

The Shadow of Immortality #Chapter 51: The Crimson Ambition - Read The Shadow of Immortality Chapter 51: The Crimson Ambition

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Clark was receiving numerous blows from disciples of the Yuming Sect, but what had led him to this state?

Half an hour earlier:

Disciples of the Yuming Sect were searching for Clark, unaware he was among them the entire time.

Two disciples were talking when a strange man appeared, placing his arms on their shoulders, saying:

- "May I become your friend? What do you think, gentlemen?"

The two were terrified and tried to push Clark away, but his hands felt like a mountain's weight upon their shoulders.

The two asked in terror:

- "Who are you?"
- "Who am I? I'm a benefactor who wants to reform the martial arts community."
- "Corruption has spread in this place. The Jade Territories and the Women's Clan are all in decline, as you know."
- "I aspire to create a new path for the ideal development we all desire."
- "That reminds me of an ancient story. In a certain era, there was a tribe. In that tribe, there was a person who told them he saw the kingdom's army coming to kill all the region's inhabitants. What do you think happened when he told them?"

Somehow, the two managed to escape Clark's grip, attempting to attack him, but a terrifying killing intent surged from Clark:

- "Answer me, what do you expect?"

The two, fearing for their lives, replied to Clark:

- "What happened? They didn't believe him, right!!"
- "No, something else happened. From that moment, everyone believed the imperial army was coming, but instead of fleeing or taking any countermeasures, they welcomed the army as if it were visiting all the state's residents."
- "Why? Because excessive subservience and pure nationalist ideology make you see someone working for the state as a benevolent man, when in truth, he's a devil plotting to kill you."
- "When the army arrived, it truly intended to kill everyone. Everyone who tried to flee or was on their deathbed remembered the words of the man who warned them. That man was smart; he didn't care and escaped."
- "That is the farce of a merciless reality. In the end, those you feel safe with can easily strangle you."

The two responded to Clark:

- "So what do you want now after all this talk?"
- "We all have common interests. As you see, the Yaohua Clan's matter is finished."
- "I'm currently moving the pieces. I'll give you something good in exchange for you hitting me and insulting Chenqi Haiya. I'll pretend to defend her."
- "And in return?"

They said this happily, thinking they would gain something, but Clark replied coldly:

- "The return is that you'll live another day. Didn't you understand the moral of the story I told you? Well, let me explain things to you."
- "The moral of that story is that sometimes you must submit to your miserable reality, and now you're living a miserable reality."
- "You've fallen into the hands of a tyrant!"

The Yuming Sect was a demonic sect, and among its teachings was that you shouldn't test everyone's strength, and clearly, Clark's power surpassed imagination.

Therefore, they submitted, and because of that, as we see now, Clark planned all of this.

- "Take this! I won't allow you to harm Sister Chenqi Haiya!"

Clark was intentionally receiving the punches.

Soon, an icy voice rang out:

- "You two, why are you hitting him?"

Chenqi Haiya spoke with anger towards everyone. Everyone was hitting Clark.

Clark laughed inwardly; his ploy had succeeded, and that's what he wanted happily.

Soon, everyone moved away in fear.

Chenqi Haiya came and helped Clark stand, asking him sadly:

- "Why did you come out? And why did you let them hit you?"
- "I came out because I didn't see you eating anything, so I brought the basket of apples they dropped from my hand, as you see."
- "Also, why did they hit me? I confronted them, and it angered me that they were insulting you. I couldn't bear that."
- "For Sister Chenqi Haiya is kind and beautiful; she didn't do the bad things they said about her, which provoked my anger."
- "I know you're a good man, Zu Long, but you don't need such troubles. Also, I don't care about their words. Let's just go."

The two left. Clark kept laughing in his heart, for he had successfully endeared himself to her.

Inside the Hut:

When Clark reached his hut, he grabbed Chenqi Haiya, saying:

- "Even though the apples fell from me, this particular one didn't fall but remained with me."
- "It seems it's a persistent apple like me. Please take it, Chenqi."

Chenqi Haiya smiled, took the apple, and left without a word.

Clark entered inside, eagerly awaiting the night, for the first time everyone would see his alchemy skills and he would create a distinguished elixir.

Clark remembered his master Tai Fei's words:

- "Some fools think alchemy is limited to a cauldron, spiritual fire, and ingredients."
- "But in truth, there's a big difference, as techniques play a major role. Ordinary spiritual fire, if used with distinguished techniques, can create a pill that rivals the heavens itself."

