

# **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 91 — Death of Young Martyrs - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 91 — Death of Young Martyrs**

## **Chapter 91: Death of Young Martyrs**

Translation

They feared death. Their terror towards it made them feel as if their hearts were about to be crushed. That was why they had not dared to walk at the back of the column, but rather chose to walk in the middle. Yet the middle of the crowd was filled with orphaned La Sus. That was why they could only choose to rely on the tribe leader and walk at the forefront of the crowd, believing that place to be safe. They thought that the tribe leader could protect them from everything.

Yet now, their tribe leader was in danger right before their very eyes. If they chose not to walk out of the light from the statue, they would still be safe...

At that dangerous moment, the face of one of the dozens of teenagers in front of the crowd was pale, and his body trembled. Fear seemed to have conquered his entire weak body. Nonetheless, for the first time in his life, desperation and red lines appeared in his eyes.

"I've lived most of my life like an ignorant fool. I lived every single day of my life easily and wasted them away while waiting for death. I did not do anything for the tribe, but wasted so much food. I know that there are a lot of tribe members who look down on me. I know that all the La Sus think I'm a useless person..."

"And I am a useless person. I don't have a Berserker Body. I'm lazy. I don't have a strong body. I don't have anything... The only thing I have is the glory obtained in exchange for my father's death when he was killed by a wild beast while out hunting for the tribe..."

"Today, I'll tell you all this. I may be useless, but I'm still a member of the tribe!"

The teenager's eyes were bloodshot as he roared and rushed outside, straight towards the tribe leader. He would use his flesh and blood and die for the tribe leader! Using his own life, he would become a wall that would protect the tribe leader!

With a bang, the teenager exchanged places with the retreating tribe leader, and the young man stood behind him, facing the enemy. At that same moment, a sharp arrow sliced through the air and pierced through his body. He burst apart and died.

"Dad... your La Su... is not useless..." Before the teenager died, he smiled brokenly.

The very same moment the youth rushed out and died, all his friends, too, howled and dashed out madly. They would use their lives to repay the tribe for all the years it had provided for them. They would use their lives, and once again welcome the glory they once obtained when one of their family had died.

"We may be useless, but we're still part of the tribe!" the dozens of teenagers roared.

They would use their fragile bodies and blood to create a wall for their tribe leader and their people. Thunderous booms continued crackling in the air. It was clear that the two men from Black Mountain Tribe who were pursuing the tribe leader did not expect the normal members of Dark Mountain Tribe to rush out at this moment. Nevertheless, there was only disdain and scorn in their eyes. To them, these normal people were so weak they would all die from one hit.

Amidst the blasts, these dozens of people were all dyed in their own blood, their limbs torn off, but they continued using their lives and willpower to block the enemies' advance. Some of them even clutched tightly onto the Head of the Guards from Black Mountain Tribe. Even if their bodies were blown apart by the shock, they continued gritting their teeth and holding their ground.

It was disastrous. The devastation of the battle seemed to have reached its peak at that very moment. The willpower of these teenagers seemed to have shaken the two men in pursuit. They did not expect these normal people from Dark Mountain Tribe to possess such insanity and determination, so much so that they managed to delay their chase by the span of around two breaths.

The time of two breaths may be short, and these young men had paid for it with their lives, but these two breaths, they changed the fate of the tribe leader's life. Consumed by grief, the tribe leader reached the light coming from the statue. His heart felt as if it was being stabbed by knives, but he knew that he could not die, not because of his own wish to live, but because of the tribe.

He looked at the corpses that filled the ground before him, at the bunch of people who had once given him headaches, and who he even somewhat disliked. He stared at the once familiar faces now turned into mangled corpses, and the tribe leader, a man built like a tower in his forties, cried.

Behind him, many of the tribe members also cried. These dozens of teenagers used their lives to tell all of them that they may be useless weaklings, but they were also members of the tribe. They could also die for the tribe!

Su Ming bit his lip and clashed repeatedly against the man before him. All 243 blood veins in his body had gathered as one, and as he growled, he continued fighting against the man.

His specialty was speed, and the man's was strength, similar to Ye Wang. This fight was extremely eye-catching, even amidst the battlefield. Lei Chen saw it, Wu La saw it, and many of their tribe members saw it, too.

The little girl stood in the crowd and watched Su Ming as she cried, terrified.

At that moment, a shocking rumble came from the distance. Far away, the black mist formed using a Fallen Berserker Art casted by Black Mountain Tribe's Elder, Bi Tu, abruptly crumbled apart after fighting for a long while with the elder. It turned into numerous black puffs of air that swept around its surroundings. The elder then went back to the tribe with an indescribable presence.

The elder had returned!

It was as if he simply took three steps in the air to come back. When his first step landed, the elder suddenly appeared beside Su Ming. The man from Black Mountain Tribe was caught by surprise, and the elder touched the center of his brows with a finger. Then the man trembled and coughed out a large amount of blood, staggering backwards. At the center of his brows, a bloody hole appeared, and soon, light disappeared from his eyes, and he fell to the ground, dead.

The elder did not stop. He took another step and appeared at the forefront of the tribe, right beside the man in black battling against Nan Song. With a ghastly wave of his right hand, the man shook furiously before his body burst apart and he died.

A presence that seemed to shake the sky and earth appeared explosively on the elder's body as he killed a person with each step he took. His presence birthed fear in all the people from Black Mountain Tribe, and they retreated.

Agitation appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he was not the only one filled with such an emotion. All the people from Dark Mountain Tribe let out excited cries.

At that moment, the elder took the third step and appeared right before the giant wooden barricade blocking the path forward. With one kick, the barricade crumbled with a bang, turning into countless shards that were about to scatter to the ground when the elder swung his arm. The shards all turned into sharp arrows and sped through the empty spaces between the people of Dark Mountain Tribe, and straight towards all the retreating Berserkers of Black Mountain Tribe.

In an instant, cries of pain echoed in the air.

The moment he finished taking those three steps, a sickly red flush appeared on the elder's face, but it disappeared very soon, and once it did, he turned around before speaking calmly, "Don't stop here, move!"

The moment he spoke, the people from Dark Mountain Tribe left under the guidance of the tribe leader while all those from Black Mountain Tribe did not dare to try and stop them due to the grievous blow they had sustained to their numbers.

Dark Mountain Tribe quickly moved forward. Liu Di, who was leaning against the big tree and was on the verge of dying, was also lifted up by the people and carried away.

Very soon, the battlefield became silent. The only things left were the corpses that filled the ground and the stench of blood that stayed in the air for a long time.

Su Ming stood in the crowd, his body drenched in blood. He moved forward quickly and silently. Beside him was a tribe member holding onto the little girl. She was no longer crying. Strength appeared within her innocent eyes.

She was still young and did not understand a lot of things, but during this night, she too, grew up.

Moonlight scattered on the ground, lighting up the path for the now homeless people of Dark Mountain Tribe, so that they would no longer be bewildered and helpless.

"Tribe leader, Elder... Let us old folks stay behind. Don't let our people take care of us anymore and affect their the speed at which they can travel..." an old voice said from within the crowd.

The man coughed. He was a normal old man from the tribe and was already very old, unable to keep up with the long journey. In his mind, instead of having someone support him while dragging down the tribe's speed, he would rather stay behind.

"Let the young'uns leave. I'll stay... Honestly, we should have chosen to stay in the tribe... Ha."

Another old man also stopped moving.

Very soon, almost all of the old people from the tribe walked out of the crowd one by one. They numbered to about forty people, and all of them chose to stubbornly stay behind. They could not use their remaining lives to tell the tribe that they were useful, but they could not allow themselves to drag down the tribe's advancement.

"You..."

The tribe leader was stunned. He closed his eyes, then soon reopened them and bowed deeply to these old people of the tribe.

"Go... We're tired..."

The old folks smiled. They waved towards their tribe members. Their families were within that crowd of people, and they cried, but could do nothing to stop them. Some of the stronger tribe members volunteered to stay, but were not allowed to do so.

One of the elderly walked out and looked at the elder with a smile on his face. "Elder, is there a method for us old folks to use so that we can explode and hurt others just like the young'uns did? Tell us."

The elder fell silent for a while before walking forward. He placed an object in the hands of the old man and patted his shoulder, letting out a soft sigh. He knew that this was not a time for him to be weak. There were far too many tribe members that needed to move quickly. He turned around.

"The rest, continue moving!"

The elderly watched their tribe leave them, its members silently crying and frequently turning their heads back. Warm and gentle smiles appeared on the old people's faces. They sat down, panting harshly, and started talking about the things that had happened to them when they were young, about their past glory.

Moonlight illuminated their silhouettes.

Once the old folks stayed behind, the column moved much faster...

After a long while, once daylight appeared in the horizon, the home of Dark Mountain Tribe, which was left behind by its people, turned into a desolate ruin under the illumination of the moonlight.

It seemed like there was no sign of life within those ruins, and they would eventually turn into a remnant of the passage of time. Perhaps the few remaining trees and plants would continue growing there and slowly turn the place into a part of the forest, making it difficult for people to come looking for their memories and the beautiful moments that had happened during their time here.

Wind was blowing at the moment. It sounded like the moaning of the xun as it lifted the snow off the ground and swept gently through the land. It also lifted a lot of things left behind by the tribe members, and as they were whisked away from the ground, they created sashaying sounds that brought out a feeling of desolation.

Among the things left behind, there were toys belonging to children, hides that the tribe members did not manage to take with them, ashes from extinguished fires, scattered herbs, a lot of kitchen utensils, and pieces of the houses that had broken off.

Besides the sound of the wind, the ruins of the tribe were in silence, but one of the collapsed houses moved at that moment. A furry and round little creature poked its head out from the ruins. This little creature was very cute. Its fur was originally white, yet

at that moment, its fur was grey. Its eyes were filled with fear as it quickly ran out of the house. It trembled under the snowstorm.

Squeaks came out from its mouth, as if it was calling out to its owner. Its name was Pipi, and it was the little girl's pet.

Yet its owner could not hear its cries... It stayed behind alone in the ruins of the tribe, refusing to be too far away from the collapsed house because that was its home.

As it continued squeaking, the little creature slowly retreated as if no longer able to withstand the cold and wishing to return to the house. Yet at that moment, footsteps came from the distance. Dozens of people walked through the tribe's broken gate.

A strong man led the team, but his face was gloomy and dark. If Su Ming had been here here, then he would recognize the man as the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe.

Behind him was a teenager who had a similar gloomy and dark look on his face. The young man licked his lips as he looked at his surroundings, a cruel smile appearing on his face. That person was Bi Su!

"They sure left quickly! After them. The elder should be here soon. This time, besides the women from Dark Mountain Tribe, leave no one alive!" the tribe leader said slowly and left the ruins.

Bi Su looked away from his surroundings. He was just about to follow the tribe leader when a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes. He saw the little trembling creature that did not dare to move. His lips curled up slightly, and he waved his right hand at it.

Immediately, the little creature jolted and light faded away from its eyes. A green presence rose from its carcass, which Bi Su caught in his hands and placed at the center of his brows. After a moment, a cruel look appeared in his eyes.

"Pipi, is it...? You miss your owner, don't you? Then I'll send her to you."

## **Chapter 92: Bi Tu of Black Mountain Tribe!**

### Translation

Midnight had arrived a long time ago. There was already a faint and dim light at the horizon. Pale moonlight fell on the snow in the forest, making the light seem cold. As messy crunching sounds appeared, the people of Dark Mountain Tribe moved quickly before dawn.

It was quiet all around them. Besides the sounds of crunching snow, there was virtually no other sound. All the people of Dark Mountain Tribe were silent. The elderly, the women, and even the La Sus fell silent as they continued migrating during that night.

Several hours had passed since the previous battle. The level of devastation from that battle was deeply imprinted in all of their minds and souls. They would never forget it.

Before they left, without including the elder, Dark Mountain Tribe had more than thirty Berserkers. After the battle, there were only fourteen Berserkers left. The blood on these fourteen Berserkers' body had dried up. As they moved forward with grief and sadness, they carried with them a murderous air as they silently protected their tribe members.

Dozens of their own had died, but Black Mountain Tribe had paid an even greater price. This was related to their levels of cultivation, but more importantly, the intruders from Black Mountain Tribe did not have the persistence that the people of Dark Mountain Tribe had because they were forced to leave their homes.

It was called a protector's courage. If they had only self-destructed once, perhaps it would have only brought disdain to the intruders from Black Mountain Tribe, but once it happened twice, thrice, four times... then it bring about terror among those from Black Mountain Tribe.

Dark Mountain Tribe may be weak, but within that weakness, there was strength!

Su Ming walked silently. After the battle, he had yet to speak a single word. He was originally just a cheerful child with the recklessness of a teenager, but now, he had learned how to be quiet and not scream out his feelings like a wild beast.

Yet the price for him to learn how to be quiet was too great. It made his heart hurt.

Su Ming knew that from this day onwards, his innocence was destroyed and had left his body. From this day onwards, his happiness had melted and disappeared into his body. From this day onwards, his tears were replaced by silence.

