700: Eastern Wastelands Tower!

The blue sword was raining destruction within Su Ming's body, but similarly, because it could not get into contact with the world outside, the Yin Death Aura in the sword became even thicker. As the color of the sword became dull, it looked as if it was beginning to distort.

However, the power of that sword was still not something Su Ming could hope to fight against. Even though he had used the Yin Death Aura in the place to suppress it, the level of suppression brought by the aura was not enough!

Because of that, Su Ming could already predict that if he continued staying here, that sword would cause him to crumble and rush out of his body before long.

'I absolutely can't let it come into contact with the world outside!' Su Ming roared in his heart. Once he absorbed the Yin Death Fog around him once again, he swiftly shot forward.

'I have to look for a place that will help me suppress the sword!' Blood flowed down Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. He looked incredibly ferocious, but he had no time to care about that. If he did not completely resolve the dangers brought by the sword this time, then the consequences would be too grave.

Perhaps other people would not choose to devour that sword so madly if they knew this might happen to them. After all, the three great wills had not expected that Su Ming would devour the sword.

Choosing to let that sword leave and become great outside while he would temporarily be safe could have allowed him other options. He could have chosen to stay here and not leave or asked for help from the three great wills and pleaded for their protection even if he had to pay a great price for it.

But Su Ming would not choose this path!

He would only make one choice.

'If you want to kill me, then I will also kill you!

'I will not run nor hide. I will face danger head-on, and it will either be that I die, or that you are destroyed!! It is just as I act towards the Immortals. It will either be that I die, or that they are destroyed!

'If I wake up, then the sky will be dyed red. If I open my eyes, then the Immortals will have no hope for survival...'

This was a chance as well, and it was a chance that Su Ming was unwilling to let go of. He had a vague feeling that this was the only chance he had to get through this murderous disaster!

'Suppress it... Suppress it... What place could help me suppress this sword and provide me vast amounts of protection so that I could set my mind at ease to recover and suppress the sword?!

'Eastern Wastelands Tower!' Su Ming lifted his head swiftly, and a brilliant flash that could surge into the sky appeared in his eyes.

Eastern Wastelands Tower was a place where Su Ming was the only person who could step in without any sort of requirements, even if that tower still had not gathered enough blood light to shine in ten million lis. Besides, this tower was the Berserkers' supreme treasure and was an item left behind by the first God of Berserkers, capable of just by its existence to bring chaos to the Immortals.

There was no other place more suited than the tower to suppress the sword and heal himself in Eastern Wastelands. Besides... this was the closest place near Su Ming anyway. There reason why he didn't choose Gret Yu Imperial Palace was because even though he might have a hint of connection to the place, but he would never forget the roar he heard within the city when it was still in the depths of the sea.

The murderous intent contained within that roar brought a chill to Su Ming even now.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he sucked in another breath of the vast Yin Death Aura around him. At the instant his body almost crumbled, and the blue light shone through him, Su Ming took a step out of the fog without any hesitation.

With it, he appeared between the sky and earth. He did not stop for even single moment and turned into a long blue arc. As loud whistling rang in the air, he charged into the distance.

Eastern Wastelands Tower was located at the center of Eastern Wastelands. It was not too far from where Su Ming was. He might not know where it was located precisely and had never been there before, but since Eastern Wastelands Tower had appeared because of him, the faint lead in his heart guiding him towards the tower was the best guide he could have.

As he charged forward, the blue light spreading out of his body became stronger. After a moment, he looked as if he had been entirely covered in blue. Blood continued gushing out of his body, and the blue light was flowing out even more violently. Banging sounds continued ringing within him, but there was determination and perseverance shining in Su Ming's eyes. As he continued suppressing the sword, he traveled even faster.

Before long, a piercing layer of blood light that was about several hundreds of lis appeared before him, and at the center of that blood red light... was a tall tower with ninety-nine floors!

