

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 81 — Madness without Regret! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 81 — Madness without Regret!

Chapter 81: Madness without Regret!

"I want to go back! I want to go... I want to go..." Su Ming cried. Fueled by the strongest bout of madness he had ever had within the sixteen years of his life, he continued ramming into the door.

Nonetheless, the seal remained unchanging. Su Ming continued until the skin on his knuckles was torn and bleeding, until his voice was so completely hoarse it would pull at the heartstrings of anyone who would hear him, until he coughed out a huge mouthful of fresh blood and his body trembled. He slid down and knelt down by the door.

There were numerous bloody fist marks on the door...

"I want to go back... I want to go back... Elder, I want to go back to the tribe. Even if I die, I want to die in the tribe. I'm only becoming stronger and am developing myself to become a powerful Berserker so that I can protect and fight for the tribe... Elder, why? Why?" Su Ming cried. His heart was in pain. That sort of pain made him feel as if he was about to die.

When he thought of the danger looming over the tribe, of the elder's weakened state, and of all the familiar faces within the tribe, Su Ming let out a roar from the very depths of his soul!

"Even if I die, I still have to go back!" There was utter desperation in Su Ming's eyes. He panted harshly and took a few steps backwards.

"If I can't break through the elder's seal now, then I'll have to do everything I can to raise my level!" Su Ming was in a frenzy. Yet if anyone was in his position, they would do the same thing.

His face was ghastly pale, eyes bloodshot, and his face filled with madness. There was only one thought in his head. He had to do everything without care of consequences and break out of this place!

Even if he would be gravely injured because of this, he did not care. As of then, all he cared about was the elder and the tribe. Even if he died, he had to die while fighting for the tribe.

"I must become stronger. I have to break out of this place!" Su Ming growled and took a few steps back before he turned around abruptly. He glared at the Cloud Gauze Grass he'd bought earlier with the intention of using it for the quenching of herbs, and at the other herbs he'd bought back as well.

All these herbs were prepared for the quenching of herbs. Su Ming knew clearly that even if he crushed them into liquid and drank it, he could not take too much in one go. A Berserker who did that would cause grave harm to his own body. After all, steady and gradual growth was required in practicing in the Ways of the Berserker.

Yet Su Ming did not care about that. If he could even throw away his own life, then there was no way he would care about such injuries. No matter how great the injuries were, he would never regret it!

He would never regret it!

Su Ming sat down cross-legged, his eyes remaining bloodshot. He took the bag containing the Cloud Gauze Grass. There was no time for him to crush the herbs. The tribe being in danger, the elder being weakened, and everything else made him sink into a state of desperation that was deeper than anything he'd ever felt before.

His eyes were bloodshot as he grabbed numerous Cloud Gauze Grass and placed them in his mouth, chewing furiously until the juice was squeezed out, then spitting out the residue. The juice was bitter, but compared to the bitterness Su Ming felt in his heart, it was nothing.

He chewed and swallowed again, and once he was done, Su Ming took a large amount of Cloud Gauze Grass again and placed them in his mouth, swallowing their juices furiously. Gradually, his body began to tremble. It was as if there was a fire burning within his body, causing it to be drenched in sweat. All the blood veins that had manifested appeared on his body.

The 160 blood veins let out a red glow, enveloping the entire house in the light, causing the place to look as if it had just turned into a blood red hell. There was a shocking look of determination and madness on Su Ming, who was surrounded by the blood red light.

10, 30, 50... until Su Ming swallowed the juices from all the hundred leaves he had in the bag. Once he spat out the residue, a sharp pain arose in his body. The pain came from his stomach. He knew that this was the consequence of taking in too much Cloud Gauze Grass. If he continued doing so, then the pain would only become more severe, and the pain would eventually spread through his entire body.

Yet at the same time, he felt the fire burning in his body become stronger, the blood veins also seemed to be showing signs of increasing. Once he had that feeling, Su Ming did not hesitate and took out another bag of Cloud Gauze Grass.

Time passed by bit by bit, and soon, an hour passed by. During this hour, Su Ming swallowed the juice from 700 Cloud Gauze Grass. This would have been something incomprehensible and difficult to imagine for other people, but Su Ming had really done it.

He continued shaking. Sharp pain spread through his entire body. There was also a dull pain in his chest. He had yet to digest all the juice in his body, but he still had a lot of herbs to spare. Still, he felt as if he could no longer swallow another drop. Su Ming also felt like he was about to vomit, but he growled and bore through it.

The burning sensation in his body reached its peak as if about to erupt within him. Su Ming quickly raised his right hand and pounded against his chest.

It was like the fire within his body was kindled with a roar. The moment the flames erupted, blood mist escaped from all the pores of Su Ming's body. There was a muffled sound from within the mist, and the blood veins on his body increased at that moment!

161st, 162nd, 163rd... and it only stopped when the 167th blood vein manifested on his body.

Su Ming's face was pale. He stood up and punched the door. His fist connected with a bang, and the door shuddered. Fresh blood trickled down the corner of Su Ming's lips. He staggered a few steps backward and roared towards the sky.

"Not enough! It's not enough!" In his frenzy, Su Ming immediately took out another bag of Cloud Gauze Grass. He knew that his body could no longer take in anymore of these herbs, but he still continued to swallow them without hesitation.

700, 800, 900... Green liquid flowed out from the corner of Su Ming's lips. The pain he felt in his body made all the veins pop out on his body. The pain and burning heat erupted once again as the number of blood veins also increased.

Yet the new blood veins were no longer blood red. They were tainted with blood and looked dull. It was a sign that Su Ming's reckless actions had caused his body to be gravely wounded.

Yet Su Ming did not care!

The blood veins in his body were increasing at a maddening speed. 168, 169, 170... and it continued until the number reached 173. Su Ming rushed outward and slammed into the door. One punch, two punches, three punches... The door shook furiously, but it remained locked!

"Open!" Su Ming roared. This time, he did not use his fist, but used his head to ram against the door. There was a thunderous roar, and a crack appeared on the door,

causing some of the snow on the picture of the statue of the God of Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe to fall as it trembled.

A trickle of blood flowed down from Su Ming's forehead. A huge amount of red appeared in his eyes. He did not care about the pain. The moment he saw the crack appear on the door, he rammed against it again.

Yet in the end, the door only opened by a small slit. He could not open it any further.

Despair appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He laughed brokenly, grabbing onto all the remaining herb bags, then slamming his hands on them. There was a loud bang, and all the herb bags containing the Cloud Gauze Grass burst open. The Cloud Gauze Grass within were all gathered together by a force and turned into a ball the size of a head. When Su Ming slammed his hands on them once more, the banging sounds erupted again, and all the Cloud Gauze Grass were crushed. A large amount of juice flowed out and turned into sprinkles of green rain, which all went into Su Ming's mouth when he took in a large breath.

The moment Su Ming took the liquid into his body, a roar reverberated through him. Similar to his madness, the blood veins on his body were increasing at a frenzied pace. 175, 177... and it stopped abruptly when the number reached 189.

There was a sickly red glow around Su Ming's entire body. He took a step forward and rammed against the door. As the banging sound reverberated around him, the door opened a little more.

More snow fell from the snow made statue of the God of Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe. A faint crack even appeared on the statue!

Su Ming's hands were bloody. The entire door was now dyed with blood. At that moment, Su Ming looked pathetic. It was as if he had turned into another person. There were blood stains on his hair. His face, which had been clean and handsome, was now twisted into a vicious look filled with madness.

"I want to go back to the tribe! I want to fight for the tribe! I want to go back!" Su Ming's voice had gone completely hoarse. The moment he saw that the door had opened up a little more, he banged his head against the door again!

"I want to go back!"

There was a boom, and Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood. Yet he rammed into the door again without any hesitation. As he continued ramming into the door, the door opened up more and more. Cracks also appeared on the statue of the God of Berserkers outside.

It seemed as if he was about to escape from the room.

However, when the crack expanded to the breadth of half a finger, it stopped. Su Ming's current level of power could only do so much. It would have been fine if that was the case, but the moment it stopped, it started closing up once again!

"Elder!" Su Ming roared in agony. As he watched the door he worked so hard to open closing once again right before his eyes, Su Ming panicked and immediately took out a small bottle. Contained within, there were three drops of Berserker Blood from the Transcended Realm!

Su Ming lifted his head and without hesitation poured the contents of the bottle into his mouth, but only one drop fell. The other two drops seemed to have reached some sort of barrier and could not fall down. Su Ming knew that this was the elder's protection from him overusing it.

The moment the Berserker Blood fell into his mouth, Su Ming immediately felt as if the blood in his veins started boiling. He opened his mouth and spat out the Berserker Blood. He raised his left hand and pointed at it, and the Berserker Blood immediately burst open, turning into a bundle of mist that entered through his ears, nose, eyes, and mouth as he breathed in.

The moment the mist formed by the Berserker Blood entered Su Ming's body, his entire body turned red. A vast amount of energy erupted in his body.

At that moment, the blood veins also increased at a tremendous speed on his body!

190, 195, 201, 209... when the number reached 224, black blood trickled from Su Ming's eyes, ears, nose, and the corners of his lips. Yet his eyes were still burning with madness and persistence.

Chapter 82: Impossible!

The lowest number of blood veins required to enter the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm was 243!

His blood veins had increased to 224 with his current speed. There were only 19 blood veins left until he reached the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm! This sort of increase in speed would have been frightening if it had happened to anyone else. This was different to the increase in power compared to the time Su Ming had climbed Wind Stream Mountain. After all, when he was in Wind Stream Mountain, he trained entering fine control by using his mind to move. It may have seemed like his power had increased by a large margin, but in truth, he still had trained with the usual principle of training steadily and gradually increasing the number of blood veins in his body.

Yet it was different now! Su Ming was forcefully increasing the number of blood veins in his body. He was doing so by using a large amount of Cloud Graze Grass juice, and the moment he reached his limit consuming the Cloud Gauze Grass, he had also forcefully absorbed one drop of transcended Berserker Blood.

Anyone that had any shred of reasoning would definitely not use Su Ming's method to forcefully increase their strength. Only Su Ming would do so. After all, doing this sort of thing was fatal to the body! If that was not the case, then there would be plenty of people who would use this method to increase their power.

Yet, was there any other way for Su Ming...? He could choose to bear with it and ignore the dangers his tribe faced, ignore the possibility of his tribe members dying, ignore the possibility of the elder not returning, and ignore the fact that his home was facing the threat of elimination.

If he chose not to think about all these and only of his safety, he could stay and wait patiently. It might be torturous. He might feel uncertain and bitter, but he would definitely not face any threat to his own life.

Perhaps this was the right thing to do. This was also the path the elder had chosen for him.

After all, within most of people's eyes, Su Ming was only a weakling. Even if he went back, he would only die. He could do nothing.

Yet Su Ming refused to let himself choose that path. Everything that he did to become stronger was all for the sake of the tribe. His personality might be slightly weak, but that weakness was hidden deep within him. Now that something like this had happened, that weakness had instantly disappeared and was replaced by resolution and determination!

Since he was young, most of the members in the tribe were kind to him. His friends were there. There were familiar faces there. There were women in the tribe who took care of him when he was young. There was the elder and the kind members from his tribe who had taught him how to speak, and there was everything that had happened within the tribe during the past sixteen years of his life. He could not turn a blind eye to this.

It was impossible for him to do nothing and continue living when he knew that the tribe was in danger. It was impossible for him to back down when he knew that the danger of death loomed over his tribe members' heads. It was even more impossible for him to wait here quietly when the threat of elimination hung over the tribe.

He was a teenager, a teenager that was not even seventeen years of age. He was also afraid of death... But even though he may not understand the philosophies of life, he knew that the tribe was his home!

Now that his home was in danger, he could not, he absolutely could not ignore it. Even if he died, he had to die protecting his home!

This was Su Ming.

His recklessness may have caused his madness, and perhaps many people could not understand the reason for his madness and questioned it, but all of this was ingrained in his bones. After all, he had treated Dark Mountain Tribe as his home since a long time ago.

His home was in danger, his friends could die, he might never see his elder again. His family, which had treated him kindly since he was young, seemed to be crying. How could he not... fall into madness...?

