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Chapter 71: The Elder's Preparation

Su Ming left.

Once he left, the crowd in the field also gradually dispersed as the people went to the leaders of their tribes and went back to their lodgings in Wind Stream City.

The first stage of the test was over. There would be a night of rest before the start of the next part of the test the next day. The second stage may not be a test of actual combat, but it held a lot of importance by showing the participants' power.

In the past, there would be a lot of people who entered the first stage of the test and did not participate in the other two stages, but these people were mostly ranked below the top 50. There had never been someone who had managed to place in the top 10 ranks and bowed out of the other two tests.

That was why Su Ming and Ye Wang's conversation caused a storm to rage within the hearts of the people in the field. However, they did not talk about it. They only watched silently as Su Ming left.

The participants who were getting ready for the test next morning left especially quickly. They had to hurry up and use the night to train to make sure their bodies were in top condition while getting rid of the injuries they sustained due to the pressure from the mountain in the first stage.

The injuries sustained by Chen Chong and the others were not light because they had forcefully moved forward during the first stage of the test. They would require help from the powerful Berserkers from their tribes to be able to recover by next morning.

Even Wind Stream Tribe's Elder, Jing Nan, did not waste time loitering in the field. Ye Wang's forceful absorption of his Berserker Blood would have left behind a lot of problems; he would have to go and help him soothe his Qi.

When Su Ming came, it was Shi Hai who had brought him. It was the same when he left. Shi Hai seemed to be conflicted, and he hesitated as if about to say something, but he remained silent in the end. He swung his sleeve and brought Su Ming away from the place towards Wind Stream City in a whistle of wind.

As the crowd gradually diminished, the field became more deserted. Mo Sang stood in the field with a smile as he spoke to Jing Nan, who was standing by his side, about something.

Jing Nan's face was no longer gloomy. He was frowning instead. After a long moment of silence, he looked towards Mo Sang.

"The first request you had regarding giving me the Ancient Berserker Art was to let Dark Mountain Tribe become a part of Wind Stream Tribe when you believed the time was right so as to receive Wind Stream's protection.

"Your purpose for doing that was definitely to give Black Mountain Tribe's Bi Tu a chance. You will take away three of the strongest Berserkers in Dark Mountain Tribe and greatly reduce the defense of your tribe...

"If Bi Tu comes to Wind Stream, then you will use the chance to observe his power. If he doesn't, then it means something unknown has happened to his training. This move of yours, where you kill two birds with one stone, is ruthless indeed!" Jing Nan looked at Mo Sang and gritted out each word.

"I never intended to hide it from you," Mo Sang spoke, smiling.

"If Bi Tu had come, you could then have made changes according to your judgment. If he didn't, then you'd be leaving behind a weakened tribe to tempt him into attacking it... I can tell that you have a backup plan within the tribe.

"If Bi Tu was to really attack Dark Mountain Tribe, then due to my promise to you, Dark Mountain Tribe would become part of Wind Stream, which would make Bi Tu wary. Due to your understanding of Bi Tu, if he had just arrived at a breakthrough, then his powers would still be wild and hard to control. I... would definitely need to lend a hand or else Wind Stream would lose all their esteem in the region since they couldn't even defend an affiliated tribe.

"It would make others think that I'm afraid of Bi Tu," Jing Nan slowly spoke about these things. In truth, when Mo Sang had mentioned that to him in the secret room, he had already thought about all this, but did not say it. He wanted to keep those thoughts to himself and think about it later so that he could make Mo Sang pay a greater price. Now... he found the price!

"Not bad. That's what I've been thinking. It's a pity Bi Tu didn't make a move." Mo Sang frowned slightly as he looked towards Jing Nan.

Jing Nan's gaze was complicated as he looked into Mo Sang's eyes. After a long while, he sighed.

"If it weren't because that child looked so different from you, I'd truly think that he is of your blood." Jing Nan lifted his head and looked towards the direction Su Ming had disappeared.

"To me, he is of my blood." There was a hint of nostalgia in Mo Sang's eyes as he spoke softly.

"Mo Sang, in terms of intelligence, I cannot compare to you... This has nothing to do with our cultivation. I knew that since I was young... You knew since a long time ago that I would figure out the hidden meaning within your request, and you knew that with my personality, I would not immediately reject you, but would find the chance to reap even more benefits from you..."

"All this, you have predicted. That was why you pushed this benefit right in front of my face so that I would have no choice but to be attracted to it... All of this was not just for your tribe but also for the child, perhaps even more for him..."

"You knew since a long time ago how outstanding Su Ming is!" Jing Nan spoke slowly.

Mo Sang looked at Jing Nan with a smile. He did not speak.

"You made him hide his identity and use another appearance in this place to show off his potential so that I would see all of that... With this move, even if Dark Mountain Tribe becomes affiliated to Wind Stream Tribe, he would not be affected by this. You gave him another path... a path that you did not choose that year..." Jing Nan's face became even more complicated as he looked at Mo Sang.

"You know that Wind Stream does not mind prodigies appearing in the tribes around the region. In fact, we even hope that there would be other young prodigies appearing in other tribes. Because the moment they appear, we would receive them the moment we find them and make them part of Wind Stream. We would also give a lot of benefits to their original tribes.

"Many people don't understand why we do this, thinking that Wind Stream is jealous of those who have talent. Even if we explain ourselves, no one would believe us, only you... know the truth! You know the truth, and you asked him to disguise himself for his own good. After all, if he's too outstanding, then it would be far too easy for others to be jealous of him. Putting him under a layer of disguise is a form of protection for him. At the same time, he won't be burdened by the fate of being one of the members of an affiliated tribe. He can be independent."

"If he grows up and reveals his identity later, it would still be fine. At that time, he would already have the power to let others look up to him. He could also protect Dark Mountain Tribe by then, which would have already become an affiliated tribe." Jing Nan looked at the few people left on the field while speaking slowly.

"You made it. I like this child. Let him stay in Wind Stream. I'll offer him the same help as I gave Ye Wang, just like what I promised before. Between him and Ye Wang, whoever reaches the Transcendence Realm first will become the Berserker's Son of Wind Stream!

"Even if he reaches the Transcendence Realm later than Ye Wang, with his potential, I will still make him as brilliant as the blazing sun! He will develop Wind Stream together with Ye Wang! As for Dark Mountain Tribe... once the test ends, come to Wind Stream. Bi Tu won't dare to stop you. If he makes a move, I will let him know the difference between us, even though we are both in the initial stages of the Transcendence Realm!" As Jing Nan spoke, he raised his right hand towards Mo Sang and waved it. In an instant, a small bottle sped towards Mo Sang.

"There are three drops of Berserker Blood in there. Treat the extra drop as a present for Su Ming!" Jing Nan looked at Mo Sang deeply and turned away, taking a step towards the air. He had to help soothe Ye Wang's Qi tonight.

Mo Sang watched Jing Nan leave, then looked at the small bottle containing the three drops of Berserker Blood. His eyes were filled with contemplation. Jing Nan was right in many regards, but there was one thing he was wrong about. Mo Sang did not expect that Su Ming would be able to obtain such a rank.

His original plan had been to use Su Ming's mysterious identity to make Jing Nan suspicious. Then he would pay up an incredibly great price for Jing Nan to agree to let Su Ming stay in Wind Stream.

After all, he understood that Wind Stream Tribe was incredibly resolute towards getting out of this place and becoming stronger. It would not give up any chance to do so, even if it was just a guess...

But Mo Sang did not expect Su Ming to be able to obtain this rank. With things this way, the tables for his negotiation with Jing Nan had immediately turned and now Mo Sang held the reins instead of being forced to go with the tide.

It was just a small change, yet the difference in the end results was so great!

'Perhaps this time... the catastrophe looming over Dark Mountain Tribe can actually be solved...'

A bright flash flickered in Mo Sang's eyes, and he went towards the people from Dark Mountain Tribe waiting for him in the distance.

In the air outside of the vicinity of Wind Stream Mountain, Shi Hai was speeding away with Su Ming back to the mudstone city. They did not say one word to each other while they were in the air.

Su Ming was just quiet, but Shi Hai was feeling conflicted. He would occasionally look at Su Ming. The person before him looked incredibly normal, and Shi Hai had been the one who bring him to the field. Back then, he'd not taken much notice of this person. Yet now, after he had seen Su Ming's unbelievable raise up the stairs during the previous few days, Shi Hai's attitude was forced to change.

'This is a prodigy that can compete with Ye Wang!'

Shi Hai marveled in his heart.

Before long, the contours of Wind Stream Tribe gradually appeared on the land far into the distance. As the giant mudstone city gradually appeared before their eyes, Su Ming suddenly spoke.

He spoke as the gust was blowing fiercely against his face. His voice seemed to be about ready to be scattered away into the wind, but each word and syllable still reached Shi Hai's ears clearly.

"Senior, I have something I don't understand. You have yet to transcend, how is it that you're able to fly in the sky?"

If it was before, Shi Hai would have definitely ignored him, as if he had not heard him. Yet now, after a moment of hesitation, he opened his mouth and began his explanation slowly.

"The flight after reaching Transcendence is different from mine. The reason I can fly is due to my Berserker Vessel. A part of it is also because of my Berserker Mark, which has yet to solidify. My Berserker Mark is of the clouds."

As Shi Hai spoke, a faint picture of a cloud appeared in the centre of his brows.

"To be exact, a Berserker who has reached the Transcendence Realm can walk in the air with his own power. As for me, I can only float. It may seem the same, but the basic principle behind it is very different," Shi Hai explained in detail.

Su Ming's eyes were contemplative. He asked a few more questions. As they continued talking, they returned to the mudstone city. When Shi Hai let Su Ming on the ground, there was a smile on his face. He nodded his head towards Su Ming, then left after turning into a cloud.

The gigantic field at the foot of Wind Stream Mountain was now deserted. The only living beings there were the eight people sitting on top of eight of the nine eagle statues. They were powerful Berserkers from Wind Stream Tribe. Before long, Shi Hai returned and sat down cross-legged on the ninth eagle statue.

Since the seal on Wind Stream Mountain was broken, some time would be required to seal it again. The nine of them protected this place until the seal was complete, and they could leave.

That had been the case since before...

Yet this year, there was something unusual. In the deserted field, a person in black had appeared some time ago. That person was wearing a black robe that hid his entire body. It was the mysterious man who had appeared at Black Mountain Tribe!

Chapter 72: The Alliance of the Western Region

He stood there, but for some reason, Shi Hai and the other eight people did not notice him. They didn't know when the mysterious man had appeared, nor did they know of his existence. Even if they had opened their eyes, they would have only seen an empty space before them.

"The Great Bird, one of the four great mythical creatures of the Fire Berserker Tribe... They were killed that year by the God of Berserker s... I didn't expect that there would be a fragment of its soul here... If the Elder from Black Mountain Tribe hadn't told me, I would have missed it... Oh well, he might have told me this because of personal reasons, but since I saw the beast, then I'll definitely satisfy his request.

"There are just two people who have reached the initial stage of the Transcendence Realm. They're not enough for me to spare any of my attention here yet... I've heard about Wind Stream Tribe, located at the edges of the western region's alliance borders. I heard that they were once a weak branch from the Great Tribe of Miao Man1," the mysterious man mumbled and moved forward step by step towards Wind Stream Mountain, which was in a state of being sealed off once again!

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Su Ming returned to the lodgings of Dark Mountain Tribe within Wind Stream City. His face had long since returned to normal, and he looked like the frail, clean, and handsome youth once more. He wore a simple beast skin shirt and sat down within the lodgings of Dark Mountain Tribe.

There was excitement and anxiety within his eyes. All that had happened during the first stage of the test was like a dream to him. It was as if the person who did it was not him, but someone else. It was especially so when he had returned to the field and become the center of attention. It made his heart pound even more quickly. When he

remembered talking to Bai Ling right before Si Kong and the old woman, Su Ming felt proud of himself.

