

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 702 — The Path of Cultivation - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 702 — The Path of Cultivation

Chapter 702: The Path of Cultivation

Eastern Wastelands Tower was within the hundreds of miles of blood light, resulting in the land looking like it was a blood soaked hell. The bloody presence around there was filled with an intimidating air, preventing anyone from getting closer.

It was especially so for the mighty pressure within the blood light itself. If anyone tried to trespass into its area, they would feel as if a huge mountain was pressing in on them, and the closer they got to Eastern Wastelands Tower, the stronger the feeling would be.

During the span of that one year, Berserkers would occasionally appear around Eastern Wastelands Tower. Some of them would step into that blood light and try to get closer, but all of them would be sent tumbling backwards by the mighty pressure without exception.

They might not end up dead, but the will within that blood light contained a majestic air and a warning tone telling them... that this place was forbidden to them.

The Berserkers were searching for Su Ming, their God of Berserkers. During the past year, they had searched through the entire Eastern Wastelands, but they had found no traces of him. Gradually, they cast their gazes on the tower, but due to the blood light prohibiting them from entering the area, they could not venture inside and verify whether Su Ming was there or not.

Compared to the blood light surging into the sky outside, the inside of Eastern Wastelands Tower was different. It was filled with a layer of golden light. That light was gentle, and it filled the entire first layer.

Su Ming sat there with his legs crossed. His body had fully recovered a long time ago. Floating right before him was a golden sword, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see blue light occasionally flashing, still struggling within that golden light.

This sword was naturally the blue killing sword Su Ming had faced last year. During the time he was in the tower, Su Ming had used all his energy, his power, and the mighty pressure of the tower itself to continuously suppress this sword, forcefully turning most of this blue sword, which had been wounded when it was in Yin Death Fog, gold.

This shade of gold was the color of the inside of Eastern Wastelands Tower. Su Ming had not once stopped suppressing the sword. At that moment, his eyes flew open, and at the instant he did so, a flash of gold appeared in his pupils. He lifted his right hand and struck the sword.

The golden light in the area started distorting before it surrounded Su Ming's right hand. When he struck the sword, that golden light seeped inside it and once again began chasing away all the blue light.

The sword hummed and shuddered, and the blue light flashed violently inside the sword. It was still struggling.

Su Ming stared at the sword and let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his left hand and swung it. Immediately, a large amount of golden light came surging, then rushed into the sword and continued suppressing it.

"I can now control ten times more power of the Eastern Wastelands Tower compared to a year ago..." Su Ming mumbled. His gaze fell on the walls of the tower around him. Ignoring just how tall the entire tower was, the area of the first layer alone already occupied several thousands of feet, and all of it was permeated with a golden light.

Su Ming could still remember how he had charged into the tower and seen this light for the first time. As waves of impact from it reverberated in his body, he had fallen unconscious.

When he woke up, his body had already recovered completely, and the blue light was surrounded by an endless amount of golden light as it floated in midair. It could not break free and could only let out shrill whistles.

Once Su Ming woke up, he could sense that the connection he had with Eastern Wastelands Tower had become stronger. In fact, the golden light that filled the area seemed to be a modified form of some form of power, and he could borrow it for his own use.

However, at that time, he could only use a small portion of that power, unlike now. He could now activate and bring a large amount of the golden light towards himself to suppress that sword and also refine his own body.

'Life Cultivation Realm is divided into Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life. According to the words left behind by the third God of Berserkers, Life Cultivation Realm is actually composed of four words - Matrix, Privation, Palace, and World!'

The third God of Berserkers words reverberated in Su Ming's head. During this year, he could not leave Eastern Wastelands Tower because the sword before him had yet to be completely refined, and there was a link tying him to the sword as he refined it.

Only after he had completely refined the sword and made it one with his body could he walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

That was why Su Ming had spent most of his time pondering about Life Cultivation Realm besides training and refining his body as well as the sword in this tower during the past year.

'The Candle Dragon had also said that all races try to perfect themselves when they practice cultivation. They absorb the power from World Planes and fix what they lack in their own bodies so that they can achieve perfection.

'I've arrived at the initial stage of Life Matrix and have come to understand my own Life Matrix. If I want to raise my level of cultivation again, then I'll need the power of a World Plane... The Candle Dragon once gave me a fragment containing the power of one World as a blessing. That fragment might have been the key that allowed me to enter Life Cultivation Realm.'

Understanding appeared on Su Ming's face.

'Only by having sufficient power of a World Plane and understanding towards their own Life could a person break through a sort of shackles of their own bodies and let themselves go through an evolution that affects their bodies, thereby perfecting themselves. However, reaching this sort of perfection is incredibly difficult. It doesn't matter which race it is, perhaps only one or two people out of each of them are able to truly attain perfection.

'And... the function of a particular blood inheritance is to let this sort of perfection continue, because when a person succeeds, he or she will be able to change the evolution within the entire race. Perhaps it is precisely because of this that there are incredibly powerful races in the universe, and there are also extremely weak ones lying around as well.

'As for the power of a World Plane... that is the essence of a world.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the golden light that filled the area, and a smile gradually appeared on his face.

'The first God of Berserkers left this Eastern Wastelands Tower in the world. The golden light in this place can nourish my soul and fuse with my body to become a part of my cultivation base. It thus... might contain the power of a World Plane.'

'Besides this place, the entire world of Berserkers is also a world. It could let all Berserkers absorb the power of the World to perfect their bodies and for them to practice their cultivation.'

As Su Ming continued mulling over his thoughts, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a sealed stone appeared on his palm. Within that stone was a sleeping poisonous wasp.

'God Ascension Nectar. There are a lot of legends surrounding this nectar. Even if most of these legends are false, its might can still be understood clearly. Then, perhaps, this nectar also contains a mysterious power of a World Plane.'

Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp and only put it away after some time. His eyes sparkled, and he immersed himself in his thoughts.

'The first God of Berserkers might have brought the Berserkers outside and made the worlds worship them because there were many powerful warriors during that era. The power of the World in the land of Berserkers was not enough to maintain their path of cultivation, that was why they had to leave... They had to go to the worlds outside to snatch the power of their World Planes.

'In the end, Lie Shan Xiu left because he had obtained a sufficient amount of power of World Planes. It could be said that he had fused the essences of multiple worlds and gathered together the Plane Kalpa's Solar. Perhaps he had truly reached Plane Kalpa Realm, but there's also a possibility that he was half a step off from that Realm. That was why he had to leave, because the power of World Planes was no longer useful to him. He wanted to search for the power of Plane Kalpa so that he could continue walking down his path of cultivation.

'This is all so that he could reach perfection...

'If that is the case, then perhaps there is a uniform name for Life Cultivation Realm, the Immortals' cultivation system in the Second Step and Third Step, and the other races at this stage have their own names.

'Perhaps this name is World Plane! And after this stage, it will be Plane Kalpa, which is what Lie Shan Xiu has achieved! It's also the Immortals' Fourth Step. It is also what the Immortals become after they have surpassed being Immortals and become Gods, or perhaps become a state of being that is even higher than that.

'There are also the words Hong Luo had used when he described Di Tian in the past. Once he fused with the Immortals' heaven, then he will become the Lord of a World Plane because it is equivalent to him fusing with the Immortals' World Plane...

'Di Tian is one of the three Sovereigns and five Emperors. Unless he is the strongest among them, then could it mean that these three Sovereigns and five Emperors have fused with the Immortals' heaven and have reached a state where they are the Lords of World Planes?

'In other words, it is possible that there are many Lords of World Planes in the world. The differences in their levels of cultivation will be distinguished by how much they have fused with the Immortals' heaven...

'Di Tian's real self is far stronger than I am. By the categorization among the Immortals, he should be one of the elites among the people in the Third Step... I understand now!'

Su Ming lifted his head, and a brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

'The Immortals in the Third Step are Lords of World Planes! By fusing with the heaven of one particular world and coming to understand the essence of that world, they will reach the Immortals' Third Step and be known as Lords of a World Plane. There are also different Realms within this Third Step, that is why there are still distinctions between the strong and weak... Even if the powerful Lords of World Planes have fused with multiple essences from multiple worlds, as long as they haven't gathered together their very own Plane Kalpa's Solar, then they can only be considered as Lord of a World Plane!

'When I came to understand the three styles of Wind Separation, the Wind Berserker appeared and said that this is the ninth great eon...'

All of these things came from Su Ming's memories. Over the past year, after quietly going through all his thoughts and understanding them, he connected them in his head and formed a picture that symbolized the path of Su Ming's cultivation in the future.

He would have been unable to understand all of these things before he arrived at Life Cultivation Realm, so only at this moment did he gain a vague idea about everything.

"The Immortals' First Step is the foundation, and the Second Step is the fusing with a World Plane. When they move into the Third Step, they become the Lords of a World Plane, and in this hollow state, they will try to perfect themselves to the greatest possible amount and gather together Plane Kalpa's Solar and move into the Fourth Step, which is Plane Kalpa Realm!

"It's the same for Berserkers, if we're going to make any sort of distinction, then everything below the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm is our foundation, which allows us to possess the basis to search for true perfection.

"The middle stage of our cultivation system is Life Cultivation. We move from Life Matrix to World of Life, and eventually end up at the same stage as the Lords of World Planes among the Immortals. Then, we will move into the later stage of the Berserkers' cultivation system. I still don't know the details of that Realm, but in the end, we'll be gathering together our own Plane Kalpa's Solar, and once we succeed, we might move into Plane Kalpa Realm and become powerful warriors that stand at the pinnacle, just like the Immortals at the Fourth Step," Su Ming mumbled and clenched his fist. A strong desire appeared in his eyes.

'The Candle Dragon once said that it had only met five of these sort of powerful warriors that were in this Realm within two of the four Great True Worlds. In these worlds, they were known as the Lords of Fate, Life, and Death. They controlled the cycles of the universe, and if they wanted something to be born, it would be born, if they wanted something to die, it would die...

'The Candle Dragon also said that it was spoken in legends that there were Realms that were above the Plane Kalpa Realm... but all of those people who reached this Realm seemed to have left the four Great True Worlds and their whereabouts were unknown.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. His future's path of cultivation had become slightly clearer in his head.

'I want all forms of life to be unable to control my fate!'

Determination and resolve appeared in his eyes.

Chapter 703: Eighth Layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower

Su Ming had come to understand his future path of cultivation. He had also found the different paths between Berserkers and Immortals' cultivation systems that in the end led to the same goal. Perhaps more accurately speaking, all the races in the universe walked down different paths that led to the same end goal.

Su Ming knew that he had only taken his First Step on this path, and he did not know whether there would truly come a time when he would reach Lie Xie Shan's state or perhaps even surpass him.

However, he had a determined and resolute will. He told himself that he would walk down to the very limit of what he could possibly do, because he wanted to know why he was born as a dead infant. He wanted to know whether he had parents, any other members of his race, and where his home lay.

He wanted to save the owner of that voice who had been mumbling beside his ears for years, to save the little girl who had the weak voice that had been calling him big brother.

To do all these, Su Ming was required to control his own fate and become a powerful warrior in the galaxy. Only then would he be able to search about and accomplish all these tasks.

If he could not become truly powerful... then he could only be like an ant and let others decide his fate.

'I won't let it happen!'

Su Ming clenched his fists tightly and sucked in a deep breath. His eyes flashed brilliantly, and it took him some time to calm himself down. He looked at the golden sword with some hints of blue still flashing before him and swiftly opened his mouth to let out a breath of Life Cultivation which charged towards the sword. At the instant it touched the blade, the sword immediately started trembling violently and weak piercing screeches came from within.

When that happened, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the killing sword's hilt. He stood up and placed the sword flat against his chest before lifting two of his left hand's fingers and placing them at the spot near the sword's hilt. He then began to slowly move his fingers towards the tip of the sword.

His actions were not quick, but there was a great force of will within them. As he swept his fingers upwards, the sword began struggling violently, shuddering, but Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, and the blade where Su Ming's fingers passed through immediately stopped shuddering. When he finished his sweep across the whole blade, the screeching was instantly cut off.

"If you don't hold a sword in your hand, then can that sword still be called a sword?!" Su Ming flicked the two fingers at the tip of the sword, and a clear sword whistle echoed in the air. That sound reverberated within Eastern Wastelands Tower and let out a wave of killing intent that surged into the sky.

Su Ming started slowly brandishing that sword at the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As he waved the blade around, light shone on it. Waves of biting cold air spread out. Su Ming looked as if he was moving slowly, but if anyone saw him brandishing the sword at this moment, they would surely be shocked.

That would happen because at this moment Su Ming's concentration made it seem as if he had become one with the sword. But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the sword had become one with Su Ming, and they had reached a state where the person fused with the blade.

After a moment, Su Ming flipped the killing sword over and swung it downwards to stab the ground. A vast presence and a powerful will surged into the sword at that instant, and it was as if the entire process of brandishing the sword had been just for this thrust!

It caused a large amount of murderous aura to erupt from the sword. But just as it was about to reach the ground, a violent whistle came from within it, and it started trembling as if it wanted to struggle out of Su Ming's hand, but it could not do so.

Su Ming's hand came to an abrupt halt right at the instant the blade's tip was about to touch the ground. The moment he stopped, an incredible backlash was formed due to him halting as he threw out a strike containing his full power. However, that backlash was not focused on Su Ming's body but had instead surged into the sword.

Su Ming's hair danced in the wind, while he remained expressionless and calm. There was only half an inch between the sword and the ground. His gaze was cold and aloof. At that moment, he was filled with a chilling air that was similar to the killing sword's aura.

As the sword trembled, shrill sword whistles faintly came from within it. The blade shivered even more violently, as if it was about to shatter. Su Ming's full power should have been released once it was gathered on the blade, charging into the ground, but that energy had not been released. It had instead exploded inside the sword, and it was incredibly harmful for the sword. It had a great impact on the sword spirit.

This was a Sword Refinement Art. It was a method Su Ming had obtained to refine a sword from the legacy he inherited from Hong Luo.

It was just like what he had done before, just one of the methods he used. During the past year, Su Ming had used several methods like this to continuously refine the sword as he suppressed it.

"Will you submit to me?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

After a short period of silence, a piercing voice filled with an unwillingness to admit defeat and surrender came from the sword. It was the sword spirit's roar.

"During the past year, I've asked you the same question over and over again every month. My patience is limited," Su Ming stated flatly.

He lifted the killing sword and swung it lightly. Immediately, ripples spread through the air from the sword. Then, once Su Ming let go, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal and tapped the center of his brows. Immediately, a cloud of black smoke manifested between his brows and turned into a ferocious face of a malicious spirit. It looked as if it was roaring as it charged out of the center of Su Ming's brows and surged into the killing sword.

"The Evil Spirits' skills I learned from the stone statue at the eighth layer indeed have their own unique qualities," Su Ming mumbled to himself, then lifted his left hand and formed a fist which he swiftly pushed towards the ground. With it, the golden light on the ground immediately scattered.

A wave of Earthen Aura surged into Eastern Wastelands Tower from Su Ming's left hand and covered the entire ground. Due to it, Su Ming's left arm immediately withered

away. At the time the arm looked as if it had been reduced to skin and bones, white light surrounded it.

Su Ming looked at his left hand, which was now surrounded by white light and looked like a skeleton's arm, and seized the killing sword. At the instant he touched the handle, the blade let out a shrill scream of pain. Su Ming's left arm recovered swiftly, as if he had absorbed some strange power from the killing sword that made his arm return to normal.

However, the vigor contained within the sword had clearly become much weaker.

"The Surging Indulgers' divine ability to refine the body with a spirit." A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He swung his arm, and a large amount of golden aura swiftly surged towards him, surrounding the sword to continue suppressing it.

He cast a glance at the killing sword before averting his gaze and lifting his head to look at the ceiling. A brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

'The time has come for me to challenge the tower again. This time, I should be able to do it.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and took a few steps forward to stand at the center of the first layer. When he stood there, he closed his eyes and calmed his heart so that his mind would scatter and fuse slowly with his surroundings. The golden light in the area instantly surged towards him, surrounding him. As it rotated rapidly, piercing rays of golden light shone in the air, and in the blink of an eye, Su Ming disappeared.

This sort of light continued appearing in the second, third, and up to the eighth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As golden light filled the eighth layer, Su Ming's body slowly appeared at the center. After some time, when his body became completely visible, Su Ming opened his eyes.

The main reason behind his ability to control more of the golden light in the first layer during the past year had been because he had managed to conquer the first seven layers of the tower during and moved into the eighth one.

With each layer he cleared, his connection to Eastern Wastelands Tower would become stronger, which was why he could absorb more of the golden light. With his original power, he could have cleared even more layers, but when he stopped for a moment at the third layer at the start, he gave up on the idea of charging through the other layers.

At the moment, he was standing at the center of the eighth layer. He took a deep breath, and a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

He had already passed through the seventh layer three months ago and moved into the eighth one, but only now did he have enough confidence to walk into the ninth layer.

'I didn't expect that the eighth layer's test would be able to stop me for three months.' Su Ming shook his head. He had not thought about this at first. In fact, this had been completely inconceivable to him.

Su Ming lifted his foot and took a step forward. Once he walked out of the center, the world before him changed and yellow sand filled the air. The burning sun looked as if it wanted to burn the ground. Right before him were four gigantic stone humans.

These four stone humans stood erect on the ground. Each of them was nearly a thousand feet tall and appeared vaguely in the sand. There was a primitive air about them.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... has clearly given two different methods to move through the tower since the second layer. The first is to charge through each layer and continue onward, while the second is to fuse with each one. Once you completely fuse with a layer, you will naturally be able to enter the next one.

'Breaking these four statues fulfills the requirements for the first method and allow me to go straight to the eighth layer... but if I wanted to do that, I would have done so three months ago.'

A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He went towards the first stone statue and looked at it quietly for some time before sitting down cross-legged in front of it. He formed a seal with his hands, and the presence of Life Cultivation spread out from within him. Waves of a Berserker's presence also spread out from his flesh and blood, which had all turned into those of a true Berserker.

As the presence of the Berserker surrounded Su Ming, the first stone statue's eyes flew open, their gaze landing on Su Ming's body. After a moment, Su Ming stood up and walked towards the second stone statue. After looking at it for a moment, he stomped on the ground, and not a single hint of a Berserker's presence could be detected on him. A wave of pure aura that belonged to an Immortal spread out from his body, causing the second stone statue to open its eyes.

The third statue had a fierce look on its face and looked like a demonic fiend. There was also a malicious spirit's face sticking out of the center of that stone statue's brows. When Su Ming stood under the third stone statue, he lifted his right hand and pointed between his brows. Immediately, black smoke surrounded the center of his brows, and the face of a malicious spirits took shape. The third stone statue immediately opened its eyes and looked towards Su Ming.

After a moment, Su Ming arrived next to the fourth stone statue and lifted his left hand. White light surrounded it, after it had turned into bone. There was a strange and mysterious presence spreading out from his arm.

"The four stone statues represent Berserkers, Immortals, Evil Spirits, and Surging Indulgers. I've already mastered the basic cultivation methods for each of these races. Open, eighth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower!"

Su Ming swung his left hand, and the stone statues immediately turned indistinct. When everything became clear once again, he was already standing at the center of the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Chapter 704: Light from Eastern Wastelands Tower

This was the first time Su Ming stepped into Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer. Almost at the instant he found himself there, the Eastern Wastelands Tower started shuddering, and layers of light surrounded the tower before they swiftly spread out in all directions.

As they did so, the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower lit up, followed suit by the second layer, then the third... up to the eighth layer. All of them began to shine with a powerful light. As for the ninth layer, it was in a state between being bright and dark, transforming rapidly.

There were ripples of light all around the tower. If anyone looked closely, they would find that there were eight light circles. These eight circles meant that Su Ming had went through the eight layers of the tower. At the instant he stepped into the ninth layer, those circles of light had erupted forth.

Clearly, the ninth layer was a boundary line. Those who were unable to step into the ninth layer could not bring out such a change to the tower. Only those who had the ability to get into the ninth layer would make Eastern Wastelands Tower erupt with such powerful light.

That light instantly covered the entire Eastern Wastelands, and even showed signs of spreading even further. Almost in an instant, all the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands immediately stopped whatever they were doing and lifted their heads. Their attention was attracted solely by the eight ripples of light spreading through the sky.

Even Qian Chen, who was pretending to be dead in the forest, instinctively opened his eyes and blankly looked at the ripples in the sky. The old man who was really the bald crane and was chatting with the three Berserkers was also stunned by the sight. The three young men before him were the same.

All the Berserkers on the land of Berserkers who saw the light circles in the sky immediately felt their blood boiling after a year it had laid dormant!

That burn in their blood was due to their God of Berserkers. It was a faint guide leading them to their God.

"God of Berserkers! It's the God of Berserkers!"

"The God of Berserkers has returned!"

At that instant, loud booming sounds surged into the sky from all directions in the land of Berserkers. All Berserkers had been searching for Su Ming for a whole year, all throughout the Eastern Wastelands.

They had been unable to find any trace of their God during that one year, but they did not give up. They continued expanding their search area and continued looking. They believed that their God of Berserkers had not died and trusted that he was still with them.

At that moment, at the instant they felt their blood guiding them towards their God, excited cries erupted from all the corners of Eastern Wastelands. Long arcs charged up from the ground and rushed in the direction the layers of ripples had come from.

It was especially so for the Berserkers and tribes who were close to Eastern Wastelands Tower. During that instant, as their hearts trembled, they saw the source of the ripples of light - the brightly lit eight layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

"The God of Berserkers is in Eastern Wastelands Tower!"

Excited cries reverberated in the air. Those who were closer to the tower immediately rushed forth at full speed.

Eastern Wastelands' Chi Lei Tian, Xue Sha, Goldenrain Mountain Tribe's Elder, Wu Shuang, the Great Clan Elder of All Entities Clan, Tian Qi, and the others were in different locations working diligently for the Berserkers' rise in power. When the ripples of light echoed in the sky, they lifted their heads, turned into long arcs, and charged towards them.

Fated Kin had gathered together after they sensed Su Ming's presence a year ago. They were not too far away from the spot where the Immortals had descended, lingering around. They did not mix with the other tribes, but chose to live independently.

They were unique. They did not mingle with other people. They were Fated Kin!

It was as if they had returned to their form of life when they were in the World of Nine Yin. However, they were no longer in constant danger. During that one year, the region where they had made their home was continuously transformed and gradually changed into a suitable place where Fated Kin could bring forth even stronger combat abilities.

They had also been searching for Su Ming, their Respected Senior Mo. Now, at the instant the ripples of light reverberated in the air, all Fated Kin stood up in excitement and turned into long arcs that charged through the air towards Eastern Wastelands Tower.

This was an act committed by all Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands and most of what the Berserkers in the islands in South Morning did. An innumerable amount of Berserkers charged through the air, and their goal was similar—all of them were heading towards Eastern Wastelands Tower!

Su Ming did not know of the excitement in the world outside. At that moment he was standing at the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands. There was an incredibly dense layer of golden light around him, and there was a wisp of World Plane's presence within that golden light as it surrounded Su Ming, resulting in his body being only faintly visible within that presence.

As the World Plane's presence surrounded and continuously surged into him, Su Ming closed his eyes and circulated his cultivation base to swiftly absorb that presence so that he could turn it into the power of his own Life Matrix.

This was Eastern Wastelands Tower's serendipity, and this was the ninth time Su Ming had obtained a serendipity here. When he first moved into the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower, he had received its serendipity for the first time. He had been critically wounded at the time, and due to the tower he was able to heal his injuries. Then, as he moved through each layer, he had gradually come to understand this place.

This was a tower that had been sealed for ages. Only the first person who got past each layer would be able to receive its serendipity.

Right then, Su Ming was the only person within Eastern Wastelands Tower!

When he opened his eyes after some time, his body was filled with a spiritual air. He stood there and quietly sensed his cultivation base. The World Plane's power in the ninth layer far surpassed the previous eight layers. The amount he absorbed this time brought quite a lot of nourishment for his cultivation base.

'I'm still a slight distance away from reaching the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix, but if I continue this way and move through a few more layers, then perhaps I'll be able to reach it.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath of the World Plane's presence within the golden light, then lifted his foot and walked out of the center of the ninth layer.

At the instant he did so, his vision immediately became indistinct. When everything cleared out, a tall mountain appeared before his eyes.

This mountain was incredibly tall. The tip of it could not be seen clearly in the blue sky, endless clouds hiding the summit away.

There was a river in the sky right behind that mountain. It was huge and stretched endlessly into the horizon. It was connected to the earth, and waves of water poured down to the land like a waterfall. However, that water would turn back further down in the distance and charge back to the sky to fuse back into the river, making the river in the sky flow in a cycle.

Su Ming stood far away from that place, but he could still hear the rushing sounds of the water flowing in that river.

However, since the mountain was too tall and hid most of the river from view, Su Ming could only see a small part of it and not the whole thing.

One mountain, one river, and a desert.

That desert covered the entire land, and the sand that was swept up brought with it moaning sounds that reverberated in all directions. It covered the mountain and river in Su Ming's eyes.

This was the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

"Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer. One mountain, one river, one desert... You who came to this place can activate all your power and destroy everything here. You can also choose to understand the conception of this place and break through it naturally.

"You have two choices. Two paths," a buzzing voice stated, reverberating from all directions. There was a feeling of age to that voice, as if it had been here for a very long time.

This was not the first time Su Ming had heard this voice. When a person reached a new layer for the first time, they would always hear this voice. If they went down and returned back to it, the voice would not speak up again.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward and disappeared within the span of a breath. When he reappeared, he was already standing on a mountain rock jutting out of the middle section of the mountain. As he stood there, he looked into the distance, and the river appeared clearly before his eyes.

The river in the sky was incredibly huge. The rushing of water spread in all directions... but the water itself looked incredibly far away, and Su Ming did not feel as if he'd gotten any closer or made any significant changes to the distance between him and the river when he had moved from the center of the ninth layer.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the mountain. He turned into a long arc and charged towards the top.

Time trickled by slowly. An hour later, Su Ming frowned. He... was still on the mountain. When he lifted his head, the summit was still hidden in the clouds. Even if he had already reached the higher parts of the mountain, he could not move to its top.

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the ground. After some time, his pupils constricted.

"There is no end to this mountain..." he mumbled. The mountain seemed to be very tall when he looked at it previously, yet once he stepped on it, he had managed to find some clues about it. There was no end to this mountain. With every set amount of distance he traveled up, the mountain would stretch and grow.

Because of this, it had no end and no summit.

After a brief period of silence, Su Ming turned into a long arc and left the mountain and charged towards the river before him. Yet no matter how fast he traveled, the river remained as far in the distance as it had been before. It was as if the area between them would continuously lengthen as Su Ming moved in its direction, just like the mountain's height.

Su Ming had seen a scene like this before, at the altar behind Fated Kin's mountain when they were in the World of Nine Yin. That altar would forever remain before him, and no matter how quickly he traveled, he would never be able to catch up to it.

Su Ming might have managed to conquer the altar under the old Spirit of Nine Yin's guidance, but the level of depth and sophistication within the mountain and river far surpassed the World of Nine Yin's altar based on what Su Ming could see with his current level of cultivation.

He gradually stopped chasing after the river and slowly went down until he landed on the desert. He sat down on the ground and looked at the sand underneath him.

He could sense that there was a deep meaning contained within the mountain, river, the desert. If he could understand that meaning, then his understanding towards Life would become much deeper.

'Lie Shan Xiu... you turned the Eastern Wastelands Tower's appearance into a blatant plot to make Immortals fight among themselves, allowing Berserkers to obtain hope to rise in power.

'To Immortals, this tower would give what they desire. You left your epiphany towards Plane Timelines at the top, but to the Berserkers, this Eastern Wastelands Tower is a place to help them increase their level of cultivation and also a place for them to train.

'You left the cultivation methods for Evil Spirits and Surging Indulgers in the previous eight layers in the manner of brief introductions before you moved on to more in-depth introductions. You also introduced these two races in the sixth layer. You must have your own reasons for doing so...'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After some time, he closed his eyes and went on to silently sense the mountain, river, and desert within Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer.

Time trickled by...

Chapter 705: My Autumn!

Half a month later, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a hint of fatigue appeared in his eyes. He looked at the mountain, river and desert before him. He... had not been able to fully understand the meaning of Life behind the three.

He stood up slowly and walked towards the direction from which he had come. When he returned, everything was as normal. He walked past the mountain and arrived at the place where he first stepped out. That was the center of the ninth layer, and it was the exit of this place.

As Su Ming stood at the center of the ninth layer, he let out a sigh. He did not have enough time to continue trying to gain an epiphany within this place. He still had plenty of other things to do. He had to suppress that killing sword as soon as possible and walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower. He had to check his eldest senior brother's condition. He had to search for his second senior brother and his Master. He also had to fulfill his oath as the God of Berserkers and lead the charge to get rid of all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers.

He was in a hurry. The Immortals might descend again at any time now.

Su Ming stood at the center of the ninth layer and spread out his Atman to fuse it with his surroundings. When he did so, golden light filled the area under his feet and surrounded him. That light gradually became stronger. Then, right at the instant it was about to bring Su Ming back to the first layer, he turned his head around with an unwillingness to admit defeat and cast a glance back at the mountain.

Perhaps it was because of the golden light filling the area around him, or perhaps it was the Relocation Rune causing his vision to distort, but when Su Ming turned his head around as his body gradually faded away, he saw something that made his heart roar. It

was as if a bolt of lightning had struck his mind, allowing him to suddenly be able to understand what was before him!

The first thing he saw when he turned his head around was the tall mountain, and the second thing was that an indistinct layer had appeared in his vision due to the golden light filling his eyes. When he looked at it the third time, the mountain in his eyes started distorting due to the activation of the Relocation Rune.

The fourth and final thing he saw before he left was... the mountain disappearing!

The mountain disappeared. It was as if there was never any mountain to begin with. Su Ming's gaze shot through the now-empty space, and he saw the complete river in the sky, which he had previously been unable to see!

There was no mistake to this. Su Ming could remember clearly that a small part of the river had been covered by the mountain when he stood at the center of the ninth layer. It was definitely not complete. Yet now... the river in the sky was complete, and the mountain was gone from his eyes.

His heart roared, and a form of understanding started growing within Su Ming's heart. His body was already fading away due to the Relocation, but at the instant he was about to disappear, he lifted his right hand and pushed against the ground. With it, the ground trembled, and the Relocation froze for a moment.

At the instant it froze, Su Ming shot out and charged forward. When he stepped out of the Relocation Rune, his body gathered together above the desert.

He gave up on leaving. When he stood outside the Relocation Rune, he stared at the river, which was no longer obscured by the mountain. In his gaze, the water in the river in the sky was flowing even more clearly now. When the clarity of that water stretched into infinity, a loud bang rang in Su Ming's head... and that river also disappeared from his sight.

There was no longer any mountain or river in the sky.

Understanding rose in Su Ming's heart. He started circulating his cultivation base, and it immediately reached the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix. In fact, he was already not too far away from the middle stage of Life Matrix.

"I understand now... the mountain is still there, and so is the river. They are within my sight, but they're not in my heart!

"If there is a mountain in my heart, then the mountain will be there. If there is a river in my heart, the river will also be there... That's why there was no peak to the mountain, and no end to the river... My heart was influencing my eyes!

"My Life Matrix is to walk from death to life. I would move from winter to spring. It is the same as my heart. Because I exist in the state of death and am within winter, my heart is still.

"My heart affects my soul and my eyes. Perhaps they're affecting each other, that's why I can't see through everything, because my heart is dead... but during the instant I left, the Rune had distorted and golden light had covered my vision, causing me to be able to see what I normally could not.

"I understand now, to move from death to life and from winter to spring, I must first make it so that my heart is alive with spirit. I will have to wake up from this state of being still, only by doing so will I be able to see autumn!

"Being alive with spirit... alive with spirit... How can I make it so that my heart is alive with spirit...?"

Su Ming looked as if he had descended into madness as he stood and mumbled to himself. His eyes were filled with a large amount of blood capillaries, and he was staring at the sky without shifting his gaze once. He might not see the mountain and river anymore, but he still did not want to blink. This current state he was in was incredibly precious to him. He was afraid that if he blinked even once, he would wake up from this epiphany.

'The heart can affect the eyes. Then... surely the eyes can also affect the heart. If I want my heart and soul to fill with life and vigor from the state of being still, then the eyes would be able to do this.

'Moving from winter to autumn is a process. The color of autumn is red... Blood is also red... I will make the world turn red, dye it in blood. When everything that I see has become red, then my eyes will affect my heart and make my heart and soul fill with life and vigor. This is the autumn of my life!'

Su Ming lowered his head swiftly and made himself look at the sand on the ground. This sand existed in the form of grain, and when they entered Su Ming's vision, he started laughing.

'The mountain and river are in my heart. As for the desert... it is formed by an endless amount of sand. Each grain of sand symbolizes a life, and each life symbolizes a cycle of four seasons... That's why my thoughts are not incorrect. Being born is spring, growing up is summer, blood is autumn, which is the time before death, and death is the coldest day of winter in life!

'Ninth layer, open!'

Su Ming laughed long and hard as he swung his arm. When the ninth layer shook and rumbled, he no longer looked at the mountain, river, or desert. He turned around and

took a step toward the center of the ninth layer. When the golden light flashed and the Relocation was activated in the Rune, he disappeared.

When Su Ming disappeared, the ninth layer's mountain, river, and desert did not immediately crumble like what had happened to the previous eight layers after Su Ming had come to understand them. Instead, as they trembled furiously, they seemed to be hesitating about something, as if Su Ming's epiphany... was not the meaning behind them.

Not even the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu, had predicted this when he created Eastern Wastelands Tower. He had placed that one mountain, river, and desert in the ninth layer in Eastern Wastelands Tower as a copy of what he had understood of the Immortals' cultivation base for the future generation of his race.

To Lie Shan Xiu, there was only one true answer to this mountain, river, and desert.

When you see the mountain, it is a mountain. When you see the mountain, it is not a mountain. When you see the mountain, it is still a mountain.

When you see the river, it is a river. When you see the river, it is not a river. When you see the river, it is still a river.

This answer was the general outline regarding Domains in the Immortals' cultivation system. It was a law that was formed based on a person's will. Even Lie Shan Xiu agreed to it wholeheartedly, and once he had come to understand it, he had gained an incredible epiphany from it.

As for the desert that was formed by an endless amount of sand, Lie Shan Xiu had wanted to let his future generation understand that each grain of sand symbolizes a world, and the entire universe is formed this way.

However... the answer and epiphany Su Ming had gained from the ninth layer was completely different from what Lie Shan Xiu had wanted his people to understand. They might not be polar opposites, since they were formed on the same basis, but they were both different sorts of understandings.

That was why the ninth layer hesitated. This hesitation symbolized the conflict between these two types of understanding. One of them was from the Immortals, which was also Lie Shan Xiu's will, and the other was born from Su Ming himself. It was his own form of understanding. If Su Ming's form of understanding failed in the conflict between these two, then he would not be considered to have managed to pass the ninth layer. The ninth layer would also not shatter but would return to normal.

Yet if Su Ming's form of understanding won, then the ninth layer would shatter.

The hesitation regarding its destruction only lasted for nine breaths before the ninth layer shattered with a bang and disappeared without a trace, just like what had happened to the previous eight layers when someone managed to pass through them. As it shattered, a wave of power that belonged to Su Ming's understanding replaced the original meaning contained within the ninth layer. At the same time, as the entire Eastern Wastelands Tower trembled, another light circle appeared outside and spread in all directions with a bang.

The ninth light circle... was blood red!

Its original color should have been white, supposed to symbolize purification and understanding of the heart and soul. It was supposed to symbolize an indifference and detachment after having seen through everything. Yet now, that blood-red light brought with it a murderous aura that surged into the sky. At the instant it reverberated through the sky of Eastern Wastelands, all Berserkers who saw it immediately felt the killing intent within their blood being lit up.

An endless amount of long arcs charged through the world and rushed towards Eastern Wastelands Tower. Some of the ones who were closer had already arrived, and all of them had prostrated themselves outside the blood-red light outside the tower. Zealous expressions and reverence were on their faces as they waited for their God of Berserkers to walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower and lead them... to drown the Immortals in their own blood!

It was especially so for Fated Kin. They had arrived a long time ago and were prostrating on the ground on one side of Eastern Wastelands Tower. The zealous looks on their faces surpassed those of Berserkers. Normal Berserkers were lit with fevered ardor because of their blood and their God of Berserkers, but they... had descended into a fanatical state because of their Respected Senior Mo, because of Su Ming himself.

That was different. That was absolutely different!

Nan Gong Hen stood at the forefront and looked at Eastern Wastelands Tower. His gaze was calm, but hidden within that calm look was an erupting volcano. He was waiting for Su Ming to walk out, waiting for him to lead Fated Kin and make the galaxy tremble.

As Berserkers charged through the sky and closed in on the tower, Immortal sects within Eastern Wastelands could also sense the ripples and see the light circles from where they stayed holed up. The murderous aura and madness contained within the ninth blood-red light circle was enough to make all Immortals feel their hearts quake in fear.

As the ninth light circle spread out from Eastern Wastelands Tower, it covered the land, the Dead Sea, and started moving towards the Alliance of the Western Region, and also the Northern Province.

The Immortals' sects were not just in Eastern Wastelands either. They were also located in the Alliance of the Western Region. There were some who were located in the Northern Region as well, which was the land that worshiped Fallen Berserkers. At the time the ninth light circle spread through the world of Berserkers, it did not matter whether it was the Alliance of the Western Region or the Northern Province, all the descended Immortals felt their hearts tremble. They could feel the madness that wanted to dye the world red within the blood-red light circle.

Chapter 706: Abyss' Awakening!

More Berserkers gathered outside Eastern Wastelands Tower. When Xue Sha and the rest also arrived, they saw that there were already no less than hundreds of thousands of Berserkers gathered outside Eastern Wastelands Tower. And there were even more Berserkers that were charging towards the place from all directions in the sky.

The breathing and zealousness from those hundreds of thousands of people had turned into a shocking presence. This presence was like the stars surrounding the moon that was Eastern Wastelands Tower. A wave of madness that was enough to terrify all races erupted from their bodies.

The source of their madness was their blood, and the reason for their blood falling into madness was the ninth light circle in the sky. That blood-red light circle contained Su Ming's understanding, and it was a murderous will that even the epiphany left behind by the first God of Berserkers could not fight against.

The murderous aura surrounded the entire land of Berserkers, and there were even some excited roars stirred up by Su Ming's light circle within Yin Death Vortex, which was now hidden away by the newly returned blue sky.

Many roars reverberated in the air. Some of the ferocious beasts inside even looked as if they were about to rush out of the fog. They lingered about the edge, but they managed to control themselves and did not truly rush into the land of Berserkers.

As the fog tumbled about, the three old voices within the depths of the fog were also roaring.

"It's that boy's presence! That's right, it's his presence... It's the presence that belongs to this generation's God of Berserkers!"

"This is a blood-red murderous will... What shocking murderous will... I can even see that blood-red world within this murderous will. What a beautiful world..."

"I like this boy. I like people who have this sort of murderous aura. If I knew he was like this, I wouldn't have let those damn Immortals take him away all those years ago. I would have brought him into Yin Death's Holy Land and made him a sacred child within Yin Death Region!"

At the same time these three voices roared, an incredibly domineering divine will that was even older than theirs and located deeper within Yin Death Fog charged towards them while sweeping up the fog around the area before pushing down on the three divine senses.

"Shut up!"

There was a murderous aura contained within the old voice. When it reverberated in the air, the three divine senses instantly fell dead silent.

"I can sense a familiar ripple of power from his body. It's the ripple of power that belongs to the promise Lie Shan Xiu made with Yin Death World all those years ago! It's the call for Evil Spirits' guards and Surging Indulgers' murderous fiends.

"That ripple of power is still not powerful. Observe him constantly. When that ripple of power has become strong enough to call for us, bring him immediately to see me. That boy Lie Shan Xiu brought Yin Death World's mission with him when he left, and he was supposed to help us find the path that led to the fifth Great True World. As for us, we were supposed to listen to the orders of the one who could bring up these ripples.

"But Lie Shan Xiu had not said that the one who will be causing these ripples would just be one person. He had been talking about all the Berserkers gathering together. It's slightly off his predictions. Regardless, after Lie Shan Xiu left, the ripples of the call for the promise had only come from this person. Then... it must be him!"

Yin Death Fog tumbled about violently as the old man spoke. There were two other vortices within the depths of the fog. These two vortices were still and did not move. They were hidden deep and were appearing vaguely as the fog tumbled about. There seemed to be a continent lying within one of those still vortices.

The ground in that continent was black, and even the sky there was dark. Occasionally, red bolts of lightning would flash by the sky and illuminate the world so that it would be slightly more visible, allowing people to be able to somewhat see that there were a hundred thousand people in black armor sitting cross-legged on that continent.

These people were sitting with closed eyes and looked as if they had been asleep for several years. They were all about thirty feet tall and there were ferocious faces of malicious spirits on their countenances. These faces all looked like masks.

If Su Ming was there, he would immediately be able to sense clearly that the presence spreading out from their bodies belonged to Evil Spirits, which he had managed to master when he was within the first eight layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

There was also a continent within the other still vortex. However, the earth in that continent was crimson red, and it was the same for its sky, but occasionally, black bolts of lightning would appear, submerging the land in darkness. There were also a hundred thousand people sitting cross-legged on the ground there with their eyes shut, wearing red armor. Any person would be able to see that their bodies were all just skin and bones. Waves of red light surrounded them, making them look incredibly bizarre.

They were the Surging Indulgers!

Since ancient times, the warriors of these two races had lain dormant in these places and continued sleeping within the vortices. They waited for the day the person who could wake them up would arrive. At the instant the blood-red light from Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer reverberated in the air throughout the land of Berserkers and sent Su Ming's will to all corners of the world, the eyes of the two hundred warriors within the two vortices fluttered, as if they were about to open their eyes.

However, the call from the promise was still incredibly weak. That was why after that light fluttering, their eyes fell shut once more.

As the light circle from Eastern Wastelands Tower swept through the world of Berserkers, as Berserkers who numbered to more than hundreds of thousands worshiped in zealous ardor, and as golden light flashed at the center of Eastern Wastelands Tower's first layer, Su Ming appeared.

His whole body was filled with a murderous aura. His understanding towards making his heart no longer be in a state of stillness and his desire for autumn had caused a tremendous change within him once he left the ninth layer.

There was no outsider interfering with this change, neither was there any other beings offering any sort of guidance. This was Su Ming's own understanding, and it was born of his own will.

'Autumn's color...'

Su Ming licked his lips. A strange and enchanting glare appeared in his eyes, and he walked slowly towards the killing sword. As he closed in on the blade, it immediately started shuddering, as if it had sensed that there was something off about Su Ming. It could sense that the person seemed to have transformed into somebody else compared to his past self.

Su Ming's murderous will far surpassed the killing sword's own, and it let out a mournful whistle as it shuddered.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slowly took hold of the sword's hilt.

"I'll ask you one last time, will you submit to me?!"

The killing sword trembled viciously in Su Ming's hands. Golden light flashed on the blade, and blue light emerged, then transformed into a small blue humanoid. That small humanoid was incredibly weakened, and once it appeared, it looked at Su Ming with terrified eyes. It could sense that even though Su Ming did not seem incredibly powerful right then, there was a presence around him that made even the sword spirit tremble. That presence made it seem as if this person had awakened the unknown...

"You are a killing sword. You should love killing, but all your slaughter is for death. All your slaughter is a form of worship towards death, and I... symbolize death," Su Ming stated languidly. At that instant, his spirit seemed to have risen, causing that awakened presence which made the sword tremble to become even stronger.

At the same time, at the spot where Su Ming's physical body was located at the center of the endless continents surrounding him in multiple layers, a wave of death abruptly erupted from his physical body with a bang. The outburst of that presence made the sharp needles that had sunk deep into the body to be pushed out a little, as if they could not contain that presence in his body.

The hearts of all powerful warriors in the land of Immortals shuddered at that instant. Long arcs charged forth and Relocation Runes were activated—everyone was rushing towards the place where Su Ming's body was located.

"Abyss' Awakening... This is Abyss' Awakening!"

An old man with a head full of white hair stepped into a Relocation Rune with terror on his face.

Chapter 707: Exiting the Tower

At the time many Immortals rushed towards the large number of floating continents in the galaxy using various methods, the corpse that had given Su Ming an incredibly strong feeling lying on the altar suddenly erupted with a presence that made all the Immortals anxious.

The sharp needles on the corpse were crawling out madly, and by the looks of it, they would soon charge out of the body completely, resulting in no seal being able to hold down the corpse.

A strange mark appeared at the center of the corpse's brows. That mark looked like a dried-up leaf, but as it shone, it gave off a false impression that it was about to regain its life force.

Cracking sounds rang in the air as lines appeared on the altar. Those cracks were spreading in all directions, until they covered the whole ground. As the corpse's presence grew stronger, a bang rang in the air, and nearly a third of the needles in the corpse were forced out, shattering into dust in midair.

Right at the moment more needles were about to be forced out, long arcs arrived next to the corpse, and light from Runes shone beside it. Some people had even torn space itself to reach it. There were nine people who arrived!

These people had either arrived in the form of long arcs, via Relocation, or had torn through space. They were shrouded by fog and their faces could not be seen clearly, but at the time they closed in on the corpse, all of them let out a shout at the same time.

The shouts by these people turned into a wave of sound that surged towards the corpse. The nine people then lifted their right hands and formed a seal before pushing at nine different spots on the corpse.

At the same time, a violent shudder wrecked through these nine people's bodies when they started suppressing the corpse.

While these Immortals were doing so, more people continuously arrived to the area around Eastern Wastelands Tower. They numbered between four to five hundred thousand, and they were kneeling around the area and worshipping the tower that was shining with the light circles.

Su Ming stood calmly within Eastern Wastelands Tower and held the killing sword in his right hand. There was an indifferent expression on his face, but there was a terrifying wave of murderous intent that was erupting continuously from the depths of his soul.

The killing sword trembled violently in his hand. The awakened presence that terrified it eventually made it let out a submissive cry. As that cry echoed in the air, the final sliver of blue light disappeared, and once it was completely replaced by golden light, the sword let out a piercing light in Su Ming's hand.

Su Ming let go of the hilt and pointed towards the killing sword. It instantly charged towards his right index finger, turning smaller as it came and making it seem as if there was golden light surrounding Su Ming's right index finger. When that golden light

scattered away after a moment, a sharp golden nail was added to the tip of the fingernail.

At that moment, after being pushed into an incredibly pathetic state that he had even spared no pains in lighting his soul on fire more than a year ago, Su Ming made the sword submit to him! By borrowing the awe-inspiring might of Eastern Wastelands Tower, he had managed to do so using the awakening of his soul after he understood the bloody meaning behind autumn, as well as managing to gain a hazy notion of something!

"I... like red..." Su Ming whispered softly, then lifted his right hand and pushed against the door of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

With it, booming sounds came from the gate, and it slowly swung open. At the moment it opened, an endless amount of golden light charged out and shook the entire land. During that instant, excited roars came into the tower from the world outside.

Su Ming walked out calmly. When he moved out of Eastern Wastelands Tower enveloped by the golden light, he saw an endless amount of excited Berserkers.

His statue of the God of Berserkers manifested in midair at that time, the ten thousand feet statue appearing erect in the world. The presence of Life Cultivation spread out from it, the mighty pressure that made all the Berserkers' blood boil, and it told all of the Berserkers one thing—Su Ming was... the God of Berserkers they had been searching for over the past year!

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

The rise and fall of the voices that belonged to the four to five hundred thousand people fused together, turning into a shocking roar and the Berserkers' will. It became the Berserkers' soul, and as it reverberated in the air, all the people shouted at the top of their lungs. The excited cries could intimidate even the heavens themselves, bring the earth to submission, cause hearts to shake, and make souls roar!

Su Ming stood outside Eastern Wastelands Tower silently and looked at all the excited eyes staring at him. Roars that surged into the sky reached his ears. Within this wave of sound and amid the Berserkers' excitement, a strange form of resonance gradually took shape, tying his heart together with these people.

This resonance was a feeling that could not be described with words. It was as if Su Ming could make these people move with just one word. Even if he wanted them to blast the sky open, they would not hesitate to do so.

It was as if Su Ming was their God at this instant. Or perhaps not just for this instant but for all eternity.

Su Ming closed his eyes. After a moment, the waves of sound traveling into his ears increased, and they showed no sign of stopping. When they grew so loud as if they were about to turn the world upside down, he opened his eyes and slowly said, "I want to slaughter my way to the Immortals' territory."

His voice was not loud, but even in the mid of the roars let out by the four to five hundred thousand people, his voice still spread in all directions and reverberated over the whole land.

As his voice traveled forth, all the Berserkers in the area, including the old men like Xue Sha and Tian Qi, found themselves unable to contain their excitement.

"Slaughter our way to the Immortals' territory!" This was the cry shared by all the people in the land. Their merged voices could terrify even ghosts and deities, and they could make all living beings tremble because of it.

"I want to kill all Immortals in the land of Berserkers!" Su Ming swung his arm, and his voice grew slightly louder.

"Kill all Immortals in the land of Berserkers!" All the Berserkers in the area stood up and shouted at the sky. A crazed killing intent erupted from their bodies at that instant.

"I want to dye the Immortals' galaxy red!" Su Ming took a step forward and rose swiftly in midair. As his voice spread out, he was answered by the crazed roars of the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers.

"Dye the Immortals' galaxy red!" Roars that surpassed the cries of thunder gathered together like a sword that was drawn out of its scabbard. It gathered the Berserkers' uprisal and charged into the sky to stir the heavens. It even made all the ferocious spirits in Yin Death Fog fall silent.

At that instant, as those people shrouded by fog suppressed Su Ming's physical body at the center of all the floating continents in the Immortals' galaxy, another third of all the needles charged out of his body and exploded in midair.

It made the nine people suppressing him cough up blood. As they tumbled backwards, all of them let out low growls and forced their bodies to stop moving back. At the instant they moved to suppress the corpse once again, nine distorted illusions appeared behind them.

Projections of a world could be seen within the distorted illusions behind each of these people. Those were worlds from nine directions, and within each world, an endless

number of Immortals could be seen meditating. They were offering up all their power and sending it through the projected illusions.

"Send out my orders and tell the Immortals in other other nine worlds to suppress the change in Destiny's physical body! If they don't send someone soon and suppress him, the nine of us will not be able to handle him!"

One of the nine let out a low shout as they all borrowed the powers of their worlds to suppress Su Ming's physical body, preventing the needles in his body from being able to leave his flesh.

Almost at the same time these nine people suppressed the corpse once again, shocking roars echoed through Eastern Wastelands. As the four to five hundred thousand people howled, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky while standing beside Eastern Wastelands Tower. His gaze seemed to be able to see through the sky and Yin Death Region, making him able to see the Immortals' galaxy, which existed beyond the mirror.

"I am the God of Berserkers! I will lead all Berserkers and dye the Immortals' sky red with their blood!" Su Ming did not just say these words, but lifted his head and roared them at the sky. With it, all the Berserkers in the area did the same thing and let out roars that shook the sky. All their wills were gathered on Su Ming at that instant, and he had a feeling that he could fuse with the world of Berserkers.

As some part of his soul awakened, as he understood the meaning of autumn, and as the Berserkers' will fused together, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted with a bang.

Once that happened, red gradually appeared in the sky. The rivers on the ground seemed to have also been dyed by that color during that instant and gained a red glow.

At the spot where Su Ming's physical body was, once his cultivation base erupted, all the needles that had sunk into him once again due to the suppression shuddered, looking as if they wanted to surge out. The expressions on the nine people's faces changed drastically where they stood around the body.

At that moment, a tyrannical and powerful divine sense came charging forward with a bang, tearing through space to appear right above Su Ming's physical body. Whoever it was lifted his or her right hand and pushed down swiftly. Soon after, a divine sense with an ancient and old presence charged through the torn space and pushed down on Su Ming's physical body.

If anyone took a look here, then they would see that there were nearly a hundred Immortals who had gathered around to suppress the sealed body, and all of them possessed incredibly powerful might.

As the light from the Runes shone, a divine sense that surpassed that of all the divine senses belonging to the people in the area tore through space from somewhere and arrived with a bang, suppressing Su Ming's physical body.

"Abyss' Awakening...? Hmph! Even if he awakened, he would still have to forever pay tribute to us Immortals."

Under the suppression from the various powerful and mighty presences among the Immortals as well as some ancient existences, Su Ming's physical body gradually calmed down. The mark of the dried leaf at the center of his brows disappeared, and he stopped moving.

Su Ming could not sense any of what happened in the land of Immortals while he remained in the land of Berserkers. However, at the moment his body was finally suppressed, he felt as if a huge stone was pressed down against his heart, and his hate for all Immortals erupted forth even greater than before.

He had a strong feeling that there was only a little left before his cultivation base would move into the middle stage of Life Matrix. This sliver of difference would need the world to run crimson, requiring an endless amount of blood and lives.

Chapter 708: Destroy the Sect!

Su Ming no longer attempted to clear the other layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower. He left seeking the answer for the things after the ninth layer to the future, because he had far too many things he needed to do at the moment and did not have the time to stay in the tower. By his predictions, if he wanted to gain a complete epiphany towards Eastern Wastelands Tower, not only would he require a level of cultivation higher than his current one, he would also need an endless amount of time.

Su Ming's murderous aura filled his entire being. He wanted to turn the sky red and see autumn to verify his epiphany so that he could enter the middle stage of Life Matrix.

As the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers roared around him, Su Ming cast a glance at the land in the distance. His Atman filled the area, but he was only looking for one thing. It was... his eldest senior brother's statue, located at the spot where the Immortals descended.

That statue was kept in perfect condition at its original spot. There was also Su Ming's protection on that statue, which he had left in secret as he escaped from the killing sword. Su Ming did not believe that his eldest senior brother would just die like this. He absolutely refused to believe it.

In silence, Su Ming averted his gaze. He did not dare to take his eldest senior brother away, because he was uncertain. He did not know whether his actions would bring more harm to his eldest senior brother.

'Eldest senior brother, I'll make you wake up...'

Su Ming lifted his head. When he swept his gaze past Fated Kin, he nodded, then looked towards the world in the distance. As he spread his Atman outwards, he found an Immortals' sect located in that direction - Sky Mist Dao!

This was the biggest sect Sky Mist Dao had in the land of Berserkers. It was also their base within the land of Berserkers. The sect had currently entered seclusion and activated all their great Runes which covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of li, making the area into an incredibly powerful defense. It would be difficult for Berserkers to move even half an inch forward through the area of the Rune, but the people of Sky Mist Dao could also not venture out.

"Come with me... to destroy the Immortals' sects in the land of Berserkers. Our first target is Sky Mist Dao!"

Su Ming waved his arm, and his voice spread through the whole area in waves. All the Berserkers who heard his words felt their blood boiling. Their eyes turned crimson red, and they let out hoarse roars.

They had been waiting for this day for far too long, and now it had finally arrived. Under the lead of their God of Berserkers, Su Ming, they would sweep through all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers, and make their land... become a forbidden ground for Immortals from then onwards!

Tian Qi, Xue Sha, Chi Lei Tian, and the others were the group whose level of cultivation were the highest besides Su Ming. They had witnessed his fight against Di Tian and saw the Immortals' Relocation Rune shatter. At that moment, when they saw Su Ming walking out of Eastern Wastelands Tower and heard his words wanting to destroy all Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers, they flew up without hesitation and wrapped their fists in their palms before Su Ming, worshipping him.

"We are all willing to obey the God of Berserkers' will and are willing to follow the God of Berserkers to destroy the Immortals!"

"We will follow the God of Berserkers and destroy the Immortals!"

The same words escaped the mouths of all Berserkers in the area in the form of crazed roars. Long arcs shot up from the ground and charged into the sky. Those long arcs belonged to the four to five hundred thousand people flying upwards at the same time, and this was a scene that was striking enough to shock all those who saw it.

Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Qi and the others before he took a step towards the sky in the distance. He turned into a long arc and flew right in front of everyone. Tian Qi and the others followed swiftly behind, and right behind them was Su Ming's Fated Kin. With Nan Gong Hen as their leader, they followed closely behind their Respected Senior Mo.

Right at the end were the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers. With a presence that covered the sky, they turned into brilliant arcs that caused a huge shadow to fall on the ground. As they charged forward, they followed Su Ming and rushed towards Sky Mist Dao.

Time passed swiftly. The flight of five hundred thousand people stirred up a huge gust of wind that swept through the world. An endless amount of sand and stone on the ground was swept up. The layers of clouds in the sky were torn apart before they could even get close to the crowd. In the mid of all the moaning sounds from wind that was stirred up due to the charge, the crowd landed right above Sky Mist Dao after a day.

Sky Mist Dao was one of the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands, and it occupied a territory of hundreds of thousands of li. There were eighteen mountains located inside this territory, and there was an innumerable amount of beautiful towers on each of these mountains. They could accommodate hundreds of thousands of disciples to train within them, and a large circular Rune was located on the ground with these eighteen mountains as a basis. The Rune could absorb the spiritual aura from the world so that Immortals could continue training.

It was especially so right then. Once all the Runes in Sky Mist Dao were activated, a thick layer of fog filled the area around it, surrounding the place, and lightning arcs could be seen flashing inside. There were also low growls echoing inside that fog, giving off an air that it did not welcome any forms of life inside.

The fog covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of li. Besides lightning flashes and low growls, there was also a brilliant light flashing inside that fog. It was the second layer of Sky Mist Dao's Mountain Protection Rune - Ultimate Barrier!

Not only were Sky Mist Dao disciples required to manage the activation of this Ultimate Barrier, it also needed the Rune on the ground to continuously absorb spiritual aura from the ground, supplying itself with the necessary amount of spiritual aura.

South Morning's Sky Mist Barrier was the shrunken version of this Ultimate Barrier. There were also Sky Mist's Immortal guards inside this Ultimate Barrier. All of these Immortal guards were puppets that would obey any command, even it was for them to self-destruct.

There was a third Rune within Sky Mist Dao, right behind that Ultimate Barrier. That Rune's name was Four Sacred Skies. It was one of the core Mountain Protection Runes in Sky Mist Dao. Within it were the four great laws of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, and they could destroy all those who tried to trespass with brute force.

Besides Four Sacred Skies, Sky Mist Dao had one final Rune, and that was Four Seasons' Destruction! The passage of time contained within the spring, summer, autumn, and winter was embedded within this Rune, and with the lives of all the disciples in Sky Mist Dao as its foundation, it would make the life of the person who moved into the Rune take a turn for the worse by speeding up his life cycle.

After all, even if there were only ten thousand Sky Mist disciples offering a year of their lives, there would still be ten thousand years contained within the Rune, and to many people, these ten thousand years meant that they would immediately become old, turning into skeletons once they stepped into the Four Seasons' Destruction.