Su Ming lifted his head and roared. His entire body trembled as he continued absorbing the Berserker Blood into his Qi. The Berserker Blood spread madly throughout his body as he went into fine control, causing the blood veins on his body to show signs of increasing once again.

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot and his face was twisted into a ferocious look. There was also madness within the frightening look on his face, causing him to look like an evil spirit. As a huge amount of blood veins manifested, a vast amount of force erupted from Su Ming's entire body. It made his roar become louder, and he once again rammed into the door after taking a few steps back. This time, he did not use his head, nor did he use his fists. He used his entire body, his shoulders, and rammed into the sealed door.

There was a banging sound as Su Ming's body rammed into the door. The door trembled, and a few cracks appeared once again on the snow made statue of the God of Berserkers sealing the door outside.

Yet the seal was created by Mo Sang. It was impossible that Su Ming could break through so easily. The elder's goal on creating the seal was clear—he wanted to limit Su Ming's movements. He did not want Su Ming to step into danger and wanted him to stay inside!

Nonetheless, the elder made a miscalculation. He did not expect that Su Ming would be so determined that he would do something so insane just to get out of the place. This was something even the elder did not expect.

He only managed to guess that Su Ming would be dissatisfied with his decision, but with Su Ming's current level of power, he would not be able to get out of the room! In the elder's eyes, Su Ming would forever remain as a child.

Tears fell from Su Ming's eyes. His tears mixed with his blood, making it seem as if he was crying tears of blood. However, he did not give up. He took a few steps back and

ran into the door once again. The thunderous roars continued as Su Ming growled and rammed into the door with his entire body.

The moment he crashed into the door, the number of blood veins on his body increased once again, 227... 231... 233!

Boom!

The entire house trembled as if about to collapse. It was like the house had turned into a cage, holding contained a strong wild beast. Yet at that moment, as the wild beast struggled, the cage seemed to become unable to bear the attacks. The number of cracks on the snow statue of the God of Berserkers situated at the door increased. A large amount of snow fell to the ground, as if it was about to explode into pieces at any moment, but it still remained!

"I want to protect the tribe..." Su Ming's sight had become hazy. His mind was beginning to be muddled. Yet even with that foggy gaze and muddled state of his, there was still a shocking persistence within him. He muttered under his breath as blood trickled out of his mouth, and he rammed into the door once again.

Roaring sounds reverberated around the house and Su Ming's blood veins increased once again due to the crash and his body rapidly absorbing that drop of Berserker Blood. It increased from 233 blood veins to 237 blood veins!

"I want to go back to the tribe..." Su Ming recklessly crashed into the door again. The roaring sounds echoed for a long time, and the crack widened by quite a large margin. The entire door was dyed red with blood now. All of it belonging to Su Ming. That blood was a representation of his persistence!

"I want to fight for the tribe!" Su Ming roared and rammed into the door once again. He even used his head to bang against the door. The moment he did so, the number of blood veins increased explosively from 237 blood veins to 243, and at the same time, a vast amount of power that hinted at him breaking through to the next level erupted from Su Ming's body.

The power came at the moment he broke through the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm and reached the seventh level. When the power appeared in Su Ming's body, he rammed into the door again, and the full force of the power travelled from his body to the door.

A horrific roar resounded. The door trembled furiously, and a creaking sound appeared. The door opened halfway. A large part of the snow statue of the God of Berserkers outside shattered. Lots of snow fell, causing the statue to look broken and incomplete!

Yet the imprisoning force remained. However, it seemed that the seal had reached its limit!

Trickles of blood escaped from the corner of Su Ming's mouth. He staggered backward and lifted his head abruptly. The 243 blood veins let out a blood red light around his body that could light up the entire sky. The speed at which the light filled up the room made his body seem to be filled with a brutal and mighty presence. At that moment, he stepped right into the seventh level of the Blood Solidification from the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm!

The seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm!

He would need 399 blood veins if he wanted to enter the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm from the seventh level. Once he entered the eighth level, that would mean he had become a Berserker who'd reached the peak of the middle stage of the Blood Solidification Realm! With one more step, he would move into the ninth level, and he could call himself a Warrior in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm!

As far as Su Ming knew, within the entire tribe, even the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen were only at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The tribe leader's power was greater than those two's, and Su Ming believed that even if he was not in the ninth of the Blood Solidification Realm, he was close.

This spoke of the strength of the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, it also spoke of how small the number of Warriors in the seventh level was! It was not as if there was no one in Dark Mountain Tribe who was at the seventh level, but the few people who were at that level were all from the same generation as the tribe leader. Most of them were the vice chiefs of the hunters in the hunting teams.

Among the younger generation, Su Ming was definitely the first who had reached the seventh level in Dark Mountain Tribe! Even if he did so without care for his own life and forcefully increased his power, causing his power to be incredibly unstable.

Nonetheless, Su Ming did not care. He saw hope. He saw the door trembling and the broken state of the snow statue sealing the door outside. Once again, he rushed forward and rammed into the door.

Yet even though the door was about to be blown open, and the snow statue seemed broken, no matter how hard and how many times Su Ming rammed against the door, he could not break it open. It was clear that the power of a seventh level Warrior of the Blood Solidification Realm was lacking only by a slight margin if he wanted to break through the elder's seal!

Nonetheless, Su Ming was at his limit. Besides, the moon was hidden by the snowstorm outside. In this sort of weather, he could not use the power of moonlight and make his blood burn again!

The snowstorm was showing signs of weakening and looked as if it was going to completely stop in a moment, so perhaps the moon would appear in the sky at that time.

Yet if he continued waiting, the torture he would have to endure as he waited was something Su Ming could not bear.

All his previous acts of madness was so that he could get out of the house as soon as possible and get to the tribe with his quickest speed. He did not want to imagine the possible disaster that could befall the tribe if he continued waiting...

When he saw that he could not push the door open completely, despair appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He staggered backward, a broken smile appearing on his face. Yet he did not give up. As he let out a sad and piercing roar, all 243 blood veins moved as he circulated his Qi continuously in his body.

"Enter fine control through the mind... Enter fine control through the mind!" Su Ming's face was ferocious. The understanding he obtained in Wind Stream Tribe towards the method of fine control was used at that moment with an explosive force. The 243 blood veins on his body began to disappear one by one. 215, 186, 162... 93, 75, 47...

When the blood veins on his body disappeared until there was only one left, Su Ming lifted his head and a terrifying resolution appeared in his eyes.

"Elder... you can't stop me from going back to the tribe!" Su Ming closed his eyes slowly. After a moment, at the instant he opened his eyes again, the last blood vein remaining on his body suddenly glowed with a bright red light and continued becoming brighter at an incredible speed!

That was obviously not just one blood vein. As the red light grew stronger, it signaled that Su Ming was using the method of fine control to continuously stack more blood veins onto that one blood vein. In an instant, the red light on the blood vein reached its peak. It may have seemed like there was only one blood vein on his body, but at that moment, there were 243 blood veins stacked together!

This was the true explosive force of fine control!

"I want to go back to the tribe. I was born in Dark Mountain Tribe, and even if I die, I will die as part of Dark Mountain Tribe!" Su Ming clenched his fists. The 243 blood veins stacked together into one, twisted, and advanced towards Su Ming's right fist with the blood red glow.

Chapter 83: Su Ming, Ye Wang!

A person would experience great things and shortcomings in his life. He would also experience days of glory and days where he would stumble and fall. These were all

things that Su Ming did not understand. The only thing he understood was that he had to do this. The tribe was his home.

The moment he swung his fist, banging sounds appeared from Su Ming's right hand. That was the sound signalling that his bones could not bear with the force and his flesh and bone had torn apart. The moment he swung his fist against the door, a thunderous roar shook through heaven and earth. It was as if it could change the weather and make the snowstorm stop.

The door was crumbling quickly, turning into a countless number of shards. It was like a huge gust of wind had appeared and blown sideward, lifting them outwards like leaves.

Thunderous roars echoed in Su Ming's surroundings. The moment the door completely crumbled, numerous cracks also appeared on the snow statue outside, but it did not crumble and break apart like the door.

At that moment, there was no door before Su Ming, only wooden shards that filled the entire ground. Yet between him and the outside world was the snow statue filled with cracks. It continued floating in the air as it let out a gentle light, which turned into an invisible screen of light that never once crumbled.

It was as if the door had borne the weight of the invisible light screen on it, which was the reason why it was so difficult to break open. Now that the door had shattered, the true seal was revealed!

Yet the light was neither bright nor dim, a clear sign that it was still powerful.

Su Ming was not surprised. He had guessed since a long time ago that the elder's seal would not be so easily broken. The moment the door shattered and the screen of light appeared before his eyes, he took a step forward. The one blood vein on his body was still giving off a piercing blood red light. As Su Ming moved, the blood red light instantly brightened like an explosion, and he swung his fist again.

That fist seemed to have landed on thin air, but in truth, it landed on the invisible light screen. It trembled, but remained shining against the sky.

Su Ming's eyes were red. He continued ramming his fist into the screen. After a while, when the light screen became so dim it seemed to have reached its limit, Su Ming took a few steps backward, and a trickle of blood ran down the corner of his lips. He stared at the screen, then abruptly raised his right hand and sliced down towards the space to his right!

Execution of the Three Evils!

This was one of the more powerful Berserker Arts in Dark Mountain Tribe. It was rumoured that it was passed down from the true Dark Mountain Tribe from hundreds of years ago!

Practice was not the key in casting this Art. In truth, training this Art was incredibly simple. Su Ming had been visualizing the Art in his head since a long time ago. Yet, since he did not have 200 blood veins, he had been unable to cast it.

The difficult part of the Art lay in the number of blood veins required. Only those who had 200 blood veins could use the first slash! Now that Su Ming had 243 veins and had arrived at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, for the first time, he cast the Execution of Three Evils, which had long resided in his head!

Execution of Three Evils, an Art which could even kill Tai Sui! The three evils were also known as the three murders!

Between heaven and earth, there were three forces - severing, beginning, and nurture. Severing was known as the evil of theft, beginning was known as the evil of disaster, and nurture was the evil of time! They were also known as the murders of theft, disaster, and time!

A long time ago, Dark Mountain Tribe had obtained this Art from an unknown place. After probing into the Art, the entire tribe was shocked. The three evils had always existed in the world, but they had no form. No one could see them, neither could anyone touch them. Perhaps they existed, perhaps... they did not.

Yet when the powerful Dark Mountain Tribe studied the Art, they began to discover patterns. At different hours of the day, the formless three evils would appear in different locations. That was how the incredible Dark Mountain Art that shocked the region appeared - Execution of Three Evils!

The wise men in Dark Mountain Tribe believed that there was a pattern between heaven and earth. The three evils were just a part of an existing pattern. All forms of power existed within the pattern. Once the pattern was broken, then an unimaginable amount of force would erupt forth.

Yet even Dark Mountain Tribe did not manage to discover the specific amount of force that would appear.

The Art itself was also very enigmatic. Sometimes the force would be shocking, while other times it would release only a normal amount of force. However, even if it was just a normal amount, it was still enough to kill someone!

That was why the Execution of Three Evils passed down was rather rough around the edges. Anyone with enough blood veins could cast it, but there was almost no one who managed to discover the true form of the Art.

This was a form of power that Dark Mountain Tribe did not understand. They could only use it, but not master it. There was even an Elder in Dark Mountain Tribe who once said that whosoever managed to truly control the three evils would be able to control the entire pattern of the world!

Su Ming could only use the Art at that moment. As for why he decided to slice his right hand towards his right, it was because it was midnight then, and according to the principles behind Execution of Three Evils, the location of the three evils in the pattern of heaven and earth at that moment was to the north!

North was to Su Ming's right! The moment he swung his right hand down in a slicing motion, the blood veins that had stacked together on his body let out a piercing blood-red light. The blood veins moved strangely according to the Art Su Ming had obtained under the blood-red light, twisting around his right arm nine times, then escaping his body through his arm.

That was also why 200 veins were required to cast Execution of Three Evils. That was because the Art itself was strange. The caster's blood veins would leave his body for a moment. Without enough Qi, it was difficult to execute the Art properly.