He took in a deep breath and finally managed to quell the excitement within his heart. He closed his eyes and felt the vast amount of Qi in his body. The power that erupted from all 160 blood veins filled Su Ming with confidence.

His blood veins had increased during the final moment by four. They had increased from 156 to 160.

"I'm now at the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. There's not much of a difference between this and the required 245 blood veins for the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm..." Su Ming mumbled, and there was a strange glow in his eyes.

'I can start training the Dark Blood Dust... I'll have to wait a bit longer for the powerful Execution of the Three Evils, though.'

Su Ming sat down with a focused gaze as he recalled everything that had happened during the first stage of the test. A smile gradually appeared on the corner of his lips.

'More importantly, I've mastered fine control! If my mind moves, my Qi will move. If my mind doesn't move, then my Qi will be hidden... With this, I won't waste a single shred of Qi. When my battle power increases, my speed will also increase to another level!'

Su Ming took in a deep breath as his spirits were lifted up.

'With the Blood Scales, the me now should be able to somehow help the elder protect the tribe and my tribe members! I can fight for the tribe!'

He clenched his fists with a resolute gaze.

'It's a pity my powers aren't great enough right now. I only have 160 blood veins... If I could increase them further, that would be great...'

Su Ming frowned. After a moment of silence, a bright light flashed in his eyes.

"I have to buy a large amount of herbs and create more Mountain Spirit... But... Ha..." Su Ming's eyes darkened. His pockets were empty. He did not have any money to buy anything.

'Right now, the tribe is faced with a great danger. It would need a lot of stone coins. I can't add more stress for the elder... I have to think. How can I get a huge amount of money...?'

He scratched his head. While he was thinking, his ears twitched. He heard Wu La's excited voice coming from outside the house.

Su Ming stood up and opened the front door. From there, he saw Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen, and behind them, the elder, the Head of the Guards, and Shan Hen walking back.

"Mo Su has a really great presence! You saw it, right? The moment he came back, he immediately attracted everyone's attention! Even Ye Wang spoke to him! I heard from the others that this is something that is incredibly rare!" Wu La's face was lit with excitement. Her eyes were bright with enthusiasm as she walked and continued speaking to Bei Ling and Lei Chen.

"Mo Su may look average, but he attracts a lot of attention. I think that powerful people are all supposed to be like this. He reached the top from the last place. When he came back, he was really calm. The presence of a powerful person was incredibly strong on him. I can still remember the words he spoke to Ye Wang. He said, 'I won't enter the second stage of the test.' It made so many people shocked!" Wu La gestured excitedly. It was clear that Mo Su held a great position within her heart, and she practically worshipped him.

Su Ming stood outside the house and looked at the crowd coming back. He watched Wu La's excitement and touched his nose. He remembered being very nervous. He found it hard to adapt to the feeling of being the center of attention. He absolutely did not have the calmness Wu La was talking about...

"Mo Su had been unknown, but now, he's famous. His name has already traveled to the entire Wind Stream Tribe. Before long, all the tribes around the region will know his name!" Bei Ling's face was no longer aloof but was filled with exhilaration and excitement, which was a rare sight.

"It's a pity he doesn't belong to Dark Mountain Tribe. Ah... it'd be great if there was such a prodigy in Dark Mountain Tribe..." Bei Ling sighed. There was no hint of jealousy within him. That was the nature of human beings. They would only compete with those who were around their level. They would find it hard to be jealous of those who had surpassed them by too much. Unless... they were people who they grew up with, and thus, had no sense of mysteriousness, because both parties knew each other too well. They would still be jealous of those people, then.

"That's right. If only he was from Dark Mountain Tribe... Mo Su, Mo Sang, their names match so well. Mo Su..." There was a look of awe in Wu La's eyes, and her face was flushed. As she continued mumbling, she saw Su Ming standing at the house and frowned. Disdain appeared on her face.

She remembered what Lei Chen had said. He had actually suspected that the Mo Su she admired was Su Ming. It only made her think that it was a form of humiliation towards Mo Su.

Lei Chen did not speak. When he saw Su Ming, he trained his eyes on him. After a few moments of scrutiny, his eyes darkened. It was clear that he did not believe that Su Ming and Mo Su had any form of connection either.

As for Bei Ling, he had seen Su Ming standing there a long time ago, but he had immediately ignored Su Ming's existence. The aloofness in his eyes was so thick, it seemed that it would not go away.

"Mo Su is incredibly mysterious. Up till now, we still don't know which tribe he belongs to. Maybe we'll know in a few more days. When that time comes, I'll represent Dark Mountain Tribe and get to know him..." Bei Ling no longer looked at Su Ming. When he spoke of Mo Su, there was respect in his eyes.

"You have to get to know him. Mo Su... Mo Su... I think his powers have to be really great. It's a pity he's not joining the second or the third stage of the test..." Su Ming saw Wu La's excitement and could not help but touch his nose again.

"Maybe his powers aren't really that great. That's why he's not taking part..." Su Ming could no longer keep it in and mumbled instinctively.

"Su Ming, what did you say?!" When Wu La heard it, a fierce look immediately appeared in her eyes. She looked at Su Ming furiously.

"You have no right to talk about Mo Su. His powers must be really great! He must have something else to do, or because he has no interest in competing, that's why he's not taking part in the test!"

Su Ming smiled bitterly and quickly kept his silence. When he saw how furious Wu La looked, he had no idea whether he should happy, or feel helpless.

"Su Ming, you can say all that here, saying this most likely because you heard from somewhere else about Mo Su. But I'm warning you, once you leave the lodgings, you are not allowed to say anything of the kind! This will only bring trouble to the tribe. That Mo Su is not someone who we can talk about this way!" Bei Ling spoke slowly while staring at Su Ming with a serious face. He was the strongest among the youths in Dark Mountain Tribe. It was not out of bounds for him to say that.

"Su Ming... I don't think you should say that either. That Mo Su... you didn't see him with your own eyes. He's just too strong, so strong that even Ye Wang had to pay attention to him! That person is not someone we can discuss. He's... really strong!" Lei Chen whispered, too. Once he finished speaking, he hesitated for a moment and looked

at Su Ming with a complicated look. It was as if he wanted to say something else, but could not continue.

Su Ming smiled bitterly again.

"Alright. You three have another test tomorrow. Go back to your rooms to recover." The Head of the Guards frowned and spoke with a stern voice. Bei Ling and the other two immediately kept quiet and went back to their rooms.

Mo Sang nodded towards Su Ming. The praise in his eyes was incredibly strong. He did not say anything but went back to his room. The Head of the Guards and Shan Hen followed close behind him. It was clear that they were going to discuss something.

When they went away, Su Ming returned to his room. He knew that there was a high possibility of the elder coming over later. That was why he chose to sit here and wait quietly.

He waited for a long while, but the elder did not come. Lei Chen hesitantly came instead. He went into Su Ming's room and sat in front of him, looking at him with a dumbfounded expression.

"What is it?" Su Ming looked at the stupidly honest expression on Lei Chen's face and smiled.

"No... It's nothing... Su Ming, you... do you..." Lei Chen hesitated, gritted his teeth, then whispered, "Do you like Bai Ling?"

Su Ming was thrown off guard.

"Ah, Su Ming, it doesn't matter whether you like her. This is a friendly advice... Give up. I'm wondering though. Is Bai Ling really that beautiful? She's not as pretty as Bai Fang..." Lei Chen mumbled, and there was a questioning look on his face.

"Su Ming, you didn't go to the field at the foot of Wind Stream Mountain. You didn't see how Mo Su went to Bai Ling and spoke about walking in circles before everyone's eyes right at the end! Circles, my ass! I don't like him!" Lei Chen quickly stole a look at Su Ming's expression and spoke just as quickly.

"Worse still, that Bai Ling agreed to it while blushing! Ah, you didn't see that scene. It's clear that she likes Mo Su! That Bai Ling is disappointing!" Lei Chen spoke once again.

There was an odd expression on Su Ming's face. He hesitated for a moment before opening his mouth and whispering, "Lei Chen, let me tell you a secret... I'm actually Mo Su."

Lei Chen was stunned, then he lifted his hand to touch Su Ming's forehead, which Su Ming dodged. Lei Chen quickly advised him against it and was just about to say something again when they heard the elder letting out a cough outside the room.

Lei Chen quickly stood up. The door to the room was opened, and the elder smiled as he entered.

Without even needing a word from the elder, Lei Chen quickly left. He stole a look at Su Ming, then left the room. There was still worry on his face, however. Su Ming's words just now had given him a shock. He thought Su Ming was too upset, that was why he said those words.

Chapter 73: The Berserker's Realm Mountain!

When Lei Chen left, there was only the elder and Su Ming left in the room. When he saw the elder entering the room, Su Ming quickly stood up. He was feeling very nervous. He did not know whether his actions during the first stage of the test were right in the elder's eyes.

While he was feeling nervous, a smile appeared on the elder's face. He sat in front of Su Ming and looked at the frail looking youth before him. There was a hint of nostalgia within his eyes as he looked at the traces of youthfulness still left on that clean and handsome face.

"You've grown up... Come, sit by my side," the elder said softly after a long while.

"Elder." Su Ming sat down. The wrinkles on the elder's face seemed to have increased. The traces left behind by time seemed to reveal a person that had experienced a lot in life.

"You did well during the first stage of the test." The elder patted Su Ming's head before he took out a small bottle and handed it to Su Ming.

"There are three drops of Berserker Blood belonging to a Berserker of the Transcendence Realm in the bottle. Keep it close to you. When the time is right, it will be of great help to you. That is about as much as I can help..." The elder looked at Su Ming, and there was a look in his eyes that Su Ming could not understand due to his young age.

"The method to absorb the Berserker Blood of the Transcended Realm is easy. Cast the Dark Blood Dust and change the Berserker Blood into blood mist, surrounding your body while you slowly absorb it. Use it to nurture your blood veins. You can only absorb

one drop each time, however, don't be greedy. You have to do this slowly, or else you'll harm your own body," the elder warned him seriously.

Su Ming looked at the elder. He did not know why, but he had a hunch that something he would not like was about to happen. The look on the elder's face and his words only made him further not understand the meaning behind the elder's words.

"Elder... you..." Su Ming took the bottle the Berserker Blood instinctively. Just as he was about to say something, he saw the elder smiling and shaking his head. He looked at Su Ming kindly.

"Don't worry. It's not impossible to solve the danger the tribe faces. I've already spoke with the Elder from Wind Stream Tribe. There shouldn't be anything going wrong at this point.

"What you need to do now is to train properly. If the day comes and you reach Transcendence Realm... If you can leave this place and go explore the world outside... You have to remember to go to Berserker's Realm Mountain," the elder said slowly.

"What is... Berserker's Realm Mountain?" Su Ming was stunned. He had a feeling that this was connected to his birth. Yet when the elder suddenly spoke of it, the bad feeling in his heart grew stronger until it turned into a wave of uneasiness and anxiety so strong it replaced the shock and uncertainty that he should be feeling.

"It's in your heart..." the elder said, looking at Su Ming.

He was stunned for a moment, and there was a questioning look on his face.

"Alright. Just remember that. Let's not talk about this anymore. I've already spoken with the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe. You'll be staying in Wind Stream Tribe as Mo Su from now on. The Elder of Wind Stream Tribe will be helping and guiding you together with Ye Wang. This will be a great help to you, and his help will far exceed the amount of help I can give you. The chances of you transcending will also increase." The elder's face was serious as he looked at Su Ming. When he saw hesitation on Su Ming's face and that he was about to speak, he became stern.

"But... elder, I don't want to stay in Wind Stream Tribe. I..." The elder's words were too sudden, causing Su Ming to be completely unprepared for it. He did not expect it. If he knew from the start that such a change would happen due to the results of the first stage of the test, then he would have definitely not gotten such a high ranking. Yet before he could even finish speaking in his alarm, the elder's eyes became fierce.