As the five hundred thousand long arcs charged through the world beyond Sky Mist Dao and stirred up a huge gust of wind, they swept up an endless amount of sand that crashed into that thick fog around Sky Mist Dao before they even got close.

At the instant sand and fog crashed into each other, shocking booming sounds echoed in the air. Hasty bell chimes immediately traveled through the entire Sky Mist Dao. At the instant the disciples within the eighteen mountains heard the bell chimes, their expressions changed, no matter what they were doing.

The ground trembled due to that booming sound, and the eighteen mountains shuddered together. Long arcs flew up and turned into dozens of people in midair. None of these people had low levels of cultivation, but they were all looking at the sky with pale faces.

"The Berserkers have come! Maintain the Runes at full power! No matter what cost, do not let the Berserkers break through Sky Mist Dao's Runes!"

"All those within Sky Mist Dao, listen well! If you fall into the hands of Berserkers, you will definitely die! Instead of that, it is better to tie your lives to Sky Mist Dao! Besides, there is a possibility that they will not be able to break our Runes! We... still have hope!"

"I've already contacted our sect in the land of Immortals once more! If we persevere, then we will have a chance to live!"

Low shouts that contained either brusque or gentle words reverberated through Sky Mist Dao, and they were all trying to curb the panic among the disciples. Yet a violent bang that sounded as if it was right beside everyone's ears traveled through Sky Mist Dao from the area outside.

That sound caused the eighteen mountains to shake so much that crushed stones started rolling down. Sky Mist Dao's disciples shuddered so much that many of them started bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth.

"The first layer of our Runes... has been broken..." A piercing scream shot out among the disciples. At the instant all people turned their gazes towards the sky, they saw...

A young man clad in armor and surrounded entirely by black smoke. With long hair that was black with a tinge of purple, he stood in the sky and sliced down with the sword in his hand. When he did so, an endless amount of thick fog let out a loud bang and tumbled backwards like seawater before disintegrated altogether.

With the killing sword in hand, Su Ming pointed towards Sky Mist Dao, which was now lacking that thick fog.

"Kill them!"

As he roared, the Berserkers who had arrived continuously behind him charged madly towards Sky Mist Dao's second layer of defense. As the fog was torn apart and continued tumbling backwards to reveal Sky Mist Dao, not only did all the disciples in the sect see Su Ming, they also saw the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers behind him. They also saw... the other Berserkers behind the initial hundreds of thousands, whose sheer numbers blotted out the sky and earth, and who were packed so densely together that an end to them could not be seen.

All of the Berserkers' eyes were crimson red, and they were all shining with madness and a hatred towards Immortals that was engraved deep within their bones.

Wu La stood at the second mountain with a pale face. As she looked at Su Ming and all the Berserkers outside the Rune in the sky, her expression changed. Slowly, the complicated look on her face disappeared and was replaced by a sigh. She tightly wrapped her fingers around a pair of bells in her hand.

Tian Lan You's face was also pale as she stood on another mountain, but there was an endless amount of cold spreading out from her. She kept her gaze fixed on Su Ming while another woman stood quietly right next to her. That woman was Tian Lan Meng.

She looked at Su Ming in the sky, and all the memories of the past surfaced in her head. Their initial meeting all those years ago and their journey together as they harbored some fondness for each other, but those possible beautiful moments that might have existed turned to dust due to their separation because of the great war between the Shamans and Berserkers.

Her hesitation after they reunited in the World of Berserkers caused her to be unable to forget the grief and understanding that had appeared on Su Ming's face at that time.

'Is it fated...?' Tian Lan Meng bit her bottom lip, and tears fell from her eyes.

As the five hundred thousand people charged forward from beyond Sky Mist Dao, Su Ming held the killing sword in his hand and walked towards the second layer of defense. At the same time, in a forest far away from this spot, located near Evil Spirit Sect, Qian Chen found himself lying on the ground and continuing to fake death once again. There

was an incredibly beautiful woman in front of him. She was blinking rapidly while eating roasted seeds in her hand and throwing the seed skins on the ground.

There was a huge yellowish brown dog beneath her. That dog was sticking out its tongue lazily and sweeping up those seed skins before swallowing them.

The old man that was really the bald crane was putting on the air of a powerful person and an unfathomable demeanor, as if he was afraid that other people did not know that he was a veteran, and he was chatting away with the woman.

"Are you saying that this God of Berserkers, Su Ming, is your disciple?" The woman's eyes went wide, and she put on a naive expression. There was a look of idolization on her beautiful, petite face.

"I'll have to correct you, lassy. That Su Ming is not my disciple. His father is my disciple in name. So in all, that boy Su Ming could call me his granduncle master.

"There is nothing I don't know about him. What do you want to know? I can tell you," the old man stated, after a small cough.

Chapter 709: A Pot of Meat...

"How old is that God of Berserkers this year?" The woman blinked and looked at the old man before her with a smile, then placed a seed in her mouth and bit down on it.

"Others might not know about Su Ming, but I know him too well, he's..." As the old man who was actually the transformed bald crane continued chattering away, the huge yellow dog under the woman's feet cast a sideways glance at him before shaking its head. There was a look of pity and compassion on its face when it sashayed its way to Qian Chen, who was pretending to be dead by the side.

As it walked around Qian Chen's body, the yellow mutt stuck out its nose and sniffed him carefully before sticking out its tongue to lick his face a few times. A large amount of slob fell down on Qian Chen face, but he did not dare move.

He could not help but find his heart racing against his chest. He kept his eyes shut tight, but he could still smell the stench coming from that wet tongue. But this was not even the main point, he was actually a person who had descended to the land of Berserkers, and while he was not an Immortal, he still had some unique divine abilities.

None of them were offensive, but he could somewhat see through the true form of certain objects. This divine ability was well liked by the younger disciples of his race, and it was an Art they had to have when they wanted to travel around worlds.

This divine ability would let them find many treasures that other people could not find and allow them to seem as if they possessed Insight. In fact, there were some direct connections between this divine ability and the reason why Qian Chen had been able to use a unique method to descend to the land of Berserkers.

When he first ran into the bald crane, he had used this divine ability and saw that the person he was looking at was actually a transformed bird. The bald crane had then introduced itself as Old Crane, and that was why Qian Chen constantly addressed it as Grandpa Crane and Sir Crane. Only then did the bald crane see how clever he was and dragged him in as its companion.

At that moment, as that mutt continued licking Qian Chen with its tongue, his heart trembled. He had a feeling that there was something off about this mutt. That stench from its mouth made him instinctively execute his divine ability and push his mind slightly outward to look towards the mutt beside him.

Qian Chen was left stunned after his glance. He even opened his eyes wide to look at the mutt in shock. What he saw with his Art was no mutt but a yellow dragon!

And it was a dragon with an incredibly ferocious look. At that moment, the dragon was looking at him and sticking out its huge tongue to lick his face. A large amount of dragon saliva fell on him, and in Qian Chen's eyes, the yellow dragon seemed as if it wanted to swallow him whole.

There was nothing else that could drive Qian Chen into more despair than an evil dragon licking him. Under this extreme terror, his eyes rolled upwards and he fell unconscious. This time, he truly fainted.

However, before he was knocked out, he could still hear the bald crane's ancient voice ringing in his ears.

"Lassy, there are too many things regarding the God of Berserkers' past. I feel thirsty after saying so much. By the way, why are your parents not here yet? We already made a promise that if you wanted to make a powerful warrior like me join your side, you would need to bring someone who has equal status to me here so that we could negotiate..."

"Oh well, I'm a little hungry now. How about this? That mutt seems quite fat, why don't you kill that mutt and make a pot of braised meat?"

These were the bald crane's words Qian Chen heard before he fainted. It was also why Qian Chen fell unconscious very happily and in a very straightforward manner.

At that time, booming sounds surged into the sky in a place where Sky Mist Dao was located. They reverberated in all directions in a manner that was deafening to the ears, causing the land of Sky Mist Dao to tremble and cracks to appear in the sky.

Five hundred thousand people had surrounded Sky Mist Dao. The murderous aura and madness spreading from their bodies turned into something that practically had corporeal form, and it was squashing down the eighteen mountains that were protected by Sky Mist Dao's Runes.

The mighty pressure was something that this sect could not hope to resist. Even if they put up some resistance, it would shatter instantly under this pressure. The wills of those five hundred thousand people had fused together and turned into a wave of madness that could destroy everything.

Chi Lei Tian and the others followed right behind Su Ming as he traveled at the forefront. At that moment, even though there were mixed feelings within Chi Lei Tian's heart, he did not harbor any thoughts to take back the Lightning Crystal from Su Ming. In truth, when he first saw him at the spot where Immortals descended a year ago, he had been able to recognize that this was the person from South Morning that he had planned to torture to death.

He was the person who had snatched away half of his Lightning Crystal, and Chi Lei Tian had sent his divine sense over to say all those heinous and brutal words...

When he noticed that Su Ming was that person, all sorts of feelings had arisen within his heart, and he had given up on his misery. In fact, he felt incredibly regretful over the brutal words he had said in the beginning.

As all those mixed feelings battled in his heart, he saw Su Ming giving off the presence that was so powerful it could almost suffocate a person, and Chi Lei Tian showed off his abilities without care for any risk to himself. In his eyes, this was perhaps the only method for him to not have Su Ming come causing trouble for him.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming took a step forward, and the fog that was the first layer of Sky Mist Dao's Rune tumbled backwards before him to reveal the second Rune, which was a gigantic screen of light known as the Ultimate Barrier.

That screen of light surrounded the entire Sky Mist Dao. In fact, if anyone looked at it for a longer period of time, they would find that it was not a single, thin layer but consisted multiple layers that formed a barrier in the shape of a city wall, and it was protecting Sky Mist Dao within it.

There was also an endless amount of spiritual aura spreading out from the ground to fuse into the barrier so that it could continue to operate. In fact, every hundred feet, a Sky Mist Dao disciple could be vaguely seen sitting cross-legged, resulting in the defensive prowess of the second barrier to be greater than that of the first layer.

There were also nearly a hundred powerful presences on that Rune. Each of these presences possessed great power, but they had no intelligence. They were all puppets that existed because of the Rune.

They could not leave Sky Mist Dao. They could only survive around the barrier, and were the best defensive force.

"Break it," Su Ming stated flatly once he swept his gaze across the guards of that Ultimate Barrier.

As his words traveled through the sky, Chi Lei Tian and the others immediately charged towards the barrier. At the same time, the four to five hundred thousand people around them hurled a punch at the Ultimate Barrier as they roared and continued spreading out the mighty pressure from their bodies.

In Su Ming's eyes, there was no skill required to break Sky Mist Dao's Rune. There was no need for him to understand how the Rune operated, and neither was there any need for him to think about how to dodge it. They only needed... one punch!

With a punch thrown together by five hundred thousand people, with a forceful and incredibly violent manner, they would break open this barrier with brute force. This was a punch of an upfront manner!

The punches Berserkers gathered together the power of the hundreds of thousands of people, and the resulting attack seemed like a savage, crazed dragon that was charging towards the wall, which was known as Sky Mist Dao's Ultimate Barrier. Nearly a hundred golden flashes of light shone, and the puppets appeared. As they came into contact with the power gathered together by the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers, a bang shook the skies, and the puppets turned into dust, were instantly wiped off.

They could not stop the Berserkers for even a moment, allowing the crazed dragon that was formed by the power of the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers to crash into the Ultimate Barrier. A loud booming sound surged into the air and spread through a small half of Eastern Wastelands, the barrier that was formed by the screen of light let out a scream of its inability to withstand the force that had just rammed into it. As it shattered inch by inch, the thousands of Sky Mist Dao disciples sitting on the barrier and defending it fell backwards, crumbling. As the booming sound echoed in the air, the barrier shattered!

"Fourth God of Berserkers, even if you destroy Sky Mist Dao today, there will come a day where we Immortals will descend en masse and destroy all of you!" A shrill roar came from the crumbled barrier, and it belonged to an old man. There was little of his body left, but there was an endless amount of hatred within his voice.

"Are the number of Berserkers you Immortals killed small? After the first God of Berserkers left, you cruelly tore our second God of Berserkers, sealed Great Yu

Imperial City, and sent a large amount of Immortals to purge us Berserkers. More than hundreds of millions of Berserkers had died by your hands throughout the ages!"

"Immortals must die! My tribe and my family were all slaughtered by Immortals, and it was all so that they could create a single drop of Berserker Blood..."

"All my children died in the hands of Immortals. To me, you've already destroyed my bloodline! So I'll make all of you pay!"

"I'm the only one left of my tribe now, and it was all because my tribe was located on a spirit mine..."

Voices rose up in the form of roars in answer to the old man's words. They were the voices belonging to the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers in the area. They were filled with their hatred and their madness towards the Immortals.

This was a war between two races. Perhaps there were people who had never dyed their hands in either of the races' blood in this war, but even so, in this war where one side must be destroyed, they could only go with the flow, and slowly, but surely, they would also find themselves killing the other race.

This was war. There is no right and wrong in it. The only thing that might exist is a sigh of regret.

Su Ming lifted his head and watched as the old man with that shrill voice and hatred gradually disappeared. He then lifted his right hand. The Berserkers around him roared, and he lowered his hand towards the third layer of protection - Four Sacred Skies.

When his palm fell, the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers manifested before him, and it struck the third layer of protection with its palm. As rumbling sounds echoed in the air, wind, rain, thunder, and lightning rose up within that Four Sacred Skies Rune before spreading out violently.

The Berserkers' levels of cultivation were unequal. Once Four Sacred Skies spread out, quite a large number of them immediately coughed up blood. Some of them even collapsed and died. But there was an even larger number of Berserkers who charged past Su Ming with red eyes, as if they had gone mad, and rushed towards the Rune.

This was not Su Ming's battle alone. This was... the battle of all Berserkers.

The Immortals within the eighteen mountains of Sky Mist Dao watched the sky quietly with pale faces under the Rune's protection. Despair took hold of them, for the shadow of death was descending on them. Once the Rune shattered, the only thing that would await them was death.

Chapter 710: There Will Always be Sacrifices, and There Will Always be Those who Want to Live

Sky Mist Dao's third Rune rumbled, and those rumbling sounds from Four Sacred Skies continued violently without stop. This Rune might be incredibly powerful and the four great laws of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder might be able to gather up an endless amount of destructive power as they changed, but no matter how limitless that destructive power was, it could not overcome the madness of five hundred thousand people.

Theirs was a reckless battle, and it was a form of counterattack in the mid of their uprising, born from hatred for Immortals.

The Rune lasted for a moment, and that so called infinite amount of destruction did not last too long either. Quite a number of Berserkers died, but they died willingly. They were dying for their own people, for the Berserkers' uprising. They died without regrets.

Su Ming did not stop the Berserkers from getting injured or getting killed as they fought against the Immortals, because this was for their own uprising. If he forcefully called a stop to the Berserkers' attack and attacked Sky Mist Dao's Rune himself, perhaps with his power, he could break open Sky Mist Dao's mountain gate.

But if he did that, then this war would no longer be the Berserkers and the Immortals' battle. Instead... it would be Su Ming against the Immortals. If that came to be the case, then Berserkers would not be able to continue with their uprising. Even if there was any form of rise in power, it would still be Su Ming's uprising, not that of the Berserkers.

A race's uprising required fresh blood, sacrifices, and a will.

Su Ming looked at the madness within his people's red eyes. The only thing he could do was to lead them and break open the Runes with them. Su Ming took a step forward. As his power of Life Matrix circulated in his body, he lifted his foot and took a swift step forward. The world immediately roared, and a huge foot appeared in the sky.

It was the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps. The foot stepped on Sky Mist Dao's Four Sacred Skies Rune seven times in a row. The Rune shuddered, and an endless amount of Berserkers charged forward madly. With their bodies, their flesh, and their power, and everything else within them, they crashed into the Rune.

A loud boom erupted into the sky. As that sound burst into the air, tens of thousands of Berserkers died, but the Four Sacred Skies Rune also shattered.

Once it did, only one last defensive Rune remained between the Immortals and the Berserkers - Four Seasons' Destruction!

This Rune was incredibly terrifying. It did not have any concrete attacks and could not destroy any souls. It only had a power to make spring move towards winter. It could make a person transform in the way the four seasons would and move from life to death... With the same amount of life offered, it could extinguish the flames in a person's life.

"Sky Mist Dao disciples, we are Immortals! Even... if we die, we will die as we kill Berserkers! Only this sort of death will allow our souls to return to our homeland! If we die in humiliation and let these savage barbarians break our Rune, then our deaths will have no value!"

At the instant Four Sacred Skies crumbled, the Sect Master of the Sky Mist Dao branch in the land of Berserkers, a middle-aged man with a sullen face, rose up in midair and looked at all the disciples within the eighteen mountains.

His gaze gradually turned gentle, and a hint of a reluctance to part appeared in his eyes.

"I don't want to die... but if Sky Mist Dao is going to fall, if the Rune crumbles and we will all have to face death without exception, then... I wish that I will die a worthy death. I wish that my death will make these savages in Yin Death Region pay a devastating price.

"I wish that my death will lessen the sacrifices for our army in the land of Immortals when they come here to avenge us... I am not a kindhearted person, but at this moment, I wish that my death would be worth it! Who among you is willing to die a worthy death with me?"

The middle-aged man's voice was rousing. At the instant he said those words, he lifted his head and looked at the final Rune up ahead, then took a step towards Sky Mist Dao's Four Seasons' Destruction.

At the instant he took that step forward, his physical body started rapidly withering away, and at the moment he closed in on the Rune, his body turned into a pile of bones that fell apart. However, all his flesh, blood, and Nascent Divinity gathered together and flew out of that pile of bones, fusing into the Four Seasons' Destruction with a bang.

"Sky Mist Dao's final Rune is called Four Seasons' Destruction because it will be incredibly difficult to destroy as long as there were those who were willing to offer up their lives to take another's. There will only be dead souls in Sky Mist Dao, no survivors in our sect who will be waiting for you!

"I still have four thousand eight hundred something years of life in me, who will come and exchange their lives with me!" The Sect Master's voice reverberated through the air and spread through the entire area inside the Rune as well as the area beyond. Even the Berserkers outside stopped moving.

Su Ming stood right at the front. When he looked over and sensed the determination within the Immortals that would rather descend into madness and die than give up, he had to admit that even though he despised and loathed this race, there were respectable aspects within each race.

"I still have seven hundred something years of life left, who will exchange their lives with me?!" A person flew out from one of the eighteen mountains in Sky Mist Dao and charged towards that Four Seasons' Destruction Rune.

"I still have a hundred something years of life left..."

"I still have two thousand two hundred something years of life..."

"I have four hundred something years of life..."

"I have six hundred something years of life..."

One voice after another rose continuously from the eighteen mountains in Sky Mist Dao, and groups of people charged swiftly towards the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune. In the blink of an eye, those voices became even more frequent and eventually fused together to become Sky Mist Dao's cry.

"I still have five hundred years of life," Wu La whispered softly and fused into the Rune.

In silence, Tian Lan You lifted her head and took a step forward towards the Rune. Tian Lan Meng bit her bottom lip, and just as she was about to move forward in anguish, the departing Tian Lan You suddenly turned her head around, and before Tian Lan Meng could even react to her, Tian Lan You had already lifted her right hand and swung at her sister.

A white layer of fog spread out. Tian Lan Meng gradually closed her eyes in the fog and fell to the side.

"Live a good life..." Tian Lan You whispered softly and turned around to take a step towards the Rune in the sky.

When almost every single person in Sky Mist Dao offered up their lives, a blinding light erupted from the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune. That light came from all directions and concentrated right before the Berserkers.

The low roars and declarations that they would exchange a life for a life symbolized the Immortals' counterattack. It also made the bloodthirsty Berserkers fall silent for a moment.

But it only lasted for a moment before all the Berserkers took a step forward. A presence that suppressed all things swept through the land, and the Berserkers charged into the circle of light that would take their lives in exchange for the Immortals'.

Su Ming did not move back. He took a step into that circle of light together with his people. This was a battle that had no plots, no schemes, and no ploys.

This was a crazed battle of sacrificing a life for a life. If the Immortals could do it, then Berserkers would give the same response. As loud booming sounds rang in the air and both sides fought using their lives, the bodies of all Sky Mist Dao disciples withered away once they gave up all their years. But this was not the end, their Nascent Divinities self-destructed as their bodies collapsed so that they could bring forth even greater destruction with the power contained in their explosions.

The Berserkers were the same. This was a battle that had no right or wrong, no logic or reasoning. This was a crazed battle that sacrificed a life for a life. As more people died, the battle gradually came to an end.

Tens of thousands of Immortals collapsed dead. When the Sect Master disappeared, when Wu La's soul with its anguish scattered into nothingness, when all the Immortals gave up their everything for the sake of killing at least one more Berserker... the battle that sacrificed a life for a life ended.

Once the last Immortal in the Rune died, the light from the Four Seasons' Destruction gradually faded away and disappeared into the world. Su Ming stood in midair at that moment. As of then, nearly seventy thousand Berserkers had died.

Half of them were lost due to this sacrifice of life for a life.

The entire battlefield sank into silence.

"They are warriors. Even if our hatred towards them burns the sky... they were still warriors. They deserve respect," Su Ming said slowly. His voice reverberated through the battlefield, falling into each of the Berserkers' ears.

Sky Mist Dao was destroyed. However, within all races and all sects, if there were those who were courageous enough to sacrifice their own lives, then there would naturally be those who were cowards. At that moment, there were a couple hundred of these people still remaining among the eighteen mountains of Sky Mist Dao. They were the ones who had not given up their lives earlier. Once the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune disappeared and the sky was filled with Berserkers, these hundreds of people walked

out while trembling, then prostrated themselves on the ground towards the Berserkers and Su Ming.

"We are willing to change our blood inheritance and worship the God of Berserkers as Berserkers from now on..." These hundreds of people prayed as they trembled, and their words pleading for survival traveled through the air.

Su Ming did not bother about these people. There would naturally be those who would enslave them and make them secondary citizens—slaves in all but name—among the Berserkers. Su Ming's gaze fell on a person lying unconscious on the ground within one of the eighteen mountains.

He walked over silently and arrived next to the unconscious Tian Lan Meng. He looked at her silently, and a hint of nostalgia as well as complicated feelings appeared on his face.

Su Ming closed his eyes. Sometime later, when he opened them, he said flatly, "Chi Lei Tian!"

Immediately, a long arc charged through the sky and landed behind him. It was Chi Lei Tian. His heart was trembling slightly, but he dared not show a single hint of it on his face. Instead, he only showed zealous respect as he knelt down on one knee towards Su Ming.

"I, Chi Lei Tian, am here."

"I took away half of your Lightning Crystal in the past..." Su Ming said slowly. When he uttered these words, Chi Lei Tian's heart let out a thump in his chest, and an awkward look as well as a wry smile appeared on his face.

"Today, I will give Sky Mist Dao's ruins to your tribe. Make it the foundation for your tribe to grow strong." Su Ming turned around and looked towards the man.

Chi Lei Tian was momentarily stunned, then excitement instantly filled him. He bowed towards Su Ming once again.

"Thank you for your gift, God of Berserkers!"

"Stay here for the time being. The rest of you, come with me... and we will wipe out Hidden Dragon Sect!" Su Ming turned around and walked towards the sky. The hundreds of thousands of Berserkers around him roared and turned into a long arc as they charged into the distance with Su Ming at the front.

Chi Lei Tian lifted his head and looked towards the Berserker army that was leaving into the distance. He was also looking at Su Ming as he traveled at the front, while in his ears were the words Su Ming had told to him before he left.

"That woman is an old friend of mine. Let her stay and don't harm her."

Chapter 711: Do Not Spare Even a Single One

Hidden Dragon Sect is one of the three great sects in the land of Immortals. It occupies a large territory in the Immortals' galaxy. The sect has an incredibly deep history and possesses many cultivation planets. They are famous among the Immortals.

The Hidden Dragon Sect within the land of Berserkers is just a branch. However, even though it is only a branch, it has been able to occupy some of the areas with the densest amount of spiritual aura in Eastern Wastelands after years of administration, just like Sky Mist Dao.

They occupy an area that is nearly a hundred thousand li. It looks like a flat piece of land and there is nothing in it that would catch anyone's attention. Anyone could pass through that place as if they were passing through a deserted area.

Even if they knew that this was the place where Hidden Dragon Sect was located, they could not see nor touch it. They would be unable to find even a single trace of a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple. No matter how they looked, they would only be able to see a normal piece of flat land.

Four hundred thousand something Berserkers occupied the sky. The murderous aura spreading out from their bodies turned the sky dark and filled the land with a bitter and grim air.

Su Ming's gaze landed on the ground. His expression was calm, and no one could see any hint of emotion on his face.

"Lord God of Berserkers, this... this is Hidden Dragon Sect ..."

There was a person from Sky Mist Dao who had willingly changed his own blood inheritance standing beside Su Ming, and by his side was old Man Ya from Berserker Fang Tribe. Currently, the man from Sky Mist Dao was speaking carefully.

It was a middle-aged man with a pale face. Not only was his voice quivering, his heart had been in fear all the way to this place. He had witnessed Sky Mist Dao's destruction and watched all his fellow sect members die. As for then, he could be said that his heart and soul were petrified in fear as he stood before the insurgent Berserkers.

It was especially so when old Man Ya let out ghastly peals of laughter once he finished saying these words. His laughter made that Sky Mist Dao disciple's skin crawl.

"This lowly person has once come to Hidden Dragon Sect with the older generation in his sect before. This place wasn't like this before. I can still remember that there were many floating palaces, and the magnificent presence in the place was something that would be difficult to forget once a person witnessed it," the Sky Mist Dao disciple quickly said, his head lowered.

"Lord God of Berserkers, I've dealt with Hidden Dragon Sect more than others. This sect is skilled in hiding themselves. The words 'hidden' and 'dragon' in their name can already tell you what sort of skills they have.

"Also, Hidden Dragon Sect has a lot of resources. You could say that they are the richest sect among all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers." Man Ya licked his lips and cast a look at the plains beneath him as he spoke to Su Ming.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the plains and stated languidly, "Once we destroy this sect, I will give its land to your tribe, Man Ya. Let your tribe prosper here."

Once old Man Ya heard these words, his eyes flashed with a brilliant light. As the strongest warrior in his tribe and a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he had always wanted to make his tribe members even stronger, and since Hidden Dragon Sect had chosen this place, it was naturally a place suitable for a tribe to live.

He had been incredibly envious of Chi Lei Tian for being able to occupy Sky Mist Dao with his tribe earlier, though it was an envy without malicious intent. When he heard Su Ming's words, he licked his lips and immediately started laughing. His yellowish black teeth that were revealed themselves when he laughed added a ferocious air to his face.

Right behind Man Ya was Tian Qi, Wu Shuang, and Xue Sha. They looked as calm as usual, but their hearts were filled with expectation. They could already tell what Su Ming was thinking of. Once they destroyed all the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands, the places where these sects were located would become the territory of the big tribes of Eastern Wastelands.

"Evil Spirit Sect will be given to Tian Qi, Evil Lust Sect will go to Wu Shuang. As for Evil Immortal Sect, Xue Sha, make your tribe prosper there."

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the old Berserkers who had already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had even taken a small step towards Life Cultivation. There were even faint traces of Life Cultivation's presence coming from their bodies.

Su Ming had already come to know these old men's names when they rushed from all directions to worship him. At the same time, based on what he had come to understand previously, he also knew that these people were the five strongest forces of power among the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands.

"Thank you, God of Berserkers!" Tian Qi's spirit was lifted, and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

Faint smiles appeared on Xue Sha and Wu Shuang's faces as well. They bowed towards Su Ming. The Berserkers may be staging an uprising, but this so called rise in power could only be truly proved when all tribes became stronger.

That was why this sort of reward was more practical than anything else to them.

"As for Great Leaf Immortal Sect..." A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. "Nan Gong Hen!" When Su Ming spoke, a shadow immediately closed in and appeared in front of him. He was, naturally, the Fated Kin Nan Gong Hen.

There was respect on his face, but he did not wrap his fist to greet Su Ming. Instead, he knelt down on one knee and greeted him with the Fated Kin's salute. He was not paying his respects to the God of Berserkers, but was paying his respects to Su Ming, his Respected Senior Mo.

Even if Su Ming was not the God of Berserkers, the Fated Kin would still follow him as zealously.

"Fated Kin is the race born from me. From now on, they will be my descendants in the land of Berserkers... Great Leaf Immortal Sect will be the spot where Fated Kin's branch will be located in Eastern Wastelands," Su Ming stated calmly as he cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen.

As for Evil Dust Sect, during the course of the year he had been at Eastern Wastelands Tower, the sect had been dissolved and absorbed by the other Evil Sects due to the lack of a Grand Sect Elder, hence it was naturally overlooked by Su Ming.

There was no excitement on Nan Gong Hen's face. He only nodded and did not say any words of gratitude, because the respect and zeal on his face that surpassed that of the Berserkers represented everything by itself.

After all, he was not worshiping the God of Berserkers. He only worshiped Su Ming.

Su Ming's words attracted Tian Qi and the others' attention. A thought bloomed in their hearts and they looked towards him together.

"It's natural that the race born from the God of Berserkers would need to defend Eastern Wastelands, but Lord God of Berserkers, do you mean that..." Xue Sha blinked, and after a moment of hesitation, he asked something softly.

"South Morning has been shattered into several islands. All the islands in South Morning belong to Fated Kin. There are surely Immortals and other races that have risen as well as their puppets in the Alliance of the Western Region and Northern

Province. Once we've dealt with the Immortals in Eastern Wastelands, are you willing to come with me to the other continents and form branches of your tribes there?" Su Ming looked at Xue Sha and the other two before he cast a glance at Man Ya, whose eyes had gained a slightly red tinge.

These four people cast a glance at each other. Their breathing instantly quickened, and they bowed once again to Su Ming. This time they did not wrap their fists in their palms to bow to him. Instead, they knelt down on one knee, just like Nan Gong Hen had done.

"We are all willing to follow you to go on a campaign to the Alliance of the Western Region and sweep through Northern Province. We will destroy all the Immortals and have them return us our mountains and rivers. We will do everything for the Berserkers' rise to power!"

Su Ming did not speak. Instead, he looked at the horizon in the distance. That direction he was looking at was the west, and it was the direction where the Alliance of the Western Region was.

"My soul is in the land of Berserkers, and the only thing I can do is to have all Berserkers unite and make my people strong... Only by doing so can I bring the Berserkers to rush out of Yin Death and enter the Immortals' worlds... and watch the color of autumn spread in the land of Immortals," Su Ming mumbled in a soft whisper that only he could hear.

He was alone. He was incomplete. He was lonely and lost.

His gaze would constantly flash with a light that was interlaced with confusion and awareness. He did not know where he was. He only knew that he needed the red of autumn to be able to move from winter to spring.

'I... am almost no longer me... but I do not know what I am either.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, and everything within his eyes was replaced by a cold chill. He cast a cold glance at the ground and lifted his foot to take a step downwards.

At the instant he took that one step, the power at the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix erupted with a bang in his body. This power was the strongest force within the land of Berserkers at the moment. It was the invincible pinnacle in this world.

There was no longer any person within the land of Berserkers at the moment that could surpass this level of cultivation. Even if there was, that person would be forcefully suppressed. Perhaps only a non-human would be able to surpass Su Ming's level of cultivation.

However, among humans, Su Ming was invincible.

When he took that one step, he swung his right arm towards the sky. At the instant he did so, a freezing air filled the world. That freezing air grew thicker with each passing moment before it swiftly turned into snow.

An endless amount of snow started spreading outwards from Su Ming as it spun. In the blink of an eye, a circular area of a hundred thousand something li turned into freezing winter!

The endless amount of snow let out a chill that could freeze all things, as well as exuded a terrifying presence. Each flake of snow could erupt with a bitter and grim murderous air that would not be weaker than that of a Berserker Soul Realm.

This was Su Ming's powerful might once he reached the initial stage of Life Matrix and arrived at the pinnacle of that stage. His strength far surpassed those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he was the invincible pinnacle that even those who had attained great completion could not hope to compare to.

The white flakes might look like snow, but in truth, they were not snow. They were Su Ming's Life! They were his death's Life. It was a unique divine ability that transformed all the aura of death in his body and erupted forth after fusing with his Life Matrix.

This divine ability was different for everyone. Each person who moved into this Realm would form different divine abilities as they gained different epiphanies due to all the different Life Matrices. Not a single one would be similar.

This was the first time Su Ming let out all of his power within Life Matrix without holding back and made a flower of snow blossom in Eastern Wastelands!

As he spread his power outwards and freezing wind moaned in the area, snow floated down. Xue Sha and the others sucked in a sharp breath and swiftly took a look at Su Ming. During that instant, they finally got to truly know Su Ming's might and the God of Berserkers' majesty. During that instant, the scene of when Su Ming fought against the Immortals in that shocking battle turned into an invisible seed that planted itself in their hearts. That seed was known as reverence.

This reverence would follow them throughout their lives.

Su Ming's gaze was calm when he looked at the snow around him. He pushed his right hand downwards lightly.

At the instant he did so, all the snow within the circular area of ten thousand something li fell still before charging towards the ground that Su Ming was pushing against through the air.

In the span of a breath, a loud bang shook the sky and earth, tearing through the ground madly. The crash from the endless snow made it seem as if a picture scroll had

been torn apart. Once the snow lifted amid all those ringing bangs, it was like an illusory cover had been ripped off the ground, revealing... Hidden Dragon Sect, which had been concealed under an illusion!

A large amount of luxurious halls floated between the sky and earth. There were also shocked Hidden Dragon Sect disciples standing within their halls with pale faces!

"Kill them all. Do not spare even a single one," Su Ming stated flatly.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 712 — Great Leaf's Sword Rune - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 712 — Great Leaf's Sword Rune

Chapter 712: Great Leaf's Sword Rune

The sky turned a faint shade of red. That red was like the red hue of autumn, and when a person looked at it, they would find a desolate air surrounding the sky.

Blood was thick on the ground. When it spread out, a bloody stench rose into the air, either exciting or making puke those who smelled it. This was not hell but more like the underworld.

And the spring water flowing in the rivers of this underworld were blood.

Hidden Dragon Sect... was eliminated from the land of Berserkers.

Besides a thousand something people kneeling on the ground submissively while trembling, choosing to change their blood inheritance to live, all the other manner of living in the sect... had died.

They died miserably and did not put up too much of a resistance or struggle. No one who tried to fight back could survive the charge from a four hundred thousand man army... especially since this was going to be the place where Man Ya's tribe was going to live in the future. To prevent any unfortunate incidents from happening, he had his tribe seal the area so that no disciples of Hidden Dragon Sect could manage to run away.

Su Ming did not participate in this battle. He stood silently in midair and watched the bloody fight playing out before his eyes. Shrill screams of pain reached his ears, and along with them came an endless amount of curses until those who shouted them were killed.

When Su Ming saw and heard everything, the confusion and alertness in his eyes interlaced with each other. He stood in midair and did not move.

Nan Gong Hen protected Su Ming silently. The other Fated Kin were scattered around them as well. If anyone from Hidden Dragon Sect rushed towards them, they would immediately turn into icy snow that symbolized death and delivered it.

"People will eventually die... They will walk from life to death, moving from spring to winter... However, the color of autumn is still too dull," Su Ming mumbled softly.

When night arrived and the moon hung high in the sky, overlooking the shattered towers, the aura of death from Hidden Dragon Sect surged into the sky. That aura of death spread out and filled the air.

From then on, Hidden Dragon Sect no longer existed in that place. Instead, it had become the place where Man Ya's tribe would grow and prosper.

A large amount of Hidden Dragon Sect's resources was dug up. Man Ya and the other four broke open the endless amount of seals in the place, and all the doors to the cave abodes were thrown open. The vast amount of resources was enough to quicken the breathing of anyone who saw it.

There were large amounts of spirit stones, an infinite amount of medicinal cores, vast numbers of ancient scrolls, as well as huge quantities of materials required to create and refine Enchanted Vessels. All of these things represented just how rich Hidden Dragon Sect had been and how deep their power laid.

Even if Sky Mist Dao had an equal amount of fame as Hidden Dragon Sect in the Immortals' galaxy, when the Berserkers destroyed the sect and searched through the place, the items they found there were only a third of what Hidden Dragon Sect possessed.

Su Ming did not take too many of these items. He gave most of them away to the big tribes in Eastern Wastelands as a reward to serve as important resources for them to grow powerful.

Seven days later, when Evil Spirit Sect was invaded by the Berserkers' army, they resisted for half a day before all the sect's Runes were broken. Then, the entire sect became history in the land of Berserkers.

Besides a select few and several hundreds of those who chose to submit to survive, all of the others in the sect... died.

Blood flowed down the mountain of Evil Spirit Sect. Shriill screams of pain and booming sounds continued reverberating in the area as the Berserkers waged war on them.

Shen Dong did not die, and neither did the girl who Su Ming had controlled with his Art using the doll in the past. They had instead been asked to leave politely, due to Su Ming's orders.

Besides these people, everyone in Evil Spirit Sect was killed off, and the place became the new location of Tian Qi's clan.

After five more days, Evil Lust Sect chose to destroy their Runes once the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers arrived. This sort of destruction brought forth a madness that spread a hundred thousand li in the world. There might have been quite a few who were unwilling to do so in Evil Lust Sect, but in the end, they could not prevent this sort of death. In the mid of a bang that reverberated through the entire Eastern Wastelands, Evil Lust Sect and the place where it was built turned into dust. A large number of Berserkers also died because of this.

The number of deaths they suffered surpassed the numbers they lost when they were in Sky Mist Dao. However, these deaths only served to stimulate the madness within the Berserkers' blood. With it, the Berserker army rushed towards Evil Immortal Sect.

Once the Rune to the entrance eventually crumbled and the Berserkers were about to kill all the people of Evil Immortal Sect, an incredibly dramatic event happened.

Internal strife tore apart the people of Evil Immortal Sect. At the time the Rune shattered, half of the people in the Sect had already died due to that strife, and the remaining thousands knelt down and worshipped the incoming Berserkers. They were willing to change their blood inheritances and become slaves; they had chosen submission.

As of then, all the Immortal's sects were destroyed one by one in Eastern Wastelands, only one remained - Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

The sects that had been destroyed turned into the spots where the big tribes who had followed Su Ming in Eastern Wastelands would be located. These places belonged to Xue Sha, Tian Qi, and the others. There were also the matter of the half Berserker and half Immortal subordinates. These people had changed their blood inheritance to stay within the Immortal sects. They had once been Berserkers, but had now become oddities.

For the first time, conflict rose among the big Berserker tribes because they were in disagreement of how they should deal with these people.

Some believed that they had a right to live. After all, many of these people were once members of their own tribes, and some of them were even their family.

However, there were an even larger number of Berserkers who despised them. They believed that these Berserkers had betrayed them, and they had to use their blood to wash away the humiliation they had brought to their race.

No consensus could be reached for this conflict with many different voices and opinions. In the end, Su Ming made a decision regarding this matter.

The Berserkers who had betrayed their own kind were quite numerous. They had to receive punishment, and that punishment was that they had to be the vanguards in the army as they went to chase out the outsiders in the Alliance of the Western Region and Northern Province.

Once they killed a sufficient amount of outsiders, they would use their battle achievements to earn the right to return to the Berserkers. If they did not die, then they could still be a Berserker and return to worship the God of Berserkers.

This decision was not completely accepted by all the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance, and those who could not accept it became part of the autumn in the world.

Under this brutal slaughter, besides one particular region in Eastern Wastelands, all other parts of the continent returned to the Berserkers once again, and a gathering that would lead them across the Dead Sea towards the Alliance of the Western Region as well as Northern Province was held as the big tribes began their operations.

Crossing the Dead Sea, especially in a scale where millions of people would go, was something that had never happened since the land of Berserkers was split into five continents. This grand thing attracted the attention of all Berserkers, exciting them.

Besides Su Ming and a select few others, most of the Berserkers could not travel through the Dead Sea just by flying alone. That was why they needed an endless amount of ships that could traverse the Dead Sea.

As the entire Eastern Wastelands began preparations, Su Ming brought with him the Fated Kin to the spot of Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

It was the only Immortal sect remaining in Eastern Wastelands. Su Ming chose not to let any Berserkers attack this place: He would go alone and destroy Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

Because this sect was Di Tian's sect.

Great Leaf Immortal Sect was a huge mountain that towered into the clouds. The mountain looked like a gigantic sword that stood erect on the ground. It was a terrifying sight to behold, for people were like ants compared to it.

Perhaps Great Leaf Immortal Sect was not like this in the past. However, as of then, the sect before Su Ming's eyes was this mountain - a sword that wanted to charge into the sky!

Waves of sword aura spread out and filled an area of ten thousand li. All manner of life that stepped into this region would have to suffer the attacks from that sword aura.

"Respected Senior Mo, let us Fated Kin go with you." Nan Gong Hen stood beside Su Ming. Right behind him were the hundreds of Fated Kin that had come with him. All of these people had zealotry on their faces as they looked at Su Ming and waited for his orders.

Su Ming shook his head. He looked at the hundreds of Fated Kin, and a smile appeared on his face. He turned around and took a step towards that region. At the instant his foot landed, sword aura surged into the sky. Piercing whistling sounds echoed in the air, and hundreds of sword auras appeared out of nowhere, charging straight towards Su Ming.

At the instant he took his third step, booming sounds reverberated in the air, and all the sword auras came at Su Ming. However, their arrival could not stop him in the slightest. When the sword auras were a hundred feet from Su Ming, it was as if they had crashed into a barrier that made them unable to continue onward, and all of them shattered.

A nine-colored screen of light manifested swiftly a hundred feet away from Su Ming. That screen of light was spreading out from a square seal floating above Su Ming's head, and it was Su Ming's Enchanted Treasure - the Five Direction Seal!

Since his level of cultivation had increased and he had stayed in the Eastern Wastelands Tower for the duration of a year, he had had time to refine this Five Direction Seal in his body. At this moment, he could already control this seal somewhat and even make it send out the nine-colored screen of light.

The hundreds of Fated Kin watched their Respected Senior Mo walking into the distance. As he walked further and further away, getting closer to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, the hundreds of sword auras coming towards him from all directions increased to thousands.

Those thousands of sword auras covered the world and charged towards Su Ming with a bitter and grim air. However, none of them could pass through his nine-colored screen of light. When Su Ming activated that extreme speed of his and shot up like a long arc to fly towards the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, the thousands of sword auras erupted with a bang and turned into tens of thousands of sword auras that charged towards him from all directions.

Right behind those tens of thousands of sword auras were another batch of them, just as large. It was as if those sword auras were limitless, and as booming sounds surged

into the sky, Su Ming's body could no longer be seen clearly. He was hidden away by the limitless sword auras.

At the moment he was less than a thousand li away from the mountain of Great Leaf Immortal Sect, and the entire region of Great Leaf Immortal Sect let out a deafening roar. Nine huge cracks suddenly tore through the ground under that boom, and nine shocking waves of sword aura shot out from the cracks with a bang. The presence of those nine waves of sword aura were incredibly strong, and they even gained the form of swords once they appeared. At the instant they took shape, they charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, nearly a hundred thousand sword auras appeared out of nowhere in the world and surrounded the nine waves of sword aura that seemed to have gained physical form as they charged towards Su Ming.

With a look of indifference, Su Ming lifted his right hand at the instant the sword aura closed in and seized the air. Then, the killing sword flashing with a golden light appeared in his hand.

A fierce glare flashed in Su Ming's eyes once he held the sword in his hand.

"Can a sword that is not held in a hand still be considered a sword?" he asked flatly, then thrust the killing sword forward.

Chapter 713: The Sword in the Hand

The inheritance Su Ming obtained from Hong Luo regarding the use of swords was different from how the Immortals used swords to fly. His method was even older and almost clumsy. It was not as agile as a flying sword, which was why Hong Luo had not delved deep into it after he had obtained it by pure chance.

However, Su Ming was incredibly interested in this method to use swords. This ancient method adhered to using one's hand to hold onto a sword. Only when a sword was in a person's hand could it truly become a sharp tool for the sword wielder.

With the killing sword shining with golden light, Su Ming's casually thrust forward, and the sword sliced through the air as it went forward, a large suction force swiftly erupting from within it.

This was not the sword's power itself. Su Ming slightly conformed with some form of law in the world as he thrust forward and triggered some strange changes, which made the

place where the sword passed through the center of the area. It then sent all forms of existences, even divine senses, tumbling forward into the sword's path.

At that instant, the hundreds of thousands of sword auras distorted and changed their direction, charging towards the sword in Su Ming's hand. It was as if the sword's path had turned into a black hole that could devour everything.

However, the nine waves of sword aura that had gained form and now looked nearly physical after they flew out of the cracks in the ground only let out piercing sword whistles as they scattered slightly before transitioning from being mere illusions to something corporeal. They did not change their direction and charged at Su Ming, coming less than a hundred feet away from him within an instant. The nine swords closed in on him at the same time, spreading out waves of powerful pressure that made it seem as if they could destroy anything.

Right after that one thrust, Su Ming loosened his grip around the killing sword with a calm expression. He did not hold the sword in a tight grip. Instead, at the instant the nine swords closed in on him, he flicked his wrist, and with his wrist acting as the axle, he swung the killing sword from the left to the right, then from up to down, before he swung it around himself in a circle!

If anyone looked over, they would see that as the sword in Su Ming's hand swerved around him, a circular slash formed by an endless amount of vertical sword illusions manifested due to his movements.

It looked like a circular slash, but if that anyone looked again, they would find that it was a method to use swords that would form a sword formation. It looked as if it had formed a sword shield that stood before Su Ming to protect him. The nine flying swords coming towards him instantly crashed into it.

Sounds of swords clashing into each other rose into the air. Eventually, a resounding boom spread outwards, and the nine swords that had gained physical form shattered and fell back, turning into smoke and scattering away.

Su Ming stood his ground with a calm expression. The sword in his hand drew a beautiful arc that went diagonally from his left side to his feet. A freezing glint shone in his eyes, and a wave of murderous aura appeared in his gaze.

That murderous aura and the motion of Su Ming swinging that sword diagonally from his left looked as if he was storing up power.

It was like the calm before a storm, like the quiet before a volcano erupted, like an ancient ferocious beast that would spread out an extreme, aggressive air that surged into the sky the instant before it devoured the world.

During that instant, all activities in the world showed signs of stopping, and an indescribable, oppressive air surrounded the area without any sound. The source of all of this was naturally Su Ming bringing his sword downwards.

"There are thirteen styles to use swords, but I've only come to understand four, flicking, thrusting, swirling, and slicing... but it's enough to break this Rune." At the instant Su Ming said these words in a flat voice, the sword that was held diagonally to his lower left side was brought swiftly to his upper right side.

A clear sword mark traveled from his lower left side to his upper right side as the world boomed. This was slicing. With the sword's sharpness, it would slice apart all barriers that blocked its path.

At the instant Su Ming swung his sword, the world rumbled. The swing contained some change in the world's laws, and at the instant Su Ming sliced upwards, an excited sword whistle traveled out from the killing sword. There was a wave of agitation and excitement within that whistle. It was the sword's complete acknowledgment, because this method was the only correct way to allow a sword to erupt forth with a power that could shake the sky and earth!

If it was a flying sword, then it would be impossible to execute this slicing technique, since no one was holding onto the sword. Besides thrusting and slashing, it would not have the intelligence to execute anything else.

The killing sword had a spirit. It had been suppressed by Su Ming earlier and forced to submit to him, but clearly, there had been defiance within that submission, and the sword had been waiting to turn against Su Ming. Yet at that instant, as the sword whistle traveled forward, the spirit within the killing sword truly acknowledged Su Ming, because it had been able to sense that when Su Ming held it in his hand, the three actions of thrusting, swirling, and slicing had allowed it to burst forth with its complete power, and it was a power that surpassed what it possessed.

This power made it tremble with excitement. This power made it feel as if it had gone through a cleansing, and a faint feeling of an epiphany blossomed within it: It was a sword, and this was how it should be like.

The world roared. When Su Ming sliced through the air, a diagonal sword mark tore through the space before him. That tear traveled forward with a bang, and wherever it went, the world would be torn apart, the air would shatter, and as the crack grew larger, it swept through a thousand li before it landed on Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. An even louder bang rang into the air, and the sword mark from that one slice shot through Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

It shot through the sword-shaped mountain and charged towards the area behind it. As it continued spreading, it eventually turned into a crack in the world that was several

tens of thousands of feet long. It went straight through the Sword Rune that surrounded Great Leaf Immortal Sect and created a large gap in it.

Once that gap appeared, the Sword Rune that protected the mountain where Great Leaf Immortal Sect was located crumbled around it. The Rune turned into an endless amount of sword fragments that fell backwards in all directions while stirring up a violent gust of wind that swept up to the nine heavens. A violent boom that shook the entire area shot up into the air.

The sword-shaped mountain that belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect shuddered, and its center started slanting as that booming sound rang in the air. When half of the mountain fell to the left and crashed down, the ground trembled, and a loud sound surged into the sky.

Waves of dust rose up and spread through the area. Su Ming's hair and robes moved due to the wind, but his expression did not change. With the killing sword in hand, he looked over coldly.

At that moment, half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain had been sliced off. The surface where it had been cut off was incredibly smooth, and that part was naturally where Su Ming's sword mark had passed through!

The sword-shaped mountain was broken!

The killing sword in Su Ming's hand was trembling and letting out excited cries. Murderous aura spread out from its tip, as if it was thirsting for blood and hoping to drink it for eternity.

"Swords are primary killing tools."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the broken Great Leaf Immortal Sect mountain before he walked over slowly. On this day, he would destroy a sect by himself and save his second senior brother from Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

Fated Kin were looking at their Respected Senior Mo excitedly from the back. The might of that sword just now had shook the sky and earth. It was enough to shake the hearts of all those who witnessed it.

Su Ming's footsteps seemed slow, but in truth, with every step he took forward, his body would appear a little faded. When his form became clear again, he would already be a thousand feet away. It was fine for those looking at him from the back, they would not be in too much discomfort because of what they saw, but if anyone looked at him while he was walking towards them, they would immediately feel dizzy.

Because even though they would see Su Ming tens of thousands of feet away, in the blink of an eye, he would be much closer, making them think that their eyes were

deceiving them. The surroundings did not move, but Su Ming's body would suddenly turn into an illusion, then gain clarity just as abruptly, instantly causing all Immortals who were staring at him to feel dizzy.

By the time they felt this dizziness, Su Ming was already standing at the foot of the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. He lifted his head and looked at the broken sword-shaped mountain. Then he took a deep breath.

As Su Ming breathed in, layers of snow fell down from the sky above Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Each flake exuded an endless amount of freezing air, and in the blink of an eye, everything within a circular area of ten thousand li was covered in snow.

That snow was very dense. When it landed on the ground, it looked like a gigantic seal from the distance that sealed Great Leaf Immortal Sect within!

This was the Art Su Ming created in Life Cultivation Realm - Midwinter's Chill.

With this Art, he could seal off all directions, preventing all Immortals within Great Leaf Immortal Sect from escaping, turning this place into a cage!

"I have come here today... to destroy Great Leaf Immortal Sect," Su Ming stated languidly. As his voice reverberated in the air, the echoes of his words seemed to be faintly passing through the endless snow around him. Once these sounds fused together, they turned into a roar that sounded as if it came from heaven itself, shaking the area so much that the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain was wrecked by tremors.

At the time Su Ming said these words, he lifted his foot and walked forward, onto the stairs leading to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. At the instant his foot landed, an infinite amount of sword aura erupted from Great Leaf Immortal Sect with a bang, and two thousand long arcs flew out.

Within these two thousand long arcs were two thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples. All of their eyes were crimson red. As they charged forward, they rushed towards Su Ming along with the sword aura.

As roars echoed in the air, even more Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples flew out from behind the two thousand and charged towards Su Ming.

The sword in Su Ming's hand whistled. It thirsted to have blood dye its blade red, and that thirst made the killing sword tremble violently. Its whistling seemed to be pleading for Su Ming to let it kill to its fill.

Su Ming looked at the thousands of people coming towards him, and the chill in his eyes grew colder. He lifted his foot and took another step forward. As he moved, the stairs behind him instantly shattered and turned into ashes.

No unnecessary words were said. When he took that one step forward, the thousands of Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples closed on him. Su Ming swung the sword in his hand forward, and a head flew up swiftly, bringing with it a wave of fresh blood, dyeing the tip of the sword red.

With a couple thrusts and one swing outwards, several heads more immediately flew up. Once their blood covered Su Ming and Immortals' vision, Su Ming took his third, fourth, and fifth steps...

He walked calmly upwards. There was an endless number of Immortals by his side, along with waves of sword aura booming around him. He did not stop waving the sword in his hand. As the sword spirit let out excited and bloodthirsty whistles, heads fell on the ground and rolled down to the foot of the mountain.

Chapter 714: The Two Prejudiced Extremities

Su Ming did not know how many people he killed. He had taken three hundred steps. An endless wave of sword aura charged towards him with loud booming sounds, but as he brandished the killing sword in his hand, those waves of sword aura disintegrated. At the same time, more heads flew into the sky, with blood and shrill screams of pain.

Su Ming's body was red. It was the color of blood. It was the blood of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's disciples. The killing sword in his hand was red. The entire Great Leaf Immortal Sect mountain had turned red.

The three hundred steps behind Su Ming had already shattered, as if they represented his will and determination. Wherever he went, all lives would shatter, just like the stones on the stairs.

Blood flowed down the mountain. A thick bloody stench filled the area, and even the snow in all directions looked as if it was about to be dyed red.

Su Ming walked forward calmly. As the tip of his sword sliced through the air, a teenager that did not seem to have even hit his twenties had his head separated from his body right before Su Ming. There was confusion and anguish in his eyes as he fell to the side.

"There is no grudge between us, but you should not have been a part of Great Leaf Immortal Sect," Su Ming whispered softly, then seized the area beside him with his left hand. Immediately, a person who had transformed into a rainbow-colored phoenix with a divine ability right beside him was seized by the throat as Su Ming's left hand shot through her divine ability.

She was a woman with a beautiful face, but there was not an ounce of pity within Su Ming for her plight. The chill in his left hand surged into her body, shattering her throat as she trembled in despair. A destructive power rushed into her body and disintegrated her Nascent Divinity.

Su Ming let go and took a step forward.

There was no right or wrong to this, neither was there good or evil. There were only different choices made under two different viewpoints. Great Leaf Immortal Sect was Di Tian's sect, and this determined Great Leaf Immortal Sect's fate.

In Su Ming's mind, there was no such thing as searching for the instigator alone to solve a problem. It was his aloof attitude that made him destroy an entire sect when someone in it provoked him. His thoughts were extreme and biased. It was a merciless attitude towards his enemies.

It did not matter whether it was Hidden Dragon Sect, Sky Mist Dao, or even Evil Sect. Su Ming had almost never attacked or contributed to the destruction of these sects. Most of it was done by the Berserkers' crazed slaughter. The only time he did not bring them was now, when he came to Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Even Fated Kin had been ordered to wait outside for him.

Because the hatred Su Ming harbored for Great Leaf Immortal Sect was so great that he would regret it if there was a single person that did not die in his hands.

Due to his hate for one person, Su Ming grew to hate all those related to his opponent by blood and every single person in his sect. Perhaps this was not right, but in his memories, before he was sent to Yin Death Region, there was his little sister's voice in the endless darkness. He remembered the feeling of all the people surrounding him and his sister to devour and absorb the presence within their bodies. It made his little sister increasingly weaker and caused him to become prejudiced.

'I helped Berserkers because my soul is here, because my Master and senior brothers are Berserkers, because the beautiful moments in my memories are my most precious treasures, even if they are fake.

'In those memories there is a mountain. That mountain, the people there... the traditions, customs, and everything else belongs to Berserkers. That is why... I will help Berserkers. Even if I don't admit to being the God of Berserkers, I can help them make the Berserkers rise in power.'

Nostalgia flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He swung the sword in his hand and took another few steps forward. There were already several thousands of heads behind him, but this battle had not ended.

Because Su Ming treasured his memories and because the people in the ninth summit were Berserkers, he would contribute for the entire race. This was just how his character was.

On the other side of this extreme personality was the reason for Su Ming's current massacre. Due to his hate for one person, he could hate his entire sect, and if he was going to kill, he would kill till not even a single blade of grass was left.

"All of you should not have entered Great Leaf Immortal Sect."

Su Ming shook his head. He swept the blood-red sword in his hand sideways and with one move entered the top of the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. The one swing from the blood-red killing sword caused several dozens of heads to fly into the air. Flesh blood filled the area and dyed all the snow in the air nearby.

"Su Ming!"

At the instant Su Ming stepped onto the top of the remaining half of the mountain, a furious roar traveled into the air before him. That voice... belonged to Beiling.

He held a sword in his hand. He was trembling and his eyes were bloodshot as he stared at Su Ming. There were complicated feelings as well as hate in his eyes. Chenxin was standing by his side quietly, and there was a vacant and dull look on her face.

Beiling stared at Su Ming and shouted loudly, "Must you kill everyone?! Must you destroy the entire Great Leaf Immortal Sect?!"

Su Ming lifted his foot and walked onto the final step under him to stand at the top of the remaining half of the mountain. At that moment, a crack appeared on the final step on the stars. However, it did not shatter. This was... the first step that did not shatter completely after he walked past it.

"If your answer is yes, then kill me and my wife so that we won't have to be filled with grief and indignation for watching our fellow sect members die! Go on! I won't retaliate! Attack me!" Beiling threw away the sword in his hand, and as he shouted... tears fell down from the corners of his eyes.

Su Ming was silent. The killing sword in his hand was spreading out killing intent on its own. The spirit that was filled with a hint of bloodthirst was like a cold gaze that was looking at the duo before it. If Su Ming had not stopped moving, it would have definitely rush in and killed these two people so that it would become more radiant with their blood.

On this day, it had been dyed with an amount of blood that it had never had before. This excited it, and in the midst of its excitement, its acknowledgment towards Su Ming also reached its peak.

"You no longer care about the past nor about the things in Dark Mountain! So kill me! Kill Chenxin, who liked you when she was young! Kill us! You won't need much time to do it! Kill us and destroy our feelings for you so that we won't miss you anymore..." Beiling roared loudly, and more tears fell from his eyes.

"Do you still remember me teaching you the bow? Do you still remember us fighting together when Dark Mountain Tribe was attacked by Black Mountain Tribe. You... Are you still the same person as you were back in Dark Mountain?!"

"Can you live up to our elder's expectations?! Can you live up to the expectations of our people in Dark Mountain Tribe?! Come on, kill me!"

Beiling's words brought a sharp stab of pain to Su Ming's heart in the midst of his silence. This pain was a poison that would be stronger the more precious one's memories were to them. It was an extreme pain that tore through Su Ming's heart.

At the instant he felt that pain and slowly looked towards Beiling, Chenxin suddenly lifted her head by his side. The dull look in her eyes was replaced by a complicated expression. As tears fell from her eyes, she seemed to have made a decision, and she cried out anxiously to Su Ming, "Su Ming, go away..." But before she finished speaking, Beiling turned around and slapped her. She fell to the ground, and blood trickled down the corners of her mouth.