The moment his blood veins left his body, Su Ming had a strange feeling. It was as if the empty space to his right completely disappeared and turned into a desolate area. The moment he sliced to his right, his blood veins turned into a sharp blade and sliced into the empty space. He felt like he was slicing through mud.

It was a strange experience. He did not understand why it had happened. He only knew how to cast the Art!

The moment he cut into the space, the strange feeling disappeared. Everything returned to normal. Yet at that moment, the dim screen of light before Su Ming trembled furiously. If anyone looked closely at it, they could see clearly that the screen of light was not the only thing that trembled. Everything around Su Ming was shaking.

Yet even so, even after the light screen trembled furiously, it still remained there. It was as if all the actions Su Ming took did not have much effect on it. After all, this was a seal created by the elder. The strength of the seal was not something that Su Ming could break through by just taking herbs and the Berserker Blood!

Su Ming's body trembled. This was the first time he had casted the Execution of the Three Evils. With his current level of power, he could only cast the first slash. The strange power made his heart tremble, but when he saw the screen of light, despair gradually appeared on his face. He had already executed all the plans he could think of, but that screen of light was like a ravine connecting heaven and earth. Everyone could see it, but no one could pass through it.

Su Ming's face was pale. He staggered backward as if all the strength had been drained from his body.

The moment Su Ming staggered backward, his face changed suddenly. He could clearly feel the ground beneath his feet moving.

At that moment, outside Wind Stream Tribe, within the sealed Wind Stream Mountain located on the plains, the roar of a wild beast appeared from within the black mist. The roar was filled with fury. The moment it spread out, the place, which was completely sealed tight, suddenly trembled furiously. A gigantic crack abruptly appeared out of thin air with a loud crash and revealed the hidden Wind Stream Mountain that reached the skies.

"In the end, I still managed to break through it from within!"

As the beast roared, a ghastly voice travelled from within.

The moment the mountain was revealed and the space between heaven and earth was torn apart because of the seal being stirred up, Wind Stream City, which was located not too far away, shook.

There was a strange connection between the location of the mudstone city and the seal on Wind Stream Mountain. The moment the seal on the mountain was forcefully broken apart, the connection was activated, causing tremors to shake the mudstone city. The citizens' hearts trembled along with it.

As the mudstone city trembled, Su Ming could feel the tremors becoming stronger where he stood. By the end, it was as if the entire earth was rolling like waves. He immediately noticed the elder's seal becoming dimmer for the first time!

His spirits was lifted. He let out a low growl. As he growled, the shadow of the moon appeared gradually in his eyes. Due to the snowstorm outside, there was no moon in the sky, yet the shadow of the moon became even more distinct in Su Ming's eyes.

The moment the shadow of the moon appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he quickly rushed forward towards the screen of light. He rammed his body into the screen continuously. As the ground trembled, the screen light became dimmer and dimmer.

After a while, when the earth's trembles reached its peak and the entire mudstone city seemed to be on the verge of falling apart, half of the light screen shattered onto the ground. The light of the screen had become completely dark. By the looks of it, it was about to crumble at any moment. At that moment, an empty feeling spread through Su Ming's body, but very soon, a red flash appeared to his left. A string of red light appeared out of nowhere and crawled into his right hand. The one blood vein that was formed by stacking 243 veins returned once again to his body.

Blood Scales, which had been hidden within his right arm, also appeared, turning into a gigantic blood red eagle that rushed towards the light screen with a screech.

Terrifying roars thundered through the sky. The light screen trembled as the giant eagle charged against it and shattered completely, shattering into numerous broken fragments. The snow statue also seemed to completely collapse, turning into snow that scattered everywhere before the wind raised it up once more. It knocked into the snow falling from the sky and created strings of roaring sounds that echoed continuously.

Su Ming broke through the seal!

He trembled and coughed out a mouthful of blood. The blood fell on the ground, creating a terrifying sight. The blood red light from the 243 veins that were stacked together also became dimmer. It was as if they could no longer remain stable and scattered away before returning into Su Ming's body.

Su Ming's face was weary, his entire body was covered in blood and his hair was a mess. Yet his eyes were flashing brilliantly. The flash within his eyes was his determination and resolution!

'I got out! I'll have to return to the tribe with the fastest speed possible!' Su Ming took a deep breath. He knew that the main reason why he managed to get out was due to the strange tremors. Yet he had no time to think about it. He moved forward so quickly that he looked like he had turned into a long arc speeding down the road.

Su Ming's speed was his best feature. Before he was even a Berserker, he had been agile. Now that he was a Berserker at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm, his speed had reached a shocking state.

He rushed out of Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings, past the streets, and jumped over the walls of the mudstone city. At that moment, the anxiety in his heart was like a burning fire, causing him to only think about going faster!

The continuous bursts of speed, his previous absorption of the drop of the Berserker, and the unbelievable amount of Cloud Gauze juice caused the disguising Art the elder had previously cast on him to crack slightly, making the force of his power to blast forth like a tidal wave breaking through ice. He could no longer hide his power completely.

The snow falling from the sky had become lighter. It now fell down in bits and pieces. It was as if the heavy snowfall was nearing its end, in turn causing the moon in the sky to be on the verge of appearing completely.

The land was colored silver. However, during that night, the silver glow was not beautiful. Instead, it let out a murderous air...

There was a faint line of white in the distance. A new day was about to arrive.

Yet it was a wonder that the darkness before dawn could be broken.

The entire mudstone city was in a ruckus. A lot of tribe members had come out of their houses with expressions of fear and bewilderment. They did not know what had happened. There were even houses that had collapsed, as if the end of the world had arrived.

Su Ming did not care about that. He walked forward quickly, and just as he was about to leap over the mudstone walls, he sensed danger.

A cold voice travelled towards him, "You cannot leave!"

The moment Su Ming paused in his footsteps, a person walked out from the darkness behind him.

He wore red, and his presence alone seemed to hold a fire that could scorch those around him. His face was aloof, and there was a prideful air around him that seemed to be coming from his soul. It was Ye Wang!

"By the orders of the Elder, no outsider is allowed to leave Wind Stream City tonight! You're strong, but your Qi is chaotic. This area is within my jurisdiction. You... cannot hope to win against me," Ye Wang looked at Su Ming calmly and spoke slowly.

Su Ming turned around abruptly and stared at Ye Wang. His eyes were bloodshot, and within them, there was viciousness and madness.

When Ye Wang saw his eyes, his heart trembled. Somehow, there was a sense of familiarity within those eyes...

Chapter 84: Change in Wind Stream Mountain!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and a red light flashed. Blood Scales appeared in his hands immediately! The spear was entirely red. It was as if it was dyed in a pool of fresh blood, and it let out a strong, aggressive presence. The same presence as when he had climbed Wind Stream Mountain blasted forth from Su Ming's body. He did not speak. He only looked at Ye Wang silently.

"You..." Ye Wang's pupils shrank. He could feel an extremely familiar presence from Su Ming's body. He would never mistake that presence. In his eyes, the frail looking teenager seemed to slowly be turning into another person. That person who made his breathing quicken, who was the only person Ye Wang believed had the right to compete against him!

"You're Mo Su!" Ye Wang was not any other normal person. He almost immediately understood why the Elder had arranged him to patrol this region.

"Dark Mountain Tribe is in danger. I have to go back. If you stop me, then you are my enemy!" Su Ming cast a glance at Ye Wang, then turned around and sped forward. He had already made his decision. No one could stop him!

When he saw Su Ming taking a leap and rushing into the distance, something flashed through Ye Wang's eyes. It was a brief hint of hesitation. A massive change had happened in the mudstone city. He was also anxious, but that anxiety and hesitation only appeared for a brief moment before disappearing. It was instead replaced by a strong desire for battle!

If it was anyone else, Ye Wang would not have had any desire to battle against them. To him, no one among his generation had the right to become his opponent. Yet after the first stage of the test, there was now one person who had the right to become his opponent, and that person was Mo Su!

He may have tied with Mo Su during the first stage, but Ye Wang knew that he had lost. He had returned unconscious, while Mo Su returned to the field conscious.

Ye Wang wanted to compete against Mo Su in the second and third stage. He wanted to prove that he was the strongest among his generation. He might have guessed that Mo Su did not enter the other stages of the test because his level of cultivation was not that high, but Ye Wang was prideful. If he wanted to fight, then he would not use his level of cultivation to suppress the other person.

"Mo Su!" Ye Wang lifted his head abruptly. His voice was cold, and as he spoke, he took a step forward with his right foot, then his entire body shot forward like an arrow. With a whizzing sound, he dashed towards Su Ming.

"You can't leave!" Ye Wang's red shirt was like fire. As he jumped into the air, the snow illuminated his body and turned him into the most striking person in the area.

Ye Wang might have arrived at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, but he limited his power until he was only at the seventh level of Blood Solidification Realm. He was prideful. To him, if he wanted to fight, then he would fight fair and square. If he wanted to win, then he wanted to make his opponent lose utterly and completely!

Banging sounds erupted in Ye Wang's body. The moment he limited his power to the seventh level, his distance to Su Ming was not even 100 feet apart. His figure was like fire. He raised his right hand and grabbed towards Su Ming.

The moment he grabbed in his direction, Ye Wang's entire body seemed to have erupted in flames. His skin turned red, even his hair seemed to have turned into blazing

flames. Seas of fire emerged from his body and turned into a gigantic hand made of flames, which rushed to grab Su Ming.

At that moment, the hand of fire was before Ye Wang's eyes, and Ye Wang was behind it. He dashed towards Su Ming following the motion of the hand of fire.

Su Ming stopped suddenly, and the snow around him immediately turned into water, which turned into a cloud of steam rising into the air. That heat fell from the sky and enveloped Su Ming's entire body. At the very same instant, Su Ming stomped the ground with his right foot, and his entire body was lifted from the ground. He turned around and looked into the distance. The hand of fire was not even thirty feet away from him. By the looks of it, it seemed as if it was aiming to grab Su Ming's body and turn him to ashes.

'Fire?' Su Ming's body was suspended in midair. He saw through the hand of fire and found Ye Wang running behind it. The moment the hand of fire almost touched him, Su Ming bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

That mouthful of blood was not Su Ming trying to force himself to do anything, but a requirement of the Berserker Art he was about to cast. The moment he obtained the mouthful of blood, all 243 blood veins on Su Ming's body manifested and twisted into a strange picture. At the same moment, the mouthful of blood exploded and turned into a mist of blood!

That was the essence of Dark Blood Dust. The Art would turn fresh blood into a cloud of mist which would burst forth with a strength equivalent to the caster's Qi at its peak. The blood mist rushed towards the hand of fire, and there was also a fire burning within the mist!

It did not look like a mist of blood, but instead looked like a mist of burning fire!

He was fighting fire with fire!

The moment Su Ming completed the third burning of blood, a huge change happened within his body. The most obvious change was the feeling of fire burning hotly within his blood.

At that moment, the burning fire mist and the hand of fire were approaching each other. Within the span of a few breaths, they collided and a shocking thunderous roar erupted forth. The hand immediately crumbled, as if it was swallowed by the mist of fire. Then it turned backwards and rushed towards Ye Wang.

It looked like the sky was burning, and it was about to engulf everything in flames!

Su Ming remained silent. His eyes were bloodshot. He rushed into the mist of fire and raised his right hand. Blood Scales let off a piercing red light, and he threw the spear forward.

A piercing sound sliced through the air. The blood red spear turned into a red bolt of lightning and pierced through the mist of fire, then turned into a giant red eagle that rushed towards Ye Wang together with the mist of fire.

Ye Wang's heart trembled furiously as his pupils shrank. He did not expect Mo Su to be so strong. If he continued limiting his own power, then he could not hope to win the fight!

He did not hesitate and immediately retreated, removing the limit of his power. 435 blood veins immediately manifested and his true strength erupted forth.

At the same time, he raised his right hand and swung his fist forward. A bright light appeared on his right fist, and a black glove made of beast skin appeared. There was a ghastly presence coming from the glove. It was clear that the glove was a Berserker Vessel!