Time passed by. Very soon, daylight arrived. The tribe had walked for an entire night, but they did not stop even though they were tired. All of them gritted their teeth and supported each other as they moved so quickly it was close to a running speed.

Daylight gradually passed by as they continued moving. During the journey, some of them fell down, unable to bear the fatigue. After resting for an hour, they would continue moving.

The people of Dark Mountain Tribe continued walking quickly in their silence, even when the second midnight fell upon them and moonlight once again shone on the snow in the forest.



"Su Ming..."

A frightened and fragile voice travelled to Su Ming's ears. He turned his head and saw the little girl beside him who was being carried by another tribe member.

When he saw her clean and innocent eyes, Su Ming forced out a smile. Yet that smile looked really creepy when it was matched with the blood on his face.

Nonetheless, the girl did not feel afraid. She widened her eyes instead and looked at Su Ming. After a moment of hesitation, she lifted her slightly dirtied hands and wiped away some of the dried blood on Su Ming's face.

When he felt the little girl's delicate hands touching his face, warmth appeared through Su Ming's painfully bleeding heart.

"Su Ming, don't be afraid... Tong Tong is not afraid either..." The little girl retrieved her hands. Some blood flecks stained her hands. She looked at him, and in her bright eyes, there was a resolute look that was rarely seen in children.

Su Ming patted the little girl's head. He did not look at her, but chose to look ahead. The road ahead was hidden by the forest, and he could not see where their future lay.

Lei Chen stood on the other side of the crowd. He still had his fists clenched tightly. The blood on his back had dried up, and he ignored the pain in his body. There was bloodlust in his eyes, but there was also sadness. He would never forget the battle that had happened the previous night. If it were not for a heavily wounded adult Berserker self-destructing to save him, then his corpse would now be left behind in that battlefield.

Before him was Wu La. The girl's face was pale, and she looked exhausted. There was dried blood on her left arm, and she seemed unable to lift it up. There was a large bloodied part on her face, causing her originally pretty face to be gone.

Yet there was no sign of surrender in her eyes. She still had the stubborn persistence that was within all the other members of Dark Mountain Tribe.

Behind them were Bei Ling and Chen Xin. They held hands as if they never wanted to be separated. They continued protecting the crowd as they walked.

The elder continued his vigil at the back. His white hair and face full of wrinkles made Su Ming's heart clench even tighter from pain when he saw them, because he could feel the elder's fatigue.

The moon was not in a crescent shape during the second night. It was slowly leaning towards becoming a full moon. Nonetheless, it was clear that it was not yet the night of the full moon. Perhaps it would be tomorrow, or perhaps the day after tomorrow.



As the tribe continued migrating, sometimes, some Berserkers of theirs would rush back towards them. Their numbers were few and consisted of a team of four people. These four people were the tribe's scouts. They risked their lives to report any and all changes back to the tribe after a certain amount of time.

If they did not return, then it meant something had happened.

Very soon, two hours passed by. The sky was dark and it was as if there was a pair of terrifying eyes in the sky staring at the ground and at the people of Dark Mountain Tribe as they travelled quickly.

At that moment, only three of the four people returned when another scouting session ended. The one scouting the back disappeared without a trace. All the hairs on Su Ming's body rose. A sharp look appeared in his eyes as he stopped and turned around. There were also others who noticed that something bad was about to happen. A glint appeared in the elder's eyes, and he gripped the bone cane in his hands.

Suddenly, a faint booming sound came from the distance. When that sound travelled into their ears, Su Ming's grief became even stronger.

He knew that sound. It was a Berserker triggering his own blood veins to explode.

He knew that their enemies from Black Mountain Tribe had arrived once again!

"Don't stop! Increase your speed! All Berserkers protect the tribe! We will fight as we retreat!" The elder slammed the bone cane in his hands on the ground. He lifted his left hand and swung it over the tribe. Immediately, the space above the tribe twisted and Dark Mountain Tribe's statue of the God of Berserkers appeared once again. It floated above the tribe and gave off a protective light.

It moved with the tribe as they travelled. With it around, as long as it was not broken, then the light would ensure the tribe's safety.

The moment Dark Mountain Tribe's statue appeared, the elder lifted his head abruptly. A grave look that had never once showed during that entire battle appeared on his face. The darkness came to his eyes as he stared at the dark sky above him.

The darkened sky suddenly changed. A red light appeared out of nowhere and fused together with the darkness, turning it into a shade of purple. The red light continued expanding like fresh blood, and within the blink of an eye, it covered half the sky.

A hoarse and sullen voice came from the sky, and the sound travelled all around them.

"Mo Sang..." As the voice echoed in the air, a strong pressure suddenly descended upon them. All the people from Dark Mountain Tribe instantly felt the pressure on their bodies the moment it appeared. Even Dark Mountain Tribe's statue shook because of it.

Su Ming's heart raced in his chest. He had felt this incredible pressure before from the Elder of Wind Stream Tribe, Jing Nan. This pressure belonged to a Berserker who had transcended!

This was the natural might executed from the Berserkers in the Transcended Realm towards those still in the Blood Solidification Realm. Under this pressure, the Qi within the Berserkers still in the Blood Solidification Realm began to circulate on their own.

As the pressure appeared, and the red light continued spreading across the sky, and as the moon in the sky started turning blood red because of it, an indescribable feeling rose within Su Ming. One that no one else but him felt and experienced at that moment.

It was the sort of feeling similar to the one when he saw the blood red moon as he performed the burning of blood. In fact, it even gave him a sense of familiarity. It was as if there was a gigantic Wings of the Moon hidden in the sky at that moment.

This sort of misconception that threw him into disbelief made Su Ming's heart lurch. Very soon, he saw a person walking slowly out of the red light from the sky.

That person wore a black robe. He was thin, and his skin looked dry. His face was very dark and sullen. He walked forth one step at a time with his hands behind his back until he stood in the sky and looked down at the land beneath him.

At the center of his brows was a picture of Wings of the Moon. The picture looked vivid, almost as if it was real. It let out an enchanting red light that made it seem almost alive.

Bi Tu!

The Elder of Black Mountain Tribe, Bi Tu!

"Mo Sang, stop waiting for Jing Nan and Wen Yan. They... are in enough trouble as it is, and will definitely not have time to bother about your tribe!" Bi Tu let out a dark laugh and looked at the elder standing behind the crowd.

The elder was silent. He was indeed waiting for Jing Nan, but when Jing Nan did not appear on their journey towards Wind Stream Tribe, he knew that something had happened in Wind Stream Tribe.

"Nan Song, you were only slightly beneath Mo Sang in the past. You were as bright as the sun, yet once you ran to Dark Mountain Tribe, you became a worthless piece of garbage. All these years, I've been thinking about the expression on your father's face when he begged me to spare you before he died. It's a pity, I never intended to let you live, but you still managed to escape. Nan Song, the previous Berserker's Son of Black Mountain Tribe... we meet again." Bi Tu's lips curled up slightly, but very soon that smile spread wider and wider until he began laughing maniacally.

Standing outside the crowd, the white haired Nan Song looked at Bi Tu standing in the air. He was not at all angered by Bi Tu's words because he had already learned to let go of everything. He let out a faint sigh.

"Compared to you, who poisoned the previous Elder of Black Mountain Tribe, went after the life of the previous Elder's Berserker's Son, then sacrificed half of Black Mountain Tribe in exchange for a Fallen Berserker Art, I can't compare..." Nan Song remained calm, but the wrinkles on his face seemed to have increased by a large amount in that instant.

"We should settle the grudge we harbored all those years ago. Mo Sang, Nan Song, I'll give you both a chance! I'll let you both fight against me!" Bi Tu laughed loudly, then swung his right hand. Thunderous roars shook heaven and earth immediately. Behind Bi Tu's back, the never ending red light in the sky turned into extremely thick blood fog in an instant. The fog tumbled like waves, then turned into a gigantic Wings of the Moon!

The Wings of the Moon spread its wings, covering the sky and the moon.

"Nan Song, leave Bi Tu to me... I'll hold him back... I leave the tribe to you!" The elder took in a deep breath and swept his gaze across his tribe. He looked at their silent faces as if he wanted to find the traitor among them, but only let out a sigh in the end. All his people were exhausted and covered in fresh blood. How could he suspect his people who fought for the tribe? He saw the grief on the Head of the Guards' face and the deep gash on Shan Hen's neck.

'Perhaps there isn't a traitor at all...' Before the elder averted his gaze, he looked at Su Ming deeply, then abruptly leapt into the air. A giant dark python materialized and dashed into the sky like a shooting star with him.

Thunderous rumbles echoed in the sky. As the elder approached him, Bi Tu laughed loudly. The sky was covered by red fog, and it enveloped both of them within it. The people in the tribe could not see what was inside, but the sounds of thunder shook the sky and earth nonetheless.

## **Chapter 93: The Blood Moon!**

### Translation

Su Ming's heart raced. He saw the elder leaving and also how the elder had looked at him before he left. There was an emotion within the elder's eyes that made him afraid.

'Wings of the Moon... Wings of the Moon... The Fire Berserker Art...'

Su Ming looked at the Wings of the Moon in the sky which was created from the red fog. He might be afraid, but a vague thought appeared in his head. Yet the thought was a little scattered, and he did not manage to make any sense of it. Still, he had a feeling that once he cleared his thoughts, then whatever that idea was, it would turn out to be extremely useful.

As thunderous rumbles echoed in the sky, a strange cry appeared from their back, the darker parts of the forest. Dozens of people ran towards them. These people were the third wave of pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe. The head was the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, and behind him, Su Ming saw the sullen Bi Su!

The moment the pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe arrived, Su Ming ran to the back without hesitation. With him were Bei Ling, Lei Chen, the Head of the Guards, and some other Berserkers.

The other Berserkers from Dark Mountain, besides the tribe leader and another three people, too charged forward! They will protect their tribe, and they will fight as they retreat with the tribe!

The tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe averted his gaze from the end of the crowd as tears filled his eyes. He led his people and continued onward under the protection of the light from the statue. The tribe ran,, supporting each other so that no one would be left behind. Wu La also stayed back to protect others beside the tribe leader. Her powers were not great, and she was forced to stay with the crowd.

The last person who stayed with the migrating crowd was Shan Hen. He did not choose to fight, but quietly stood outside the column and lifted a few children who could no longer run due to exhaustion as he ran with the tribe.

Su Ming did not turn back to look. Instead, he silently dashed towards the dozens of Black Mountain Berserkers with killing intent boiling within him and started fighting against them!

He held a long spear in his hands. That spear was entirely red, and it continued to be dyed in fresh blood as it stayed by Su Ming's side fighting with him against the pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe amidst the huge clashing sounds in the air!

The strongest pursuer from Black Mountain Tribe was their tribe leader. The one who fought against him was Nan Song. At that moment, a strong presence of Qi exploded from his old and frail body, as well as a shocking amount of killing intent.

Su Ming's Qi rumbled in his body. All 243 veins turned into one under fine control. With astonishing speed, he threw his spear with the intent to kill towards one of the people from Black Mountain Tribe. Once his body burst apart, Su Ming closed in on his corpse like a blurred out image. He grabbed the spear and turned around abruptly, clashing his spear with the bone knife slashing towards his back.

The clash made his body tremble, and his right hand numbed for a moment as he took a step backwards. The man whose attack was blocked by his spear staggered back three steps, blood trickling down from the corner of his lips.

Before the man could stabilize himself, Su Ming dashed forward and closed in on him without a care for the injuries he had sustained himself. He threw his left fist forward.

The man from Black Mountain Tribe did not manage to dodge. He could only bring his bone knife upward and block the attack with the blade facing Su Ming. Yet Su Ming did not stop. He threw his left fist straight at the bone knife. Blood from his fist scattered in the air, but there was a crashing sound, and the knife shattered into thousands of fragments that flew back towards the man, because it could not handle Su Ming's strength. An aghast expression appeared on the man's face, and he coughed out blood as he quickly retreated.

However, Su Ming was even faster. He closed in on the man, and just as he was about to kill the man under that intent for murder stemming from intense hate, he felt a strong sense of danger. His expression did not change, but right away he took half a step to the side. Pain erupted in his chest, as if a strong force had just landed on his back and turned into sharp needles piercing through him. Blood spilled out from his the right side of his chest as a sharp arrow penetrated his body, seemingly about to pierce through him. Under that power, Su Ming's body was also forcefully pushed to the side.

Yet the moment the arrow penetrated his body, Su Ming's left hand caught the half the arrow coming from the right side of his chest. With a jolt from his left hand, he neutralized the power of the arrow and forced it to remain in his body.

Su Ming knew that the most grievous arrow injuries happened when the arrow went through the body completely. With that sort of destructive force, once the wound was penetrated through, a large amount of blood would be lost. Yet if the arrow remained in the body, then it could serve to block the wound, decreasing blood loss. He could then continue fighting.