Almost at the moment Chenxin gave her warning, a sword suddenly came charging out like lightning from the air behind Su Ming. At the instant he was hurt by Beiling's words, it stabbed his heart.

There was a dark ball of blue flame at the tip of the sword. It was a poisonous flame that could burn souls. As long as that sword pierced a person's body, it could burn that person's soul to ashes.

That sword seemed to have been waiting for a long time ago, looking forward to the instant Su Ming's heart would tremble due to Beiling's words. At that moment, it would launch this clearly laid out assassination plan against Su Ming.

blood covered Su Ming's chest. The sword that appeared behind him penetrated his back and revealed its tip at his chest. Blood trickled down from the tip and fell on the ground, the snow covering it. It fell one drop at a time.

"Su Ming, you should not have come to Great Leaf Immortal Sect," an old voice stated from behind Su Ming. He was familiar with that voice. It was Beiling's father, Dark Mountain Tribe's Head of the Guards.

Almost at the instant he plunged that sword into Su Ming's back and said those words, Su Ming lowered his head to look at the tip of the sword, and at that moment, Beiling's expression immediately turned into ferocious look before him. As he charged forward,

he appeared right in front of Su Ming. He lifted his right hand, and a black knife appeared on his palm. He stabbed it into the center of Su Ming's brows.

"Su Ming, die!"

The knife sank deep into the center of Su Ming's brows. At the same time, incantations suddenly appeared in the sky. As they reverberated in the air, groups of people swiftly appeared, and they were Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples that numbered nearly ten thousand.

They floated in midair, filling up an area of a thousand li. With Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain as their center, they formed an incredibly huge Rune. This Rune began slowly operating as these people moved about, and as it was activated, a huge sealing force descended on the land with a bang. At the same time the sealing force spread out from the Rune, that group of people lifted the swords in their hands and cut downwards in Su Ming's direction.

The near ten thousand swords turned into a thousand feet sword as the Rune began its operations, and booming sounds surged into the sky. That sword let out a primitive, ancient air, and swiftly charged down towards Su Ming from the sky.

"You are not Dark Mountain Tribe's Bei Ling."

Su Ming did not bother himself with the sword coming from the sky. He looked at the ferocious Beiling, and as he said these words flatly, Beiling's expression suddenly changed drastically. His eyes went wide, and he saw the blade that had sunk into the center of Su Ming's brows rapidly freezing before it turned into ice within an instant. As that ice spread out, he moved to let go of his grip, but the ice covered his arm and spread swiftly to his entire body, freezing him and his Nascent Divinity into an ice statue that stood before Su Ming.

"Neither are you Dark Mountain Tribe's Head of the Guards." As Su Ming whispered softly, the tip of the sword at his chest had turned into ice. Behind him, the Head of the Guards let out a shocked cry and started rapidly retreating, but before he could even take three steps back, he froze into an ice statue, just like his son.

This was the divine ability Su Ming had created when he reached Life Cultivation Realm. He was midwinter. His Life Matrix was winter. He could bring forth the snow of midwinter and freeze everything.

Aside from those whose level of cultivation was greater than his, it was impossible for anyone to survive before him, who was now in Life Cultivation Realm.

Cracking sounds reverberated in the air. The ice statue that was Beiling retained his ferocious expression as it fell to pieces. The ice statue that was his father also shattered as the cracking sounds shot into the sky.

The knife at the center of Su Ming's brows shattered, and so did the tip of the sword at his chest.

He still did not bother with the sword descending from the sky. Instead, he looked towards Chenxin, who had blood at the corners of her lips.

"Why did you warn me?" he asked softly.

Chapter 715: The Smile He Had Not Seen for a Long Time

A layer of red snow landed on Chenxin's face. It did not melt, but brought with it a hint of cold, just like Su Ming's words. There was the presence of a stranger within those gentle words as they fell into Chenxin's ears and entered her heart.

There was still blood flowing down the corners of Chenxin's lips. The red shade of her blood was the same as the color of snow on her face, making it hard to differentiate what was snow and what was blood.

Perhaps snow was often associated with blood because there was some form of connection between them.

"There is no reason... If there is, then it's because you are Su Ming. You are... the Su Ming who grew up with me." Chenxin wiped away the blood at the corners of her mouth and looked at Su Ming. The complicated look on her face disappeared to be replaced by a hint of gentleness and a smile.

Su Ming remained silent. When he lifted his right hand, the killing sword in his hand trembled in excitement, and Su Ming swung it towards the sky. Blood light shone as if a bolt of blood-red lightning had been born in the world out of nowhere, and it charged towards the descending sword in midair.

A circular wave of impact that shook the entire area instantly rose with loud bangs above Su Ming. The descending sword fell to pieces, and the circular wave looked as if it was a boundary line that separated the sky and earth.

"Thank you," Su Ming whispered softly.

"Su Ming, everything in Dark Mountain is a lie... but there were also some things that were real. Lei Chen was real, the elder was also real... Bai Ling, too... She also has a real side to her." Chenxin looked at Su Ming. She had a sense that if a person's entire past became a lie, that feeling of surreal would drown them like a tidal wave. It would

make a person subconsciously suspect everything around them, and they would no longer be able to tell just what was real.

"You killed Beiling, so I'm pretty certain that the prodigies from the other sects who had blended into Dark Mountain and grown up with you had also died... But Su Ming, only their Divine Clones died.

"The things that happened in Dark Mountain in the past are things that occurred a long, long time ago. When we woke up from that cycle of life, we obtained quite a lot of epiphanies and serendipities and became the true prodigies of our sects.

"Right now, the ones you killed in the land of Berserkers are just the ones who were used to make sure you went through all those cycles of reincarnation repeatedly. They're Divine Clones that must exist to make you lost. Their real selves are... still in their sects in the land of Immortals. They aren't dead yet." Chenxin looked at Su Ming and told him the truth.

"Then... what about you?" Su Ming asked faintly.

"I am also a Divine Clone. I can sense my real self's mind. At the moment she saw you, I could sense the complicated feelings within her, as well as... her yearning." Chenxin's expression was full of anguish as she shook her head.

"I practiced cultivation since I was young, so the things I went through in Dark Mountain are the most vibrant memories of my life. I truly wished... that I would never wake up from that cycle of life, that I could... just keep on being in Dark Mountain..." Chenxin's face turned pale as she mumbled in her anguish. It was as if she was not talking to Su Ming, but was talking to herself after years of suppressing her own feelings.

As Chenxin mumbled under her breath, the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky changed their positions rapidly. As they crossed paths with each other, they gave others the feeling that the Sword Rune in the sky had changed once again, and a wave of sword aura that was even stronger than before gathered together with a bang before it charged towards Su Ming from the sky.

"Su Ming... there are some among us who chose to forget you, but there are also some... who still remember you. They remember Dark Mountain, and growing up together within that cycle of life.

"Dark Mountain has already become a thing of the past, but it... is in your heart, and is also in our hearts." Chenxin lifted her right hand. At the instant she said these words, more blood flowed out of the corners of her lips. Her face swiftly withered away and cracks gradually appeared on her skin.

Her words reverberated in the air. When Su Ming looked at her, he saw her rapidly disappearing. Her body was like ashes at that moment.

"This Divine Clone of mine broke my oath, telling you too many truths in the land of Berserkers. This is the punishment from the oath. My Divine Clone's soul will scatter into nothingness, but they can't do anything to my real self. Su Ming... don't blame Beiling... He's no longer himself..." Chenxin whispered softly and closed her eyes. Her body turned into ashes and disappeared into the world.

Su Ming fell silent. As a slightly complicated look appeared on his face, the sword above him came charging downwards and crashed into him, but at the instant the sword aura touched Su Ming, he had lifted his left hand and seized it. With a bang, that sword aura shattered, and with Su Ming as the center, the mountain rocks under his feet crumbled as if a storm that could destroy mountains was sweeping through it. When an even more violent bang rang into the air, the remaining half of the mountain under Su Ming's feet shattered completely.

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the sword in his hand. It was crimson red, blood covering it completely. He looked at his own clothes and hands. He could even feel an endless amount of forlorn and bitter vengeful souls around him.

They were all the Immortals that had died at his hands.

A deep wave of fatigue washed over Su Ming's heart and soul. This was not the first time this feeling of fatigue rose in him, but this time it was deeper than before.

Su Ming wanted to close his eyes, but he could not. His expression changed drastically. The fatigue in his eyes also disappeared at that moment. His breathing quickened, because... at the instant the mountain fell apart, he sensed... his second senior brother's presence!

Without any hesitation, Su Ming lifted his left hand, formed a seal, and swung his arm forward. A violent gust of wind charged forward and swept up all the crushed stones in the area to make them fall backwards. All the dust that had appeared due to the collapse scattered away, and the ground was revealed.

This was originally where Great Leaf Immortal Sect was supposed to be. At that moment, there was a ball of light that was several dozens of feet big on the ground.

The ball of light shone with five brilliant colors. There was a thin layer of fog by its edges, and within the ball of light was a black, distorted figure. The figure's face could not be seen clearly, because he no longer had a face. It was a black shadow tuft gathered together by wisps of black smoke.

There were six giant chains inside and outside the ball of light. Those six chains pierced through the ball of light and connected with the black shadow as if they had fused into his soul and were acting like something akin to a seal.

The other ends of the six chains were buried in the ground. There was a gigantic Rune on the ground. It was an incredibly complicated one, and its use was unknown, but Su Ming could tell that one of the functions of the Rune was to suppress.

It was suppressing the black shadow in the ball of light, and it even needed Great Leaf Immortal Sect's entire mountain to do so. This allowed the Rune to be able to make this ball of light contain all its presence hidden on normal days.

When Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain collapsed, the ball of light was revealed.

Almost at the moment anger rose in Su Ming's eyes because he saw the Rune on the ground and the ball of light, he also saw the black shadow almost collapsing as it distorted. Six wisps of black smoke with the air of death spread out from the black shadow and charged towards the Rune through the chains. This was clearly not something the black shadow was doing willingly. Those chains were absorbing it forcefully.

When those six wisps of black smoke fused into the Rune on the ground, they changed into a vast amount from spiritual aura of the world in the blink of an eye and spread out...

Su Ming let out a crazed roar towards the sky. As anger raged in his eyes, blood flowed out from them, making him look as if he was crying tears of blood. He should have been able to see earlier that the spiritual aura from the world in the region of Great Leaf Immortal Sect was much denser compared to the other regions, but he had not paid too much attention to it previously.

He did not expect that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would do something that would drive him so mad.

This was a Rune that could change a form of life into the spiritual aura in the world. Those six chains were the tubes that absorbed that form of life, and it... was the black shadow in the ball of light.

That ball of light was a seal, and the black shadow inside was the source of the familiarity Su Ming sensed. It was the reason that drove him mad.

"Second senior brother!" Su Ming's roar was hoarse from his rage and madness. Chenxin's words had originally made fatigue appear in Su Ming's heart, and he had even stopped slaughtering Great Leaf Immortal Sect's disciples.

However, when he saw his second senior brother and how he was so weakened that he was going to disappear at any moment, his killing intent surged up once again.

"Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Immortals..." Su Ming took a swift step forward and charged towards the ground. He approached the Rune on the ground in the span of a breath and

lifted the sword in his right hand. The world roared from his swing, and his killing sword cut down one of the chains.

A huge rebound shot back and surged into Su Ming's body, tearing the web of his thumb. Blood filled his hand, and he took three steps backwards.

Su Ming might be moving backwards, but the chain let out a cracking sound and shattered right from its center. That chain was definitely not something ordinary. If Su Ming was not holding onto the killing sword, it would be difficult for him to destroy it.

Once one of the six chains was broken, the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky cut down again, and their slashes charged down towards Su Ming. In fact, each of the disciples bit the tip of their tongues and coughed up blood that turned into a small blood-red sword due to the Sword Rune. These near ten thousand small blood-red swords were like blades raining down from the sky, and they came charging towards Su Ming while blotting out the sky behind the gigantic sword aura.

It was also at that moment that the chain broke off, and a weak voice came from the ball of light. The distorted black shadow looked as if the limits set on him had reduced slightly, and he slightly gathered together, the tuft of fog to gradually showing the shape of a body. It might still look like an illusion, but his face had become much clearer, and he showed... a pale but smiling face.

It was... Su Ming's second senior brother's face.

He seemed to have gone through inconceivable pain. That pale face was something that Su Ming had never seen on his second senior brother, yet the smile was still as gentle as it was in his memories. Second senior brother still kept his head held high as if he wanted to have sunlight shine on the side of his face. As he smiled, he looked at Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother."

Chapter 716: Scratching an Itch

There was warmth contained within that gentle smile on second senior brother's lips. It was a moment from Su Ming's memories, a memory that existed from a time long ago, and he had not seen it for a very, very long time.

His second senior brother's warm smile, his action of lifting his head and making sunlight shine on the side of his face—all of these things made Su Ming cry even more.

The scenes from the ninth summit, the man who had been as gentle as a flower, his second senior brother who had smiled at him under sunlight as he stood among grass and flowers, and the similarly smiling face that had suffered through torture in that ball of light overlapped with each other during that instant.

The whistling sword aura came charging towards Su Ming from the sky. Right behind that sword aura were the near ten thousand small blood-red swords that came towards him while blotting out the sky like rain. They stirred up violent gusts of wind that swept through the area. At the instant these sharp sword glares that looked as if they were about to cut through space itself closed in on Su Ming...

He lifted his head while weeping. He glared at the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky. At that instant, there was no longer anything that could stop Su Ming's slaughter. The killing sword in his right hand let out an excited, bloodthirsty whistled, and Su Ming lifted it up. He sliced swiftly upwards in the direction of the upcoming sword aura.

With it, the world rumbled. The incoming huge sword aura instantly fell into pieces, and the small blood-red swords behind it also shattered into nothingness due to Su Ming's sword.

At the same time, the snow that was floating in the world gathered together and charged towards the Sword Rune in the sky from all directions with a loud whistle.

Su Ming would definitely not spare those Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples, but as of then, the most important thing was not to kill but to cut off all the chains around his second senior brother.

With a single move, the killing sword in his hand sliced down on the second chain. A piercing sound came from metal striking metal, and Su Ming was sent tumbling back by the rebound. When he took a few steps backwards, the second chain shattered.

Su Ming did not stop. He took a step forward and the presence of Life Cultivation circulated within him with a bang. All his power erupted from his body. He cut down once again on the third, the fourth, then the fifth chains. Under his madness, all of the chains were sliced apart.

As they shattered, second senior brother's figure rapidly gathered together from that foggy state in the ball of light. By the time the fifth chain shattered, second senior brother had already formed his body. However, his face was still pale, and there was a deep sense of weakness coming from his body. Over the years, he had been tortured by the Rune till he was near death.

Yet the smile remained on his face. Even if he was incredibly weak at the moment, he still continued smiling as he looked at Su Ming, his youngest junior brother.

He was happy because he saw Su Ming. He was proud because he noticed his strength and because Su Ming was his youngest junior brother.

"Youngest junior brother... you grew up," second senior brother said lightly. His voice came out weak from the ball of light.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother, and memories continued surging nonstop into his head. All of the things that had happened in the past were the most precious things for him, and the things that happened at the moment became the cold chill that drove him to slaughter.

However, the chains were definitely no ordinary objects. Once he cut five of them, the rebound he suffered practically surged into the sky, causing him to open his mouth and cough up a mouthful of blood. However, there was determination and persistence in his eyes as he swiftly cut down on the final chain.

That persistence made him take a step forward without any hesitation, even if there were mountains of blades, seas of fire, or matchless ferocious fiends before him. That determined look on his face was a form of protection that came from the bottom of his heart.

'You protected me in the past. Now... I will protect you, second senior brother!'

At the instant he cut down, the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples were surrounded by the endless snow as it came charging towards them. The entire sky looked as if it was about to be frozen off, but at the instant it began freezing, a low growl echoed in the sky.

"Blood Sacrifice!"

Su Ming was familiar with the person who let out that roar. He was Chenxin's father when they were still in Dark Mountain, Chen Long, the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe. He was known as Chenlong now.

As he roared, Su Ming saw the eyes of the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples whose lives were flowing away due to them rapidly freezing away turn instantly bloodshot. There was no longer any intelligence in their gazes. Instead, as their eyes turned empty, a crack appeared at the center of their brows.

Once it tore open, a large amount of blood gushed out, bringing with it pieces of shattered ice. As that blood gushed out, the Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples rapidly withered away before they turned into skeletons in the blink of an eye and became ice statues that plunged down from midair.

Su Ming was not the cause of their deaths. In truth, at the instant his divine ability begun to freeze them, they were already dead. What actually killed them was Great Leaf

Immortal Sect's Art. It was the Sword Rune they had formed by gathering together, and they were killed when Chenlong activated the Rune by saying those words.

Blood that filled up heaven itself spread through the sky at that instant. As it tumbled about, it gathered together into a ten thousand feet long sword that swept the sky and sliced through the air to charge towards Su Ming.

It was difficult to describe the speed of this sword as it cut downwards. When Su Ming looked over, it was still in the sky, but in truth, it was already less than a hundred feet away from him. Its extreme speed surpassed wind and cut open space. It brought with it a terrifying presence that would destroy everything that tried to block its path.

Su Ming's sword was cutting down the sixth chain at that moment. As the blood-red sword behind him charged forward with a whistle, Su Ming's pupils shrank, but he did not hesitate and swiftly cut down on the sixth chain. A clear booming sound reverberated in the air, and the chain shattered.

However, a powerful rebound surged into Su Ming's body, forcing him to take a few steps back, and he crashed into the blood-red sword with a bang.

At the instant he touched the sword, a nine-colored light erupted from Su Ming's body. This light belonged to the Five Direction Seal. It surrounded Su Ming, the ball of light, and his second senior brother before crashing into the blood-red sword.

A loud bang surged into air, shaking both the sky and earth. Under this intense noise, the screen of light formed from the Five Direction Seal shattered layer by layer before new layers could gather together. Cracks appeared on the ground beneath Su Ming's feet. They spread out, shattering the ground. In the blink of an eye, a circular area of a hundred li under Su Ming's feet collapsed.

The nine-colored screen of light shattered at that instant, and a great impact charged in. Su Ming took a step forward without any hesitation and stood before his second senior brother. He was going to use his body to block that blood-red sword aura that was surged in.

At the time the nine-colored screen of light shattered when the blood-red sword cut into it, cracks also appeared on the sword. As the banging sounds echoed in the air and the force of the rebound from the crash surged into the sword, it shattered instantly and turned into an endless amount of shards that fell backwards.

The booming sounds turned into a lingering noise that gradually faded away. Dust flew through the area before it slowly sank down. When the world became clear once again, Su Ming coughed up blood. The ball of light behind him distorted, but his second senior brother was completely unharmed.

Because Su Ming had endured most of the blood-red sword's aura, there was not much that managed to enter the ball of light. Besides, the ball of light's own protection had prevented his second senior brother from feeling even a single hint of that aura.

However, second senior brother had seen Su Ming's act of using his body to protect him clearly. The smile remained on his face, and the warmth as well as the sentiment within it was a love between brothers!

There was no need for words of gratitude to be expressed for this, because if second senior brother was in Su Ming's place, he would have definitely done the same thing to protect his junior brother.

Once the blood-red sword shattered and turned into shards that fell backwards, those shards suddenly gathered together in midair and turned into a longsword. However, it was no longer ten thousand feet long but of normal size.

At the same time, a deep voice reverberated in the air. "For Soul Egression!"

Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression was the name of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Sword Rune. Blood Sacrifice was used to sacrifice all the people in the Sword Rune to turn them into a strike that could destroy the world, while Soul Egression was the strongest strike possible if Blood Sacrifice had been unable to kill its enemy.

At the instant Chenlong said those three words, his body shuddered and turned into ashes. A soul came out from his disappearing body. At the same time, the souls of the near ten thousand disciples that had been killed by the Rune appeared all around the Great Leaf Immortal Sect. They appeared in the sky with expressions of confusion and absent mindedness. All these souls gathered together rapidly and turned into a black figure.

It was thirty feet tall and had two heads. When that figure lifted one of its arms, it seized the blood-red sword, and one of its heads turned towards the sky while the other turned towards the ground, then let out roars that shook the sky and earth.

"Second senior brother, would you like to kill the ferocious spirit gathered together by all the souls of Great Leaf Immortal Sect?" Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth and cast a glance at the roaring two-headed figure in the sky, then looked towards his second senior brother.

"This... is good."

Second senior brother continued to smile, and Su Ming swung the sword in his hand at the ball of light. It started trembling and twisting violently before it shattered. At the moment it fell to pieces, second senior brother's body gathered together completely and he feebly walked out.

Once he walked out, green grass immediately grew, crawling out of the ground that had since become a wasteland.

When second senior brother moved to Su Ming's side, his face was as pale as ever, and that sense of weakness made Su Ming crouch down so his second senior brother could climb onto his back.

"Second senior brother, let's go together and fight against that two-headed spirit!"

Su Ming lifted his head and took a step forward with his second senior brother on his back. At the instant he took that step, the two-headed ferocious spirit looked towards Su Ming with both heads while holding the blood-red sword in its hand. With a roar, it turned into a long arc and charged towards Su Ming.

The two sides were like two shooting stars that rushed through the sky and earth respectively during that instant. Then, without any hint of attempting to dodge, they crashed into each other in midair.

With one strike, they would determine who would win and lose!

At that moment, a layer of thin clouds appeared indistinctly in the sky. Even if the sky trembled, it could not send those clouds away as they prevented anyone from seeing who was within them.

A beautiful woman was eating roasted seeds in there with a pained look on her face as she sighed.

"It cost me so dearly... It really cost me so dearly... This Su Ming actually grew so fast. If I had known about this, I would have asked for so much more from that old man."

As that girl was regretting her actions, the yellow mutt lying beside her was yawning comfortably. There were two other beings crouching next to that mutt with distressed expressions on their faces. One of them was the bald crane, and the other Qian Chen, who was currently scratching an itch on the mutt's body.

Chapter 717: The Fateful Meeting

The strike from Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression would cause wind and clouds to move. It would gather together to form a blood sword and a two-headed body, which moved like a shooting star that caused the ground to rumble.

It crashed into Su Ming, who was carrying his second senior brother on his back while he charged into the sky from the ground. During that instant, it was as if the sky and earth had crashed into each other, and the waves that stirred up turned into two arcs of impact that looked like the most beautiful scene in the world of Berserkers from the distance. It was enough to visibly move anyone who saw it.

During that charge, Su Ming's second senior brother let out a weak but hearty laugh as he lay on Su Ming's back. As he laughed, grass instantly filled the shattered earth, and a nice fragrance spread through the air. A gentle but sturdy presence also spread out from second senior brother's body, surrounding Su Ming.

Su Ming was like a sharp sword out of its scabbard. With second senior brother on his back, he crashed into the incoming body created from that Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression in the sky.

This was a crash between the sky and earth. This could be said to be the top two forces in the land of Berserkers fighting against each other. As the loud rumbling sound spread out and reverberated in the air, an endless number of dimensional cracks appeared in the sky, and as the ground shattered, it turned into ashes.

A violent gust of wind with a strong force of impact was madly sweeping outwards from all directions around Su Ming. It was like a raging wave moving about, and there was no end to it.

Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood and retreated a hundred something feet. However, during that instant, his body was covered by a large amount of green. It was what his second senior brother's power had transformed into.

One of the heads on the two-headed body crumbled at that moment. The creature itself was sent tumbling backwards as the rumbling sounds echoed in the air. The blood-red sword in its hand also became slightly duller.

Su Ming lifted his head. Before his body had even stopped, he began to change forward again. The killing sword in his hand shone, and he charged towards the body that had now lost one of its heads. As that body that only had one head left roared, the two of them crashed into each other again in an attempt to kill the other.

There were no divine abilities and Arts involved. Su Ming only used the killing sword and executed the four sword styles, drawing up multiple long arcs in the air. After a moment, an even greater bang resounded, and the remaining head flew into the air. It was pierced through by Su Ming's sword and exploded.

The body that was formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune had lost all of its heads. At that moment, as it trembled, it rapidly retreated, and right before everyone's eyes, two flesh lumps squirmed rapidly at the spot where the heads had been before. It looked as if the body was about to regrow its heads.

"Kill all those who provoke the ninth summit!"

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's mouth, but the murderous aura on his face was chilly and threatening. He took a step forward and caught up to the retreating body that was formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune. The killing sword in his hand sliced forward, and a giant left arm flew into the air.

Second senior brother's mirth reverberated in the air. His peals of laughter were him venting out his frustrations at being suppressed over the years, and as he laughed, his voice traveled forth.

"Youngest junior brother, you're right! We will kill all those who harmed even a single plant on ninth summit!"

As second senior brother's words rang into the air, Su Ming took a step forward again and closed in on the retreating body of the Rune. He swung the bloody sword in his hand, and the right leg of the body formed by the Rune was separated from the body.

"Kill all those in the sect of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!"

Freezing air spread out from Su Ming's body. He took a step forward and jumped, lifting the killing sword in his hand. Killing intent erupted in his eyes, and he cut down swiftly at the body formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune.

His second senior brother laughed, and a large amount of green light flowed onto Su Ming's body, then gathered on the killing sword in his hand. This slash was no longer filled with by Su Ming's power alone, but also had power from his now weakened second senior brother.

At the instant they cut forward, the body that had lost its heads, left arm, and right leg swiftly lifted his right hand and placed the sword horizontally before itself to fend against the slash delivered by the killing sword of Su Ming and his second senior brother.

A bang shot into the air. Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and his second senior brother laughed when the killing sword clashed against the blood sword. At that instant, the blood sword shattered into pieces. The killing sword shot through its remnants and cut into the body made from the Rune, slicing into the center of its flesh. When the sword sliced through it, the body made from the Rune was cut into two.

A shrill scream of pain that only souls could hear came out from the body, and it exploded. An endless amount of vengeful souls inside cried out shrilly, then started falling back in all directions.

If anyone looked upwards from the ground, this scene would be like fog spreading out in their eyes, and within that fog was an endless amount of souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but just as he was about to kill all of them, his second senior brother suddenly spoke up on his back.

"Youngest junior brother, don't kill them..."

As he spoke, his second senior brother jumped off and moved away from Su Ming's back. Then, he turned into a gigantic phantom that had two horns on his head. His body was approximately a hundred feet tall, and he was a giant that was covered head to toe in dark green.

Once the phantom appeared, second senior brother opened his mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of the souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect that were falling back. With it, terror appeared within those souls' shrill screams, but all of them headed towards second senior brother, unable to control themselves. In the blink of an eye, they were all devoured by second senior brother.

When all of the souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect were devoured, the size of second senior's body instantly increased by a fold. The nearly two hundred thousand feet phantom exuded a strange presence in midair as he slowly turned his head around to look at Su Ming.

Even if he looked ferocious at the moment and eerie black smoke was coming out of his body, making him look like a malicious spirit, when he looked at Su Ming, a smile appeared on his face.

It was second senior brother's smile. When he lifted his head and smiled, he let sunlight shine on the side of his face, and he looked as if this particular act was making him really comfortable.

"This place has suppressed me for years... and they even used my body as a tool to help their disciples practice cultivation. They extracted my life without stop... That was an incredibly painful experience, and that is... no good." As second senior brother spoke, he lifted his right hand and looked at it. With a gentle smile on his lips, he slowly brought his hand downwards.

At that instant... a large amount of green rapidly filled the earth without sound, even if it had previously crumbled into pieces or even spotted huge pits in it. That green belonged to an endless amount of grass, flowers, and trees growing at a crazy speed on the ground.

In the blink of an eye, the ground that was once part of Great Leaf Immortal Sect became a forest that was filled with blooming flowers, green grass, and lush trees.

Everything within a circular area of ten thousand li had turned into forest.

Waves of refreshing air spread out. Second senior brother sucked in a deep breath and his body slowly shrank until he eventually turned back into the man who was as gentle as a flower. He was dressed in white and was standing in front of Su Ming as he smiled.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother and at the smile from his memories. To him, it did not matter whether his second senior brother was a person or a phantom. He... was still his second senior brother.

"Second senior brother." A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. This was a smile that was completely unrestrained and came from the bottom of his heart, a smile that had not appeared on his face since a long time ago.

"Youngest junior brother, you've suffered during these years. I didn't manage to find Master here, but I was able to gather some clues. I think, for some unknown reason and with some unknown method, Master has... left the land of Berserkers," second senior brother said in a soft voice. His face was still slightly pale, a telling sign that he could not rapidly recover from the harm done to him over the years by Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

"Right now, we're the only ones left. I've asked Hu Zi to stay in the ninth summit. Have you gone back?"

Su Ming nodded. Just as he was about to speak, he suddenly frowned and lifted his head to look at the sky, then narrowed his eyes slightly. A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes, and he also lifted his head.

At that moment, the sky looked as if it was void of clouds, but in truth, there was a cloud hiding up ahead. The beautiful woman munching on roasted seeds widened her eyes. She had seen the entire process of Su Ming fighting the two-headed ghost. After a moment, she patted her slightly filled chest and sighed deeply.

"I really suffered a huge loss this time..." The woman lifted her hand and grabbed the mutt's head.

The mutt winced in pain, but did not dare say much. It had heard of the woman's fearsome reputation when it was in the Emperor of Abyss' World. She was an existence that gave many living souls in the Emperor of Abyss' World a headache, and she was completely unreasonable.

It had suffered a lot during this trip, and even though this had nothing to do with anything, the mutt could still not escape her hands... As it winced, it glared at Qian Chen and the bald crane before it let out a growl, scaring the bald crane so much that it immediately put on a look of flattery. Qian Chen shuddered a little.

However, almost at the moment the bald crane put on that expression of flattery, the mutt bit down on the crane's body. When it saw the bird's expression changing to one of pain, it felt its emotions balancing out slightly.

Qian Chen shuddered even more violently. Terror appeared in his eyes. He just saw that beautiful woman terrorizing the mutt, and that mutt then terrorizing the bald crane, and he was...

As it shuddered, the bald crane lifted its head and glared at Qian Chen, then lifted its wing and smacked him on the head, and because the mutt's bite was too painful, it smacked Qian Chen a few more times until he also showed pain on his face. Only then did it feel emotionally balanced.

Qian Chen put on a glum face and looked around him, but he could not find anyone that could become his target and let him vent his frustration, so he lowered his head and looked as if he was on the verge of crying.

As the crowd in the sky terrorized one after another, Su Ming's cold voice came up to them.

"You've been tagging behind me all along. For how long do you still intend to hide?"

Su Ming's voice fell into Qian Chen's ears, causing him to become so excited that he looked as if he had heard his own relative's voice. As for the bald crane, it moved its eyes about, though no one knew exactly what it was thinking.

The mutt rolled its eyes. Just as it was about to look over, the woman beside it stood up and placed her hands behind her back, which gave her an adorable air, but the surprise on her face showed that she had not expected that Su Ming would be able to notice her presence.

She coughed lightly, then with a beautiful, adorable, naive look that gave her an impression of a small white rabbit, she walked out of the cloud that had hid her in the sky.

Chapter 718: Marriage...

It was a sight difficult to forget, one where a beautiful woman placed her hands behind her back as she revealed her beautiful figure in the sky. With a red blush that made it seem that she was slightly shy, she walked down with light footsteps.

Her waist was incredibly slim, her light green long dress hiding away her slender figure. There were some light red stars sewn on her sleeves, as well as some auspicious clouds that were embroidered with silver threads. Her sparkling eyes contained hints of bashfulness, as if they were the waters of spring. As they shone, the crystalline pearls hanging below the phoenix hairpin on her head swayed slightly.

The pearls were shining brilliantly under the sunlight, but they did not manage to cover up even a single bit of the woman's beauty. Instead, they became a foil to her, bringing her beauty out so that she seemed breathtaking. Anyone who saw her would be left shocked.

Her soft and supple face was like a beautiful flower, and when she walked, the wind blew her dark locks, causing her to lift up her right hand. Her fingers were long and white, and her action of lifting up her hair as well as that bashful gaze made her a sight that would move hearts if she frowned or smiled.

"I, Yu Xuan, greet big brother Su." The beautiful girl gradually approached the two people below, and when she was a hundred something feet away from Su Ming, she bent her body slightly. A light fragrance drifted through the air towards him. It was a scent that would enter straight into people's hearts once they smelled it.

There was a yellow mutt behind the woman, and it was running and skipping to follow behind her. When it stuck out its tongue, saliva fell down. Right behind that mutt was an excited Qian Chen. He looked as if he was on the verge of crying. Tears lingered in his eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

There was also an old man that was actually the bald crane at the very end of the group, walking as if he was a creep. He was rubbing his hands, and even though there was not an ounce of dignity in him, he still put on a nonchalant and sage-like air. The visual impact that was caused by his expression and his manner of walking... was... something that a mortal could not understand.

This might be the first time Su Ming saw the old man, but the thick presence of a creep about him and the solemn expression on his face made it absolutely clear who it was. There was no one else in the entire land of Berserkers who could fuse these two complicated airs together and feel proud of it.

When Su Ming looked at the mutt, a barely discernible glint appeared in his eyes. He shifted his gaze back to the woman. He had to say that she was definitely the most beautiful of all the women he had seen. It did not matter whether it was her face, her temperament, or that bashful look on her face—no woman could compare to her.

Yet for some unknown reason, when Su Ming saw her, he felt as if there was a sharp needle hidden in her body. If anyone carelessly touched it, they would immediately be pierced, and that needle seemed to contain a poison that could kill.

While Su Ming looked at the woman, she, too, was sizing him up. At the moment their gazes met, the woman smiled shyly and lowered her head, casually avoiding Su Ming's gaze.

Su Ming's second senior brother let out a fake cough by his side. He lifted his head, instinctively moving the side of his face towards the sun, then seemed to think that this was slightly inappropriate and let out another fake cough and showed a gentle smile towards the woman.

"Little girl, when are you going to get married to my youngest junior brother?"

His words were spoken too suddenly and the meaning behind them was too unexpected. This manner of speech that did not follow any sort of logical conventions not only stunned Su Ming but also made the woman who was pretending to be embarrassed widen her eyes. The shy look on her face disappeared instantly.

Even the mutt by the side forgot to retrieve its tongue after it opened its mouth. A large amount of saliva fell out...

The bald crane sucked in a breath and stared at Su Ming's second senior brother with a look as if he was looking at a senior and a veteran. As for Qian Chen, he was completely stunned.

Everything around them immediately fell silent at that moment. Only second senior brother continued smiling gently with a face that looked as if he was completely harmless. His act of having the sun shine on the side of his face and his occasional shift in posture caused the atmosphere to remain silent for some time.

"Second senior brother, I-I don't know her." Su Ming laughed wryly and instinctively pinched the center of his brows.

"Nonsense. If you didn't know her, how could she know your name? Youngest junior brother, when you left the ninth summit, Master had me, Hu Zi, and your eldest senior brother gather together to talk about this greatest event in your life. We discussed this for three days and nights, you know? And it was all about your marriage. Now, the heavens had opened their eyes. I didn't expect you to be so good, youngest junior brother. You actually have such a beautiful girl coming after you by her own accord.

"Ah, your second senior brother is such a pitiful person. I have such unparalleled beauty and talent, such attractive gracefulness, such... Err, that's used to describe a woman, isn't it?" second senior brother muttered, blinking a few extra times.

"Se-Second senior brother... I-I don't know him either..."

The beautiful woman stared at Su Ming's second senior brother with a wide-eyed look for some time before she quickly spoke up and even instinctively took a few steps back. She had a feeling that this second senior brother was simply too terrifying.

The fright he gave her was even worse than what the Emperor of Abyss had managed. That man had also asked someone to be a matchmaker, wanting her to marry third prince, but Su Ming's second senior brother had actually said these things right at their first meeting, and he even put on a look as if this was completely expected. The woman felt that she just could not grasp what he was thinking.

This manner of speech that did not follow any logical conventions made Su Ming laugh wryly and the woman instinctively back off, but the bald crane's eyes started shining at them. He was practically looking at Su Ming's second senior brother in an idolizing manner while he mumbled nonstop in his heart.

'I got it. Damn, so you can actually speak in this way? I've run into a veteran today. Looks like I'll have to learn how to speak this way in the future. This is a true veteran. This is what it means to be unfathomable. This is an even greater state of intimidating others.'

"So, you really don't know each other? Well, it doesn't matter. Now you know each other. Little girl, look at my youngest junior brother, isn't he of such unparalleled beauty and talent, such attractive gracefulness, such... Well, just look at how good he is. How about this? I'll take matters to hand today and bear witness to your marriage. From now on, you'll be his wife," second senior brother said gently. He might be talking a lot, but his words were not fast but neither were they slow. There was even a faint holy glint in his eyes.

"It's settled then. Little girl, your name is Yu Xuan, right? We won't be taking much of your dowry. As for that... you can just give us that mutt of yours. It looks pretty good, seems like the sort that could guard a house. Also, if you have any other sisters, do remember to introduce them to me." Second senior brother looked at the mutt in a manner as if it was already a possession of his.

Once the mutt met eyes with Su Ming's second senior brother, it shuddered and quickly took a few steps back, then bared its teeth at him and started growling.

"Madam, why exactly have you been following me all this way?" Su Ming laughed wryly in his heart and simply allowed his second senior brother to continue trying to persuade him. He knew well that his second senior brother was definitely not someone who did things randomly. There had to be some reason as to why he was behaving this way. Perhaps he had seen something.

After all, the method the woman had used to hide herself was incredibly strange. Su Ming had not noticed her earlier on. Only during the wave of impact that had been

stirred up by the body of the Rune had he noticed a slight abnormality in that region in the sky and sensed the faint presences of two familiar ripples of power.

Those ripples of power came from the bald crane and Qian Chen, and only then did he notice the whole party.

A thought bloomed in the woman's head once she heard Su Ming's words. Her bashful demeanor and the air of the rich had disappeared due to the continuous bombardment of words by second senior brother. At that moment, there was a mischievous air about her. Her huge sparkling eyes made it seem that another idea would appear in her head every single time she blinked.

While she still looked as incredibly beautiful as ever, she currently looked more like a little fox.

Su Ming frowned. The feeling as if there was a sharp needle hidden in her was becoming stronger, and her presence was incredibly strange. This was not an Immortal's cultivation, and neither was it a Berserkers' Qi. Instead, there was an aura in her that was rather similar to the aura of death, but it was a different from it as well.

That ripple made Su Ming feel as if his soul was being drawn out, as if a small part of it was going to spread out and head towards the woman.

This strange matter caused Su Ming to become even more wary of her. He cast the woman a profound look and did not continue to ask her why she knew about him. Instead, he cast his gaze towards Qian Chen and the bald crane.

"Come back!" Su Ming let out a cold harrumph.

Qian Chen immediately grew excited. After a moment of hesitation, he quickly turned into a long arc and flew to Su Ming. He was teary-eyed and looked as if he was about to grab Su Ming's sleeve and bawl, a clear sign that the things he had suffered during the past few days had been incredibly tragic, and it was so tragic that it made a person who originally did not know how to fly learn how to do so...

When the bald crane saw Qian Chen leaving safely, he, too, quietly took a few steps forward before increasing his speed and charging towards Su Ming. When he arrived next to him, he let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart, and his face turned back into that smug and overbearing look once again.

"Let's go, second senior brother."

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother and slowly moved back. The feeling the woman gave him was simply too strange, and with his current level of cultivation, Su Ming could sense that there was an incredibly powerful might contained within that mutt.

At that moment, there were hundreds of long arcs charging towards them from the area behind Su Ming. They were Fated Kin that had been told to wait. Once they saw Great Leaf Immortal Sect crumbling, they rushed over due to their worry for Su Ming.

"You... Hmph, what reason would I have to follow you? That's right, I've been following you all this while, but if it wasn't for me, then you would have died when you were fighting against Di Tian in the Dead Sea? You wouldn't have been able to leave so easily. If it wasn't for me, you would have died a long time ago." Some unknown thought rose in the woman's heart. As she looked at Su Ming, she spoke with a clear voice and with a tone tinged with anger. "You... You ungrateful bastard!"

When Su Ming heard those words, his gaze gained a focused edge.

"Haha, so that's how it is! And you were saying you don't know him? Miss Yu Xuan, I can tell now, you fell in love with my youngest junior brother a long time ago. The marriage is settled then for sure." Su Ming's second senior brother smiled faintly, then narrowed his eyes and looked towards the woman.

"I'll listen to you, second senior brother." Once the woman cast a glance at Su Ming, that embarrassed look appeared again on her face. She lowered her head and spoke softly, but she was mumbling smugly in her heart.

'Hmph, I suffered a huge loss when I sold Su Ming. I'll have to stay by his side. When those two old coots come here, I'll take a huge chunk out of their purses. There's no way I'll take any losses when I conduct my business.'

"Second senior brother..." Su Ming smiled wryly.

"Youngest junior brother, this woman is not bad. She's not bad at all." His second senior brother smiled. Once he looked at the mutt, he nodded towards Su Ming in a profound manner.

Chapter 719: Origins Revealed

The final Immortal sect in Eastern Wastelands had turned into a puff of cloud and smoke and transformed into a lush forest. There was a gigantic pit in the forest, and it was as if it was the only thing that could be a slight testimony to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's destruction.

This had always been the place where spiritual aura was the most abundant in Eastern Wastelands. Even if it had turned into a forest now, the spiritual aura was still spreading

out slowly and filling up the entire area, making it seem like the forest was surrounded by a haziness, giving it a dream-like air.

From then on, this would be the place where Fated Kin in Eastern Wastelands would live. As long as Fated Kin continued to grow and become stronger and Su Ming remained alive, they were destined to become an extraordinary existence among the Berserkers.

They would just be like the God of Shamans Temple among the Shamans. As members of the same race as Su Ming, Fated Kin would stand over the other tribes and Berserker clans for a long time. No one would dare to challenge their might because they were of them.

'From now on, there will no longer be any Great Yu. What will appear among the Berserkers would be a land where Fated Kin are the heads. They will build their homes in other continents as well to maintain the land of Berserkers' operations.'

This was what Su Ming was thinking right then. Since Great Yu had been buried by time, then they should let it be gone forever. Fated Kin would replace the previous Great Yu among the Berserkers, allowing them to grow stronger as they gained new life.

Su Ming left. Fated Kin had followed him into the area that once belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect spread out through the forest, and under Nan Gong Hen's lead, they started developing the place into the unique landscape that would be suitable to be their home.

Before long, this place would have two mountains. The mountain range would form a valley, and the valley would be modified to be able to gather the waves of Yin Death. They would have many Enchanted Vessels that would belong solely to their kin such as the gigantic bow, and a series of divine abilities and Arts, each of which would be stronger than the last.

A statue of Su Ming would be carved out as well. That statue would become the deity statue that Fated Kin would worship every day, and it would become the God of Berserkers' Statue in the land of Berserkers.

Su Ming left with his second senior brother, Qian Chen, the bald crane, a mutt that would occasionally drool... and a mischievous beautiful woman that loved smiling.

This was a strange group. Every single time Su Ming turned his head around, he would not be able to help but smile wryly. He was mostly alone over the years, so situations like this were rare to him.

The woman called Yu Xuan was sitting on the mutt, and it was running and leaping while drooling and reeling about in midair.

Su Ming could tell that the mutt should not be so... lively. It was acting this way because Yu Xuan's hands had seized the fur on its head. If she yanked the fur to the left, the mutt would run to the left, and if she yanked it to the right, it would immediately run to the right.

Along with the mutt's actions rang Yu Xuan's bell-like laughter. There was joy in her laughter, as if she was completely carefree... but to Su Ming, that was not a carefree laughter—it was one of ignorance.

The bald crane did not take the form of an old man this time, but had turned into a boy and was asking for lessons from second senior brother. The man and crane walked together, and the occasional peals of dark chuckles from the duo as well as the look of regret that they had not gotten to know each other sooner along with the congenial air made an incredibly thick presence that belonged to creeps coming together.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and looked towards Qian Chen, who was constantly by his side and had practically never left him. Qian Chen had clearly been traumatized by all the bullying. He was scared of the bald crane, frightened by the mutt, and terrified of the woman.

This was his first meeting with Su Ming's second senior brother, but when he heard how he spoke to Yu Xuan and saw how the bald crane had acted as if it was regretting it had not met the man earlier, he instantly shuddered. His gaze when he looked at Su Ming's second senior brother instantly became different, which was why he decided to stay as far away as possible from him while showing respect. He had a feeling... that only Su Ming could be considered somewhat normal among this group of people.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows roughly until that spot turned red. He let out a long sigh in his heart and no longer paid any attention to the people around him. Instead, he turned into a long arc and left into the distance.

"Xiao Huang, follow him." Yu Xuan grinned as she cast a glance at Su Ming's back, then smugly lifted her chin. There was no longer any need for her to hide in the clouds to follow Su Ming. She could stay by his side openly, and even if she had promised to get married to him, she was completely unbothered by it.

'Heh heh, before those two old coots come here, I'll have to protect him, only then will I be able to get a good price. Oh well, I might suffer a little bit of loss because of it, but this Su Ming will have it easy. Once those two old coots come, I'll leave.

'And if this stupid boy really falls in love with me, then it'll be his misfortune... Ah, I'm just too exceptional, that's why people always fall in love with me. It's quite depressing.' The woman let out a pleased sigh and patted the mutt's head, hitting it until the mutt started bobbing its head up and down, but it did not dare become angry.

It was not afraid of Yu Xuan, but was afraid of her family. To it, every single person in her family was mad...

Yu Xuan was feeling incredibly smug in her heart, but as she sighed, she seized the mutt's head. The mutt winced in pain and looked as if it was about to cry. A complicated look that was made of feelings of having been wronged and nursing grievances appeared on its face. Then, as if it had accepted its fate, it lowered its head and chased after Su Ming.

Second senior brother had a gentle smile on his face as he patted the shoulder of the boy that was the bald crane. With the attitude of someone from the older generation, he praised the bald crane in an over the top fashion.

"Not bad, little baldy, your comprehensive abilities are very good. You managed to inherit these skills of mine. Learn it well and trust in yourself. Set a goal for yourself, and someday, you will become a pillar of support for someone else.

"Even if someone hits you, even if someone humiliates you, even if someone looks down on you, you must persevere and walk down your own path. This path is full of hardships, but I believe that you will be able to move down it even farther than I did."

The boy that was the bald crane had an incredibly excited look on his face. He hit his chest with all his strength and nodded vigorously.

"I got it. I have a goal, and that goal is to make that Dao Chen into my steed. Damn... If I make him my steed, just how majestic will I look like at that time?" The bald crane's eyes shone, and he grew more excited with each word.

"Good luck. I believe you can do it." Su Ming's second senior brother's eyes sparkled. There was an encouragement within that smile, and he patted the shoulder of the boy that was the bald crane before he swept his gaze towards the mutt in the distance. An even more brilliant smile appeared on his lips.

Several days later, the sky above the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands was dark. Great Yu Imperial City was in the sky like a huge patch that covered it up.

There was wind blowing on the ground, and it stirred up waves of dust with sashaying sounds. On the land filled with cracks was a statue without a head. That statue held a gigantic battle axe in its hand, and there was an indescribable ferocious air all around it. The hearts of anyone normal would quiver upon coming close.

Su Ming stood beside the statue and was staring at it blankly. Right by his side was his second senior brother.

Qian Chen and the bald crane were in the distance. Qian Chen, who had his throat seized by the bald crane, had a glum face as he pleaded for mercy, but the bald crane was riding on his body excitedly, testing out the abilities of speaking out of logical convention, which he had learned from Su Ming's second senior brother over the past few days.

As for the mutt and Yu Xuan, they were flying happily in circles in midair... as if they did not know what dizziness meant.

Besides Hu Zi, all the disciples of the ninth summit had finally gathered together, but this gathering was filled with sorrow and silence.

Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother's statue, and so did his second senior brother. Neither of them spoke, but they lifted their hands gradually and placed them on the statue at the same time. Time trickled by, and after some time, the statue let out a ray of gray light. It started flowing all over the statue before splitting into two and charging towards Su Ming and his second senior brother's palms.

The two rays arrived within an instant and surged into their bodies. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He noticed that there was a presence that could numb his flesh and blood in that gray light, and that presence could turn him into stone, but he did not lift his hand off the statue. Instead, he circulated his cultivation base to suppress that presence.

A dark light shone in second senior brother's eyes, and his skin gradually turned green. With a cold harrumph, he, too, started suppressing that presence.

After a moment, a powerful rebound came from the statue, forcing off both Su Ming and his second senior brother's hands off. The two brothers cast a glance at each other.

"Eldest senior brother's presence is still around."

"We can chase away the gray light in the statue slowly, but it'll take time."

A smile appeared on second senior brother's face. When he looked towards Su Ming, praise showed up in his eyes. He had noticed Su Ming's level of cultivation once again, and he was very pleased in his heart. He knew that his youngest senior brother had truly grown up.

"If eldest senior brother wakes up, he'll also agree to the marriage I arranged for you, youngest junior brother." Second senior brother cast Su Ming a glance and suddenly said these words softly. His voice was very faint, and only Su Ming could hear them. There were also waves of power spreading out from him, blocking off all divine senses from intruding into this place.

"Second senior brother, did you manage to see where she came from?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he looked towards his second senior brother.

"The little girl is not a Berserker, and neither is she an Immortal. There's a presence within her that is similar to the aura of death, but it contains life force. This should originally be something that only puppets possess, but there is no way she is a puppet.

"I was quite uncertain about her identity at first, but when I saw that mutt, I was instantly clear about her origins!" Second senior brother did not lift his head to look at the woman and her mutt. He only spoke gently as he looked at eldest senior brother's statue.

"Master once said that his Master, which is our Grandmaster, had once told him that Immortals and Berserkers are located in a place called True Morning Dao World, but in this endless universe, there are four Great True Worlds." Second senior brother looked towards Su Ming.

"There is a world called the Emperor of Abyss' True World among the four Great True Worlds. The people in that world practice Abyss Arts. Their presence makes them feel as if they are alive but not, as if they are dead but not really. This description is very similar to what that girl exudes."

Chapter 720: Yu Xuan, Could You Give Me a Strand of Your Hair?

"Also, Master mentioned that our Grandmaster has killed a World Traversing Abyss Dragon and took three of its Origin Scales to create a treasure. He gave one of them to Master later... but Master gave it to me and I fused it with my phantom self. Only then was I able to stabilize my form.

"I refined that scale into part of my body a long time ago, that's why I could sense something different about that mutt. It's... not a mutt, but an Abyss Dragon, and it's not just any ordinary Abyss Dragon. It's even stronger than the master of the scale that is now a part of me," second senior brother said slowly. When Su Ming heard these words, he looked as calm as ever, but a thought appeared in his heart.

"Abyss Dragons are also known as World Traversing Spirits. These dragons are incredibly rare, and they are one of the rare ferocious beasts that can move through the barriers between the four Great True Worlds. If you can subdue this creature and make it your own, then it will be incredibly helpful to us when we want to leave Yin Death Region. With it, the possibility of us leaving this place will be higher. Only when we leave the world of Berserkers... can we search for our Master."

Su Ming fell silent. After some time, he nodded.

"Besides, this little girl is not bad at all. She's quite suited for you," second senior brother said with a smile and a wink.

Su Ming shook his head. He did not speak.

His second senior brother regarded what that woman brought with her with great importance. It was an ability that could leave Yin Death Region and could even move through the four Great True Worlds, something that only World Traversing Spirits possessed. This ability was incredibly important to Su Ming himself and his senior brothers. It could allow them take their first step towards finding their Master.

But there was not just one method to leave this place. Nonetheless, since this was a decision made by second senior brother, Su Ming did not refuse him.

Besides, this was a relationship where both parties were mutually exploiting each other. In fact, it could even be said that one party was exploiting quite a lot from the other, and that was indeed the case. Su Ming believed that the woman had her own reasons to follow and even help him, like she had done in the Dead Sea.

Su Ming had a few guesses as to why she did that, but he could not verify any of them.

"She must be seeking her personal interests by following you. If that's the case, then we should conspire against her a little. Only by doing so will we be able to reach a balance and you won't suffer losses. Don't worry, youngest junior brother, I'll help you handle this. I can guess what this lass is thinking about, somewhat." Second senior brother gave Su Ming a gentle smile and winked at him.

"Let's go. We'll take eldest senior brother with us... and return to ninth summit!" Second senior brother waved his arm, and a layer of black fog immediately spread out from his body to envelope eldest senior brother's statue. Then, it swept it up to his sleeve.

There were no longer any Immortals in Eastern Wastelands. All the tribes were assembling their strength, and they would need some time to gather together the large amount of their tribe members that had gone to the other continents. They also needed to build an innumerable amount of ships that could cross the Dead Sea. This, too, needed time.

Based on Su Ming's promise to Chi Lei Tian, Xue Sha, and the others, they would need to make preparations as soon as possible, and once they were done, they were to immediately send word to Su Ming.

"The ninth summit..." Su Ming lifted his head and looked into the distance. His eyes revealed his thoughts.

"Second senior brother, I... saw Zi Yan a few days ago," Su Ming said softly.

"Is she well?" His second senior brother was momentarily stunned. Some time later, when he asked that question, the gentle smile was still on his lips, but there was a nostalgic look on his face.

"She's already married." Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he still chose to say it.

His second senior brother closed his eyes. A long time passed, and when he reopened them, not a single hint of difference could be seen on his face, but Su Ming could sense that his second senior brother was feeling a little melancholic.

"Then let's go see her."

Second senior brother lifted his head and let sunlight shine on the side of his face. His eyes might have seemed calm at that moment, but only he knew that the picture of a petite and pretty woman glaring and standing on the ninth summit with her hands on her hips had appeared in his head.

Su Ming nodded quietly and slowly rose into the air, then turned into a long arc. His second senior brother followed behind him quietly. The mutt and Yu Xuan that were still sauntering about in the sky as if they did not know fatigue followed them... as well as the bald crane that was riding Qian Chen. All of them flew into the distance.

Yu Xuan was sizing up Su Ming all along the way. Her gaze would also occasionally land on his second senior brother. Gradually, she saw something off about them and instantly became curious. She grabbed the mutt's fur, and it dashed a few steps ahead to catch up to Su Ming and stand beside him.

"Hey, little dummy Su, what's up with your second senior brother?" Yu Xuan asked, looking quite curious.

Su Ming frowned and did not bother with her.

"Little dummy Su!" Yu Xuan shouted at him again.

"Little dummy Su, big dummy Su, old dummy Su... I'm your betrothed. I'm not even married to you yet, and you're already ignoring me?! I'm breaking off this engagement!" Yu Xuan said loudly as she lifted her chin.

"Are you done?" Su Ming frowned and cast a glance at Yu Xuan.

When she saw that he was being so cold and indifferent, she let out a cold harrumph. She lifted her right hand and a jade bottle appeared on her palm. She poured out some medicinal cores that were exuding a thick medicinal fragrance, then threw one of them into her mouth and crunched on it.

The medicinal fragrance from it immediately made the mutt lick its lips. Even the bald crane riding on Qian Chen and following behind them widened its eyes instantaneously. It quickly moved a little closer and sucked in a breath of that medicinal fragrance, and its eyes instantly started shining.

'It's a supreme spirit core. That's definitely a supreme spirit core!'

"Abyss Control Core. It has incredibly good effects towards spiritual bodies and those who practice the cultivation methods that use Abyss Death Aura. If you are injured, you can heal your injuries with it, and if you're not injured, you can increase your power with it. Even if you eat a lot of it and there are no longer any obvious effects, it can still be used as a beauty product." Yu Xuan poured out another one of those cores and cast Su Ming a glance before she placed it in her mouth and crushed it.

Su Ming cast that medicinal core a glance, but before he could speak, his second senior brother immediately took a few steps forward from behind him and put on a gentle smile.

"Sister-in-law, my youngest junior brother is slow to the uptake. Don't bother with him. How about this? I'll answer your question. One question for five medicinal cores," he said with a smile.

"I want him to answer. Ten questions for one medicinal core." Yu Xuan narrowed her eyes, turning them into the shape of crescent moons. She was incredibly beautiful to begin with, and this expression made it seem as if her beauty had blossomed like a flower, making her even more attractive.

"My youngest junior brother refuses to speak, though. This is a little difficult. Two questions, nineteen medicinal cores," second senior brother stated at a moderate pace.

"He has to listen to me talk during our journey. Three questions, two medicinal cores," Yu Xuan said.

"That won't do. My youngest junior brother definitely won't agree to this. We'll have to talk about this..." Second senior brother shook his head, and they continued discussing the number of medicinal cores for the number of questions.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows again and looked towards the sky before he cast a glance at his second senior brother and Yu Xuan. Then, he let out a long sigh.

After a moment, his second senior brother and Yu Xuan reached a consensus. As for the number of medicinal cores that were negotiated, Su Ming did not know. He only knew that he would no longer have any peace during this journey...

"Little dummy Su!"

"You're not answering me, so I'm reducing one medicinal core."

"Big dummy Su?"

"Still not answering? Fine, I'll reduce another medicinal core."

"Old dummy Su!"

Su Ming turned around and glared at Yu Xuan coldly before letting out a harrumph. Yu Xuan instantly beamed and twirled a lock of her hair smugly.

"Oh, so you like being called old dummy Su, huh?"

Su Ming's second senior brother let out a few fake coughs and quickly took a few steps back to stand beside Qian Chen and the bald crane. As he watched Yu Xuan bothering Su Ming, he sighed and swallowed one of the medicinal cores.

"Youngest junior brother, if your senior brother Hu Zi was in your place and he was being bothered by such an adorable girl, he would be really happy." When Su Ming's second senior brother spoke, he brought out another medicinal core and placed it in his mouth.

The bald crane watched by the side with eager eyes and continued licking its lips. It was even drooling, and it caused an incredible amount of distress for Qian Chen, who was its steed. He continued sighing and groaning with a face full of despair.

'Damn this crane. I swear that once my power is restored when I leave the world of Berserkers, I'll definitely make this damn crane pay!' With a glum face, Qian Chen made this exact same oath that he had sworn for the umpteenth time during this journey.

In this manner, this group of people gradually flew out of Eastern Wastelands and moved into the Dead Sea. The numerous islands of South Morning were located not too far away from them.

"Little dummy Su, that big fish in the sea is really pretty, catch one for me."

"Little Su, why don't you call me big sister? Come on, hurry up, call me big sister... Hmph. Second senior brother, I'll give you three more medicinal cores. Just call me big sister once and I'll give you three medicinal cores, you know? It's a really good deal."

"Little Su Su, that Dead Sea Giant just glared at me. Go hit it."

"Dumb dumb Su Su, that sunlight is too vicious, hold an umbrella for me..."

Su Ming almost had a mental breakdown during the journey. That Yu Xuan chattered nonstop, and she had placed all her attention on Su Ming. She had even reduced the

amount of time she bullied the mutt by a huge margin, making the mutt incredibly happy. It was only too eager for the woman to continue ignoring him, which was why it did not even stretch out its tongue during the journey or make a single sound, worried that Yu Xuan would remember its existence.