He thrust his fist forward, and a thunderous roar echoed in the surroundings. A black wind appeared out of midair before Ye Wang, and as he thrust his fist forward, the black wind turned into a black whirlwind that could turn the world upside down. It collided with Su Ming's long spear and fire mist, and as sounds of explosions echoed in their surroundings, Su Ming took seven to eight steps backward. Yet at the same time, Ye Wang's body also jolted, and he took four to five steps backward. His body felt heavy.

Ye Wang did not stop. He leapt forward and closed his distance to Su Ming in an instant. Su Ming also rushed forward at his fastest speed. He crossed fists with Ye Wang, and due to his speed, it looked as if his body left behind afterimages.

From the distance, it seemed as if there were multiple Su Mings surrounding Ye Wang. The booming noises continued echoing around them. After a while, a sound that could pierce through the sky resounded, and Ye Wang stumbled ten feet backward as blood trickled down his mouth. When he lifted his head, he saw Su Ming coughing out a mouthful of blood as he too, stumbled dozens of feet backwards.

'What shocking speed... His level may not be as high as mine, but with this speed, if I can injure him once, then he can injure me dozens of times... This person is indeed the only one worthy of challenging me among our generation!' Ye Wang was shocked, but at that moment, his battle spirit was only kindled even more. He raised his left hand and pointed towards the sky.

"Mo Su! I'm going to use my full power next!"

The moment Ye Wang finished speaking, an unexpected change happened!

A roar filled with absolute anger suddenly came forth from the tall altar housing the Elder of Wind Stream City!

"Thief! How dare you harm our holy mountain?" That voice belonged to Jing Nan. His body instantly turned into air, and he rushed towards Wind Stream Mountain. At the same time, another incredibly powerful presence blasted towards the sky from within the mudstone city. That person also rushed towards Wind Stream Mountain along with Jing Nan. That second presence belonging to a Berserker in the Transcendence Realm belonged to a woman, an extremely beautiful middle-aged woman!

Ye Wang was stunned. His heart trembled. A glimmer flashed through Su Ming's eyes. He did not hesitate and retreated quickly towards the distance. His battle against Ye Wang had made him incredibly anxious. He did not want to fight. He wanted to get back to his tribe as soon as possible!

With that chance, Su Ming widened the distance between them by hundreds of feet at an exceedingly fast speed.

Ye Wang's expression changed. He no longer paid any attention to Su Ming, who was already far away, but turned and ran towards the city. He did not know what had happened, but he had a feeling that it was something terrible.

At that moment, on the vast plains outside Wind Stream Tribe, a shocking change happened to Wind Stream Mountain, the mountain which had remained sealed and hidden away for generations by Wind Stream Tribe!

Shi Hai and the other eight people all looked shocked and amazed as they stared dumbly at the spot before them and stood in the field at the foot of the mountain. Their eyes were filled with disbelief.

Right in front of their eyes, the space before them was twisting rapidly, as if there was a big hand fiddling at the space from within. A huge crack that looked to connect heaven and earth appeared in midair.

Through the crack, the Wind Stream Mountain was completely revealed. The black mist rose into the sky. As it forward, the roars from a wild beast reverberated through the air.

At the same time the wild beast roared, a gruesome laughter was heard.

"As expected of the Great Bird, the mythical beast of the Fire Berserker Tribe! This may just be a fragment of its soul, but it still contains so much power! At least the years of effort I wasted searching for the ruins of Fire Berserker weren't wasted!"

The voice was completely unfamiliar to Shi Hai and the others. The moment they heard his words, their expressions changed. They cast an eye at each other and dashed towards the Wind Stream Mountain within the crack without hesitation. They were

members of Wind Stream Tribe. There was no way they could back down when an outsider trespassed on their holy mountain!

Yet the moment the nine people moved forward and were just about to enter the crack, they heard a cold snort from within the mist on the mountain. Almost immediately, a purplish red arm hundreds of feet long shot out from the mist and swung lightly at Shi Hai and the other eight people from a distance.

Chapter 85: He Saw the Tribe...

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The moment the hand swung down, a thunderous roar resounded between heaven and earth. Ripples immediately appeared in the space between the arm and the people in the field. Shi Hai and the others jolted, as if a huge force fell on their bodies. One by one, the Qi within their bodies erupted and broke. Their faces turned pale, and they fell to the ground, coughing out a mouthful of blood. They may not have died, but they felt as if their entire bodies had just erupted, and they could not stand.

"Still alive? Looks like I can't look down on a tribe born from the weaker branch of the Great Tribe of Man Miao. After all, there is still some blood of the Great Tribe of Man Miao left within you..." As the gruesome voice echoed in the air, some unknown method was used within the mist, causing the mythical beast's roars to be tainted with a hint of pain.

"It's not hard to obtain a sealed Great Bird... This seal has already limited half of your power to begin with, let's see how you'll resist now!" There was a hint of joy within the gloomy voice.

Yet at that moment, a low roar travelled from the distance.

"Thief! How dare you harm our holy mountain!" As the sound travelled through, Wind Stream Tribe's Elder, Jing Nan, came in, roaring in anger. Behind him was the beautiful but icy cold woman clad in purple. The woman may have already been middle-aged, but her beauty was not tarnished. At that moment, there was a baleful look in her eyes, and within it was a look of similar anger and killing intent towards the intruder.

When they arrived, they rushed into the crack and entered the black mist surrounding Wind Stream Mountain without hesitation. Very soon, thunderous roars that shook through the skies and earth travelled out from within the black mist. At one point, Jing Nan also let out a low growl.

Su Ming did not know about everything that was happening within Wind Stream Tribe. Even if he did, he would not have paid attention to it. To him, the most important thing at that moment was to return to his tribe at the fastest speed he could muster.

He wanted to see whether his tribe was still around...

He wanted to see whether his tribe members were still safe...

Once the bout of nervousness, anxiety, and madness was over, he became quiet. He ran across the snowy land in silence. A long time had passed since the elder left the place. The sky was still in a state between darkness and dawn. Su Ming knew that with the dark python's speed, the elder and the others might have already returned to the tribe a long time ago.

"Please be safe..." Su Ming's feet continued bounding on the ground as he ran at the fastest speed in his life.

The speed at which he ran was so quick that the moment anyone saw him approaching, within the blink of an eye, he would have already disappeared into the distance. He did not care about consequences as he ran. He even forgot about his own fatigue, and to make himself run faster, he continued making all 243 blood veins that surrounded his body burst forth in power to give him more strength, which allowed him to go even faster.

The moment the sky turned completely bright and the sun began rising as light shone on the land and a silver light was reflected off the surface of the snow covering the ground, Su Ming had already ran out of the region belonging to Wind Stream Tribe and rushed into a dried up forest. He was near the trading square he went to some time ago.

He would have needed half a day to reach this place with the speed he had in the past, yet now, as he ran silently, he used less than four hours to cover this distance.

To others, that speed would be so incredibly fast, it would leave them in awe, but Su Ming still felt that it was too slow!

He no longer roared, but instead ran through the forest silently as veins popped out on his legs. He would suddenly take a leap forward and use the momentum to continue dashing forward. As he continued running nonstop, Su Ming was drenched in sweat. Not only were his legs hurting, every part of his body was beginning to feel pain.

Time passed by slowly. When noon was around the corner, snow stopped falling from the sky. There were no clouds, and the sky was clear. Yet there was a person running silently within the forest. Even his sweat could not travel down his skin and was flung back due to his speed.

The only thing supporting Su Ming now was determination and persistence. He was worried about the safety of his tribe and its members. He could not describe his current feelings. It was as if his body was drained and he was only running due to his persistence.

The distance which Su Ming would have needed an entire night to cover by running without stopping in the past was now breached by the time it was noon with Su Ming's current mad dash. Gradually, Su Ming's eyes were filled with agitation and anxiety.

He was getting close to the tribe. The sounds of his heartbeat echoed through his entire body, causing his anxiety and anticipation to become much stronger. He was afraid that he would see his tribe in ruins, and he would see his tribe members' corpses lying on the ground.

He was afraid, but his speed did not decrease. A swift and fierce strength grew in his body instead.

When the outline of Dark Mountain Tribe appeared in his eyes from a distance, Su Ming trembled, and tears fell from his eyes.

From a distance, he saw that the gate to the tribe had collapsed. Many parts of the great wooden fence surrounding the tribe were also broken. There were even wisps of black smoke rising from within the tribe, a clear sign that there had been a fire.

The tribe was not silent. A large number of tribe members seemed to have gathered together.

When he saw that his tribe members were safe, Su Ming's anxiety was slightly placated. Yet following that was a killing intent directed towards his enemies who dared to destroy Dark Mountain Tribe.

Su Ming dashed towards the tribe. Before he even got closer, he was seen by the Warriors who were part of the tribe's hunting party. They immediately became cautious, but when they saw Su Ming's face, they relaxed and could not find it within themselves to hide the fatigue on their faces.

Su Ming cried as he returned to the tribe. He walked past the gate that had been blown to pieces. He walked into the tribe and saw the fatigue on the hunters' faces. He saw dozens of corpses gathered on the ground in the center of the tribe.

Those corpses were all people Su Ming was familiar with. Those were his tribe members. The people weeping by their bodies were their families. As their cries echoed in the tribe, it stabbed Su Ming's heart, and the pain he felt made him think that he was about to bleed.

He saw sadness on the faces of the normal members of the tribe. They were packing their belongings in fear and uncertainty before running towards where they were supposed to gather.

On the young La Sus' youthful faces, he saw tears, dread, and fear as they held tightly to their mothers' hands. It was as if they were afraid that the moment they let go, they would never be able to hold their hands again...

Many of the houses within the tribe had collapsed. The ground was a mess. There were terrifying bloodstains covering parts of the ground, a clear sign that a battle had just occurred here some time ago.

As Su Ming continued looking at the sights before him, he clenched his fists. Hatred appeared in his eyes. That was a look of hate and killing intent that was rarely seen on a teenager that was not even seventeen years of age!

Su Ming's tears continued falling. He saw the kind lady who lived next door sitting dumbly outside her ruined house. There was no one by her side... Her child had died, her husband too, had died... She was the only one left and sat there alone at a loss.

When Su Ming looked over, he could clearly feel her sadness and grief that no words could describe.

'Black Mountain Tribe!'

Su Ming clenched his teeth. He saw Lei Chen, who looked tired as he helped to gather the crowd to a spot and bring the things important to the tribe.

Lei Chen did not notice Su Ming. He was already far too exhausted.

Su Ming also saw Wu La, the girl who had always looked down on him but had a crush on Mo Su. She seemed to have grown up overnight. There was a huge bow slung across her back. She was comforting the crowd in whispers and helping them gather together within the shortest amount of time possible.

Chen Xin too, was standing in the crowd. The frail look on her face made her look delicate and pitiful, but the resolute look in her eyes showed that she too, had grown up.

Su Ming did not see the tribe leader, the Head of the Guards, Shan Hen, and Bei Ling. Neither did he see the powerful Warriors within his tribe, who had reached the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. They were all absent.

However, Su Ming saw the elder.

The elder was standing in the distance. His face was pale, and his face had aged by far too much. It was as if a few decades had passed within that single night. At that

moment, the elder had his head lowered as he healed a tribe member whose left thigh was bloodied and torn. That tribe member was a Warrior of Calamity, and he was about twenty-seven to twenty-eight years old. Su Ming knew him. That was Liu Di, who often played songs with the xun¹.

That person did not like getting close to other people within the tribe. There was an item made of bone the size of a fist hanging by his waist. There were a few small holes on it, and it looked really strange.

Su Ming knew that item. It was called a xun. It was an instrument that most members in the tribe did not know how to play. Only this person had that talent, and they would sometimes hear the sounds of the xun in the tribe.

Now, no hint of pain could be seen on his face. Only persistence and resolution could be found.

Tears continued falling from Su Ming's eyes as he walked towards the elder step by step. Everything that he saw once he returned to the tribe turned his anger into killing intent. He wanted to fight for the tribe!

As Su Ming approached the elder and the young man, he heard the tribe member whom the elder was healing say with a hoarse voice, "Elder... Forget about me. My legs are already ruined, but I can still fight... I..."

The elder's face was dark and filled with sorrow. He nodded his head gently. Then, as if noticing something, he lifted his head and saw Su Ming walking towards him.