He turned his back abruptly and saw the Head of the Guards from Black Mountain Tribe standing in the distance, the very same person who had fled when he failed to kill the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe in the previous battlefield. When he was about to draw his bow again, the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe growled and closed in on him, drawing his own bow. Right then and there, in the forest, those two people who were skilled with the bow engaged in a battle to the death.

Su Ming averted his gaze. The moon may have been covered by the red fog at that moment, but there were still shreds of moonlight penetrating through it. No one noticed as these rays of light fused into Su Ming's body. It was night, and night belonged to Su Ming. Still, it was a pity that the moon was covered by the red fog.

He swung his left hand before him, and an invisible ray of moonlight rushed towards the man who had originally escaped death. He lurched forward, and in his muddled state, a red line appeared on his neck, and his head fell. Before it even landed on the ground, Su Ming kicked the head upwards, and as it bled, it sped towards the person fighting against Lei Chen not too far away.

Lei Chen was caught in a dangerous situation. His powers were not great enough, and he was also injured. At that moment, he was fighting with the last vestiges of his strength. The person fighting against him was an ugly looking man in the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. The man gave a vicious laugh and punched Lei Chen's chest, causing blood to spill out of his mouth.

He was about to tear off Lei Chen's head excitedly when there was a whistling sound, and the head, which Su Ming had infused with his Qi as he kicked it, rushed towards him quickly. The man was caught off guard. The head landed on his body and abruptly exploded, causing the man to stagger back as he coughed out blood.

Lei Chen lifted his head and pounced on him. The man was thrown down and his Qi was thrown into a disarray. He knew that his life hung on a line, and in his panic, he bit his tongue, shooting out a blood arrow towards Lei Chen. Yet Lei Chen knew that he could not dodge the attack. Once he missed this chance, and his opponent had the time to to circulate his Qi back to normal, he would definitely die!

He let the blood arrow close in on him and raised his left hand to block it. Sharp pain immediately travelled down his entire left arm, and some of the blood that splashed out landed in his right eye, turning into unimaginable pain. The vision in his right eye immediately became blurry, and black blood flowed out, but he managed to close in on the man. As the man screamed for help in terror, Lei Chen's right fist landed on his head again and again until his body blew apart.

Lei Chen laughed brokenly. All he could see from his right eye now was darkness, but there was no regret in him. Even as he let out a sad laugh, he was still persistent.

At that moment, he saw two Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe out of the corner of his left eye. He gave a vicious laugh, and a voice shouted in his heart, 'Come closer! Closer! I'll use my flesh and blood and let all of you people not be lonely in hell!'

Just as Lei Chen was about to make his blood veins explode, a person suddenly appeared before him in a flash. It was Su Ming!

Su Ming's eyes were completely red. He wanted to save Lei Chen. His speed tore at his wound, and as blood flowed out, Su Ming waved his right hand before him. Immediately, strings of moonlight sped towards the person by Lei Chen's side who was just about to cut down Lei Chen's head. The moment the man lifted his knife, he immediately saw the madness in Lei Chen's left eye and was terrified. Just as he was about to retreat, he felt sharp pain in his entire body, and his gaze turned dark. He was torn into pieces.



During the moment of the man's death, Su Ming arrived. He did not care about the other person who was also taken aback by the madness in Lei Chen's eyes, but kicked the expanding blood veins on Lei Chen's body, which were on the verge of exploding.

Su Ming's level of cultivation was greater than Lei Chen's. The moment he kicked Lei Chen, the Qi in Lei Chen's body scattered due to the shock, causing his act of self-destruction to be halted. While Lei Chen was still stunned by his actions, Su Ming did not hesitate and carried him tied to his back using moonlight as ropes.

"Su..."

"Don't talk! If you want to die, we're dying together!"

Su Ming turned around and resumed his slaughter once again.

Tears fell from Lei Chen's eyes. He looked at Su Ming's face from the side, but did not speak even after a long while. An oddly shaped horn was given to him by Su Ming himself. Once he held it tightly, he started fighting with Su Ming!

Compared to battles on Su Ming's side, Nan Song's fight against the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe was even more shocking. Nan Song was fighting alone against not just the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, but against five other people, including Bi Su, all while showing no signs of being outmatched!

However, the most gruesome fight was the battle between the Heads of the Guards of Black Mountain Tribe and Dark Mountain Tribe!

The sounds of arrows slicing through the air were quick and devastating. By the end, these two people shot all their arrows at once. Bei Ling's father's killing intent spilled forth. He must kill the Head of the Guards from Black Mountain Tribe. If this person remained alive, he would pose a great threat to the tribe!

At the end of the battle, the legs of the Head of the Guards from Dark Mountain Tribe were crushed—that was the price paid for an arrow piercing through the chest of the Head of the Guards from Black Mountain Tribe! The moment his enemy died, the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe smiled.

This battle to stall for time only went on for a few moments, yet there were still people who died. There were only six remaining Berserkers out of the nine who had rushed out from Dark Mountain Tribe. These six people continued fighting as they retreated with Nan Song leading them.

Bei Ling was heavily injured. When he saw that his father had lost both his legs, he too, carried his father on his back and staggered to keep up with the team. Nonetheless, Bei Ling himself was also running dry.



There were also numerous corpses lying on the ground belonging to Black Mountain Tribe. There were only nine people left among them. The tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe also sustained injuries. Blood trickled down his mouth as he looked at Nan Song. He did not expect Nan Song to be so powerful!

However, they had to kill all these people as quickly as possible. Under his leadership, they continued pursuing those from Dark Mountain Tribe. Among the hunters, Bi Su's eyes flashed. He had already taken notice of Su Ming and was surprised by his power. He was familiar with Dark Mountain Tribe and knew that there was no such person among the younger generation of the tribe.

He looked at Su Ming as he retreated with Lei Chen on his back. As he looked into Su Ming's eyes, a familiar feeling surged forth in his heart. The persistence in Su Ming's eyes reminded him of the mysterious person that Black Mountain Tribe could not find no matter how hard they tried!

"Mo Su! You're Mo Su!" Bi Su narrowed his eyes, and he shouted as he pointed at Su Ming.

While his words did not incite much reaction from the other pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe, the instant the words left Bi Su's mouth, the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe, who had sustained injuries as he fought against Nan Song, turned abruptly his head towards Su Ming. A brilliant flash appeared in his eyes.

"Whoever kills him will get ten women from Dark Mountain Tribe!" the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe shouted out suddenly, and the moment he did so, all the pursuers focused their gazes on Su Ming.

The battle in the sky was still ongoing. As thunderous roars shook the sky and earth, and the red fog rolled in the sky like waves, a large part of the moon in the sky revealed itself.

At that moment, the moon was at its brightest!

The moment it appeared, a large amount of moonlight spilled onto the ground and descended on Su Ming, causing his body to recover rapidly. The moonlight surrounded his body, and at that very instant, the shadow of the blood moon appeared in his eyes! It was not a vague shadow, but was incredibly clear as it covered his entire pupil!

At the same time, all five summits of Dark Mountain trembled! Within the summits, countless Wings of the Moon cried out in excitement as if preparing to madly dash out.

The moon might not have been full that night, but it was close to being so! The moment moonlight shone on the ground, an indescribable presence erupted forth from Su Ming's body.

The first to sense that presence was Lei Chen. He was quickly followed by all the retreating Dark Mountain Tribe members, all of whom could clearly feel it. All the people from Black Mountain Tribe looking at Su Ming felt their hearts lurching forth. They saw the blood moon in Su Ming's eyes.

"What is that...? What is that in his eyes!"

"The moon... It's the blood moon!"

"The blood moon is in his eyes!"

## **Chapter 94: The Fourth Arrow!**

### Translation

The terrifying image of the blood moon appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The moon looked enchanting, causing all of those who saw it to feel their hearts tremble. At that moment, Bi Tu, who was fighting against the elder in the sky, suddenly felt agitated for a reason that he could not understand. That agitation suddenly appeared, but it was not the first time it had occurred. He remembered distinctly that he had also felt this sort of agitation and restlessness several months ago.

It was as if he could no longer control his Qi, and it wanted to leave his body so as to worship something.

Mo Sang, who was fighting against Bi Tu, was originally exhausted, but a glint suddenly appeared in his eyes. He noticed the change in Bi Tu's Qi and quickly took a step forward. The dark python by his side roared, using the chance to show off the might of its Berserker Art.

The huge wave of blood fog tumbled violently in the sky, imitating the motion of Bi Tu moving backwards.

That scene made all the people on the ground, who were already taken aback by the blood moon in Su Ming's eyes to begin with, become even more shocked by the strongest battle in the sky.

"Retreat!"

A brilliant light flashed through Nan Song's eyes. He swung his arm and led the Berserkers from Dark Mountain Tribe by his side in a quick retreat. As they fled, the nine people from Black Mountain Tribe quelled the shock they felt and no longer looked at the sky as they rapidly gave chase.

Once they were thousands of feet away, Nan Song bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. The blood turned into a gigantic arm, and it swung against the nine people from Black Mountain Tribe chasing after them.

Thunderous sounds echoed in the air, and the earth trembled. The giant arm of blood shoved their pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe 500 feet backwards.

"I can feel it. There are still some Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe coming towards us... I'll cast a Berserker Art. Protect me and stall for time!" As Nan Song spoke, he sat down on the ground cross-legged and closed his eyes. His Qi disappeared at that instant, but the blood veins on his body began to twist strangely as if about to form a picture.

Bei Ling carried his father. He no longer had any strength to continue fighting. Even running was difficult for him. As for the Head of the Guards, he was forcing himself to stay awake, but judging by his looks, he would not be able to stay conscious for much longer due to the loss of his legs.

Lei Chen struggled down from Su Ming's back. Compared to Bei Ling and the others, while he might also be running dry, he could still fight, and he stood beside Nan Song to guard him.

At that moment, besides Su Ming, there was another man who was in his thirties who could still fight. His face was pale, and his left arm a bloody stump, but he held tightly onto a long spear with his right hand. He cast a glance at Su Ming, then with him, stood at the forefront.

"Su Ming!" from behind Su Ming came the weak voice belonging to the Head of the Guards. "I give you this bow!"

When Su Ming turned around and looked, the Head of the Guards was staring at him. He motioned for Bei Ling to take down the bow and threw the three remaining arrows towards Su Ming.

"From now on, you are the Head of the Guards of Dark Mountain Tribe! I've seen your skills with the bow before, you're very good..." The Head of the Guards gave a weak smile and closed his eyes slowly. He did not die, but simply could not stay conscious anymore and fainted.

Su Ming took the bow and arrows. The bow was very heavy, and there was a malicious air coming from it. There was also a lot of blood staining it. Once he held it in his hands, he silently shifted the quiver behind his back. He gave a nod to Bei Ling and turned towards the people from Black Mountain Tribe, who were blocked by the giant hand made from Nan Song's blood.

Time passed by quickly. As they breathed, a horrific presence slowly built up within Nan Song. They could all tell that once he finished preparing and eventually cast the Berserker Art, the effects would be shocking.

Yet at that moment, cracks appeared on that gigantic hand of blood. The nine people from Black Mountain rushed out with savage looks on their faces, charging towards Su Ming and the tribe member standing beside him.

A murderous look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted the bow with his left hand, and with his right brought out an arrow from his back before drawing the bowstring. The bow echoed and the bowstring curled into the shape of a full moon. An indescribable presence erupted forth from Su Ming, and all his blood veins manifested on his body with a roar, all his power being focused on the arrow. He let go, and a sharp cry shook the air as the arrow flew.

With an air of madness that spoke of certain death, the arrow sliced through the air with a piercing cry and charged forward, closing in on one of the nine people from the Black Mountain Tribe in an instant.

Su Ming knew that he could not waste even a single arrow. That was why he did not shoot the arrow towards the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, neither did he shoot it at Bi Su. Instead, he shot the arrow towards the only person from Black Mountain Tribe who was at the fifth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

The arrow flew out and abruptly turned into a dark ray of light, piercing the target's chest in the blink of an eye. His chest immediately burst apart. The man staggered back several steps with the arrow protruding from his chest, and then fell.

That same moment, Su Ming brought out the second arrow and drew the bow. The remaining eight people from Black Mountain Tribe were already only 300 feet away from him. They would be able to close in on Su Ming before he could even fire the arrow.

Yet at that moment, the young adult standing by his side laughed loudly and charged forward. As he got closer to the men from Black Mountain Tribe, without any hesitation, he made all his blood veins swell, and his body began letting off a blinding red light. He was going to self-destruct!

He would make his body explode to hold back those from Black Mountain Tribe so that Su Ming could have as much time as he needed to draw his bow. Su Ming was silent. He would use his actions to show his grief and anger at his tribe member's sacrifice. When the second arrow shot out, he heard a bang, and knew that his tribe member had died.

It was not as if the man in his thirties did not value his life. Yet if he compared his life with those of the people in the tribe, then he would choose his tribe's safety over his

own. As he self-destructed and the blasting sounds echoed through the air, the eight people from Black Mountain were held back for the span of three breaths!