Second senior brother cast a pitying glance at Su Ming and swallowed a few more medicinal cores. His weakness had been cured by a large margin as he continued using these medicinal cores as supplements. As he watched Su Ming being tormented this way, he sighed.

"Youngest junior brother, I suddenly realized that this girl... seems to not be too suited to you..." Second senior brother had uttered these words when Yu Xuan immediately threw two medicinal bottles towards him. Once second senior brother caught them, the smile on his face instantly grew resplendent.

"No, no, you're very suited for each other, youngest junior brother. The two of you are a match made in heaven. You have to work hard and give birth to a few babies."

The bald crane looked at Su Ming with an incredibly pitying glance. Qian Chen did the same. Compared to what Su Ming had to endure, his suffering was really nothing.

When they were not too far away from the island where Zi Yan was, Su Ming finally snapped, no longer able to endure the torment. He sucked in a deep breath and suddenly looked towards Yu Xuan. His expression was not dark, though. There was a gentle smile that was similar to his second senior brother's on his lips. He had always had extraordinary looks, and coupled with his presence of Life Cultivation, he had a strange charm.

While this charm might be somewhat effective against other people, to Yu Xuan, due to the Abyss' presence within Su Ming's body that was from the same source as hers and was even purer than hers, it was a feeling of a sort of natural cordiality towards him. When he looked towards, she was stunned.

"Yu Xuan, could you give me a strand of your hair?" Su Ming asked softly and walked towards the stunned Yu Xuan. Once he was at her side, he lifted his right hand and stroked her hair gently.

Chapter 721: Arriving in Southern Swamp Once More

Yu Xuan was stunned. She had never seen Su Ming put on such a gentle expression throughout the whole journey, and neither had she ever heard him use such a gentle

voice. All of this happened too suddenly, and there was an indefinable strangeness to it. This caused Yu Xuan to suddenly remember something.

But before she managed to retreat, Su Ming had already arrived next to her at the brief instant she was stunned and lifted his right hand to naturally place it on her dark locks.

All of this might seem to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it had happened instantaneously. Yu Xuan's expression changed swiftly, but by the time she moved back, Su Ming had already taken a dark strand of hair from her head.

With a flip of his right hand, that hair immediately disappeared from his palm.

"Since you've been following me all this while, then you must surely know what will happen if I am in control of someone's hair!" The gentle look on Su Ming's face disappeared, and the gentle tone in his voice also turned icy cold. His whole demeanor returned to how it was previously.

Qian Chen saw all of this as he stood at the back, and a shudder ran through his body. He remembered the days of misfortune that had fallen on his head when he was still in Evil Spirit Mountain, and when he looked at Su Ming, fear appeared in his eyes. He suddenly realized that even Su Ming was abnormal. Each person around him was more evil than the next.

How evil must a person be to be able to turn a strand of hair into a small humanoid so that he could curse whoever that hair belongs to. Qian Chen imagined Su Ming crouching in a corner and chuckling darkly while turning that strand of hair into a person so that he could lay a Curse. His body trembled even more viciously.

The bald crane widened its eyes and looked at Yu Xuan with a bewildered gaze. It saw that her expression had changed, but it could not wrap its head around it, thinking that it was just a strand of hair and would be able to do nothing.

Su Ming's second senior brother was momentarily stunned as well, but based on the changes in Yu Xuan's expression, he could tell that Yu Xuan was feeling incredibly terrible at that moment, and he could not help but smile.

Even the mutt looked as if it had seen a ghost once it saw Su Ming taking one of Yu Xuan's hair. It quickly moved back slightly. It had seen Su Ming use this method multiple times to lay a Curse, and while it might not know the origins of this Art, memories towards the terrors of that Art were fresh in its mind.

After all, Su Ming had disappeared after his battle against Di Tian in the Dead Sea. When Yu Xuan found Su Ming again, he was already in Evil Spirit Sect, and no one knew about the things regarding Ugly Little Thing and her family.

Yu Xuan glared at Su Ming. She had always been intelligent and had always been the one who had the upper hand. She was rarely the one who would be deceived and suffer losses. Even when it came to Su Ming's second senior brother, they were both mutually exploiting each other.

She could naturally tell that second senior brother had been able to find some clues from her or the mutt, but she had used this to follow Su Ming in plain sight. In fact, all of this was more of a fun pastime for her, and there was absolutely no need for her to use too much of her head.

The act of using medicinal cores in exchange for asking questions had seemed like a joke, but in truth, she had wanted to do so. The injuries Su Ming's second senior brother had sustained might not seem to be consequential, but in truth, his foundation had been injured. If he did not heal it as soon as possible, it would have a huge effect.

But that second senior brother refused to say a single word about it, and that little dummy Su was a real idiot, because he had been unable to see it. When second senior brother had circulated his cultivation base before that statue in an attempt to awaken it, this had worsened his injuries even more.

That was why she used this method to tease Su Ming and help his second senior brother to heal. In her eyes, she was the one helping Su Ming, and besides, she had been very happy all along the way. After all, she could tell that second senior brother did not harbor any ill intentions towards her. This matter about them mutually exploiting each other would naturally depend on their individual skills.

As for Su Ming, Yu Xuan had only thought that he had quite the potential, and his status as an Abyss Builder could net her a good price. She had not paid much attention to his intelligence, and that matter about marriage was also treated as a joke.

Yet at this moment, she was glaring at Su Ming, becoming serious for the first time. The reason for it was because she had just suffered a very huge loss due to him.

This was something that she had not expected. If she had been schemed against in this manner by second senior brother, she would not have felt so indignant. After all, it was difficult to predict just how he would act with how unpredictable he was.

But... but she was manipulated this way by Su Ming, and this made her very angry.

She glared at Su Ming, and he looked at her flatly. Their gazes met, and there seemed to be sparks flying in the air, but those sparks were not due to the birth of any sort of feelings... It was due to two opponents standing off against each other.

After some time, Yu Xuan let out a harrumph and turned her head around to ignore Su Ming. As she sat on the mutt, she started tugging at the fur at the top of its head, ignoring the mutt's grievances and its helpless anger. Her beautiful eyes sparkled, and

no one could know just how many ideas to punish Su Ming had fled through her mind.

Su Ming was indifferent, completely unbothered by how many schemes she would come up with. At the very least, he had obtained the peace and quiet that had been absent from his life for a long time now. The voice that almost brought him to a mental breakdown was no longer around, and in the midst of this quiet, the group turned into several long arcs that charged towards the island where Zi Yan was.

A rarely seen quiet filled the air within the group. Su Ming's second senior brother still had the gentle smile on his face while his thoughts remained hidden from others. The mutt looked as if it was suffering more with each passing moment and was wincing in pain, because the woman had a steely expression on her face as she continued wrestling with the fur on its head.

The bald crane blinked and immediately did not dare to even breathe loudly. It had a feeling that a violent storm was about to arrive and knew that it should not make itself known at that moment, or else it would be all too easy to get dragged into the mess.

Qian Chen behaved in the same way. He lowered his head and acted his part of the bald crane's stead, afraid that he would get dragged into the mess.

The group was not too far away from the islands around South Morning to begin with, so as they charged forward in silence, an island appeared before long at the surface of the Dead Sea.

The island looked barren, and there was nothing unusual about it, but when Su Ming approached it and lifted his right hand to form a seal before striking his palm forward in the direction, the island remained the same for the span of ten breaths before a layer of blue light surrounded it. That screen of light was faintly blue in the beginning, but it instantly turned dark blue, and long tunnels appeared on its surface.

Fang Cang Lan, who looked a somewhat delicate while dressed in white, walked forth with light footsteps. She did not look at anyone else besides Su Ming. As she watched him, a gentle smile appeared on her face.

An ethereal air spread out from Fang Cang Lan's body, acting as a background against the dark blue screen of light around her. It made her dream-like beauty increase even more.

There were a dozen something people behind her. All of them were residents of the island, and they knew Su Ming. At that moment, they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards him with respectful expressions.

Among them was Zi Yan... and Ya Mu. Zi Yan, who was dressed in the manner of a married woman, was about to bow with the crowd, but at that moment, her body

suddenly started trembling viciously. She looked at the man standing beside Su Ming, the gentle man who had a slightly pale face but was still wearing a faint smile that was so familiar to her.

At the instant she saw him, all the people in her vision disappeared, and the only one left was the man who was as gentle as a flower and who had sunlight shining on the side of his face.

It was a scene from her memories. It was a memory that was buried deep within the recesses of her mind. He was the man who had blocked off her path when she was heading to the ninth summit, the man who had kept his side profile directed to the sun and who believed that his actions were very elegant.

It was... a beautiful moment that existed in the past. Perhaps it could be considered not just a beautiful moment but a budding romance, yet it... existed in the past.

Ya Mu was silent. He noticed Zi Yan's strange behavior and could tell that the reason for her behavior was the man beside Su Ming, and anguish rose in Ya Mu's heart. He gradually lowered his head and slowly took a few steps back, making it so that he was behind Zi Yan instead of standing by her side.

'Zi Yan, as long as you're happy, I can give up everything for you. I know that you don't like me. I know that...' Ya Mu lowered his head and chose to give up.

Among the crowd was Zong Ze, who had clearly entered old age and whose body was exuding a thick bleak air. He looked like an ordinary old man, and with a pretty woman supporting him, he looked at Su Ming with a smile.

Su Ming knew that woman who was supporting him. She was... Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady - Wan Qiu. She must have reached Southern Swamp Island after Su Ming left all those years ago and reunited with Zong Ze.

Southern Swamp Island was flourishing behind the dark blue screen of light. The layer of green that covered the land, the city moat that was of quite the sizable scale, the buildings on the mountains all around the place, and everything else had turned this place into a paradise.

The fragrance of grass and flowers filled the area within the screen of light, and that scent had the power to creep into one's heart and stay there. Su Ming stood on a cliff and looked into the distance. He could see the blue sky and white clouds from where he stood, and they were real.

The sky above South Morning had originally been filled with thick clouds, but the fight between Su Ming and the Immortals at the place where they descend had stirred up the power of the world, allowing even the sky of South Morning to return to its original color.

The seawater struck the reefs underneath and stirred up splashes from waves as well as black bubbles. Fang Cang Lan stood beside Su Ming. She had become even more quiet than before, and there was an air of gracefulness and restraint in her gentle demeanor.

She was smoothing out the wrinkles in Su Ming's clothes by his side. The elegance of her face allowed others to sense her gentleness in the midst of all that peace and quiet.

Wan Qiu stood in the distance and watched this scene without a word.

If anyone cast their gaze about, they would be able to see two other people standing on another mountain not too far away from Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan. Those two were... second senior brother and Zi Yan.

Yu Xuan was also glaring furiously at the spot where Su Ming was from another mountain, but her gaze found itself on Fang Cang Lan more often than not.

The mutt lay by the side and looked at Yu Xuan, then at Su Ming in the distance, and eventually at Fang Cang Lan. It suddenly shuddered. It could sense a chilling air spreading out from Yu Xuan, and when it cast a sideways glance at her, it saw an expression similar to those Abyss Dragon Consorts wore when they were sizing each other up.

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Chapter 722: Second Senior Brother and Zi Yan

The smell of the sea was contained within the breeze, and it rose up when the waves struck the reefs. The smell fused with the fragrance of the grass and turned into a smell that was unique to areas near seas. Those familiar to it would love it, but those who were unfamiliar would find the smell a little difficult to bear.

Fang Cang Lan was clearly already used to the smell. She stood beside Su Ming, and once she smoothed out his clothes, she looked at the horizon and remained quietly by his side, not saying a single word.

She knew that Su Ming loved silence.

After a long time, he said slowly, "After this, I'll head to the Alliance of the Western Region."

"Mm." Fang Cang Lan nodded with a soft hum.

Su Ming turned his head around and looked at her. This woman was not as beautiful as Yu Xuan, but her quiet demeanor was comforting to other. This was something Yu Xuan did not have.

"Are you coming back?" Fang Cang Lan's eyelashes fluttered lightly and she looked at Su Ming as well.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he said calmly, "Perhaps I will, perhaps I won't."

"It doesn't matter whether you choose to come back or not, I will always be here. If a day comes when you are tired, you can come here and take a rest. If I am no longer here when that day comes, my soul will still be here to keep you company," Fang Cang Lan said softly. There was a determined quality in her voice, along with a carefree air.

Her determination came from her existence in this place, and her carefree attitude came from her rejecting Su Ming's companionship when he had offered it to her not out of love.

Su Ming did not speak, but instead looked at the world in the distance.

But this silence that existed between him and Fang Cang Lan... was broken by a bark that sounded like a dragon's roar after a moment.

The mutt came running over with an expression of resignation and suffering as it cried out towards the sky. By its side was Yu Xuan, who had her hands behind her back. She walked with a smile on her face and would occasionally kick the mutt, causing it to cry even louder.

When Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan turned their heads to look, Yu Xuan stuck out her tongue and put on an embarrassed look.

"Ah... what's wrong with this mutt? It keeps barking and won't listen to me. It didn't interrupt the two of you, did it?" Yu Xuan blinked and looked towards Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan. As she spoke, she kicked the mutt again.

Su Ming frowned. Fang Cang Lan smiled gently by his side and looked at the woman, then asked softly, "Who might you be?"

"Hello, senior, I am Yu Xuan. I'm-I'm Su Ming's betrothed." A shy look appeared on Yu Xuan's face.

Fang Cang Lan was momentarily stunned. Then, with her smile unchanged in the slightest, she looked towards Su Ming.

"Second senior brother was the one who arranged our marriage. I'll be married to him in a few days' time. Please come to the wedding feast at that time. I've heard my husband-to-be mention you before, and now that I've met you..."

There was a shy look on Yu Xuan's face, along with an air of naivety as she spoke softly, but before she could even finish speaking, Su Ming took out the strand of her hair. The words then died in her throat.

Fang Cang Lan smiled softly and sized up Yu Xuan. She then took a few steps forward to hold Su Ming's arm. She turned her head sideways to look at Yu Xuan again, and at that moment, her smile was akin to a blooming flower.

"Then congratulations, little sister Yu Xuan. I'll definitely attend the wedding feast later, but I'd like to talk about some private matters with your betrothed right now. Could you step aside?"

Su Ming smiled wryly. This was the first time he saw this sort of expression on Fang Cang Lan's face. She might be smiling, but there was a sharp edge to her smile.

As Yu Xuan and Fang Cang Lan faced off verbally, leaving Su Ming by the side smiling wryly, Zi Yan held back her tears as she smiled and looked at second senior brother on the other mountain.

Part of his face was turned so the sunlight would shine on it. He looked at Zi Yan, and gradually smiled at her as well.

However, their smiles were laced with a hint of melancholy and an indescribable nostalgia. They were like two good friends who had not met each other for years and had buried away the beautiful moments of their past. When they met again, they were strangers who were not really strangers.

Zi Yan smiled and asked softly, "Did you really like me when you were still at the ninth summit?"

"I did indeed like you... but you avoided me like the plague, and I didn't even have the chance to confess to you." Second senior brother let out a dry cough and changed his position, letting the sun shine on the other side of his face.

When Zi Yan saw second senior brother behaving this way, she covered her mouth and chuckled. She sounded really happy, as if she had returned to the past.

"Honestly, I've always wanted to tell you... that when you let sunlight shine on your face like this... you look really horrid," Zi Yan said as she laughed while covering her face.

Second senior brother touched his face and changed an angle before he turned his head sideways to look at her.

"How about now?"

"Still as horrid as ever."

"How about now?"

"Still horrid."

"But I saw youngest junior brother behaving this way last time." Second senior brother changed a few more angles before he eventually sighed.

"Honestly, when you smile, that gentle expression of yours and that tender gaze make you much better looking than anything you did now," Zi Yan teased second senior brother as she laughed.

She had changed. She had become different, and was no longer the girl from all those years ago. There was a mature gracefulness to her, and even her words had become much more magnanimous than in the past.

As second senior brother he looked at the happy Zi Yan, he was dazed for a moment. The image of the girl from the ninth summit and the current Zi Yan gradually overlapped with each other before slowly separating. There were similarities between them, but there were also certain aspects that were very different.

Zi Yan gradually lowered her head under his gaze. No matter how brilliant her smile was, it was still a way to hide the emotions in her heart. She did not want anyone to see how fragile her heart was, especially second senior brother.

He fell silent, and it was something that rarely happened to him. With his personality, it was rare for him to be silent, but at that moment, as he looked at Zi Yan, for some unknown reason, he felt a sharp stab of pain in his heart and fell silent.

How could he not see that Zi Yan was trying to cover up the air of seasons having passed that was all over her? How could he not see the fatigue that came from the bottom of her heart? In silence, he walked towards her slowly.

Zi Yan bit her bottom lip and looked at the man who was like a flower walking towards her. When he stood so close to her that she could even smell the scent of grass on him, she lowered her head.

She did not see Ya Mu sitting on a stone in a place far away from them. He was looking at her blankly, and there was deep anguish on his face.

"Come with me." Second senior brother stretched out his hand and lifted Zi Yan's chin, then gently kissed her forehead.

A dazed look appeared on Zi Yan's face as she looked at him. After a long moment, she lifted her hand and gently caressed his face before shaking her head and taking a few steps back.

Second senior brother fell silent and looked at Zi Yan moving backwards, then sighed. The gentle smile appeared on his face again.

"Then I wish that you will be happy." Once he finished speaking, he lifted his head and cast his gaze towards Ya Mu, who was sitting on a rock in the distance. After giving him a profound look, he turned around and left the mountain.

Once second senior brother left, Zi Yan looked as if she had lost all her strength and took a few staggering steps backwards. Tears fell from the corners of her eyes. During that instant just now, she had wanted to agree to him... but she could not.

Zi Yan knew that what they'd had was all in the past. All of the things that transpired could only be said to be fate toying with them.

There had only been some fondness between the two of them, and that fondness had all been from second senior brother. As for her... after the things she went through during the change in South Morning, her memory of second senior brother had become incredibly clear as she went through all the vicissitudes of life, but that was only because of recollection.

Due to her helplessness in reality, as she remembered the past, she regretted, but that... was not love.

She could not lie to herself and certainly not to second senior brother.

As she cried, a person she was familiar with appeared by her side. It was Ya Mu, who had taken care of her without complaint over these years and yielded to her wishes. He was Ya Mu, who gave and kept on giving quietly without asking for anything in return.

"Ya Mu... let's go home." Zi Yan wiped away her tears and look towards Ya Mu. She looked at his gentle gaze, and it was... so incredibly similar to that of second senior brother.

The group did not stay long in Southern Swamp Island. The next morning, Su Ming left with everyone following him. As they left into the distance, Fang Cang Lan stood on the island quietly and watched Su Ming's body disappear, just like she had done in the past. She did not know when would be the next time she would meet him and did not know whether... she would still be alive at that time.

She knew that she was in Su Ming's heart, but that was all. It was not love. There seemed to be some sort of barrier she could not describe between the two of them. There seemed to always be a ravine between them, and it was invisible... as if it was life and death itself.

"He's a heartless person."

A calm voice came from beside Fang Cang Lan. It was Wan Qiu who had spoken as she moved to stand beside Fang Cang Lan, and she, too, looked at Su Ming leaving into the distance.

"Even he doesn't know that he is a heartless person... There is no woman in the world who can truly walk into his heart... unless she is a dead person," Wan Qiu stated lightly.

"Perhaps one day he'll understand, and only when he understands would he perhaps be able to accommodate love in his heart." Wan Qiu's voice became lighter with each word, and in the end, she was speaking in a volume at which only she could hear.

"You're wrong." Fang Cang Lan shook her head. "He's not a heartless person. He's simply burdened with too many things, and these things are suppressing him so much that he can't accommodate anything else in his heart, because his heart has always been in a state of confusion."

Zi Yan and Ya Mu stood together and watched Su Ming leave with his group in the sky. There was a silent man standing behind them. It was Zi Che. He had regained his senses during the years he was in the Candle Dragon's body. Su Ming had promised Zi Yan before that he would help search for Zi Che, and now, Su Ming had fulfilled his promise when he returned to the island.

Zi Che wanted to continue following Su Ming, but when he saw his sister, he chose to stay.

Yu Xuan sat on the mutt and remained by Su Ming's side in the sky. She would occasionally look at him, and she would feel slightly pleased with herself in her heart. Due to her interference, Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan had no longer had any time alone. Yu Xuan had thought about everything that she could do and changed her methods to continue following Su Ming during that day in the island.

Second senior brother returned to his usual gentle self. There was no hint of melancholia or unhappiness about him, but he knew that his third change of heart had started during this trip, and this change of heart was due to a woman and the fondness he held for her in the past.

'She doesn't like me, and neither does she like the man beside her now. She likes... a gentle gaze. She likes it because it can give her warmth.' Second senior brother sighed softly.

As the group flew, they moved through the Dead Sea and arrived at the island where Freezing Sky Clan was located. Gradually, Su Ming and his second senior brother saw a mountain in the sea in their field of vision. They saw a tall figure standing on the mountain, and it was... Hu Zi.

Chapter 723: Whose Is It?

The ninth summit was surrounded by the light from the setting sun that was reflected off the surface of the sea, giving it a dazzling feeling. Once Su Ming and his second senior brother saw the tall person standing on the mountain, they gradually stopped charging forward and stopped in midair. There were thousands of feet away between them and the ninth summit.

The figure in the distance was so incredibly familiar to them. It was Hu Zi!

Hu Zi, with his thick, powerful back and shoulders as well as his sturdy body was looking at Su Ming and his second senior brother from the mountain. It was as if he had been standing there since a long time ago, waiting all this while, believing that one day Su Ming would return, second senior brother would come home, eldest senior brother's body would appear before him... and their Master, Tian Xie Zi who loved changing his clothes, would come back to the ninth summit.

"Second senior brother!" Hu Zi's voice came in loud buzzing tones. As his voice reverberated in the air, he took a step into the air and charged towards Su Ming and his second senior brother like a fierce tiger.

As he took huge strides forward, he closed those thousands of feet within an instant. When a huge gust of wind crashed into everyone's faces, a gentle smile appeared on second senior brother's face, and he went up to hug Hu Zi.

Hu Zi's expression was filled with excitement. He hugged second senior brother tightly with slightly red eyes. The faint traces of tears were from joy that one felt after seeing family members that they had not seen for years.

"Second senior brother, how could you come back only now...?" Hu Zi wept, and just like when he first reunited with Su Ming, he started bawling. His cries spread through the entire area, causing all the other people who were staying on the ninth summit to quickly walk out. They then saw Su Ming and the group in the sky.

Bai Su was also in the crowd. She looked at Su Ming, and a smile appeared on her face. Dressed in a purple gauze dress, she stood on the mountain with her black locks flying in the breeze.

However, very soon, her gaze fell on the woman who was sizing up the crowd with a smile on her face while riding on a yellow mutt behind Su Ming. The two's eyes met at that moment.

The woman pursed her lips and smiled before nodding towards Bai Su as a sign that she had seen her. Bai Su could not really tell just what was the woman's relationship with Su Ming, so she only smiled and nodded as well.

She could not tell what the woman was thinking about, and hence did not know that Yu Xuan was sighing in her heart. Yu Xuan cast a sideways glance towards Su Ming. She suddenly felt that there seemed to always be women one way or another involved with the little dummy Su. This was one such woman when they were in Southern Swamp Island, and now there was another in the ninth summit.

Based on the expression of the woman in the purple dress standing on the ninth summit, Yu Xuan could already tell that she had a complicated relationship with Su Ming.

She did not know what had happened to her. Ever since Su Ming's second senior brother had set up that marriage that was more of a joke than anything, her heart would feel a little uncomfortable every time she saw another woman appear beside Su Ming.

However, she did not choose to take the initiative as she did in Southern Swamp Island. Instead, as she looked into Bai Su's eyes, not only did she smile, she also lifted her hand and tugged the hair that had been blown before her eyes. That action was filled with feminine beauty, and it served to make her beautiful face stand out, immediately making her beauty become even more eye-catching.

Hu Zi was bawling nearby, his tears almost drenching second senior brother's robes. Second senior brother was slender, and could not compare to Hu Zi's burly stature. When Hu Zi hugged him, his entire person was drawn into his younger brother's embrace. He could hear Hu Zi's cries in his ears as he patted his back. The smile on his face made Hu Zi cry even harder when he saw it.

"Second senior brother, I'm sorry, when you left, the mountain had been filled with plants, but now that you're back, there's nothing left... Those plants and flowers are all gone..."

Su Ming watched this from the side and felt his heart fill with warmth. Hu Zi's honesty and adorable attitude as well as second senior brother's gentle demeanor that was akin to the spring wind made the ninth summit regain its past presence, although it was faint.

"Alright now, Hu Zi, don't cry. The plants may no longer be there, but I can still plant them again," second senior brother said with a smile, patting Hu Zi's back.

"Second senior brother, you have to promise that you won't hold a grudge against me because of these plants." Hu Zi blinked and cleared out some tears again before starting to bawl again.

"Alright, I won't hold a grudge against you." Second senior brother smiled and shook his head, but gradually, a hint of doubt appeared in his heart.

"Really?" Hu Zi immediately stopped crying. His tears also instantaneously disappeared.

"Truly. Hu Zi, did you do something?" The doubt in second senior brother's heart grew stronger.

"Alright, that's what you said... When you left, I saw that the plants occupied too much space, so I cleared them out a little..."

"So that's what happened. It's fine. I won't hold a grudge against you for this," second senior brother said with a smile.

"That's including the plants outside your house. I thought they looked rather pretty, so I started drinking there and fell asleep, but once I woke up, I discovered that all the plants had died..." Hu Zi let go of his brother's hands and took a few steps back towards Su Ming.

"What else?" Second senior brother continued smiling. He would not be concerned by this.

"The three small blue shrubs outside your room bloomed one day, and they smelled especially nice. So uh, that day... I got hungry and broke them off to eat them while drinking." Hu Zi took another few steps back and stood beside Su Ming.

"Also, I ate all the seeds kept in the four boxes you hid under your bed..."

"There was also a garden you hid behind your house with a series of Runes and seals so that no outsiders would get in there, right? I broke that too and used all the flowers there to make wine... I already finished drinking it.

"There're also some dried fruits you hid under a big rock at the foot of the mountain. I ate them as well once I found them... They weren't that good and really dry. I don't understand why you would change your hiding spot every single day so that I wouldn't find them.

"And uh... I drank the water you treasured and had placed in a few bottles in Master's cave because I got thirsty one day and didn't have any wine with me... It made me suffer through a few days of diarrhea.

"Also, after you left and before the Calamity of the Eastern Wastelands arrived, I thought that very few people in the other mountains besides me knew that you had left, so I invented a Rune that would allow me to transform and changed into your shape, wore your clothes, and went off to peak at quite a few number of people..."

Second senior brother's expression gradually changed, but there was still a smile on his face as he looked at Hu Zi.

"What else?"

"What else? Erm... Second senior brother, I can promise you that I've found every single one of your hiding spots in the mountain. Honestly, those seals of yours may deceive other people, but who am I? I could see through them with just one glance.

"The only thing that was slightly more difficult and took me a long time as well as a huge amount of effort to break was that spot seven steps away from Master's cave abode where you hid your... Heh heh, second senior brother, I didn't expect that you had that sort of hobby. You hid some really interesting beast skin scrolls about a man and a woman fighting. Those were really fun to read..."

"Damn it, Master was the one who hid those things there!" Second senior brother glared at him, and his cheeks turned slightly red. He instinctively looked at the crowd in ninth summit, then immediately appeared next to Hu Zi with a single move and seized his neck.

"You said you won't hold a grudge against me! Youngest junior brother, save me..." Hu Zi shuddered and immediately cried out, but his second senior brother still got him by the neck and flew to the ninth summit, right into Tian Xie Zi's cave abode.

Shrill screams then came from the cave. A strange look appeared on Su Ming's face and he let out a fake cough. He remembered that Hu Zi had not been like this when he initially returned to the ninth summit, but he seemed really energetic now.

"Little dummy Su, what's that beast skin about a man and a woman fighting that your senior brother spoke about? Could it be some sort of divine ability? How could it only describe a man and a woman fighting?" Yu Xuan frowned. After a moment of thought, she asked Su Ming about it, puzzled.

Su Ming was also momentarily stunned. He thought about it carefully for a moment, then shook his head.

He had seen his second senior brother's expression change once Hu Zi said those words, and he looked as if he was in a hurry to justify himself before he looked at the crowd underneath. After that, he had brought Hu Zi to their Master's cave abode to teach him a lesson.

"Could it really be some sort of divine ability? One outsiders aren't supposed to know about it?" Su Ming cast a glance at his Master's cave abode. He could hear Hu Zi's pained cries coming from within, so he decided that he should look for a suitable time to ask them just what sort of divine ability it was.

Qian Chen, the bald crane, and the mutt were right beside him. The mutt rolled its eyes and put on a look of disdain. Qian Chen's face, though, had a vulgar look to it. Only the bald crane was stunned and had a similar expression as Su Ming and Yu Xuan. It scratched its head and started mumbling to itself.

"A man and a woman fighting? It must be some strange divine ability. I'll have to learn it when I have the chance."

They were not the only ones who showed a reaction. There were quite a large number of people in the ninth summit at that moment, and most of the men and women there immediately spotted incredibly strange expressions on their faces. They would occasionally look towards the cave abode where the screams were coming from, then look towards Su Ming, who they held in the same amount of respect as they would a deity, thinking hard about it.

Bai Su's petite face colored red. When Su Ming had gone off to search for his Master several years ago, Hu Zi had restored his cultivation and used a long period of time to break the seal that contained that so called beast skin about a man and a woman fighting.

At that time, she had heard Hu Zi mumbling to himself, seemingly because he had failed several times while he tried to break that Rune. He had only managed to open it a year ago, and in the midst of her curiosity, she had also read that beast skin about a man and a woman fighting by his side.

Most of the people's expressions in the ninth summit were incredibly odd as they forced down their laughter. Only Su Ming, Yu Xuan, and the bald crane were still out of the loop. Hu Zi's pained voice echoed in the midst of all the screams from the cave abode.

"Second senior brother, you broke your promise... I just looked at that beast skin scroll you treasured. It's just about a man and a woman, a man and two women, a man and three women, a man with four women and so on fighting against each other naked... Ah!"

"That's not mine! It belongs to Master!" Anger appeared in second senior brother's voice.

"Nonsense, that Rune had your presence! It's exactly the same presence you left behind on all your other seals. Don't even think about lying to me. Oh, there's even one about two women..."

"Master imitated my seals! Damn it all! Hu Zi, I'm definitely going to teach you a lesson today!"

Chapter 724: Youngest Junior Brother, Do You Really Want to See It?

The light from the moon fell on the ground and turned into glistening sparkles on the waves at the surface of the sea, as if there were silver scales spread out on them. The sea breeze blew gently, and it wasn't cold when it touched their faces. It seemed to have fused together with the moonlight, becoming a light veil for the moon.

Under the moon and the sea breeze, Bai Su smiled. She looked calm, but the wild beauty within her was still there. She held a pot of wine in her hand and filled up Su Ming's cup, which was placed in front of him, before she sat down demurely by his side.

Second senior brother sat across Su Ming. His expression was melancholic as he looked at the sky and the sea. He touched the mountain rock under him and drank the wine in his cup in one fell swoop.

"It... feels good to be home," he said softly.

Hu Zi was also by their side, his face swollen and bruised. When he heard it, he let out a harrumph. He did not use a wine cup, but picked up the pot of wine right in front of him and took a big swig from it.

"You promise breaker, I shouldn't have told you. It's just a few plants and a stupid book about a man and a woman fighting, I'm not even interes..." Hu Zi mumbled, but when he saw his second senior brother looking towards him with a smile, he quickly shut up. He was afraid of his second senior brother. This was something Su Ming knew as well.

Hu Zi was not afraid of their eldest senior brother, and he was not even afraid of Master, let alone Su Ming. He was originally the youngest among them, but when Su Ming arrived, the feeling of a senior brother had instantaneously grew in his heart. To him, even if he died, he would absolutely not allow anyone to bully his youngest junior brother.

Yet Hu Zi was truly afraid of second senior brother.

Because eldest senior brother was constantly in isolation and would not hit him... because Su Ming was his youngest junior brother and would not hit him... because Master was too busy and would even occasionally come to Hu Zi with shifty eyes while asking him to break some Runes, he was not afraid of Master, either.

However... this was not the first time second senior brother had hit Hu Zi. All the past experiences had caused Hu Zi to be incredibly terrified of second senior brother. But he also had a very strange personality. The more afraid he was of something, the more he would want to challenge it...

It was precisely because of his fear that he had bawled the moment he saw second senior brother. These cries and tears contained the excitement of a reunion... and also terrified nervousness.

This was why he had decided that he might as well use words to restrict his second senior brother, then confess to everything that he had done in one breath. Once he did that, he did not expect that he would still be hit.

"You're my senior brother, and we haven't met in years, but right when we meet, you hit me..." Hu Zi felt incredibly wronged and took another big swig from his pot.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, what's that book you mentioned about a man and a woman fighting? Could you let me see it?" This voice was very clear and contained hints of naivety. It was Yu Xuan's voice. With a look of puzzlement and curiosity, she sat down beside Su Ming and asked Hu Zi.

Second senior brother's expression twitched, and he glared at Hu Zi, instantly dispelling Hu Zi's urge to speak as his face brightened with a lively glow.

"Little sister Yu Xuan, that book isn't anything good, and neither is it a divine ability. It's best that you don't read it. It's very difficult to understand." The two spots beside Su Ming were now occupied by Yu Xuan and Bai Su. Bai Su covered her mouth and chuckled lightly.

Yu Xuan was momentarily stunned then lifted her chin.

"No matter how hard that book is, I'll be able to understand it. I have plenty of books in my house, and I managed to finish all of them when I was ten. There's nothing I don't understand. Senior brother Hu Zi, bring me that book. I don't believe that I won't be able to understand it." Yu Xuan let out a harrumph.

The mutt lying beside Yu Xuan blinked when it heard her words, then bared its teeth in a grin. That expression was incredibly strange, but the mutt did not make a single sound.

Qian Chen was holding onto a pot, pouring wine for Su Ming's second senior brother with an eager and attentive look on his face. When he heard Yu Xuan's words, he accidentally spilled some of the wine. He was forced down the mad laughter in his heart, rejoicing inwardly that even the witch would have such a day upon her. He looked forward to the moment the woman's expression changed when she saw the book about the man and woman fighting.

"That's right, Hu Zi, come on, bring that book to..." The boy that was the bald crane rubbed his hands with a look of curiosity, but before he managed to finish speaking, Hu Zi glared at him and lifted his right hand to seize the boy's neck.

"Damn you, did you really think that I won't manage to see who you are?! You're that damn bald crane!" As the bald crane screamed in pain, Hu Zi swung him a few circles before throwing him again the ground again and again.

"Change into a woman! I'll let you know personally what's drawn in that book!" Hu Zi stood up and lifted the bald crane before he threw him on the ground again.

Second senior brother was taking a sip out of the wine cup at that moment. When he heard Hu Zi's words, he nearly spat out his drink. As he laughed wryly, he looked at Hu Zi and the bald crane, then at the puzzled Yu Xuan as well as Bai Su, who knew what was going on but had decided not to speak and had instead chosen just to smile.

Eventually, he looked at Su Ming. When he saw a slight spark of curiosity towards the beast skin book in Su Ming's eyes despite the indifferent look on his face, he could not help but let out a long sigh and shift his gaze to look at the statue placed near their group. That statue was naturally their eldest senior brother, and there was a pot of wine placed in front of him.

This was a gathering among those of the ninth summit. Their eldest senior brother might have turned into a statue, but this was his home. He must be present when the disciples of the ninth summit gathered together.

The bald crane's screams of pain traveled outwards, and his body rapidly changed to his original look - that of a crane without feathers. With Hu Zi holding onto its neck, it continued forming arcs in the shape of a fan as it was repeatedly hit against the ground.

"Hu, you little brat! Your Grandpa Crane is a crane of integrity! I am not going to change!"

"You damn brat, if I didn't save you all those years ago, you would have turned into a seed a long time ago! I refuse to change! I refuse to!"

Hu Zi glared at the bald crane and brought it to his face.

"How dare you talk about what happened in the past. Do you think I don't know about this? You could have saved me with an even easier method, but you just had to let me suffer... You don't want to change, huh? Fine, I'll drag you into my Dreams and continue beating you up there.

"Let me tell you, your Grandpa Hu is great. A year ago, I had a dream, and I dreamt that I reached Berserker Soul Realm. Guess what? When I woke up, I really reached Berserker Soul Realm."

Su Ming smiled and brought the wine cup to his lips to take a sip. He had managed to tell much earlier that Hu Zi had become far stronger than before, and only then did he know the reason. When he remembered their Master talking about the mysteries of Hu Zi's Enter Dream as well as his expectations towards him, he was not surprised.

Their second senior brother was also looking at Hu Zi with a smile. He might always hit him, but he was even happier than Hu Zi himself when he saw Hu Zi's level of cultivation increasing.

"I'm not going to change even if you Enter Dreams! Your Grandpa Crane is a crane of integrity, and I won't submit to your will!" It was rare that the bald crane would be so firm. As it screeched, its expressions and tone made it clear that it would absolutely not submit to Hu Zi, even though he was abusing his power.

Yet at that moment, Yu Xuan, who was beside Su Ming, blinked and said with a smile, "Senior brother Hu Zi, don't be angry. How about this? I'll have it change into the form you want, but you'll have to show me the divine abilities you learned from the book, okay?"

Second senior brother immediately let out a few fake coughs, but before he managed to say anything, Su Ming had already cast his eyes on the bald crane.

"It's fine even if you transform for a while. Senior brother Hu Zi, you have reached Berserker Soul Realm, and you can use that divine ability to let me see the circulation of your Qi. I feel that your Qi has stagnated in certain parts, but I don't know what caused it."

Second senior brother hit his forehead. He had no idea what he could say now.

Hu Zi's expression became a little strange. He might be simple and honest, but he had still managed to understand what that beast skin book was about. After a moment of hesitation, his face turned red, which was a rare sight on him.

"Youngest junior brother... Do you... Do you really want to see it?" Hu Zi looked at Su Ming helplessly.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, then nodded.

"Are you... Are you sure you really want to see it?" Hu Zi looked as if he was about to cry, then turned towards his second senior brother as if he was trying to ask him what he should do.

His second senior brother decided to turn his head away and ignore him.

"Fine, then. Youngest junior brother, since you want to see it, then I'll give it my all!" When Hu Zi gritted his teeth, a look of excitement appeared on Yu Xuan's face. She pointed at the bald crane and ordered it with a clear voice.

"Little baldy, hurry up and change!"

"No! Even if you beat me to death, I won't change! It doesn't matter who's the one who said it, I won't change! This Grandpa Crane won't submit to anyone, I will absolutely not bow my head this time. Even if Dao Chen becomes my steed in front of me, I won't change!" the bald crane cried out loudly with a determined look on its face. It continued telling itself that this time, it definitely must adhere to its principles, and it would absolutely not change into a girl. This was the bottom line that it must absolutely not pass as Grandpa Crane.

"Heh... Youngest junior brother, if it refuses to change, I can't do anything about it." Hu Zi let out a sigh of relief and quickly sat down. Just as he was about to take up his pot of wine and continue drinking, he suddenly widened his eyes and stared blankly at Yu Xuan.

Right before his eyes, Yu Xuan brought out a bag with flowers embroidered on it from her bosom. She poured out some sparkling crystals from it and threw one into the distance.

That crystal turned into a ray of crystalline light as it flew, but then a black shadow shot up with a whooshing sound and caught up to the crystal before it grabbed it with its claws. It was naturally... the delighted bald crane.

The crane brought the crystal in its claws to its beak and bit down on it. The crane's eyes instantly began sparkling.

Yu Xuan threw out a few more crystals with a smile, causing the bald crane to fly about everywhere.

In the end, Yu Xuan flipped over the bag towards the ground, and a dozen something crystals instantly fell on top of each other on the ground in a pile. The light that spread out from them made the bald crane so excited that it started shivering.

"Transform. Once you do, I'll give all of this to you," Yu Xuan said with a smile.

At that moment, all talks about principles and bottom lines faded away in the bald crane's eyes. The pile of crystals on the ground became the highest bottom line and the greatest principles in the world in its eyes.

Without a single bit of hesitation, it moved its body swiftly... and a delicate lady with a vulgar expression appeared before the group.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, hurry up and use that divine ability."

Yu Xuan was truly incredibly curious, and she was also slightly unwilling to accept what Bai Su had said about her not being able to understand this ability. When she saw that the bald crane had already transformed, she immediately opened her mouth and urged Hu Zi to take action.

Su Ming also looked over.

Second senior brother closed his eyes and sighed with a wry smile.

Hu Zi was stunned. He looked at Su Ming, then at Yu Xuan, and at Bai Su, whose cheeks were flushed red and whose expression had turned strange. Eventually, he looked towards his second senior brother, who had his eyes closed. Then, Hu Zi scratched his head hard, looking as if he was about to burst into tears.

"Youngest... Youngest junior brother... Do you... Do you really want to see it?"

Chapter 725: Morning Dao Sect!

In the end, Hu Zi could not find it in himself to give a show of the contents in the beast skin book to Su Ming with the bald crane. As he was struck by a cloud of gloom, he looked at Su Ming helplessly, then patted his own forehead, thinking that he was indeed the most intelligent person in the ninth summit, or at the very least smarter than his youngest junior brother. Otherwise, why would he understand things that his youngest junior brother did not and even played them out in his dreams multiple times...?

That was why he decided to bring out some of the beast skin books that he had hidden away so that second senior brother would not be able to take them and handed them to Su Ming.

Once he did so, the bald crane quickly went to Su Ming's side. Yu Xuan, too, widened her eyes and looked closely at the beast skin book. She refused to admit defeat, thinking that no matter how profound a divine ability was, she would not necessarily be unable to see some clues about it.

Su Ming also turned his attention to the beast skin book. Once he took it, he opened it, but at just the first glance, he was stunned. After a moment, he frowned. Once he mulled over it, a strange look gradually appeared on his face.

The bald crane was dumbfounded at first, but then it let out a long breath, and its eyes began to shine. It stared at the pictures on the beast skin book, its breathing quickening.

Yu Xuan stared at the pictures in the beast skin book for a long while before her brows slowly furrowed, but there was still mostly bewilderment on her face. This is why she snatched the beast skin book from Su Ming's hand and started examining it carefully.

Su Ming let out a fake cough, then his gaze landed on Hu Zi, who immediately put on an aggrieved expression. When Su Ming looked towards his second senior brother, the man quickly picked up a pot of wine and pretended to drink from it.

"Little dummy Su, this divine ability is really easy, why don't you understand it? I just don't know why they don't wear clothes when they train, though..." Yu Xuan plopped her chin on her left hand and flipped through the beast skin book with puzzlement on her face.

Judging by her expression, she was not joking. Yu Xuan did indeed not understand what was drawn in the book.

"I don't know why either."

Su Ming quickly picked up his wine cup and drank from it, wanting to avoid the topic. He had understood it somewhat, but the more he understood it, the more it showed just how naive Yu Xuan was.

It was also at this moment that Su Ming noticed a trace of adorableness about Yu Xuan for the first time...

Yu Xuan flipped through a few more pages before she looked at Su Ming and said, "No, your expression is off. You must know why! Tell me! Why don't we try practicing it? But we have to wear clothes, though."

Su Ming nearly spat out his drink, then immediately snatched the beast skin book from Yu Xuan's hands and threw it back to his second senior brother. As he let out a few dry coughs, he found that he could not remember just how long it had been since he had been caught in such an awkward situation.

Bai Su covered her mouth and laughed by the side. When she saw that Yu Xuan was still trying to figure out the secrets in the beast skin book, she laughed out loud till her body started trembling, and when she saw the rare, awkward look on Su Ming's face, she became even happier.

"Alright now, we'll talk about this later. Yu Xuan, Bai Su, please go rest. Us fellow brothers have something to discuss with each other." Second senior brother put away the beast skin book into his bosom while also letting out a few fake coughs and languidly told others to disperse.

Bai Su stood up obediently. Yu Xuan continued wondering about the things in the book, but when she saw the mutt grinning with a smug look, she went and kicked it before grabbing the fur at the mutt's neck and leaving with Bai Su.

She would not have originally left so easily, but at that moment, Yu Xuan had something important to do, and that was to think about the pictures on that beast skin book and what exactly were the secrets contained within them. She lifted the mutt, which was now swathed in misery after that bout of delight, and left after turning into a long arc.

As for the bald crane and Qian Chen, once an unknown thought rose in the bald crane's heart, it cast a profound look at Qian Chen, and continued to stare at him until goosebumps appeared on his face. Then, the crane sat down on Qian Chen's body and continued treating him as its stead as they left as well.

At that moment, only Su Ming and his senior brothers were left at the top of the ninth summit. Su Ming drank his wine in huge gulps, and when he downed his eighth cup, he lifted his head and glared at Hu Zi and his second senior brother.

Second senior brother looked as calm as ever. As he smiled, he even nodded at Su Ming before he took a sip from his wine cup.

Hu Zi, however, had a miserable look on his face. When he saw Su Ming looking over, he immediately spoke.

"Youngest junior brother, those beast skin books belong to second senior brother..."

"Nonsense, they belong to Master!"

"But your presence is in them..."

"Damn it all! That was Master imitating my presence! Those really belong to Master!" Second senior brother could no longer keep the calm smile on his face and glared at Hu Zi as he spoke.

Su Ming watched Hu Zi and his second senior brother bicker about who was the owner of that beast skin book. He smiled wryly and shook his head, then picked up the pot of wine and took a big swig from it.

"It might not belong to Master. It might actually belong to... eldest senior brother?" Hu Zi blinked.

"Huh, that's also a possibility. It might actually belong to eldest senior brother!" Second senior brother immediately smiled.

"Honestly, I think there's also a possibility that it belongs to youngest junior brother..." Hu Zi cast a sideways glance at Su Ming.

Before second senior brother could agree to his words, Su Ming quickly put down his pot of wine with a very solemn expression.

"That beast skin book belongs to Master!" Su Ming said seriously.

Second senior brother instantly put on a serious look. Once he nodded, he said to Hu Zi, "That's right. Even youngest junior brother agrees to it, so it looks like it really belongs to Master. Or perhaps it belongs to eldest senior brother. Eldest senior brother, if you don't speak up, I'll take it that you shook your head. Eldest senior brother won't lie, so it must really belong to Master."

Hu Zi's mouth twitched. Eldest senior brother no longer had a head, so there was no way he could actually shake his head.

Su Ming and second senior brother had already told Hu Zi about what happened to eldest senior brother. Only since he knew about the reason behind why eldest senior brother was missing and that he was still alive did Hu Zi have the heart to talk about the question of the owner of those beast skin books.

"Alright, they belong to Master. Well, Master has no respectable qualities despite his age anyway, and he often uses my Runes to peek at others... It's very logical that he hides such things." Hu Zi immediately moved to stand with his second senior brother and Su Ming.

But as he spoke, he fell silent. The joyful atmosphere that surrounded them previously gradually disappeared as if it was blown away by the sea breeze.

As the moon shone on them and Hu Zi fell silent, second senior brother did not speak up, either. Instead he looked at the sea and the sky. There was a slightly melancholic look on his face.

Su Ming drank his wine quietly.

"I miss Master..." Hu Zi mumbled softly.

"When I reached Eastern Wastelands, I searched everywhere, but I only managed to find some clues. It seems like Master has already left the land of Berserkers and went out of Yin Death Region... At that time, I was ambushed and chased down by the Immortals. In the end, Di Tian attacked and suppressed me under Great Leaf Immortal Sect..."

"Many years later, I sensed eldest senior brother's presence approaching the place where I was..." Second senior brother picked up his pot of wine and took huge gulps from it. Sadness filled his face.

"I slayed all of Di Tian's clones in the place where Immortals descend and eventually killed his magical body as well. As one of the Immortals' Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, it will be difficult for Di Tian to descend to the land of Berserkers again in a short period of time.

"Eldest senior brother was captured alive by Di Tian all those years ago because he wanted to turn him into his clone, but in the end, eldest senior brother used Di Tian and returned to his roots by cutting his own head. He took up his battle axe and named himself Xing Gan..." Su Ming mumbled as he looked at his eldest senior brother's statue.

"I only knew that second senior brother is in Great Leaf Immortal Sect because eldest senior brother told me about it. Eldest senior brother once said that Master's presence was no longer in the land of Berserkers, but that Master was not dead. There can only be one explanation for this... It's just as you said, second senior brother, Master has left the land of Berserkers." Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then drank his wine.

"Then we can be certain that Master has left the land of Berserkers." A dark light shone in second senior brother's eyes as he mumbled under his breath.

"What could have caused Master to leave the land of Berserkers in such a hurry that he would not even have time to tell us?"

"Unless... Master did not go willingly, but instead had run into an accident, or had even run into a powerful enemy!"

"Morning Dao Sect" Hu Zi suddenly lifted his head and looked at second senior brother.

He remained silent for a moment, then nodded.

Su Ming looked at them. He had a feeling that Hu Zi and second senior brother knew a secret that he did not.

Hu Zi fell silent. A smile appeared on second senior brother's lips, but that smile showed a biting cold killing intent. Su Ming remained calm, but the murderous aura within his calm composure was the thickest among the three of them.

"Yu Xuan's mutt is a World Traversing Abyss Dragon. That lass must have been able to come to the land of Berserkers because of it. With that dragon, we might be able to leave the land of Berserkers and Yin Death Region to head to the land of Immortals." A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes.

"Qian Chen is also not a Berserker. He's a person who descended to our land, but he's not an Immortal. The way he descended is different from the others, and we had an agreement before that he would take me to the place he descended," Su Ming said calmly.

"Hmph, that bald crane has its own secrets as well. I brought it to my Dream before, and it did not notice that I saw some of its memories here and there. That bald crane is not a spirit from the land of Berserkers, but neither did it come from the land of Immortals. It came from True Morning Dao World. It seems like it has quite a complicated relationship with that Morning Dao Sect that Master mentioned before." A lively sparkle appeared in Hu Zi's eyes. At that moment, the simple and honest demeanor could no longer be found on him. Instead, there was a rather crafty look on his face.

"Youngest junior brother, you entered Master's tutelage late and joined the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers soon after. Then, you were alone outside... There are many things you don't know about. Master did not have time to tell you those things before he went missing either." Second senior brother looked at Su Ming when he spoke. He had already managed to tell the questions in Su Ming's mind.

"Master is a Berserker... but the sect he entered and the skills he inherited were not from the land of Berserkers but an incredibly huge galactical sect within True Morning Dao World. There are an endless number of disciples in that sect, and it's the most powerful sect in True Morning Dao World!

"More accurately speaking, that sect is the reason why True Morning Dao World exists!

"The entire True Morning Dao World and even the Immortals' Three Sovereigns and five Emperors are just a part of that world. That sect is too big, and its name is Morning Dao Sect. True Morning Dao World is in truth... this sect!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had never heard of this before.

"Master told us all of these when he thought the time was right. He had intended to tell it to you once the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers ended... but before he could manage to do so, he went missing." Second senior brother looked at the sea and the sky, and an expression that said he missed Master appeared on his face.

Chapter 726: His Second Senior Brother and Hu Zi's Origins

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then asked slowly, "Then who is Dao Chen? What is his relationship with Morning Dao?"

"Dao Chen is Morning Dao Sect's Progenitor and also master of True Morning Dao World. His will has existed for an endless amount of years, and it's said that his level of cultivation has reached an incredibly terrifying stage.

"I don't know the details either. When Master introduced Morning Dao Sect, he once mentioned that his Master, who is our Grandmaster, is one of the many Sect Elders in Morning Dao Sect.

"It doesn't matter whether it is the Immortals or the other races, as long as they have certain qualifications, you will find that you can trace them all the way back to Morning Dao Sect. There is a Sect Elder from Morning Dao Sect behind each of the races.

"Morning Dao Sect is like a huge web that fills all the corners of True Morning Dao World. That's why I said that Morning Dao Sect is actually True Morning Dao World.

"Our Grandmaster has only taken in eighteen disciples in his life. Our Master was taken in as a disciple when he was roaming about the lands of Berserkers. At that time, there were several other Berserkers who also went under our Grandmaster's tutelage. They once went out of the land of Berserkers multiple times with our Grandmaster... But in the end, due to different ideals, due to the difference in opinion regarding their path of cultivation, and due to Master injuring a large amount of people due to an incident, he left Grandmaster and returned to the land of Berserkers.

"When he returned to the land of Berserkers, the injuries he sustained that year did not heal, and he became weaker and weaker as time passed, but it was precisely due to this weakness that he created Change of Heart!

"It's the same Change of Heart that allows our roots and foundations to never change no matter what sort of divine abilities we practice or what happens to our external appearance.

"Our eldest senior brother is a descendent of Nine Li and the Lord of the Shamans. He has been with our Master the longest. I was originally a soul fragment in the world, gathered together by the first Phantom Equal from Phantom Dais Tribe to become a Phantom.

"I never had any intelligence. When Phantom Equal died, I suddenly obtained intelligence... I didn't vanish after that but started drifting about in the world.

"Many years passed, and then, I met our Master. He helped me transform and gave me the Abyss Dragon Scale to gather corporeal form. From then on, I followed Master and became his second disciple." Second senior brother spoke softly, but his voice reverberated in the air.

"Hu Zi's origins are even more complicated. He was also the one who was valued the most by our Master, because his potential surpassed mine and eldest senior brother's. He's..." Second senior brother cast Hu Zi a glance.

Hu Zi drank quietly by the side. He did not speak.

"Yin Death Region is a mysterious place. Master once said that this mysterious existence is a place that even Morning Dao Sect has to be careful of... Berserkers... Heh heh, Berserkers aren't a race that appeared naturally. They are one of the many races within Yin Death Region!

"Based on Master's understanding, there are many races in Yin Death Region, and in Morning Dao Sect's words, these races are all felons!" Second senior brother lifted his head and cast a glance at the sky.

"There are an endless number of worlds in the depths of Yin Death Vortex. That place... is the true Yin Death Region. The place where we Berserkers are located is actually one of the worlds in this gigantic Yin Death Vortex!

"The reason behind why Immortals descended into our world and why it's pretty famous within Morning Dao Sect is because Lie Shan Xiu, our first God of Berserkers was born here!

"He is an anomaly. He's a madman whose level of cultivation went through the roof. He's a powerful warrior that managed to walk out of the land of Berserkers and shocked even Yin Death Region, as well as sent Morning Dao Sect into a buzz!

"He is also the first Yin Death's Child that Yin Death Region eventually recognized and supported at full strength!"

Su Ming's breathing quickened. These things were rather similar to what he understood, but most of them were things that he had never heard before.

"He conquered many worlds and opened a path leading to Bright Yang Region. It was the path leading to the spot where Morning Dao Sect was located in True Morning Dao World, making the land of Berserkers the one and only region that could break into Bright Yang from Yin Death. It is also the path Immortals and the other races from True Morning Dao World use to come to our world.

"Lie Shan Xiu fought against Dao Chen, but did not die. He enslaved the people from various worlds, causing his name to ring through Morning Dao Sect and the land of Berserkers to become the transition spot between Yin Death and Bright Yang.

"That's why Grandmaster could come here and take in our Master as his disciple," second senior brother explained calmly. Every single one of his sentences verified Su Ming's understanding, and from there, he gained a true perception of the world.

"There are nine cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Region. The Immortals were the ones who placed those cultivation planets there to lock down Yin Death Region... but in truth, they can't seal Yin Death Region. They are just there for the land of Berserkers.

"But besides the cultivation planets, there's also a Rune that Morning Dao Sect laid out themselves, and it is one that the Immortals cannot control. That Rune is made of ninety-nine tiger talismans and forty-nine dragon talismans.

"This is just the first Rune used to suppress Yin Death Region... Even Lie Shan Xiu did not dare touch this Rune carelessly. Instead, he used his great power and his status as Yin Death's Child to open up another path, allowing him to avoid the Rune and exit the place, making the land of Berserkers a special case.

"Master wasted a lot of effort in the past to lure out a wisp of presence from the ninety-nine tiger talismans, though I don't know what method he used to do that. He gathered that presence together into a soul and sent it into a female Berserker he chose. Then, she gave birth to a son... and that is Hu Zi."

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and looked towards Hu Zi, who continued drinking silently. It was clear that he had known about this since a long time ago, and at that moment, there was not a hint of expression on his face.

"Hu Zi's Enter Dream is a divine ability he was born with. It is a power born from the source of the first Rune. It is an Art that was left behind by the person who laid out the Rune.

"Our Master is a man of great talents. He once said that Hu Zi is the key to break the first Rune, and only Hu Zi alone will be able to do it!" Second senior brother lifted his head and ruffled Hu Zi's head. Hu Zi simply allowed this affectionate gesture. He placed his pot of wine down and looked at Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother, that's how I came to be. I don't know what Master's plans are. I only know that Master is nice to me, eldest senior brother is nice to me, and while second senior brother constantly hits me, he is also nice to me. Youngest junior brother, you're also nice to me, that's why my life is yours!

"No matter what you want me to do, I will do it," Hu Zi said seriously.

Second senior brother then looked at Su Ming and said slowly, "As for you, youngest junior brother, Master once said... that he can't see through you.

"When you went off to the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, Master watched you leave, and told Hu Zi and I that he can't tell where you came from. The aura of death in your body is similar to the Emperor of Abyss' True World, but it is different as well.

"Your presence and everything else made Master recall a secret his Grandmaster had once mentioned. It is a secret about what happened in True Morning Dao World in ages past. An unknown amount of years ago, when True Morning Dao World was at its strongest, a couple broke into their world...

"They should have been running from danger. At that time, the woman was pregnant, and the man was gravely injured... but the presence that spread out from his body incited a huge change in the entire True Morning Dao World.

"They did not seem to intend to stay for long in True Morning Dao World, but the change in True Morning Dao World's presence caught Morning Dao Sect's attention, and after using some unknown method, they became certain that the couple possessed... a supreme treasure that surpassed Morning Dao Cauldron.

"That treasure... did not seem to belong to any one of the four True Great Worlds!

"A battle to snatch that treasure began because of that, but the man was too strong. He was so strong that even if he was gravely injured, he still managed to spill a lot of blood. Even Dao Chen, who was at the peak of his condition... lost when fighting against him!

"If the woman had not felt pain in her stomach and started bleeding during the fight, then no one would have been the man's opponent... The woman's physical constitution was incredibly unique. Once she started bleeding, she lost all her cultivation base.

"Morning Dao Sect launched a crazed counterattack, and that was a bloody battle that swept through the entire True Morning Dao World. In the end... the man brought with him his anger, sadness, madness, his dying wife, and even greater injuries, and rushed out of True Morning Dao World.