The moment he saw Su Ming, the elder was stunned. There was an unmistakable look of disbelief and shock on his face. He knew about the seal he had casted, and knew that there was no way a normal person could break through it so quickly. Yet Su Ming was right before his eyes. It threw him into a state of disbelief, like he had seen an illusion.

It was the first time the elder had showed that expression before Su Ming. He could not believe that Su Ming managed to break through the seal and arrive at the tribe in such a short amount of time.

At that moment, the elder was not the only person who saw Su Ming. Lei Chen also saw him. He widened his eyes and a look of astonishment appeared on his face. At the same time, Wu La, who was not far away, also by chance saw Su Ming.

Chapter 86: Their Homes They were Reluctant to Leave Behind

"Su Ming, you..." the elder blurted out, yet when he saw the bloodshot look in Su Ming's eyes, the fatigue evident on his body, and his silent persistence, he could not continue speaking, because he could also feel the grave consequences Su Ming had paid for his persistence.

In his eyes, Su Ming was now like a notched arrow, ready to be shot. That arrow let out a shocking, sharp presence. No one could stop him until he tasted blood!

"Elder... I'm back," Su Ming whispered softly, just like he always did when he came back from the outskirts.

The elder looked at Su Ming, and in his eyes, there was happiness, reluctance, hesitation, and a complicated look that Su Ming could not identify.

"You want to fight for the tribe?" the elder asked quietly after a long while.

Su Ming nodded his head.

"Even if you may face death, are you still willing to?" the elder asked again after a moment of silence.

"Everyone has to die eventually, and if I die protecting my own home, I will die without regrets!" Su Ming voiced his thoughts in a calm voice.

"Good. Su Ming, I won't stop you. Since this is your decision, then I will give you a chance to fight for the tribe!" The elder closed his eyes as if he was hesitating. After a moment, he opened them abruptly, and there was a resolute look in his eyes.

He knew within his heart that he could not stop Su Ming anymore. If he did, then who knew what sort of insane act this child would pull once again? When he saw the grave injuries on Su Ming's body, the elder's heart clenched painfully, but he also felt gratified.

At that moment, the tribe members gathered in the square suddenly fell silent. Their gazes fell upon the people walking into the tribe.

The tribe leader was walking in front, and behind him were the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen. Bei Ling and the other powerful Berserkers in the sixth or seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm walked back with tired looks, fresh blood staining their bodies.

When they left, their numbers had been greater, yet now, their numbers were reduced. Many of them also received injuries on their bodies. Bei Ling's face was especially pale, and there was a huge amount of blood flowing out from his chest.

Everyone held decapitated heads that were no longer bleeding in their hands. Their return sparked the tribe members' spirits, and they cheered. They quickly spread out, allowing these people to walk straight towards the elder.

Bei Ling saw Su Ming, but his usual aloof and indifferent look was gone. He remained silent instead and followed behind his father. His jealousy was nothing compared to the survival of his tribe.

If the tribe was gone, if his tribe members were dead, then what was there to be jealous about...?

The group of people walked towards the elder, and the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe spoke as he threw the two heads in his hands aside, "Elder, the scouts from Black Mountain Tribe have all been chased down and murdered. It... should be safe outside now. We can start migrating!" His words reeked of blood.

The other people behind him also threw the heads in their hands aside. Murderous intent emanated from their bodies in the silence.

Su Ming stood beside the elder and looked at the tribe leader and the others without a sound. He saw the fatigue on their bodies, the sorrow hidden underneath their killing intent, and their thirst for blood.

It was not hard for him to imagine the tribe being ambushed for the first time by Black Mountain Tribe when they were getting ready to move. The battle must have been very difficult and grievous, causing the tribe to be unable to move. When the first battle ended, under the orders of the elder, these people were sent to kill all the scouts from Black Mountain Tribe. Only then could they safely migrate.

After all, most of the members of the tribe were normal people, and there were quite a number of women and children as well. They had to protect them, because they were the hope and future of the tribe.

The elder nodded his head and swept his gaze across all the members of the tribe. At that moment, no matter were they men or women, young or old, they were looking at him. Within their eyes were reliance and hope.

"Fellow members..." the elder said softly. His voice carried through the area and fell into the ears of the members of the tribe.

"We don't want to leave our homes... We don't want to leave this land, where we and our ancestors have lived for generations. We don't want to become dependent on Wind Stream Tribe... But for Dark Mountain Tribe to survive, we... must do so!

"We have to live, and we will live!

"We will tell our descendants, and we must tell ourselves that someday, we can still return to this place. We can still create our own home. On that day... we will return the humiliation we felt this day several fold back unto Black Mountain Tribe!

"I have the confidence, do you have it?" the elder shouted out loudly.

At that moment, all the tribe members let out long suppressed amidst their sadness roars. Their howls shook the heavens. Perhaps the numbers in Dark Mountain Tribe were not big, but that roar was the strongest cry they had ever let out from within the depths of their soul.

"Someday... Dark Mountain Tribe will return... but now, we will migrate!" The elder closed his eyes. He did not want anyone seeing the sadness within his eyes. He swung his arm, and immediately all the tribe members in Dark Mountain Tribe who had gathered together supported each other and slowly moved under the protection of the Berserkers within the tribe. They left behind the land on which they had stayed for generations and migrated towards the unknown land located in the distance.

The long line of people slowly left the tribe behind their backs. There was still wisps of smoke coming out from Dark Mountain Tribe. The ruins of their tribe exuded an air of desolation and sadness.

Weeping sounds came from among the crowd. They belonged to the La Sus who had yet to grow up, women who were frightened, and all the members of Dark Mountain Tribe.

The men in the tribe protected their families and held onto their bewildered children. As they wept, they silently walked forward. Some of the older La Sus held onto their parents' hands in fear and looked backwards, crying.

They looked at the once familiar sight behind them, as if they wanted to carve that sight deep into the depths of their memories and turn it into an eternal memory. They were afraid they would forget, that they would forget the road back to their homes.

Every single one of them could not help but turn back and look at the tribe they were leaving behind and at their home of the past...

There was a wizened old man in the crowd. He was Nan Song. His face was calm, as if he had seen through everything that life could throw in his face. At that moment, he only had a simple bag slung across his back. He walked silently and unassumingly in the crowd.

It was noon. The sun was not strong. The snow on the ground gave off a silver light that pierced their eyes, but no matter how strong that light was, it still could not stop them from looking back frequently and from experiencing the sadness as they left.

Their home was getting farther and farther away. The outline of the tribe gradually became fainter. The tribesmen could now only see the faint wisps of black smoke rising into the air and the broken state of the tribe. Yet the times when the tribe was still beautiful were carved into their hearts. They... would not forget. They could not find it within themselves to forget.

Su Ming turned around. Every single detail about the tribe was also ingrained into his memories. The tribe contained his childhood, all the happy moments in his life, and his growth. He was familiar with every part of the tribe. He could not forget every single plot of land within the tribe. Everything within the tribe... would remain forever in his head.

Unless they absolutely needed to, no one would want to leave their homes. No one would be willing to leave behind their familiar homes and travel to the unfamiliar Wind Stream to be subjected to the fate of becoming an affiliated tribe.

Yet, this was the only way. It was the only way for Dark Mountain Tribe to not perish and continue their line. The path to Wind Stream was long, very long. The road was uneven, but they... had to continue walking down that path.

The danger was not resolved. It was just the opposite. The true danger had just begun. They had the tribe protecting them previously, hence Dark Mountain Tribe was able to defend against Black Mountain Tribe's first wave of attack. Yet during the process of migration, the crowd was forced to travel in a long line. Most of the people were normal tribe members. They had no way of defending themselves against Berserkers.

This process of migration was bound to not be peaceful...

Once Dark Mountain Tribe was defeated, what awaited them would be the death of all their Berserkers. The men would all be massacred, including the male infants and the La Sus. As long as they were men, they would all die... The only ones who would survive were the women from Dark Mountain Tribe. They would be brought back to Black Mountain Tribe and become akin to objects. Their only use would be to give birth to Black Mountain Tribe's offspring and strengthen Black Mountain Tribe. They would have to live the rest of their days in humiliation.

It was impossible to be fast when hundreds of people needed to migrate in one go. It was especially so since there was a large number of La Sus and women in the crowd. Amidst the cold brought by winter, the sounds of their weeping gradually lessened, and silence replaced all sounds.

They did not know where their future would lie. Perhaps Wind Stream was the only place they could go... Yet no one knew whether they would be able to make it alive to Wind Stream Tribe...

They did not know how many of them would die, and how many of them would never be able to see their families again after this journey...

There were quite a number of youngsters within the crowd that did not possess a Berserker Body. In the past, they rarely contributed to the tribe, and they spent most of their time playing and fooling around. Yet because they were the family members of Berserkers who died in battle, no one would be bothered by their actions as long as they did not step out of bounds.

Now, these dozens of youngsters looked around fearfully in the crowd, hoping and wishing desperately that they could reach Wind Stream in an instant.

Surrounding the long trail of people were the Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe. They quietly protected their tribe members with persistence even though they were tired. Sometimes they would go up and help the weak elderly folk. Walking right in front of the people was the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe. His face was firm as he treaded cautiously forward. There were a few Berserkers behind him, and they all remained alert of their surroundings.

It was the same by the flanks and the back of the crowd. The elder walked at the back. In his hands, he held the white bone cane and walked forward solemn and vigilant. Bei Ling held Chen Xin's hand as they moved silently on the right flank. His face was pale and the blood staining his chest had increased, but he did not mind.

Lei Chen, Wu La, and the other Berserker in the tribe were all surrounding their tribe members as they kept watch.

The responsibilities for the Head of the Guards and Shan Hen were great as they guarded both sides of the flank and silently followed along. The Head of the Guards held a bow in his right hand. If there was any hint of movement, then he would draw his bow and shoot that very moment! Behind him, there was an old man who would occasionally look at the Head of the Guards calmly.

Su Ming recognised that old man. He was Nan Song, the old man who guarded the herb storage!

Shan Hen was indifferent, as usual. No one knew what he was thinking about. Sometimes, a complicated look would appear briefly in his narrowed eyes, but no one noticed it.

Su Ming followed the crowd and listened to their cries, which slowly turned into silence. His heart clenched in pain. When he saw the looks of fear on those familiar faces, Su Ming fisted his hands.

"Protect the tribe. Fight for the tribe!" Su Ming muttered. He was protecting the right flank. Shan Hen was walking not too far ahead of him.

He did not choose that place. The elder assigned him to that position when they were moving. In Su Ming's arms was a girl about five to six years of age. That girl's name was Tong Tong. She was asleep, but there were tears staining her eyelashes.

Her father had died in battle, and her mother done so the previous night. She was the only one left in her family.

"Mama... Papa... Pipi..." As the girl slept, she trembled as if she was haunted by nightmares. As tears slid down her face, she clutched Su Ming's shirt.

Su Ming knew that Pipi was the girl's pet. It was very cute, and she would always carry it around in her arms.

"Tong Tong, be good..." Su Ming patted her back lightly as sadness appeared in his eyes. He felt as if he had just grown up in an instant...

Chapter 87: Black Mountain Tribe's Pursuit!

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

The northern wind moaned and lifted the snow from the ground. The snow swayed in the wind, as if having no roots and not knowing where it should go, just like the crowd walking through it. The Dark Mountain tribesmen slowly left the tribe that had served as their home for generations and moved forward quietly through the forest.

Gradually, no one spoke anymore. Even the crying sounds of the children stopped soon. They were either placated by their parents, or chose to grit their teeth and turn their sorrows into determination and hate.

Most of the hundreds of people within the tribe were normal people. There were also the old and the weak among them, hence they could not speed up their journey. The cold wind that blew past seemed to freeze their bones, and the thick snow underneath their feet further decreased their speed.

The Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe remained alert in the midst of their sorrow, keeping watch over their tribe members. They did not dare to let down their guard because a fight to the death might occur at any moment. Once they died, then there would be no one who could protect their tribe members, leaving them completely defenceless to attacks.