There was an air of time about that tower that spoke of endlessness. It stood erect on the ground and was incredibly eye-catching.

That tower was dyed red under the blood-red light, and it looked quite terrifying. A matchless mighty pressure descended on Su Ming at the instant he stepped into that blood light.

The power from that pressure caused the blue sword in Su Ming's body to shudder, but Su Ming was not too affected. His spirit was lifted, and he increased his speed.

This was the Eastern Wastelands Tower that had caused Immortals to descend into madness, to the point where they fought each other so that they could step inside it! In the top of the tower was the epiphany that belonged to the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu, and it also contained the clue that would lead the one who reached it towards the Berserkers' supreme treasure - Barren Cauldron.

As Su Ming got closer, the pressure from Eastern Wastelands Tower became stronger. Since the tower was incredibly tall, it would naturally form an oppressive feeling that would descend on the hearts of all those who saw it.

The blue sword shuddered and started struggling madly, as if it wanted to rush out of Su Ming's body because it did not want to get closer to Eastern Wastelands Tower. The more it struggled, the more chaotic the state within Su Ming's body became. His flesh and blood crumbled, his bones shattered, and the tip of the sword even pierced out of his chest. Right at the instant it was about to rush out, Su Ming lifted his left hand and pressed down against the tip of the sword in his chest. He didn't care that his hand was stained with blood and pushed the sword back into his body.

"Go back!"

Su Ming panted harshly. His face was pale, but the ferociousness and madness on his face were enough to terrify all those who saw him.

Almost at the instant Su Ming closed in on Eastern Wastelands Tower, the door at the bottom of the tower opened up by itself. As it did so, it was as if a storm had appeared out of nowhere and swept around the tower, turning into a huge whirlwind that connected the sky and earth. As that whirlwind rotated with loud booming sounds, it shook the sky and earth.

It seemed like the tower had been waiting for Su Ming's arrival, or else it would not have opened its doors by itself the moment he closed in!

It seemed like the tower had been waiting for Su Ming for a long time, and at that moment, he had finally arrived!

At the instant the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower opened, the blue light in Su Ming's body burst forth, and he coughed up blood. His legs shattered under the blue light, and his whole body was in a situation that was little better. However, Su Ming turned into a long arc, which shone blood-red and blue, and charged towards the door.

The blue sword let out a piercing howl that contained an indefinable wave of terror. It was as if the Eastern Wastelands' door meant certain death for it.

When there was only a hundred feet left between Su Ming and the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower, his legless body crumbled once again, and the tip of the blue sword crawled out of his right shoulder, bringing with a piercing sword whistle, as if it wanted to rush out. But Su Ming lifted his left hand from his chest and seized the sword, pushing it back in.

With a flash, Su Ming arrived at a distance of only fifty feet from the opened doors of Eastern Wastelands Tower, and half of his body exploded. His flesh and blood sprayed through the air, and as the blue sword struggled madly, the shadow of a boy appeared on it. That boy was covered entirely in blue light. At the instant Su Ming saw the boy, his eyes sparkled. He remembered the small black humanoid who had gone missing after his fight against Di Tian's clone all those years ago.

Besides their color, that small black humanoid was incredibly similar to this boy!

Once the small blue boy appeared, it surrounded the blue sword and was about to rush out of Su Ming's broken body, but Su Ming clamped his left hand around it. With another charge, he was less than twenty feet away from the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower, and in the span of a breath, he would be able to step inside.

An endless amount of terror and despair appeared in the small blue humanoid's eyes. The boy let out a piercing roar, and the sword shone, causing Su Ming's left arm to shatter with a bang. When even half of his head turned into ashes, the blue sword and the small blue boy charged out of his destroyed left arm. But right at the instant they rushed out, Su Ming seized the sword's hilt... with his right hand!

"You can't escape!"

Su Ming's dark and dreary voice reverberated in the air. At that moment, only a small half of his body and his right arm remained. At the moment he grabbed the blue sword, his right arm was instantly torn to shreds, but even if it had been ripped apart, he had managed to catch that blue sword, causing it to be unable to run away.