During those three breaths, Su Ming had already fired the second arrow and once again shot through the heart of another person from Black Mountain Tribe. That person coughed out blood as his breath stilled, and he died.

At the same moment the second person died, Su Ming fired the third arrow as the explosions caused by his tribe member became weaker!

He did not look at who he shot when the arrow left the bow. Instead, he slung the bow across his back and charged forward without hesitation. A red light flashed on his right hand, and Blood Scales materialized in his hand.

Su Ming remained silent and did not roar. He dashed forward, instead, without hesitation. Behind him was Nan Song, who was preparing a powerful Berserker Art, Lei Chen, who did not have much strength left to fight, Bei Ling, who was heavily wounded, and the Head of the Guards, who was unconscious. The only person who could fight now was him.

He could not turn away. He could only move forward! His vision was becoming blurry. The arrow that had penetrated his chest was still there. He could pull it out. But once he did, his injuries would worsen. Besides, the internal injuries he sustained from before by forcefully raising his level of cultivation had begun to show its effects.

He charged forward towards his destination. Including the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, there were six people left before him! These six people all had various injuries on them, but they were still madly closing in on him.

Lei Chen clenched his fists but held back because he knew that he was the last line of defence. Even if he died, he had to die there. He took a few steps forward and stood before Nan Song. As he looked at Su Ming fighting, tears fell from his eyes.

'Su Ming, you said before that I can't die. If I wanted to die, we'll die together...! I'll keep to that promise...!'

There were no loud booming sounds, as if Su Ming had become mute. Yet every single time he made a move, the ruthlessness of his actions far surpassed the viciousness that someone his age should possess. He held the long spear and fought against the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe!

The tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe was a powerful Berserker at the eight level of the Blood Solidification Realm. It could even be said that he was slightly stronger than Ye Wang. He may be injured, but he was still someone whom Su Ming could not hope to oppose. The moment they engaged each other in battle, blood flowed out of the corners of Su Ming's mouth. He suffered a direct punch from the tribe leader on his

person, but his body twisted oddly, and he swept the long spear in his hands sideways. His target was the savage looking person by his side.

That person was a Berserker at the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. He was originally grinning viciously by the tribe leader's side. He could already imagine Su Ming's body blowing apart at the next moment, but he was not meant to see that sight. Blood Scales closed in on him with a whistle. As that person stood there, stunned, it went straight through his right eye. With a bang, he was impaled to the ground.

Blood spilled out of Su Ming's body. He tumbled backwards and fell to the ground. Just as the remaining five people from Black Mountain Tribe were about to leap over the body of their dead comrade and charge towards him, Su Ming struggled up silently. He smiled brokenly and spread his arms wide open. Moonlight descended on him from the sky and turned into fine threads that surrounded his body. He flung it outwards, and those threads rushed towards the five people.

A murderous look appeared in the tribe leader's eyes. He pushed Bi Su aside with his right hand, causing Bi Su to use that momentum to charge forward and rush towards Lei Chen with the intent to kill.

The tribe leader himself growled. As blood red light erupted from his body, the shape of a bloody bear about 100 feet tall appeared behind him. That was the transfiguration of his Mark of Calamity, which had yet to solidify. The moment it appeared, it let off a loud roar that shook the skies, and its body blocked the thread of moonlight that Su Ming flung out.

Nonetheless, the tribe leader underestimated Su Ming's unique skill. It was an especially glaring mistake during the moon of that day. It might not be full, but it was already close. The instant the might of the moon touched the blood bear, it tore through its body, causing the bear to let out a sharp cry. Yet it only made a bright flash appear in the tribe leader's eyes. The blood bear exploded, the force created by the explosion not only caused the thread of moonlight to crumble, it also lashed through its surroundings and crashed into Su Ming, causing his body to be thrown into midair as he coughed out blood.

Su Ming was beginning to fall unconscious while midair. He saw dozens of new Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe charging through the forest towards them. He saw Lei Chen standing before Nan Song, roaring as he dashed out towards his opponent - the cruel Bi Su.

'Is this the end...? But I... can still fight... I still have one more arrow!'

It was as if everything slowed down. He could no longer hear anything, but his eyes were trained onto Bi Su, who was closing in on Lei Chen. As he surrounded himself in moonlight, Su Ming grabbed the bow with his left hand and the arrow on his chest with his right hand. He pulled it out viciously, and his pain turned into killing intent. As blood

poured out from his body, he notched the bloody arrow on the bow and aimed it at Bi Su. Then with a vicious might, he fired the arrow!

## **Chapter 95: Who Killed My Su Er!**

### Translation

The arrow was stained with Su Ming's blood. As it sliced through the air, moonlight wrapped around the arrow. From a distance, it did not look like an arrow, but the blood of the moon.

Bi Su had just arrived before Lei Chen. His gloomy and ferocious grin was still on his face, but at that very moment, he froze. He could sense danger coming towards him, one that terrified him. That feeling of danger came too suddenly, and he did not even have time to think about it. Within an instant, the arrow arrived!

However, a large amount of blood red mist suddenly appeared on Bi Su's body. The mist immediately turned into the shape of Wings of the Moon and surrounded Bi Su within it. That mist formed in the shape of the Wings of the Moon could block all attacks that were below the Transcendence Realm. Bi Su knew this. Bi Tu was the one who had told him that.

Yet the moment the arrow touched the mist formed in the shape of the Wings of the Moon, the mist let out a piercing screech as if it was afraid of the blood on the arrow and melted, causing the arrow to slice through it with a whistling sound and pierce through Bi Su.

Bi Su felt a sharp pain in his chest and blood spilled out. The arrow penetrated through his body and landed by Lei Chen's feet.

Bi Su trembled and fell to the ground. He widened his eyes and breathed rapidly like a fish out of water as he pressed both of his hands on the wound in his chest as if trying to stop the life flowing out of his body with the blood, but that arrow was not only filled with Su Ming's anger and sadness, but also all his power. It was not an injury Bi Su could block out.

"Im... possible... The elder said... I won't..."

There was an indescribable terror on Bi Su's face. He could not believe this. He could not believe that he was going to die. His body was becoming cold, and despair appeared in his eyes.

He did not want to die. He was afraid of death. He was still young, not even 20 years of age. He was the prodigy of Black Mountain Tribe. He should not die like this. He wanted



to become the strongest Berserker that far surpassed those in Wind Stream... He wanted to claim Bai Ling as his woman... and make that beautiful face of hers cry under him...

He had too many things he wanted to do... Never had he thought that he would die here, so suddenly and so out of his expectations. He did not even have time to prepare for it.

He opened his eyes and fell to the ground. Above him, he saw the blood red sky, the blood moon, and Bi Tu's figure within the blood red fog.

That was the last scene he saw during the short span of his life.

Bi Su died!

The moment he died, the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe was stunned. Disbelief and fear appeared on his face. He was not afraid of Dark Mountain, but of the Elder of Black Mountain. He knew that Bi Tu was an aloof and cruel man. His moods were unpredictable, and he did not see the people within the tribe as equals, but as slaves. The only person he ever cared for was Bi Su!

Bi Tu had practically poured everything to help and guide Bi Su, now that Bi Su... died... The tribe leader's face immediately turned deathly pale.

He was not the only one who was stunned. The other two people beside him were also taken aback. Their faces were immediately filled with so much terror and panic that they forgotten to attack.

Su Ming crashed to the ground, and more blood spilled out from his wound. Yet the pain he felt could not be seen on his face. He was smiling instead, and that smile blossomed for a certain girl.

Killing Bi Su had always been Su Ming's goal. Killing him was not only to prevent him from getting near Lei Chen and Nan Song, but also because of the greed and lust in his eyes when he saw Bai Ling on the field in Wind Stream Tribe.

From the patch of forest behind the tribe leader, another group of Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe appeared with a whistling sound. They were only thousands of feet away from them.

Yet at that moment, a roar filled with sadness and anger travelled out of the blood fog in the sky. It was Bi Tu's voice!

"Su Er!"

That voice sounded like thunderbolts that shook the earth. The snow on the ground exploded, causing the land to tremble continuously. As the voice appeared, a person madly charged out with a face filled with grief. In his eyes, he could only see Bi Su lying on the ground, unmoving.

"Who killed my Su Er? Kill them, kill all of Dark Mountain Tribe, all of them must die!"

Bi Tu charged out with a killing intent that could shake the sky, but before he could even get close, a cold huff echoed from within the fog. With blood trickling down his lips, Mo Sang raised his right hand, and the weather changed. The dark python by his side let out a roar and dashed out, blocking Bi Tu, causing him to be unable to go down.

As Bi Tu roared, the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe broke out in cold sweat and trembled as he snapped out of his stupor. Terror overcame his heart. He knew that he had to make amends, or else he would not be able to bear the Elder's fury.

He no longer cared about Nan Song, but immediately turned around and trained his eyes on Su Ming lying not too far away. He quickly charged towards him. He had to kill Su Ming to redeem himself before Bi Tu and protect his own life.

The other two people by his side had the same reaction and rushed towards Su Ming.

Su Ming was still smiling. He looked at the three people closing in on him and knew that he had succeeded. Now, the only thing left to do was to trigger his blood veins to explode and gain a few more moments for Nan Song.

Yet at that moment, Nan Song suddenly opened his eyes. His body trembled and a crack appeared at the center of his brows. A green light in the shape of a person charged out of it. Once it did so, Nan Song's face immediately paled as if he had lost his life.

The light was blurry. The moment it appeared, it charged forward and appeared before Su Ming in the blink of an eye and swung its arm towards the three men from Black Mountain Tribe.

A thunderous roar instantly resounded, and the tribe leader coughed out blood as he tumbled backwards. As for the other people, their bodies crumbled and they died an instant death.

The moment the tribe leader gained his footing, the other dozens of Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe arrived. They were led by two men in black robes with dull eyes.

"You're finally here..." Nan Song's voice appeared from the beam of light. It floated before Su Ming, and as it spoke, it slammed both of its hands on the ground.

The moment it did so, the ground tumbled like waves in the sea. Booming sounds echoed in the air, and two large hands made of dirt shot out of the ground before they clasped together with all their enemies, including the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe, trapped within. Pained muffled cries came from within.

The light turned around and raised its right hand as it looked at Su Ming before it turned into glimmers of green light that fused into his body, causing Su Ming's originally fuzzy mind to immediately become clear. A warm feeling also appeared amidst the incredible pain in his body, a sign that he was rapidly recovering.

The light quickly dimmed and floated back towards Nan Song before it crawled back into his body through the crack. Once the crack healed, Nan Song opened his eyes. There was fatigue in his gaze, and his face was deathly pale.

"These people are not important. The battle between the Elders is the key towards the survival of the tribe... Bi Tu has yet to cast the Fallen Berserker Art. It's incredibly strong... We must hurry, he's about to cast it!"

Nan Song stood up and let out a low shout, then brought Lei Chen and the others to retreat quickly. Su Ming had already recovered by a large margin by then. He knew that he was saved by Nan Song, but before he could thank him, he felt a presence of death falling from the sky. The snow on the ground immediately turned black, and all the plants within the forest around them withered away.

Su Ming's expression changed. He instantly increased his speed and kept up with Nan Song and the others, supporting Lei Chen and Bei Ling as they ran together towards the rest of their tribe.

The patch of forest behind them instantly withered away. Black whiffs of air crawled out of those trees and sped up to the sky. The black snow on the ground continued spreading in their direction at a rapid speed as if chasing after them.

Time passed by quickly. Very soon, when the black snow behind Su Ming and the others no longer spread out, a powerful crack of thunder came from the sky, and the sky looked as if it trembled as abruptly a presence of death spread towards both heaven and earth.

Su Ming was worried about the elder, but he could not turn back. He quickly ran forward with Nan Song as he supported Lei Chen and the others. When they finally caught up with their tribe that was hurrying forward and saw that none of them were injured, that they were just as they were when they left, all of them let out a sigh of relief.

When the tribe saw Su Ming and the rest returning, they felt agitation boiling within them as sadness appeared on their faces. They grieved, because nine Berserkers had left them, but only five came back.

The Head of the Guards lost both his legs and was unconscious. Bei Ling was heavily injured, and blood continued trickling down the corners of his lips. Lei Chen had lost his sight in his right eye and looked completely exhausted. Nan Song may have seemed as usual, but the deathly pale look on his face showed that he was near death's door.

Su Ming was covered in blood. His chest was bloody and torn. If it were not for Nan Song curing him, he would have died.

Once they returned, some common doctors from the tribe immediately took the unconscious Head of the Guards into the crowd and began treating him. Once Bei Ling escorted his father back to the tribe, he fell into Chen Xin's embrace, unable to stay conscious any longer.

"Someone is helping Black Mountain Tribe... We definitely have pursuers left. I sacrificed some of my life, but I could not kill all of them. I managed to trap them and buy us some time, though... We must hurry!" Nan Song panted harshly and looked at the tribe leader, who was standing in front of the tribe.