The girl in Su Ming's arms held tightly onto his shirt. The wind during winter might be cold, but what was colder were her dreams... Yet, perhaps Su Ming's warm embrace was enough, and the child gradually calmed down as if finding peace within her dreams. Nonetheless, tears continued escaping from the corners of her eyes.

Su Ming hugged the child gently and moved forward, walking on the snow on the ground. His gaze travelled to his surroundings frequently, and when his gaze landed on the familiar faces belonging to his tribe members, he saw sadness and unwillingness, but at the same time, he also saw resolution and resolve.

Su Ming gritted his teeth and hatred appeared in his eyes. He walked forward quietly and would sometimes support the weak elderly to help their shivering bodies travel faster in the snow.

'If we don't stop and walk continuously day and night, at this speed, we'll need at least three days before we reach Wind Stream Tribe. Three days...' I wonder how many of us will survive by the end... Su Ming's heart was bleeding. He was afraid, not for his own safety, but of how many familiar faces he would no longer be able to see three days later.

Su Ming knew that if there were any other faster method to transfer their tribe members to Wind Stream Tribe, the elder would have used them. Yet although the dark python's speed was quick, it could not carry a large number of people in one go. Besides, the normal members of the tribe could not withstand the pressure of travelling in the sky. They would need several powerful Berserkers at the level of the Head of the Guards to protect them if they did so.

Yet once these powerful Berserkers left, it would be practically impossible for the remaining people to survive.

"Mama..." As Su Ming remained silent, the girl in his arms mumbled in her dreams and wrapped her arms tightly around Su Ming's neck, as if the moment she let go, she would lose her peace.

'Indeed, I was right to come back!' Su Ming patted the child's back lightly.

Time passed by slowly. When it was almost dusk, the migrating crowd from Dark Mountain Tribe had travelled a large distance away from their homes. They gritted their teeth and moved forward through the forest and the cold. Suddenly, from the back, a piercing whistle that shook the sky sounded!

The moment the piercing whistle rang out, howls of excitement immediately followed after. At the same moment, the silhouettes of people dashed towards them from behind.

Almost all the people in Dark Mountain Tribe were shocked. A cold glint appeared in the elder's eyes. The Berserkers beside him, the Head of the Guards, and all the other Berserkers looked murderous.

Their tribe members trembled in fear as they were surrounded by the threat of death. They were afraid, and they cried, unable to help themselves. Things started to get a little chaotic.

"Those in the front and middle, remain in your positions. Continue protecting the tribe and move forward. All those protecting the rear, kill the enemies!" the elder immediately gave a command.

Su Ming gave the girl in his arms to a normal member of the tribe and was just about to move to the back when he heard the elder's words. He froze, then gritted his teeth and remained in his place, protecting his tribe as they left under the guidance of the tribe leader. Behind them, the elder and seven other Berserkers from his tribe stood like a wall that shielded them from their enemies!

Whistling sounds echoed in the air, and twenty something Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe appeared from the forest behind them. When Su Ming saw so many Berserkers appearing at once, his heart jolted.

They only had thirty something Berserkers in Dark Mountain Tribe. Yet Black Mountain Tribe managed to send out twenty something Berserkers in one attack alone. It was a fact that was difficult for him to believe.

Among these Berserkers, most of them were around the fourth or fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. However, there were five people who had reached the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, and another three who had reached the seventh level.

There was no one in the eighth level in their team, but leading the charge were two men wearing black robes. These two men's clothes were completely different from the rest of Black Mountain Tribe, and they stood out. They also exuded a great and strong presence of Qi that made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

That power of Qi had already surpassed the Head of the Guards, Shan Hen, and the tribe leader's Qi. Their level of cultivation and the feeling of countless lives that had been slain in their hands showed that they were Berserkers around the tenth level of the Blood Solidification Realm!

However, Su Ming could tell that the eyes of these two black robed men were dull and lifeless, a clear sign that differentiated them from normal people. Yet their movements were agile. Under their leadership, the twenty something Black Mountain Tribe Berserkers rushed towards the elder and the others with excitement and bloodlust.

Strange cries were emitted from their lips, and when the sound travelled into the normal tribe members' ears, they trembled fearfully.

"Go quickly!" the elder turned his head and said in a low voice, then turned back and moved towards the Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe. With one swing of his arm, black wind appeared out of thin air and stirred around him, causing a large amount of snow from the area to be lifted before he rushed towards the twenty something Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe.

The two men's in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm's target was clear. They did not look at anyone else. Instead, as their blood veins erupted in explosive power and let out piercing light, they rushed into the black wind and headed straight towards the elder as banging sounds echoed around them.

From the other Berserkers who were swept into the black wind, seven to eight of them immediately coughed out blood. Their bodies trembled and immediately collapsed, bursting apart into pieces of flesh and blood. A stench of blood instantly filled the air.

The massacre started!

Besides the elder, there were only seven Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe protecting the rear. Resolution appeared on their faces, and they absolutely did not cower. Behind them were their tribe members and their families. They could not shrink back, they absolutely would not retreat!

The seven people lifted their heads and howled with sadness and determination before they rushed towards the dozens of Berserkers charging towards them. They would do everything to hinder these people and buy time for their tribe members!

Their level of cultivation was not high. The strongest among them was at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. Most of them were around the fifth level. Yet at that moment, there was an indescribable presence coming from them. That presence screamed out their desire to protect their homes and their tribe members. Even if they died, that will of theirs would never die. Even if their bones were crushed and their bodies turned to ashes, they would not allow their enemies to break through!

This was the human wall made with their flesh and blood! This was the ravine created with their lives! This was the desperation created from their souls! This was their choice!

Su Ming's eyes became red. He was not the only one. Most of the Berserkers around him had become possessed by madness. Some of the normal tribe members had already started shouting. They wanted to fight!

"Don't look! Your duty is to protect the tribe as we migrate! We... have to leave!" Just as Su Ming and the others were about to rush out and join the fray, the tribe leader spoke from where he was in the front. There was a determined look on his face, but underneath that determination was sadness.

He was the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe. His duty was to help as many people from Dark Mountain Tribe to survive as he could, so that the tribe could continue existing...

Su Ming clenched his fists. His eyes were bloodshot, but he had to quell his killing intent. He looked at those seven tribe members hundreds of feet away from him, who

were assaulted by dozens of screeching Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe that came like a tidal wave.

When a thunderous sound reverberated in the area, Su Ming clearly saw one of his tribe members coughing out a mouthful of blood. His right arm exploded, and he staggered backward. Still, he stopped even though both of his legs had collapsed. He continued to cry out ferociously and banged his head into his bloodthirsty and excited enemy's head. He even opened his mouth and bit down on the dumbstruck enemy Berserker's neck and tore out his flesh. His enemy let out a sharp and painful cry.

The man from Black Mountain Tribe was terrified. His neck was bloody and torn, and screaming in pain, he punched the Berserker's chest, causing him to cough out blood. Still, the man viciously bit deeper into his opponent's flesh. That cruel look on his face and his insane act made the man from Black Mountain Tribe's heart tremble.

At that moment, the tribe member who swallowed the flesh turned his head abruptly and looked at the column that was getting farther away from him. He seemed to have seen Su Ming looking at him from the crowd. A warm smile appeared on his lips. He was a man in his thirties. In his eyes, Su Ming was still just a child.

That smile was filled with the kindness of an adult towards a child. It was a completely different look compared to the vicious one he had before. Once that smile appeared, he turned back and closed his eyes. In that instant, all his blood veins exploded, which affected his entire body and caused it to explode in a bang. That violent bang turned into a sound that shook the sky. The moment the person's body exploded, terror appeared in the eyes of the man whose neck was torn. He wanted to retreat, but it was too late.

That was... the self-triggered explosion of blood veins! That was the last cry made in their lives using every part of their flesh and blood. That voice told all their pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe that if they wanted to destroy Dark Mountain Tribe, they would have to pay a price they could not have imagined!

Amidst the roaring, the man from Black Mountain Tribe coughed out a mouthful of blood. His arms had burst apart. He struggled, retreating. No will to fight remained in his body. His heart was trembling. He was afraid.

Chapter 88: Who is the Traitor?

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

There were other members of Black Mountain Tribe who were also afraid. That sort of self-triggered explosion had happened three times within that short amount of time. From those three explosions alone, Black Mountain Tribe lost seven men!

Yet the battle still continued!

Tears fell from Su Ming's eyes. He bit down on his lip and averted his gaze while running forward with his tribe members. He knew that his tribe members defending the rear were using their lives to buy time for them. They were using their flesh and blood to stall their enemies. What Su Ming needed to do at that moment was to not let their lives be sacrificed in vain. They had to protect the normal members of their tribe within this limited amount of time and go farther!

The situation was just as intense at the elder's side. The two men in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm seemed as if they did not know pain. Their faces were void of expression even though many parts of their bodies had sustained injuries. Even so, they continued pestering the elder. Yet the elder's true strength was unknown to most people, including Su Ming himself.

The elder let out a cold huff, and numerous ripples appeared around them. The ripples rushed towards them, and the two men in the later stage of the Blood Solidification Realm immediately trembled. The elder took one quick step forward and arrived before them within the span of a breath. He touched one of their heads with a finger, and with a bang, his head exploded. The moment his body fell, the elder swung his fist at the other person, and as a thunderous roar shook through the sky, the man's body also trembled and burst apart.

Yet the moment the two men died, a large amount of black mist appeared from their corpses. The black mist gathered together in the blink of an eye and turned into the vague shape of a person that charged towards the retreating elder.

"Bi Tu!" The elder narrowed his eyes. He knew that the black mist was not Bi Tu's original body, but the result of a Fallen Berserker Art. However, if this Art was used, then it meant that Bi Tu was around the area, or perhaps, he was rushing towards this place!

At that moment, a sharp cry suddenly came from ahead of the crowd. The sudden appearance of the sound immediately changed the expressions of the tribe leader, the Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe, and all the other tribe members!

From the two sides of the forest, the same sharp sound could be heard. A huge gust of wind bellowed, as if telling them that a large amount of their enemies from Black Mountain Tribe surrounded them!

If that was the case, it would have been fine. They could leave behind the Berserkers, and they would use their deaths in exchange for the tribe members to continue their migration. But the moment the shouts of excitement and bloodlust echoed around them, the ground trembled from hundreds of feet in front of the tribe leader. The earth sank down as the land shook, and it was quickly followed by a large amount of giant wood

around thousands of feet in length and hundreds of feet in breadth suddenly shooting up from the ground like a giant door, completely blocking the tribe's path!

On top of that giant wooden barricade stood three men from Black Mountain Tribe. The leader of the trio was dozens of feet tall. In his hands, he held a bow that was about his height and stared at the people below him with a cruel smile on his lips.

At the same time, on both sides of the tribe, two large wooden barricades also appeared from the ground. The height of the barricades, which were around thousands of feet in length, completely trapped Dark Mountain Tribe within them!

Several people also stood on top of the two wooden barricades on the sides. They looked down coldly at the people standing below them, and there was a teasing look in their eyes.

This was a trap that had been set a long time ago!

The expressions of everyone in Dark Mountain Tribe immediately changed. The tribe leader's face was pale, but his eyes were filled with shocking killing and battle intent. The other Berserkers were the same.

'How did they know about our route? How did they manage to lay down this trap beforehand?' Those were the questions that appeared in all their hearts at that moment.

'Who is it? Just who is the traitor of Dark Mountain Tribe?' Su Ming trembled. In his mind, he recalled the elder once telling him that there was a traitor within their tribe!

At the same time, the elder, who was fighting against the black mist formed by Bi Tu's Fallen Berserker Art in the distance, also saw this scene. Sadness and anger appeared in his eyes. He had suspected that there was a traitor among them, and he used everything that he could to find him, but that person hid himself too well. No traces or hints could be found, as if the traitor had never existed. However, now, the elder was certain. Nonetheless, he still could not figure who the traitor was... and his motives for betraying the tribe...

At that moment of danger, the people from Dark Mountain Tribe were filled with fear and panic. The normal members of the tribe were pale. Just as they thought they were powerless to fight back, whooshing sounds came from the tops of the three barricades, and more Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe appeared. There were about fifty or more people standing on top of the barricades. The elder raised his right hand and abruptly pointed towards the tribe in the distance.