"Su Ming! I've already decided on this. You must stay here from now on!" the elder spoke sternly.

Su Ming fell silent, but the unyielding look in his eyes was clear.

When he saw the stubborn look in Su Ming's eyes, the elder sighed and his expression softened. He looked at Su Ming and spoke slowly, "Su Ming, Dark Mountain Tribe is not far from Wind Stream. You can come back anytime you want."

Su Ming bit into his lip. He did not know what to say.

"Besides, I've already decided. Dark Mountain Tribe will join Wind Stream Tribe and leave Dark Mountain. We will build a new tribe outside the mudstone city. Truth be told, you'll be really close to the tribe," the elder continued saying.

"But elder, I don't want to become part of Wind Stream Tribe, I'm a member of Dark Mountain Tribe!" Su Ming said in a low voice after hesitating for a moment.

The elder looked quietly at Su Ming. After a long while, he spoke again, "Su Ming, besides doing it for your own good, I'm asking you to join Wind Stream Tribe for another reason. Your status will rise just as your powers will rise. Once you're at the same level as Ye Wang, then you can protect Dark Mountain Tribe from your side. Don't you want to take care of Dark Mountain Tribe?"

"I..." Su Ming was stunned.

"How about this? This isn't a matter of urgency. You don't have to think too much about it. Once all this ends and Dark Mountain Tribe migrates here, you can make your decision. When that time comes, I'll send you here. You don't even have to stay in the city, you can continue staying in Dark Mountain Tribe. How does that sound?" The elder smiled and ruffled Su Ming's hair.

Su Ming let out a sigh of relief. After a moment of thought, he nodded his head obediently. If that was the case, he could accept it. Within Su Ming's heart, he only belonged to one tribe, and that was Dark Mountain Tribe.

"Alright. Since you're not taking part in the next two tests, stay in Wind Stream Tribe for the next few days and get yourself familiar with the place. Once Bei Ling and the others are done with the tests, we'll be returning to the tribe." The elder smiled and stood up. He did not ask how Su Ming managed to obtain his rank, neither did he ask Su Ming to explain his understanding towards the six numbers. He only smiled and looked deeply at Su Ming before he turned and left.

Su Ming looked at the elder's back as he left. It was burdened by his experiences in life, and as Su Ming watched, his heart twisted for an unknown reason.

Right up till the moment the elder left and Su Ming was the only one left in the room, he sat in his spot quietly and thought of each and every one of the elder's words. Worry gnawed at his heart.

'I don't have enough power... I have to become stronger!'

After a long while, Su Ming clenched his teeth tightly. He might not fully understand the look in the elder's eyes, but he could tell that things were not as the elder said. The danger looming over the tribe might not be as easily resolved as he said.

'I won't be able to perform any more burning of blood within this short period of time. If I want to become stronger, then I can only create more pills... Then I'll need a lot of stone coins...'

Su Ming frowned. What he lacked right now was money.

'What should I do...? I've already sold Scattering Dust once. I wonder if it attracted any attention... But if I don't sell it again, then I won't get any money... but if someone had already caught wind of this, then I can't sell the pills again.'

Su Ming was cracking his head for all possible methods, but he could not find a solution.

'Looks like I'll have to ask the elder for some stone coins...'

Su Ming sighed. He absolutely did not want to add to the elder's burdens. According to his plans, he would require a large amount of stone coins this time.

Su Ming stood up straight and was just about to find the elder when he stopped as a thought appeared in his head.

He stood by the door with bright eyes while the thought became increasingly clearer in his head. After a while, Su Ming decided to sit down and think. He then took out a bottle from his bosom.

There were traces of light surrounding it. Within the bottle was the green blood he had snatched from Wu Sen some time ago. He had enveloped it in moonlight so that its presence could be hidden.

Right now, he took out the bottle, and his eyes became increasingly brighter. He had been working on that thought in his head multiple times and gradually an idea formed.

'This thing must be incredibly important to Wu Sen! And... I heard Bei Ling mention that Wu Sen was on par with Chen Chong in Wind Stream Tribe, and they're only slightly below Ye Wang!

'This person has always ranked within the top three in the previous tests, but this time... he was only in the twelfth place... Even if it was due to Bi Su's appearance that he fell out of the top 3, he should not have dropped out of the top 10.

'As for this change... There can only be one explanation. He has become weaker! Only when his body has weakened and problems arose for him, would he have shown such a poor performance. There would definitely be no need for him to hide his power during

the test. There is no need for him to do so with his status!' Su Ming mumbled in his head as he analyzed the situation.

'If that's the case, then there's at least half a chance that his performance is due to him losing... this thing!'

Su Ming's eyes flashed. He looked at the bottle in his hands and a smile appeared on his lips.

'Wu Sen is a prodigy within Wind Stream Tribe. Then surely, he must be pretty rich...'

The smile on Su Ming's lips grew wider and brighter.

'But just what is this? Why is it so important to him?'

Su Ming fell silent for a moment. He did not act immediately, but chose to sit down cross-legged and quietly adjusted his breathing to recover his Qi. When the moon hung high in the sky, Su Ming opened his eyes abruptly.

'Now I can examine this.'

Su Ming no longer hesitated. He took the small bottle and waved his left hand above it. The moonlight on top of the bottle immediately scattered away. Su Ming brought the bottle closer and took off the cork before looking at it carefully.

The green blood within the bottle seemed a bit dull. It was as if because it had been away from Wu Sen's body for a long time, it had lost its color and spirit.

'I have to see whether this thing is useful to me. If it isn't, only then will I be able to move to the next step.'

Su Ming did not hesitate, pouring out the liquid from the bottle. The fresh blood floated before him. There was no stench of blood coming from it, as if it was not blood.

Su Ming stared at it, then grabbed the blood and placed it in the center between his brows.

Chapter 74: Is It Him...?

The moment the green blood touched the center of his brows, Su Ming immediately felt a strong presence. That presence was filled with death. It was as if there was a countless number of moaning voices echoing in his head. At that moment, the green

blood seemed to have been revitalized and wanted to struggle out of Su Ming's hands before rushing into the center of his brows, then entering his body.

Su Ming narrowed his eyes in concentration. The Qi in his body circulated and immediately dissipated the presence of death from the blood while also blocking the green blood that was trying to enter his body. He held the ball of blood in his right hand and lifted it away from his brows. The moment it left, a look of surprise appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

This thing should have been made with a special Berserker Art. It's incredibly important to the practitioner, but to those who don't practice it, it would only cause them harm. Su Ming was silent, sinking into his thoughts and making his decision. With the analysis he made by tying up Wu Sen's weakened state to the loss of this blood, his certainty towards his theory rose up by another thirty percent from its initial fifty percent. He may not be completely certain still, but eighty percent was enough.

In truth, his guess was correct. If others had forcefully absorbed the Blood of Corpses, then it would cause them internal injuries. Even if there would be benefits obtained from it, after comparing the pros and cons, there would be more losses compared to gains.

Su Ming placed the blood back into the bottle and waved his right hand towards the bottle. Immediately, a ray of moonlight appeared and turned into strings that surrounded the bottle. He placed the bottle into his bosom and stood up before leaving the room.

The moon in the sky was not in a crescent shape. It was slightly rounder. By the looks of it, within a few days, the moon would be full.

Su Ming took in a deep breath. He played out the idea in his head once again, and his eyes flashed briefly. He walked out of the house in the middle of the night. It was quiet in the area, and there was absolutely no sound around him.

The moment he walked out of Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings in Wind Stream City, Su Ming's heart jolted. At that moment, a cold voice came from behind him, "It's late. Where are you going?"

Su Ming stopped. He turned around and saw a man walking out from the dark part of the big door. He looked average, but there was a cold glint in his narrowed eyes. He was Dark Mountain Tribe's Shan Hen!

"Greetings, chief of the hunters." Su Ming's face was passive and unmoving as he watched Shan Hen walking towards him.

"I asked you a question." Shan Hen moved towards him slowly and stood ten feet away from Su Ming, looking coldly at him.

"I heard from Bei Ling that Wind Stream City is lively at night. That's why I wanted to go take a look." Su Ming was on guard, but there was fear on his face. He spoke quickly.

Shan Hen looked at Su Ming for a long while before he nodded his head slowly.

"It's not too safe during the night. Don't cause any trouble and come back soon," Shan Hen said slowly. He was the chief of the hunters in the tribe. He was also a powerful Berserker who chose to follow the elder during this journey. Protecting the members of the tribe was his responsibility. For him, saying those words was normal.

Su Ming agreed to it. After bowing to Shan Hen, he slowly walked backwards before turning around and walking into the distance. He could feel that Shan Hen was still watching his back.

He only took a few more steps forward when all the hair on his body rose suddenly. He could feel a strong pressure pressing on him. The feeling turned into a sense of danger that screamed at him that someone was targeting him.

The Qi in his body seemed to be on the verge of losing control and was about to circulate on its own to resist against the pressure. Su Ming knew that it was a reflex that belonged to Berserkers. Due to the Qi within their bodies, if they were suddenly met with an attack, then it would be very difficult for them to hide their Qi because they would automatically resist against it.

If it was a normal tribe member, then the pressure they felt would not be so strong. Only Berserkers would feel the pressure clearly. This was a way to test whether the people around them were hiding their powers. Yet this was a technique that was only useful if it was used by Berserkers in the high level of the Blood Solidification Realm against those who had lower levels compared to them.

Shan Hen's strength was far greater than Su Ming's. If this sudden act had been used on Su Ming before he went through the test, then he would not have been able to resist it. Yet it would still not bring about too much attention, because the elder had cast an Art on him to disguise his Qi. Even if the Qi in his body was forcefully activated, no one would be able to notice it.

However, as of then, Su Ming could already control the Qi in his entire body through fine control by keeping his mind still. He did not hesitate. The moment the Qi in his body was about to be activated, with a single thought, Su Ming calmly dissipated the activation of his Qi. This was something that would be difficult for other people to do, but for Su Ming, who had already understood the method of entering fine control by using his mind, it was not hard.

However, while Qi could be hidden and kept still, the body's instinctive movements when a person was faced with sudden danger would usually be the part where other people chose to observe.

Shan Hen was looking for that.

Nevertheless, he underestimated Su Ming. More accurately speaking, he had never paid too much attention towards Su Ming, hence he did not understand Su Ming. The moment the sense of danger arrived, Su Ming did not stop. It was as if he was completely unaware of it and continued walking forward at an unhurried pace until he gradually disappeared into the night.

When Su Ming left the place, a frown gradually appeared on Shan Hen's face. Nonetheless, he did not continue standing there. He turned around instead and went back into the tribe's lodgings.

His actions were not out of bounds. Even if he did it before the elder, no one would think otherwise. In fact, since he did it so straightforwardly, other people would just think that he suspected Su Ming and was just testing him.

Su Ming kept to a calm pace until he was far away from the lodgings. Then, he could no longer resist sprinting a few steps with his heart pounding rapidly against his chest. During that instant, from the feeling he got from how Shan Hen scrutinized him, Su Ming found his hidden, mysterious observer of the past few days that he felt during meditation!

'It's him!'

Su Ming frowned. He remembered the elder mentioning a traitor within the tribe. Even if the elder did not go into detail about it, Su Ming could tell the worrying aspects about it.

'Is it him...?'

Su Ming was in doubt. The status of the chief of the hunters was very high, and he held great authority within the tribe. He had control over all the Berserkers within the hunting team. He also had the important duty of leading the hunting teams to hunt for food.

Throughout the years, Shan Hen had contributed a lot for the tribe in Su Ming's memories. He may seem like an indifferent man, but in truth, there were times where Su Ming saw him walking coldly in the tribe while offering his game to the elderly members of the tribe.

He had also gone up the mountain and brought back a huge amount of beast fangs because children in the tribe loved them. Even when he distributed it to the La Sus with his usual aloof look, Su Ming could tell that there was a hint of kindness within him when he did so.