During that instant, Su Ming swiftly charged into the opened door of the Eastern Wastelands Tower. The sword spirit on the blue sword screamed shrilly in despair. At the instant Su Ming's right arm crumbled, he dragged it into Eastern Wastelands Tower!

Su Ming's dark laughter rang in the tower, and there was madness within his laughter, along with a resolution that said he would either die or kill his enemy.

As the young sword spirit howled in despair, a loud bang reverberated in the sky and shook the entire world of Berserkers. Then, the door to Eastern Wastelands Tower shut itself!

At the instant it closed up, a blue tip of a sword charged out in a mad dash, wanting to get out, but Su Ming, who had now lost his arms and legs, still had his teeth remaining. At the instant the tip of the sword wanted to rush out, he snapped his teeth on the blade, and the madness within his eyes made the sword spirit shudder. Then, as if he wanted to drag the sword down with him to his grave, he held it back.

The door to Eastern Wastelands Tower closed.

"It is either that you die, or I will!" At the same time the door closed, Su Ming's dark and dreary voice reverberated in the air.

Eastern Wastelands Tower's blood light started spreading continuously through the area around it and dyed the world around it red.

It did not matter whether it was trees, flowers, grass, the earth, or the wind blowing past the area. They were all dyed red and covered filled with a bloody stench. This was... Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, a year went by.

During this year, no more Immortals descended. The vortex in the sky slowly disappeared and the blue sky appeared once again high above. It was filled with white, fluffy clouds, and everything seemed to have returned to normal.

However, an earthshaking change had happened on the ground. Some of the bigger factions of power among the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands had organized a gathering and a search!

They gathered together because they wanted to carry out Su Ming's will and exterminate all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers. Even if Su Ming had disappeared for a year, they still continued with it.

They were searching because of Su Ming!

They were searching for Su Ming, searching for their God of Berserkers.

Chapter 701: A Fat Lamb is Here

A considerable distance away from Evil Spirit Sect was a long mountain range. At that moment, there was a monkey-faced middle-aged man in the forest located at the foot of the mountain. He was walking carefully. As he continued onwards, he observed his surroundings carefully, as if he was going to run with the wind at the slightest scare.

That person was Qian Chen.

His face was beaten black and blue, and he looked incredibly pathetic. His robes were also in tatters, making it seem as if he had gone through a lot of suffering.

It was unknown as to what sort of attack he had suffered. At that moment, with panic on his nervous face, he moved forward carefully. There were two long arcs charging forth in his direction about thousands of feet away from him. These two long arcs were Berserkers. One of them seemed to be around the middle stage of the Awakening Realm, and the other was in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The two were only passing through the place. The long arcs did not stop for even a moment as they continued charging forward, about to move past the area.

During the past few days, as the Berserkers rose in power, long arcs like this had appeared in many places over the Eastern Wastelands. They would either be rushing to some place, gathering together, or searching for something.

Since the Immortals had closed their gates to their sects, few of them could be found moving about. However, there were some scattered ones here and there who would occasionally be discovered by Berserkers, and once they found these Immortals, a slaughter would occur.

At the instant Qian Chen saw the two long arcs in the sky, his eyes widened. If he fell to the ground and pretended to be dead or crouched down and hid in the bushes, then perhaps he would not be discovered. After all, these two Berserkers were just passing by, and they were traveling quite quickly.

But he seemed to be too scared. Perhaps what he experienced during the last days had caused him to be like a burnt child that dreaded fire. At the instant he saw the two long arcs, he let out a shrill scream and jumped up before running into the forest, still screaming.

The two long arcs in the sky had originally passed by the area where Qian Chen was, not noticing his existence, but once he screamed, they came to an abrupt halt. The eyes of the two Berserkers immediately shone, and they looked swiftly towards the ground. Their gazes penetrated through the big leaves, and they saw the rapidly fleeing Qian Chen.