"Before he left, it's said that his eyes turned crimson, and he turned his head back to look at his pursuers from Morning Dao Sect and spoke something," second senior brother said softly and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent. He did not speak.

"This world... shall be built for Abyss!" Second senior brother stopped talking for a moment.

"From then on, the entire galaxy of True Morning Dao World started showing signs of withering. All the spiritual aura in the world gradually dispersed. There were even quite a large number of cultivation planets that turned into wasteland due to the complete drain of spiritual aura.

"This strange phenomenon caused a great wave of panic...

"Morning Dao Sect was no longer as strong as before, but even so, this sect was still the lord of True Morning Dao World.

"Master knew that you were called Su Ming, and because he could not tell where you came from, he thought of that rumor. He also remembered that there was a place that was sealed up in the Immortals' galaxy, and it's said that there is a corpse within that

seal." Once second senior brother spoke up to this point, he no longer said anything else.

Hu Zi watched Su Ming remain silent by the side.

The night grew darker. The sea breeze brought with it humidity and a hint of cold as it blew past. It lifted Su Ming's hair, and he raised his head to look at the sky before closing his eyes.

After some time, a smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He opened his eyes and looked at his second senior brother as well as Hu Zi.

"I don't know whether this is related to the couple you mentioned, second senior brother... but I do know that I am... the soul of the corpse sealed in the land of Immortals," Su Ming stated calmly.

His second senior brother and Hu Zi did not say a word, but after a moment, Hu Zi lifted his head swiftly, looked at Su Ming, then lifted his right hand to hit his chest.

"Damn it all! Damn those Immortals! Youngest junior brother, don't worry, your senior brother Hu Zi will definitely get your physical body back!" Hu Zi said loudly. A serious expression that came from the depths of his heart appeared on his face.

"It doesn't matter what statuses we have. I am your second senior brother, and you are my youngest junior brother. We... are family." Second senior brother smiled. That smile that was just as it had always been in the past was especially warm in this dark night on the ninth summit.

"Our Master has gone missing. He should have run into an accident or been taken by force from the land of Berserkers... No matter what, this isn't our Master's will. We must search for him!" second senior brother said and clenched his fists.

"But where should we look for him?" Hu Zi asked loudly.

"Hu Zi, do you remember those rather strange words Master said before he left?" A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes, and a ray of dark light showed up inside them.

Chapter 727: Blood of Nine Li

"Before Master left, he once looked at the sky and said something." Second senior brother looked as if he was remembering something.

"He said... 'It's almost time. But the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands appeared, could it be?'" Second senior brother's eyes shone as he looked at Su Ming. "That's what he said. Youngest junior brother, can you find any clues based on these words?"

"It's almost time? Then we must first know what 'time' Master was talking about. As for him mentioning the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands in his second sentence, it must mean that Master had associated something with it and formed some guesses because of it. The thing that he guessed is what Master did not say in his unfinished sentence," Su Ming said slowly.

"When I was suppressed under Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, I examined these words for a long period of time. I thought back on all the words Master had spoken after I started following him, but I did not manage to find what he meant by the word 'time'. Youngest junior brother, Hu Zi, did Master ever talk to you about anything that is related to 'time'?" Second senior brother looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"I can't remember. There shouldn't be." Hu Zi scratched his head.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, but couldn't recall anything. Yet soon, a focused look appeared in his eyes, and his gaze landed on the statue that was eldest senior brother.

"Eldest senior brother was the first who mentioned that Master's presence was no longer in the land of Berserkers, and he had even guessed it. Besides, he is the one who's been with Master the longest, perhaps... eldest senior brother knows."

As Su Ming spoke, second senior brother and Hu Zi also looked towards their eldest senior brother, who was now a statue.

After a period of silence, second senior brother sucked in a deep breath.

"We'll talk about this when eldest senior brother wakes up. I've thought of a method to wake him on our way back. We'll have four fifths of a chance that this method will allow eldest senior brother to wake up." Second senior brother then looked at Hu Zi.

"Hu Zi, your level of cultivation is the lowest, but your Enter Dream is very abstruse. Try using Enter Dream to find eldest senior brother's consciousness in the statue. His consciousness should be clouded, but even if it is, he won't hurt you, since you are his junior brother. Once you find eldest senior brother's consciousness, use your Enter Dream and protect his consciousness so that it won't disappear."

Hu Zi nodded gravely. To him, this was as important as saving his Master, and it was at a level that was even more important than his own life.

"Youngest junior brother, it's difficult for my level of cultivation to be categorized using the Berserkers' levels of cultivation. Based on my perception, my current combat

abilities have surpassed those who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but are still a little inferior to yours.

"Among the three of us, your level of cultivation is the greatest, and you have to do the most important task." Second senior brother looked at Su Ming when he said those words.

Su Ming met second senior brother's gaze, and a brilliant sparkle appeared in his eyes as he waited for his next words.

"Gather blood from Shamans' hearts. The more you can gather, the better, especially from Shamans' Great Patriarch. This person's level of cultivation was extraordinary in the past, and I remember that he had reawakened during the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers. His heart's blood is the most crucial!

"But you have to be careful of this person. When Master was at his weakest, he had fought against this person before. He had not been his opponent because this person had a talisman on him. This talisman came from Morning Dao Sect. Based on what Master said, that talisman was created from a huge portion of power that came from a Morning Dao Sect Elder's mind. It could make the Shamans' Great Patriarch become stronger after nine deaths!

"Based on Master's analysis, this person is the same as him, having been taken in secretly as a disciple by those in Morning Dao Sect. He was then given the important treasure, that allowed him to reach a state of being almost indestructible.

"Every single time he wakes up, he will have nine lives, and every single time he dies, his power will increase exponentially. When he dies the ninth time, the talisman's power will spread out in a large area, making it seem as if he died, but in truth, his body will enter deep sleep. The talisman will absorb the power of the world by itself at that time, and once it collects a certain amount, Great Patriarch will wake up again.

"This is an incredibly strange cultivation method. It fuses with the Shamans' Spells, making the Great Patriarch into an undying and imperishable existence... He has the Shamans' blood of Nine Li flowing through his veins, and that blood is incredibly thick in him. That's because due to his indestructible status, he has sucked away practically all the blood from all the Nine Li Shaman Lords in the land of Shamans.

"But he won't kill all of them. Every single time, he will leave some alone so that they will give birth to the next generation. This way, he can devour more of them. If eldest senior brother had not been saved by Master, he would have been killed by the Great Patriarch.

"When the Great Patriarch awakened from his sleep, our Master, Western Sea Clan's Guru Li Long, and a mysterious powerful warrior fought together against him, and only together did they manage to destroy him after his ninth death.

"It's a pity that Master's injuries did not heal during those years, or else it would have not been so difficult for him to kill that person. It would have also not been impossible for him to search for where the Great Patriarch's real body was hidden when he disappeared and went into deep sleep, making it difficult for Master to destroy him completely.

"Youngest junior brother, your current level of cultivation has surpassed our Master's when he was injured. Go and kill the Great Patriarch, find where his real body is hidden, and then take his blood of Nine Li. This is the key to awakening our eldest senior brother!

"Only by using blood that is purer than our eldest senior brother's and Hu Zi's protection can I cast the Great Heavenly Phantom Art and lure all the Phantoms in the land of Berserkers to attack the power in the Immortals' Enchanted Vessel, which is in our eldest senior brother's body.

"I can't go along with you to fight against the Great Patriarch, either. I will have to make my body disintegrate during this time to stir up the Phantoms in the land of Berserkers and make preparations to cast the Great Heavenly Phantom Art," second senior brother said in a low voice.

Su Ming nodded without hesitation. Based on his memories, he was that mysterious person from all those years ago, so his understanding regarding the Great Patriarch was greater than that of others.

Second senior brother hesitated for a moment, then spoke up once again. "If you can't find the Great Patriarch's hiding place and obtain a lot of Nine Li's blood, then we'll have to use the second-best option. Go to Western Sea Clan where Guru Li Long has a Shaman Dragon. That dragon once devoured some of the Great Patriarch's blood of Nine Li while they were fighting.

"I heard that it went through a mutation later on. If you can extract that mutated blood of Nine Li, we might be able to use it. Although that blood will only have four tenths of a chance to wake our eldest senior brother, but if you can't find the Great Patriarch's hiding place, we'll use it!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he asked calmly, "If I get both the Great Patriarch and the Shaman Dragon's blood of Nine Li, then what will be the chances of waking our eldest senior brother?"

"If you can get both of them, then I'm certain I'll have nine tenths of a chance to make our eldest senior brother rise from his sleep!" second senior brother said solemnly with a serious expression on his face.

Su Ming nodded. Once he cast a deep look at the statue that was his eldest senior brother, he exchanged glances with Hu Zi and his second senior brother. He saw the

determination and resolve in their eyes, and his own resolve was reflected in their eyes as well.

"Err... youngest junior brother, remember to talk to Yu Xuan and borrow that mutt. With it around, no one can harm you," second senior brother suddenly said and winked at him.

Su Ming frowned, and with a rather strange look on his face, he turned around and walked towards the place where Yu Xuan stayed.

When morning arrived, Hu Zi was sleeping soundly while hugging eldest senior brother's statue. Second senior brother was sitting cross-legged by his side, and as his body gradually distorted, Su Ming took with him... two mutts and a woman with a clear laugh and left the ninth summit in four long arcs.

There was no way Yu Xuan would not join this sort of thing...

As for the other mutt, that was the bald crane. It suddenly felt that this form would make it look more imposing. As it flew, it even started barking to its heart's content while feeling proud of itself.

Chapter 728: God of Shamans Island

Two people, two mutts... or perhaps more accurately speaking, it should be a dragon and a bald crane.

They turned into four long arcs in the sky and flew towards the portion of the Dead Sea beyond Freezing Sky Clan's island. Su Ming's expression was calm all along the way, but his brows were constantly furrowed. All of this was thanks to Yu Xuan, who had a lackadaisical demeanor while she ate roasted seeds by his side.

Yu Xuan's demeanor varied a lot from what Su Ming could sense. She would occasionally be mischievous, then shy and naive, then ignorant and confused, then dignified and graceful. Right then, this lackadaisical manner gave her another temperament.

Yu Xuan, who was beautiful to begin with, became even more striking due to her lackadaisical demeanor. If this was just the case and she had only continued lazing around this way, Su Ming might not have frowned, but the sounds of her chewing on those seeds constantly echoed in the air during their journey, and even the moaning wind could not cover up those crunching sounds.

"Little dummy Su, you've been constantly frowning all along the journey. Let me guess, are the sounds of me eating my seeds bothering you?" Yu Xuan spat out some roasted seed skins, and the yellow mutt immediately darted forward to gulp them down. The black mutt that was the bald crane was just about to snatch them, but when the mutt which was a dragon bared its teeth and glared at it, the large black mutt immediately put on a look of flattery and made a gesture as if it was saying that the mutt should go first.

Su Ming ignored Yu Xuan. That woman gave him a feeling that he could not see through her clearly, and this made him incredibly cautious. At that moment, he looked as calm as usual as he flew over the Dead Sea in the form of a long arc. His eyes were cast forward. In that direction was a layer of purple fog that surrounded an incredibly large area, and it filled every nook and cranny of that place.

That spot was Su Ming's destination. It was one of the three islands in South Morning, and it was occupied by the Shamans.

When they were just right outside the fog, Su Ming stopped and looked at the thick purple fog in that place. He sank into pensive silence, and Yu Xuan noticed he was treating her as if she did not exist, so she let out a soft harrumph, and a thought appeared in her head. Immediately, a sly look flashed in her eyes, and she let out a light cough.

With it, the mutt that was chewing on the skin seeds immediately perked up its ears and lifted its head to look at the fog. A look of scorn appeared on its face, and it let out a low growl.

That growl sounded like a dog's bark but also like a dragon's roar. It started off at a normal volume, but after a moment, it grew so loud that it shook the sky and earth, turning into a loud rumble that was deafening to the ears. This rumble was like a violent gust of wind that swept past the sea and charged straight towards the fog. Within an instant, it crashed into that fog, though the crash could not be seen. The fog that filled the area immediately started tumbling about violently, and the lingering sounds of the previous rumble echoed in the air.

In the span of a breath, the fog that had seemed thick disintegrated under the roar and started falling back swiftly. It looked as if a violent gust of wind was sweeping up leaves. Right before Su Ming's eyes, the fog... disappeared without a trace.

But that was not all. What Yu Xuan did could be considered as an act of helping Su Ming, but clearly, that was not the case. Once the fog disintegrated and fell backwards due to the mutt's growl, a huge island appeared on the surface of the sea.

That island appeared to be a small piece of land. Green covered all of the ground, and there were even some mountain ranges that lay sprawled on it. A primitive and slightly humid presence came crashing into their faces. At that moment, as the fog fell backwards, the ground also moved along with it...

As the growl echoed, an endless number of trees was pulled off the ground with their roots and fell back along with the retreating fog. If anyone lifted their heads to look from the island, they would see a layer of rolling purple fog, trees, earth, and even an innumerable amount of birds and beasts being swept away against their will.

As the ground shook, several powerful presences spread out from the forests and the mountain ranges, and along with them came shouts that were filled with shock and anger.

"Which audacious lunatic dared to offend God of Shamans Island?!"

"Are you asking for death?! All those who enter God of Shamans Island without permission must die!"

As those shouts rang out, nearly a hundred people flew up from the ground. Those people were all dressed in beast skins, which gave them a primeval appearance, but the Shamanic presence within them was incredibly pure. Among them were Soul Catchers, Battle Shamans, and Spirit Mediums, and most of them were Medial Shamans. Some of them even exuded vast presences, and those were Latter Shamans.

Yu Xuan placed her hands behind her back with a smile and stood by the side, even whistling a few notes, as if this had nothing to do with her.

Su Ming had been wondering whether he should break in or search for the Great Patriarch in secret and fight against him alone, but once Yu Xuan made a mess of the place, sneaking in was now impossible.

He knew that Yu Xuan had done this because of her personality and because she was angry that he had ignored her all along the way. She might have caused him some problems, but Su Ming still did not spare her a glance. He slowly moved forward.

The hair of Su Ming, who was dressed in white, was dancing in the wind. His expression was cold and aloof, and when he walked over, the Shamans closed in on him. At the instant the long arcs approached him, the presence of Life Cultivation swiftly erupted with a bang from his body.

The eruption of his presence caused the weather to change instantly and the air behind Su Ming to immediately distort. A powerful might spread out as his power erupted, covering the entire land.

"Stand back," Su Ming stated flatly. His voice was not loud, but as the mighty pressure and his power spread out, his voice entered the hearts and souls of the near hundred Shamans around, sounding like an endless amount of thunderbolts that crackled at the same time. It caused the Shamans' expressions to immediately change drastically, and all of them, including the Latter Shamans, coughed up blood.

In fact, besides some of the Latter Shamans, all the others felt their hearts tremble when they coughed up blood due to Su Ming's voice and might. Their consciousness was immediately shaken till they scattered, and they plunged down from midair. They might not have died, but they were knocked out by his voice alone.

The Latter Shamans gritted their teeth to remain awake, but blood started pouring from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. Shock and disbelief appeared on their faces, and those emotions turned into screams of fear.

"This is not great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm... You... You..."

"Who are you?!"

Almost at the same time Su Ming's might spread out, four presences that belonged to End Shamans immediately appeared. When they charged towards Su Ming, they turned into four people before him.

They were three men and one woman. Two among them were old men, while the last man and the woman were both in their middle ages. Once they appeared, they stared at Su Ming with incredibly grave expressions, as if they were facing off a powerful enemy.

Long arcs charged forth behind them from the entire God of Shamans Island. In the blink of an eye, thousands of long arcs flashed in the sky and transformed into Shamans. Their faces were pale, but they gritted their teeth and stood in midair as they looked at Su Ming from the distance.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the four End Shamans and stated flatly, "It's just a Shaman island, and you already have four End Shamans."

"Sir, who might you be? What have we from God of Shamans Island done to offend you? Please tell us." One of the four End Shamans, an old man with a lot of brown patches on his face, spoke with a hoarse voice.

His heart was in great shock. This person had managed to knock out nearly a hundred Shamans by just his might alone, and even the Latter Shamans had started bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. This sort of power was something that he could not match.

Before Su Ming even managed to get a word in, Yu Xuan's voice immediately rang out loudly and clearly by his side.

"Don't you understand yet, old man? This is a robbery. Do you even know what a robbery is? We're here to rob you!" An excited look appeared on Yu Xuan's face. Her voice reverberated in the air, causing the faces of the old End Shaman and all the other Shamans behind him to turn incredibly sour.

"Robbery?" The middle-aged female End Shaman beside the old man let out a cold harrumph, and killing intent appeared in her eyes.

Su Ming was indifferent. His gaze never fell on those Shamans, but was cast at the distance. Over there, he could see a mountain in the deeper parts of the island. That mountain was very tall, but strangely enough, while he could see it when he first cast his gaze on it, when he stared at it long enough, that mountain would disappear.

'The Shamans' sacred mountain...'

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with this land and this sacred mountain. He had come to this place before. It was before the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. At that time, Hong Luo had woken up, and he had his first battle against Di Tian's clone beyond this sacred mountain.

He still remembered that there was a coffin on the Shamans' sacred mountain...

It had been many years since then. Now that Su Ming had come here once more, the huge mass of land he remembered had turned into an island. He looked at the Shamans' sacred mountain in the distance, and had a feeling that many things had changed in the world.

In silence, he walked forward, and as he lifted his foot to take his first step to that place, a great, mighty pressure spread out with a bang, causing the air in the area around Su Ming to immediately begin distorting.

At the instant his might spread out, the expressions of the four End Shamans on the island changed at the same time. They could sense the terrifying pressure from Su Ming's body clearly, and if they continued standing in his way, they would be crushed.

The Latter Shamans who were bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth and were standing closest to Su Ming found that they could no longer withstand the pressure. They coughed up blood and immediately fainted. Their bodies fell to the ground.

Almost at the instant these Latter Shamans fell unconscious and Su Ming took that one step forward, the four End Shamans let out low growls and spread out their powers at the same time. Those waves of power turned into four divine thoughts that belonged to End Shamans and pressed onto Su Ming in an invisible manner to resist against the suffocating presence coming from him.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He took another step forward. This was the second step he took. At the instant his foot landed, his presence crashed into the four divine thoughts from the End Shamans.

A soundless rumble turned into waves of ripples that spread out. The four End Shamans coughed up blood at the same time and all of them staggered three steps back. There were looks of disbelief on their shocked faces.

When Su Ming took his third step, his presence of Life Cultivation Realm came crashing forth with a momentum that could topple seas and mountains, and that presence pressed down on the four End Shamans as well as the thousands of Shamans behind them.

The four End Shamans immediately coughed up blood and were forced back once more. This time, they were not the only ones who moved back. The thousands of Shamans behind them also moved back at the same time.

With each step Su Ming took, they would take a step backwards, and it was especially so for the four End Shamans. As their faces turned pale, they coughed up blood and were forced back even more.

There was no need for Su Ming to fight. He only needed to spread his presence of Life Cultivation Realm, and it was already enough for to suppress everything.

Chapter 729: Do You Remember Me?

"Just who are you?!" The old End Shaman whose face was filled with brown patches coughed up blood. As he retreated, he shouted loudly. His eyes were filled with red, and the shock in his heart could no longer be described with words.

'With just his pressure alone, he managed to force all four of us backwards and made our Qi run wild, injuring us. We can't even attack. He... Just what level of cultivation does he have?!

The other three people's faces were pale, and the same thoughts were running through their heads. In their eyes, Su Ming had already far surpassed them in terms of level of cultivation. In fact, they did not even possess the right to retaliate under the pressure of just standing before him.

"Him? He's called Su Ming. He's the God of Berserkers. Can't you tell?" Yu Xuan said in a lively voice from the side. She had followed Su Ming to this place to play. At that moment, when she saw the Shamans' expressions, she felt incredibly elated.

Almost at the instant Yu Xuan said those words, the four End Shamans' expressions changed completely, and even the thousands of Shamans behind them cried out in surprise.

The four End Shamans completely gave up on resisting. God of Shamans Island was not completely isolated from the world. They would occasionally venture out, and they already knew what had happened in Eastern Wastelands a year ago.

A God of Berserkers was born in the place where the Immortals landed. Then, Eastern Wastelands Tower shone with blood light that reached ten thousand li. After that, Hidden Dragon Sect was destroyed, Sky Mist Dao was destroyed, three sects of Evil Sect were destroyed, and Great Leaf Immortal Sect was completely wiped off Eastern Wastelands.

There was no way they could put up a fight against this sort of enemy. Besides, they had no doubt about Yu Xuan's words. This was the only plausible explanation for how Su Ming's power could be so great they wouldn't even have the chance to retaliate.

Su Ming frowned, then took a step forward before he disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already behind the thousands of Shamans and was moving in the direction of the Shamans' sacred mountain. His actions might seem slow, but in truth, he was crossing ten thousand feet with each step he took.

Yu Xuan did not follow when Su Ming moved into the distance. Instead, she lifted her chin before the thousands of Shamans, then kicked the mutt that was baring its teeth while casting sideways glances at the black dog which had ran to the ground at some point in time and was currently searching through the personal items of the unconscious people.

"Do you know that you've offended someone?! Someone offered ten thousand crystals to buy all of your heads!" Yu Xuan let out a fake cough and pretended to be experienced and mature when she spoke.

"But our Lord God of Berserkers is a kind man and harbors no grudges against you, so he doesn't want to make things too hard for all of you. How about this? Bring out all the things you have and put them together to see how much they are worth. As long as the difference isn't too big, we can let this slide.

"But... heh heh, if you dare hide anything and not give it up, then don't blame me for being vicious."

While Yu Xuan was speaking and pretending to be very mature and experienced, the black dog that was the bald crane was on the ground biting off a pendant from an unconscious Shaman's neck. When it heard Yu Xuan's words, it was momentarily stunned. It then blinked, showing a face of someone who had gained an epiphany.

'Darn, and here I was, working so hard. So you can actually rob someone like this? That's right, why should I search for these treasures myself? I should make them hand them over on their own.' The bald crane nodded gravely, thinking to itself that it had learned a new skill.

Su Ming did not bother himself with Yu Xuan's actions. There were no longer any Shamans blocking his way as he walked in midair. The ground underneath was covered by a forest, and at the end he could see the sacred mountain occasionally appearing. When Su Ming approached the place, a faintly discernible sound of a heartbeat came forth from the sacred mountain.

Badump, badump...

This sound became stronger as Su Ming got closer.

At the instant he was ten thousand feet away from the sacred mountain, a low roar came from the occasionally appearing sacred mountain. That low roar shook the sky and earth, and at the instant it rang out, it caused the entire God of Shamans Island to tremble.

It also caused the thousands of Shamans before Yu Xuan to turn their heads swiftly. There was no longer any panic on their faces, only zealousness.

Yu Xuan blinked. She kicked the mutt, then lifted her head and looked over.

The low roar reverberated in the air, bringing with it an intimidating presence that turned into a wave of impact full of banging sounds as it charged towards Su Ming from all directions in the island. As the ground trembled, the sand let out sloshing sounds, and the leaves in the forest fell as if a violent gust of wind had swept past them. Su Ming senses that the roar came from the sacred mountain, but also from all the directions in the island. As it surrounded him, it was as if there was no end to the sound.

Almost at the same time the roar reverberated in the air, a person appeared out of thin air outside the sacred mountain. That person had unkempt hair and was half-naked, only the lower half of his body covered by beast skins. In his hand he held a gigantic bone staff, and on top of that bone staff were three small crimson snakes that were intertwined with each other. Their gazes were ghastly, and they were flicking out their forked tongues while letting out hissing sounds.

The person took a step towards Su Ming and disappeared only to reappear several thousands of feet away from Su Ming. He disappeared again, but still reappeared thousands of feet away from Su Ming. When he disappeared a third time, a strange, sinister laughter that was unpleasant to the ears rose swiftly behind Su Ming and echoed in the air. Then, the person appeared behind Su Ming and lifted his dried up left hand. All five of his fingernails were sharp and black, and they were all charging forward to seize Su Ming's heart.

"Is this how you greet an old friend?" Su Ming asked flatly. He did not dodge, but took a step backwards and had his back crash into the old man's left hand as he tried to seize his heart.

A muffled bang rang through the air, and blood trickled out of the person with the unkempt hair's mouth as he was forced backwards. When he lifted his head, he revealed a face full of wrinkles from underneath the messy hair.

It was an incredibly old face, and its owner looked as if he had just crawled out of a coffin. However, his eyes were incredibly bright, and there was even the shadow of a crescent moon shining in them.

His left hand was trembling slightly at that moment, for all five of those black fingernails had cracked open. There was blood flowing out from those cracks.

Su Ming turned around at a moderate pace and looked at the old man.

His gaze met the old man's, and Su Ming's calmness as well as the old man's ancient air made it seem as if the world around them had stopped moving for a moment.

"I've lived for many years and seen far too many people. You didn't really leave much of an impression on me, boy... But I remember now. When we were beyond Sky Mist Barrier and I sent out one of my clones to battle, you were one of the young Berserkers who were by the sidelines."

The old man was naturally the Shamans' Great Patriarch, the man who practiced the Art of Nine Deaths. His voice was so raspy that it sounded like bones scraping against each other, and that sound was incredibly unpleasant to the ears. As he spoke, he even grinned, revealing an incomplete set of teeth that were yellowing and darkening.

"I originally intended to go to sleep. Now, I will devour your flesh and blood before I sleep, that should let me be able to have an even better rest."

The old man licked his lips and swung the bone staff in his hand before him. A ball of black fog instantly spread out from the bone staff, and as that fog tumbled about while contorting, it turned into a gigantic python that charged towards Su Ming as it roared.

The old man swung the bone staff once again, and a dozen something balls of fog appeared in succession. They turned into a dozen something gigantic pythons that swept up the sky and earth while charging towards Su Ming from all directions with low roars and black fog in their midst.

Once he finished this, the old man bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. His blood was black and even had a rotten stench. Once he coughed it up, it instantly exploded and turned into nearly a thousand blood red worms that made it seem as if a layer of red clouds had spread over the sky.

That was not the end. Once the old man finished doing this, he lifted his left hand and quickly formed a few seals before himself. Every single time two of his fingers on his shriveled left hand touched each other, the sky would rumble, and in the midst of all

those rumbling sounds, bolts of lightning sliced through the sky in the form of long arcs, but they did not descend on the ground. Instead, they started flashing in the sky as if they had been frozen there.

In the blink of an eye, more than a hundred bolts of lightning froze up as they cracked in midair, as if they had been forced to stop. As those bolts of lightning connected and intersected with each other, they outlined a gigantic battle axe.

That battle axe was several thousands of feet big and formed by the bolts of lightning in midair. When the old man lifted his left hand and pointed towards the sky, it immediately rushed towards Su Ming with a bang.

"Don't you remember me?"

With an indifferent expression, Su Ming walked slowly towards the place where the old man was, and as he moved forward, the dozen something pythons made of black fog from all around him roared and rushed towards him. Yet at the instant they closed in on Su Ming, cracking sounds instantly rose from their bodies and all of them turned into ice statues. As those statues shivered, they broke down and shattered into pieces.

When Su Ming's foot landed, the blood worms formed from the old man's blood that numbered to nearly a thousand closed in on him with a sharp whistle. Those blood worms were all incredibly sharp, and when they were about to touch Su Ming, he took a step forward and moved past them. Once he did so, the blood worms instantly started contorting and turned into ice that fell to the ground.

All of this took Su Ming less than the span of three breaths. Almost at the instant he finished speaking, he was already standing in front of the old man.

The old man's expression changed and his pupils shrank. Right at the instant he was about to retreat, Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized his throat.

"Now, do you remember me?"

Su Ming's voice was flat. When he spoke, the sky roared, and the lightning battle axe came charging down with a bang, but at the instant it closed in, the killing sword appeared in Su Ming's right hand, and he sliced with it diagonally in the direction behind him, right where the battle axe was. A bang shot up into the air, and the lightning battle axe swiftly broke down.

At the same time, Su Ming tightened his grip around the old man's throat.

"This is the first death." When Su Ming spoke in his flat and disinterested voice, a destructive power surged from his body into the old man's, shattering his body.

Almost at the moment the Great Patriarch's body shattered and turned into dust, an even more powerful presence erupted from the spot where he died. Then, out of nowhere, the old man's body appeared once again, but this time, he was not as old as he was previously.

"It doesn't matter who you are..."

But before the Great Patriarch could even finish his sentence, Su Ming swiftly slashed with his killing sword, and as the killing sword let out an excited and bloodthirsty sword whistle, it cut straight through the old man's neck. His head flew up, and the old man's body crumbled once again.

"This is the second death," Su Ming said calmly.

Chapter 730: Life of Nine Deaths

Su Ming's voice lingered in the air, and before it disappeared, the Great Patriarch's body collapsed. The difference of power between the Great Patriarch and Su Ming was too great with the Great Patriarch's current condition. Su Ming could kill him in the blink of an eye.

There was not a drop of blood on the killing sword, and it was a telling sign that the Great Patriarch who had died twice was not really an existence that was made of flesh and blood, but a bizarre thing that was somewhere in-between being an illusion and a being of flesh and blood.

'Art of Nine Deaths. I once killed the Shamans' Great Patriarch along with Master and Guru Li Long all those years ago when we finally managed to make him fall into slumber...' This was not the memories that belonged to Su Ming's current incarnation. It was something from his previous life, one among the many reincarnations he had gone through.

When the memories of that life appeared in his head, a presence that was stronger than before and belonged to End Shamans erupted forth with a bang from the space before Su Ming. That presence... surpassed those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm.

As it exploded, a fist that was not completely shriveled up shot out from the air and charged towards Su Ming's chest like a bolt of lightning.

As loud booming sounds reverberated in the air and the fist was seven inches away from Su Ming's body, cracking sounds shot out into the air, and ice immediately grew on the fist, covering it instantly. The fist thus became an ice sculpture.

At the same time, an old man who looked to be in his fifties took a step out of the air behind that fist. His hair was not completely white but mixed with some black strands of hair. His body was not as thin as bones either, but looked slightly stronger and bulkier. He was naturally the Shamans' Great Patriarch, who had now resurrected for the third time.

His body, his presence, and his life force seemed to have returned as his age regressed. At that moment, when he walked out and his presence erupted from his body, layers of ripples instantly appeared in the air around him.

"Sir, since you said that you are an old acquaintance of mine, then tell me who you are!"

The Great Patriarch pulled back his frozen right hand, and without even bothering to look at the ice on his arm, he flung it. Immediately, banging sounds rang out, and a ray of black light spread out from his body, looking as if it wanted to destroy the ice.

Yet no matter how that black light covered the ice, it did not manage to make the ice show any signs of melting. Instead, the ice began to spread even faster.

Only then did the Great Patriarch's expression change.

His heart thumped an extra time, and he became even more wary of Su Ming. His first and second deaths had been completely expected, because he had been weak, and his cultivation method was one where he would grow stronger as he died.

Yet even if his third resurrection had begun showing his real strength, he still could not melt the ice on his arm. This made his heart shudder, and at the same time, a cautious expression appeared on his face.

He had lived for far too many years, but no matter how hard he tried to think, he could not remember a single person whose shape would overlap with Su Ming's. This made him incredibly uncertain of Su Ming's words.

"You will remember," Su Ming stated flatly and took a step towards the old man.

When his foot landed, killing intent shone in the Great Patriarch's eyes. As he moved, he began making various seals with his left hand at a rapid speed. Then, a complex string of chants that were difficult to understand fell from his mouth.

Yet almost at the instant those chants rang in the air, Su Ming placed the killing sword horizontally before his body and swiped two of his fingers on his left hand from the bottom to the tip before gently flicking the weapon.

A clear sword whistle echoed in the air, and within it was a bloodthirsty roar. It was the roar of the sword's spirit, and as it spread out, the sword whistle instantly cut off the Great Patriarch's chants.

Once they were interrupted, Su Ming lifted his killing sword and sliced diagonally in the old man's direction. A ray of sword light sliced through the sky, and during that time, Su Ming used the killing sword to slice through the air in the form of an arc before he turned the tip of the sword to his lower left.

A shudder wrecked the Great Patriarch's body where he stood thousands of feet away from Su Ming. Then, his body split into two and he broke into dust.

He could not fight against the might within Su Ming's killing sword. In fact, it was difficult for him to even try resisting it.

The difference between their levels of cultivation became a difference between life and death when the Great Patriarch was pitted against Su Ming, who was unparalleled in this world.

"This is the third death."

Su Ming calmly looked at the spot before him, which was the place where the Great Patriarch had died. The killing sword disappeared from his hand, and a large amount of purple fog appeared outside his body. That purple fog gathered together on Su Ming's body and formed a purple armor. Once it covered even Su Ming's face, it seemed as if he was wearing a mask.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the air to his right. Purple fog immediately gathered there and turned into a huge long spear. That spear was purple in its entirety, and an indescribable bloodthirsty, murderous aura spread out from it.

Almost at the instant the Undertaker of Evil's Spear appeared, a presence that belonged to the Great Patriarch and was much stronger than before appeared in the world with a bang. The strength of this presence was already infinitesimally close to the Berserkers' Life Cultivation Realm, and it was close to the Shamans' Hollow stage, which was the stage after End.

However, it was only close. He had not completely reached it. To Su Ming, this level of cultivation still lay at a distance far from his current level of cultivation.

"You're a little stronger than in the past. I remember that you only managed to bring out this sort of power after your sixth death," Su Ming stated calmly.

If his Master Tian Xie Zi had not cast a strange Art during their battle that year and connected their powers together to activate a talisman to kill the Great Patriarch for four

consecutive times in quick succession to end the battle, it would have been incredibly difficult for them to make the Great Patriarch fall asleep.

At the instant the incredibly powerful presence erupted from the Great Patriarch, an illusory figure appeared in the distance and charged towards Su Ming in the blink of an eye. He was so quick that he was like an after image, and in an instant, he was already less than thirty feet away from Su Ming.

This figure might be quick, but Su Ming could see clearly that it was a man in his forties. The man's body was strong and filled with power, and the shadow of a crescent moon shone in his eyes.

Su Ming remained calm. When the Great Patriarch came closer to him, he lifted the Undertaker of Evil's Spear and thrust forward with it. The air looked as if it exploded, and as Su Ming's presence of Life Cultivation roared, the tip of his spear not only tore through space, but a large amount of chilling air also spread out and caused snow to begin floating down in the entire region.

This was the result of Su Ming's Atman and also his Life Matrix, which was of midwinter. The cold air and snow spread out from the spear and went charging along with the spear towards the incoming Great Patriarch in midair.

Yet at the instant the cold air, the snow, and the spear were about to touch him, a sinister and malicious intent suddenly appeared at the corners of the middle-aged Great Patriarch's lips. Before the tip of the spear could touch him, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes, and a destructive power erupted from his body. He chose to self-destruct!

He made his body explode in exchange for an even greater power. The destruction that was stirred up surpassed his full-powered strike before he self-destructed, and it was a killing move he managed to execute by using an extreme method while having the advantage of resurrection.

When he self-destructed, it was his fourth death. His consciousness was quickly leaving his exploding body to gather together somewhere else for his fifth resurrection.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. The long spear in his right hand continued charging forward without changing direction, but he lifted his left hand and turned the back of his hand downwards while his palm faced the sky.

He said flatly, "That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny." As Su Ming spoke, the long spear came into contact with the destructive waves that were stirred up by the Great Patriarch self-destruction. At that instant, Su Ming swung his left hand towards the exploding Great Patriarch.

With it, the laws of the world swiftly transformed around the exploding Great Patriarch's body.

"Since you're seeking death by self-destructing, then why don't you explode a few more times?"

When Su Ming spoke his words, the motions of the Great Patriarch's body bursting apart as he exploded froze abruptly, and the signs of destruction instantly turned backwards. The body swiftly gathered together from its crumbling state, as if time was flowing backwards.

Once the torn pieces gathered together and turned back into The Great Patriarch's body, a dazed and confused look appeared on his face as he discovered to his shock that his consciousness had been forcefully held back in his body by this power that seemed to turn back time. He could simply not leave.

Because of it, this body became his fifth resurrection. This was the first time he ran into such a shocking thing in his long life. Before this, he had never experienced such a thing.

While he was in shock, his body restored itself from its exploding state against his will, then exploded once again. This was not what he wanted, but it was what was created by the change that occurred when Su Ming controlled the past and the future.

A wave of terror rose in the Great Patriarch's heart. His body exploded with a bang, and his consciousness scattered. This was his fifth death.

Yet soon, he discovered to his despair that when he woke up once again, he was still standing before Su Ming, and he was still trapped in the fearsome law of time flowing backwards. He was still... going to self-destruction.

The sixth death.

The seventh death.

When the Great Patriarch died the eighth time, self-destructing while his consciousness scattered away, he let out a desperate roar. With it, just as his consciousness was about to fade away, a talisman suddenly appeared before him. As it shone, it sucked out his consciousness, and he was able to fuse with it, forcefully rushing out of Su Ming's cycles of repetition brought by Destiny. He disappeared into midair.

"You finally brought that thing out."

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. Almost the moment the talisman disappeared, he swiftly lifted his left hand to seize it. But right at the instant he was about to touch that talisman, he missed it, as if the talisman did not exist in the first place.

"Many people have tried to snatch this supreme treasure of mine over the countless years, but none of them were able to touch it. There will be no exception for you..." The Great Patriarch's roar came out from the talisman that was now nearly gone.

A chilling glare appeared in Su Ming's eyes when he saw that most of the talisman had vanished. He did not bother with the Great Patriarch's voice. A freezing air instantly filled the area above his left hand, turning the area into something akin to an ice statue. That was Su Ming gathering his Life Matrix and Atman on his left hand. Once he did so, he went to seize that talisman with his left hand again. This time, at the instant his left hand touched the talisman, a booming sound rang out in Su Ming's head.

That booming was actually a voice shouting four words at the sky.

"Life of Nine Deaths!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that this voice had only appeared because he was not grabbing the talisman with an ordinary method. It spoke only because his Life Matrix had touched it.

"You... You..." A howl filled with disbelief came from that talisman. There was a shrill note within that howl that expressed shock.

Chapter 731: Helping Him Gain Enlightenment towards Life

'I see, so Life Matrices can be used this way.'

Understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The talisman was a treasure. It contained the presence of Life and could be given to others. The Great Patriarch had obtained this talisman and fused it with his body, allowing him to change his own Life to one of the Life of Nine Deaths.

Once Su Ming grabbed the talisman, he yanked it, and as the sound of something tearing shot through the air, a small half of the talisman was immediately torn off. The remaining half disappeared without a trace.

'The Arts regarding Life that others give us can help us increase our levels of cultivation, but this method is the same as hastening growth, and it's not good... It's the same case as with Si Ma Xin.'

Su Ming gained a deeper level of understanding towards Life Matrix.

As the remaining half of the talisman disappeared in midair, the destructive waves caused by the Great Patriarch's self-destruction spread out and crashed into Su Ming's long spear. The impact turned into a loud rumble that shook the sky and earth, sweeping in all directions.

The ground was trembled because of the explosion. Cracks appeared, and a large amount of seawater surged in to submerge the land, causing nearly a fourth of the territory of God of Shamans Island to be instantly submerged.

Circles continued spreading out nonstop in midair. Some of the Shamans did not manage to dodge in time and were reduced to ashes. The circles spread far and wide before gradually disappearing.

When they were gone, Su Ming moved a step. Not a single hint of injury could be found on him. The moment the middle-aged man exploded, he had stepped into the fragment's dimension, which he had prepared to do a long time ago.

When he walked out, he looked towards the Shamans' sacred mountain, because during that moment, a wave of power that was even greater than his erupted there.

At the time the waves spread out, a person appeared sitting at the top of that sacred mountain. He was a boy who looked like he was only eighteen to nineteen years old, but there was an ancient air about him. As he sat there, his eyes... were replaced by the light of a crescent moon. Anyone who looked into them would feel as if their souls were captured.

There was half of a yellow piece of paper stuck to the boy's forehead, and there were runic symbols shining on it. There were missing parts among those runic symbols, but it could still be seen that those runic symbols actually formed a crescent moon.

The boy looked at Su Ming and said slowly, "I remember who you are now, sir. You were the one who fought against me along with Tian Xie Zi and Guru Li Long all those years ago, Su Ming!

"Sometimes, the moon is dark, and sometimes, it is bright. Sometimes, the moon is round, and sometimes, it is not... If a person dies nine times and lives nine times... he only seeks to obtain perfection. This is... the Life of Nine Deaths, which my Master gave to me."

The boy looked at Su Ming standing thousands of feet away and stood up slowly. He then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

"But he did not teach me..." When the boy wrapped his fist in his palm, he lifted his head and looked at Su Ming. At that moment, the Great Patriarch's presence changed a lot, and he seemed like a completely different person.

"The cold of midwinter is akin to the end of life. Winter, autumn, summer, and spring. This is... the Life I have come to understand on my own." Su Ming looked at the boy, who was really the Great Patriarch, and waved his arm, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards him slightly.

The form of the boy the Great Patriarch had now taken was one that had never appeared before in Su Ming's memories. He remembered that the Great Patriarch had taken the appearance of a strong man in his thirties when he was revived the ninth time during the last time they fought against each other.

Yet now, he had become a young teenager.

Clearly, the Great Patriarch's Life of Nine Deaths allowed him to become stronger the younger he was. His current shape was a telling sign that the Great Patriarch had been diligent and improved a lot compared to his past self. He had also obtained a deeper level of understanding towards the Life of Nine Deaths which was bestowed upon him.

"My Master once said that it is very difficult to control the Life that is given to you, and it is also very difficult to harmonize with it perfectly... only when I train to the point where I can turn into an infant during my ninth death will it be possible for me to gain complete mastery and understanding of this Life...

"I have obtained a lot in my battle with you today, sir, and I feel signs of a breakthrough. Please grant me enlightenment by teaching me, and help me achieve this breakthrough. I... will never forget your great kindness."

When the boy heard Su Ming talking about the Life he had understood on his own, his expression filled with excitement, and he bowed once again to Su Ming. His body rose slowly into the air, and when he was a thousand feet above the ground, he lifted his right hand and struck the sacred mountain behind him through the air.

The mountain immediately let out rumbling sounds, and it began to slowly gain corporeal form instead of being an illusion that appeared occasionally. A gigantic crack tore the mountain, and as it roared, the top slowly separated into two halves. A ray of dark light flew out from within and landed before Su Ming.

It was a coffin... a coffin Su Ming had seen in the past.

"When I met you the second time, you cried when you saw this. This item came from the Immortals, and you must corrode the coffin with Yin Death Aura. You should have come here for this. For the enlightenment I have gained from your teachings, I will present this to you as a gift." Determination and zeal was in the boy's eyes. At that moment, he was like a completely different person compared to the Great Patriarch Su Ming had seen earlier.

He was like a person who sought Life, who could give up everything to find it, to reach a breakthrough in his level of cultivation, and to fuse with his Life of Nine Deaths.

Searching for a person's own Life Matrix to complete one's own self—this was what it meant to seek Life.

Su Ming looked into the boy's eyes carefully, but he could not find a single hint of deceit or nefarious schemes in them. He only saw the determination to search for a breakthrough towards fusing with the Life of Nine Deaths.

This sort of determination was rather similar to Su Ming's own, in some sense.

As Su Ming looked at the coffin before him, his expression gradually softened, and a hint of melancholy as well as nostalgia appeared on his face. Once he put away the coffin, he said, "I did not just come here for the coffin. I also came here for your physical body's blood of Nine Yin."

The boy fell silent, but after a moment, he smiled in a free and unbothered manner, then lifted his hands to clap them together. With it, light immediately started shining at his palm lines, and as they changed, a transparent coffin appeared before him.

That coffin was not huge, and due to its transparent state, Su Ming could see a dried-up corpse lying inside.

As he looked at the corpse, the boy lifted his right hand and tapped the center of the corpse's brows. A trail of purple blood exuding a thick Shamanic presence flew out, and as the boy swung his arm, that blood charged towards Su Ming.

Su Ming seized the air with his left hand, and a jade bottle instantly appeared on his palm. Once he put the blood into the bottle, the bottle instantly turned purple.

"I have devoured all of the previous Nine Li Shaman Lords' blood and refined it into nine drops of Shaman Source Blood in my body. I originally thought that this blood could help me reach a breakthrough, but it has served no purpose for me during the past years... I will give you four drops as a present. Please enlighten me with your teachings!" The boy struck the coffin, and it immediately landed on the ground.

When it did so, a powerful ray of light appeared in the boy's eyes. He lifted his right hand and pointed towards the half of the talisman at the center of his brows.

A gentle ray of light immediately began shining there. Once it enveloped his entire body, the boy started aging rapidly, as if time was flowing several times faster for his body. His hair gradually grew longer, his skin started giving off a feeling of time and age, his body slowly grew larger and stronger, and he turned into a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years from that of a young teenager.

Overlapping shadows suddenly appeared on his body when he turned into that young man, and a person walked out from those shadows. It was the boy, and he was pointing at his twenty-six-year-old self while looking at Su Ming.

"This is my eighth life, and it is my life of a young man!"

At the instant he said these words, a glint appeared in the young man's eyes, and time began moving for his body once again. In the blink of an eye, he turned into a man in his thirties, and those overlapping shadows appeared once more. This time, the young man walked out from the overlapping shadows on the man in his thirties. He stood beside the young teenager and pointed at his thirty-something-year-old self while looking at Su Ming.

"This is my seventh life, my life as I was in my prime!"

This strange sight brought a glint to Su Ming's eyes.

He saw the strong man in his thirties age once again, and when he was around his forties, there was another stop.

"This is my sixth life, and it is my life as a middle-aged man!"

"This is my fifth life, and it is my life when I am fifty!"

"This is my fourth life, and it is my life as I begin to decline!"

At that moment, there were five Great Patriarchs of different ages ranging from a young man to an old man with graying temples standing beside the young teenager.

Time was still flowing from the body of the old man with graying temples...

"This is my third life, and it is my life as I am in old age!"

"This is my second life, and it is my life as I am in my twilight years!"

"This is my first life, and it is my life as I am nearing the last of my days!"

The last person to appear beside the young teenager was the Great Patriarch who had first appeared before Su Ming. His face was full of wrinkles, his body filled with an aura of death, his yellowing teeth almost all gone, while his eyes still contained that crescent moon. He stood beside the boy.

"And I am the ninth life." The boy looked at his eight differently aged selves. As he whispered, he looked at Su Ming, and determination appeared in his eyes. "This is my Life of Nine Deaths. Fellow Daoist Su, please grant me enlightenment with your teachings."

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then looked at the boy and at the eight Great Patriarchs of different ages. After a long while, he pointed at the coffin on the ground.

"What number is he?"

The boy was momentarily stunned. When he lowered his head to look at the coffin on the ground, he suddenly began trembling. A spark of understanding gradually appeared in his eyes, but it was still clouded.

"Moving from a man in the final days of his life to a crying infant means to move from death to being newly born. This path of Life is rather similar to what I have come to understand, but it is also different." After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming lifted his left hand as he spoke. Flecks of snow instantly appeared on his palm, and the chilling air that spread out from the snow filled the area.

"This is my Life..." Su Ming looked at the snow floating on his palm. As he spoke, the snow gradually changed color. It was no longer white, but turned red. However, the color was not crimson... it was the color of autumn.

A faint life force was mixed with the cold of midwinter, turning into the will of autumn.

"Do you understand now?" Su Ming swung his left hand, and the snow containing the will of autumn faded away from his hand.

The boy trembled. A confused and dazed look appeared in his eyes, along with understanding, though it was still muddled by a lack of enlightenment. He had a faint feeling that he had come to understand something, but he could not yet see the path clearly.

"Moving from death to life requires you to be truly dead... You know that you won't die, and the Life of Nine Deaths makes you feel that you will not die, but in truth... this knowledge that you will not die has made you lose your desire towards life. Can you even talk about living in this situation?" Su Ming asked faintly.

A shudder wrecked the boy's body. When he lifted his head, he looked at Su Ming with a blank stare. After a long moment, resolve appeared on his face, and he lifted his right hand to strike the coffin containing his physical body through the air.

The coffin shattered with a bang. The physical body inside shattered and broke apart. The remaining five drops of Shaman Source Blood flew out, and with a wave of an arm, they were pushed towards Su Ming.

"I will remember your great kindness!" The boy wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 732 — Western Sea - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 732 — Western Sea

Chapter 732: Western Sea

Su Ming did not harbor a deep grudge against Shamans' Great Patriarch.

It did not matter whether it was his previous life or his current life, there was no hate to be spoken about between them. The only thing even remotely important that happened between them was their meeting during the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers.

Su Ming had not expected this battle to end this way, but there was also no reason why he should not let it end this way.

It was especially so since he saw a similar presence to his own within the Great Patriarch. It was the struggle of trying to move from death to life. His was the Life of Nine Deaths, but trying to gain success in this path and trying to fuse with a Life that was given by someone else was very difficult.

Su Ming left God of Shamans Island with all the Shaman Source Blood in hand. When he left, the Great Patriarch personally escorted him a thousand li away. They bade farewell by wrapping their fists in their palms towards each other. From then on, the boy would still be cultivating his Life of Nine Lives... but only nine lives. If he died during his ninth resurrection, then there would no longer be any possibility of him waking up.

This was because he had destroyed his physical body. This action may seem foolish, but only Su Ming and the boy understood that if he did not destroy it, there would be no possibility for him to reach the breakthrough and step onto a new path! If he did not have the desire to live, then how would he thirst for life? If he did not thirst for life, then how could he go against heaven?!

"I will remember your kindness in my heart. If you ever have a need of me... then I will surely repay you," the boy said seriously as he looked at Su Ming.

He knew that this enlightenment he had gained was a fortuitous event. This enlightenment had also let him understand that the path he took previously had been wrong, and he would need to change it.

Su Ming looked at the Shamans' Great Patriarch. After a moment of pensive silence, he said slowly, "I won't kill you because the paths we take for Life Cultivation are similar. I want to see whether you can complete the metamorphosis from death to life... but if my

eldest senior brother wants to kill you because of what happened between the both of you, I will attack."

The boy smiled faintly.

"The descendants of Nine Li don't pass down their inheritance to the direct line of descent, but instead, all those who possess the blood of Nine Li have the possibility of awakening. I have killed many Nine Li Lords who had yet to grow up, but I have not harmed even a single family member of your eldest senior brother's family. Though I... will admit to my act of pursuing his life in the past.

"However, my physical body has disintegrated, and there is no longer any Great Patriarch among the Shamans, and neither will there be any in the future. There will only be me, a person who is searching for my path of Life. All grudges have already disappeared along with my physical body.

"If he comes for my life... I will give it to him." The boy smiled and lifted his head to look at the sky. There was an understanding towards life and death on his face.

"I will head off to the Alliance of the Western Region and the Northern Province soon with the Berserkers in Eastern Wasteland to kill all the Immortals there. There should also be Shamans in those two continents." Su Ming looked at the boy.

"I will be willing to go with you at that time." The boy was silent for a moment after, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards Su Ming once again.

Su Ming did not say anything more. He turned around and headed into the distance. The black dog that was the bald crane followed behind him. There was also the yellow mutt by its side. As for Yu Xuan, she was sitting on that mutt with a grin on her face. She had obtained quite a lot of things from her trip to the Shamans' island.

As her spirits were lifted, she seized the mutt's fur, making the mutt to take a few quick dashes forward with a long face. When they caught up to Su Ming, Yu Xuan looked at him with a face full of expectation.

"Little dummy Su, where are we going now?"

Su Ming walked in midair with a calm expression on his face. His gaze fell far into the distance. He had no intention of immediately returning to the ninth summit. After all, even if he had this Shaman Source Blood, his second senior brother won't have full confidence to make their eldest senior brother recover.

'A Shaman Dragon...'

Su Ming's footsteps came to a halt. He turned his head to look in another direction. That place was where Western Sea Clan's island was located. As of then, besides Western Sea Island, Su Ming had gone to all the three islands in South Morning.

When Su Ming's gaze fell on Western Sea Island, Yu Xuan's grin instantly grew brighter. She blinked, and eagerness grew within her while she thought about things she could reap from Western Sea Island. She should be able to get a lot of things from that place.

The things she gained were naturally treated as her interest from Su Ming. She also thought that this sort of life was good. Su Ming could go forward and intimidate these people, and she could be right behind him, reaping all the rewards.

"Su Ming, when you go to the Immortal sects in the other continents, I can go with you and boost your morale," Yu Xuan said with a grin. Her petite little face was full of excitement.

"You've extorted quite a lot of things from God of Shamans Island," Su Ming remarked flatly.

Yu Xuan immediately widened her eyes, and the excited look within them disappeared without a trace. It was replaced by a look of caution.

"What do you want? I didn't take too many things from them. I only took a small bit. If you don't believe me, go ask that little baldy," Yu Xuan immediately said.

"The other Immortal sects are right there. You can go on ahead and snatch them yourself. With your level of cultivation, it shouldn't be hard," Su Ming said, looking at Yu Xuan.

"I'm a kind person. How could I do something like snatching other people's things? There's too much trouble in that. One careless move, and someone will know about it. Besides, I don't have any grudges against them, there's no reason for me to snatch their things. But it's not the same when I'm following you," Yu Xuan stated.

"I want a ninth of all the things you extorted," Su Ming said calmly.

"A ninth... Then why didn't you go snatch those things yourself?!" Yu Xuan instantly became nettled and stood up on the mutt's body without caring for her image. Her expression changed.

"I was originally going to snatch them, anyway." Su Ming looked at Yu Xuan, refusing to back down a single inch.

"I'll give you one tenth, one tenth at most. You have to know that these things are my blood, sweat, and tears, and also my capitalized costs, and also... Well, anyway, I'm only giving you a tenth of it," Yu Xuan said with a huff, her eyes wide.

"If you weren't around, I would have obtained everything."

"I know how to perform Soulseek. I can find the places they hide their treasures, and it'll save you a lot of trouble."

"I don't need Soulseek. I'm going to destroy their sects."

"I-I can help you open the Runes of their mountain gates, so the Berserkers won't have to suffer so many deaths," Yu Xuan immediately said.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence. While he was thinking, a thought struck Yu Xuan, and the mutt beneath her immediately turned into a long arc and flew into the distance with her.

"Su Ming, you must be tired. Why don't you let me handle Western Sea Island? It's just a Shaman Dragon, right? I'll get it for you." As Yu Xuan left into the distance, her voice traveled clearly through the air. Judging by the looks of it, she was heading to Western Sea Clan's island by herself.

Su Ming kept his frown for a minute more, then a faint smile curled up on his lips. He started walking at a moderate pace towards Western Sea Island.

The black dog that was the bald crane had an expression as if it had just gained an epiphany. It looked at Su Ming, then at Yu Xuan in the distance, and then bared its teeth in a smile.

'Looks like this Su Ming is also a shrewd person. I'll have to be careful next time.' The bald crane suddenly found itself missing Qian Chen and thought that he was great, because he was stupid and it could just bully him how it liked.

Yu Xuan traveled incredibly quickly. When Su Ming reached Western Sea Island, loud booming sounds reached his ears, and dragon roars reverberated in the air.

The Rune of Western Sea Island started trembling and distorting. Su Ming took a step forward and phased through the Rune, entering Western Sea Island.

When he looked across the island, he found that this place was not that different compared to Freezing Sky Clan's island. The ground was filled with mountains and forests, and in the distance... was a brownish yellow... giant dog of several tens of thousands of feet roaring from midair. As it roared, violent gusts of wind wreaked havoc on the ground, and the waves that spread out from its mouth caused all the mountains to crumble and earth to shatter wherever they went.

Yu Xuan was standing at the top of the big yellow dog's head. She used some sort of unknown divine ability to make all the storage bags, spirit stones, and all sorts of Enchanted Treasures to move towards her as if they were being absorbed. They were charging towards her, and they were all swiftly put away, as if Yu Xuan was afraid that Su Ming would come over and snatch her things if she was too slow.

There were several dozens of Western Sea Clan Elders right before the big yellow dog, but they were all being pushed back against.

Su Ming stopped at one of the mountain ranges. He sat down and watched the things happening before his eyes. He did not do anything, but as he swept his gaze across the land, he sent his Atman outwards, covering the entire Western Sea Island. After a moment, he looked towards the northern side. That place was a forest, but within the depths of it was a swamp. The water there was clear, and there was a wooden house near it.

Su Ming stood up. He did not bother with Yu Xuan extorting these people or the mutt flaunting its prowess. With one move, he charged towards the forest located to the north. The bald crane hesitated for a moment, slowing down a little, then turned around and charged towards the ground. It wanted to see whether it could reap some benefits while everything was in chaos.

Su Ming walked into the forest in the north. While listening to the mutt's roars, he arrived outside the swamp and the wooden house in the depths of the forest.

When he got closer, the volume of the noise outside seemed to have been reduced by a large margin. There was a sense of tranquility in the air.

"An old friend has come, but I cannot serve him well." When Su Ming stepped into this place, a hoarse and old voice came from within the wooden house, along with a white-haired old man dressed in a sackcloth.

He walked out slowly from the wooden house and looked towards Su Ming.

His eyes were as clear as the water in the swamp, and there was a look within his eyes that could captivate souls. When he looked towards Su Ming, he narrowed his eyes slightly.

"I, Li Long, greet the God of Berserkers." The old man was silent for a moment, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

Su Ming looked at the old man. He could sense a wisp of power that had surpassed that of great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm within the old man. It was the sign of taking half a step into Life Cultivation Realm, but the sign was very faint and not stable.

The old man looked at Su Ming and asked in a low voice, "Why would you have come here, God of Berserkers?"

Su Ming looked at the swamp and asked faintly, "Western Sea Island is too small, and South Morning has shattered. Are you willing to move and let Western Sea Clan grow?"

"Oh?" A barely noticeable glint appeared in Li Long's eyes.

"You are already halfway into Life Cultivation Realm. You searched for a place to train quietly, not bothering with someone trespassing into Western Sea Clan. You must have gained some sort of epiphany and are searching for a way to enter Life Cultivation Realm.

"If you want to enter Life Cultivation Realm, then you must know about your Life. What is it?" Su Ming turned around and looked at the old man with bright eyes.

Li Long remained silent.

Su Ming did not continue speaking, either. Instead, he went to the swamp and looked at it without a single word. He could see that there was a pair of eyes looking at him from the depths of the swamp. There was wariness, fear, and respect within that gaze.

"I am about to die, how would I know about my Life?" Li Long finally said.

Su Ming did not answer him, but instead crouched down and placed his right hand on the water. Ripples immediately appeared on the surface of the water, and a large head gradually rose from the depths.

It was a dragon head that was about several dozens of feet big and belonged to a Shaman Dragon that was covered in scales.

Chapter 733: Protection

The dragon's head emerged from the surface of the water to look at Su Ming. There was respect and fear in its eyes. It could sense the subtle presence coming from Su Ming's body, the strength of which was something it had never seen before.