In fact, Su Ming could recall from his memories that during one particular winter, some hunters in a hunting team had been ambushed by the people from Black Mountain Tribe and escaped while heavily injured. One of them had even died. Shan Hen's face had

been ice cold as he went out of the tribe alone. When he returned the next day, he held three heads that belonged to the Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe in his hand.

This would have incited war with Black Mountain Tribe if it were not for the elder's incredible power during that year.

The scenes from the past appeared one by one in Su Ming's head. He could not find a single reason for Shan Hen to turn traitor. To him, it was impossible that this sort of chief of the hunters would betray the tribe...

'Maybe... I'm just thinking too much.'

Su Ming continued to think in silence, then sighed in relief before quietly walking forward. Gradually, his face changed, and his body became stronger. His clothes too, changed. Very soon, when he came out of the darkness, Su Ming had turned into the incredibly mysterious Mo Su, whose name now rang through all the corners of Wind Stream City!

Su Ming blasted forth into the deeper parts of Wind Stream City with shocking speed.

Wu Sen's house was very easy to find. Once Su Ming turned into Mo Su, he would know where Wu Sen stayed once he asked around. Besides, even if he was well-known in Wind Stream Tribe, only a few hundred people had seen his face, hence he did not attract too much attention.

The Wind Stream Tribe member who had told Su Ming where Wu Sen stayed also did not know that the person before him was the Mo Su, who had been unassuming until he shocked everyone!

As for why he would tell Su Ming where Wu Sen stayed, it was because Su Ming had brought out one of the very few stone coins left in his possession. Besides, the members of Wind Stream Tribe were used to it during these last days. He knew that there were a lot of outsiders who had been fighting against each other to meet the prodigies within Wind Stream.

Yet while the number of people who wanted to see them was great, the ones who were summoned were few.

Wu Sen stayed in a house located at the eastern corner of the mudstone city. It was very quiet there, and it was especially so during the night. Night turned the entire place dark. There may be lamps around, but they were few in number and were scattered around. Su Ming could only see the outlines of the houses with the help of the moonlight.

Among the many mudstone houses was a house that took up a lot of space. It was also isolated as it stood out from among its surroundings. That was Wu Sen's house.

As one of the prodigies in Wind Stream Tribe, Wu Sen's status was very high. His dwelling place would also naturally be different. There were four houses in his courtyard, which let out an eerie feeling in the silence of the night.

The courtyard was very big but also deserted. It looked desolate and deathly still under the moonlight.

The four houses were dark, as if there was no one within them. In the past, it was not so. Wu Sen's followers would usually guard this place at all times to show just how unique and special he was.

Now, there was no one in them. There was no way of telling whether those people had left because Wu Sen's rank fell, or because he did not want others to find out that he had weakened and chased them all out.

Su Ming stood hundreds of feet away from the courtyard. He remained silent, his shadow lengthened by the moonlight until it seemed to fuse together with the darkness around him.

He looked at the courtyard before him. After a while, he slowly walked forward until he was near the door to the courtyard. Without any hesitation, he pushed it open. The moment the wooden door swung open, it made a creaking sound in the silence that spread around him.

The four houses in the courtyard were still silent, as if no one had noticed him. It felt like no one was here.

Nonetheless, when Su Ming stood outside, he felt a presence of Qi from the second house. From the strength of the Qi, Su Ming could tell that the person was around the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. It may have been slightly weaker than what he had sensed when he'd returned and cast a glance at Wu Sen, but once he thought about it, Wu Sen's weakening might be continuous. This then would be understandable.

Chapter 75: Ill-Gotten Wealth!

He stood at the deserted courtyard and looked at the closed door of the second house. He moved towards it step by step without any hesitation. When he was just outside the house, he pushed open the door.

The moment the door was open, Su Ming heard a muffled growl, followed quickly by two green arms with an air of slaughter and death rushing towards him abruptly.

A light flickered through Su Ming's eyes. His face was blank. He had already dared to destroy whatever Wu Sen sent his way when his power had been weaker than his. Adding to the fact that it was night now and his strength was much greater than Wu Sen's, who was constantly weakening at that, there was no reason for Su Ming to be afraid. The moment the green figure charged towards him, he lifted his right foot and stomped on the ground!

The 160 blood veins manifested explosively on his body, creating an incredible force. He did not retreat even one step. With just the formidable force coming from him, he faced the green figure launching towards him.

The green figure flinched due to the force coming from Su Ming's Qi and broke down abruptly, turning into green bits of glittering light that scattered around the room, causing the originally dark room to be cast in green light.

Wu Sen was a mess. His face was pale as he sat down cross-legged in the house. He glared at Su Ming, a trickle of blood running down the corner of his mouth. It was clear that the moment Su Ming came in, he forcefully cast a Berserker Art, but it could not even touch Su Ming. Instead, as the Berserker Art was dispelled, Wu Sen was injured.

"Mo Su!" Wu Sen's eyes were filled with vexation and madness as he growled.

Su Ming's face was calm, not at all affected by Wu Sen's insanity. He lifted his foot and walked into the house. He stood a few dozens of feet away from Wu Sen and looked at him coldly.

"Looks like you've truly become weaker. Even those followers of yours who have been offering you the blood from the center of their brows are gone without a trace," Su Ming said, opening his mouth slowly and speaking unhurriedly.

Veins popped on Wu Sen's face, but there was also bitterness. He had heard the sound of the courtyard door opening and felt shocked and fearful. He had only heard the sound, but could not feel any traces of Qi. It was as if the door to the courtyard opened by itself.

Nonetheless, he had felt a sense of danger. It was especially so when the door to his house was pushed open. At that moment, that sense of danger reached its peak. He casted the Berserker Art without a care for consequences. Yet it failed. When he was just about to dash out of the house, he saw the face of the person standing outside his house.

Once he saw him, Wu Sen gave up on charging out, because the person who came was Mo Su. It was the Mo Su who he highly suspected, but did not dare to offend!

He was tied to Ye Wang, and Wu Sen saw with his own eyes what it meant to be a person who could shock the world. This sort of prodigy could only make Wu Sen feel

bitter. Nevertheless, Wu Sen was not dumb. He was incredibly smart, in fact. He had a hunch as to why this person came, but he could not find it within himself to believe it.

"You stole my Blood of Corpses, causing me to continue weakening as time passes. With my status and how I've oppressed them in the past, once they know that I've become weaker, it won't be good for me!" Wu Sen closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. When he opened his eyes again, the veins on his face had already faded away, and his expression was back to normal.

When Su Ming saw how quickly Wu Sen returned to his usual state and the traces of his anger and dissatisfaction could no longer be found, and that he had also chosen not to hide the fact that he was weakening, Su Ming grew to admire him a little.

"I have offended you previously. I hope you don't mind." While speaking, Wu Sen stood up and bowed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming's face was schooled to a blank look, but his impression of Wu Sen improved even more. He looked at Wu Sen just as Wu Sen met his gaze squarely. They both stared at each other for a long while before Su Ming laughed suddenly.

"It's indeed much easier negotiating with smart people. Name a price."

Wu Sen forcefully quelled his excitement. He no longer harbored any thoughts of fighting against this person. In his mind, he no longer had the right to do so. He was not as powerful as Mo Su, neither was his fame as great as his. According to his own analysis, this person might very soon be received by the Elder and would accept guidance within Wind Stream Tribe. He did not wish to become enemies with this sort of person.

His only hope was to retrieve his Blood of Corpses and recover his power as quickly as possible. After all, once morning arrived, the second test would start, and that stage was incredibly important to him.

"What do you want of me? I only have one Berserker Vessel, and it is one that matches with my Berserker Art. The elder gave it to me, so I cannot exchange it with you..." Wu Sen spoke up after hesitating for a while. The Blood of Corpses was much more important than the Berserker Vessel to him. Even so, he did not dare exchange the Vessel for his Blood. After all, all Berserker Vessels belonged to the tribe and were not owned by anyone.

"I don't want any Berserker Vessel. Let's use stone coins to exchange it. 5,000 coins and it's yours!" As Su Ming spoke, he took out a small bottle from his bosom. The threads of moonlight surrounding the bottle disappeared the moment his hand touched the bottle, though no one noticed it.

Wu Sen's heart pounded against his chest when he saw the small bottle. Yet the moment he heard Su Ming's words, he could only smile bitterly.

"Brother Mo, I... I only have 3,000 something..."

Su Ming did not speak. He only looked at Wu Sen quietly. After a while, he put the bottle back into his bosom silently and said, "If that's the case, then once you have enough stone coins, come find me."

Anxiety immediately appeared on Wu Sen's face. If he could get the Blood of Corpses tonight, then he would have hope to win tomorrow. Yet if he could not get it back today, then when he entered the second stage of the test tomorrow, his results would pummel to the ground.

Besides, he had no idea how he could even look for the mysterious Mo Su. If he left now, then even if he gathered enough stone coins, it would be difficult for him to regain his Blood of Corpses.

"Wait... Brother Mo, how about this? Please wait here for a while. I'll go and gather some stone coins now. It'll take at most two hours, and then I'll return. Can you... can you wait for me for two hours?" Wu Sen immediately said.

Su Ming frowned. He cast a glance at Wu Sen and no longer paid any attention to him. He turned around, intending to leave. There was no way he would wait here like an idiot. It did not matter whether Wu Sen would start plotting against him or not, Su Ming would still remain vigilant.

"Brother Mo, wait! I really only have 3,300 stone coins. How about this? I'll add this together to trade with you. What do you think?" Wu Sen panicked. He took a few steps forward, then seemingly gritted his teeth and took out a wooden box from a corner of the house.

Right before Su Ming's eyes, and with great reluctance, Wu Sen opened the box. There was a purple seven leafed herb lying within.

The herb was very peculiar. Each leaf was divided another seven times. The order of the leaves made it look slightly messy at first glance.

"This Seven Hearts is incredibly rare. I found it by accident. This thing costs several thousand stone coins!" Wu Sen looked at Su Ming and quickly handed him the herb.

The moment Su Ming looked at the herb, his heart immediately raced. He took it into his hands and looked at it carefully before confirming the identity of the herb. This was one of the two herbs he had not seen before that were required to create South Asunder!

Su Ming closed the lid on the wooden box without batting an eyelid. He looked at Wu Sen with a face as if he was hesitating.

Wu Sen felt incredibly nervous. After a while, when he saw Su Ming nod his head, the exhilaration on his face could not be hidden. He immediately took out white stone coins that were worth a hundred each and placed them into a bag before handing it to Su Ming respectfully.

Su Ming checked it. Once he was certain there were no mistakes, he took out the bottle and returned it to Wu Sen.

"Your Blood of Corpses is incredibly valuable. Don't lose it again." Su Ming looked at him profoundly before turning around and leaving the room, disappearing into the darkness bathed in moonlight.

Wu Sen held onto the bottle. As he watched Su Ming leave, his expression kept changing. After some time, he gave a long sigh and completely gave up on the idea of harming Su Ming.

Back in Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, Su Ming looked at the thirty something white stone coins in his hands, feeling incredibly excited. He had never had so much money before. As he looked at the stone coins that were emitting a glittering white glow, Su Ming could not help himself but bring them one by one to his eyes so that he could take a closer look at them. This sort of feeling, where he obtained such a large fortune, was akin to the feeling when he had previously become the center of attention.

When his pockets were suddenly filled with so many stone coins from compared to its previously empty state, it made Su Ming feel as if he had just become a spendthrift person. After all, this was the first time he had obtained so much money.

"If Lei Chen knew how much money I have, he would definitely be staring at me wide-eyed and stuttering in disbelief." There was a faint hint of youthful pridefulness on Su Ming's face. More importantly, he felt as if he had gotten this amount of money without any effort and without paying much of a price. This was different from the time he had sold that one Scattering Dust for a hundred stone coins.