"Immortal!"

The two people cast each other a glance, having immediately found something off about Qian Chen. The ripples of power and presence that came from him gave a sensation as if he was an Immortal. Qian Chen had not sent that presence outwards earlier, but as he continued charging forward, he seemed to have lost control over it, and he was letting it out in a large area.

Immediately, the two Berserkers changed their direction and charged towards the fleeing Immortal in the forest.

Cold sweat broke out on Qian Chen's forehead. The look of panic on his face made it seem as if he was about to be scared to death at any second. As he shivered, he swiftly ran forward, but every single time he increased his speed slightly, he would trip over the roots in the forest, allowing the two Berserkers to close in on him. Right at the instant they were less than a hundred feet away from Qian Chen...

A cold harrumph came from the forest. An incredibly powerful presence swept through the world, making it lose its color. Then, that presence turned into a mighty pressure and descended with a bang.

That pressure was incredibly domineering, and it was rich with the presence of a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. It was enough to make all those who sensed it to feel their hearts tremble.

"How dare a puny Immortal like you trespass into my isolation grounds?!"

When an old voice reverberated through the air, the two Berserkers who were chasing after Qian Chen immediately changed their expressions. The two of them stopped and wrapped their fists in their palms before bowing towards the forest with respect and zealousness on their faces.

Almost at the moment these two people bowed in the direction of the forest, an old man dressed in white robes and with a head full of white walked out from the depths with a face as if he was afraid no one could see just how noble he was.

The old man had rosy-colored cheeks. Once he appeared, his presence grew stronger and shook the sky and earth, causing the air around him to distort.

Qian Chen looked as if he could no longer continue running under that pressure and shivered. He was struck dumb as he stared with a blank look on his face at the old man walking towards him.

The old man had an awe-inspiring appearance. When he got closer, he cast Qian Chen a glance with a gaze like lightning. He then lifted his right hand and pointed towards Qian Chen through the air. That one single point of his finger was done quietly, and not a single spark could be seen. There was not even a single ripple of power that traveled out. He seemed to only have pointed casually at Qian Chen.

Even the two Berserkers had not sensed anything. Even if one of them had reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he had been unable to see anything off about that one finger. To him, not a single divine ability had been used.

However... Qian Chen let out an incredibly shrill scream of pain at that instant, even though that old man had pointed at him when there was a hundred something feet between them. As he shuddered, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and seized his own throat with his hands. His face instantly turned purple, and he fell to the ground. After a few spasms, he stopped moving.

This sudden scene caused the two Berserkers' hearts to shudder and then begin racing. Shock and fanaticism appeared in their eyes as they looked at the old man. Even if the Immortal who had died had not possessed a high level of cultivation, that one single finger from this senior of their race had definitely contained a power that could change the world, or else he would definitely not have been able to kill that person without a single ripple of power.

The mighty pressure that could make others suffocate spread out from his body and that one point that contained power that could change the world were enough to cause fanatic looks to appear on the two Berserkers' faces.

"I am White Phoenix Tribe's Apu. Greetings, senior."

"I am White Phoenix Tribe's Lin Duo. Greetings, senior."

The two Berserkers bowed deeply towards the old man with respectful looks on their faces.

"I see, so you are the descendants of White Phoenix Tribe. Not bad, you two are quite young, but your levels of cultivation are not bad at all." The old man stroked his beard, and a faint smile appeared on his face when he nodded towards the duo.

"Senior, you know of our tribe? Are you perhaps an old friend of our tribe?" the Berserker in Bone Sacrifice Realm immediately asked with a wrapped fist. His expression grew even more respectful.

"I remember having gone to White Phoenix Tribe many years ago. At that time, your Elder was the second Elder in your tribe..." A nostalgic look appeared on the old man's face, and he looked quite sentimental.