The moment he pointed towards them, the weather above the trapped Dark Mountain Tribe suddenly changed. The sky and the land trembled, and a black light that could pierce through heaven appeared. That light gathered together and turned into the

astonishing statue of the God of Berserkers from Dark Mountain that was about hundreds of feet in size!

It was a ferocious statue that was half man, half beast and filled with the air of savagery since ancient times. It held a dragon in one hand, and in the other, a long spear. There was madness and bloodlust in its eyes.

Its appearance immediately turned the sky dark, as if the weather itself was stifled by its mighty presence. However, the statue was not completely distinct in shape. It was slightly faded, as if it could not materialize completely within a short amount of time. Black light scattered from its body and enveloped the people below it, protecting all the people from Dark Mountain Tribe within.

"Berserkers of Calamity, go forth! The tribe members stay within! Fight till we breathe our last!" At that moment, the tribe leader from Dark Mountain Tribe let out a long howl. He leapt upwards at the giant wooden barricade before him. He knew that if they wanted to leave this place, they had to destroy this barricade. Retreating was not an option!

"Kill them!" All the Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe dashed madly towards their enemies that were already charging at them. The Head of the Guards from Dark Mountain Tribe leapt forward with his bow in hand and drew it. With a thunderous cry, he fired an arrow towards the left barricade.

Two other Berserkers followed behind the tribe leader as they too, charged forward with resolution!

Bei Ling, Wu La, Lei Chen, and the Berserkers were all fueled with madness and fought with their lives at stake! Shan Hen fell silent and hesitated for a moment before he too, went forward.

Su Ming's heart was filled with killing intent. Just as he was about to move, he heard the sounds of weeping from behind him. The girl he had been carrying was jolted awake and was looking at him with tears falling from her eyes.

Su Ming did not turn back. He bounded forward and leapt on the barricade before him. The dozens of Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe on the barricade let out strange cries as they charged towards Su Ming and the other Berserkers by his side, engaging in battle of life and death.

It was dusk. The sun in the sky was dim, and the moon was beginning to show itself, a clear sign that night was just around the corner. Su Ming's blood was boiling. His heart was burning, his anger roaring, and his eyes were bloodshot. He broke through the seal in Wind Stream and dashed madly back to the tribe for only one purpose - to live and die for the tribe! Now, the time had come!

'I was born a member of Dark Mountain, and I will die a member of Dark Mountain!'

Su Ming did not hesitate and let all 243 blood veins in his body burst forth with power, showing off his power as a seventh level Berserker in the Blood Solidification Realm. However, there was only chaos in the battlefield. No one took note of his existence.

Before him, there was one person who was in the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm among the dozens of men from Dark Mountain Tribe. The others were all around the fifth or sixth level. The man in the seventh level originally had a vicious look on his face as he charged forward with his team. In his eyes, the seven to eight Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe were nothing. He was the vice chief of hunters in Black Mountain Tribe. Killing these people was the same as flicking his wrist.

Yet the moment he approached them, his pupils shrank and a look of disbelief appeared on his face. He could clearly feel a vast and powerful amount of Qi that made his heart tremble coming from that the frail looking teenager among the seven to eight people.

'Who is he?How could he have such an amount of Qi at his age!'

The man did not have time to think. Su Ming had already come close to him within the blink of an eye. His first target was this person!

All of it happened in an instant. The two sides clashed together with a loud bang, and the sounds of battle rang through the air, as did voices filled with pain and agony. Su Ming hurled his fist forward. The moment he did so, all 243 blood veins in his body became one and crashed into the man in the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm from Black Mountain Tribe.

Thunderous sounds echoed in the air, so that sound was like a speck of dust in that intense battlefield. While Berserkers fought for their lives, the tribe members who were under the protection of the light from the statue were all trembling with pale faces. Yet, they were all determined, and they did not shrink back. They were afraid, but being afraid did nothing to help them.

There was deep seated hatred and anger that seemed to be able to burn the sky and the earth within their eyes.

They were silent. Everyone was silent. The girl who just woke up no longer cried. Instead, she watched Su Ming's back as he fought for the tribe!

When he threw his fist forward, his opponent roared and did the same thing. A thunderous clash sounded as their fists met each other. Blood trickled down from the corner of the man's lips. There was a dumbfounded look on his face, and his arm seemed to be on the verge of breaking. As the gigantic amount of power rushed towards him, he retreated on instinct. Yet as he retreated, it made Su Ming howl, and

without care for his own pain, he blasted forth with shocking speed and got closer to the man within the blink of an eye, then punched him again, and again!

Within the blink of an eye, Su Ming had already thrown eight punches, and all of them had landed on the man's body. It made him stagger backwards with an aghast expression appearing in his eyes, and a large amount of blood flowing out from his mouth. The man hadn't expected to meet such a mad and powerful Berserker in this place!

"Die!" Su Ming closed in on him again. This time, he did not use his fists. Instead, the moment he got closer, he used his head and slammed it against the man's head. The man let out a sharp cry of pain, and his body was pushed back until he crashed into the giant wooden barricade. With a bang, the man coughed out a large amount of fresh blood. He was completely taken aback by Su Ming's speed. There was no time to retaliate. Su Ming... he was too fast!

Chapter 89: Funeral Song

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy Translation

'Who is he! There's no one in Dark Mountain Tribe who has this level of power at this age!'

The man coughed out blood as shock appeared on his face. His mind was in a mess, and he cried out in his heart.

Yet Su Ming was too quick. The moment the man crashed into the giant wooden barricade, he closed in once again with madness and murderous intent. As he thrust his fist forward, he bit down on his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. When the blood appeared, it turned instantly into blood mist, a clear sign that Su Ming just casted Dark Blood Dust.

The moment the Art was casted, the mist rushed towards the man. It closed in on the man, who was now in a state of disbelief, and Su Ming's right hand pierced through the blood mist at the fastest speed he could muster and crashed into the man's chest.

With a loud bang, the giant wooden barricade trembled. The man widened his eyes, and all light disappeared from within them. A large amount of blood escaped from his mouth. There was a hole in his chest, where Su Ming's fist had blasted through.

'Kill them!'

Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. He did not stop once he killed that one person. He turned around and rushed towards the other Warriors from Black Mountain Tribe. His

fight with the man might have been over in a moment, but all the people from Black Mountain Tribe nearby had seen the entire fight.

They could not believe it. They just watched their vice chief of hunters die before their eyes. They did not even manage to follow Su Ming's body, only seeing an afterimage dashing around.

It was not just them. The other Warriors around Su Ming were also stunned. They knew Su Ming. They were familiar with Su Ming. In their memories, he was just a normal member of their tribe. Previously, they didn't have time to think why Su Ming had stood in the midst of the other Berserkers, but at that moment, when Su Ming's strength exploded forth, besides being shocked, they also felt strongly inspired!

As Su Ming let out a low growl, the other seven to eight Warriors from his tribe also roared.

"Kill them!"

"Kill all those who destroyed our homes!" Su Ming's eyes were bloodshot. A strong and boundless presence of Qi erupted from his body, and he threw a punch!

"Kill all those who slaughtered our tribe members!"

One more punch.

"Kill all those who murdered our people!"

Another punch.

Su Ming's body flickered around dozens of terrified men from Black Mountain Tribe and showed off just how deep he had sunk into his madness. He had never killed so many people before, had never felt so much hate. At that moment, he was no longer a teenager who had yet to reach seventeen years of age, but a maddened killer.

As fresh blood splashed all over the place, a thunderous sound rang out beside Su Ming's ears, and his heart bled. That was the sound of a tribe member choosing to trigger the explosion of his blood veins because he had sustained too many grave injuries!

This was a battle. This was a battle between the invaders and the defenders. This was a crazed battle between two tribes. This was the battle sparked from the hundreds of years of hatred between Dark Mountain Tribe and Black Mountain Tribe that would never end until one of them was completely destroyed!

The sudden increase of Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe caused the battle to become so much more intense and tragic. The number of Berserkers from Dark

Mountain Tribe was not great. It was less than that of Black Mountain. Yet at that moment, all the people from Dark Mountain Tribe were persistent. They were willing to give up everything to protect their homes, their tribe members, and their tribe!

Death was nothing! Fighting for their homes, for their tribe, for their children, and for their parents was the most brilliant moment of their lives!

The light from the statue protected the crowd. In the silence, a sob could be heard, and it echoed outwards. The tribesmen were calling out for the Warriors. They were crying for those that fought to protect them: their children, their fathers, the Berserkers...

"Mama, why is the sky blue...? Is it because papa is protecting us from above...?"

"Papa, why do the stars blink at night...? Is it because mama is there watching us...?"

No one knew who was the first to start mumbling the lyrics, but gradually, almost all the tribe members who were protected by the statue's light started singing amidst the wails and sobs.

Their voices mixed together and gradually turned into a low musical wave. The sound was gentle and sad, but within that gentleness and sadness, there was also an indescribable emotion.

Those lyrics belonged solely to Dark Mountain Tribe. When someone from their tribe died, their tribe members would gather around the fire and look at their deceased tribe member as they sang the song of mourning.

"La Su, you are not alone in the sky. Do not be sad. Do not cry. Mama and papa will look at you from where we are... Every year, every day... we will look at you..."

"I will not cry. I will not be sad. I will not be lonely. I know that you are there, watching me... I am happy..."

The singing voices gradually grew louder and more distinct amidst the sounds of weeping. When the Warriors from Dark Mountain Tribe fighting without fear of death heard the voices of their tribe members and heard the familiar words, sadness appeared on their faces, and they let out depressed growls.

They will fight! They will fight until they die!

Su Ming trembled. Tears fell from his eyes. His body was covered in fresh blood. Some of it was his own, but the larger part belonged to his enemies.

He did not know fatigue, he did not know fear. All he knew was only that he had to fight till he breathed his last. Once he could no longer move, and once his body was too

heavily wounded for him to continue fighting, he would trigger his blood veins and self-destruct!

"Mama... Papa... Pipi..." From behind, Su Ming heard the wails of the little girl who had woke up.

Su Ming's heart clenched in pain. It was bleeding. It was as if a countless number of needles had pierced through his heart. It made his speed increase even more. It made his punches even more powerful. Amidst the sadness and killing, a song filled with tears echoed in the air.

The song was filled with desolation, sadness, and separation... Not too far away, Liu Di sat under a tree. His legs were already bloody stumps, and his body was covered in blood. His face was pale, and his eyes dim.

He raised the xun made of bone with his trembling hands and placed it by his mouth, and begun to play a tragic song. The moaning sound was like the cry of a mother, and it mixed with the low rumbling song sung by their tribe members on the tragic battlefield, turning it into a song that made hearts clench in grief.

The sad moans floated with the wind and melted into the snow on the ground. They sank into the tribe members' blood, causing every single one of them, who heard it, to start crying on the battlefield.

Su Ming trembled. This was not the first time he had heard the funeral song, but it was the first time he cried like this. It made him feel as if he lost his heart, turning him into a heartless person. The only thing left behind were the injuries decorating his entire body and the endless sadness he felt.

Besides the sorrowful funeral song, Su Ming also heard the sounds of exploding caused by self-destruction. Each boom symbolized another Warrior from his tribe choosing to make his blood veins explode.

"Don't count me out from the road to hell!" Su Ming smiled brokenly. He threw another punch outward and blasted another enemy of his tribe into pieces of flesh. Su Ming, too, coughed out a mouthful of blood. As he turned around, he saw his tribe member playing the song underneath the tree before his death.

That tribe member's eyes may have been dim, but there was still a hint of light within. He played the song, and the blood on his hands stained the xun made of bone. Nonetheless, it could not dampen his song, his sadness, and his parting words.

This was the very last song he would play for his tribe. This time, he played the song with his life...

Su Ming closed his eyes and averted his gaze. The moment he did so, his pupils shrank suddenly. He saw, in the other direction, three men from Black Mountain Tribe standing before Bei Ling. They forced Bei Ling to continuously retreat with their vicious excitement. Bei Ling's bow was broken. There were a lot of wounds on his body, and especially on his chest. A large amount of blood poured out from the wounds on his chest. His face was pale. In his hands, he held a knife made of bone. There was stubbornness and solemnness in his actions as he madly continued to attack his enemies.