"Wu Sen is so rich. It's understandable that he would have this amount of money as one of the prodigies in Wind Stream. But after this trade, I doubt that he has much left." Su Ming did not believe one bit that Wu Sen had only this amount of money, but there would not be much left for him either way.

Su Ming had already thought about all possible future troubles clearly. For one, his power was greater than Wu Sen's, hence even if he met Wu Sen during the day, it would still be alright for him. More importantly, Wu Sen did not know that Mo Su was Su Ming. He had no idea where to look for him either. With these, as long as Su Ming's identity was not exposed, he would be safe.

Furthermore, it was also unknown whether Wu Sen would even dare to try to cause trouble for him. There was, in fact, a high possibility that Wu Sen would choose to endure it and not provoke him. After all, Wu Sen was not a fool. He knew how to act accordingly.

Chapter 76: Friend, Please Hold Your Step

The status of being a prodigy in Wind Stream Tribe was no longer of any use to Su Ming. He had thought about it carefully before finding courage to look for Wu Sen.

‘Tomorrow morning, I’ll go and get enough herbs when everyone from Wind Stream Tribe is paying all their attention to the second stage of the test,’ Su Ming thought in his heart and placed all the stone coins into his bosom.

He did not think that they were heavy. Although it made the area around his chest bloated, the satisfaction in his heart made him not care about the weight.

Once he put away all the stone coins, Su Ming took out the small wooden box and opened it. Once he saw the seven-leaved herb inside, a bright look appeared in his eyes. This thing was as important as the stone coins. He did not expect to obtain this from Wu Sen. This was one of the two herbs he had never seen before that he would need if he wanted to create South Asunder.

‘So it’s called Seven Hearts... It’s a pity he didn’t have the other herb, or else I could try making South Asunder. I wonder what the effects of this pill are compared to Mountain Spirit.’

Su Ming looked at the herb for a few more moments before placing it close to his person. If anyone had looked at his chest then, they would have been able to tell that there were a lot of things hidden away there.

However, Su Ming could not do anything else about it. He had too much stuff that he had to take with him.

Once he arranged everything, Su Ming sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes. He did not activate his Qi to train, but chose instead to recall the method to cast Dark Blood Dust and tried to practice the Berserker Art.

This was the second Berserker Art he could train and cast. Compared to Spirit Devourer, this Art had more devastating power, but could not be used repeatedly.

Time passed by slowly, and no other words were spoken that night.

When the first rays of sunlight fell from the sky and morning arrived, the entire Wind Stream City woke up from its slumber. Noises began to reverberate around the city as it gradually grew in volume.

Today was another day of the grand ceremony. It was the second stage of the test! This stage was no longer a test of potential, but a test of power and speed, which was directly related to participants' cultivation. The venue of the test was again, not in Wind Stream City, but located at the giant field with the nine eagle statues, which was at the foot of Wind Stream Mountain.

The moment morning was over, the tribe members in Wind Stream City left one after another towards the field. It was the same for Dark Mountain Tribe. With the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen guiding them, Bei Ling, Lei Chen, and Wu La walked out of their lodgings. However, the elder did not follow them this time.

Even after everyone had left and Su Ming came out of his room, he did not see the elder. He did not know where the elder had went, but once he thought about it, he did not pay too much attention to it. The elder should be with Wind Stream Tribe's Elder at the moment.

When he walked out of the lodgings, Su Ming did not change his appearance. He had discovered that the Berserker Vessel that the elder had given him could not alter his appearance as completely as he pleased. Right now, it could only maintain Mo Su's appearance and the one he had used when he snatched away the Blood of Corpses from Wu Sen that night.

Even if he could change his appearance into a third different look, there would be something off about it. That was a clear sign of the limit of this item. That was why he chose not to alter his appearance and used his original look to walk around Wind Stream City. Still, he had prepared himself. He bought a few beast skin shirts to wrap around his body. He also wrapped up his head until his eyes were the only things left visible.

His appearance might have seemed odd, but there were quite a few people disguised this way within Wind Stream City. It was clear that they did not want anyone remembering how they looked like when they were buying things.

There were fewer people walking in Wind Stream City. Most of them had already gone to watch the second stage of the test in the field.

Since there were fewer people here, not only were there less people wandering about the streets, even those who went to the stalls were few and far in-between. Su Ming's target was clear as he walked through the streets. He might not be completely familiar with Wind Stream City, but he knew about the few places that were specifically used for trading.

There were some houses that specialised in selling herbs. They were the main places Su Ming intended to visit. There was one such shop right before him at the moment. It had no name, and it was not a big stall, but there was a tribe member from Wind Stream Tribe lying on the table yawning. When he saw Su Ming coming in, he cast him a glance and quickly stood up.

Without even waiting for the person to speak, Su Ming spoke slowly with a coarse voice.

"I want 100 Cloud Gauze Grass!" While speaking, he brought out his right hand from his sleeve and placed it lightly on the table. A white stone coin appeared in his hand.

The eyes of the person from Wind Stream Tribe immediately brightened. He was used to customers like Su Ming. He knew that these sort of people did not want anyone inquiring about their identity. They did not need anyone introducing them herbs either. Their targets were always very clear.

Without a hint of hesitation, the Wind Stream Tribe member immediately nodded his head and went into the house. Before long, he took out a bag made of hides and placed it before Su Ming.

Su Ming took it and looked into the bag briefly. It was filled with Cloud Gauze Grass. The number should also be 100. This herb was not so easily sold outside, and it was rare for anyone to possess such a huge amount outside the city, but it was a common herb within the mudstone city.

He took the bag and left the stall. With the same method, Su Ming visited dozens of other shops. He bought a large amount of Cloud Gauze Grass from each shop and also a large number of some other supplementary herbs as well.

He also bought some herbs that he did not need as an act of caution. By doing so, even if his actions caught someone's attention, they could not figure out his intentions.

Within less than half a day, there were only 1,000 something stone coins left in his possession from the 3,000 something stone coins he had before he started. The speed with which he spent his money made Su Ming's heart clench in pain, but he had no choice. This was the first time he felt that quenching pills was difficult if he did not have enough money to buy the things he needed.

'Ah, I'll have to use this money sparingly... I'm spending my money too quickly.'

Su Ming's face was bitter. There were bags made of hides of all sizes hanging off his person. He had too much stuff, and it caused him a headache, but he had no choice.

'I should have enough. I'll put them away in the lodgings first, only then can I come back and continue buying stuff.'

Su Ming made up his mind and quickly walked back towards Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings.

He only took a few steps before he stopped. His brows crinkled slightly, but quickly relaxed. His expression was blank as he continued walking forward.

Before him, there was an old man with a sharp mouth and cheeks of a monkey. He had his head lowered, clearly deep in thought. There was a prideful look on his face as he mumbled under his breath and twitched the fingers on his right hand as if calculating something.

Su Ming walked calmly towards him. The moment he brushed shoulders with the old man, Su Ming heard what he was mumbling about.

"I earned big this time. It's all thanks to Mo Su, or else I'd have definitely lost a lot of money this time. He's a great person, a great person indeed."

Su Ming's heart did not waver. He continued walking forward once he passed by the old man.

However, the old man only took a few steps forward before he suddenly turned around and looked at Su Ming's back. His eyes flashed brightly as he looked at the number of bags hanging off Su Ming's body.

"Friend, please hold back," the old man immediately spoke.

Su Ming frowned. He pretended he did not hear him. Not only did he not stop, he walked faster.

"Ah, friend, stop!" The old man quickly ran after him and blocked Su Ming's way. There was a familiar smile on his face, a smile Su Ming had seen before.

A cold flash appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes. He did not speak, but chose to walk around him.

The old man quickly took a few steps back. The smile did not disappear from his face as he quickly spoke, "Friend, listen to me! I see that you've bought a lot of stuff. You must have gone to a lot of stalls, but I have with me something good that those stalls don't have!"

Su Ming ignored him and continued walking forward, but the old man did not mind his attitude. He just followed Su Ming and continued chattering away.

"Friend, don't be so indifferent. I really have something good with me. Look at this herb. It may seem normal, but you know Mo Su, right? Let me tell you, it's only because Mo

Su took this herb of mine that he became so famous during the first stage!" While speaking, the old man took out a herb from his bosom and waved it beside Su Ming.

Su Ming was getting increasingly annoyed by the old man's constant chattering. The old man seemed to have stuck himself on him and continued following him with an air of one who would continue pestering Su Ming until he relented and bought something. This was something Su Ming had prior experience of. Now that he experienced it again, it gave him a massive headache.

"You don't believe me? Haha, it's fine if you don't, but let me tell you, I have something else. Look at this herb, it's so colorful and pretty, right? Let me tell you, Ye Wang used this during the final moment of the test.

"This one too. You've heard of Bi Su, right? This person was previously unknown, but do you know how he placed fourth? I'm telling you, it's because..." The old man's bosom seemed to be an endless pit that stored a countless number of herbs. He brought them out one by one as if he was worried Su Ming would not buy them and continued introducing new ones to him.

"Because he ate that herb of yours, right." Su Ming felt as if his ears were buzzing when he interrupted the old man's words coldly.

Chapter 77: The Torn Bag

"Ah, friend, you're really smart. You're right. It's precisely because of this herb. Achem, I haven't introduced myself. I'm Bei Qiong. I specialize in selling mysterious and rare herbs in Wind Stream Tribe. Let me tell you, Ye Wang is a good friend of mine, Chen Chong is a great customer of mine, Wu Sen regularly comes to buy herbs from me, and that Mo Su, I'm not lying to you, I really know Mo Su!" The old man quickly took a large number of herbs and waved them before Su Ming's eyes.

"Ye Wang regularly buys these."

"Chen Chong regularly needs these."

"Wu Sen always keeps these in store when he trains."

"Mo Su already reserved these, I can't sell too much to you." The old man's hands were moving quickly, and he would bring out a large number of herbs every single time. The rapid change could make anyone confused.

"I'm not interested. If you continue following me, then don't blame me for taking drastic action!" A cold glare appeared briefly in Su Ming's eyes as he cast the old man a glance, then he quickly took a few steps further away from him.

"Huh? Friend, you seem familiar... You... you... I remember now, you're..." The old man looked at Su Ming, and when he saw that Su Ming's face was covered by hides, it became clear to him that Su Ming did not want anyone seeing his face. He had met a lot of this kind of people in the past, and he knew just what they were afraid of. That was why an exaggerated look appeared on his face, and he exclaimed, almost as if he was just about to let out a slip of his tongue.

Su Ming's footsteps paused for a moment, but he had been very intelligent since he was young, and coupled with the elder's guidance and teachings, it was impossible for him to be fooled by such a cheap trick. He laughed coldly in his heart and continued walking forward without bothering about the old man.

There was not a hint of awkwardness on the old man's face when he saw that his ploy did not work. Instead, a fighting spirit was lit in his eyes as if he would not throw away any chance to sell his wares easily. It was especially so when he saw the numerous bags hanging off Su Ming's body and became certain that this person was rich. He would definitely not let him off.

He quickly ran a few steps forward and caught up to Su Ming. He changed his words once more and continued bringing out the herbs from his bosom...

Su Ming was irritated. He was just about to use his maximum speed and shake off the old man when he saw the old man bringing out another large amount of herbs from his bosom. A thought occurred in his head.

"Are these herbs really as powerful as you say they are?" Su Ming stopped and cast a glance at the old man's chest as he spoke slowly.

The moment the old man heard Su Ming's words, he became excited and immediately patted his chest. Nodding his head, he spoke with a serious expression, "Friend, don't worry. I am equally honest to children and old people alike, I don't lie!"

"This..." Su Ming's face was colored with hesitation.

The old man became even more excited and took a few steps forward quickly before he whispered, "There're too many people here. It's not easy for us to trade. Let's go over there. It's quieter there, and it's perfect for us to trade my goods." As the old man spoke, he put on a wary face and looked at his surroundings before pointing towards a remote alley situated not far away.