Su Ming gently stroked the dragon's head, then stood up. The Shaman Dragon started trembling at this moment, as if it had sensed Su Ming's intention. More ripples appeared at the surface of the water.

It opened its mouth slowly, and as its body twisted about, it spat out a ball of blood about the size of a fist. A pure Shamanic presence spread out from that ball of blood. It gradually floated towards Su Ming and stopped before him.

Once the dragon spat out that ball of blood, it looked a little dispirited, but it lowered its head respectfully towards Su Ming before slowly sinking back into the depths of the swamp.

Su Ming received the ball of blood, and once he cast a glance at it, he put it away into his storage bag. Then, he turned around to walk out of the forest. He did not say another word to Guru Li Long.

He had already given Guru Li Long a chance, but the man had clearly chosen to reject his offer.

When he asked about Li Long's Life, he was not asking for an answer, but wanted to hear him say that he was seeking Life.

Yet Guru Li Long did not search for it, but had instead stated coolly that he was about to die. If Su Ming had only had his current life's memories and had only walked down the path of cultivation for several hundreds of years, perhaps he would not have immediately understood the meaning behind those words. However, he had experienced far too many things, and the several dozens of reincarnations he had gone through were equivalent to him living several dozens of lives.

This was not something Guru Li Long could compare himself to. There was an underlying meaning behind his words, and that was him making light of Su Ming from the bottom of his heart. He was not looking down on Su Ming's level of cultivation, but was looking down on his age.

To Guru Li Long, Su Ming was indeed the God of Berserkers, but he was too young, so young that it was difficult for Guru Li Long to completely acknowledge him and bow down his head before him and accept his guidance.

If Su Ming had been an old man who had been famous for many years, Guru Li Long would have shown a completely different attitude.

If that was the case, then Su Ming would have naturally not wasted his breath. When he turned around and left, his body gradually faded into the distance. There was a slightly complicated expression on Guru Li Long's face as he remained behind and watched Su Ming leave.

He, too, knew that he had rejected this chance. Perhaps this chance would have allowed him to reach a breakthrough in his level of cultivation, or perhaps... it would not have. After all, this God of Berserkers was so young that it was difficult to acknowledge him.

In truth, there were many who shared his thoughts. They would often think that they should not believe in the people who were younger than they were. Even if the other's level of cultivation was higher, it was still difficult for this group of people to change their mindset.

Guru Li Long's gaze continued following Su Ming as he left. When Su Ming was a thousand feet away, at the instant the forest had concealed a small portion of his body, Guru Li Long's pupils suddenly constricted.

He had a vague feeling that this back was rather familiar, and that he seemed to have seen it somewhere before. However, that memory was very ancient, and it was difficult for him to recall just where he had seen someone with a similar back.

Full of uncertainty, Li Long asked, "Lord God of Berserkers, have we met each other before?"

"No." When Su Ming spoke, his body disappeared into the forest.

They had indeed met each other before, but at that time, Su Ming had not taken this form. He had been an ancient old man, and was different from how he looked currently.

Su Ming did not turn his head back after he walked out of the forest and continued onward until he reached the edge of Western Sea Island. When he was there, he spoke faintly toward Yu Xuan, who was excitedly absorbing a large amount of storage bags, crystals, and Enchanted Treasures in the sky.

"Are you done fooling around? I'm leaving." Once Su Ming finished speaking, he took a step and walked out of Western Sea Island. He moved out of the Rune and charged towards Freezing Sky Clan's island.

He had already obtained everything he needed. Right then, his goal was to work together with his second senior brother while he cast his Art to let their eldest senior brother wake up!

The moment Su Ming left, Yu Xuan let out a cheerful cry and patted the cheerless mutt which had now turned into a big mutt that was several tens of thousands of feet big. That mutt was feeling incredibly unhappy. In its mind, it was a distinguished Abyss Dragon, yet its young master had insisted that it turn into a mutt.

Worse still, even if it had turned into a creature of tens of thousands of feet tall, she still did not allow it to turn back into an Abyss Dragon. It could only maintain the form of a mutt.

When they were leaving, the mutt turned around and glared at the thousands of Western Sea Clan members who had tried to surround it but had been scattered as it roared. With a harrumph, it turned into a long arc and charged into the distance.

There was still a black shadow moving around in busy excitement on the ground. At that moment, when the bald crane saw the big yellow dog leaving in the sky, it put on a reluctant face and quickly flew up to leave.

The land of Berserkers' Eastern Wastelands and South Morning were in relative peace. There was a countless number of Berserkers gathering together and amassing their strength. Soon, they would travel to the Alliance of the Western Region and to the Northern Province. While they gathered their strength, Su Ming left Western Sea Island, and Yu Xuan, the mutt, and the bald crane quickly hurried after him.

At the same time, right behind the Berserkers' sky and beyond Yin Death Vortex, which contained multiple fragmented entrances to multiple worlds, were more than thousands of longships gathered around the nine gigantic cultivation planets!

There were several cultivators dressed in black on each of the longships, and there were pictures of constellations sewn on each of the cultivator's clothes. The pictures of those constellations looked incredibly real, making it seem as if the cultivators did not have physical bodies when they stood on the longships in the galaxy. It was as if they had fused together with the place.

There were also nearly a hundred thousand Immortals standing around the thousands of longships. All of their expressions were respectful as they remained silent.

There was a young man standing at the longship in front of all the other longships. He had long black hair that floated in the air, a handsome face, but his lips were thin, and there was a faint hint of arrogance on his face.

His clothes were different from all the rest. The constellations on the other people's robes were still and did not move, while the constellations on his robes were turning about slowly. It looked incredibly strange, as if his robe was a world in itself, and it had its own course to follow when moving.

There were eight people surrounding this young man, like stars surrounding a moon. These eight people were all old men, and their levels of cultivation... were already at the level of the Lords of World Planes.

"You are just mere Immortals. How dare the three Sovereigns and five Emperors not come and pay respect to me when I come here?" the young man asked coolly.

"Young Lord, the three Sovereigns and five Emperors are..."

"Say no more. It's because my status is not high enough in the sect. Hmph, if my older brother was here, they would have already come here a long time ago to curry favor with him." The young man waved his arm, and his face turned dark.

"Young Lord... this is..." The eight Immortals around the young man laughed wryly, but their gazes as they looked at the young man were full of respect.

"This is the Yin Death Region you Immortals have been keeping guard of for generations?" The young man's gaze fell on the galaxy's Yin Death Vortex.

"This place is indeed Yin Death Region," an old Immortal beside the young man immediately said respectfully.

"It is rumored that Yin Death Region contains the power that can destroy the entire True Morning Dao World..." A glint appeared in the young man's eyes. He took a step out of the longship and stood in the galaxy. As he looked at Yin Death Vortex, a look of interest appeared on his face.

"Since it contains this sort of power, then when I become the Sect Master of Morning Dao Sect, I will definitely send someone to investigate this place." The young man took a step to get closer and check the place, but then he stopped abruptly right at the moment he was less than a thousand feet away from the vortex.

His expression changed drastically, because the galaxy beyond Yin Death Vortex was supposed to stretch out endlessly and be completely empty as far as the eyes could see, yet there were ninety-nine presences rising into the air. There were also forty-nine even more powerful wills circling around the area right behind those ninety-nine presences.

"There are indeed ninety-nine tiger talismans and forty-nine dragon talismans holding this place down..." The young man hesitated for a moment, but he did not continue trying to venture deeper. Instead, he turned around and returned to the longship.

"Alright, I'm just passing this place and can only stay for seven days. Make sure you gather up the amount of spirit stones I asked all of you to find." The young man stood on the longship and cast a cold look at the Immortals beside him.

The Immortal cultivators smiled wryly. A middle-aged man among them hesitated for a moment before he moved forward and spoke in a low voice.

"Young Lord, please extend the deadline. The amount of spirit stones you want is too great. We... need some time to prepare them..."

"Seven days, and not a single day more. If you can't gather up enough spirit stones, then... heh heh." The young man's face immediately turned cold.

"Young Lord..." An old man among the Immortals suddenly took a few steps forward and spoke up in a low voice. "It seems like you are very interested in this Yin Death Region. I have a method here that can allow you to enter Yin Death Region without touching the spirit talismans."

"Oh?" A glint immediately appeared in the young man's eyes, and he looked towards the old Immortal who'd just spoken. "Not bad. If the method you mentioned is truly useful, then I will give you a few more days. If that method does not work, then I will not change the deadline, but you will have to give me double the amount of spirit stones I want."

"Young Lord, do not worry. This way!" the old man immediately said, smiling faintly.

The other people hesitated for a moment, but none of them mentioned that the three Sovereigns and five Emperors had issued an order that forbade the activation of the Rune to send anyone down to the world of Berserkers. They could only activate it after the three Sovereigns and five Emperors had returned.

Several hours later, the thousands of longships spread out above the region that was filled with an endless number of continents in the Immortals' galaxy. The Immortals previously standing beside the young man now guided him towards the continent in the center, which was the place where Su Ming's physical body was kept on the altar.

The young man cast a look at Su Ming's physical body and asked coldly, as if he had just recalled something, "So he is that wench's older brother?"

"Young Lord, you are wise. He is indeed that person, and we need to use his physical body to activate the Rune that will allow us to descend, which is the method we use to enter Yin Death Region. But... we will need two days to prepare, and our levels of cultivation will be limited once we descend, so we cannot transfer a large number of people over."

"It doesn't matter. Dao Slaves 19, 21, 31, 41, 51, the five of you, come forth."

The young man was not at all bothered by what they'd said. As he spoke, five people from the black ships around them disappeared. When they reappeared, they were standing behind the young man.

"Activate the Rune. The five of them will protect you. Even if the three Sovereigns and five Emperors come here, they won't be able to do anything against me." The young man lifted his right hand, and a fan appeared in it as he spoke smugly.

As the Immortals' Rune was slowly activated, the moon above the land of Berserkers was bright, and the stars were few in the sky. A breeze blew across the sea, and the moonlight illuminated the waves in a pattern that made them look like silver foil. The breeze brought with it a humid air that crashed against the cliffs. Once the waves broke down without a sound, they were swept up by another gust of wind that came towards them and were sent spreading into places farther in the distance.

It had been two days since Su Ming returned to the ninth summit. At that moment, he was sitting on a cliff on the ninth summit. His expression was calm, but cautious. His

Atman was cast outwards in all directions, so he would immediately notice even the tiniest bit of movement.

His second senior brother was sitting cross-legged beside him, and he had his divine soul spread out to stir up all the power of Heavenly Phantoms in the entire land of Berserkers in order to awaken their eldest senior brother. As for Hu Zi, he was snoring on the ground, protecting their eldest senior brother's consciousness by Entering his Dream.

Whether it was second senior brother or Hu Zi, neither could be interrupted while casting their Arts, or else... not only would eldest senior brother be unable to wake up, even second senior brother and Hu Zi's lives might be endangered.

Su Ming's duty was to protect them!

Chapter 734: A Happy Smile

The protection Su Ming had to offer this time was incredibly important to him, to the point that it was even more important than his life, because... if anyone disturbed them while they were casting their Arts, causing them to fail, then not only would eldest senior brother not be able to wake up, it would be likely that he would never be able to wake up again. His consciousness would fade away, and he would... truly turn into a headless stone statue.

At the same time, Hu Zi, who was protecting eldest senior brother's consciousness, would also fall into a deep sleep he would be unable to wake up from when their eldest senior brother's consciousness dispersed. He would be like a person without a soul, and even if his physical body was fine, there would be nothing within it.

Su Ming's second senior brother was the person who was taking the lead in casting the Art and was using his body to activate his divine ability to stir up the Great Heavenly Phantom Art to awaken their eldest senior brother. If someone interrupted him and he failed in casting the Art, then the Heavenly Phantom Art would turn against him, and he would... become one of the Heavenly Phantoms that had no consciousness and will, which were also known as the fragmented souls in the world. He would then be doomed for all eternity.

Hu Zi knew the consequences of being disturbed, but he did not care, because it was for his eldest senior brother. Besides, he trusted his youngest junior brother. Su Ming would absolutely not let anyone come and disturb them, unless... he died.

However, if there was really anything that could threaten youngest junior brother's life, then even if they were not casting any Arts, they would still have only a slim chance to survive.

Second senior brother also knew about the consequences, and he would not do something that would put him at such a risk if the person involved was not from the ninth summit. However, since it was his eldest senior brother, then even if he had to pay an even bigger price than this, he would still make this choice.

They entrusted Su Ming with their lives, and to him, the three of them were incredibly precious existences. He... would not let anyone bother them.

Moonlight scattered on the ground. Su Ming was sitting cross-legged on the top of the mountain. He looked at his second senior brother, who had his eyes closed and was meditating as he dispersed his soul to fuse it with the world. He looked at Hu Zi, who was in deep sleep, and looked at the statue of his headless eldest senior brother. He still remembered what his second senior brother said before he began.

"The casting of this Art can take anywhere from three months to half a year... However, as long as the process goes smoothly, the Shaman Source Blood you retrieved will allow me to almost certainly be successful... in making our eldest senior brother wake up!"

Su Ming scattered his Atman and had it surround the entire ninth summit to sense the many Runes and seals he had placed around the mountain during the past few days to defend it. There were also some Runes Hu Zi had placed himself when he decided to be serious in casting his Arts.

It could be said that the circular area of ten thousand li around the ninth summit was filled with Runes and seals. All of this was the first layer of defense set in the periphery of the island.

There were also seals placed on the walls at the top of the mountain. Su Ming had been the one who placed them there.

He stayed the way he was, sitting cross-legged on a mountain rock, and sucked in a deep breath before beginning to silently protect everyone while waiting for eldest senior brother to wake up.

He looked forward to the happiness when their eldest senior brother woke up. All of them would gather together and head to the Alliance of the Western Region as well as the Northern Province. His senior brothers would accompany him to see whether Dark Mountain truly existed in the Alliance of the Western Region... and whether Lei Chen was an actual person.

Then, they would head to the land of Immortals together and search for their Master and purge the Immortals' galaxy.

As Su Ming thought about these things, he smiled happily, like a child. This smile was something that was rarely seen on him, and only when he was in the ninth summit would this smile show up so clearly. There was no scheming involved, and neither was there any form of plotting. There was only a warmth in this place that was akin to familial love.

The ninth summit was like home.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother, at his eldest senior brother, and at Hu Zi. Then, as he continued smiling, determination appeared in his eyes.

It did not matter who it was or what force of power it was, unless they stepped over his corpse, then he would absolutely not allow any form of disturbance to happen to the casting of this Art.

Days went by. The top of the ninth summit was filled with Runes, and even Yu Xuan and the others could only remain outside. If anyone showed any signs of breaking into the place, they would suffer severe attacks from Su Ming.

Not a single person was allowed to move even half a step toward the top of the mountain.

An oppressive atmosphere gradually surrounded the ninth summit, but there was a huge amount of understanding within the people despite the atmosphere. Everyone in the ninth summit was keeping to their promise to Su Ming and not stepping near the peak.

Days passed.

In Eastern Wastelands was a small tribe. This tribe was not big, and there were only about a couple hundred people in that tribe.

The mornings in the tribe would usually be filled with smoke. The children's voices as they played with their friends would be filled with joy, and the Berserkers who woke up early would go about doing their tasks. The men would hunt, and the women would take care of the elderly. In the peace that arrived when they were no longer threatened by the Immortals, they lived in happiness.

Yet when the eighth morning arrived, there was no smoke coming from the tribe in the morning, no joyful laughter as children played. There were only... shrill screams of pain which showed that whoever it was that screamed was now incredibly weakened.

Those screams were enough to make a person feel their hearts trembling once they heard them. They were the terrified screams of women as they cried out in despair.

There was dried up blood everywhere within the tribe. Corpses that belonged to the elderly, to men, to women, and children were scattered all over the ground.

Judging by the dried-up blood, it could be seen that these people had died several hours ago. Their expressions were filled with despair and confusion as they had died incredibly devastating deaths.

No signs of battle could be seen. It was as if this was a one-sided massacre.

There was even a child of four or five years old who was pinned to a tree. His weak body had already become icy cold a long time ago, but the pained expression on his pallid face was a telling sign of what sort of intense pain he had suffered as he died this way.

There were five aloof men standing outside a tent in the tribe. They were all dressed in black, and their robes were filled with starlight. They seemed to take no heed of the hundreds of corpses around them.

The women's shrill screams of pain were coming from the tent, and these sort of voices had been coming from different women through the entire night.

As if the sun was unwilling to see this devastating sight on the ground, when morning came, dark clouds gradually covered the bright sky, and rain started falling. While it poured down from the sky, the flap to the tent was lifted.

A young man walked out as he smoothed out his clothes. There were constellations on his clothes, and they were moving about slowly, making it look as if he was not part of this world.

This person was naturally the one the Immortals had addressed as 'Young Lord', the person whose status was incredibly high in Morning Dao Sect - Dao Yuan!

He held a fan in his hand and had an arrogant look on his face. When he moved, the tent's flap fell down. No one outside should have been able to see what was inside, but the wind that blew past lifted the flap, revealing the devastating sight inside.

There were more than ten women's corpses there, and all of them were naked. Their eyes were wide open, and the despair as well as the aura of death in their eyes were enough to make anger rage in all those who saw them.

"The Berserkers are really boring. They don't even have someone who is decently powerful. Their women are vulgar and a sorry sight, too. No one here is even the least bit pleasant to my eyes. The past few days have been barely tolerable, how boring."

The young man who held a fan shook his head, and a disappointed look appeared on his face as he walked outside the tribe.

He had been in the land of Berserkers for the past few days, and had went by the Alliance of the Western Region as well as the Northern Province. His guards had slaughtered more than a hundred tribes, and many of the women were humiliated and brutally killed in his hands, but he had not met even a single person or thing that caught his interest.

"But no matter what, they're people from Yin Death Region. Heh, I've toyed with plenty of Yin Death Women by now, I'll brag about it when I return to the sect."

The young man stepped on blood and on corpses as he moved forward. The five men in black behind him remained expressionless, as if nothing would be able to make them reveal what they thought, even the collapse of the sky or the shattering of the ground. There was an indistinct but thick murderous aura about their bodies, which was due to them being merciless people who had spilled a lot of blood.

Shocking waves were sealed in their bodies, causing no one to be able to see through their levels of cultivation. However, the people who had accompanied Dao Yuan into the land of Berserkers were clearly not weaklings.

Once the young man walked out of the dead tribe, he asked flatly, "It's about time now. Let's go to South Morning and have a look. Dao Slave 19, how's the Soulseek going on?"

"Young Master, I didn't manage to find the God of Berserkers, for this place restricts my divine sense... However, we've already moved through the other continents, so if the Berserkers truly have a God of Berserkers, he must be in South Morning," one of the five men in black said in a low voice.

"Then let's go to South Morning and then leave after. This place is boring, anyway." The young man closed his fan and walked into the air. The five Dao Slaves followed behind him and charged towards South Morning.

As they flew, the young man yawned. He would occasionally look at the ground, and his expression would be filled with scorn. In his eyes, these people were all uncivilized. They wore beast skins and sackcloths, and even those who were slightly better off were still a far cry from Morning Dao Sect.

"Primitive, but not barbarians. How uninteresting." The young man averted his gaze scornfully.

The five people behind him said nothing, following in silence. To them, it was not important whether this place was primitive or not. Their mission was to ensure their young master's safety while killing all those who their young master wanted dead.

Besides, to these five people, the land of Berserkers... was really so weak that none of the natives could withstand even a single blow. Even if there were a few Berserkers who barely passed their standards, they were at most between the First and Second Step. Crushing them would be like crushing ants.

There were only several spots they needed to pay attention to, like Eastern Wastelands Tower and Great Yu Imperial City, which was located in the spot where the Immortals descended. The five of them had automatically avoided those places, and neither did they tell the young man about it.

Soon after, by the time the young man had lost most of his interest and stopped looking at the ground, they left Eastern Wastelands and appeared above the Dead Sea.

"Young master, the Land of South Morning has shattered and turned into a countless amount of islands... Many of these islands are inhabited by Berserkers. There are three islands that are larger than the rest, and they should have the most people." One of the five men in black was holding onto a Feng Shui compass, and the entire topographic map was shown on it.

"Then let's go straight to the three biggest islands."

The young man yawned and swung his right arm. A black longship of a hundred feet immediately appeared before him. He stepped onto that longship, and when the other five people behind him moved onto the ship as well, it let out a swooshing sound and charged into the distance.

It traveled at a speed so quick that it disappeared without a trace in the blink of an eye.

Before long, the bored young man on the ship swept his gaze across the ground and brought up his fan. While holding onto it, he suddenly widened his eyes.

"Stop!"

He shouted out a command, and the longship instantly came to a halt in midair. The young man's gaze was trained on an island in the Dead Sea... and that... was Southern Swamp Island, where Fang Cang Lan was.

Chapter 735: The Enemy Arrives!

"Those two women are pretty good..."

A sinister glint appeared in Dao Yuan's eyes. With a single move, he walked out of the longship. He was looking at Southern Swamp Island, which was located right beneath him on the Dead Sea. At that moment, Fang Cang Lan was standing at the top of a mountain and looking into the distance. She was looking at the island where Freezing Sky Clan was located.

Wan Qiu was standing behind her. These two women might not be as breathtaking as Yu Xuan, but they were definitely still beautiful. There was also an ancient air to them, making the two of them look like orchids in spring and chrysanthemums in autumn. They were like two flowers growing off the same shoot, complementing each other.

Dao Yuan instinctively licked his lips and sneered.

"Not bad. I didn't think there'd be two pretty girls in this primitive place. They can already compare to my concubines." Dao Yuan opened the fan in his hand and pointed at the island underneath.

He then licked his lips and immediately said, "Dao Yuan 19, lead the others and slaughter the island. Don't hurt the two women there, but find out whether there are other women who are as pretty as they are,"

The five men in black wrapped their fists in their palms towards the young man with expressionless faces.

"Understood!"

Once these five people spoke, they immediately took a step forward. When they were about to descend on Southern Swamp Island, which was completely unaware of the danger hovering over it, the sky suddenly rumbled and shook so much that the weather changed. It looked as if waves of black fog had appeared high above. As it swept past, a chilling presence that was powerful enough to freeze hearts filled the area from all directions.

The five men in black who were about to descend on Southern Swap Island immediately spotted changes in their expressions. They stopped and swiftly returned to the young man's side. The young man was also momentarily stunned before he averted his gaze from Southern Swamp Island and looked around.

Waves of chilling air circled in the sky, but it was not centered in this place. They were just passing by and heading off to a location in the distance. The waves of chilling fog could not be seen clearly with the naked eye, but if anyone swept past the area with their divine sense, they would immediately find that it was not fog, but were distorted, fragmented souls.

Those fragmented souls were formed of humans and beasts. Their faces were illusory, and their expressions were lost, but they were all ferociously charging forward in a mad dash. It was because of their charge that the chilling air had gathered.

One of the men in black behind the young man immediately spoke in a low voice. "Heavenly Phantom Art! Young Master, there is someone casting this Art to stir up all the fragmented souls in this land to form the Heavenly Phantom's body!"

A glint appeared in Dao Yuan's eyes. He looked at Southern Swamp Island beneath him, then at the movements of the fragmented souls. An excited look gradually appeared in his eyes.

"Remember this location. We'll go and see who is casting this Heavenly Phantom Art first. He's definitely not some ordinary Berserker to be able to cast this Art. He might even be that so called God of Berserkers.

"We'll capture him alive, and I'll torture and kill his people in front of him. Ha ha! I've done quite a lot of things like this in the other worlds outside, but this is a first in Yin Death Region. It'll definitely be interesting. Once I return to the sect, I'll be able to brag about this to the others."

The young man laughed and moved back to the longship. Once the five men in black joined him, the longship turned into a long arc and disappeared from the spot, charging forward while following the chilling fragmented souls in the sky.

The black longship moved forward with extreme speed. Soon after, it moved past the various islands on the Dead Sea and came close to the three islands of South Morning.

The Dao Slave with the Feng Shui compass suddenly spotted a glint in his eyes. Several glowing spots lit up on the compass in his hand, which was showing the area where the three big islands of South Morning were located.

The Dao Slave with the Feng Shui compass swept his gaze past the compass and immediately said, "Young Master, there are several people here who are slightly more powerful. The person in God of Shamans Island is the strongest... He has already moved into the Second Step, but his aura is not pure.

"There's also a person on Freezing Sky Island. This person's level of cultivation cannot be ascertained. The fragmented souls and the chilling air are gathering there. He should be the one casting the Heavenly Phantom Art. But there are two other people beside him.

"One of them has a strange presence. He seems to be slightly similar to the tiger talisman in the world outside. The last one is in deep sleep due to grave injuries. His consciousness is very faint. The one casting that Heavenly Phantom Art must be thinking of using it to awaken this person."

That Feng Shui compass was definitely no ordinary object. The Dao Slave's experience and knowledge was also nothing to be scoffed at, or else he would not be able to tell so many things. However... he did not notice Su Ming's light on the Feng Shui compass.

The young man on the longship smiled coldly and controlled the ship so it would charge towards Freezing Sky Island, where Su Ming was. It was so quick that it arrived outside the island along the fragmented souls that filled the sky.

As a shocking boom reverberated in the air, the longship crashed straight into the defensive Rune on Freezing Sky Island without the slightest pause. The screen of light immediately distorted and was only able to maintain its form for the span of a breath before shattering with a bang. When it turned into an endless number of shards that scattered all over the place, the longship moved through the screen and charged into Freezing Sky Island!

At the instant the ship rushed inside, it did not stop and charged forward with a loud whoosh, heading straight towards the spot where the fragmented souls in the sky were gathering - the ninth summit!

Almost at the moment the longship broke the Rune outside Freezing Sky Island, Su Ming, who was sitting at the top of the ninth summit, opened his eyes. A bright light flickered in his eyes before immediately turning into a monstrous murderous aura.

The strength of that murderous aura surpassed what he had possessed when he fought against Di Tian in the land where the Immortals descend. He stared at the spot before him and spread out his Atman. Then, he saw... a longship in a long black arc charging towards this place from the distance!

He also saw the six people on the ship!

At this moment, the other people on the ninth summit felt the murderous aura coming from Su Ming's body as well as heard the loud crack that came when Freezing Sky Island's Rune collapsed.

Bai Su's expression changed. Yu Xuan, who had been frowning as she was immersed in her thoughts, lifted her head swiftly. The mutt that had originally been lying sprawled on the ground instantly stood up and glared at the distance. There was no longer any hint of laziness that could be detected on its expression, only graveness that had never before been seen on its face.

Almost at the instant Su Ming cast his gaze on the ship, bright starlight shone from Dao Yuan's Constellation Robe. The endless stars moving about looked normal, but when Su Ming saw them, he felt as if his heart and soul were about to be absorbed into them.

Without a single bit of hesitation, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed down on the mountain rock beneath him. With it, the originally empty sea in a circular area of ten

thousand li around the ninth summit instantly erupted with intense bangs. As those sounds rang in the air, the area within these ten thousand li instantly distorted and turned into an illusion, making it difficult to see.

Dao Yuan's laughter reverberated in the air, and there was a high and mighty, arrogant air contained in his mirth.

"Ignorant barbarians. My Daoist Robe is a supreme treasure that is only given to the direct descendants of those named Dao within Morning Dao Sect. If there is any divine sense that attempts to harm me, they will suffer a backlash from the Rune contained within the Daoist Robe. Your divine sense must be badly injured now, you ignorant barbarian. I don't even need to attack, and you are already near death.

"Dao Slaves, break the Runes. Your young master has seen that they are indeed gathering up the fragmented souls and using the Heavenly Phantom Art to cure someone. Heh heh, the thing I like most is to make other people suffer."

Dao Yuan laughed smugly and fanned himself with the fan in his hand. There was a prideful and arrogant look on his face, and he was feeling incredibly excited.

As he spoke, four of the five Dao Slaves behind him immediately stepped out. With aloof expressions on their faces, the four people closed in on the distortions within the ten thousand li of the ninth summit and lifted their right hands at the same time. They pushed together, and the distortions from the Rune shuddered, then released a loud noise. The sound that came from the tremor shook the sky and earth, and as that booming sound reverberated in the air, signs of cracking immediately appeared on the ten thousand li Rune.

"Well, you have some tricks up your sleeve, at least. A Rune that is capable of withstanding one strike from four of my Dao Slaves at the same time is not common... Attack at full strength!" Dao Yuan's eyes sparkled, and he became even more excited. He pointed towards the Rune with the fan in his right hand.

As that Rune shook, Su Ming's face paled slightly while he stood on the ninth summit. The suction force from the robe on that person's body just now had been incredibly powerful. If Su Ming had not immediately averted his gaze and used his full strength to activate the Rune and resist that power, the backlash might have been even stronger.

"Morning Dao Sect!"

Su Ming stood up with an incredibly dark face. He cast a look at his second senior brother, who was currently casting the Art to gather fragmented souls while freezing air continuously spread out from his body, and at Hu Zi, who had a faint smile on his lips as he slept. His smile was incredibly happy.

A resolute look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. With a swing of his arm, he swept up his senior brothers and sent them into Master's cave abode. Then, he immediately walked out of the Rune at the top of the mountain. At the instant he did so, a loud bang that surged into the sky instantly reverberated in the air. The ten thousand li defense crumbled at that moment, and its area of defense shrank to only five thousand li.

The sounds of collapse were still ongoing. Before long, this defensive Rune would completely shatter. The reason for its quick collapse was not because the Rune was not strong enough, but because... the enemy that had invaded the territory was too strong!

Almost at the time Su Ming walked down from the top of the mountain, hundreds of Berserkers came forward from all locations. Their faces were pale, but determined.

Yu Xuan's expression changed, and when she saw Su Ming, she immediately started telling him all that she knew. "That is Morning Dao Sect's battleship. These people are all wearing Constellation Robes, and those robes contain great defense. That person who just called himself young master should be a direct descendant of Morning Dao Sect! The people who broke the Rune are Dao Slaves, and their levels of cultivation are..."

"They are Lords of World Planes in the Third Step, and even though their power is limited here, the effects are not strong because of the Constellation Robes," the mutt said. Its voice was ancient, and as it spoke, a mighty wave of power spread out from its body.

At it stared at the distorting Rune that was continuously retreating, it added in a low voice, "Young Lady, I can only protect you and Little Su if were to leave right now. As for the others... it will be difficult for me to do so with the limitations placed upon me in the land of Berserkers."

Yu Xuan was momentarily stunned, then she looked at Su Ming with a pale face.

"Yu Xuan, go," Su Ming stated flatly.

He himself would not leave. This was the ninth summit. This was his home. His senior brothers were here. He would rather die here in battle and be buried with his senior brothers than abandon them. The choice to leave alone was never an option for him.

Chapter 736: Attack!

Yu Xuan's face was pale. She bit her bottom lip, and uncertainty appeared on her face.

Su Ming's face was calm. In his eyes was determination and a readiness to die. To him, this was a battle that he had absolutely no chance of winning. Five Immortals whose power did not suffer much of a limitation and could still show a power that belonged to Lords of World Planes in the Third Step was simply too much.

Just one of them could kill all of them as if he was squashing ants. Su Ming might not have truly fought against a cultivator in the Third Step before, but the memory of the killing sword's might was still fresh in his mind. It was a power that he absolutely could not hope to stand up to.

But what could he do? He could not give up the ninth summit and leave alone while abandoning his senior brothers who were casting their Arts. Since he could not do this, there was only one path left before him.

If they could not live together, then they could only die together!

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at his Master's cave abode. There was a reluctance to part on his face, but the determination on his face was greater.

The booming sounds were getting closer, and the Rune was falling back nonstop. In the blink of an eye, it only covered an area of a thousand li. The four Dao Slaves in the Third Step were suppressing and shattering the Rune step by step with their mighty power like they were cutting butter with a hot knife.

Su Ming lifted his right hand slowly and swung it against the sky. A large amount of purple fog immediately surrounded his body. Once it turned into the Undertaker of Evil's Armor, he seized the air with his right hand, and purple fog instantly surged to his hand and turned into the Undertaker of Evil's Spear!

He seized the freezing weapon, and murderousness entered his eyes. He stood on the ninth summit like a mountain. If there were storms and typhoons, they had to first crush him, or else, they would definitely not be able to take even half a step into the mountain.

"I am indebted to the ninth summit for granting me numerous years of peaceful life. You were also the one who saved my life, sir. Today... I will die together with the ninth summit!" An old man walked out from the hundreds of people around standing about. He looked at Su Ming, and there was a resolute look on his face as he spoke.

"That's right. The ninth summit has given us many years of peace. We are in times of crisis now, but why should we be afraid of death?!"

More people walked out slowly. Their eyes were filled with red. They might be afraid of their enemies' level of cultivation, but sometimes, there were some things that people needed to do no matter how frightened they were.

"The ninth summit is like our home. Fighting to death for it is the best possible ending for us disciples of Freezing Sky Clan!"

"Our levels of cultivation are low, but we have passion. Even if we die... we will have our blood spill on the ninth summit. Even if we die... we will have our bodies buried here!"

More voices spoke out in low tones, with determination lacing their words, and these voices erupted from the hundreds of people around Su Ming. There was not a single person who chose to back down. The hundreds of people who had lived in the ninth summit over the past few years had looks of determination mixed with madness on their faces. This was a fearless attitude towards death. It was a resolve that stated that if they were to die, they would die in the ninth summit.

Bai Su did not speak, but her expression and her act of not retreating symbolized her thoughts. She looked at Su Ming, and her expression was filled with gentleness. She suddenly felt that there were not many regrets in her life. If she could die here with Su Ming in battle, it would be a good end for her.

Qian Chen shuddered. The bald crane beside him had a face full of anguish. It wanted to run, and it had done this sort of thing plenty of times in the past due to its personality, but this time... it could not take even a single step away. It looked at Qian Chen, then at Su Ming, and finally at the cave abode at the top of the ninth summit. For the first time ever, madness appeared on its face.

'Darn it, I'll be a man with them this time! I'll fight against those people!'

"Young Lady, if we don't leave now, it'll be difficult for me to ensure your safety when those five people surround and attack us." The serious looking mutt had a grave expression on its face at that moment as it spoke in a low voice.

"I'm not leaving, either!"

Yu Xuan gritted her teeth. She told herself that Su Ming was the one she valued highly and he could sell for a good price. If she left and he died, then everything she had done to this point would be a waste of her strength, and it would be a business deal that would end in the largest loss of profit in her life.

There was no way Yu Xuan would accept such a deal.

Once Yu Xuan made her decision, she immediately asked, "Xiao Huang, how many of the five can you handle?"

The mutt fell silent for a moment, then it slowly said, "I don't have their Constellation Robes, so my power is limited in the land of Berserkers. I could... barely hold three of them for an hour."

"If I cast a secret Art, then I could... I could hold one of them back!" Yu Xuan gritted her teeth and said this to Su Ming while wondering anxiously why the two old folks she had sold Su Ming to had not arrived yet. It had been a long time since then, and she wondered whether they had run into some sort of accident.

Su Ming remained silent. At that moment, the booming sounds in the area were getting closer. The Rune had already shrunk to merely some hundreds of li due to the suppression. Dao Yuan's arrogant laughter finally reached in the midst of all the booming sounds.

"An hour..." Su Ming closed his eyes, then soon reopened them and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to Yu Xuan and the mutt. "I, Su... will remember your kindness!"

The mutt swiftly leapt forward, and a brown yellowish light erupted from its body. That light instantly reached far into a distance of a hundred thousand feet, and as a shocking roar reverberated in the air, its body transformed into a yellow dragon that was several tens of thousands of feet long.

The yellow dragon had a ferocious expression on its face. As it roared, it charged towards the shrinking Rune outside the ninth summit. At the same time, Yu Xuan brought out a crimson medicinal core with a pale face. Once she placed it in her mouth, she spun around and stepped out of the mountain, charging towards the four Dao Slaves who were destroying the Rune along with the yellow dragon.

When Su Ming saw Yu Xuan and the yellow dragon leave, a determined look that spoke of his readiness to die appeared on his face. His presence of Life Cultivation Realm erupted forth with a bang. An endless amount of snow and wind surrounded his body and swept him up. He turned into a long arc and charged out of the ninth summit, straight towards the Rune.

The hundreds of people on the ninth summit wore solemn expression. They stayed where they were to watch the shocking battle that was about to start. This battle would determine whether the ninth summit would survive.

The yellow dragon was the first to rush out. At the instant its body flew out of the Rune, it immediately brought a glint to the eyes of the four Dao Slaves who were casting their divine abilities on the Rune.

"World Traversing Abyss Dragon!"

"Emperor of Abyss' True World!"

The yellow dragon roared towards the sky, and the yellow light around its body instantly spread out to envelope three of the four people. The yellow dragon roared and flew towards the sky while the yellow light dragged the three slaves' bodies up after him.

"Damn it, this is indeed an evil place! This is a place that goes against Morning Dao Sect, or else why would a World Traversing Abyss Dragon from the Emperor of Abyss' True World appear here?!"

"Kill that dragon! Skin it! Kill it! I want to bring it back to the sect and hang it on my door!" Dao Yuan immediately shouted out loudly. There was not a hint of panic within him. Instead, he was feeling rather excited.

As his voice reverberated, a chilling glare appeared in the fourth Dao Slave's eyes. He flew up swiftly, but just as he was about to rush into the sky and fight against that yellow dragon, an angry feminine shout came from the distorting Rune, and Yu Xuan flew out in the form of a long arc like a goddess.

The medicinal core she had swallowed had some sort of unknown effect, because at that moment, there was a thick wave of Abyss Death Aura instantly spread out from her body. As that presence surrounded her, her face turned even paler, making her look like a corpse.

Once she flew out, that Abyss Death Aura immediately spread out and blocked the fourth Dao Slave's path.

The instant Yu Xuan revealed herself, Dao Yuan's eyes went wide, and as his body trembled, he let out a shrill shout that made his voice sound almost hoarse.

"How could there be such a beautiful woman in the world?! Dao Slave 51, capture her alive! You must capture her alive! Do not harm even a single strand of hair on her head! Capture her alive and bring her to me! I will make you Deputy Commander!"

"Dao Slave 19, go and help 51! You must capture that woman alive!" Dao Yuan was incredibly excited, and lust shone in his eyes. He looked as if he wanted to see through Yu Xuan's clothes right there and then. At that moment, he thought that his trip to the land of Berserkers was totally worth it.

The expressionless man in black, who was also the only remaining guard by his side, turned into a long arc and charged towards the spot where Yu Xuan was.

Yet before he could move even a thousand feet forward, a whirlwind formed by ice and snow charged out from the distorting Rune, and within that whirlwind was Su Ming.

He exited the Rune with a single step, but he did not charge towards Dao Slave 19. Instead, he rushed straight towards Dao Yuan.

He was traveling so quickly that there were afterimages behind him. With the Undertaker of Evil's Spear in hand and the snow around him, Su Ming's speed reached its limit.

A glint appeared in Dao Slave 19's eyes, and he gave up on moving towards Yu Xuan. Instead, he turned around to face Su Ming and lifted his right hand and pointed towards him.

Dao Yuan did not even move to dodge. A cold sneer appeared on his lips, and with arrogance, he looked at Su Ming approaching him. He was confident that this person would be immediately killed by his Dao Slaves before he could even get close to him.

Yet at the instant Dao Slave 19 pointed towards Su Ming, he turned the back of his palm downwards while his other palm was turned towards the sky, and he instantly activated Destiny.

This battle was incredibly crucial, and he could not afford to make even a single mistake. He had to attack... with his strongest move!

"That which exists between the past and the future is Destiny!" Su Ming swung his left hand at Dao Slave 19's finger. At the instant he swung his arm, the entire world's time seemed to change, and Dao Slave 19's finger froze in midair for an instant.

As that person's expression changed, a presence that belonged to a Lord of a World Plane immediately spread out from his body. A destructive power erupted forth with a bang from within him and broke through Su Ming's time reversal... but his finger had still frozen for an instant in midair.

That instant was a chance for Su Ming.

At the instant Dao Slave 19's finger froze because of Destiny, Su Ming appeared before Dao Yuan with a speed that surpassed lightning.

Dao Yuan stood stunned. Before he could manage to react to what was happening, Su Ming's Undertaker of Evil's Spear swept up the flying snow that contained the power of his Life Matrix. The snow had even turned slightly red, looking like the glow of autumn, when Su Ming... sent the spear straight towards Dao Yuan's forehead.

Chapter 737: Persecution!

This was a thrust filled with Su Ming's conviction. This was the strongest thrust he could bring forth at that moment. The tip of the spear had already turned into ice because it had fused with the death in Su Ming's Life Matrix, which had the power of midwinter.

The spear thrust sliced through the air and stirred up a piercing sound that was unpleasant to the ears. At the instant Su Ming thrust the spear forward, the killing sword

manifested before him and charged towards Dao Yuan with bloodlust right behind the long spear.

Even that Dao Slave 19 did not have the time to block this strike or save Dao Yuan. His eyes instantly turned red, and he took a swift step forward. His body distorted and he immediately appeared behind Su Ming... but he was still too late!

Almost at the moment Dao Slave 19 arrived, Su Ming's long spear touched the center of the stunned Dao Yuan's brows.

When it happened, a galaxy that stretched out limitlessly erupted from the moving Constellation Robe on Dao Yuan's body. The starlight was piercing to the eyes, and there was even a sharp presence akin to a needle from that light that would cause all the people who were touched by the starlight to feel intense pain as if their bodies had been stabbed by millions of swords.

At the instant a shocking boom reverberated in the world, a huge rebound spread out from Su Ming's Undertaker of Evil's Spear. That rebound surged into Su Ming's body, causing him to cough up a mouthful of blood.

As for Dao Yuan, his face had turned stark pale. He staggered a few steps backwards while starlight surrounded his body... but he was completely uninjured!

Yet even though his body was uninjured, fear had taken root in his heart. During that instant just now, he had clearly felt death coming towards him. It was especially so when he saw Su Ming's eyes. The madness in shook the heart of Dao Yuan, who had always abused his power, used the might that came with his family's name to lord over others, and committed all sorts of evil acts due to his status.

"There's no way you'll be able to break my Constellation Robe! Damn it, you—" Dao Yuan cried out shrilly, but before he could finish speaking, a shrill whistle reached his ears. It was the killing sword that was traveling right behind Su Ming's Undertaker of Evil's Spear.

This killing sword was the Immortals' supreme treasure. The sword spirit inside might have been injured when Su Ming was refining it, making it difficult for the sword to reach the power of killing all those beneath the Third Step... but it was still a killing sword, and its might was still not one to be underestimated.

At that moment, as it closed in through the midst of Dao Yuan's piercing screams, it stabbed the center of Dao Yuan's brows, right at the spot where the long spear had attacked.

Another shocking roar reverberated in the air. It came once more from the Constellation Robe on Dao Yuan's body rebounding the killing sword when it touched the center of

Dao Yuan's brows. The killing sword let out a grudging sword whistle and was pushed backwards.

Dao Yuan took a few steps back once more, and blood trickled out of the corner of his mouth. The spot between his brows might be uninjured... but the shock caused by Su Ming's spear and sword had injured Dao Yuan internally, because there was too big of a difference between his level of cultivation compared to that of his guards.

At that moment, Dao Slave 19 appeared behind Su Ming with killing intent and struck with his palm. The power of the Third Step was contained within his attack, and it pressed onto Su Ming.

He did not have the time to even turn around when the palm struck. However, he had already known how this would end when his first attack had failed to injure Dao Yuan, and he had made preparations. The moment the palm fell on him, a nine-colored light erupted from his body, and that light... came from the Five Direction Seal!

Once the seal appeared, Dao Slave 19's palm crashed into it. A shocking boom shook the sky and earth, and Su Ming coughed up a huge mouthful of blood, and his body tumbled to the side like a kite whose string was torn.

"Five Direction Seal? It's a pity you don't know the true way to use this treasure!"

Killing intent appeared in Dao Slave 19's eyes. He took a step forward, and with an even faster speed, he charged towards Su Ming. He had the confidence that Su Ming would die if he struck him again, even if he had that Five Direction Seal!

"Kill him! Kill him! How dare he hurt me?! You must kill him! Destroy his clan, wipe out his entire tribe, slaughter all his people!!" Dao Yuan screamed madly with a shrill voice not too far away.

He touched the corner of his lips. That blood terrified him. Even though he was not injured badly, this blood still caused fear to rise even more in his heart. His whole body trembled from the lingering fright.

As a person with the family name of Dao in Morning Dao Sect, he had numerous guards who were trained by his family to protect him since he was young. It wouldn't be wrong to say that he had never been injured since he was young, much less had blood trickle down the corners of his mouth.

The bloody stench in his mouth due to Su Ming's actions in the land of Berserkers was a first for Dao Yuan. From his fear, the thought of summoning the sect's army waiting outside the gates to rush into the land of Berserkers rose in his heart.

As his shrill screams reverberated in the air, Dao Slave 19 charged towards Su Ming. Right at the moment he was about to close in on him, Su Ming laughed brokenly, and a

resolute look appeared on his face. He gritted his teeth and tossed the Undertaker of Evil's Spear.

But he did not throw it towards Dao Slave 19, who was chasing after him. Instead... he threw the spear towards the screaming Dao Yuan who was wiping the blood from the corners of his mouth while his face was stark white from fear.

Su Ming's hate towards Dao Yuan was running so deep that it was already embedded in his bones. If he could kill this person before he died, then Su Ming would be satisfied.

Besides, he could not even hope to put up a fight against Dao Slave 19 chasing after him. He was already badly injured. The Five Direction Seal had actually showed signs of not being able to hold when Dao Slave 19 had struck just now. Clearly, it was because this item was Dao Chen's property in the past, and these people... were also from Morning Dao Sect. There was surely a connection between them.

That was why the best way to save himself was not to fight against that Dao Slave... but to persecute Dao Yuan!

When Su Ming threw his weapon, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear turned into a long arc that closed in on Dao Yuan while stirring up a sharp roar and a large amount of purple fog.

"Damn it, save me!"

Terror immediately appeared on Dao Yuan's face. He believed that he would not die due to the Constellation Robe, but the rebound just now had put him in an incredible state of discomfort. Fear had been lingering his heart to begin with, and when he saw the long spear charging towards him, he screamed out instinctively.

When Dao Yuan screamed, Su Ming gathered Destiny's power in his left hand and swung his arm at the Dao Slave. When the Art to change the flow of time was sued again, the Dao Slave's body froze abruptly once more.

Dao Slave 19's face became dark. In his eyes, this person was weak, but his plans were incredibly meticulous. That strange Art of his and his method of using Dao Yuan to threaten him restricted him in many ways. He couldn't gain initiative like this!

This intelligence, these methods, and this divine ability were things that Dao Slave 19 had never encountered before through his entire life of fighting and killing others. Murderous intent shone in his eyes, and he thought to himself that he had to quickly kill this person, or he would surely become a huge problem in the future because of his guile if he managed to escape from this disaster and grew up.

At the instant he stopped, he suddenly let out a shocking cry, and as his voice reverberated in the air, Su Ming coughed up blood. His ears rang, and his injuries became even worse.

Dao Slave 19's body might have stopped during that instant, but when his voice traveled forward, cracking sounds echoed in the air in front of Dao Yuan, and huge cracks immediately appeared in midair. By the looks of it, those cracks wanted to swallow the incoming Undertaker of Evil's Spear.

A resolute look appeared on Su Ming's face. His heart might be in great pain for what he was about to do next, but at that moment, he still let out a low shout without any hesitation.

"Undertaker of Evil's Spear... Explode!!"

At the instant Su Ming spoke, the Undertaker of Evil's Spear let out a cry filled with grief. It had been with Su Ming for a very, very long time, and that sorrowful cry was its reluctance to part with him, but it did not hesitate. At the instant it closed in on the dimensional cracks, it exploded with a bang.

The spear was created by the first God of Berserkers. With the first God of Berserkers' level of cultivation, the might of the Enchanted Treasures he created would definitely be nothing short of extraordinary. If it were not because Su Ming's level of cultivation was not high enough, then he would definitely have been able to bring forth more of this spear's power.

At that moment, when the Undertaker of Evil's Spear exploded, a destructive power erupted and spread in all directions with a bang.

Dao Yuan was the first to be struck by the explosion. The terror of death rose in his heart, and it was several times stronger than before. His face grew even whiter, and his pupils shrank.

Dao Slave 19's expression changed drastically as well, which had never happened before. He was already incredibly close to Su Ming at that moment, and if he lifted his hand, he could execute an Art to kill him... but he did not have the time. He could not bother with killing Su Ming. His hate towards his schemes and his method of using Dao Yuan to threaten him ran deep into Dao Slave 19's heart, but he could do nothing about it. If he continued chasing after Su Ming, then Dao Yuan would definitely be in danger. He gritted his teeth and turned around to chase after Dao Yuan.

A shocking boom that even managed to make Yu Xuan and the yellow dragon tremble rose into the nine heavens at that instant. The rumbles from the tremor turned into waves that madly spread out through the area. The final thought Su Ming had sent to the Undertaker of Evil's Spear before it exploded had made it so the power from the

explosion was limited to a very small area. This was why the effect to the other areas was not actually very powerful, despite the loud sound.

In the midst of the rumbling sounds, Su Ming fell backwards. His actions just now might have seemed dangerous, but every single step he took was part of his calculations. As he retreated, he coughed up blood once again. His face turned pale. He knew that he was heavily wounded... but he had to fight, because the ninth summit and his three senior brothers were right behind him.

At the instant Su Ming withdrew, he lifted his right hand, and the Welcoming of Deities appeared in his hand. He swallowed it without any hesitation.

When he did so and the rumbles around faded away, he saw Dao Slave 19 standing before Dao Yuan, right at the spot where the Undertaker of Evil's Spear had exploded. He was using his body to shield Dao Yuan. With a pale countenance, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, and his face instantly became much older. His Constellation Robe had also been torn during the explosion before eventually being shredded to pieces and scattered by the wind.

Judging by the man's aged looks, he had surely paid an incredibly huge price to protect himself and his charge from the self-destruction of the Undertaker of Evil's Spear. Yet even so, he had still been gravely injured.

Dao Yuan's face was even paler. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth once again, while the stars in the Constellation Robe on his body were spinning about rapidly. As blood trickled out of Dao Yuan's mouth, he let out a piercing screech.

"He hurt me! Kill him! KILL HIM!"

Chapter 738: Destroy 19!

There was an endless amount of rumbles at the spot where the three Dao Slaves were fighting against the yellow dragon in the sky. They were trying to break free of the yellow light's confinement and descend to the area where the others were fighting, but the yellow dragon's exhausted roars only made the yellow light become stronger. Clearly, the yellow dragon had brought out all the power it could possibly muster.

Yu Xuan's face was as pale as ashes. There was a thick wave of Abyss Death Aura spreading out from her body and circling around the area, causing others to be unable to see what was happening within her spot clearly. However, there were continuous booming sounds coming out from the place, and it was a telling sign as to how intense the battle was between that Dao Slave and Yu Xuan.

However, she wasn't a cultivator in the Third Step to begin with, which was why the medicinal core she had devoured made her suffer an incredibly powerful backlash. At that moment, it could be said that she was fighting while gritting her teeth and persevering even though she was completely drained of her strength.

She had no idea why she was doing this, either. If this was just a business deal, then she should not be so persistent about fighting, but every single time she wanted to give up and have the yellow dragon take her away, Su Ming's joyful smile when he was with his senior brothers would appear in her head.

There was a gentle and affectionate feeling within that smile that made Yu Xuan feel warm, and she was reluctant to part with it.

"Xuan Xuan, do you know why I gave you this name?"

Yu Xuan's most precious memory lying in the depths of her heart rose in front of her eyes at that moment. It was the only memory that could keep her company on the lonely nights in her cold house.

"My good daughter, don't be so mischievous now. Once I finish making this leather shirt, you won't be at the losing end of the stick when you go out and fight those other children again.

"I have to leave. I have to go to a place very far away from here. Xuan Xuan, don't cry... Remember what I told you before. Your name means that you must be strong and not be sad..."

Yu Xuan did not know why her most precious memory in her life would emerge during this fight.

'Perhaps it's this warmth that made me love this place... and it's making me not want to leave.' Tears fell from Yu Xuan's eyes.

"Mother..." she mumbled. She ignored the backlash she was suffering and the numb feeling that was gradually creeping into her body. She continued pushing her body past its limits, resolutely not allowing the Dao Slave to leave the Abyss Death Aura.

As the booming sounds from the Undertaker of Evil's Spear's explosion faded away outside the hundred li Rune around the ninth summit and underneath the places where the yellow dragon and Yu Xuan were fighting against their opponents, Dao Slave 19 and Dao Yuan's bodies were revealed above the sea.

"Who are you?!"

For the first time since Dao Slave 19 stepped into the land of Berserkers, he did not immediately obey and acknowledge Dao Yuan's command. Instead, he stared at Su Ming and asked slowly as he panted.

To him, the intelligence possessed by the young man standing before him was something that he rarely saw within others, and it was this guile of his that had managed to hurt Dao Slave 19 so badly even though the young man was at an extreme disadvantage. After all, this Berserker was only at the Second Step, and it was a telling sign of how strong he was to be able to do such a thing.

Morning Dao Sect should be trying to take in such a person instead of engaging him in a fight to the death, but all of this had become impossible due to Dao Yuan's hobbies and actions.

'I have to kill this person and not let him have the chance to grow. If he's capable of reaching the Second Step in the land of Berserkers, then someday in the future, he might possibly become... the second Lie Shan Xiu!'

A barely noticeable glint appeared in Dao Slave 19's eyes. As he circulated his cultivation base in his body, he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming.

"Perhaps this is a misunderstanding..." Just as he started to speak, Dao Yuan immediately let out a furious roar by his side.

"Dao Slave 19, shut up! I'm ordering you now to attack immediately! Kill him! KILL HIM!"

Dao Yuan glared Su Ming with a crazed look in his eyes. He had only been injured twice in his life. The first time had been by Su Ming's spear and sword, and the second time... was also because of Su Ming. This brought his hate for Su Ming to a level where he was deaf to all reason.

Dao Slave 19's expression changed, but he did not bother with Dao Yuan. He smiled towards Su Ming, and just as he was about to speak while still having his fist wrapped in his palm, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had completed his fusion with the Welcoming of Deities, and at that moment, he took a step forward without a single word.

He was able to tell that the Dao Slave was stalling time. Besides the injuries the Dao Slave had sustained, the shredding of his Constellation Robe would have brought a huge suppression of his power by the laws in the land of Berserkers. Su Ming had expected this beforehand, which was why he could tell that the Dao Slave wanted to stall for time to heal himself and wait for the other four Dao Slaves to come to his aid.

Su Ming could figure out this sort of thing with just one glance. He had not attacked just now and given the Dao Slave the span of a few breaths to recover because he had been fusing with the Welcoming of Deities. Now that the fusion was complete, he would absolutely not give the other any time to recover.

The moment Su Ming charged forward without a single word, Dao Slave 19's expression changed. He knew that this young man had figured out his actions. As his eyes sparkled, Dao Slave 19 lifted his right hand and seized the air. An endless amount of wind charged forward and gathered into a long green whip on his palm.

With a single move, the long whip in his hand swept through the air sideways and charged towards Su Ming. At the same time, the Dao Slave formed a seal with his left hand and pointed forward. An illusory starry sky immediately manifested before him. That sky covered an area of three thousand feet, and the starlight shining from within it instantly reached a blinding degree.

However, it was incredibly clear that Dao Slave 19 no longer possessed power in the Third Step. A huge, invisible power descended on his body that suppressed him, and without the Constellation Robe blocking this power, the Dao Slave... could only summon power that was equivalent to the middle stage of the Second Step.

Dao Yuan was completely unaware of this, and he was causing a frenzied ruckus on the side, but in the blink of an eye, his clamorous and unbridled voice fell silent, replaced by a sharp intake of breath followed by a piercing scream.

Even the Dao Slave's expression completely changed during that instant.

This was because once Su Ming took his third step forward, his body swelled up. As the area around him distorted, he took his fourth step forward, and in the blink of an eye, he turned into a Candle Dragon possessing a snake's body which was ten thousand feet tall!

The gigantic body, crimson scales, the presence that was filled with mighty a pressure, and the capturing of souls which belonged solely to the Candle Dragon was Su Ming's transformation after he took in the Welcoming of Deities!

Candle Dragon!

The instant a roar that shook the skies tumbled out from the Candle Dragon's mouth, Su Ming's power could no longer be categorized using the Berserkers' levels of cultivation. At that moment, his power was without equal, and he also possessed the complete set of the Candle Dragon's inborn divine abilities. As a rumble that signaled the tearing of space reverberated in the air, the Candle Dragon that was Su Ming swept its gigantic tail sideways towards Dao Slave 19 with an astonishing momentum.

Booming sounds echoed in the air as the Candle Dragon's tail crashed into the wind whip. Another bang shot up into the air, and as it resounded, the whip instantly crumbled. At the same time, the Candle Dragon's tail against the three thousand feet starlight.

As an even louder bang rang out, the three thousand feet starlight completely disintegrated, and the Candle Dragon's tail turned into a bloody mess. Yet even as it was falling apart, it still continued sweeping sideways and charging towards Dao Slave 19 as well as Dao Yuan who was behind him.

"Candle Dragon!"

As Dao Slave 19's expression changed drastically, he grabbed Dao Yuan and quickly retreated. At the same time, a sharp whistle tumbled out of his mouth.

That whistle seemed to contain a divine ability, which made the air before him distort as he retreated before turning into circles of waves that looked like the ripples on the surface of water. All of it was trying to block the gigantic tail charging over.

Booming sounds shook the sky as the Candle Dragon's tail swept sideways, and it broke all the ripples in the illusory surface of water before landing on Dao Slave 19's retreating body.

The Dao Slave's eyes went wide. He coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and used the massive power provided by the tails' momentum to retreat at an even faster speed while dragging Dao Yuan in tow. The Dao Slave's heart was in shock at that moment. This enemy from the Berserkers had caused wariness to appear in his heart. The youth had an endless variety of divine abilities and Enchanted Treasures, and he was incredibly intelligent. His plans were ingenious, and he could even transform into the ferocious Candle Dragon that could destroy worlds.

If Dao Slave 19 was thinking this way, then it was even more so for Dao Yuan. He was almost scared out of his wits. With a pale face, he looked at the gigantic creature Su Ming had transformed into, and he suddenly began to regret taking this trip.

Su Ming knew that he could not stay too long in the form of the Candle Dragon and that he was badly wounded. Once he swiped his tail sideways, he lifted the head of his gigantic body and opened his mouth wide to suck in a deep breath. Just as he was about to use the Candle Dragon's inborn divine abilities to devour Dao Slave 19 and Dao Yuan, a furious roar came from behind him.

It was... from Dao Slave 21, who was fighting against Yu Xuan!

Dao Slave 21 charged towards Su Ming without a second thought. Yu Xuan coughed up blood behind him and staggered backwards with a face as pale as that of a corpse. She had done everything that she could and had taken up a lot of Dao Slave 21's time, but this was already her limit.