The tribe leader did not ask anything, there was only a resolute look on his face as he led the tribe at the fastest speed they could muster.

Yet, before they managed cover a larger distance, a roar that shook the skies resounded suddenly. A large amount of ripples appeared in the sky, and a large dark python fell from the sky. There were a lot of injuries on its body, and it crashed not too far from the tribe. It struggled, as if wanting to lift its head once again, and stirred up a large amount of snow from the ground.

An old and wizened figure fell from the sky.

Su Ming could see that person clearly.

It was the elder!

The elder coughed out blood as his body plummeted towards the ground. Behind him was a large red Wings of the Moon that ferociously chased after him. Behind that Wings of the Moon was Bi Tu. His face was pale, and blood colored the corners of his mouth. His face was twisted with fury and murderous intent as he closed in on the elder.

No one could save him now! His death was imminent!

## **Chapter 96: Awakening!**

Translation

Bi Tu's power and the Wings of the Moon that was formed through his Berserker Art brought terror among all those who saw him. After all, all those who lived around the region were incredibly familiar with the Wings of the Moon.

Now that Bi Tu's killing intent was so strong that he defeated the elder with his powers from the Transcendence Realm, who could hope to fight against him?

The Wings of the Moon that was chasing after the elder was quickly closing in on him. It would catch up before the elder could fall into the light from the statue protecting the tribe.

In that instant, all the tribe members from Dark Mountain Tribe became desperate, but they could do nothing. Not even their tribe leader could save the elder...

Nan Song slammed his hand on his forehead, and the crack at the center of his brows appeared once again. The dim green figure sped forward as if it wanted to help the elder, but the distance between them was too large. No matter how quick the green figure was, the Wings of the Moon was too close. It was already less than 30 feet away from the elder!

Su Ming's head was blank. His family, the person closest to him, was now facing death, but he could do nothing. He could only look at the Wings of the Moon getting closer to the elder and open its mouth. The moment it was about to swallow the elder, Su Ming, who had remained silent, let out a shrill cry.

That mournful scream contained all of his strength. His wounds were torn apart once again, and blood flowed out, but he did not notice it. Within his eyes, there was only the sight of the Wings of the Moon going in to swallow the elder.

It was as if he had lost control of his own body. He madly charged forward. His shrill cries echoed in the sky and fell into the elder's ears, similarly falling into the Wings' of the Moon that was about to swallow him.

The shadow of the blood red moon in Su Ming's eyes seemed to burn with a similar feeling as when he was performing the burning of blood. It spread throughout his entire body once again, as if it wanted to burn all of him. As he cried out, Su Ming only had one thought in his mind - that Wings of the Moon must not injure the elder!

That thought turned into a loud bang in Su Ming's head, causing his vision to turn blurry, and his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth to bleed. He felt as if he was flying and had just leapt off the ground, rushing towards the elder falling from the sky at an incredible speed, towards the Wings of the Moon that had its mouth opened to swallow the elder, and right into it!

A strange sight immediately came into existence!

The large Wings of the Moon trembled and began struggling. It was only for a moment before it seized moving, and a clear look appeared on its face. It looked at the elder, which was right before it, then abruptly changed its course with a flap of its wings and charged towards Bi Tu, who was situated behind it with a stunned expression on his face.

The elder jolted. During that very instant that had happened just moments prior, he saw a familiar look in the eyes of the Wings of the Moon...

Su Ming did not know why, but he knew that he had turned into that Wings of the Moon. He turned around and charged towards Bi Tu, crashing into him, who was stunned.

Bi Tu did not know how he had lost control of the Wings of the Moon that was formed from his Qi and his Berserker Art. The moment it drew close to him, a flash passed through his eyes, and he quickly retreated. He was about to dissolve the Wings of the Moon, when he discovered that his Berserker Art had no effect.

The Wings of the Moon drew near and crumbled as it crashed into him, exploding into a large amount of blood that scattered all over the place. Bi Tu coughed out blood, and his body staggered backwards hundreds of feet before he regained his footing. A stunned look took over his face.

The moment that Wings of the Moon exploded, Su Ming felt himself being expelled, and he fell rapidly before returning to his body. His body lurched forward, and he regained his mind.

At that moment, the elder had returned safely to the tribe. Under the protection of the light of the statue of the God of Berserkers, he sat down crossed legged, brought out seven needles made of bone with his right hand, and stabbed them into his body one by one.

At the same moment, Bi Tu, who was still in the sky and looked like a wreck, wiped away the blood from the corners of his mouth as he stared at the elder under the statue's protection. He might have been shocked by that strange sight, but he was in a state of mind where he no longer cared about the consequences. He had to kill Mo Sang and every single person from Dark Mountain Tribe.

He plummeted towards the ground, and in the blink of an eye, closed in on them. By then, the elder had only managed to pierce three bone needles into his body.

"Mo Sang, even if you sacrifice your life now, you're still not my opponent!"

The moment Bi Tu arrived, he brought his right hand up and was about to slam it down on the floating statue when the green figure that came from the center of Nan Song's brows closed in on him.

"Nan Song, you have learned the Verdant Berserk Chains well, but you've not understood its true form!"

Bi Tu laughed madly and swung his arm. A green light crawled from his arm and turned into the silhouette of a person before it charged towards the green figure created by Nan Song. The moment they crashed into each other, Nan Song's green figure crumbled. Only one single thread tumbled back and returned to Nan Song's body, which caused him to wither away until he was only skin and bones. He coughed out black blood.

A roar came from the tribe. The tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe charged towards Bi Tu. He could not allow Bi Tu to destroy the statue of the God of Berserkers nor interrupt the elder's sacrifice.

At that moment, there were five bone needles in the elder's body. His body trembled and a strong presence erupted from his body. That presence immediately caused Bi Tu to be taken aback.

"Move!" Bi Tu no longer cared about anything else. He rushed straight towards the statue of the God of Berserkers. As for the tribe leader charging towards him, he only threw a punch at him which caused the tribe leader's body to jolt. He coughed out blood and tumbled backwards as his body began withering away like Nan Song's.

Yet even though he fell back, the other people from Dark Mountain Tribe did not retreat. One of the Berserkers that had not joined Su Ming and the others to stall for time and stayed back to protect the tribe rushed forward without a care for the consequences and used his body to block Bi Tu's path. However, the moment Bi Tu swung his arm outward, that person immediately turned into bones and scattered into the air.

Struggle appeared in Shan Hen's eyes. He wanted to rush out, but stopped himself and just clenched his fists.

Su Ming too, charged forward. Behind him was Lei Chen. There was a small distance between them. As they ran forward, Bei Ling, who was very close to Bi Tu because he had been brought into the crowd by Chen Xin when he fell unconscious and was receiving treatment from the common doctors, woke up at some point and pushed away Chen Xin, howling, and bounded forward.

However, before he could even get close, Bi Tu pointed his right finger at him, and Bei Ling's right arm instantly turned into a puddle of blood. The damage continued spreading upwards, and Bei Ling screamed as he fell down once again onto the ground.

At that moment, the sixth bone needle had sunk into the elder's trembling body. As he lifted the seventh needle, Su Ming and Lei Chen started madly charging forward when they saw that they were only hundreds of feet away.



Yet Bi Tu had already arrived. His right hand slammed into the statue of the God of Berserkers from Dark Mountain. The moment he struck, a brilliant light that reached to the sky erupted from the statue. Many cracks appeared on its surface, and it exploded abruptly, turning into countless shards that spread in all directions.

The statue of the God of Berserkers of Dark Mountain Tribe, the symbol of Dark Mountain Tribe, shattered before the entire Dark Mountain Tribe, and as it shattered, Dark Mountain Tribe's will, too, shattered...

The moment the statue of the God of Berserkers exploded, Bi Tu rushed towards the elder, who was piercing the seventh bone needle into his clavicle. Suddenly, a girl whose face was torn and bloodied stood up from among the crowd. It was Wu La.

There was sadness and a look that said she did not want to leave these people behind in her eyes. She was the closest to the elder, and at that moment, she charged out. She stood before the elder with her life on the line with a resolute look in her eyes.

Bi Tu let out a cold harrumph and swung his hand in a wide arc as he got nearer. A strong force slammed into Wu La's body, and as she coughed out blood, her body tumbled backwards in the air and fell where Su Ming was.

The seventh needle had entered the elder's clavicle. If it were not for his tribe members sacrificing their lives to buy time for him, he would have never completed the sacrifice.

The elder opened his eyes and let out a roar that shook the sky. That roar contained all of his fury towards the death of his tribe members and held a killing intent that seemed to pierce through the sky. He stormed out of the crowd and once again engaged Bi Tu in battle as they dashed towards the sky.

Everything happened in an instant, and it happened so quickly that it was difficult for a person to imagine it.

A stab of pain laced through Su Ming's right cheek. That pain came from a shard from the statue of the God of Berserkers. A red line of blood appeared, spilling out from his wound, but Su Ming felt no pain. He saw Wu La's body rapidly withering away. Before even touching the ground, she had already turned into skin and bones.

Su Ming's mind was blank. He went forward and caught Wu La as she fell. Her face was already ruined. Blood continued to spill out from her lips and her withered body. She looked at Su Ming holding her and smiled.

"Are you Mo Su?"

She struggled to lift up a hand to touch Su Ming's face, but there was no strength left within her to do so.

There was sadness on her face as she whispered softly, "You're not him." She then mumbled something to herself, and the light in her eyes disappeared; they became blank. Her hand also fell to her side, swaying slowly until it finally stopped moving.

At that moment, Bi Tu, who was fighting against the elder in the sky, let out a huge roar.

"Su Ming, take our people and go!"

As Bi Tu roared, a powerful ray of light crashed into the ground from the sky. That ray of light looked like a gigantic blade of light. When it fell, it slashed into the ground before the tribe. The earth trembled, and rumbling sounds rose into the air. A huge ravine that was hundreds of feet in breadth opened up ahead of them.

They could not see the end of the crack. It was as if the ravine itself separated the tribe and their pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe. A screen of light shot up into the sky from within that crack.

There were no tears in Su Ming's eyes, just stillness. A deathly stillness so great it was horrifying. Lei Chen, who was standing by his side, looked as if he wanted to say something, but the moment he saw Su Ming's eyes, he swallowed his words. Su Ming made him afraid.

His eyes were blank, like the void. It was as if he was dead. Yet within that void, he could see the shadow of the moon shining brilliantly.

Su Ming gently placed Wu La's corpse down on the ground and picked up a shard of Dark Mountain's statue of the God of Berserkers from the ground before carefully putting it away in his bosom.

The scar on his face, which was created by the shard of the statue, looked ghastly. He did not wipe away the blood. He chose to cast his gaze on his tribe instead.

"Move!" Su Ming only said one word. He picked up Nan Song and the dying tribe leader, passed them to Lei Chen and the others before walking towards the front of the crowd.

Bei Ling did not die after losing an arm. He struggled up and looked at Su Ming's back as he stood at the front. At that moment, he felt that a change had happened in Su Ming, one that made him feel as if Su Ming had turned into a stranger.

That sort of change made Bei Ling fearful. It was as if some sort of presence had just been awakened within Su Ming. A presence that should not have been roused, and one that would not have appeared under normal circumstances, but it was here now.

Su Ming's face was calm, and his eyes were cold. He had learned to shoulder his pain and sadness. His footsteps were steady as he led his people forward, just like what the tribe leader had done previously.

## Chapter 97: Wind Stream Plains!

### Translation

Su Ming held onto the long spear and walked before the crowd. Behind him were his people, who had lost the protection of the statue of the God of Berserkers. There were... no elderly folk in the crowd.

They were only halfway through, but Su Ming's footsteps only became steadier. There was simply too much blood spilled by the people of Dark Mountain Tribe, and too many spirits of their deceased Berserkers in the forest.

Right now, the only Berserkers who could fight were Su Ming, Lei Chen, and Shan Hen. The tribe leader and Nan Song required the support from their people as they moved forward while continuing to receive treatment. They were anxious and wanted to recover as soon as possible.

Bei Ling had lost any possibility to continue fighting. He had lost an arm, and a large amount of blood flowed out from his wounds. If it were not for Chen Xin, he would have already failed to keep up with the crowd.

Shan Hen was also covered in blood. He walked silently behind the tribe. At times, he would look absent-minded, at other times, there would be a conflicted look on his face. Sometimes, an indescribable feeling would appear, and every single time it did, he would press his hand against his chest.

As if there was a force that supported him to continue moving.

Mo Sang and Bi Tu's battle continued in the sky, and thunderous sounds echoed continuously. Midnight came, then the sky turned bright, but the fight still continued. These two people would not stop until one of them was killed.

The ravine on the ground, the screen of light that had reached the skies, and the Berserker Art that required Nan Song to sacrifice his life, all of them managed to buy a large amount of time for the tribe's migration.

When daylight arrived, exhaustion overcame the people of Dark Mountain Tribe. They had traveled continuously for two days and nights in this cold weather. All of them looked as if they could no longer go on, but still, they gritted their teeth and moved at the fastest speed they could muster.