Su Ming hesitated for a brief moment before he nodded.

The old man quickly took a few steps with Su Ming, reaching the remote alley. There was no one there. He quelled his excitement and whispered, "Friend, what do you like? Do you like Ye Wang's, or Chen Chong's, or Bi Su's? But friend, I can't sell too much of Mo Su's herbs to you."

"I didn't see them clearly just now, so I don't know what is good. If they're as great as you say, then I will consider buying some of all from you," Su Ming said, with hesitation still evident on his face as he cast a glance at the old man.

"Don't worry. I can let you see them." The old man immediately became even more excited. A smile also appeared on his face, and he quickly took out various types of herbs from his bosom. He brought out two to three herbs of each type.

"Just these? That's too little." Su Ming swept his gaze over the herbs and shook his head.

"That's already a lot. These are all rare herbs, it's impossible that there would be a lot around." The old man was momentarily shocked before he quickly explained.

Su Ming did not speak, but instead reached into his bosom with his right hand and took out a small bag. He opened it before the old man and revealed nearly ten white stone coins inside.

The old man stared at the stone coins with brilliant eyes. After a few deep breaths, his face became incredibly grave and he looked around before stepping closer towards Su Ming and whispered, "Friend, since you're so sincere, I'll tell you the truth. I have a hundred something of each type of herb in stock. It's not that they're not precious, but I have my own method of obtaining them. Since you really want to buy them, I'll take all of them out for you to see."

As the old man spoke, he took out handfuls upon handfuls of herbs and placed them all on the ground. Before long, the ground was filled with more than a thousand herbs.

"That's all I have. I've placed all my herbs here. 1,000 stone coins and it's all yours!" The old man was very nervous while looking at Su Ming.

If these herbs were all placed together, then a very large sack would be needed. It was impossible to place them all within his bosom. Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He stared at the old man's chest, and something flashed through his eyes.

"How did you manage to place all those herbs within your bosom? What's hanging on your chest?"

The moment the old man heard his words, his face became wary. He quickly took a few steps back and covered his chest, a fearful and shocked expression appearing on his face.

"Stop pretending. I won't buy these herbs, but if you have a bag that can place all these herbs inside, then I might consider buying one of your bags," Su Ming spoke slowly.

"I won't sell it!" the old man said immediately, letting out a loud harrumph after.

Su Ming held the bag containing the stone coins and swung it lightly. The sound of stone coins knocking against each other could be heard from within. The sound was very clear and melodious, causing the old man's face to become conflicted.

"5,000 stone coins! Give me 5,000 stone coins and I'll sell it to you." While speaking, the old man brought out a small bag the size of a palm from his bosom. The appearance of the thing was very peculiar. There was a round picture drawn on it by some unknown method. It seemed like it was drawn onto it, but if anyone looked closely, they would find that the picture was not drawn, but printed on the bag.

It was a pity that there was a torn part on a corner of the cloth bag.

"This is a treasure. It's rare even within Wind Stream Tribe. You can store a lot of items in here. Without 5,000 stone coins, don't even think about buying it from me," the old man stated while holding tightly onto the cloth bag.

"There's a ripped part on the bag," Su Ming calmly pointed out.

"Of course. If it was in perfect shape, forget 5,000 stone coins, even if it was for 10,000 stone coins, I wouldn't sell it," the old man said proudly.

"500 stone coins. If you're not selling it, then forget it," Su Ming said after thinking for a moment.

"What? What did you say? 500 stone coins? Impossible!" The old man's expression changed incredibly quickly. His face was now twisted in fury, as if the price given by Su Ming was a form of humiliation to him.

"You've said that you've been selling herbs in Wind Stream Tribe for many years and have met a lot of prodigies. I don't believe that no one has seen through this as well. If you still have this bag with you, then it's clear that this isn't the only one you have. 500 stone coins, if you're not selling it, forget it," Su Ming told him calmly and turned around to leave.

The old man stood there, wavering, and struggled with his thoughts. When he saw that Su Ming was really going to leave and was about to reach the end of the alley, the old man quickly yelled at him.

"800 stone coins... Ah, fine, 500 stone coins. 500 stone coins and it's yours!"

Su Ming stopped and turned his head, gesturing with his right hand. The old man went up to him with extreme reluctance. He handed the bag to Su Ming. Once Su Ming took it, he could immediately feel that the bag was light. In fact, the moment he touched the bag, a picture appeared in his head. It was a space that was about 30 feet in size. However, only half the space could be used. There were crack like marks on the other half of the space.

"Hmph. You earned big this time, I'm telling you. You can keep your items here once you pat them on the bag. If you want to take them out, all you need is just to think about it," the old man explained how to use the item, all the while grumbling under his breath.

Su Ming was very curious. He took out an herb from one of his numerous bags and tried to place it in the bag using the method the old man just told him. Once he saw that what the old man told him was true, he could not help but smile.

"It's good, right? I have a lot of good things with me. You got a great deal buying this for only 500 stone coins. Don't go out telling other people about it. Give me the money quickly." The old man looked dispirited as he held out his hand for the money.

"Half of the space in there is torn. Is it due to the damage on the bag?" Su Ming did not hand him the money immediately but asked instead.

"I don't know about that. I only have this with me, and I've used it for many years. It's always been like this. Hurry up and give me the money." The old man quickly avoided the question.

Su Ming looked at the old man with a profound look. He threw the torn bag to the old man and shook his head.

"What do you mean? You don't want it anymore?" The old man was immediately stunned.

"No matter how amazing it is, it's still a torn bag. It's not worth 500 stone coins. More importantly, I believe that before long, the crack within will slowly spread until I can no longer use it. In fact, there's even a possibility that I won't be able to take out the things from within. What's the use of this to me then?"

"No way. I've been using this for many years. It definitely won't happen!" the old man quickly guaranteed.

"I can't be certain about it. If I buy it, then I'll only give you 200 stone coins. After a few months, if it's truly as you say, then I'll give you the rest of the stone coins," Su Ming said with a casual tone.

"That won't do. How am I supposed to find you then?" The old man quickly shook his head.

"If you don't want it, then forget it." Su Ming did not show any reluctance and turned around to leave.

"Ah, fine! I'll sell it to you for 200 stone coins! Three months later, you have to give me the remainder of the money. There aren't a lot of tribes around the region, and there're only so many people around. If you don't pay up, I'll still be able to find you," the old man said with a pained face as he handed the cloth bag to Su Ming once again.

This time, Su Ming no longer pondered around and hesitated. He took out two white stone coins and took the cloth bag, completing the trade before he left the remote alley.

The old man waited until Su Ming was long gone before the pained look on his face completely disappeared, replaced by a look of satisfaction. He took out another torn cloth bag from his bosom and placed all the herbs on the ground inside it. Then he let out a sigh.

"That child is bright. He's much harder to fool compared to Ye Wang. Even Ye Wang spent 500 stone coins on this. He's even better, he only spent 200 and bought it.

"Hmph. Once I sell a few more of these and they're used to it, then I'll start reaping my profits," the old man mumbled under his breath as excitement and anticipation appeared on his face.

Chapter 78: Let's Walk Around in Circles

The weather may be clear during winter, but it was still cold. However, to Berserkers, this sort of cold was bearable. Besides, winter season was about to be over.

Snow was falling from the sky as if winter refused to leave and wanted to remind all the living beings on earth that it was still around.

The snow was not heavy initially, but before long, vast amounts of it fell from the sky. It swept through the land as a strong blast of wind suddenly stirred up in the region. As the wind moaned, the snow danced.

It was snowing heavily by noon. It may not have covered everything, but as the wind swept away the snow, it obscured the sky, like a layer of darkness suddenly falling on the land.

Su Ming walked through the streets of the mudstone city. Snow was falling on him: his shirt, hair, and some even crept into the beast skins covering his head, falling on the tip of his nose.

The snow had come suddenly. Before Su Ming had managed to go back to Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, his path was cut off by the heavy snowfall. Su Ming walked briskly in the snow and left behind a trail of footprints, but they were soon covered by falling snowflakes and gone without a trace.

This was perhaps the last snowfall this winter.

As Su Ming exhaled, his breath turned into white fog. After a while, once he was certain no one was following him, he took a few turns and returned to his lodgings. The wind was stronger, and the snow fell heavier. Standing at the door, Su Ming stomped on the ground with all his might until he shook off all the snow from his person. Only then did he go into the house.

It was much warmer inside compared to when he was outside. Su Ming closed the door and took off all the hides wrapped around his entire body. He cast them aside and placed all the hide bags filled with herbs on the ground, then activated his Qi and circulated it throughout himself until he got rid of the chill in his body. Once he did so, he sat down cross-legged and brought out the small torn bag, observing it carefully.

'This bag is very mysterious. It can hold so many things within... But there must be something wrong with it because Bei Qiong sold it to me far too easily...'

Something flashed through Su Ming's eyes. He had suspected it before, and the more he thought about it, the more he thought that Bei Qiong's actions were off.

After a moment of thought, he brought out some herbs that had no use to him and placed them into the bag before attempting to take them out. He found nothing wrong with the process.

'I still have to be careful. After all, these herbs are all that I have. If I put them all in and something happens, then it'll be terrible...'

Su Ming scratched his head and decided to just put the thought aside. He would wait a few more days. Once everything calmed down, then he would have the elder look at the bag.

Su Ming put the bag away and sat down cross-legged. As he was circulating his Qi, he slowly concentrated on learning Dark Blood Dust. He had to hurry up and learn the Art so that he could cast it during a real battle.

As for his original plan to walk around the mudstone city again and see whether he had anything else he wanted to buy, it was cancelled due to the huge snowfall outside.

The wind and snow were whistling outside. Su Ming sat down quietly in his room. Time passed by slowly. Soon, it was dusk outside. When there was no snow falling, it would usually be rather bright during dusk. Yet today, there was a hint of darkness even

though the sun was still out. He could not see clearly into the distance. All he could see was the snow falling from the sky. However, due to it, there was a hint of silver light reflecting off the surface of the newly covered ground in the dim light.

The snow was still falling heavily. Before long, Su Ming's ears twitched, and he got up. When he stood up and opened the door to his room, he saw Bei Ling and the others walking back.

These people weren't talking among themselves as they did yesterday. It might have been because the snow was falling too heavily. Once Bei Ling cast a glance at Su Ming, he quickly went back into his own room. Wu La looked dull, as if she could not lift her spirits up. She too, returned to her own room.

Only Lei Chen smiled at Su Ming good-naturedly and approached him. He looked as if he wanted to tell Su Ming what he saw during the day.

The Head of the Guards was frowning, caught up in his thoughts. He would look at the sky occasionally, and there would be a hint of worry on his face. Shan Hen still looked indifferent. He no longer took note of Su Ming and went back into his room.

"Su Ming, the second stage of the test was seriously very intense today. The test of strength and speed reflects our current level of power!

"Ye Wang is indeed the strongest among the youths in Wind Stream. He's just too powerful. He surpassed Chen Chong by way too much, and he's placed second! That Bi Su from Black Mountain Tribe will definitely become a great enemy of ours. He was ranked third. He seems to be at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, and he's really strong!

"It's a pity Mo Su didn't appear, or else it'd have been even more exciting.

"Ah... I didn't manage to get into the top 50, neither did Wu La. Only Bei Ling managed to place 49th. The second stage may have been over quickly, but it was really magnificent!

"I heard that the third stage will only be held three days later. It's a test of real combat. It should be even more exciting!"

Lei Chen spoke excitedly with Su Ming in his room for a long time. He told him everything that he saw and experienced that day. He wanted to continue speaking, but when he saw that Su Ming's interest was not great, he spoke for a little while longer before leaving while yawning.

Lei Chen had also taken part in the test that day and was a little exhausted.