In fact, she had even used her own life... but she still could not continue holding him back.

As she fell back, she coughed up blood once again and tears fell from her eyes. There was a slightly absent-minded look on her face, and she was the only one who could hear her mother's gentle voice ringing in her ears from her memories.

"Xuan Xuan, you must stay strong... I'm about to go to a place far, far away. I wish you happiness... I wish that my daughter will be happy throughout her whole life..."

"Mother..." Yu Xuan mumbled.

If Dao Slave 19 and Dao Yuan had not been in danger, Dao Slave 21, who had broken out of the confinement from Abyss Death Aura, would have definitely captured Yu Xuan first, but he was currently worried about Dao Yuan, and hence did not bother with the woman he'd just fought. With the fastest speed he could muster, he appeared beside the Candle Dragon that was Su Ming. When he lifted his right hand, his entire arm looked as if it had disappeared and was replaced by an array of stars. It fused together with the stars on his robe, and he pushed his palm towards the Candle Dragon.

Madness appeared in Su Ming's eyes. All the plans he had concocted previously had finally got him this chance, yet a fine line existed between what one planned and what could be achieved. Sometimes something would occur to alter all plans.

At that moment, as Su Ming was threatened by that palm strike coming at him from behind he activated all of the Candle Dragon's power without any hesitation. He opened his mouth and sucked in a breath. Instantly, Dao Yuan and Dao Slave 19's bodies started flying back against their will.

But at that moment, Dao Slave 21's palm struck the Candle Dragon's head.

As a shocking boom reverberated in the air, Dao Slave 19's body turned into a long arc and was devoured by the Candle Dragon that was Su Ming, but there was not enough time to devour Dao Yuan as well. The dragon's body fell to pieces from the strike.

Once that happened, the Welcoming of Deities disintegrated and was completely destroyed. Su Ming's body revealed itself, and he retreated swiftly while coughing up blood.

Dao Yuan's body was trembling violently due to his fear, but he did not stop shouting, "Kill him, skin him, tear out his bones, seal his soul! KILL HIM!"

Dao Slave 21's eyes were bloodshot. He could sense that Dao Slave 19's presence had disappeared. A wave of anger and sorrow filled his heart and body, and he charged straight at Su Ming.

Chapter 739: Sacred Constellation Robe!

All the things Su Ming had done from the moment he stepped out of the ninth summit to the moment he used the Candle Dragon's body to devour Dao Slave 19 were his limit. It was him gaining complete control over the situation after laying various schemes against Dao Slave 19. He had not gotten close to Dao Slave 19 and fought directly against him, but had chosen to use Dao Yuan's safety as a distraction. By threaten him with a barrage of attacks as if he was storming his enemy's lair, he had made Dao Slave 19 lose initiative and be restricted every time he tried to move.

The might of the Third Step was something Su Ming could not hope to stand up to. His body might be incredibly tough, but the difference in their levels of cultivation was enough to make him unable to last long under Dao Slave 19's barrage of divine abilities and collapse.

This was still the land of Berserkers. The suppression placed on the Dao Slaves' power might not be serious, but they were more or less affected, which prevented them from using some of their divine abilities as freely as they could in the outside world. Yet even so, Su Ming had still paid a heavy price for his actions.

And he hadn't even managed to kill Dao Yuan.

At that moment, as Su Ming quickly fell backwards, blood continued trickling out of his mouth. He glared at Dao Yuan, who was still causing a ruckus in the distance, and at Dao Slave 21, who was charging towards him.

Su Ming knew that he could not hope to stand up against such powerful enemies. However, even if he was as weak as an ant in front of these people, he would still have the courage to fight against them and bare his fangs.

"I've fought countless battles in my life, and I've barely escaped death many times. This disaster today is even more difficult than when Di Tian descended... but for the ninth summit, dying is nothing."

Su Ming laughed towards the sky. In this time of crisis, he had found himself being able to let go of everything. As he retreated, he lifted his left hand with the back of his hand turned downwards and his palm turned upwards. He brought out his full power as Destiny and pushed his palm against the center of his brows.

His current appearance was no longer that of a teenager, but a young man. This was a transformation that happened to him when he stepped into Life Cultivation Realm.

At that moment, when Su Ming pressed his left hand against the center of his brows, the power of Destiny erupted from his body with a bang. The shadows of an infant and a purple-haired man appeared behind Su Ming's body. These two shadows instantly

began to overlap with Su Ming's body, but Dao Slave 21 closed in on him with a single step.

The strength of this Dao Slave, who could still bring out the power of the Third Step even in the land of Berserkers, was something that the three Sovereigns and five Emperors could not hope to compare to even in the world outside. In fact, they were not even within the same level. They might also be Lords of World Planes, but those who had just reached the Third Step shared the same title as those who had reached the later stage of the Third Step.

The five Dao Slaves had just reached the initial stage of the Third Step, but their power only suffered a slight suppression in the land of Berserkers. They could bring out power that was between the Second and Third Step.

All of this was due to the Constellation Robes they wore. There were not just five of these Constellation Robes, either. All the people standing in the various ships within the Immortals' galaxy were wearing these Constellation Robes.

In general, these robes had the power to resist the power of the laws in the land of Berserkers and allow a person's level of cultivation to not suffer too many limitations. If one considered that, the Immortals should be trying to obtain a large amount of those robes so that they would not be affected when they descended, but despite the great numbers of those robes, only Morning Dao Sect disciples could obtain them.

The Immortals were only vassals under a faction of power that belonged to Morning Dao Sect. They were not allowed to possess Constellation Robes.

This was one of the reasons why they didn't have them, while the other one was that all of these Constellation Robes were... Subsidiary Constellation Robes!

On their own, these robes would not possess such strange abilities, and neither would they cause their wearer to not be limited by the laws in the land of Berserkers. The reason why the Subsidiary Constellation Robes possessed such might was... in Sacred Constellation Robe on Dao Yuan's body.

All people who wore Subsidiary Constellation Robes had to listen to the person wearing Sacred Constellation Robe as if they were soldiers listening to the orders from a command center. They could not go against those orders. It was akin to a form of control, but it would not affect the wearer's intelligence and mind. It was just that they would now have a master within their thoughts.

This master was the wearer of that Sacred Constellation Robe, and he owned all Subsidiary Constellation Robes they wore.

Only while Sacred Constellation Robe existed could its subsidiaries not be too affected by the power of the laws in the land of Berserkers.

If Immortals wanted to obtain Subsidiary Constellation Robes, they would have to become slaves to someone. If they did not want to do so and sought to possess Sacred Constellation Robe by themselves, they would be faced with the threat of their race's complete annihilation.

Sacred Constellation Robes could only be possessed by those who bore the family name of Dao in Morning Dao Sect. It did not matter what sort of level of cultivation they possessed or what personality they had, as long as a person was a direct descent of the Dao family, they could build up their own faction with their Sacred Constellation Robe.

If the power of one's faction grew, their Sacred Constellation Robe would also be able to bring forth greater might. In fact, it could even allow the power of that direct descendant of the Dao family to increase exponentially.

With Dao Yuan's personality and his level of cultivation, the strength of the group he formed was at the very bottom of Morning Dao Sect. He only had a couple thousands of cultivators with him, and the only ones who had power in the Third Step were Dao Slave 19, 21, 31, 41, and 51—these five people.

The other people's levels of cultivation were mixed, and the strongest besides these five people had only attained great completion in the Second Step.

That was why even though Dao Yuan had passed by the Immortals, who were vassals under Morning Dao Sect, people like Di Tian and the other from the three Sovereigns and Five Emperors did not bother with him, much less came to pay respect to him. He was simply one of the many young lords in Morning Dao Sect.

The five Dao Slaves who were in the Third Step had been able to bring out an incredibly great power in the land of Berserkers due to the Subsidiary Constellation Robes they wore under the control of Sacred Constellation Robe, and it was the reason why they had become such a great disaster to Su Ming.

At that moment, as Su Ming executed the power of Destiny, Dao Slave 21's face turned dark. He was going to obey Dao Yuan's orders to kill Su Ming. In his eyes, this youth was a despicable and shameless person who only knew how to use schemes and tricks. If the two of them faced head on, Dao Slave 21 was confident that he could kill him in just one strike.

At the instant he closed in on Su Ming with a dark expression on his face, a dark light shone in Su Ming's eyes. The infant's illusion and the purple haired man's shadow were rapidly fusing together around him. Right then, a wave of Abyss Death Aura which brought with it a sense of familiarity to Su Ming's soul erupted behind him.

Yu Xuan took a step forward from behind Su Ming with a face as pale as that of a corpse and lifted her right hand in front of him and pushed her palm towards the incoming Dao Slave 21.

As she did so, a powerful wave of Abyss Death Aura erupted from her body, crashing into the incoming Dao Slave 21 with a bang.

"You're just asking for death!"

Dao Slave 21 let out a cold harrumph, not bothering to dodge. He merely pointed at Yu Xuan's palm. A star seemed to gather on his finger, letting out a piercing light. At the instant it crashed into Yu Xuan's palm, a loud bang surged into the sky, and Yu Xuan coughed up blood and staggered backwards. Even her eyes lost their usual sparkle.

At that moment, the shadows of the infant and the purple-haired man fused together around Su Ming. His hair instantly turned gray, and his body transformed into that of a seven-to-eight-year-old boy. A thick wave of aura that was incredibly similar to Yu Xuan's Abyss Death Aura erupted from Su Ming's body.

His face turned pale, akin to that of a dead person. At that moment, he looked extremely similar to Yu Xuan, who was by his side. It was as if they had been cut from the same cloth.

A gray light shone in Su Ming's eyes. At the instant Yu Xuan moved back, he charged towards Dao Slave 21 without any hesitation. When he lifted his right hand, he swung it forward, and the world immediately rumbled. A law dictating time to flow in reverse filled the area and forced Dao Slave 21's body to freeze for a moment, but only a moment.

Yet it was enough for Su Ming to swiftly raise the killing sword in his right hand and slice diagonally before himself. When the sword passed before Su Ming like a bolt of lightning, Yu Xuan gritted her teeth and rushed forward again to fight against Dao Slave 21 together with Su Ming.

Booming sounds surged into the sky. Su Ming coughed up blood when he fell back once more, and Yu Xuan followed after him with broken laughter. Even if the two of them attacked together, they could only make Dao Slave 21 sway a little. Very soon, powerful starlight filled the area around Dao Slave 21, and he charged towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan.

"Die, both of you!"

Dao Slave 21's face was twisted with ferociousness. He took a step forward, and an even louder bang rang out. Su Ming's entire body trembled, and he fell back like a kite whose string was snapped. As he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his injuries reached a point where he was almost near death. Yu Xuan was in the same state. In her

anguish, she looked at Dao Slave 21 walking over from the distance, then turned her head around to look at Su Ming.

Dao Yuan excited screams reached them at that moment. "Haha, kill the man and leave the woman! Damn it, I'll definitely tear out his bones and skin him! I'll make him regret hurting me even if he dies!"

Dao Slave 21 nodded. He took a step forward and closed in on Su Ming and Yu Xuan who were less than a hundred feet away. The Dao Slave's face was twisted with savagery, and at the instant killing intent shone in his eyes, the starlight around him turned into rays of light that were light sharp needles. When he lifted them in his right hand, those sharp needles burst forth with a bang.

Just as they were about to charge towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan, Su Ming bit the tip of his tongue, making his consciousness, which had become muddled due to his grave injuries, clear up slightly. There was no despair in his eyes, only calmness. It was a fearlessness in the face of death.

Almost at the instant Dao Slave 21 came close, Su Ming grabbed Yu Xuan with his right hand. This was the first time he took hold of her hand, and he found out that it was icy cold, just like a corpse's.

"Are you afraid?" Su Ming asked with a smile.

"No." Yu Xuan was momentarily stunned before a beautiful smile bloomed on her pale lips, which still had blood trickling down their corners. She shook her head.

Su Ming pulled her behind himself without any hesitation. At the same time, he lifted his left hand and swung it in the air. The world rumbled, and in the midst of a layer of distortions in the air, Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared, blocking him and Yu Xuan behind while facing Dao Slave 21's star divine ability.

Dao Slave 21's lips curled up in a cold sneer. He activated all his power and turned it into an endless amount of starlight that closed in on Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers within an instant. A loud rumble shook the sky and earth, reverberating in the air, and during that instant, with just one strike, Su Ming's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered to pieces. The starlight shot through, then, causing Su Ming to cough up blood. Injuries opened up all over his body, and blood covered him. His consciousness faded away.

Yu Xuan was in a slightly better condition. She dragged Su Ming back with her as she retreated, while blood trickled down the corners of her mouth. Despair appeared on her face.

Chapter 740: Devastation!

Dao Slave 21 let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward. He was confident that he could definitely kill these two people with his next strike! Almost the moment he moved forward, Dao Yuan flew out from behind him and charged towards Su Ming.

"Dao Slave, move back, I'll do this personally! Didn't you want to kill me just now? I'll have a taste of your woman right in front of your face, and I'll make sure you see it!" As Dao Yuan laughed maniacally, he closed in on the pair. As for Su Ming and Yu Xuan, they were already close to the Rune around the ninth summit.

Dao Slave 21 paused in his movements and let his young master fly past him towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan. Yet at the moment Dao Yuan lifted his right hand to seize Yu Xuan, a great presence that filled the hearts of all those who felt with shock and fear suddenly erupted from over there.

The strength of that presence was so great that it caused the world to quiver and an endless amount of whirlpools to appear in the sea. It made the sky tremble as it quivered, and even the yellow light as well as the three Dao Slaves that were fighting against it felt their hearts tremble.

"This is your Grandpa Crane's territory! I was taking a nap here, and you dare to come and offend me?! Begone!" A voice filled with a mighty pressure came from the ninth summit with an intensity that shook the sky and earth.

Not only did this powerful presence cause the hearts of the three Dao Slaves to shudder at the instant it appeared, it also shocked Dao Yuan, who was about to execute a divine ability to kill Su Ming, and Dao Yuan 21.

"This is... This is Solar Kalpa's presence!"

Dao Yuan 21's expression changed drastically. He did not have time to think. He seized Dao Yuan, who was stunned with fear, and turned into a long arc that charged backwards.

Dao Yuan screamed. As he shuddered, shock and terror appeared on his face.

"Solar Kalpa's presence! There's no doubt about this! This is a great cultivator who has reached Solar Kalpa Realm! He's only one step away from reaching Plane Kalpa!"

Dao Slave 21's face turned stark pale. His mind was in a mess. He had not expected... to run into such a dangerous situation in the land of Berserkers.

But at that moment, a hint of doubt rose in his heart. He immediately lifted his right hand, and a resolute look appeared on his face. An item appeared on his palm, and he crushed it.

It was a green medicinal core. At the instant the Dao Slave crushed it, a shocking boom swiftly spread out.

As that sound reverberated in the air, the world trembled. A wave of ripples spread out towards the area, but there was not a great amount of lethal force within those ripples. Instead, the green light shining from within simply spread out and covered a circular area of several hundreds of li.

Dao Slave 21 stared at that green light and watched it cover those hundreds of li. His face remained unchanged for a moment before a strange emotion mixed with anger took over.

"You're not a cultivator in Solar Kalpa Realm! Young Master, there is no cultivator in Solar Kalpa Realm here, that is just a Dao Illusion Art!"

Once Dao Slave 21 roared those words out, he no longer retreated. Instead, he charged once again towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan. Dao Yuan was momentarily stunned by his side. He knew that the medicinal core his slave had used was Morning Dao Sect's Kalpa Seeking Core. That core could test whether there was any power that belonged to Plane Kalpas within a region, and it could also determine whether there was anyone who had reached Plane Kalpa Realm in that area.

If its color changed, it meant that there was someone with the power of Plane Kalpa around, or it could be that there was simply some power that belonged to Plane Kalpas in the area. Yet the medicinal core had spread out to several hundreds of li just now, but the color did not change, which could only mean that... no matter what he'd felt when the presence moments ago had spread out, there was no one with the power of Plane Kalpa Realm in this place. That was the truth.

Once Dao Yuan registered this, he fumed in rage and exasperation before charging back towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan, whose consciousness was already muddled at that point. He was so quick that he arrived in the blink of an eye and even roared at them.

"How dare you lie to me?! I'll kill all of you with my hands one by one! Dao Slave 21, protect me! Watch as I crush their bones and scatter their ashes!"

Dao Yuan charged forward. He closed in on Su Ming And Yu Xuan, then lifted his right hand, about to seize Su Ming, but at that moment, furious roars came from the hundred li Rune.

They were immediately followed by shadows of people flying out.

Those were... the people who now lived in the ninth summit. They had chosen to die in battle to protect the ninth summit as well as Su Ming.

At the moment of crisis, they rushed out without any hesitation. The person at the very front of the crowd was an old man. He had already reached Berserker Soul Realm, but his level was not high. At the instant he walked out, he charged towards Dao Yuan without a care for his own life in an attempt to stop him from killing Su Ming and Yu Xuan.

"You're just asking for death!"

Dao Yuan let out a shrill screech. He changed the direction of his right hand to punch the old man's body, but at the instant his fist was about to touch him, a bizarre smile appeared on the old man's face and his body exploded with a bang.

As he exploded, his cultivation base erupted, and the waves of power that burst forth charged towards Dao Yuan. Blood gushed into the air and splashed all over the area. A large amount of it fell on Su Ming and Yu Xuan's bodies. Su Ming's consciousness was about to completely fade away due to his injuries, but when the body fell on him, thick bloody lines immediately appeared in his eyes.

His consciousness quickly returned to his body. He trembled. In his ears, he heard the old man's laughter before he died.

"Sir Su Ming, I've been under the care of the ninth summit for many years! Now, I will use my death to repay your kindness!"

As the old man died, one person after another charged out of the Rune. Some of them even grabbed Su Ming and Yu Xuan to drag them back into the Rune.

One after another, these people charged out. One after another, the rumbles from self-destructions shot up into the air, affecting Dao Yuan. The roars from those explosions continued, and in the blink of an eye, more than ten people had chosen self-destruction.

"Sir Su Ming, I, Chen, am here to repay your kindness!"

"Sir Su, I, Xu, will repay your kindness with my death today!"

"I will repay your kindness with my death! Sir Su Ming, if we reincarnate, let us meet again in our next lives!"

One after another, long strings of laughter before their owners' deaths rang in the air. More and more people rushed out and chose self-destruction to hold Dao Yuan back and save Su Ming. All of this brought Su Ming's consciousness back. He... regained his senses, but he could not summon even a single bit of power. His injuries left him at death's door.

His eyes turned red. He could only watch these people die, hear them declare their intention to repay his kindness. As his body trembled, he let out a hoarse roar.

More people flew past him. Among them were the elderly and the young. These were his people who lived in the ninth summit. At that moment, they were using blood and self-destruction to complete the promise they had made when they were allowed to stay in the ninth summit.

To protect the summit, even if they died.

Tears fell from Yu Xuan's eyes. She watched all of this with a blank stare, looked at these people dying, heard their voices as well as Su Ming's hoarse roars. More and more tears fell from her eyes.

Dao Yuan was forcefully held back and could only watch as Su Ming and Yu Xuan were dragged back into the Rune. In his anger, Dao Slave 21 took a step forward and lifted his right hand before swinging it in front of himself aloofly. Immediately, a large number of the people who had rushed out of the Rune crumbled before they could self-destruct.

The hundred li Rune also started trembling violently. Once Dao Slave 21 closed in on it and struck it with his palm, the starlight that erupted from his hand caused the Rune to begin collapsing again.

As it collapsed and Dao Slave 21 continued to attack, the hundred li Rune shrank to eighty lis, sixty lis, forty lis... Dao Slave 21's expression was cold and aloof as he continued to destroy the Rune and slaughtered all the people who flew out from the ninth summit.

Dao Yuan was behind him. His face was filled with bloodthirst as he charged forward excitedly.

Su Ming and Yu Xuan were held by four residents of the ninth summit within the Rune, and these people were charging forward desperately, intending to send the two of them back to the ninth summit. Tears fell from their eyes as they listened to the booming sounds ringing in their ears. They knew full well what they meant. With each rumble, not only did the Rune collapse a little bit more, a number of their comrades also died.

When the Rune collapsed to only ten lis, the four people holding onto Su Ming and Yu Xuan let out a roar in unison and pushed Yu Xuan as well as Su Ming in the direction of the ninth summit before turning around and choosing to self-destruct. There was no hint of hesitation in their actions. As the four of them exploded at the same time, the explosion and the stirred up rumbles charged towards Dao Slave 21, who had instantly closed in on them.

Yet to Dao Slave 21, these four people's explosions were nothing. He shot through without care and stretched out his hand towards Su Ming and Yu Xuan's bodies, like a cat toying with a mouse.

Yet at the instant he was about to catch them, more than a hundred people flew out and charged past Su Ming and Yu Xuan's bodies. They blocked Dao Slave 21's path forward, while another three people caught hold of Su Ming and Yu Xuan began to swiftly drag them backwards.

Su Ming's heart bled. His hoarse roars were reverberating in the air... but he could not make even a single bit of his cultivation base stir. His injuries were too grave, so grave that if he had not been in Life Cultivation Realm, he would have already died.

Even if his body was continuously recovering, the speed of its recovery could not match up to the rate of it being destroyed. At that moment, there were rays of starlight that were continuously destroying all signs of his life.

Blood continued seeping out from his wounds.

Yu Xuan felt the same way as he. Besides tears, only despair seemed to remain on her dazed face.

Su Ming could only watch these people who were shielding him and blocking Dao Slave 21's path be instantly enveloped in starlight. There were no screams, no rumbles. There was only blood and flesh flying in the air once the starlight faded away.

All of them died...

Su Ming was not too familiar with these people. He had only saved them when he killed Si Ma Xin all those years ago and let them treat the ninth summit as their home, yet on this day, they used their lives to repay his kindness.

However, this so called kindness he'd showed was nothing to Su Ming, while the deeds they did to repay it were too great!

The three people holding onto Su Ming and Yu Xuan were weeping as they rushed away. They were already less than ten thousand feet away from the ninth summit, but even so, what could they do after they closed this distance? Under Dao Slave 21's moderately paced execution of his divine abilities, under that power which they could not hope to stand against after Su Ming had lost his power... everything seemed to have already been set in stone and could not change.

However, in this situation where things could no longer change, Su Ming saw just how importantly people regarded kindness. Even if they knew it was useless, they still continued to give away their lives for him.

This made tears of blood flow from Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 741: Three Seals!

When the three people tossed Su Ming and Yu Xuan to the ninth summit, they rushed back straight towards the incoming Dao Slave 21. In the midst of the booming sounds that signaled death, Su Ming let out the shrillest roar in his life.

As he roared, Dao Slave 21 walked out of the blood mist caused by the trio's self-destruction with an aloof face. Dao Yuan had an excited expression on his face as he followed right after.

At that moment, Su Ming and Yu Xuan were still five thousand feet away from the ninth summit, but it was useless. Even if they managed to reach the ninth summit, it was useless... In Yu Xuan's ears echoed her mother's voice. As that voice rang, her mind gradually came out of its muddled state, and she looked at Su Ming.

"Do you know why I'm called Yu Xuan...? The meaning for Xuan is daylily, and it is a type of flower that forgets sadness. I'm a daylily in the rain. This is the name my mother gave me. She wanted me to forget sadness in my life and be happy forever... My mother is calling me now. I'll be leaving to reunite with my mother... Before I leave, I'll give you a gift."

A smile appeared on her face. That smile was incredibly sincere and beautiful. She looked at Su Ming and held him gently as she kissed his blood-stained lips.

At the instant her lips touched Su Ming's, a wave of Abyss Death Aura moved from her mouth into Su Ming's body and fused with his soul. The aura turned into a roar inside Su Ming, and he felt as if his soul began to boil.

Yet as it happened, Yu Xuan's lips became colder. Gradually, the sparkle in her eyes disappeared completely, leaving behind only dullness.

"This time, I really suffered a huge loss... but I'm really happy... to have gotten to know you." Yu Xuan released her grip, and her body plunged to the ground.

Su Ming felt as if his soul was burning. Waves of pain washed over him, but he could sense that his soul was madly swelling up. This feeling was enough to drive him mad. It was as if his blood had been awakened and as if his soul was going through a metamorphosis. During that moment, a feeling of strength came along with the pain, and it was increasing at a frenzied pace.

Su Ming did not know what Yu Xuan had given to him, but he did know that it was what his soul had been lacking. The breath she gave him was familiar somehow, and it was something seemed to have completed his soul.

The instant Abyss' Awakening erupted in Su Ming's soul, intense pain submerged him. He roared shrilly from it. He extended his arm without any hesitation grabbed the hand

of Yu Xuan, who had now lost her consciousness and who was uncertain to survive this. It was as if Su Ming wanted to take hold of Yu Xuan's body and save it from plunging to the ground.

Yet Dao Slave 21 had already moved towards him. His lifted right hand was shining with starlight. Right at the instant it was about to land on Su Ming, a person walked out from the distortions within the five thousand feet behind Su Ming. It was... Bai Su.

She was dressed in white and was incredibly beautiful. There was a smile on her face, and within her smile as well as her gaze was a wild beauty. She moved past Su Ming and rushed towards Dao Slave 21 like a moth having seen a flame.

At that instant, the presence of self-destruction surrounded her body. That presence was like the water from the river in the sky spilling onto the ground, just like her Life...

"I can, too..." These were the final words Bai Su said before she self-destructed. As she spoke, a loud boom that surged into the sky reverberated in the air before Su Ming.

As those booms roared, Su Ming watched Bai Su disappear, and he went mad.

A white piece of fabric fell back and moved past his side as the shockwaves from the explosion spread out. He wanted to grab it... but he did not manage to. The white piece of fabric flew farther and farther away. He wanted to grab it... but he would have to let go of Yu Xuan's hand to do so.

He wanted to grab it... but that white piece of fabric flew farther and farther. His grip on Yu Xuan's hand gradually lost strength, because the intense pain spreading through his soul was unbearable. It was a feeling as if his soul was about to erupt, a crazed feeling as if he was about to awaken.

When Yu Xuan's hand slipped out of Su Ming's grip because he had lost his strength, her body plunged to the ground. Her eyes remained closed through it all, and Su Ming descended into madness, his eyes weeping tears of blood.

He pressed his palms against his head, not hiding his red eyes, and roared like a wild beast howling in despair. It was also at that instant that the yellow dragon in the sky let out a shrill roar. It charged towards the ground. At that moment, it could no longer bother about the three Dao Slaves. There was only one thought remaining in its head - to catch Yu Xuan.

Its body swept through the air and charged to the ground. At the instant Yu Xuan was to hit the ground, the dragon caught her on its back. A shrill roar came from its mouth. A large amount of Abyss Death Aura erupted from its body and surged into that of Yu Xuan. At the same time, a layer of distortions appeared in the space before the yellow dragon, as if the entrance to another world had been forcefully opened due to the World Traversing Abyss Dragon's inborn divine ability.

It wanted to take its young master and leave the place. Its face was filled with grief, because it could sense that no matter how much Abyss Aura it sent into its young master's body, she was still moving slowly towards death.

The three Dao Slaves in the sky charged towards the dragon, causing Dao Yuan to become even more arrogant and unbridled. Dao Slave 21 let out a cold harrumph and moved past the region where Bai Su had exploded to appear right in front of Su Ming. With an aloof look on his face, he pointed at Su Ming with his right hand through the air. Immediately, a large amount of starlight spread out from his hand. That starlight instantly enveloped Su Ming's body.

With a loud bang, Su Ming was torn to pieces. Only his right hand was left. When his hand flew out, it was pushed backwards by the impact brought by his body's destruction and caught up with the white piece of fabric that was floating farther and farther into the distance. He caught it.

Of his left arm, only one finger remained, and it fell on the yellow dragon's body as it traveled above the surface of the sea, carrying Yu Xuan.

Su Ming thought he died, because at that moment, he could sense that his soul had scattered into the world. He could see his right hand seizing that white piece of fabric. He could see his left index finger landing beside Yu Xuan's body.

He could also see his eldest senior brother's statue within his Master's cave abode at the top of the ninth summit. He could see his second senior brother meditating as well as Hu Zi snoring. He could see all of these things.

He could see the four Dao Slaves and Dao Yuan as well. He could sense their presence.

Besides seeing these things, for the first time, he sensed three black spots that were different from his soul within himself. Three different waves of consciousness were spreading out of the three black spots. It was as if he had three other people's souls within his own.

The three people's souls looked as if they had fused with his soul... turning into the final three seals.

There were already no distinctions between these three seals and his soul. It would have been difficult to separate them under normal circumstances... but that breath of Abyss Death Aura Yu Xuan had passed to Su Ming before she closed her eyes had caused his soul to boil... and it had either gained completion, or changed.

It allowed his soul to sense the three seals. At the instant Su Ming detected the three seals, three raspy and old voices appeared in his mind.

"I thought that you would never be able to sense us, that Hong Luo was just an accident."

"Scatter your mind, let us leave. We will no longer be your seal. You will also no longer be the cage that locks the three of us."

"The three of us will leave and help you live through this disaster. The three of us will leave, and we will make it be so that you will no longer be sealed."

"Scatter your mind. Don't you want to take revenge? Don't you want to kill these people on your own? Don't you want to protect your ninth summit...?"

"Scatter your mind. The three of us will help fulfill your wish."

"Scatter your mind. The woman called Bai Su might have died, but her body is special. She is not a Berserker. Her soul is just a projection. If you scatter your mind, I can let you see... where her true body lies."

"Scatter your mind. For you, for us... We have been sealed for far too long. You have also been sealed for far too long. Why don't... we part ways now?"

The three old voices reverberated in Su Ming's consciousness and lingered for a long time.

At the same time, in the midst of those roars, the five thousand feet Rune around the ninth summit crumbled completely, revealing the ninth summit before Dao Yuan and the four Dao Slaves.

At that moment, only the trembling Qian Chen and the similarly shivering bald crane remained on the mountain.

"And here I was wondering what sort of good stuff was hidden here. It's just a piece of trash and a bald crane. Dao Slave 31, 41, 51, go and immediately flatten this mountain. There's a cave abode at the top. Open it and check what sort of treasure is inside. Dao Slave 21, go down and bring that woman to me. Even if she's almost dead, I want to get a taste. Don't let them escape."

Dao Yuan's lips curled up in a cold sneer. He pointed at the ninth summit, and when he opened his mouth, the three Dao Slaves turned into three long arcs that charged towards the top of the mountain.

As for Dao Slave 21, he took a step towards the Abyss Dragon that was desperately sending Abyss Death Aura into Yu Xuan to save her on the surface of the sea while remaining completely defenseless.

The area before the Abyss Dragon distorted, slowly tearing apart to reveal a crack. However, Dao Slave 21 was traveling at a speed so quick that he could stop it before the Abyss Dragon could move into the crack.

Yet right when the four Dao Slaves split up and charged forward, a mighty pressure that had gathered from all directions in the world suddenly erupted in the air.

This pressure appeared incredibly suddenly, and almost at the instant it did so, the four Dao Slaves' expressions changed drastically. Right then, the space before Dao Slave 21 distorted, and a shadow manifested in front of him.

That shadow was indistinct. He looked like an old man, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that he might be a young man. The shadows of these two appearances overlapped and gave off an incredibly bizarre feeling.

"You-you aren't dead?" Dao Slave 21 eyes went wide. The shadow of the young man was naturally Su Ming, whom he had killed just moments ago.

At the instant Dao Slave 21 saw Su Ming, not only did his expression change, his heart also filled with shock. During that instant, the mighty pressure that spread out from Su Ming's body filled him with apprehension.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 742 — Daylily - Read

Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 742 — Daylily

Chapter 742: Daylily

Su Ming lifted his head, and a ghastly smile appeared on his lips, but if anyone took a closer look, they would find that the person who smiled was not actually him. Instead, it belonged to the old man whose shadow had overlapped with his.

At the instant the smile appeared, Su Ming lifted his right hand and moved to seize Dao Slave 21. The man's expression changed, and with a wave of his arm, starlight instantly surrounded his body. The power that belonged to the Third Step erupted forth, but...

The endless starlight looked as if it had turned incorporeal before Su Ming, for it moved through his body. Yet Su Ming's right hand did not stop moving and grabbed Dao Slave 21.

His expression changed. In shock, he quickly retreated. During that instant, Su Ming opened his mouth and spoke languidly with that bizarre smile still on his lips.

"Bloody Sun!"

Once he said these words, Dao Slave 21's body immediately turned red, and an illusory blood-red sun appeared around him. Dao Slave 21 coughed up blood, then noticed that it was difficult for him to retreat. As he was filled with fear, his body was swept towards Su Ming, and Su Ming grabbed his throat with his right hand.

"Half a step into Solar Kalpa!"

Dao Slave 21 let out a shrill scream, but this voice quickly fell silent. Once Su Ming seized his throat with his right hand, Dao Slave 21's body immediately become redder. Within the span of a breath, a large amount of blood erupted from his body. Moment after, Dao Slave 21 turned into a bloodless, dry corpse held by Su Ming.

He had breathed his last and died. At first, he had been toying with Su Ming like a cat toying with a mouse, but on that path, he'd walked straight to his death.

Su Ming relaxed his grip and flung his arm outwards. The blood that Dao Slave 21 had coughed up gathered together, turning into a blood-red mirror before Su Ming.

As the surface of the mirror distorted, a galaxy and a cultivation planet appeared. There was an elegant tower in that cultivation planet, and within that tower was a woman in white. She was looking into the distance with a blank expression, and there was an absent-minded look on her face.

Her face was identical to that of Bai Su!

"I fulfilled my promise." Once these words tumbled out of Su Ming's mouth, a ray of blood-red light flew out of his body and turned into a bloody sun in midair before charging into the distance.

All of this happened too quickly, so Dao Slave 21 had turned into a dry corpse by the time Dao Yuan and his three Dao Slaves could react.

Dao Yuan's pupils shrank. He let out a piercing scream from his shock and swiftly retreated. The three Dao Slaves could no longer bother with going to the ninth summit and charged straight at Su Ming.

At that moment, the old man's shadow was no longer overlapping with Su Ming's body. Su Ming was the only one remaining in midair. He did not bother about the three Dao Slaves rushing towards him, but turned his head around and looked at the surface of the sea. Once the crack in the air tore open, the Abyss Dragon charged into it with a roar while carrying Yu Xuan.

Her eyes were still shut and she lay unmoving on the Abyss Dragon's back. Su Ming watched her disappear into the crack, and a mischievous young woman who would call him 'little dummy Su' with a grin appeared in his eyes.

"Little dummy Su!"

"You're not answering me, so I'm reducing one medicinal core."

"Little dummy Su, that big fish in the sea is really pretty, catch one for me."

"Little Su, why don't you call me big sister? Come on, hurry up, call me big sister..."

"Little Su Su, that Dead Sea Giant just glared at me. Go hit it."

"Dumb Dumb Su Su, that sunlight is too vicious, hold an umbrella for me..."

While he was dazed, overlapping shadows appeared on his body again. This time, it was no longer the same old man, but a bald one. He was incredibly big and tall. Once his shadow overlapped with Su Ming, he looked at the three Dao Slaves with a ferocious smile.

As for Su Ming, his head remained turned in the direction of the crack on the sea as he watched it gradually disappear. He also listened to the Abyss Dragon's sad roars as it left.

"Do you know why I'm known as Yu Xuan...?"

"The meaning for Xuan is daylily. I am a daylily in the rain... This is the name my mother gave me. She wanted me to forget the sadness in my life and be happy forever..."

"I'll give you a gift..."

Su Ming's eyes became wet, but he was just a soul. He... had no body.

"You could have left." As Su Ming mumbled, Bai Su's smile when she turned her head back rose in his eyes. That smile was incredibly beautiful, and with a reluctance to part, she gradually left into the distance.

At that moment, the big man whose shadow had overlapped with Su Ming's body moved with a savage smile and appeared right before the three Dao Slaves. When he lifted his right hand, a ray of green light erupted from his body. That light turned into a green sun, causing the world to lose all other colors. At that instant, shrill screams of pain came from the three Dao Slaves' mouths.

As two consecutive bangs reverberated in the air, Dao Slaves 31 and 41, these two mighty warriors in the Third Step dressed in Constellation Robes... started melting right

before Su Ming and swiftly turned into ashes. Clearly, everything about their bodies had burned under the green sun.

The last slave, Dao Slave 51, started retreating quickly as if he had gone mad. A large amount of cracks appeared on his body, and green smoke spread out from him. There was a sense of death coming from all over his body.

He withdrew back to Dao Yuan's side, grabbed the trembling young master, and fled into the distance.

The shadow of the big man who had overlapped with Su Ming turned into a wisp of green smoke and flew out before fusing with the green sun in midair. He turned his head around and cast Su Ming a glance. With a loud, boisterous laugh, he charged to the sky, and by using some unknown method, he disappeared.

"The last is me..."

A hoarse voice reverberated within Su Ming's illusory body. The shadow of a middle-aged man with white hair overlapped with him, and he lifted his right hand and pointed at Dao Yuan as well as Dao Slave 51.

With it, Dao Slave 51 let out a shrill scream of pain. Moths crawled out from his body. In the blink of an eye, Dao Slave 51's body turned into an innumerable amount of moths.

These moths flapped their wings and turned into a round ball in midair that resembled a sun. It then charged towards Dao Yuan.

The proud young master trembled. Despair appeared on his face, but in the face of it, madness rose within him after his mind and soul broke down. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the sky.

"With my orders as Dao Yuan, with my Sacred Constellation Robe as a guide, all..."

Before he could finish speaking, the sun that formed by the moths closed in on him, yet a wave of Yin Death Aura descended from the sky and landed on the moth sun, removing it from existence.

Because of it, Dao Yuan finished his words without being interrupted.

"...all those who wear my Subsidiary Constellation Robe, descend to the land of Berserkers!"

Once his words were spoken, the Constellation Robe on his body shone with starlight that surged into the sky, filling it with stars in an instant. The starry sky turned into a spinning, giant galactical vortex, and the faint outlines of longships could be seen charging to the place.

"It's not that I didn't keep my promise, but there is someone who doesn't want me helping you. He wants these people to descend, and he has opened the path for them. This person's level of cultivation... is much higher than mine... He has an ancient presence." The white-haired man turned into an illusory moth and left Su Ming's body before disappearing into the sky.

"I didn't manage to fulfill my promise to you. If you manage to walk out of this place and return your soul to your body, then I will help you one more time..."

Chapter 743: The Will of Autumn

As those illusory moths disappeared into the sky, Su Ming lifted his head. He saw the boundless starry sky rotating above, as well as longships charging forward. All of these longships were black, and all of them had dozens of people in Constellation Robes standing within them.

Dao Yuan laughed arrogantly at the surface of the sea in the distance. The Sacred Constellation Robe on his body was shining with a brilliant, dark-colored light, and it turned into a compact defense around his body.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and looked at the spot where Yu Xuan had left, then at the space where Bai Su had disappeared. He looked at the lonely ninth summit and the endless broken limbs floating on the surface of the sea.

"They all died..." Su Ming mumbled.

His body was no longer corporeal but had become so faded away that he was almost transparent. Grief appeared on his face. He no longer bothered with Dao Yuan or the various longships descending from the sky at that moment. He lifted his feet and moved slowly towards the ninth summit.

Fatigue, disappointment, and grief filled Su Ming's heart and soul. He returned to the ninth summit and stopped right outside his Master's cave abode.

Even at that moment, Su Ming came to stand as the wall that protected the ninth summit.

He grabbed the killing sword with his illusory right hand, placing it diagonally so the tip of it was facing his lower right. The blade was stable, but the tip of the sword was trembling slightly due to its spirit. It was thirsting for blood and looking forward to killing.

Su Ming stood silently. His hair was like a ball of flame that would never be extinguished no matter how hard wind blew against it. He stood there, releasing his spirit. At that instant, he seemed to have truly become one with the ninth summit.

One person. One sword. A protection.

His body was illusory. There was not a single ripple of power within him. The only thing that remained was the power of his soul. That soul could be said to be his Atman, a form of divine sense, and also Su Ming's undying and imperishable will, which was, by then, the only thing that remained of him.

He looked at the sky, and a small smile gradually appeared on his lips. However, there was no hint of carefreeness with it. Instead, it was filled with sadness.

In silence, Qian Chen came up to Su Ming's side with gritted teeth even though his body was trembling. He brought out a black knife from his bosom. He was incredibly afraid, so terrified that his body was trembling nonstop. Sweat poured down his body... but true courage was fearlessness when a person was in the face of danger. It was also a form of will that would not allow a person to retreat even when terrified. This... was courage.

With a bitter smile, the bald crane banished the thought of escape. It let out a long sigh in its heart and flew to Su Ming's side before fixing its stare on the sky. There was a solemnness and madness on its face, something that had never been seen before.

"I'm sorry, I promised to take you out of the land of Berserkers, but I... didn't manage to do it in time," Su Ming said softly while looking at the sky.

Qian Chen was trembling, but he still shook his head. He did not speak.

At that moment, the numerous longships in the starry sky suddenly let out piercing cries and turned into long black arcs that charged towards the ground.

In the blink of an eye, there was a thousand longships in the air near the ninth summit. Waves of mighty pressure that was difficult to describe with words spread out from the thousands of Dao Slaves dressed in Constellation Robes standing on the longships.

Even if there were no Dao Slaves in the Third Step among them, but the shock and destruction that could be brought forth by thousands of cultivators in the Second Step could sometimes be even more shocking than that of five cultivators in the Third Step.

Their aloof gazes and Dao Yuan's crazed roars after his arrogance was restored brought this disaster to its most intense state.

"Kill him! Destroy that mountain! Make sure that not a single blade of grass remains there! Damn it! He nearly killed me! He nearly killed me!"

Dao Yuan's eyes were red. Just a moment ago, he had been surrounded by death. It had been the closest he had ever come to dying. It made the fear in his heart reach its most extreme state. Now that he was filled with a sense of safety, his fear turned into an equal amount of anger.

Murderous aura shone in the eyes of the thousands of Dao Slaves on the longships, but they did not attack without command. Unless it was completely necessary and the situation forced them to, the members of Morning Dao Sect would not attack by themselves. However, the instant Dao Yuan's voice rose into the air, the thousands of people flew out together and turned into thousands of long arcs that charged towards the ninth summit.

Their presence was shocking and even surpassed the mighty pressure brought by the five Dao Slaves in the Third Step. There was also a sense of suffocation brought by them.

Qian Chen's eyes turned red. He let out a crazed roar and was just about to rush out while flinging all caution to the wind, but right when he lifted his foot, Su Ming pushed his left hand against Qian Chen's shoulder. The power of Su Ming's Atman went into the man's mind and soul, and a roar resounded in Qian Chen's mind. He shivered and fell unconscious.

Su Ming pushed him gently backwards, and his body flew towards the ninth summit's cave abode.

"Many of ours have already died. We can't have any more of our own dying..." Su Ming mumbled. When his Atman spread out, it turned into a wave of impact that swept up the stunned bald crane by his side. Only when it was sent into the cave abode as well that the bald crane registered what was happening. Its body trembled as it looked at Su Ming with a dazed expression.

It was as if only at that moment did it truly get to know Su Ming. As it continued looking at him, this bald crane who believed itself to be heartless felt its eyes watering.

"Help me take care of my senior brothers..." Su Ming whispered softly to it. He then took a step towards the incoming thousands of Dao Slaves in the Second Step and charged over to them with a firm resolution as he held the killing sword in hand.

Most of the thousands of Dao Slaves were more powerful than Su Ming. This was a massacre that bore no suspense because the result was already clear. This was a single person fighting against thousands of people.

A shocking roar reverberated in the air, and that was just the near hundred people at the forefront of the charge lifting their right hands together to execute a single divine ability. It turned into endless starlight that crashed into Su Ming's illusory body.

Without the existence of the three souls that previously sealed his soul, the instant the starlight touched Su Ming's illusory body, the scene of two shadows overlapping but not touching each other as if they did not exist in the same dimension did not appear again. Instead, as the light roared, it seemed to have turned into countless needles that caused Su Ming's illusory body to crumble swiftly. He turned into glittering sparkles, and once most of them were extinguished, the remainder fell back before gathering together once again a thousand feet away.

They turned into Su Ming, but he was even more transparent than before. It was as if he would scatter away if wind blew against him.

However, at the instant Su Ming's body crumbled, he had slashed once. That slash contained the might of the first slash he had executed after his soul was completed. It contained his soul and also his awakening to the Abyss.

It contained... his Origin divine ability!

As that slash swept through the air, it charged past the hundreds of people at the front, but it did not seem to contain any destructive power. It was just like a gentle breeze.

However, when Su Ming's body crumbled and gathered together once again into an even weaker illusion, the hundreds of people right at the front of the charge Su Ming had just cut... suddenly started aging.

It was as if the flow of time had been accelerated for them. The operations of their bodies began to run exponentially faster, and their faces soon aged a dozen or more years. Waves of rotting air also began to spread from their bodies.

Their hair turned grayish white. Wrinkles appeared on their faces. Their life force seemed to be devoured by space itself, and most of this life force disappeared within an instant.

In fact, there were a dozen something people... who instantly turned into corpses as their bodies withered and aged because their levels of cultivation were not high and they did not have many years of life left. Even their Nascent Divinities found it difficult to escape from their bodies; all of them died as they withered.

At the same time as this dozen something people died, the lifeforce and life of near a hundred people vanished. Wisps of white smoke left their bodies and charged towards Su Ming. They instantly fused with him, causing his see-through body to immediately look much more corporeal.

"Is this my awakened Origin divine ability after my soul was completed...?" Su Ming mumbled.

He could sense his soul getting stronger at a maddening pace as those white wisps of smoke entered his body. The life force he absorbed seemed to be a substance that was grossly lacking within him. It was as if he had become a dry sponge at that moment, and he was continuously absorbing other people's life force and years of life to complete everything about himself.

However, this awakening was a little too late for Su Ming, because even if that slash had allowed him to absorb a large amount of life force, it still could not fill up the unchangeable difference of power between him and those thousands of Dao Slaves.

As Dao Yuan screamed shrilly and the thousands of Dao Slaves closed in on him once again, they executed their divine abilities at the same time. The starlight that was stirred up was enough to replace all light in the world. As that light filled the air, it was like an ancient beast made of stars devouring Su Ming whole.

At the instant it devoured him, he suddenly gained an epiphany. What he had come to understand was his Origin divine ability. It was... the will of autumn, was it not?

It might not be the color of autumn, but the life force he absorbed was like autumn in his body. It was a fusion between death and life. It was the true epitome of change.

"Autumn..."

As Su Ming whispered this, his illusory body instantly shone with a red light. It was the color of autumn. An endless amount of snow also appeared out of nowhere around him. The flakes of snow withered once they fell, and they were like the leaves of autumn as they did so. If someone observed from afar, they'd see snow at first, but once they blinked, they'd think that it was the falling leaves they were seeing.

Su Ming's power erupted due to his epiphany and moved straight from the initial stage of Life Matrix to the middle stage of Life Matrix. It also appeared as the snow and falling leaves around him interlaced with each other, making the color of autumn on his body denser.

At the instant the thousands of Dao Slaves closed in and the starlight formed by the second batch of nearly a thousand people submerged Su Ming, understanding appeared in his eyes. His level of cultivation then moved from the middle stage of Life Matrix straight to the later stage of that Realm!

Only one more step, and he would be able to reach the second Realm in the path of Life Cultivation—Life Privation!

Chapter 744: Yin Death's Child!

This one step was not difficult to cross either, because Su Ming already knew what he was lacking. Once he gained his epiphany, he came to a vague understanding that he was lacking life force. It was the years of life that belonged to those from Bright Yang Region.

It was also at this instant that a man's voice that was unfamiliar to him but was warm and gentle appeared in his soul. It sounded as if it had come from a long, long time ago.

"Building Abyss..."

"Building Abyss..." This second voice was Su Ming mumbling it to himself.

As his voice traveled outwards and the starlight came towards him, a shocking boom shook the sky and earth beyond the ninth summit.

The entire world looked as if it had stopped rotating as those booming sounds shot into the air. Su Ming's body crumbled at that instant, even if he had come to understand what it meant to build the Abyss, even if he had stepped into the later stage of Life Matrix, and even if... he had managed to execute the will of autumn during the final moment.

However, in the face of absolute power, all of these things were so weak that they could not withstand even a single hit. Su Ming's body crumbled, but even though he managed to gather an illusory body once again on the ninth summit, the body that manifested this time was almost completely transparent. It was faint, and if anyone tried to search for him with the naked eye, they'd find it almost impossible to detect him.

A weakness that came from the bottom of his soul filled Su Ming's consciousness. He staggered back a few steps, but firmly stopped outside the cave abode at the top of the mountain. Even at this point, he still wanted to protect the ninth summit.

Even if his consciousness had almost completely scattered away and he was about to truly die, he still continued standing there firmly, even if... he had already become invisible.

As the booming sounds reverberated in the sky, several dozens of the thousands of Dao Slaves turned into corpses with shocked expressions on their faces. They did not even make a single sound as they transformed and fell into the sea.

Less than fifty people died from the thousands. To the Dao Slaves, the number of casualties they suffered did not even cause any damage to the foundation of their army... but at that moment, the expressions of those thousands of people had become grave.

Even though less than fifty of their own had died, there were several hundred of whose faces had turned pale while they were losing most of their life force as well as their years of life. Even their levels of cultivation had fallen by several stages.

All of this was due to Su Ming alone.

"Kill him! By my orders, kill him! Damn it! All of you attack together and immediately kill him! Destroy that mountain! It's clear that he's still not choosing to run but to fight to the death in this place because this mountain is incredibly important to him! Destroy the mountain! Kill him!" Dao Yuan started yelling once more while hiding behind all of his Dao Slaves.

Killing intent shone within the thousands of Dao Slaves' eyes. This time, as they charged forward, the thousands of people spread out before executing their divine abilities. As they cast them, a destructive power that could destroy the world erupted from their bodies with a bang.

That power was enough to destroy the current Su Ming as well as the ninth summit. It would put his senior brothers as well as Qian Chen and the bald crane into eternal slumber, and his eldest senior brother would not wake up ever again, either.

In his weakened state, Su Ming lifted his head with great difficulty. His gaze fell on the excited Dao Yuan behind the thousands of Dao Slaves. At the instant he saw him, the final chilling light of Su Ming's life shone in his eyes.

"I have no regrets living and dying with the ninth summit... but it's a pity that I didn't manage to kill the one who destroyed it, that Dao Yuan. I will be ashamed to meet my senior brothers in hell..." Su Ming mumbled.

At the instant the divine abilities from the thousands of Dao Slaves closed in on him, he lowered his head to look at the killing sword in his hand. The tip of the sword was trembling, and he could sense the resolve to kill the world coming from the spirit.

"I have two more divine abilities..."

Su Ming could sense that he was so weak that he had reached his limit. As he was about to disappear, he swiftly lifted his left hand and pushed his palm against the ground.

With it, the ground immediately trembled. A wave of earthen aura surged out from the ninth summit and the sea beneath it. It covered Su Ming's left hand, then, through his left arm, it charged into his illusory body, making Su Ming's left hand wither immediately. At the time his arm looked as if it had become emaciated, white light surrounded it.

This was the Surging Indulgers' divine ability. It was one of the Arts Su Ming had learned in Eastern Wastelands Tower. It was also the reason why the ancient existence

in Yin Death Vortex had paid attention to him. It was even... the key to stir up the hundred thousand Surging Indulger and Evil Spirit warriors in the two worlds within the Yin Death Vortex.

The Surging Indulgents' divine ability used spirits to refine the body. If Su Ming had a body of flesh and blood, then what would wither would be his flesh and blood, yet even though it might look as if it had withered, he wouldn't have lost a lot of his blood and flesh. The portion that withered would have just been absorbed by the other parts in his body, which would cause his body to no longer look complete but as if there was a gap within it. This would then allow the Art to use the withered left arm to become a power that could absorb other people's flesh and blood to make its owners body whole again.

In truth, the completion they would gain after that would cause the Surging Indulgents to become slightly stronger than before.

However, Su Ming did not possess a physical body at that moment, hence the part that looked withered... was his soul. As his left arm withered, his entire illusory body gradually began to wither until his soul completely disappeared. His right hand, which held onto the killing sword, had gathered Su Ming's Atman in its entirety to gain corporeal form, in a manner as if it had gone through crystallization.

The right hand swiftly flew up. With its fingers curled around the killing sword and Su Ming's will, at the instant the thousands of divine abilities from the Dao Slaves closed in, the hand charged towards the spot where Dao Yuan was in the distance while taking the form of a long arc. It charged forward with a speed that shattered all space and rushed towards Dao Yuan.

The sword traveled so quickly that it closed the distance of less than a thousand feet in the blink of an eye. There had been Dao Slaves in its way, but no matter who got in the sword's path, none of them were able to avoid the attack that was practically the last strike of Su Ming's life.

At the instant Su Ming sent his sword charging forth, his Atman executed the other divine ability of another race he had learned in Eastern Wastelands Tower. It was the Evil Spirits' Art. A large amount of black smoke erupted from Su Ming's crystallized right hand which held onto the killing sword. Once the black smoke covered the right hand, it became impossible to see.

At the instant the hand disappeared, the black smoke turned into a ferocious face of a ghost which covered the area around the killing sword. As it roared, it propelled the killing sword with a bang.

Wherever it went, nearly a hundred Dao Slaves tried to stop it, but the instant they touched the sword, the ghost's face released a roar that had the power to shake people's hearts and souls.

This roar reverberated in the air, and it was as if it could stop all operations in the world, for nearly a hundred Dao Slaves stopped simultaneously. The divine abilities they executed also froze, simply allowing that ghost face to charge past them.

The sword appeared right before the screaming Dao Yuan, whose face was now showing shock and terror.

The thousands of Dao Slaves around him did not have time to save him. Su Ming's killing sword was traveling too quickly, and the ferocious ghost face stopped all the operations in the world, making it so the Dao Slaves could only watch what happened.

The sword which contained Su Ming's life and everything else within him came at the center of Dao Yuan's brows.

At the instant the sword was about to pierce him, the stars in the Constellation Robe on Dao Yuan's body started rotating swiftly. The starlight spun, and the ferocious ghost face around the killing sword let out a shrill scream of pain and disappeared.

However, a scream of pain came from Dao Yuan's mouth as well. His Constellation Robe was fighting against the ferocious ghost face and protecting his body, but once the Surging Indulger's divine ability had gathered Su Ming's life within the killing sword, the power of absorption from the Art had forcefully sucked out a part of Dao Yuan's soul from his body upon impact.

Dao Yuan's shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air. His soul was being devoured at a rapid pace, and his body was swiftly withering as it trembled. This was the picture of someone whose flesh, blood, and essence were being absorbed. That pain was comparable to the death by a thousand cuts.

However, the Sacred Constellation Robe was a treasure that all direct descendants of the Dao family in Morning Dao Sect could obtain after their birth. It might be impossible for Dao Yuan to bring out its true might... but there were still certain aspects that made the robe powerful.

It forcefully retained a single wisp of Dao Yuan's soul so that he would not die. Even if his body turned into mere skin and bones at that moment and there was a dismal air all around him... he was still alive.

However, even if he was alive, he was in pain that was much worse than death. His shrill screams of pain had already turned hoarse, and he had lost all his strength. If the Constellation Robe had not locked his soul in his body, he would have died a long time ago. But this lockdown and the absorption from Su Ming's killing sword was like a saw, making him suffer an intense pain that would shatter anyone else's consciousness.

However, it was difficult for Su Ming to last long in this condition. His killing sword gradually lost its power of absorption. The ferocious ghost face had also disappeared

from midair. Everything that was part of Su Ming's very existence was no longer around. Even his consciousness which he had gathered on the killing sword gradually turned into glittering sparkles that were now spreading out.

The killing sword let out a sad whistle. It had not been with Su Ming for long, but during that short period of time, it had experienced the true way to be used as a sword.

It was infatuated with this feeling, and so it whistled sadly once it sensed Su Ming's consciousness fading away and scattering in all directions.

In the distance, the divine abilities from the thousands of Dao Slaves had already covered the ninth summit. It was quickly being broken down, and it wouldn't be long until it crumbled in its entirety.

It seemed that it was no longer possible for anything to happen that could change what was now meant to be.

The final soul in Su Ming's body, that of the white-haired man who had turned into moths, had been correct. There was someone who was unwilling to let him succeed, and that someone had opened the path for all the ships to enter smoothly into the land of Berserkers.

But there was also an existence which was unwilling to let Su Ming die like this.

"Su Ming, are you willing... to become Yin Death's Child... for Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds...?" an ancient voice asked languidly from the sky at that instant.

Once that voice spoke, the whole world froze. The thousands of Dao Slaves became still and unmoving in midair. Their divine abilities froze up, and the ninth summit's collapse was also halted.

The sea's movements, the wind's howls, and everything else froze the moment the voice spoke.

Chapter 745: Dao Yuan's Death!

"If you become Yin Death's Child, then the ninth summit will be protected. The land of Berserkers will become part of Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds once again, which is not reversible. From then on... no more Immortals will be able to take even half a step into your world.

"If you become Yin Death's Child, your senior brothers will be able to live. They will not be affected even a single bit by this disaster. In fact, I can also heal your eldest senior brother's injuries within an instant.

"If you refuse... then there will be no ninth summit anymore. Your senior brothers will die, and the land of Berserkers... will still be separated from Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds, just as it always has been.

"Wear this. The moment you put it on, you will become Yin Death's Child. You will be delivered to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. That place does not belong to Yin Death Region. It is outside, and it is very far away from this place...

"Go to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence and search for... the king of Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds! There should be an entrance that leads to the fifth Great True World in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. Look for that entrance...

"Once you wear this, you will no longer have freedom. Once you wear this, you will lose your ability to love... You will become cold and heartless. You will lose all sense of pain. You will no longer know what it even is.

"You will... become Yin Death's Child, something that belongs solely to Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds!"

An endless amount of crystalline sparks gradually appeared from thin air as the world remained still. Once they gathered together, they formed into an item floating before Su Ming's semi-transparent body.

It was a mask, one made of black steel.

"When you wear this, you will... no longer be you..."

Su Ming's heart trembled. He stared at the mask with a blank expression, and the ancient voice that came from the Yin Death Vortex reverberated in his heart.

Anguish and absent-mindedness gradually appeared on his face. The dazedness then turned into a sentence in his head.

"When you learn who you are, you... are no longer you. When you no longer know who you are, you... will be you."

Su Ming remained silent.

"Wear it and head to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. It is a place that has been sealed by the four True Great Worlds. It is a region that is feared by the four True Great Worlds, and it has numerous powerful warriors from the four True Great Worlds guarding it.

"It is... a wasteland, a barren piece of land. It is... also the place that seals the fifth Great True World, and this was done by the four Great True Worlds. It is... also the place where the four Great True Worlds keep their criminals. It... is a place where powerful warriors gather!