He could not retreat. Behind him were his tribe members. Even if his tribe members were protected by the light from the statue, he could not retreat. There was a girl behind him. That girl was crying as she looked at Bei Ling, at his trembling body, and at his back, which stood firm before her like a hill.

That girl was Chen Xin. She seemed to be shouting something, telling something to Bei Ling.

Su Ming was standing far away from them. He could not hear them, but he could tell the gentleness hidden in Chen Xin's eyes as she looked at Bei Ling.

She liked Bei Ling. At that moment, she became even surer of her feelings. She... liked him.

Tears fell from her eyes when she saw Bei Ling tremble and one of the three men from Black Mountain Tribe approach, laughing viciously. As the bone knife went to Bei Ling's head as quickly as lightning, Chen Xin let out a sharp and mournful cry before she... rushed forward.

Bei Ling smiled brokenly. He was too tired and could no longer continue fighting. Since yesterday, he had been immersed in one battle after another. He knew that he could not avoid the attack. Just as he was about to self-destruct, he looked at Chen Xin, who was hugging him.

"Alright, since you came, then leave with me..." Just as Bei Ling closed his eyes and was about to make his blood veins explode, a sudden thunderous roar resounded through the sky and shook their entire surroundings. Every single one of the Warriors, including the people from Black Mountain Tribe fighting against them, felt their hearts tremble when they heard the sound, which reverberated and shook the sky and earth.

A long red spear rushed towards Bei Ling's direction at an incredible speed. That long spear exuded a powerful murderous intent, and with an air of madness, turned into a giant red eagle that was seen by everyone present on the battlefield. Within the span of a breath, it whizzed past Bei Ling and pierced through the chest of the man from Black Mountain Tribe who was about to swing his knife downwards. With a thunderous boom, the man's body was impaled to the ground. At the same moment, a huge wave of Qi

erupted forth and spread to their surroundings. The man's body exploded abruptly, turning into pieces of flesh and blood.

The other two men from Black Mountain Tribe trembled and took a few steps back on instinct as they coughed out blood. At that very moment, a person leapt towards them like lightning and stood before Bei Ling, replacing everything in their sights!

The moment he saw the back of the person, a huge wave stirred in Bei Ling's heart. He was familiar with this sight. He experienced this once in Wind Stream Tribe. There was one person who had stood before him like this. Even if their faces and body shapes were different, at that moment, their bodies overlapped in Bei Ling's eyes.

"Su... Ming..." Bei Ling's eyes were filled with disbelief. He stood there, stunned, and he understood everything...

Chapter 90: It Already Happened, so Let It Go

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He knew then, that the person who had appeared before him with the same method in Wind Stream Tribe and fought on equal grounds with Wu Sen was Su Ming.

He knew then, that the person who had placed his blood that was extracted from the center of his brows in his room when he had returned completely exhausted to Dark Mountain Tribe's lodgings in Wind Stream Tribe, whose identity he had kept trying to figure out... was also Su Ming!

At that same moment, when he saw Su Ming's back before him, in his dumbfounded state, he also saw the figure of the person who had been the center of everyone's attention when he returned from the first stage of the test. That feeling was so incredibly familiar that he knew, he knew that that person... was also Su Ming!

All these thoughts appeared like thunderbolts in Bei Ling's head. They were like lighting travelling through his mind. It made his body tremble. He did not dare to believe all of it, finding it hard to comprehend how it could be true. Su Ming had, at some unknown point of time, silently obtained such an amount of power that even Bei Ling had to look up to him.

In his memories, Su Ming was the one he had always been jealous of, whom he had treated with disdain in his heart, spoken to indifferently, so the change now threw his heart into a state of chaos.

That complicated feeling made him forget that he was still in the battlefield, surrounded by slaughter, and everything else around him. His head was completely blank, and he was at a loss.

"How could this be...?" Bei Ling mumbled. Chen Xin hugged him tightly, tears falling from her eyes. She did not see Su Ming, there was only Bei Ling's pale face before her eyes and the sight of his back standing before her like a mountain.

This might seem to have happened slowly, but in truth, the moment Su Ming's spear stirred up the wave of Qi on the ground, and the body of the man with the knife exploded, Su Ming took a leap forward. His speed left behind an afterimage that rushed towards the person who was pushed back by the wave of Qi. That person was in his fifties, but he was only at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

He only managed to take a few steps back when his vision blurred. His pupils immediately shrank, and he was about to retreat backwards when he felt a strong sense of danger. But Su Ming was just too fast. Before the man managed to retreat, he closed in on him just as a loud booming sound reverberated through the air. There was a vicious expression on Su Ming's face, and it was filled with furious murderous intent. He did not use his fists, but his entire body, and crashed into the man's chest.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air. Blood trickled down the man's lips. His back exploded abruptly, because his body could not bear the incredible force brought by Su Ming's attack. In an instant, all the bones in his body were crushed. His body was thrown to the back, and before he even landed on the ground, he breathed his last.

The hate in Su Ming's eyes did not decrease. It only became much stronger. He hated everyone from Black Mountain Tribe. He turned around suddenly and fixed his eyes on the last of the three Warriors from Black Mountain Tribe who had wanted to kill Bei Ling. He was standing not too far away from Su Ming.

That person was sturdy looking, but he was not tall. The vicious smile and excited look he had when he wanted to kill Bei Ling was now gone. That smile was replaced with a horrified look on his face, and his eyes were filled with terror. He could only watch in shock as Su Ming killed a person with a throw of his spear, and then another with his body.

The quick and clean kills made the man feel as if Su Ming was surrounded by cruelty and madness. His heart pounded against his chest. When Su Ming turned his eyes towards him, he immediately let loose a terrified scream and retreated without care for anything. He was afraid. In his mind, Su Ming was definitely at the same level as the leaders in Dark Mountain Tribe. This was not someone who he could fight with.

Yet before the man could even take three steps backwards, a sharp cry cut through the air. An arrow travelled from the distance, seeming to slice through the air. It closed in on

the man in an instant and pierced through his neck before sinking into the tree behind him with his blood on its body. The arrow thumped upon contact, causing the tree to jolt.

The man held his neck, but blood continued pouring from his wound. His eyes dimmed, and he fell to the ground. His corpse was soon trampled by all the Warriors who were still trying to kill those from the opposite tribe.

In the distance, the exhausted Head of the Guards quickly turned his gaze away and continued fighting against the leader from Black Mountain Tribe, who was at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

Su Ming walked towards Bei Ling and stopped before him, then pulled Blood Scales out from the ground. Once he managed to free it, something flickered in his eyes. He was about to continue fighting against those from Black Mountain Tribe when he heard Bei Ling's voice, filled with conflict and hesitation, travel into his ears.

"Thank you..."

The voice was caught between the sounds of battle and the moans of the xun. It sounded weak. Su Ming did not seem to hear it. Once he pulled out his spear, he walked away. Yet, he only took a few steps forward before faltering.

"It already happened, so let it go... You have to live for Chen Xin..." Su Ming said,, then bounded towards the crowd closest to him fighting against each other.

The moment Su Ming sped forward, an aloof look from the barricade far away from him turned towards him. That gaze belonged to a man wearing a sackcloth. He seemed to be in his forties. His body was incredibly strong and looked like an iron tower. He was covered in fresh blood, but most of it belonged to the Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe.

The strength of his Qi spoke of a man at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. His power was about the same as Ye Wang's, who had fought against Su Ming some time ago.

The moment he looked towards Su Ming, that man lifted his right hand. There was a long knife made of bone in his hand. The moment he swung that knife down, he decapitated a Warrior from Dark Mountain Tribe who was fighting against him.

That tribe member did not even have time to trigger the explosion of his blood veins. His head was caught by that man, and he threw it towards where he had seen Su Ming.

The head fell by Su Ming's feet, blood flowing from the severed neck. The blood dyed the snow red, and the heat from the blood quickly melted the snow into a puddle of blood and water.

Su Ming stopped and lifted his head in the direction the head had come from. His eyes met with the other's through the crowd, and Su Ming saw the cruelty and aloofness in the man's eyes. The man too, saw Su Ming's madness and killing intent in his bloodshot eyes.

The moment their gazes met, the man moved. He rushed towards Su Ming, just as Su Ming stomped on the ground and charged at the man just as quickly!

The man wore a sackcloth, not beast skins, which indicated that his status in Black Mountain Tribe was rather high. If Su Ming could kill that person, then it would definitely deal a heavy blow on Black Mountain Tribe's morale.

The moment the man moved, due to his status, it immediately attracted the attention of a lot of people from Black Mountain Tribe who were engaged in battle. It was as if he stirred up their morale, and the Warriors let out strange cries as they rushed forward and continued their massacre.

The two people closed in on each other, and within an instant, they clashed with a loud bang and engaged each other in an intense battle to the death.

Yet at that moment, right in the forefront of the Dark Mountain Tribe, their tribe leader coughed out blood. His face was pale as he staggered back. Before him, more than half of the people from Black Mountain Tribe had died, but a man who wore black robes similar to those the two who had fought against the elder earlier appeared. With an astonishing force, he injured the tribe leader in one move and forced him to move back.

The man's, who was dressed in black robes, eyes were blank, but there was a hint of bloodlust within them. He took a large step forward, and behind him, there were two other Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe. They rushed towards the retreating tribe leader. By the looks of it, they wanted to kill the injured tribe leader with just one move. The other Warriors who fought beside the tribe leader previously had all self-destructed. He was left alone in the front.

Just as the tribe leader seemed as if he could not escape from death, and the people behind him let out cries of anger and sadness, one person suddenly rushed out from the crowd. That man was an elderly person. He was Dark Mountain Tribe's Nan Song!

The moment he stepped forward, he let out a light sigh and stomped the ground with his right foot. It did not produce a loud sound, but the man in black robes who had attacked the tribe leader and was currently in pursuit of his life trembled suddenly and staggered. As shock appeared on his face, Nan Song walked out before the old man. With his skinny right arm, he swung his fist forward, completely stopping the man's footsteps. These two people engaged in battle right before the tribe.

Yet there were two other Berserkers by the side of the man dressed in black robes. One of them, who held a big bow in his hands, was the Head of the Guards from Black

Mountain Tribe. This person might have been surprised by Nan Song's appearance, but with the man dressed in black around, he gritted his teeth and continued chasing after Dark Mountain Tribe's tribe leader. There was cruelty and excitement in his eyes. He could already imagine the glory he would gain in the tribe the moment he killed Dark Mountain's tribe leader and obtained his head.

The tribe leader smiled brokenly. He was still several dozens of feet away from the crowd protected by the light of the statue. At that moment, he knew that he could not go back.

Nonetheless, there was no regret in his eyes. There was only reluctance. He did not regret dying in battle. He was the tribe leader. Dying in battle for the tribe was a feat of glory. But he did not want to leave them... He did not want to leave the tribe so soon. He had to bring his people to a safe place...

Su Ming saw the danger the tribe leader was in, as did many other people. Yet under the vicious assault by Black Mountain Tribe, no one could rush over to help him. After all, the tribe leader's life from Dark Mountain was in question. All the Warriors of Black Mountain Tribe started blocking the other Warriors' path excitedly, trapping each and every single one of them so that they could not save their tribe leader.

Su Ming wanted to rush over, but the man wearing the sackcloth from Black Mountain Tribe sneered coldly, blocking Su Ming's path and causing him to be unable to rush over. He did not even have the chance to throw his long spear.

At that moment, when Dark Mountain Tribe's tribe leader could no longer avoid death, dozens of normal teenagers came to the barrier's edge closest to the tribe leader and stood before the crowd whilst under the protection of the statue.

These teenagers trembled. They were a useless bunch in the tribe. They did not possess the Body of Calamity, nor did they have strong bodies. Usually, while the tribe was busy working, they would be hanging around doing nothing because they were the family members of Warriors who once died in battle. It made them think that they were somehow privileged, and no matter what they did, as long as they did not betray the tribe, they could live that way forever.

They never forgot the glory their families once had, but they did not choose to inherit the responsibility that came with the glory. Instead, they chose to let the protection offered by the glory be an excuse for their laziness and arrogance.