The sky was bright. Sun shone on the ground and the bodies of all the people of the tribe in the forest. They felt a slight hint of warmth within them, but the cold brought by the snow on the ground still chilled their bones.

"With our current speed, by tomorrow, we'll reach Wind Stream Tribe!" Lei Chen said softly, traveling beside Su Ming.

"There's just one more day!" he clenched his fists.

Su Ming remained quiet for a moment before he spoke with a hoarse voice as he continued walking forward. "It's not a whole day, but only half!"

Lei Chen let out a sigh of relief when Su Ming finally broke his silence. He had been extremely worried about his silence.

"We should be able to reach Wind Stream Tribe's territory by tonight. Once we leave the forest, it'll be much safer," Su Ming stated calmly.

"Let's hope today is a safe day..."

Lei Chen turned around and looked at his people. He sighed when he saw their exhausted looks before he brought his eye back to Su Ming walking in the front. His frail back gave off the feeling of a mountain.

Two hours passed by. A faint and weak voice came from within the crowd. That voice traveled forward with determination.

"Su Ming, leave me behind."

The person who spoke was Liu Di, the Warrior who had played the xun and who had previously sustained grave injuries. He was taken away by his people, and now, when he could no longer continue onward, he did not want to become a burden to his tribe.

Liu Di struggled up and smiled at Su Ming, who had stopped moving to look at him. He walked towards a tree and sat against it. His actions tore the wounds on his body, and blood spilled out once again.

"All of you... go on..."

Liu Di took out the bone xun and placed it by his mouth, as if he was about to play a song, but he no longer had any strength to do so. He did not even have the strength to look at the sky to wait for his death.

Su Ming fell silent. He too, closed his eyes, but reopened them quickly. He did not speak, but cast a deep look at Liu Di before turning away and continuing to lead his people onward.

As they carried on, a few more people from the tribe stayed back with smiles on their faces. They did not want to drag their tribe down. Bei Ling wanted to do the same, but

when Chen Xin cried and struggled to carry him on her back, he found that he could not say those words.

The Head of the Guards woke up on the way. He may have lost his legs, but he still had some strength left to fight. As a tribe member offered to carry him, he chose not to be left behind, instead he prepared himself to trigger the explosion of a Warrior at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm for their enemies who could catch up at any time.

Su Ming remained silent. He did not stop any of his people from staying back, but his fists clenched tighter every time they volunteered to stay. He knew that the elder handed Dark Mountain Tribe to him so that he could lead them to safety. He had a duty to complete this task.

Once evening arrived, Su Ming slightly relaxed from his wound up state. They had finally left that seemingly endless forest and moved into the wide plains that belonged to Wind Stream Tribe. This place was much safer than the forest. After all, the plains were part of Wind Stream's territory. It would never allow Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe to barge in without permission.

Once all the people from Dark Mountain Tribe entered the plains, the tribe leader and Nan Song recovered some of their strength. It was as if all the disasters looming over their heads had come to pass.

Yet, at that very moment, a tremor shook the earth. The center of the tremor came from a great distance away, and it was so powerful that they could all feel it even though it came from so far away.

"The Elder's seal is broken..." Nan Song closed his eyes, then opened them after a moment before he spoke languidly.

As the words were spoken, the people of Dark Mountain Tribe tensed up once again.

"With Black Mountain Tribe's current speed, they will need some time before they can catch up... but they will still definitely catch up to us before we reach Wind Stream Tribe.

"If we take the risk that Black Mountain Tribe will not dare to step into Wind Stream Plains, then we can ignore the danger hanging over our lives..." Nan Song whispered.

"We can't take the risk."

Su Ming stopped and looked at the forest cast in darkness behind him. He turned around and looked at the tribe leader, who had recovered some vestiges of his power. He stared at him whose body was now dried up and wrinkled and whose face looked gaunt and almost bloodless.

"Tribe leader, there were a lot of people who stayed back as we came here, and I stopped no one. That was their choice... Now, it is time for me to stay."

While speaking, Su Ming walked to the back of the crowd.

The tribe leader, a man in his forties, finally looked at Su Ming properly. This La Su, whom he had never paid much attention to, had given him a great shock. He let out a faint sigh and nodded his head.

"I'm staying too."

Lei Chen did not hesitate and stepped out to stand beside Su Ming.

Su Ming looked at him, just as the other did the same. He grinned boyishly.

"You said it before. I can't die before you. If I wanted to die, then we'd be dying together."

"I'll stay too."

Nan Song took a deep breath. The wrinkles on his old and wizened face had increased greatly during this journey. There was also a feverish dash of color on that pale countenance of his.

"Me too!" The Head of the Guards, who had since lost both his legs, spoke in a low tone.

"I'm staying too!" Bei Ling turned his head away so that he could not see Chen Xin's tears and spoke in a firm manner.

"Head of the Guards, you can't stay. You still need to help the tribe leader protect our tribe's safety... Besides, once you all arrive safely in Wind Stream Tribe, you will need to teach the La Sus how to use the bow..."

The one who spoke was Shan Hen.

This man, who had remained silent all this while, walked out from the crowd. He was never someone who talked a lot to begin with, but as he spoke, there was a determined air in his voice that would not be swayed.

"As for you, Bei Ling..." Shan Hen walked to Bei Ling's side and a complicated look appeared on his face once again.

"Uncle Shan Hen, I..." Bei Ling was just about to speak when Shan Hen lifted his right hand suddenly and slammed it on the back of Bei Ling's neck, cutting off all his words as the young man fell unconscious.

"You're the future hope of the tribe. You cannot go... I'll stay," Shan Hen said calmly and walked towards Nan Song. He stood beside him and looked at all the familiar faces in the tribe. After a long while, he lowered his head.

The tribe leader from Dark Mountain Tribe walked towards them in silence. He took out a bone of some creature the size of a baby's fist. That bone was white, just like any other normal bone. He handed it to Su Ming.

"Take it. These bones come in pairs, and they have a strange function. Once this bone turns red, it means we've arrived safely in Wind Stream."

Su Ming took it silently and placed it carefully in his bosom.

The tribe leader looked at the few people who were staying back and let out a faint sigh before turning around and leading their tribe members in the direction Wind Stream Tribe.

Not many normal members from Dark Mountain Tribe were lost, but everything that they went through during the journey made all of them turn back and look at the four people standing there as they walked away. They could not stop their tears from falling.

No one could say who was the first person who waved, but very soon, all the tribe members waved their hands towards Su Ming and the other three Berserkers as they cried, bidding their farewells. They knew that these four people might not survive. They were about to do the same thing as their other tribe members who had sacrificed themselves. They would use their lives to build the final wall of defense to protect their tribe.

"Big brother Su Ming," a young voice came forth from the crowd. It belonged to the little girl called Tong Tong. She ran forward a few steps to Su Ming, and he knelt down, patting the little girl's hair, which was now slightly damp.

"Big brother Su Ming, once this all ends and the elder comes back, can you look for Pipi for me?"

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He kissed the girl's forehead and nodded his head.

The little girl lit up with a beautiful and sweet smile. She looked at Su Ming before she suddenly leaned in and whispered in his ear, "Big brother Su Ming, I have a secret. Not even my mama and papa knows about it, Pipi doesn't know about it as well. You have to come back. Once you're back, I'll tell you the secret." As the little girl spoke, she bit her lip and blinked back tears before running back into the crowd.

Su Ming watched as she waved at him from within the crowd and gradually disappeared into the distance with them. Only then did his smile disappear.



It was quiet all around them. The moon in the sky was gradually getting clearer. That night, the moon was full... The full moon hung high in the sky. Once it blended together with the silence of the earth, it seemed to let out a murderous air.

The moon was brighter than the previous nights. As the light scattered on the ground, it brought out the shadows of the four people on the plains. Their shadows stood alone, but there was resolution within them.

Su Ming sat cross-legged with Lei Chen by his side. Before them was Nan Song, who had his eyes closed. As for Shan Hen, he was sitting alone nearby as he looked at the sky thinking about something.

"Lei Chen, sit behind me. You aren't powerful enough, and you won't be able to contribute much during battle. Let me borrow your Qi. That way, I can also protect you," Nan Song slowly said.

Lei Chen did not hesitate. He immediately stood up and sat behind Nan Song, cross-legged. They had no idea what method Nan Song used, but a red light appeared on both of them, surrounding them.

After that, no one spoke anymore. They all waited for the arrival of their pursuers from Black Mountain Tribe.

Su Ming sat quietly as he grabbed the snow on the ground with his left hand and cleaned his uninjured left hand of all dirt. Once his left hand was clean, he took out a small bottle and brought out a red pill. Then he held it in his left hand and closed his eyes.

Time passed by, and after four hours, when the light from the moon in the sky was at its brightest, Su Ming, who still had his eyes closed, felt as if the Qi in his body was about to boil.

"They're here!" Nan Song spoke.

Su Ming opened his eyes.

## **Chapter 98: He is the Traitor!**

Translation

Eleven people!

Eleven people rushed out from the dark parts of the forest. With the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe leading them, they charged towards them. One of them was a

man with a blank expression wearing black robe. It was clear that the screen of light, the ravine, and Nan Song's Berserker Art had a large impact on them.

Fatigue was clear on their faces. They were no longer as excited as before, nor were they screaming in that odd manner. This time, in the war between the two tribes, Dark Mountain Tribe was not the only one who had suffered losses. Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe died as well, and the number of deaths on their side was greater than Dark Mountain Tribe's.

Their Head of the Guards died, their chief of hunters died, their vice chief of hunters died, and more importantly, their prodigy, Bi Su, had also died in battle!

The vast amount of deaths of their Berserkers brought about a huge blow towards Black Mountain Tribe. If it were not for the existence of black robed men and the tribe members who had their levels of cultivation forcefully raised by Bi Tu using a Fallen Berserker Art, they would have had a hard time catching up to Dark Mountain Tribe.

Black Mountain Tribe absolutely did not expect that Dark Mountain Tribe would be so hard to destroy and would make them pay such a great price. Perhaps this was something not even their Elder, Bi Tu, had expected.

He was completely held back by Mo Sang. His powers in the Transcended Realm did not give him much of an upper hand in the war between the two tribes.

'If time went back, and we knew how this would end up, perhaps...'

They would not immediately declare war, but would take more time to prepare themselves.

Even if Black Mountain Tribe won this war, they would still suffer a devastating loss. More importantly, if Dark Mountain Tribe managed to enter Wind Stream, then all the deaths suffered by Black Mountain Tribe would be in vain. They would not get even a single trophy of war.

Besides the man in black robes, all the other people from Black Mountain Tribe were regretting their decision. Yet they were already too far gone and no longer had any choices but to continue fighting. It was especially so since Bi Su died. It had become a must for the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe to kill Su Ming.

As he looked at the eleven people approaching them, Su Ming's face was calm, and a cold glare appeared in his eyes as he stood up with his right hand holding tightly onto Blood Scales.

Nan Song and Shan Hen looked murderous as they watched silently.

Lei Chen also remained unmoving, but within his eyes, the same madness and killing intent burned.

The moment these eleven people from Black Mountain Tribe came to a thousand feet away from them, Nan Song took a step forward, and the red light from his body blasted into the sky. There was still a line connecting him with Lei Chen behind him. The blood red light on Lei Chen's body became stronger, as if it turned into a screen of blood that protected him.

With a low growl, Nan Song's shirt exploded. His old face suddenly turned younger, and the muscles on his arms bulged up. Growling, he slammed his hands onto the ground.

The moment he did so, a giant vortex immediately appeared underneath the feet of the eleven people charging forward. The vortex was filled with mud, and a hand made of mud shot up and caught their legs.

Nan Song charged forward. Behind him, with the fastest speed he could muster, Su Ming too, dashed forward. Shan Hen's eyes were filled with killing intent and conflict as he raised his right hand. A bone knife in the shape of a crescent moon instantly materialized in his hand. He rushed forward like an evil spirit.

At that moment, Lei Chen's body was trembling, and his face began to turn older, as if his life was being sucked away.

The mud on the ground held back half of the people from Black Mountain Tribe, but it did nothing to the man in black robes. That person stomped on the ground with his right foot, and as most of the mud immediately exploded, he charged towards Nan Song.

The battle began.

Su Ming still maintained his silence. He didn't pay any attention to the man in black robes, nor did he choose to fight against the tribe leader from Black Mountain. He charged towards the remaining nine people instead.

The highest level among the nine people was only the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm. Most of them were around the sixth level. As long as Shan Hen kept the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe occupied and gave Su Ming enough time, then with his speed, Su Ming could kill all nine of them.

Shan Hen moved oddly as he closed in on his enemy. His target was the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe. As these two people clashed with each other, thunderous roars reverberated through the air, and they crossed swords with each other.