"That place is veiled in mystery, and there are endless possibilities there... Yin Death's Child, wear the mask, and I promise that I will protect the Berserkers. I promise that you will have no worries... until the moment you die in battle.

"Find the king of Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds or look for the entrance to the fifth Great True World."

The ancient voice reverberated in the air, spreading out and filling the world that had become still before turning into lingering echo that lasted for a long, long time.

"You cannot refuse!"

That was the final sentence spoken by the ancient voice. There was a ruthless tone to it, but there was no threat contained within it. Yet everything before Su Ming had now turned into the sharpest blade that was ripping his heart apart.

The ninth summit's destruction had stopped. The cave abode's collapse had only just begun before it was frozen.

"Why me...?" Su Ming asked in a low voice after remaining silent for a moment.

However, he never obtained an answer to his question.

He slowly lifted his hand. He knew that he indeed could not refuse what the voice had just offered.

When he held the mask, a thick Yin Death Aura spread out from within it. That aura instantly blended with Su Ming's body, causing him to swiftly gain corporeal form from his illusory state. All his injuries were completely cured in the blink of an eye. His legs, arms, body, and head showed up in their complete form.

Su Ming did not put on the mask immediately. He held it firmly, and only the slightest quiver could be seen on his hand. He lifted his head and looked at the sky.

"My eldest senior brother's injuries," Su Ming said in a low voice.

"The moment you wear the mask, he will awaken," the ancient voice said after a moment.

Su Ming remained silent for some time before speaking up again. "I need seven days!"

"Very well. When you put on that mask seven days later, I will come and receive you," the old voice stated in a merciless tone as it spread through the entire land.

Su Ming looked at the Dao Slaves that had been halted in the world, and when he spoke next, his voice had a freezing chill to it. "I want all of these thousands of Dao Slaves dead!"

"Very well."

At the instant that ancient voice said these two words, the thousands of Dao Slaves that had been frozen in midair immediately started bleeding from their eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and their bodies instantly exploded with a bang. Even their Constellation Robes were unable to stop this destructive power. As they collapsed, their flesh and blood spread everywhere.

The thousands of Dao Slaves all died at that instant.

There was no pained screams, no struggle.

Su Ming lifted his head and laughed at the sky. There was a craziness to his laughter, and as he laughed, tears fell from his eyes. The thousands of Dao Slaves had been so powerful, but in the eyes of those who were truly powerful, they were so weak that they had shattered and crumbled with just two words.

At that instant, a desire to become truly strong was deeply burned into Su Ming's mind. It was a bloody memory, one that he engraved deep into his bones, one that he would never forget.

"I want his robe to no longer protect him. I want... to personally crush his bones and scatter his ashes into the wind!" Su Ming's crying eyes were crimson red at that moment he turned to glare at Dao Yuan.

"Very well."

The ancient voice was as heartless and aloof as ever. Once he said it, the stars in the Sacred Constellation Robe on Dao Yuan's body that had still been rotating slowly even after the world had frozen became still in an instant.

"Seven days later, I will wait for your call."

The old voice gradually faded into the distance. Once it disappeared, the world's operations instantly returned to normal, but the ninth summit's destruction no longer continued. Since the thousands of Dao Slaves had died, their divine abilities also faded away.

The ninth summit might be damaged, but it still stood tall.

The sea started moving and waves began striking at the shore again. The sea breeze began blowing once more, having recovered from its frozen state. It scattered the torn pieces of flesh of thousands of Dao Slaves as they fell to the surface of the sea. The wind brought away the thick, bloody stench, but it could not dissolve the bright red stain on the surface of the sea.

Once the stars in the Constellation Robe stopped moving and the world's operations were restored, Dao Yuan let out a shrill scream, and his emaciated body shivered. He looked at the thousands of dead Dao Slaves in the sky, all of whom had been reduced to pieces of flesh and blood, and his body started trembling furiously.

They were his everything. They were his foundation in Morning Dao Sect. They were guards that he had drawn to his side after paying an incredibly large price for them, but now... on this one trip to the land of Berserkers, all of them had died.

This consequence was something he could not bear. All the deaths turned into pain, and he coughed up a mouthful blood straight from his heart. He shivered, and goosebumps soon rose all over his body. As extreme terror filled him, to the point that his mind almost detached itself from his body, for he saw Su Ming glaring at him with bloodshot eyes from midair.

While screaming, Dao Yuan started retreating without any hesitation, but before he could withdraw even thirty feet backwards, Su Ming appeared right him with burning hate.

His savage expression, crimson eyes, and hate-filled presence rose Dao Yuan's terror to its peak. In a frenzy, this young lord wanted to activate his Sacred Constellation Robe, but no matter how he tried, it did not work. It was like a normal robe, one that didn't have any powers it should have.

Su Ming lifted his right hand. He caught Dao Yuan's right index finger, and the once proud young lord screamed in terror. Su Ming squeezed lightly, and there was a small cracking sound. He had crushed Dao Yuan's right index finger.

Filled with intense pain, Dao Yuan's screamed even louder.

"Don't kill me, don't kill me. I am a direct descendant of Morning Dao..."

Before Dao Yuan could finish screaming, Su Ming had already crushed another finger, and another, and another. Once all of Dao Yuan's fingers had been crushed, the young lord's pained screams had become hoarse, and there was a weakness to his voice.

But there was still a crazed sinister glint in his eyes that wished evil upon Su Ming.

"If you kill me, then you will suffer and die. Morning Dao Sect will definitely take revenge for me. Your people will be eradicated. They will die..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and crushed Dao Yuan's right arm inch by inch, moving slowly upwards from the shattered fingers and palm. When the bones in Dao Yuan's right arm had all been crushed, the shattered pieces became spikes that pierced his skin to the point they could be seen outside. The young lord was in an incredibly wretched state.

Dao Yuan's screams became louder. The pain destroyed all his malice and his curses. As tears fell from his eyes, he started begging for mercy nonstop.

"Let me go. I-I..."

But before he could even finish pleading, Su Ming had seized his left arm, and crushed the bones were in the same manner as before.

After that, Su Ming did not immediately kill him. Instead, he crushed Dao Yuan's legs and skull before untying his Constellation Robe. Once Su Ming put away the robe, he calmly brought out a medicinal pill to cure wounds and threw it into the weakened and terrified Dao Yuan's mouth.

That medicinal pill melted in Dao Yuan's mouth. It turned into a wave of life force that filled him with vigor, preventing him, whose consciousness was about to scatter, from sinking into unconsciousness. Once again, he experienced the indescribable pain of having most of the bones in his body crushed, and the suffering of his crushed bones scraping against his flesh and blood.

His shrill and hoarse screams rang in the air once again. As he screamed, Su Ming took a step forward and stood before the trembling body. Once he froze Dao Yuan's body with an Art, he lifted his left hand slowly and sliced down at the spot right above Dao Yuan's spine.

A long wound instantly appeared there. Due to his hate for Dao Yuan, he used both his hands to rip that wound open. As he did that, Dao Yuan screamed even more shrilly. His spine and two rows of ribs were revealed under the open flesh, along with his beating heart and lungs, which were alternating between contracting and expanding.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming reached in with both hands and seized Dao Yuan's lungs before he yanked them out in one swift move. The shrill screams reached their most intense state. When Dao Yuan breathed in next, his eyes bulged out, and as his body shivered... he truly breathed his last and died!

His storage bag flew into the air. Once Su Ming seized it, he closed his eyes, and two trails of tears fell down his cheeks.

Chapter 746: If Only Life Was as Beautiful as It Seemed at First Sight

A man would not cry easily.

Su Ming remembered that he rarely cried in his life, but on this day, he cried. His tears trickled down his cheeks. He looked at the damaged ninth summit, and the faces of people who had chosen to self-destruct to protect him during this battle appeared in his head.

There was also Bai Su's face, as well as Yu Xuan's.

All of these had turned to ashes and smoke, blown away by the sea breeze. He hated the Immortals, hated Morning Dao Sect, and hated that Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds who had let all of this happen just so that they could turn him into Yin Death's Child.

Su Ming stood at the cave abode outside the damaged ninth summit and looked at his second senior brother, who had his eyes closed, at Hu Zi, who was snoring, and at his eldest senior brother, whose entire body had turned into stone. As he looked at them silently in the cave, Su Ming wept.

He knew that this might be the last time he saw them. Perhaps he would never be able to see his senior brothers and the ninth summit again in his life, because he was about to leave and go to a place that were very, very far away.

Because at that time, he would no longer have the ability to love, and he would feel no pain.

Su Ming stood outside the cave, and after a long time, he slowly knelt down and kowtowed nine times in the direction of the cave abode.

"Eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi... I will have to leave it to you to search for Master... Master, Su Ming is an unfilial student..." Su Ming wept and kowtowed.

After some time, he stood up, and the bald crane quietly handed him a white piece of fabric.

It was the only remnant of Bai Su after she had died. Su Ming had seized it with his right hand after his body crumbled, and it was kept safe by the bald crane so that wind would not blow it away.

Su Ming took the white piece of fabric and looked at it quietly.

A day later, he left the ninth summit. Lying behind him at the bottom of the sea was his cave abode from all those years ago. Right outside it was a grave that had been buried at the depths of the sea.

A white piece of fabric was buried in that grave. It was... Bai Su's grave.

Su Ming left. With the promise made to the old voice from Yin Death Vortex, Su Ming knew that there was no longer any power that could disturb his senior brothers in the land of Berserkers.

He left. By his side was the bald crane that refused to let him leave alone. No matter what Su Ming did, it would follow him silently and keep him company by staying at his side.

Qian Chen cried as he stood at the top of the ninth summit and watched Su Ming leave. At that moment, he swore in his heart to become stronger, to absolutely become stronger.

He could never forget Su Ming, could never forget the days that had seemed depressing and bleak, but had turned into incredibly precious memories once he lost them.

Now, all of these things were gone.

Qian Chen cried and sat down on the mountain.

Su Ming walked through the world. He charged forward in madness and desperation, moving at his fastest speed. He used three days, and had even burned his own cultivation base, to cross the Dead Sea and reach the Alliance of the Western Region from South Morning.

He did not have much time left. He had to return to the Alliance of the Western Region before he left to see whether Dark Mountain truly existed. He had to see whether there were any old friends remaining there.

The land in the Alliance of the Western Region was covered in black earth. There was a mountain at the edges of the continent. That mountain looked like a hand that had four fingers and stood towering over the world. At the foot of the mountain, there was a forest whose end could not be seen.

It was winter in the Alliance of the Western Region. Snow floated down from the sky, making the forest look as if it was dressed in a white wedding dress. The white-covered ground seemed to be preparing for a wedding, yet at the same time, it looked to be getting ready for a funeral.

As the snow floated down, Su Ming came to this place, the hometown upon remembering which he'd always get lost in revery - Dark Mountain.

He did not manage to find Lei Chen, and neither did he find any old acquaintances, but he managed to find the mountain, the place that contained the beautiful moments in his memories.

As Su Ming looked at Dark mountain, tears started flowing down his eyes once again. He walked on Dark Mountain and touched the mountain rocks. Snow landed on his body, and he could not bring himself to sweep it away. He walked past the forest at the foot of the mountain and stepped on the snow. This path was the one he took when he was walking in circles as he carried Bai Ling on his back.

When he moved to where Dark Mountain Tribe was originally located, he found... that there was no tribe there.

Perhaps many years ago, there was a tribe in this place, and its name was Dark Mountain Tribe. Yet now, there was only a white layer of snow and dried up forest before Su Ming's eyes.

He stood silently in this place. Time passed. A long, long passage of time trickled by...

The bald crane watched everything from the side and kept Su Ming company in silence.

The sun set and rose. Snow floated down from the sky, and Su Ming stood for the entire night. He looked at the forest and the snow before he suddenly took a few steps forward and knelt down on the ground. Then, he started digging through the snow and earth on the ground. He continued digging as if he had gone mad, and gradually, his hands turned into a bloody mess, but he still continued digging, as if he did not know what pain was.

When Su Ming eventually dug out a deep pit, he found some discarded items that were buried at the bottom of the pit. They were some bowls, pots, and a few more scattered items that were made of stone and exuded a presence filled with decay.

As Su Ming looked at these things, his tears fell on the ground. He was familiar with these items. They... belonged to Dark Mountain.

Su Ming did not know how he left Dark Mountain and the mountain. In his anguish, he walked around aimlessly. Once he walked out of the forest, wisps of indistinct chimney smoke appeared before him. They came from a small tribe.

It was a small tribe that had decided to settle down and grow in this place at some unknown point in time. Su Ming looked at the chimney smoke and walked slowly to towards it. Cheerful songs and children's joyful laughter gradually reached his ears when he approached the tribe.

As Su Ming looked at the tribe, he felt like he was looking at Dark Mountain Tribe. Eventually, he lowered his head, and with a hint of melancholy, he turned around and

walked into the distance. A mask appeared in his right hand. Dark light shone on it, making it stand out starkly against the snow.

At the instant Su Ming was about to place the mask on his face, his footsteps suddenly froze. He turned his head around and looked at the forest in the distance. At that moment, there was a young man and woman arguing on the snow.

"You once said that you'll stay with me for all eternity. You once said that this was a promise..." It was a woman's voice, and she was crying as she looked at the man before her.

The young man remained silent for a long while before he spoke in anguish. "I once said that... but..."

"There're no buts in this! I know you still love me, so why must you leave? We once swore an oath in the snow that we would walk together until our heads turned white. Our hair did indeed turn white from the snow, but must we part way right now? What about our promise...?" The woman wept, and her voice drifted in the wind and snow.

The young man lowered his head in anguish. He had his own troubles.

Su Ming looked at the young man and woman and listened to their words. A girl filled with wild beauty appeared before his eyes. That girl was Bai Ling, but she looked like Bai Su as well.

"Can we walk till our heads turn white in the snow...?"

"That is a promise."

Su Ming closed his eyes. At the instant he did so, he sent his Atman outwards...

A shudder ran through the young man's body in the forest. When he lifted his head, a gentle look appeared in his eyes. That gentle gaze made the crying woman standing before him stop crying.

The young man smiled and moved beside the woman. He took off the fang necklace on his neck and the earring on her left ear.

"We will walk till our heads turn white in the snow, and we will do the same thing when it is not snowing. This is a promise!"

The woman hugged the young man, and her weeping was now filled with joy.

At that moment, Su Ming opened his eyes in the distance. He did not turn his head back to look but continued walking further away while welcoming the snow and wind against him. He lifted his right hand and slowly placed the mask on his face.

At the instant he did so, not a single hint of warmth could be sensed from his body anymore. It was instead replaced by heartlessness and mercilessness, and his presence became so chilling even the snow could not match it.

Su Ming moved into the distance. From then on, he could no longer love, could no longer feel pain. He... was no longer himself.

He was like a picture in the snow. The name for that picture... was 'If Only Life Was as Beautiful as It Seemed at First Sight'.

End of Arc Three

Chapter 747: The Barren Lands of Divine Essence

Arc 4: Rising in Power in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence

Su Ming's body was gradually covered by snow as he walked into the distance. At the moment he put on the mask on his face, his level of cultivation immediately started rising and reached great completion in Life Matrix from the later stage of that Realm. As he left, the presence belonging to Life Privation filled his body.

A thick wave of aura of death turned into a ring in his body, but even though he was in Life Privation Realm, Su Ming still did not stop moving. Instead, he kept on coldly walking into the distance.

As he did so, the blue sky in the land of Berserkers started withdrawing layer by layer to reveal the gigantic Yin Death Vortex behind it. That vortex was rotating slowly and letting out booming sounds.

Those sounds were like roars as they reverberated in the air. It almost felt like they were screaming a chant that no one could understand.

Soon, the vortex in the sky started rotating faster. As it spun, Su Ming lifted his head amidst the snow and wind falling around him. The black mask he wore on his face was incredibly cold, making his gaze full of mercilessness and heartlessness.

He was dressed entirely in white. At that moment, besides feeling cold, he also radiated a sense of apathy towards life. He slowly flew up into the sky, towards the vortex.

"Welcome, Yin Death's Child of Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds... I didn't expect that you would put on the mask before the seven days ended..." the ancient voice said

slowly from the vortex, and there was not a hint of emotion that could be detected within it.

"Noisy."

The masked Su Ming spoke coldly. The icy chill in his words seemed to be able to make even the vortex freeze for a moment. His blunt manner of speech, however, contained absolutely no hint of emotion, which brought a pause to the old voice in the vortex. However, after that slight pause, he let out a loud bark of laughter.

"Good. As expected of Yin Death's Child who lost his ability to feel and sense of pain. I will open the path for you and send you to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. This relocation will use up a large amount of energy we've stored over countless years in Yin Death's Fragmented Worlds. I... wish success upon you!"

As that old voice laughed, Yin Death Vortex started rotating swiftly in the sky. Soon, a large hole appeared at the center of the vortex.

That hole was pitch black, but there were bolts of purple lightning swimming within it. At the instant it appeared, Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged inside.

Su Ming continued getting closer to the hole, and he soon appeared beyond it. At the instant he got there, he stopped moving for a moment and turned his head to look at the ground beneath him.

When he stood at the highest spot in the sky, the continents in the land of Berserkers seemed to have shrank several times. He could see all of them at once. His gaze moved from the Alliance of the Western Region to South Morning. As he looked at it, he could vaguely see the ninth summit.

He could see his second senior brother walking out of the cave abode. Hu Zi was right behind him... as well as eldest senior brother, who had recovered from his petrified state.

However, Su Ming's gaze was aloof, so aloof that it would make all those who were familiar with him feel that he had become a stranger. Su Ming turned his head back and no longer looked at the ground. He lifted his foot and stepped into the hole.

Almost at the instant he did so, the bald crane behind him let out a piercing screech. Its body turned into a long arc that could slice through the air, and the moment Su Ming stepped into the hole, it... followed closely behind him!

The Barren Lands of Divine Essence existed in a vast galaxy. It was not part of Yin Death Region, and more accurately speaking, it existed in the same galaxy as Bright Yang Emptiness, which was where the four True Great Worlds were, and which was located outside Yin Death Region.

This place was the place where the criminals who had committed heinous crimes but were too difficult to kill were banished in the four Great True Worlds. There were all sorts of malicious fiends in there, and big armies formed by numerous powerful warriors from the four Great True Worlds would take turns once every five thousand years to fend against the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

They were not just fending against the place to prevent those who had been judged to be criminals to return to the four Great True Worlds, but were also fending against the members of the alien race from the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

There was an endless amount of abandoned cultivation planets within the galaxy in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. A large amount of poisonous air filled the entire abandoned galaxy. The strength of poison was enough to make all those who were somewhat weaker to begin rotting away and die.

The Barren Lands of Divine Essence were incredibly big, but very few knew just how big they were. Rumors had it that it was once an incredibly fertile place, but the war between the four Great True Worlds against the so called alien races had caused this place to become a barren piece of land.

There were plenty of entrances to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, but only one exit was discovered over the years. There was a seal at the exit. It had been placed by the four Great True Worlds, and it was the spot where a large number of powerful warriors from the four Great True Worlds had gathered to fend against the criminals.

It was like a ravine, and it had withstood plenty of attacks that were sent from the Barren Lands of Divine Essence over the years.

It was a ravine formed by more than thousands of cultivation planets. They had gathered together to form a huge Rune that sealed off and locked down space, so the Barren Lands of Divine Essence were tightly closed off.

In fact, there was a powerful suppressive Art at this exit. It was part of what was used to fend against the alien races from the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

The criminals who had committed heinous crimes from the four Great True Worlds had been banished to this place because this meant that they'd have to confront the alien races. Those who sent them here wanted to make them fight the alien races for the resources and a chance at survival in this abandoned galaxy that was barren of resources.

Living was a desire in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. Only if people lived would they have endless possibilities. However, the absence of resources, lack of food, and chaos in the spiritual energy caused devastating fights to become frequent. They occurred often since people needed to fight for all kinds of resources.

All of this was what the four Great True Worlds wished to see and would be overjoyed to come true. As long as they sealed the exit and often sent criminals in there, then as time passed, this place would slowly fall to ruin.

It was not as if there were no loopholes to this plan, but over the countless years the four Great True Worlds kept this place under watch, almost all loopholes had been slowly filled up using all sorts of methods, turning this place into a sort of hell.

This place was indeed hell. It was a cage, a crazed wasteland of resources that would help a person become a deity. The battle between the four Great True Worlds and the alien races and the deaths over the countless years had caused the Barren Lands of Divine Essence to be filled with boundless aura of death. The density of it in this place might not match that in Yin Death Region, but the difference wasn't great.

In fact, there were certain places where the aura of death was even thicker than that in Yin Death Region, but similarly, there were also certain regions where the aura of death was thin.

Su Ming laid on a ground that was bloody red in color. A bloody stench that would make anyone nauseous filled the air as it mixed with heat. This was an abandoned cultivation planet full of volcanoes. In fact, there were quite of them that were constantly erupting, so the air was filled with something that would burn in the body once someone breathed it in.

Su Ming had been lying there for three days, and it was the place he had first appeared once he entered the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. The large amount of poisonous air and the thin aura of death made this planet to not be very suitable for habitation in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. However, it could still be marginally accepted as a place where people could live.

Yet due to this thin aura of death, Su Ming felt as if his body was melting, and a large amount of black aura seeped out of him. It wasn't the first time he'd ran into such an event, though. It just meant that the density of the aura of death in this place was not thick enough, so his body, which originated from Yin Death, was unable to get used to it. What was happening to him was a form of aging.

Usually, at this point of time, pain would fill Su Ming's body and try to submerge him within itself like tidal waves, but this time... he was calmly looking at the sky calmly and quietly watching the muddled sky. Not a single part of his body was aching.

Because he had lost his sense of pain.

The sky here was muddled and gave off a feeling of authenticity which Su Ming had never sensed before. This was a real sky filled with stars, not the sky that was an illusion formed over the Yin Death Vortex above the land of Berserkers.

The aging and melting of his body lasted three days. The vast amounts of poisonous air in the area rotted Su Ming's clothes, and as his body melted and recovered, hideous boils gradually appeared on his skin.

However, Su Ming seemed to be completely unaware of this. He continued lying there while looking at the sky. No one knew what he was thinking about. The mask on his face had also slowly melted away once he reached the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, as if it had buried itself deep into his skin. It looked as if it had disappeared, revealing Su Ming's pale face, but in truth, it was still around. Su Ming could sense its existence.

The bald crane was lying by the side in the form of a red stone. There was a pair of eyes on that stone that were staring at Su Ming anxiously. The poisonous air in this place made the bald crane feel extremely uncomfortable, but it did not begin melting and aging like Su Ming due to the lack of aura of death in this place.

It had turned into a stone because for some unknown reason this place felt very familiar. The bald crane had a sense that if someone noticed its crane form, it would end up in a very wretched state.

That was why it had instinctively chosen to turn into this form beside Su Ming.

Time trickled by. When the third evening arrived and the heat and poisonous air in the world dispersed slightly, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he looked at the sky in the distance coldly, the eyes on the stone that was the bald crane were also immediately hidden.

Soon, rapid footsteps came from the distance. It sounded like there were eight thin people moving there. Once those people revealed themselves, Su Ming saw that they were carrying corpses over their shoulders and seemed to be about to pass by the place.

Suddenly, a frail middle-aged man who was the leader of the group and who was so thin that he was just skin and bones but had incredibly bright eyes that were shining brilliantly while he carried a rotting corpse over his shoulders stopped moving. Once he stopped, the seven people behind him also stopped.

The middle-aged man was dressed in a long purple robe. There were many areas that had been damaged on that robe, and it was incredibly large, a telling sign that this did not originally belong to the frail middle-aged man.

When he stopped moving, his eyes sparkled, and he looked towards Su Ming lying in the distance. When he did so, a person behind him put down the corpse he had over his shoulder and charged towards Su Ming.

He was so quick that he instantly closed a distance of several thousands of feet. A wave of power that would not lose to Su Ming's own circled around him. The person himself was a thin, emaciated old man with a hunched back. Once he arrived beside Su Ming, he looked into Su Ming's aloof eyes and suddenly started laughing.

"Leader, there is one more offering here we can sacrifice to our god, and he even hasn't died yet."

Chapter 748: Offering

Su Ming looked at the old man coldly. He could not move his body. The lack of aura of death had caused him to no longer look like a young man but an old man with an aged face.

The boils that covered many parts of his body made him into a terrifying sight to behold.

If no one had bothered Su Ming, then based on his current condition, he would have needed another half a month to get used to the climate in this place and regain his mobility. That is if he didn't die from the loss of all the aura of death in his body.

Since Su Ming's current body was formed of aura of death, what truly existed was only his soul, so the poisonous air in the area could not hurt his soul. The boils were formed when the poisonous air crashed against the aura of death in Su Ming's body. It might look devastating, but in truth, not much damage was delivered to him.

The greatest harm to him was the fact that the aura of death in this place was very thin.

When the old man's voice reached the seven people in the distance, they came back and closed in on Su Ming in the span of a breath. The speed at which they traveled caused Su Ming's eyes to shrink, though only in a barely noticeable manner.

The cultivation levels of the six were about the same as Su Ming's.

Based on the mighty pressure spreading out from the purple-robed man's body, it was obvious that he was a powerful warrior at the peak of the Second Step. He only had one step remaining before he could become a Lord of a World Plane.

The purple-robed man crouched down and lifted his right hand before touching the spot above Su Ming's heart. After a moment, he pulled back his right hand.

"The poisonous air attacked his physique, and aura of death filled his entire body. This sort of pain is incredibly hard for others to endure. His will is powerful, at the very least.

He actually managed to stay alive despite these injuries... It's a pity that it's difficult to recover once aura of death enters your body, or else he would be a good worker," the purple-robed man said faintly. Once he got up, he swept his gaze over Su Ming's body and frowned slightly.

He could not find any storage bags on him.

Su Ming's storage bag was indeed not on his body. When the bald crane had transformed into a stone, its mind had worked nimbly, and it had instinctively taken Su Ming's storage bag. Now that the crane had turned into a stone, no one could see it.

"Let's take him. Our god should like a living offering even more."

The purple-robed man charged into the distance. The thin old man giggled and brought Su Ming over his shoulder. He grabbed the corpse he'd placed on the ground earlier with his right hand and rushed off with the team.

The stone that was the bald crane lifted its head behind them. Once it blinked, it carefully moved, swiftly following after them.

The group charged forth through the dark. None of them spoke on the way as they were rushing forth, their expressions filled with caution as they occasionally observed their surroundings.

The eruptions from the volcanoes at night in this abandoned cultivation planet were weaker than when they were during the day. The poisonous air scattered slightly under the moonlight, turning into a layer of fog that covered the entire area.

Under the purple-robed man's lead, the group charged forth without stop for several hours. When it was almost midnight, they arrived at the foot of a large volcano.

This was a volcano that was millions of feet in size and towered into the clouds. Its open maw could be seen faintly high above. At that moment, there were billows of black smoke rising into the sky, and when muffled booms came from the volcano's mouth, they sounded like ferocious beasts roaring.

The purple-robed man's footsteps halted for a moment, then he sucked in a deep breath. The wariness on his face became even greater. The people behind him spotted the same reaction, as if there was a great danger within this place.

Su Ming's face remained calm. He narrowed his eyes and looked at the volcano. His body was carried by the thin old man, who moved forward, charging towards the mouth of the volcano.

The moment the group got close to the gigantic opening, a low shout immediately came from inside it.

"Who is it?!"

The purple-robed man wrapped his fist in his palm and replied in a low voice, "Yue Hong Bang."

After saying that, the purple-robed man charged toward the mouth of the volcano. The seven people behind him immediately followed. When they got close, Su Ming saw that the ring that formed the mouth of the volcano now had nearly a hundred people standing there.

Most of these people were thin and emaciated. However, their eyes were bright. Strangely, though, all of these people carried a corpse over their shoulders. There were even some who carried about four or five of them on their shoulders.

Yue Hong Bang's arrival attracted quite a lot of attention, but the purple-robed man's expression did not change. He brought the people behind him to an empty spot at the edge of the ring. When he stopped there, a brilliant light shone in his eyes as he looked coldly at the people who had turned their gazes towards him.

A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. None of the near hundred people in this place were weak. Even the weakest among them were in the initial stage of the Second Step. Not a single one among them was below the Second Step.

In fact, Su Ming had also spotted about seven among the near hundred people in this place who were at the peak of the Second Step, just like the purple-robed man. Su Ming might not know the reason why these people had come to this place, but once he saw that all of them had brought corpses here, his gaze turned towards the mouth of the volcano.

It was pitch black inside. Only billowing black smoke rose into the sky. Whatever was within could not be seen clearly. However, the occasional booms that sounded like roars emitted a powerful pressure that could bring fear to hearts.

"Alright, time's up. Those who should be here are here. As for those who aren't here, they should have run into some form of accident." As the people around the area remained silent, an old man with white hair who was dressed in a black robe spoke languidly.

The number of people behind him was the greatest. There were about twenty standing at attention behind him. All of them had brightly burning eyes, and they all had extraordinary power.

"We will proceed with the established rules regarding the offerings to our god. I will still be the one who starts first, and then, starting from my left, you'll each make an offering one by one. The offerings will end at the one standing to my right. Then, we will leave at

the same time, and we won't be allowed to travel in the same direction." As the old man spoke, he bowed towards the mouth of the volcano.

"We will now make offerings to our god. O god, please show yourself!" The old man's voice rang in the air. Once it traveled into the volcano, he swung his arm, and the three corpses placed by his side flew out at the same time, then fell straight into the mouth of the volcano.

A roar that shook the hearts of the people in the area and even caused some to instinctively take a step backwards came from inside the volcano.

At the same time, a crimson red shadow was flung out. As it shone, the three corpses falling down immediately shattered. They did not turn into torn pieces of flesh, but disintegrated and turned into ashes. Wisps of light green aura spread out from the ashes and were absorbed by the crimson-red shadow.

When the crimson-red shadow no longer swayed and became clear, what was revealed was a gigantic, ferocious creature with the body of a snake and the head of a phoenix. Its body, which was connected to the entrance of the volcano, was a hundred feet in breadth and was endless in terms of length.

If no one paid any attention to the creature's body, then this would be a divine phoenix in the volcano that was looking at the crowd around it coldly.

All those who were seen by the creature would instinctively lower their heads, nod daring to meet its gaze.

Su Ming's pupils constricted as he stared at the strange ferocious beast. He had never seen its kind before. A mighty pressure was spreading out from the ferocious beast's body, rising the temperature in the area to a state where it was scorching hot.

The old man who had thrown the three corpses wrapped his fist in his palm towards the creature in respect. When he took a few steps back, the followers behind him immediately moved forward and threw out the corpses they'd brought as well.

There were thirty-two corpses in total. Once they tossed them outwards, the beast with the phoenix head would ram against them, turning them into ashes. It would absorb the light green aura that spread out from those ashes, and once it devoured it, the ferocious beast would let out an ear-splitting roar.

As it roared, it spat out thirty-two balls of fire from its mouth. These balls of fire immediately extinguished once they flew out, turning into thirty-two crystals that were filled with impurities and charged towards the old man.

Excitement appeared on the old man's face. With a swing of his arm, the crystals were immediately swept towards him. Once he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed

towards the beast, he retreated ten steps away from the inner edge of the ring along with his followers.

As Su Ming looked at this scene, understanding appeared in his eyes. This was, after all, a land barren of resources. Since they were cultivators, food was not that important to them. However, the lack of power of the world would be a huge blow. Crystal would then become the most important thing to them.

If there were no crystals, not only would they not be able to improve, their cultivation bases would start regressing slowly. Once that started, they would end up dead in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

'By feeding this beast with the phoenix head, they obtain crystals which exist in the beast's body in exchange. They must've appeared there by some unknown method...'
Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

Once the old man retreated, the person to his left immediately repeated the process and threw out the corpses he'd brought with his followers. The corpses were all reduced to ashes once the ferocious beast crashed into them, and when it devoured the light green aura, it spat out an equivalent amount of crystals.

Before the purple-robed man's turn, two more roars came from the volcano, and two slightly smaller beasts with phoenix heads rose from the volcano to devour the light green aura from the corpses.

Before long, it was the purple-robed man's turn. He immediately threw out the corpse he carried over his shoulder, and the seven people behind him did the same. Su Ming kept his eyes open all this while, but he could not move. Once he was thrown out, a smaller beast head immediately flung itself to touch his body. Once it did so, Su Ming immediately sensed a great force traveling into his body. That power seemed to contain some form of law in it that could cause a person's body, blood, flesh, and bones to be perfectly separated from each other. They would not turn into torn pieces, but would disintegrate into ashes.

In fact, the way Su Ming felt it, this force that knocked into him was not strong at all. It was not enough to make his body crumble, but that crash seemed to contain some kind of power that was similar to the power of law, forcing Su Ming to disintegrate and turn into ashes.

Yet there was no light green aura that spread out from his body when it turned into ashes. The small beast with the phoenix head was stunned momentarily, but it still opened its mouth wide to suck in a deep breath. Even though Su Ming's physical body was no longer around, his soul was still around, and once the creature sucked in that breath, his soul was immediately absorbed into its mouth due to the suction force.

After a moment, when the crowd at the entrance of the volcano had tossed out all the corpses they brought and obtained an equivalent amount of crystals in exchange, they retreated and charged backwards in different directions, leaving the place.

Chapter 749: Body of Flesh and Blood!

Usually, during this moment, no accidents would occur as they left. The three ferocious beasts would return to the volcano and wait for the next time they came to this place.

Yet for some unknown reason, when the crowd withdrew and the three ferocious beasts had returned to the volcano, the small creature that had devoured Su Ming started trembling furiously and let out a shrill roar.

That roar appeared suddenly, startling the swiftly retreating people, but none of them were fools. All of those who could survive in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence were calculative shrews. They were only stunned for a moment. All of them immediately snuffed out their curiosity and, without any hesitation, increased their speed of retreat.

Curiosity was something that had to be paid for with a person's life in the galaxy that was the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. This cultivation planet might not be located at the center of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, slightly closer to the edge instead, but the level of danger here was still incredibly high.

The shrill roars continued to echo, the creature's voice spreading in all directions, lingering in the air for a long time.

At the instant Su Ming was devoured by the smaller creature, he suddenly came to understand why the ancient existence in Yin Death Vortex had chosen him, who had only arrived at Life Privation, to become Yin Death's Child, and even paid such a high price to send him to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

Because... his body was made of aura of death, and his core was his soul. His soul... was different from that of others!

When the parts of his body were separated from each other, it felt as if shackles that had held him for a long time had been finally removed. A feeling as if he was free and there was nothing affecting his soul rose in Su Ming's heart.

As his soul spread out and he was absorbed into the ferocious beast's mouth, his soul enveloped the entire creature's body, and he could sense that this creature was about seventeen thousand feet long. He could even sense that there was a soul struggling madly within its body to fight against Su Ming's soul trying to overtake its body.

Yet once this struggling soul touched Su Ming, it out a piercing screech, and a loud roar escaped the creature's body, echoing far and wide.

A rumble rang in the air, and the small creature's body fell back into the volcano. The hot magma instantly enveloped the creature. At the same time, the two ferocious beasts beside it cried out and swam around it. However, the confusion in their eyes made it clear that they did not know what had happened to their companion.

The shrill roars from the small creature lasted for the time it takes to burn an incense stick, weakening gradually. Its soul had already shattered by this point, as if it could not put up even a single bit of resistance against Su Ming's soul.

Its body was being slowly torn apart in the magma. A large amount of blood gushed out, and its scales crumbled. Its body shrank rapidly, as if it was withering away.

The other two ferocious beasts continued to swim about the smaller creature, roaring endlessly while staring at their withering companion.

As it shrank, a hand suddenly stretched out from its bloody back. That hand looked like it was mere bones and was limp, giving an impression that it could not be lifted up. Yet as the small creature continued withering away and its body shrank to less than five thousand feet compared to its previous seventeen thousand feet, the hand that had stretched out of its back filled with strength, and gradually, the entire arm appeared.

Soon after, another arm appeared, and then... Su Ming's head and the rest of his body pushed through. His eyes were shut. As his body gathered together, the small creature's body started trembling violently. Its flesh and blood were being absorbed to become the nutrients for the physical body Su Ming had gathered together.

When its body withered to only a thousand something feet, most of Su Ming's body had left the small creature's back. At the instant he completely walked out, the thousand feet long creature's body became stiff. Once it withered away completely, it was submerged in magma.

There was not a hint of blood on Su Ming's body. Instead, a refreshing scent spread out from his body. His eyes were closed as his body was submerged in the magma. However, the heat of it was unable to injure him even in the slightest.

The large and tiny ferocious beasts were slowly approaching Su Ming at that moment. Once they swam a few circles around him, they stopped screeching. It seemed that in their senses, Su Ming was their small companion.

In the blink of an eye, half a month passed. Throughout this entire time, Su Ming was submerged in the magma, motionless. On the day after half a month had passed, his eyelashes fluttered lightly, and he gradually opened his eyes.

When he did so, a brilliant light shone within them. It was slightly different from the light in Su Ming's eyes previously. If no one took a closer look, it would be difficult for them to find anything amiss, but Su Ming himself knew well that there was something different about him.

His previous self had been formed from the aura of death. It might have seemed real, and he had been a real entity when he was in Yin Death Region, but his physical body had been an illusion. It was fake, and everything about him had been formed with his soul as the foundation.

Yet his current body was void of aura of death and was no longer a mere illusion. He now had a real body that was made of flesh and blood. It was a body that was gathered together once he used the ferocious beast as nutrients, which he had managed to do after transforming the its body once he occupied it with his soul.

"Building the Abyss, huh...?" Su Ming whispered softly. His soul had finally become complete after the three seals had been released in Yin Death Region. Once it became complete, he had heard the familiar voice whispering these words in his ear.

When he was in the ferocious beast's body just now, this voice had reverberated in his ears once again.

In silence, Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his own body with a calm expression. When he lifted his right hand slowly and clenched it, a feeling of power burst forth within him.

It was an incredibly unique feeling of Qi that he had never sensed before.

Besides this feeling, Su Ming also had a faint sense that there was a power of a law he did not quite understand contained within his fist. That power of law was like some form of inborn ability. However, it did not belong to him. It instead belonged to this body of flesh and blood, which originated from the creature with the phoenix head.

'If that is the case, then even though I felt that my body in Yin Death Region was real, it was in fact, fake. Even after I've managed to sacrifice all my bones, what had changed was not my illusory body... but my soul.'

'Having a soul as my body, that was me when I was in Yin Death Region.'

Su Ming slowly stood up and stepped on magma. He did not sense even a single hint of unbearable heat. This was due to more than just him losing his sense of pain. There were also other reasons behind this.

'All things of earth forming my body, that is the me now.'

Once Su Ming got up, the magma immediately started churning. A creature with a beast head crawled out and approached him with its big head. Once it nuzzled against Su Ming, it let out a cheerful cry.

Su Ming's presence gave it a sense of familiarity. It was the presence that belonged to its companion. Even if Su Ming's appearance was different from its companion, their presence was the same.

Su Ming looked at the small creature, and after a long while, lifted his right hand slowly. He patted the small creature's head, and it immediately flung its head as it screeched, then its body, which was ten thousand something feet, charged out of the magma, heading straight towards the mouth of the volcano above it. After a moment, as piercing cries rang out in the air, the small creature flew back down with a bald crane in its beak.

During the past half a month, the bald crane had been cautiously avoiding the mouth of the volcano, staying at the edges. It had wanted to enter many times to look, but the mighty pressure coming from the mouth of the volcano had robbed it of its courage.

It had been peeking from the edge of the entrance to examine what was inside, but immediately noticed a wave of heat closing in on it. Before it managed to react to the situation, the small creature with the phoenix head had clamped its beak around the bald crane's body and brought it into the volcano.

As the bald crane screamed, it saw Su Ming standing on the magma, and its screams disappeared, replaced by surprised delight.

"Damn it all, so you aren't dead yet, Little Su? You made this old crane think you were dead!" The bald crane flapped its wings and flew carefully to a burning crimson rock by the side. After touching it a few times, it decided that it was still bearable and laid there, looking at Su Ming with surprise.

Su Ming's expression was cold and aloof. Once he cast a glance at the bald crane, he lifted his right hand and stretched his hand towards it.

The bald crane saw the aloof look in Su Ming's eyes and its words died down in its mouth. It sighed. With a flap of its wings, a storage bag immediately flew out towards Su Ming.

Once he grabbed it, Su Ming opened it calmly and immediately brought out a long robe. Rays of starlight instantly started flashing in the volcano, revealing that this was Dao Yuan's Sacred Constellation Robe.

Once Su Ming put it on, his disposition changed. However, the stars on his robe did not move, as if they were dead.

'I see, so it's difficult for those whose family name is not Dao to bring out its power, huh?'

Su Ming cast the Constellation Robe a glance and spread his Atman, which was now at Life Privation Realm, outwards. Then he had his Atman fuse with the robe. When Su Ming retrieved his Atman a moment later, while the stars on the robe remained unmoving, the robe's color gradually changed until it turned into a very ordinary looking black robe.

'It has a hundred and eight Runes to verify a person's identity, and only those with the blood of the Dao family can bring out all of its power. Even if outsiders put divine sense into it, they can only bring out the simpler and more basic functions of the robe.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He no longer bothered about this matter, but chose to sit down on the magma. With his eyes closed, he exercised his breathing. He had gotten used to this sort of breathing exercise when he was in Yin Death Region, but once he obtained a real physical body, the exercise felt a little unfamiliar to him. As he exercised his breathing, a large amount of heat spread out from the magma and gathered about his body.

Three months passed in the blink of an eye. Su Ming never left the volcano during this time and continued training while absorbing the hot power of the flames, which caused his hair to turn dark red. His body also blended perfectly with his soul, and he could now bring out the complete power of Life Privation Realm with this body.

On the day three months later, the bald crane yawned on the stone and wondered in boredom whether it should take a stroll outside when the magma around Su Ming suddenly started boiling. At the same time, the colossal ferocious beast with the phoenix head that was about a hundred feet in breadth and had never appeared after Su Ming woke up rushed out of the magma and let out a roar towards the entrance of the volcano before charging towards it.

The smaller creature with the phoenix head also flew out behind it. Su Ming's eyes sparkled as faint voice from beyond the volcano reached his ears.

"We will now make offerings to our god. O god, please show yourself!"

Chapter 750: Crimson Flame Planet

At that moment, there was no longer around a hundred people gathered at the entrance of the volcano, but only about seventy to eighty. Their faces were pale, and most had injuries on their bodies.

The purple-robed man, Yue Hong Bang, was standing at the edge of the ring. His face was pale as well, and his coughs would occasionally travel into the air, as if he had blood in his mouth. There were only four left of the seven behind him, the thin old man being one of them.

The old man from around three months ago was the one speaking. There were only ten people left behind him. All of them were carrying corpses over their shoulders. Some of these corpses were their friends, and some of them strangers.

As the old man's voice resounded in the air, a roar came from within the volcano. The gigantic ferocious beast with the phoenix head that was a hundred feet in breadth looked at the cultivators around it coldly.

Once the old man threw out the corpse respectfully, the ferocious beast with the phoenix head rammed into it as usual and caused the corpse to disintegrate before sucking in the light green aura and spitting out a crystal.

When nearly forty something corpses were thrown out in succession, the slightly smaller creature with the beast head flew out with a roar and also started ramming its body against the corpses before devouring them.

Once it devoured about twenty something corpses, it stopped eating the light green aura and lowered its head to look into the mouth of the volcano, which was right under it. The gigantic ferocious beast beside it also looked at the volcano and let out a roar.

There was no ill-will within that roar. It instead sounded like an urging for someone to come forward.

This scene stunned all the people around the ring, and the cultivators that were about to throw out the corpses froze in their movements for a moment.

Then, before the expectant gazes of the two ferocious beasts and the seventy-eighty people around the mouth of the volcano, Su Ming rose slowly into the air. His face was calm and his movements were not quick, but once he appeared, intense shouts that could not be contained immediately came from the mouths of the seventy-eighty people.

"Wh-who is that?!"

"Someone actually managed to live in the volcano where the Crimson Python Phoenix lives? This person is..."

"The Crimson Python Phoenixes are usually very averse to strangers. They're incredibly fierce, so could they let a person live in their cave abode?!"

The loud voices reverberated in the air. The seventy-eighty people sucked in a breath and moved back without any hesitation. Yue Hong Bang looked at Su Ming flying out of

the volcano, and his eyes went wide. Su Ming's body might have been changed from an illusion formed from the aura of death to one possessing flesh and blood, but his appearance was still as before, and Yue Hong Bang could recognize with just one glance that he was the person he had picked up three months ago.

At that moment, his shock could be said to be the greatest among all those present. Disbelief appeared on his face, and once he staggered several dozens of steps backwards, he looked at the thin old man beside him.

Three months ago, it was this old man that had personally taken this person who had still not died to this place and thrown him into the volcano. At that moment, the thin old man's eyes had almost popped out of his eye sockets. Shock and disbelief was on his face, and even his breathing had stopped for an instant.

As the crowd retreated in shock, the gigantic ferocious beast with the phoenix head opened its mouth wide and let out a terrifying roar, causing all the people's footsteps to stop, but the shock on their faces could not be hidden no matter how much they tried.

This sort of thing surpassed their imagination.

Su Ming's expression was calm. Once he rose into the air, he walked towards the gigantic Crimson Python Phoenix. He landed on its head and looked at the crowd beneath him coldly.

The large creature did not avoid him, simply allowing him to stand on its head. To it, Su Ming's presence was the familiar one of its child.

"Throw the corpses," Su Ming said flatly.

Once he spoke, the seventy-eighty people in the area immediately fell silent. Their eyes shone as they looked at Su Ming, but their gazes were filled with terror.

This scene was simply too far-fetched for them, something they could have never imagined. The only explanation for this was one, and a single, almost uniform thought rose in most of the people's heads at that moment.

However, none of them took the initiative to voice it. The cultivator that had been about to throw his corpse gritted his teeth and took a step forward, finishing his action.

The corpse sliced through the air in a long arc, going straight for Su Ming. At the instant it came close, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he clenched his right fist before punching the corpse.

At the instant his fist connected, understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes. A loud bang resounded, but there was no blood, and neither did the corpse fall into pieces. Instead, it disintegrated and turned into ashes before disappearing.

Wisps of light green aura spread out, but Su Ming did not absorb it. The smaller Crimson Python Phoenix beside him blinked and opened its mouth, inhaling the light green aura.

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his fist. Previously, he could clearly sense a strange power of law that came from his body, and it was a bizarre power that could perfectly disassemble all materials.

"What is this place in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence?" Su Ming coldly asked from the Crimson Python Phoenix's head once he lifted his own up. There was not a single hint of emotion contained within his words. The chilling tone made it seem as if the temperature around the area had fallen by quite a large margin.

This aloof voice immediately terrified the people around the mouth of the volcano even more. At that moment, they became even more certain of the assumption they'd made in their heads.

Yue Hong Bang's heart trembled. He remembered that this person had not died three months ago even when aura of death had entered his body. In fact, his consciousness had been very clear, and that aloof gaze instantly filled his heart with bitterness.

'Since he was able to not die when aura of death entered his body and had the capability to subdue a powerful creature such as the Crimson Python Phoenix, this can only mean that he is not from this place, especially based on what he said. The mercilessness and aloof tone of his words that seem to come from his soul, too... Could this person really be from...'

The thin old man started shivering lightly. Clearly, he had thought of some sort of frightening thing.

'Only those who were mass murderers can have absolutely no emotion in their words and speak with a tone that is as cold as ice. Only those who are indifferent towards human lives can be completely fearless despite having crossed into a different galaxy... and only these people can subdue these Crimson Python Phoenixes!'

The white-haired old man in the lead felt his heart tremble. He might have been doubtful at first, but this doubt disappeared swiftly under the Crimson Python Phoenix's gaze. He sucked in a deep breath and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to Su Ming.

"This is Crimson Flame Planet. It is located at the edge of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, and if a mighty person in the Third Step traveled from here to the True World's galaxy, it would take about thirty years for them to reach that place. About two hundred years would be needed to reach Black Ink Planet, which is located beyond the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

"Sir, did you... come from the world outside?"

The old man's expression was incredibly respectful. There was even a hint of respect when he said his final sentence. Su Ming might not seem powerful, but to not waste power by having it spread around the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, many people usually sealed it up to prevent too much depletion.

Su Ming fell into a moment of pensive silence, then asked languidly, "Does Crimson Flame Planet have anything that grows here in abundance?"

"Nothing grows here in abundance except for the Crimson Flame Grass that lives in the Region of Flames..." the old man quickly answered.

"How many powerful warriors of the Third Step are here?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

Chapter 751: Eats People?

The old man hesitated for a moment before he wrapped his fist in his palm and asked, "Sir, are you asking about... Lords of World Planes?"

Based on the old man's waves of power coming from his cultivation base, it could be seen that he should be from a race that was similar to the Immortals. He was around the peak of the Second Step, which was why he had been using the Third Step's speed as a standard while talking about the distance and the time needed to move between planets.

However, since Barren Lands of Divine Essence was a place for the criminals from the four Great True Worlds and the mysterious alien races, the categorizations for the levels of cultivation were a little messy, which was why these people continued using the titles that were used in the four Great True Worlds.

Lord of a World Plane!

This was a standard for cultivators. Lord of a Plane was placed as a center of power, and those who reached it were divided into four stages - initial, middle, later, and completion. Above these were the Lesser Solar Kalpa Realm and the true Solar Kalpa Realm.

Since those who had yet to reach the stage of a Lord of a World Plane were numerous, the categorization of their levels of cultivation was even more confusing. After all, each race's cultivation system was different. But over the countless years, a standard of cultivation had been slowly accepted by the four Great True Worlds, and it also became a standard within the Barren Lands of Divine Essence.

All those below the level of World Plane were known as cultivators of Heaven, Earth, and Man Cultivation. Based on the Barren Lands of Divine Essence's categorization, the old man's level of cultivation was at the peak of the Second Step in his race, and he was also at the peak of the Heaven Cultivation.

As for Su Ming, when he reached Life Privation, he had moved into the initial stage of Earth Cultivation within the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. If he could get past Life Privation Realm and enter Life Palace Realm, then he would become a cultivator of Heaven Cultivation.

If he could break through Life Palace Realm and reach World of Life, the final Realm within Life Cultivation, then he would reach the peak of Heaven Cultivation and could attempt becoming a Lord of a World Plane.

However, due to the differences between races, a Realm that seemed equal between the cultivation systems could result in a strength that was much higher or lower compared to that of another person. Due to the absence of resources in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence and the lack of spiritual energy, those differences in strength could be magnified exponentially.

Those who were below the Realm of Man Cultivation did not have a joint name within the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, because these people were only ants in this world.

Once Su Ming heard the old man's words, a glint appeared in his eyes. He nodded. The seventy-eighty people around him might have extraordinary power, but Su Ming knew that he had come out of the volcano in an extremely shocking manner, and the ferocious beast with the phoenix head beneath him was exuding a frightening presence that terrified these people. Due to all of this, they had mistaken him for a Lord of a World Plane from the world outside that was passing by this place.

This was something Su Ming did not expect. He had originally intended to use the ferocious beast's might and ask about some things in this land, so that he could have a better chance of surviving here.

'Could it be that most of the people here seal off their power...? Or else the old man wouldn't have this sort of misunderstanding, especially since he can see my level of cultivation clearly.' Su Ming remained as calm as ever. He already had a basic gist of what was going on based on the people's expressions.

"Crimson Flame Planet is rather far from the center of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, closer to the galaxy of the True Worlds. The patrolling True Guards frequently check this place, which is why there are only two World Paragons here. One of them is in an area to the east, and the other to the west. They are usually in isolation and don't bother with what is happening in the world.

"There are no other World Paragons in Crimson Flame Planet besides these two," the old man said as he wrapped his fist in his palm.

"This place is the northern region of Crimson Flame Planet. There was another World Paragon five hundred years ago, but because he had let out a disrespectful aura when the True Guards were patrolling in space, they killed him.

"There are also quite a number of ferocious beasts and divine spirits here in Crimson Flame Planet that possess the power of Lords of World Planes," said Yue Hong Bang respectfully by the side as he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming. As he spoke, he cast a glance at the Crimson Python Phoenix. He was intent on improving his relationship with Su Ming because he was worried that the other would cause him trouble. That was why he had told him the things the old man did not say.

"From now onwards, when you come to this place and make your offerings, while the rules to offering corpses have not changed, you must also offer some of the items that are unique to this planet. If anything catches my fancy, I will reward you," Su Ming stated calmly.

His gaze then fell on Yue Hong Bang. "All of you can leave now, but you, stay back. I have further requests."

Yue Hong Bang's heart trembled. His followers immediately moved closer to him with wariness on their faces as ripples of power spread out from his body.

Anguish rose in their hearts, but once they remembered how Yue Hong Bang had taken care of them over the years, they found that they no longer had any attachments to this hellish life.

At the instant, they spread out the waves of their power, and the Crimson Python Phoenix beneath Su Ming's feet looked towards them coldly. Low roars came from its mouth, and a vast, mighty pressure that was not in the very least weaker than that of a Lord of a World Plane spread out from its body.

Yue Hong Bang's hair rose on end. The others in the area wrapped their fists in their palms and retreated without any hesitation, no longer bothering about Yue Hong Bang's survival.

Even the old man in the lead wrapped his fist in his palm and retreated immediately. In the blink of an eye, the seventy-eighty people around the area turned into an equivalent number of long arcs that swiftly left the place.

"Move back. Wait for me outside."

Yue Hong Bang hesitated for a moment, then gritted his teeth and spoke to his followers. His potential was not the only reason why he had reached the Heaven

Cultivation Realm. It was also due to his intelligence. If the stranger truly wanted to kill him, there would've been no need for him to go through so much trouble. He had asked Yue Hong Bang to stay in this place, and this... might be a chance.

Once Yue Hong Bang thought of this, an idea took shape in his mind.

The people behind him halted for a moment, but when they saw the resolute look on Yue Hong Bang's face, they withdrew into the distance in silence.

At that moment, besides the huge and tiny Crimson Python Phoenixes at the entrance of the volcano, there were only Su Ming and Yue Hong Bang left.

Su Ming looked at Yue Hong Bang and after a moment had gone by asked, "How are the levels of cultivation categorized in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence?"

Yue Hong Bang's expression remained calm, but once he heard Su Ming's question, his heart let out a thump. He came to a sudden realization that his previous assumption had been incorrect. The person before him was not a powerful warrior who had come from the inner parts of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, but...

Yue Hong Bang's breathing quickened during that instant. He lifted his head and looked at Su Ming. As he recalled the moment he first saw this person, he became even more certain of his guess. He immediately wrapped his fist in his palm and told Su Ming everything about the three cultivation levels of Heaven, Earth, and Man as well as the titles associated with the Lords of World Planes without keeping anything back.

"The True World's Galaxy is a place that exists once the four Great True Worlds are connected together. It is used to suppress the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, and it is also the only exit of this place.

"The four Great True Worlds will frequently send powerful warriors to patrol the True World's Galaxy. They won't get too close to the center of the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, but would patrol the many cultivation planets at the periphery of this world.

"Those people who are sent out are the True Guards!

"Ouyang Shang mentioned the Barren Lands of Divine Essence's Black Ink Planet just now. That planet has a great reputation in this world, and it is one of the cultivation planets in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence that serve as a landmark. It is the only one that has not been completely abandoned, because it is a cultivation planet that still possess some spiritual energy.

"Ouyang Shang is the old man you talked to just now. He thought that you were a powerful warrior from Black Ink Planet, because occasionally there are World Paragons who are indifferent towards their own lives and dare to move across the galaxy within

the Barren Lands of Divine Essence to go to other cultivation planets in search of things they need for their cultivation," Yue Hong Bang explained while looking at Su Ming.

"Then what do you think?" Su Ming asked flatly.

"I believe that you are not from Black Ink Planet, but... a first generation criminal that has just been sent to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence from the four True Great Worlds!" Yue Hong Bang said without any hesitation, and there was even eagerness on his face.

"All those who still have the memories from the world outside and have just been sent here for the first time are first generation criminals. They will give birth to their offspring here, creating a few people like me in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. We are people who live in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence from the moment we are born till the one when we breathe our last."

Yue Hong Bang sucked in a deep breath and asked respectfully, "Sir, I wonder which of the four True Great Worlds did you come from?"

Su Ming's gaze was cold. He chose to neither deny nor answer Yue Hong Bang's question, but instead patted the Crimson Python Phoenix beneath him. It let out a roar and returned to the entrance of the volcano, bringing Su Ming with it, and the both of them disappeared from Yue Hong Bang's gaze as they sank into the volcano.

Yue Hong Bang stood there, his expression changing constantly. After a moment, he bowed deeply towards the mouth of the volcano, then turned around and left swiftly. Doubt rose in his heart again, and he began to second guess his previous judgment.

'Could it be that this person asked me these things to guide me towards a certain train of thought...?' There was no answer to this question in Yue Hong Bang's mind. When he thought back on the scene just now, he found that Su Ming's cold gaze had been the thing that left the deepest impression in his memory. That emotionless gaze looked as if it was completely indifferent towards all forms of life.

'It doesn't matter where he came from. I cannot incur his wrath, and neither can I speak about my guesses to the others when I'm outside the area,' Yue Hong Bang decided in his heart and gradually disappeared into the distance.

Time passed by quickly in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. Su Ming stayed inside the volcano with half of his body immersed in magma. It had been a whole year since he had first come out of the volcano for the first time. During the past year, Yue Hong Bang and the others had come four times. As of the last time, they too numbered to less than fifty, from around eighty a year ago.

When they had come to this place the fourth time, they had not just brought the corpses, which were a necessity, but also brought some of the items from around

Crimson Flame Planet. One of them was an uneven blue crystal floating before Su Ming. There were quite a lot of impurities which looked like muscles within it, but there was not a hint of spiritual energy contained within the crystal.

This caught Su Ming's attention.

After observing the crystal for a moment, he lifted his right hand, and it began rapidly withering away before his eyes. When his right arm had shriveled to the point that it looked as if it had been reduced to only skin and bones, he grabbed the stone.

As blue light shone from the stone, it began shrinking swiftly, turning into dust in Su Ming's hand. This hand of his began to gain flesh and blood, recovering slightly from its emaciated state.

'If I compare my level of cultivation to theirs, it's difficult for me to compete against many of the people here... but I didn't expect that there would be items here that would allow Surging Indulgers to practice their cultivation here!' A strange light appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he stared at his right hand.

'This Barren Lands of Divine Essence are mysterious indeed. Crimson Flame Planet, which is located at the edge of this galaxy, produces this useless stone which possesses the power of flesh and blood.'

Su Ming seized the air in the direction of the magma beside him, and another blue stone that was the size of his fist immediately flew into his hand. As he looked at the impurities that looked muscles within the crystal, Su Ming narrowed his eyes.

'Could it be that this Crimson Flame Planet eats people? Or else why would the stones have flesh and blood?!'