The two Berserkers immediately sucked in a sharp breath from his words. They stared at the old man blankly while a huge storm raged in their hearts. If anyone else had said these words, they would have surely not believed them. However, when this powerful old monster said it, the two of them chose to believe him, especially when that vast presence of his made it clear that he was a Berserker who had attained great

completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and possessed that one attack that contained the power that could change the world.

"Our second Elder... was... He is from five thousand something years ago..." The young man in the Awakening Realm had a slight quiver in his voice. He looked to be burning with extreme zeal.

"Let's not talk about the past. I've been in isolation for far too long. By the way, why did you two appear here while chasing after this Immortal?" The old man shook his head, as if he did not want to remember the past.

"Senior, the two of us have received orders to gather outside Evil Spirit Sect to keep an eye on it with the other tribes. When we passed by this place, we saw this Immortal snooping around, that's why we wanted to kill him." The two Berserkers did not hesitate and spoke obediently without holding anything back.

"Keeping an eye on Evil Spirit Sect?" The old man cast the two Berserkers a look.

"Senior, you've been in isolation for many years in this place, so you must surely not know about what had happened recently in the land of Berserkers. The God of Berserkers appeared a year ago. He set all the Berserkers' blood on fire and made us rise in power. He also swore to chase away all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers."

"Something like this happened?!" A stern expression immediately appeared on the old man's face. "Is what the two of you said really true?"

"It is absolutely true. We wouldn't dare lie to you, senior," the two Berserkers quickly said.

A glint appeared in the old man's eyes. In silence, he placed his hands behind his back and paced up and down a few times with a pensive look on his face. After a moment, he stopped moving and lifted his head to cast a look at the two Berserkers.

"This is too grave a matter. I cannot continue isolating myself like this. I will have to search for some old friends to ascertain this. Do not tell anyone about meeting me, even if it's your Elder," the old man said languidly.

The two Berserkers immediately lowered their heads and voiced their obedience.

"Also, I've been in isolation for far too long and I haven't ventured out in many years. I'm not entirely certain of the changes in the world. How about this? Give me all your stone coins as a deposit. If what you said is true, then I will return you your money when I go to White Phoenix Tribe. If you dare deceive me... Heh heh," the old man stated flatly with his hands still behind his back.

The two Berserkers were momentarily stunned before doubt appeared in their hearts, but once they remembered the old man's level of cultivation, they quickly brought out their storage bags and took out all their stone coins inside, placing them on the ground before the old man respectfully.

The old man waved his arm, and the sparkling spirit stones immediately disappeared without a trace. He nodded his head while looking as calm as ever.

"Alright, you can go now. I'll be off to verify whether what you said is true or not."

There were slightly odd looks on the Berserkers' faces, but they did not dare say too much. Once they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards him, they quickly turned into long arcs and left. While they were in midair, they cast each other a look, and both thought of something the elderly in their tribe had said, which turned out to be incredibly accurate.

The higher their levels of cultivation, the stranger people became...

Once the two Berserkers left, that presence of a powerful person immediately disappeared from the old man in the forest. As his eyes sparkled, he brought out the spirit stones and bit down on them with a face full of smiles. He looked incredibly pleased with himself.

As for Qian Chen, who had coughed up blood previously and seemed to have died, he slowly crawled up to his feet and stared at the old man with wide eyes. This was not the first time he had done this sort of thing. Over the past year, he had done this a dozen something times.

Ever since he was on his way to Evil Spirit Sect and accidentally, coincidentally... ran into this old man and was robbed blind, his world had changed...

"Grandpa Crane... When... When are we going to Evil Spirit Sect...?" Qian Chen looked glum, but he still had to put on an obsequious look.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Once we have a hundred thousand spirit stones, I'll let you go to Evil Spirit Sect. Wait a little longer. Oh! Another fat lamb is about to arrive! Little Chen, we have more business to attend to!" The old man's spirits lifted when he looked into the distance.