When Lei Chen left, Su Ming waited until dusk was over and the snowstorm was also slightly lighter outside before he standing with his heart pounding against his chest. He left his room feeling nervous but expectant.

This time, Shan Hen did not appear when Su Ming walked out of Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings. The sky was dark, but the land was lit with a silver glow. Snow fell from the sky, and it caused Su Ming to experience an indescribable feeling.

After a long while of walking in the snowstorm, Su Ming changed his appearance and turned into Mo Su. He approached Dark Dragon Tribe's lodgings and stood there, waiting.

Time gradually passed by, and the snowstorm continued. As snow kept falling from the sky, the door to Dark Dragon Tribe opened silently and Bai Ling poked out her beautiful head from within. She wore a white shirt and had multiple furs decorating her neck. She looked incredibly beautiful.

She looked around for a moment. When she saw Su Ming, a shy look immediately appeared on her petite face, but there was also happiness that was difficult to conceal. She took a few brisk steps and stood in front of Su Ming. They looked at each other and smiled.

"You must have waited for a long time," Bai Ling said softly.

"No, I just arrived." Su Ming scratched his head as he looked at Bai Ling standing before him. He had never seen such a beautiful person in his life. As he looked at the sight of the snow causing Bai Ling's cheeks to color a light red and at her twinkling eyes, which held a hint of bashfulness, Su Ming's heart pounded even more quickly.

"What are you looking at...? You look like an idiot. Didn't you say you wanted to 'walk in circles'?" Bai Ling's face became even redder, but she did not look away from Su Ming's gaze. Instead, she blinked and chuckled softly.

"Ah, yes. Haha." Su Ming touched his nose. The two of them walked into the distance under the snowstorm amidst Bai Ling's laughter.

When they disappeared into the snowstorm, Si Kong sat in Dark Dragon Tribe's lodgings with a conflicted look. He wanted to go and watch them, but in the end gave up on the idea with a long sigh.

The old woman was also inside Dark Dragon Tribe's lodgings. She was sitting inside her room. She knew that Bai Ling had gone out, but she did not stop her. In her mind, if Bai Ling could be together with Mo Su, then it was the best possible outcome.

The wind bellowed, and snow danced in the air. In that snowstorm, Su Ming and Bai Ling walked through an alley in the mudstone city. The snow fell around them and gave

off an attractive glimmer. It landed on the roofs and the buildings situated on both sides of the alley, causing the place to turn into a world of snow.

There were few people who walked during this kind of night. Su Ming was very nervous. The quick witted intelligence he displayed last time when he spoke to Bai Ling was gone. Only after his hand was taken by Bai Ling, and he felt the sweat and smoothness of her palm did Su Ming snap back from his stupor and clutched Bai Ling's small hand.

Bai Ling lowered her head. She looked incredibly beautiful when her rosy cheeks were illuminated by the snow.

"Let's go... take a walk around..." Su Ming whispered and lowered himself down. A bashful smile appeared on Bai Ling's face, and she laid on Su Ming's back. The warmth that was emitted from Su Ming's back made her feel happy.

Su Ming breathed in the light fragrance coming from behind him and felt the similar warmth coming from Bai Ling's petite body. He took in a deep breath and dashed forward, jumping over the mudstone walls surrounding the city and left them behind himself.

Bai Ling's heart raced against her chest. She could also feel Su Ming's heart pounding as he ran. They welcomed the snowstorm falling on the plains outside Wind Stream Tribe and continued running further away into the quiet and secluded plains.

Snow fell on their bodies, but they did not feel cold. Instead, the warmth they felt in their hearts surrounded their bodies. When they were outside the city, Su Ming's appearance reverted to his original look.

"Bai Ling, why does it feel like you've grown heavier...?" Su Ming's voice contained hints of happiness as he laughed into the snowy night.

"Nonsense!" Bai Ling was originally immersed in the warmth coming from Su Ming's back, but the moment she heard his words, she immediately glared at him and pinched him.

Su Ming winced in pain, but his laughter became even more joyful. He jumped abruptly, causing Bai Ling to yelp in surprise, and continued running forward. His laughter and Bai Ling's rebukes overlapped with each other and created a beautiful noise.

Happy moments always went by too quickly. It was already midnight before they even noticed it. Su Ming and Bai Ling walked in the snow, holding hands and whispering to each other like they would never run out of topics to talk to about. The laughter that occasionally rang out between them also showed just how beautiful the moment was for them.

Snow continued falling. It landed on their bodies and their heads. If anyone looked at them from a distance, they would think Su Ming and Bai Ling's hair was almost entirely white.

They wondered whether they could continue walking like this until their heads turned white, or perhaps... they would look back at these days and sigh because they've lost them.

"Do you still remember the night when we were at Dark Mountain? It was also snowing..."

"I do. I remember your hair was dyed white by snow."

"You're the same. You turned into an old woman."

"Say, if we continue walking in the snow like this, will we walk until our heads eventually turn white...?" Bai Ling whispered, holding Su Ming's hand, and there was a hint of fragility in her voice.

Chapter 79: Who is Sighing in that Promise?

Snow continued falling like a beautiful silver curtain draped on the land. It connected the heavens and earth, turning it into a timeless and unforgettable sight. The snow swayed in the air and fell before Su Ming. As wind blew and whistled by, the white coating would be lifted from the ground and dance with the snowflakes falling from the sky.

There were some snow that floated before Bai Ling in the wind and passed by both of her bone earrings, falling on her neck, which was covered by her thick shirt, and melting.

While listening to Bai Ling's soft muttering by his ear, warmth grew in Su Ming's heart and travelled through his entire body. That warmth then turned into a special feeling. There was a pleasant word to describe it - happiness.

It was a beautiful night, with beautiful snow, and there were two people immersed in happiness.

Su Ming smiled. It was a faint smile filled with happiness and the innocence of a young boy. He stopped and looked at Bai Ling. At that moment, the girl in the snow looked as if she had turned into a timeless picture, and the image was ingrained deeply in Su Ming's memories - the image of the white snow, her white clothes, the girl who was as beautiful as the snow, and the words she was whispering quietly.

Bai Ling was very pretty. Some ice fragments stuck to her trembling eyelashes. Su Ming continued looking at her and felt that everything had disappeared from the world. It was as if the only ones that existed were the two of them.

After a long while, when Bai Ling's cheeks slowly turned even redder due to Su Ming's gaze, he raised his right hand and took off the fang necklace hanging on his neck. He took off the biggest fang, which was the size of his little finger, and handed it to Bai Ling.

The fang was completely white. It was crescent in shape, and there were two words carved on it. Those words were Su Ming's own name. The fang emanated a fierce presence.

"The elder gave this fang to me when I took part in my first Berserker's Awakening when I was seven. This is something I really like. I'll... give it to you." There was a smile on Su Ming's face, but he was feeling nervous. In their tribes, handing over this thing as a gift held a special meaning.

Bai Ling pursed her lips. Her face turned even redder, and her heart raced against her chest. The sounds of her heart pounding made everything disappear from her eyes, leaving only Su Ming.

After a long while, Bai Ling gently lifted her pale hand and took the fang. The moment she touched it, her fingers shook. She held it lightly in her hand.

Su Ming was nervous. When he saw that Bai Ling was only looking at the fang and had no intention to do anything else after a while, he scratched his head, causing some of the snow on his hair to fall.

Bai Ling cast a glance at Su Ming. When she saw his silly act, she covered her mouth and smiled. There was a mischievous look in her eyes and an indescribable warmth that could make others melt.

"That... Uhm, aren't you forgetting something?" The moment Bai Ling laughed at him, Su Ming's face also turned red.

"What is it?" Bai Ling was still smiling. Her smile was really beautiful, and surrounded by the snow in the snowstorm, it created an unforgettable sight.

Su Ming's face turned even redder, but very soon, he gritted his teeth and took a deep breath and looked at Bai Ling. He spoke seriously, "Bai Ling, I'm your savior... I..."

"I know that you're my savior, but what does that have to do with me forgetting something?" Bai Ling blinked.

"Of course it does. Urgh... Let's not talk about this. Eh? That bone earring of yours is really beautiful, let me have a look at one of them." Su Ming looked around and quickly changed the topic.

The mirth in Bai Ling's eyes became even stronger, and with it, her slyness grew as well. She lifted her hand and touched the white bone earring on her left ear while looking at Su Ming.

"My mom left this for me... I won't give it to you." Bai Ling laughed when she saw Su Ming's widened eyes. When he seemed to be about ready to snatch it, she immediately ran backwards. Her laughter travelled into the distance like silver bells.

Nonetheless, even if she said that, she still held onto the fang Su Ming gave her in her hand like a piece of treasure.

Su Ming glared, vexed, and immediately gave chase. The both of them laughed happily in the snow. Bai Ling did not give Su Ming the bone earring in the end, but Su Ming, ignorant as he may be, still felt something different within the gentleness in her eyes.

Tired, Bai Ling sat down in the snow. She looked at the snow falling from the sky and asked lightly, "Su Ming, what will we become in ten years...? Are we still going to be as carefree as we are now...?"

Su Ming placed both of his hands behind his head and laid down beside Bai Ling. The snow was very soft. He too, looked at the snow falling from the sky while listening to Bai Ling's words.

"Are you still angry?" Bai Ling turned her head and looked at Su Ming with a smile as her beautiful eyes flashed brilliantly. "Don't be mad."

"I'm not mad." Su Ming let out a harrumph, but when he saw Bai Ling looking at him, a smile appeared on his face.

"Ten years later, we'll definitely still be as carefree as we are now... And by that time, my level of cultivation will definitely be very high!" There was an expectant look in Su Ming's eyes.

"The elder told me yesterday that I'll be staying in Wind Stream Tribe in the future. I'll receive the same guidance as Ye Wang from Wind Stream's Elder... Perhaps in ten years' time, I'll be close to Transcendence Realm." Su Ming laughed.

As she listened to Su Ming's words, a look of anticipation appeared in Bai Ling's eyes. There was a happy smile on her face, and she continued talking with Su Ming in the snowy night, as if they would never finish talking to each other.

Good times were always over too quickly. Although time in reality was passing by slowly, and there was still some time before daylight, all moments had to end eventually. Bai Ling had to return to the lodgings of her tribe. Both of them went back to the outskirts of the mudstone city.

"I'll send you back." Su Ming squatted down and gestured for Bai Ling to get on his back.

There was a happy smile on Bai Ling's face. She laid on Su Ming's back once again obediently and felt Su Ming's heartbeat. The constant rhythm of it made her cheeks redden.

"It's so stupid..." she whispered in a soft voice, lying on Su Ming's back while he ran.

Su Ming continued running through the snowstorm with Bai Ling on his back and jumped over a remote section of the wall into the mudstone city. He also changed his appearance to that of Mo Su's. Su Ming stopped right outside Dark Dragon Tribe's lodgings, and Bai Ling climbed down from his back with a hint of reluctance.

She looked at Su Ming, at the boy before her eyes. His face may have turned unfamiliar, but she would never forget his eyes.

Su Ming also looked at Bai Ling. They gazed into each other's eyes as they stood on the snowy street.

"Come now, don't be angry anymore." Bai Ling raised her hand, and just like the last time they parted, she arranged Su Ming's clothes and patted away some of the snow off his person. There was a gentle smile on her face.

"Those bone earrings of yours are really pretty." Su Ming laughed.

When she saw Su Ming behaving that way, Bai Ling laughed, too. As she continued laughing, she looked deeply at Su Ming. The bashful look became even more distinct on her delicate face, and she lowered her head gently.

"Su Ming... it'll be an important day for me seven days later... I've always spent that day with my grandma in the past... This year, I want to spend that day with you... alright?" Bai Ling said after gathering all her courage. Her voice was weak, but Su Ming still heard every word she said. Happiness appeared in his eyes, and he gave a huge nod without moving his eyes away from Bai Ling.

"That's a promise..." Bai Ling smiled shyly, gazing into Su Ming's eyes.