Su Ming's speed was extremely quick as he ignored the pain in his body. Under the pale light from the sky, he felt as if his entire body was enveloped in moonlight. The shadow of the blood red moon appeared clearly in his eyes. In the blink of an eye, he

closed in on one person and brought his spear up. The moment he clashed weapons with that person, another wound appeared on his body, but that person's head flew into the sky, and blood scattered all over the place.

Su Ming fell to the ground, breathing rapidly, but he did not stop. He charged forward with moonlight surrounding him. It melted into his body, causing it to continuously heal even while in his current condition. As he dashed forward, five of the eight remaining people from Black Mountain Tribe closed in on him. The other three bypassed the defenders quickly and looked as if they were about to leave the battlefield. They were going to continue chasing after the tribe in the plains.

When they saw the three people breaking off and charging into the distance, the five other Berserkers from Black Mountain Tribe quickly closed in on Su Ming. He did not hesitate and leaped into the air, but did not throw the long spear in his hand. Even if he did throw it towards the three people running in the distance, he could only kill one person. That was why Su Ming chose to throw the spear to the ground underneath him.

Blood-red light appeared from the long spear, turning into a giant blood-red eagle that sped down to the earth. With a crash, it landed on the ground under Su Ming, stirring up a huge wave of air and force, which caused the five men closing in to flinch.

Su Ming used the impact caused when he threw Blood Scales away to charge towards the three people who run around him and were now running into the distance.

As all 243 veins gave off a red light on his body, he shot forward like a red meteor and closed in on the three people rushing away. These three people were not any normal Berserkers either. There was not a hint of hesitation between them. One of them immediately stayed back to block him while the other two flashed with a blood-red light and ran even faster. The presence of their Qi under the crimson light showed that they had both reached the peak of the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm.

The person who blocked him also used some sort of method to hide his level of cultivation which was why Su Ming had not noticed his power due to their previous contact being very short. Yet as the blood-red light on the person's body glowed brightly, the might of Qi from a Warrior at the seventh level of the Blood Solidification Realm erupted forth. The madness on his face spoke of his determination to hold Su Ming back.

At that moment, the blood veins on his body swelled up at a rapid speed as if he was about to trigger the explosion of his blood veins!

They were at the same level, so if he self-destructed with Su Ming in close proximity, his fatigue and the injuries on his body would make him unable to fend against it. Yet if he retreated, then he would have to watch the other two people disappear from his sight, and disaster would fall upon his migrating tribe.

When the person who blocked Su Ming's path chose to self-destruct, the wounds that already existed on his body tore open, and he started bleeding.

"You're not the only ones who know how to self-destruct. Those of us from Black Mountain Tribe can do the same!" the man roared and laughed viciously at Su Ming as he charged forward.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He did not retreat, but instead quickened his pace. The moment he approached the man, and the blood veins on the man's body were about to explode, Su Ming opened his left hand, which had been held tightly in a fist, and swung it towards the wounds on the man's body.

A dash of red powder flew forward and fell onto the man's wounds in the blink of an eye. The man jolted and widened his eyes. The blood veins in his body were in a state where he was at the verge of self-destruction, but his blood started burning suddenly, and as he passed by Su Ming, his entire body turned into red mist and rose into the air.

That sight fell into the eyes of the two people who were charging forward and the people who were running to catch up to Su Ming. They felt the hairs on their skin rise.

"Fallen Berserker!"

"He's a Fallen Berserker!"

A cry of surprise rang through the battlefield, one that caught Nan Song and Shan Hen's immediate attention. The tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, who was fighting against Shan Hen, too, changed his expression and an aghast look appeared on his face.

Even the man in black robes, whose face remained blank, was stunned when he saw that sight. Yet very soon, a strong glint of light appeared in his eyes, as if he had discovered something.

However, during the short moment he was taken aback while fighting against Nan Song, a chance appeared for Nan Song.

Thunderous sounds rang abruptly. Su Ming did not stop. He charged towards the two people ahead of him who remained stunned by his actions. These two people gritted their teeth and immediately split up, but at that moment, Su Ming coughed out a mouthful of blood, which turned into blood mist instantly and dashed towards the person who ran to the left.

The blood mist contained the powerful might of Su Ming's Qi. He had just cast Dark Blood Dust. At the same moment, he sped towards the right and started fighting against the Black Mountain Tribe Warrior who had ran to the right.

After a while, a few more wounds appeared on Su Ming's body. He panted harshly as blood red light enveloped his entire body; the blood red moon shone brilliantly in his eyes. He turned to where the people were fighting and rushed back.

Behind him, two unmoving corpses lay in two different directions, their bodies torn apart.

There were only seven people left from Black Mountain Tribe on the battlefield!

Besides the man in black robes and the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe, the other five people were all deeply shaken by Su Ming's killing intent and the previous scene which made them think that he was a Fallen Berserker. They looked at each other, and a rare desire to fall back appeared in their eyes.

Suddenly, Shan Hen, who was fighting against the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, coughed out blood and tumbled backwards. He had been gravely wounded by the tribe leader, and his body was flung aside towards where Nan Song was. There was a murderous look on the tribe leader's face as the blood bear materialized behind his back. It let out a roar and pursued Shan Hen, swinging its giant paws, which were formed by the blood mist, to deliver the killing blow on Shan Hen.

When he saw that the blood bear's paws were about to land on Shan Hen, Nan Song's expression changed. He was the closest to Shan Hen at that moment. Without any hesitation, he leaped into the air and pulled Shan Hen as he punched the blood bear's paws. With a bang, Nan Song staggered backward.

"Go back and heal. Let me deal with this person..."

Nan Song was talking quickly, but he suddenly jolted, and blood trickled down the corners of his lips. His body started withering away at a rapid speed. As a mournful look appeared on his face, Nan Song slammed his palm into Shan Hen.

The moment Nan Song saved Shan Hen, the latter lowered his head, and with the curved blade in his right hand, sliced apart the blood line connecting Nan Song and Lei Chen using some unknown method. The moment the blood line was severed, he also managed to thrust his blade into Nan Song.

## **Chapter 99: Lei Chen's Choice!**

### Translation

The moment the blood line was severed, Lei Chen coughed out blood and trembled.

When Shan Hen suffered the blow by Nan Song, he staggered backwards hundreds of feet with a pale face. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. On his face was conflict and pained regret. He lowered his head, as if he could not face Nan Song.

All this happened too quickly. In the blink of an eye, the tables were turned. Su Ming stared at Shan Hen and smiled brokenly.

Shan Hen's face was pale as blood continued flowing out of his mouth. Suddenly, he lifted his head and shouted towards the sky. His scream was desolate. He turned away in a swift motion and charged into the forest, no longer looking at Nan Song and Su Ming. In a heartbeat, he made it into the forest. As he continued crying out in agony, Shan Hen disappeared among the trees.

At the same time, the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe let out a vicious grin, as if he had expected this a long time ago.

He charged towards Nan Song, and the man in black, who had been fighting against Nan Song, also threw his fist at him despite the injuries on his body.

There was grief on Nan Song's bloodless face. His body was so withered that he looked like a skeleton. The blade in the shape of the crescent moon had sunk deep into his back, and the wound bled continuously.

The moment the tribe leader from Black Mountain Tribe and the man in black robes closed in on him, Nan Song let out a loud bark of laughter. That laughter contained grief, and his entire body lurched forward. Immediately, a long crack appeared at the center of his brows. A dim green figure charged out of the crack and rushed towards his enemies.

The moment it got closer to the man in black robes and the tribe leader, the green figure exploded, creating a shocking force that stirred up everything around them. The man in black robes was already injured to begin with and could not bear the pain brought by the impact. His weak eyes immediately shattered, and he moved back, screaming.

The tribe leader did not expect Nan Song to be able to do such a thing while so gravely wounded. He also knew that the curved blade buried deeply in his body contained a type of venom that would make blood coagulate. It could prevent powerful Berserkers from triggering their blood veins to explode, that was why he had dared to close in on Nan Song in the first place.

That blade was prepared for Dark Mountain Tribe's Elder by Black Mountain Tribe, but an unexpected situation happened, and they ended up using it on Nan Song instead.

The tribe leader coughed out blood. He had been chasing after them the whole way, and he could no longer suppress the injuries on his body. As he coughed out blood, his



breathing gradually weakened. When he landed on the ground, he fell back hundreds of feet, an aghast look on his face.

The moment the green figure exploded, a brilliant gleam appeared in Nan Song's eyes as he stood there, looking as if all his injuries were cured. He took a step forward and appeared before the wounded and retreating man in black robes, hurling a fist at his chest before the other could even think of dodging.

With a bang, the man in black robes shuddered, and his chest was torn apart. His eyes became dull, and he died in an instant.

Nan Song did not stop. He turned his eyes towards the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe, who was not too far away from him. He had a calm demeanor as he charged at him. A look of terror appeared on the tribe leader's face, and he quickly retreated, screaming.

Once he got closer to the other five people from Black Mountain Tribe, he grabbed one of his tribe members without hesitation, and inserting some sort of power into the man, he threw him towards the approaching Nan Song.

That man from Black Mountain Tribe let out a horrible scream, but it was drowned out as his body suddenly exploded, causing a large amount of blood mist to scatter around them.

With terror and panic in his veins, the tribe leader growled, "Retreat!"

Under the protection of the other four members of Black Mountain Tribe, the tribe leader and the other four people ran towards the forest without caring for anything else. They were absolutely terrified. Nan Song's strength threw them into disbelief.

The tribe leader believed his life to be important. He could not stay there. He also knew that the next wave of reinforcements from Black Mountain were on their way. Once they met up with that batch of people, they would be safe.

"Don't even think about it!"

Nan Song did not even spare a glance at the Black Mountain Tribe member who had self-destructed. He swung his right hand, and the blood mist that appeared due to the explosion dispersed. Once he landed, he slammed both of his hands onto the ground.

The earth underneath the five people immediately started shaking. A giant hand of mud shot out of the ground and sped towards them, seeking to grab the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe. The tribe leader sank into desperation and pushed another of his tribe members nearby to avoid his own death. His courage seemed to have completely disappeared. He did not turn his back and rushed into the forest, fleeing rapidly.

"Begone, all you scoundrels who've lost the pride of Black Mountain Tribe!"

Nan Song did not chase after them. He stood there, instead, and shouted towards the forest.

All this happened in the span of a few breaths. Su Ming approached quickly and saw Nan Song standing there, his body swiftly weakening at a speed noticeable with a naked eye while the people from Black Mountain Tribe escaped.

"The tribe should be safe... the next wave of people from Black Mountain Tribe won't arrive so soon. Too many of their Berserkers died, they're beginning to think about withdrawing."

Nan Song continued standing there. The crack in the center of his brows began to let out a gray light.

"I've fulfilled my promise to your elder... and I've repaid his debt for saving my life..."

Nan Song looked at Su Ming and a smile appeared on his face.

"Grandpa Nan Song..." Su Ming whispered.

"Even if Shan Hen did not injure me, I would not have lasted long. I wanted to use the Verdant Berserk Chains to heal all of you and return the life I took from Lei Chen before I died, but I can't do it now."

Nan Song let out a light sigh and lifted his head to look at the sky. The sky in the distance was still covered by the red fog, and thunderous booming sounds came from within. He knew that Mo Sang was still fighting and hanging on.

"If you see Shan Hen... ask him why for me."

Nan Song placed his hands behind his back and closed his eyes. He stood there unmoving, as if his body had taken root. Before him was the dark forest. Behind him were the footsteps left behind by the people of Dark Mountain Tribe as they left the place.

His shadow lengthened, illuminated by the moonlight... A great wave of sadness washed over Su Ming. He looked at Nan Song, who had lost all signs of life. He did not touch his body, but chose to take a few steps back and kneel down before bowing his head to the ground three times.

"Su Ming..." Lei Chen struggled up and went to Su Ming's side. He too, knelt down. There was sadness on his face.

The young man no longer looked like a teenager but old, as if he was in his forties.

After a long while, a gentle breeze blew past them and swept the snow on the ground, lifting Nan Song's hair, which still made him look imposing even after his death, and moved Su Ming and Lei Chen's hearts.

"The tribe should be safe now... Lei Chen, go back."

Su Ming stood up without a sound. His eyes were cold as he looked at the dark forest lying before him.

Lei Chen touched his right eye. That eye of his was completely blind now. He fell into a thoughtful silence for a while before he shook his head.

"I'm not going back."

"I'm going to search for ways to make myself stronger... Only when I'm powerful will I not suffer, only then can I protect my home and the members of my tribe."

"I heard that there is another tribe on the other side of the plains and over the mountains. That tribe is located very far away, but it's much stronger than Wind Stream... I'm going to go there, and no matter what price I have to pay, I will become stronger!"

"Even if I have to become a Fallen Berserker, I'll do it!"

Determination appeared on Lei Chen's face. There was also a hint of madness, but that madness was hidden deep in his eyes. He did not show it on his face.

"Su Ming, you're different from me. Once you return to Wind Stream, you'll have much better room for growth. But we're brothers... we'll forever be brothers... wait for me. Once I become a powerful Berserker, I will return!" Lei Chen mumbled with eyes closed.