"That's a promise. Seven days later, no matter where I am, no matter what I'm doing, I'll definitely come and find you..." Su Ming swore.

The snow was still falling from the sky as if it was serving as a witness for the two people standing there. Still, it was unknown whether their promise... would turn into a beautiful memory... or into a regretful sigh.

"I'll definitely wait for you in the tribe that day... I'll give you the bone earring then..." Bai Ling whispered, touching the bone earring, and her ears also turned red.

"I'll definitely come!" Su Ming smiled happily. Incredibly happily...

Bai Ling bit her lip. The bashful look was still on her face when she turned around and walked back towards the lodgings of her tribe. When she pushed open the door to the courtyard and walked in, she turned back and looked at Su Ming for a moment before disappearing into her lodgings.

Su Ming stood where he was with happiness filling his entire heart. He also grew expectant towards the promise he made with Bai Ling of meeting seven days later.

"Seven days..." Su Ming smiled with happiness. He turned around and ran into the snowstorm, back towards where his tribe was located.

The snowflakes also seemed to know about Su Ming's joy and danced around him. The snow from the ground was also lifted by the wind and seemed to have become a part of the space between the sky and the earth.

Su Ming ran quickly. The bliss he felt in his heart had turned into warmth that surrounded his whole body. It made him forget all his troubles and worries. Very soon, he arrived at Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings.

The moment he got back, Su Ming reverted to his original look. He looked at Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, located not too far into the distance of the snowy night, and took a deep breath. He walked towards the lodgings cheerfully.

It was quiet inside. It may have been night, but due to the snow falling from the sky, the night was glowing with a silvery night, hence it was not completely dark. Within the snowstorm, the door to Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings was shut tight, as if there was a depressing feeling coming from within. The moment Su Ming got closer, he sensed it.

When he opened the door and saw the sight within the courtyard, he trembled. The happiness in his heart immediately disappeared, replaced with a panicked look on his face!

The Head of the Guards, Shan Hen, Bei Ling, Lei Chen, and Wu La were all gathered in the courtyard. They had varying faces of panic that showed how frightened and anxious they were. Before them, the elder was sitting cross-legged with a pale face, panting harshly. Before him was a shocking pool of black blood staining the white snow on the ground.

The moment Su Ming pushed open the door, all gazes were trained onto him.

"Elder!"

Su Ming's mind went blank. He dashed madly forward until he arrived before the elder. For the first time in his life, he saw weakness on the elder's wizened face. Some of the black blood on the snow even stained the elder's clothes. Su Ming trembled.

Chapter 80: I Want to Go Back!

"You're back..." The elder opened his eyes. There was no hint of color on his face, but he still looked at Su Ming with a gentle and loving smile.

"Elder... What... What happened? Elder, you..." There was a roaring in Su Ming's head. When he saw how weakened the elder was, tears fell down his face. He was terrified. He did not know what to do. His mind was in a state of panic, even his voice trembled.

"Elder... Lei Chen, what happened?" Su Ming lifted his head abruptly and looked at Lei Chen. At that moment, he no longer cared about hiding his powers or his identity. There was only scorching anger raging in his heart. He wanted to know who injured the elder. Even if he was powerless to take revenge for him, he had to know!

He did not speak loudly, but there was an indescribable might within his voice. The moment he looked at Lei Chen, tears also escaped from Lei Chen's eyes.

"I don't know either... the elder just came back..."

"Alright now, listen to me..." The elder took a deep breath and stood up from the ground. His expression was serious as he swept his gaze over everyone gathered in the courtyard.

"I went... to Black Mountain Tribe," the elder said slowly. His tone was low, but each syllable that fell into their ears sounded like thunder roaring.

The Head of the Guards' expression immediately change. Beside him, a brief flash that was easily missed appeared in Shan Hen's eyes. As for Bei Ling, he took a sharp breath, and Wu La's face immediately turned pale.

Su Ming was the same. They knew that the tribe was in danger, and the source of the threat was Black Mountain Tribe. They may not know the whole picture, but the

depressing atmosphere within the tribe these past few days had made them see some hints.

"When you took part in the second stage, I went to Black Mountain Tribe... I wanted to see Black Mountain Tribe's Bi Tu's level of cultivation!" the elder explained calmly. Everything was in dead silence, and there was only the sound of the elder speaking. It was as if even the sounds of the wind disappeared at that moment.

"He... has indeed transcended..." A bitter look appeared on the elder's face.

The Head of the Guards fell silent, and a dark look settled on his face. He hesitated, as if he was thinking about what to say, but then the elder shaking his head. It seemed like the elder knew what the Head of the Guards was about to say.

"I had to go. Without knowing his real strength, I didn't want to make all of us... leave our homes and become affiliated to Wind Stream... Who would want to leave their home, the one which they and their ancestors have lived in for hundreds of years...?" The elder's face was gloomy.

"Time is limited. I've already recovered. I'll take you all back to the tribe now. Bi Tu may have transcended, but he has not stabilized his power yet. I may be injured, but he can't make a move either. We... will migrate!"

A determined look settled on the elder's face, and his eyes shone with resolution. He swung his right hand, and the snow in the courtyard scattered as if burst apart. As the sound reverberated around them, the white carpet rose up into the air and knocked against the snow falling from the sky, forming a string of echoes.

Glittering light appeared in the sky soon after and abruptly gathered together to form a gigantic dark python. The python looked fierce, and the moment it appeared, it descended to Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings. As it descended, a great pressure immediately pressed on their bodies, causing Lei Chen and Wu La's bodies to shiver slightly. Even Bei Ling looked as if he could not handle the pressure.

"Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La... The three of you can choose to stay here or to come back with me to the tribe. If you go back, it'll be dangerous." The elder looked at Bei Ling and the other two people.

"Elder, I'll go!" Bei Ling did not hesitate and took a step forward with an unwavering look appearing in his eyes.

"Elder, I'm not staying here!" Lei Chen clenched his fists. A murderous look appeared on his face. He wanted to go back and protect his tribe.

"Elder, I'm not staying here, either." Wu La gritted her teeth and looked at the elder resolutely.

The elder looked at the three of them and nodded his head before swinging his arm. A huge gust of wind suddenly appeared out of nowhere, lifting Bei Ling and the other two onto the dark python. Once they were on the python, the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen jumped on as well.

There was only Su Ming and the elder left in the courtyard.

The elder looked at Su Ming. The affection in his eyes was very strong, incredibly strong.

Su Ming's heart pounded. He had a feeling that something bad was about to happen. Without waiting for the elder to speak, he immediately said, "Elder, I'm going back too. Let's go."

The elder closed his eyes and opened them after a while, saying firmly, "You can't go back."

Su Ming was stunned. His body trembled, and he lifted his head, looking at the elder.

"It's useless even if you go back. There might be dangers lurking around while we're migrating here. Stay here and wait for us to come back!" The moment the elder finished speaking, his body turned into a long arc and flew towards the python, leaving Su Ming alone in the courtyard with his body trembling furiously.

"Elder!" Su Ming lifted his head abruptly. There was great determination on his face, the kind of which he'd never showed before. This was the first time he did not obey the elder's words!

"I want to go back to the tribe! Elder, I want to go back!" Su Ming's voice was hoarse as he screamed as loud as he could towards the elder, who stood on the dark python in the sky.

"Elder, Bei Ling can go back, Lei Chen can, Wu La can as well! And here am I, also a member of the tribe! I want to go back! I want to protect the tribe! I want to fight for the tribe! Elder!" Su Ming's eyes were red. His body was trembling as he roared, his body moving to ready itself for a jump.

"No!" The elder closed his eyes and pushed his right hand downward. A strong pressure bore down on Su Ming's body immediately, causing his body to freeze on the ground at the moment he was about to jump.

"Wait here! Do not take even half a step out of this place!" The elder sat down cross-legged on the dark python. The python lifted its head and roared at the sky before gradually rising into the air. Bei Ling and the others on the python fell silent, looking at Su Ming roaring on the ground with varying complicated looks on their faces.

"Elder!" Su Ming's voice turned hoarse, as if having changed. It echoed through the silent snowing night while tears ran like rivers from his eyes. His body fell with a thud, and he knelt down, kowtowing to the sky.

"Elder, I want to go back! Please, let me go back! I have to go! I don't want to stay here! I won't stay here! Even if I die, I won't stay here!" As Su Ming roared, the blood veins appeared all around his body, though no one could feel it. However, a strong might appeared from his body, spreading outward, fighting against the elder's restraint.

Nonetheless, the restraint was too strong. Su Ming could not break through it with his own power. Due to that, fresh blood trickled out of his mouth. Yet he continued struggling, screaming once again.

"Elder, even if you won't let me go, even if I die, I will definitely leave this place! That is my tribe! That is the tribe that brought me up! I want to go back! Even if I die, I want to go back! Even if I die, I want to die in the tribe! I was born as a member of Dark Mountain Tribe, and I will die as a member of Dark Mountain Tribe!"

The Head of the Guards seemed like he wanted to say something as he stood on the python, but with just one look at the elder, he fell silent. Shan Hen, who stood by his side, chose to close his eyes and not look.

"Su Ming, you're useless even if you go back. Why are you wasting our time like this? Stop pretending already, you're really..." Bei Ling smiled coldly. There was an indifferent look in his eyes, and he looked at Su Ming on the ground, who was feigning the entire act in his eyes.

Yet before he could even finish speaking, he was interrupted by a roar from Su Ming.

"Bei Ling, shut up!" Su Ming's face was vicious. He no longer cared about anything. This was the first time he had disobeyed the elder, and the first time he had talked back to Bei Ling. After all, Su Ming had always decided to keep his silence no matter what Bei Ling said due to the relationship they had when they were still children.

Nevertheless, he had his limits. There were things that he absolutely refused to be subjected to, and Bei Ling had just crossed the line. The moment Su Ming roared, Bei Ling was about to speak, but when he saw the bloodshot eyes on Su Ming's face, his heart trembled, and he swallowed his words.

The dark python rose into the air. The elder opened his eyes, and there was sadness within. He looked at Su Ming, refusing to let him go in order to protect him. He did not want Su Ming to get into any harm. After all, the migration this time... was definitely dangerous. It contained dangers that perhaps even he could not fend off.

"No!" The elder looked at the blood trickling down the corner of Su Ming's lips, and his heart clenched in pain. He swung his right hand once again. The snowstorm bellowed

and moved towards Su Ming, who was still struggling to break through the pressure, instantly enveloping his entire body and pushing him into the house.

Su Ming was swept into the house in an instant. When the door was shut with a bang, the snowstorm spread and surrounded the entire house, turning it into a giant prison. There was also a strange picture drawn with snow on the house's door. That picture was formed in the image of the statue of the God of Berserkers of Dark Mountain Tribe!

The moment the seal and the imprisonment was formed, Su Ming's roars were also cut off.

The snowstorm continued. The dark python rose into the sky and soon disappeared, dashing towards Dark Mountain Tribe at an incredible speed.

'Su Ming... this is the last thing I can do for you... From now on, you have to take good care of yourself...'

Mo Sang sat cross-legged on the dark python with a dismal face. Yet underneath his gloom, there was a fighting spirit burning within, a fighting spirit that screamed at him to fight till death stopped him!

Bi Tu!

As the dark python left, snow continued falling down from the sky and landed on the ground within the mudstone city, the buildings' roofs, and Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings.

It was quiet. There was only the echoes of the wind moaning in the area, as if there was no other sound around... but within Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, in the sealed house, there was a roaring voice that could rip through hearts. Yet it could not travel outward...

"I want to go! I want to go back to the tribe! I want to protect the tribe members! Elder, even if I die, I want to go back!" Inside the room, Su Ming's hair was a mess, his eyes were bloodshot, and he was overcome by complete madness. He used all his strength and speed and rammed into the door. Every single time he did so, the entire structure of the room would shake, but due to the seal, it did not budge even an inch.