He stepped forward and hugged Su Ming. They embraced without saying a word. After a long while, Lei Chen let out a huge bark of laughter and turned around, showing his back to Su Ming, which now held hints of age, and walked away into the distance, to his dreams and the place he was determined to reach. He walked forward until he completely disappeared from Su Ming's sight.

Su Ming looked at Lei Chen. He did not try to persuade him otherwise, but chose to send him off, not knowing whether he would see his friend ever again. He was no longer certain of the future.

After a long while, he shook his head, and his uncertainty was replaced by a cold, murderous look under the full moon. Su Ming looked at the forest, which was hidden by the darkness, and took a deep breath.

'Now, it's my turn to chase after you!'

‘Shan Hen as well...’

Su Ming turned his head and looked in the direction where Wind Stream was located. Somewhere hidden in the distance, his people were moving towards the tribe. Perhaps Bai Ling was also in Wind Stream.

The promise...

Su Ming closed his eyes bitterly. When he opened them once again, there was a frightening calmness within them. He bounded forward, and moonlight surrounded his body. Underneath the full moon, Su Ming was like the shadow of death. He charged into the forest and began his pursuit.

Without anyone chasing after them, his tribe members would arrive safely in Wind Stream City. Of this, Su Ming was certain. He also knew that there was no longer any need for him to do anything for his tribe in their migration.

He had already done everything he could. As of then, he had something more important to do. Su Ming could still remember distinctly the vague thought that surfaced in his head as the familiar sensation roused within him when the Elder of Black Mountain Tribe appeared before them.

That idea had bloomed when he saw the elder being chased by the gigantic Wings of the Moon. During that instant, when Su Ming felt that he flew and had turned into the Wings of the Moon, changing course and charging towards the Elder of Black Mountain Tribe, the vague idea became clear in his head.

‘Fire Berserker Art... I’m practicing the Fire Berserker Art, and since the Wings of the Moon came from the people of Fire Berserker Tribe, then I can suppress their powers! Now that I’ve completed the third burning of blood, it’s as if there’s a fire flowing in my veins as well, that’s why... I should be able to help the elder!’

The shadow of the red moon shone brilliantly in Su Ming’s calm eyes. They looked enchanting in the dark night.

His body moved like a wisp of smoke as he ran through the forest.

‘But before that, I’m going to make Black Mountain Tribe suffer! I’ll make them feel the pain of losing their tribe members... The tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe is now heavily wounded, and the other three people are of no danger to me... Then there’s Shan Hen as well!’

Su Ming clenched his fists and lowered his head as he disappeared into the forest.

From the role of the pursued, he now changed into the pursuer. From prey, he had become the hunter. Without realizing it himself, Su Ming had changed.

## Chapter 100: Kill Them!

### Translation

The recklessness within him that belonged to a teenager was now dampened. Besides assisting the elder with the Blood Moon Fire Berserker Art, he had also given thought and weighed the consequences of chasing down the people from Black Mountain Tribe and killing them.

He had deduced that the tribe leader was heavily wounded and had lost his will to fight. The other three people with him were the same. However, that tribe leader was not any normal Berserker. Besides being Bi Tu's trusted aide and possessing incredible power, his intelligence was also a reason why he managed to become tribe leader.

Nan Song may be able to scare them away for a while, but that man might be able to snap back soon. When that time came, the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe would have two choices. One, he could wait for reinforcements and give chase once more, or two, he could not wait for reinforcements, but choose to recover his Qi before pursuing them again.

'From his actions after Bi Su died, he'll choose the second option!'

A brilliant flash flickered in his eyes. As he moved forward, he would check all traces around him occasionally. The messy footprints and broken twigs might throw other people off track, but for Su Ming, who made trips into the forest regularly since he was young, these tracks provided all the information he needed to tell where the four people from Black Mountain Tribe went.

The footprints on the snow may be messy, but most of them were pointed towards Su Ming's direction. Only some traveled into the forest before him. The depths of the tracks also provided him a lot of information.

'Shan Hen... leaked the information of our whereabouts which allowed Black Mountain Tribe to set the trap, but he also joined in the fight against Black Mountain Tribe. The injuries on his body didn't seem fake... In fact, to make it seem like he was one of us, the injuries he sustained during his fight with the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe were also real.

'That is the only way he could deceive Grandpa Nan Song, but that person suffered a direct hit from Grandpa Nan Song, he should be barely hanging on as well.

'But Shan Hen, why did you betray Dark Mountain Tribe...?'

Hatred and pain appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could not understand why Shan Hen would turn traitor.

Su Ming still remembered the things Shan Hen had done for the tribe, of how he gave his food to the elderly folk in the tribe, and how he hunted beast fangs in the forest due to a word from the young La Sus. As the children cheered in joy, he would still maintain a cold and indifferent face, but the kindness in his eyes could not be hidden away.

Su Ming could not understand why and for what reason such a person would betray Dark Mountain Tribe and its tribe members.

'Perhaps he was also conflicted, and he struggled. He killed a lot of people from Black Mountain Tribe on the way here. He even made Bei Ling and the Head of the Guards leave with the tribe earlier. But what is he thinking...?'

Su Ming clenched his fists tightly.

'Still, these cannot amend his crime for betraying us. He... must pay the price of being a traitor!'

His eyes were freezing cold. He hated Black Mountain Tribe, but now, he hated the traitor Shan Hen even more!

Su Ming moved like a ghost as he continued chasing after his targets with the tracks on the ground. With each breath he took, he became even faster. From the footprints on the ground and the marks around him, Su Ming was certain that the four people from Black Mountain Tribe were not far away.

Their footprints sank deeper as he continued on as well, which was a sign that the injuries sustained by these four people became worse.

'They'll look for a safe place to recover...'

Su Ming stopped and lowered his head. He stared at the melted snow caused by a drop of blood in the middle of a footprint in the snow and pressed against it. A cold smirk appeared on his lips.

'The blood hasn't frozen... They're right in front!'

Su Ming got up and was about to chase after them when he faltered. Sadness appeared on his otherwise stoic face.

Not too far away, he saw a member of his tribe who had chosen to stay back so that he would not drag down the tribe's pace. That tribe member of his was dead. He lay there curled up, and his body was stiff.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and looked at the familiar face before him. The tribe member still had his eyes open, not closing them before the end. If his body had not fallen, then before his death, he must have been looking at where the tribe left, praying to the gods to protect his tribe so that they could arrive safely at Wind Stream.

This was the first deceased tribe member Su Ming encountered once he returned to the forest. He knew that this would not be the last. During their migration, many tribe members chose to stay on this path. They did not want their injuries to affect the tribe's speed.

"The tribe will be safe..." Su Ming whispered. He looked at the tribe member's eyes and covered them with his right hand gently. The grief and sadness on his face was already hidden away. He stood up with an intense killing intent and dashed onward.

Su Ming moved at a speed that was difficult for the eyes to see. Anyone looking would only see a blood red arc moving around in a curved line and rushing while twisting into various shapes.

That blood red arc came from the light of the blood red moon in Su Ming's eyes. It was formed by the reflection of the full moon in the sky! As he moved forward, threads of moonlight descended from the sky and wrapped around him, turning into circles of moonlight. They formed into numerous threads that trailed behind Su Ming as he ran, making it seem like he was wearing a cloak made of moonlight.

Time passed by, and after the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn<sup>1</sup>, Su Ming saw the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe sitting cross-legged on a snow patch with lots of dried branches around him nearly a thousand feet away from him. His other three tribe members surrounded him and focused on recovering quickly with their eyes closed.

They stopped just now when their tribe leader told them to as his mood continued changing. He glared in the direction where Wind Stream Tribe was located, and anger appeared on his face.

He had just realized that Nan Song was just pretending to be mysteriously unaffected, just like an ill person miraculously getting better. In truth, if they had just persevered for a little longer and did not run away as pathetically as they had done, they could have turned the tide and destroyed Dark Mountain Tribe!

He was angry, but he also hated himself for being afraid. Still, he was a cautious man. Although he understood it, he still chose to sit down and heal his wounds first. By his predictions, even with their fastest speed, Dark Mountain Tribe would only arrive at Wind Stream by tomorrow morning. If all four of them pursued them with all their might, they would catch up to them in two hours.



He was also certain that the four of them would not encounter any dangers. In his experience, prey only knew how to run for their lives.

He did not think that there would be anyone in Dark Mountain Tribe who would turn back and chase after them. The entire Dark Mountain Tribe only cared about migration at this point!

Yet when the four of them sat down for less than the time required for half an incense stick to burn, a cold gust appeared, and the snow on the ground fell on them lifted by the wind. At the same moment, a red light appeared in the forest not too far away from them, approaching them at an unimaginable speed. They did not even have time to react to it. Only the tribe leader of Black Mountain Tribe managed to open his eyes on time upon sensing that presence.

He only saw a flash of red light appearing for a brief moment. A sharp and mournful cry came by his ear, and the tribe member on his side lost his head while still sitting down cross-legged. His blood shot into the sky like a spring.

A presence that made the tribe leader's skin crawl and his hairs rise appeared abruptly. His expression changed, and he stood up, shock and disbelief clear in his eyes. The other two people stood up swiftly, terrified, as they surveyed their surroundings.

"Who is it!"

"Who is it? I already saw you! Come out!"

The two people immediately shouted, shaking. What had happened just now was too quick. They did not even have time to open their eyes, and they already heard the pained screams. When they eventually opened their eyes, they saw the beheaded neck of their tribe member spraying out blood.

An indescribable terror crashed into them like a tidal wave. The roots of that terror was not only in the death of their comrade, but also the fear of the unknown.

They did not see even the shadow of a person around them. There was only dead silence surrounding them, not even a single sound could be heard.

The tribe leader's face was pale. He cast his eyes around the dark forest continuously, and his fear grew. It was as if a terrifying beast was hiding within the dark forest, and it had its eyes fixed on them.

"Retreat!"

The tribe leader gritted his teeth. He did not dare to take risks with the unknown. Besides, the red glare he saw just now before it disappeared gave him the impression that they were not dealing with a person, but some sort of red snake.

The moment the command was given, his other two tribe members quickly got closer to him. The three of them gradually fell back after taking a few steps backward, then immediately broke off into a run and swiftly retreated.

They did not notice that Su Ming was crouching down in the bushes. The shadow of the blood red moon wavered in his eyes. In his hands, he held a bloody head, one which still had its eyes closed.

‘Death is not terrifying. The thing that is terrifying is the moment before death. My people experienced this fear on their way to Wind Stream Tribe. They were tortured by this fear... Now, I’ll let you experience it.’

Su Ming’s expression was calm. Besides this goal, he also wanted his tribe members to be completely safe. Once the three of them ran away, he disappeared with a swift move.

The tribe leader’s heart pounded against his chest. He was gravely wounded. Although he was at the eighth level of the Blood Solidification Realm, with his current condition, he could only use half of his power and couldn’t reach his full strength. The two tribe members by his side were only around the sixth level of the Blood Solidification Realm. They were pretty much useless in terms of providing protection to him.

That feeling grew especially so during that instant when he saw the red light flashing by. The danger he felt made his heart race. He no longer had any thoughts to chase after the crowd from Dark Mountain Tribe. He had to flee and meet up with the reinforcements from Black Mountain.

As they ran, the two people by his side were filled with alarm. Their fear towards the unknown made them lose all will to fight. They only had one thought - to run.

Yet at that moment, an odd piercing screech suddenly came from their backs. That screech sounded sad and shrill, making their hearts, which were already strung up with anxiety and fear, jolt.

When the weird cry echoed behind them, a blood red arc closed in on them so quickly and suddenly that the three of them only saw a red flash and the numerous threads of moonlight behind that red glow. After a while, one of the people from Black Mountain Tribe let out a scream of pain, and his head left his body, falling to the ground with blood gushing out.

Note: More in-depth ancient Chinese time measurement system.

There are 12 months in a year, 5 weeks in a month, 6 days a week, 12 hours per day (and 1 hour of the ancient Chinese hour system is 2 hours in the modern clock), 4 quarters in an hour, each quarter is equivalent to 3 cups of tea, 1 cup of tea is equal to 2

incense sticks, 1 incense stick is divided to 5 parts, 1 part is equal to 6 snaps of fingers, 1 snap of a finger is equal to 10 instances, 1 instance is equal to 1 second.

In modern standards, there are now 8 quarters to an hour, and each quarter is equivalent to 15 minutes.

I could have just converted to the modern time measurement system, just like I did with hours, but seconds and minutes did not exist back then, and it'll be weird if I added that.

Anyway, when ancient Chinese literature speak about 1 incense stick or 1 cup of tea, they're actually talking about 1 quarter, which is about 15 minutes. I'm using 'about', because the time taken for each incense stick to burn down is different, same with the time taken to drink tea.

ANYWAY, half an incense stick is about 7 minutes and 30 seconds.

...Yup.

Oh, source of this measurement: Tieba Baidu, not Wikipedia.