Clark laughed, saying:

- "Oh, the wisdom of this man! I always remember his teachings."

At Night:

Soon, Clark stood up. He had bought some ingredients and was thinking of making a Warm Yang Pill using the Sealed Fist method.

This was the night Clark had warned everyone about, and Chenqi Haiya had asked Clark to stay inside.

But Clark, stubborn by nature, didn't stay inside; instead, he went out to see what he had been warned about. Strange human curiosity!

Clark felt a cold Qi. Finally, he reached the opposite hut, saw above Chenqi Haiya a strange moon pumping a cold aura.

Soon, Clark felt as if something was trying to stop his heart from pumping blood. Soon, he retreated in terror.

Chenqi Haiya angrily said:

- "You're crazy! What's so hard to understand about 'don't leave the hut'?"

Clark stammered, trying to act nervous:

- "I just wanted to see you, but it seems Sister Chenqi didn't want to see me, and also misunderstood me completely. She thought I was despicable."

Clark stood in a way that placed Chenqi Haiya behind him, then said:

- "All this time, Chenqi, I've been suffering from a question: What is the meaning of power? And what is the path to it? I didn't understand."
- "To be honest, I - well, let's say I woke from my slumber with this question."
- "All this time I've been wondering: Why are there some humans - these humans who always suffered, facing calamities one after another?"
- "What is the reason? Is it something valuable or not?"
- "But it's funny, Chenqi Haiya, that these are personal, side questions. This was a question from someone I didn't know how to answer."
- "But now I've understood the answer."

Chenqi Haiya's eyes shone as she looked at Clark's broad back and listened to his words.

Clark continued with a terrifying gaze:

- "Everyone seeks power because of their perseverance: to protect themselves, to protect their loved ones, to protect their homeland. All those are forms of perseverance."
- "But in our time, if you ask someone: What is the reason for your perseverance and desire for power? His answer is either that he wants power to defeat someone or to become dominant."
- "But my answer - well, consider it the answer of one of the scum who want to become strong."
- "I want power to achieve my goal. A goal beyond human conception, because it's something no human has achieved."
- "I want to achieve this desire madly: to be immortal, not ruled by age, unconcerned with time."
- "For we as humans are controlled by the shackles of fear of death. We all fear dying, we fear for our loved ones."
- "Therefore, I want immortality. But the true reason for my desire is for a failure like me to achieve something no one else has."
- "To obtain something for yourself, isn't that a great goal?"

Chenqi Haiya listened to him in shock. She didn't expect to meet someone like Clark.

But she felt he was a person who needed reform, but he was far beyond her reach, or in truth, he was the one who created those barriers.

Clark was calm, yes, but his emotions were stronger than all humans.

Clark said:

- "I want to make a gift for you, Sister Chenqi, a special gift."
- "Since you listened to the nonsense of someone like me."

Chenqi Haiya replied:

- "And what is it?"
- "I will make you a Warm Yang Pill."
- "You can make alchemy pills?"

Clark felt proud and said:

- "Hahahahaha! Naturally, someone great like me can make pills. One day, with my techniques, I will make a pill that rivals the heavens."

Chenqi Haiya felt deep sadness, for Clark's words reminded her of someone:

- "You reminded me of my brother. He used to say he would make a pill that rivals the heavens."

Clark replied:

- "Really? Where is your brother?"
- "He died!"

Clark felt embarrassed and that he had ruined everything:

- "I didn't mean to remind you of your brother. Sorry."
- "It's fine. In the end, we're all destined to die. I've come to believe that one day I will die. I no longer care; life no longer matters to me. It's not fair; we're just unimportant pawns in life."

Clark felt angry, saying:

- "Defeatism! Not caring whether you're alive or dead! That in itself is an insult to life."

- "Come with me, I'll show you the pill that will make you wake from your slumber."

Inside the Hut:

Clark grabbed Chenqi Haiya's hand. Clark entered his hut and brought out the ingredients:

- "I've brought:

- Sun's Core,

- Warm Yang Liquid,

- Fire Root,

- Moon Resin."

Chenqi Haiya replied in shock:

- "What is this pill? All the ingredients are hot!"

Clark replied arrogantly:

- "I'll prepare the Warm Yang Pill. It helps resist toxins."

Clark's black fire appeared. Chenqi Haiya looked in shock because Clark's spiritual fire was of high quality.

All the ingredients surged around Clark's spiritual fire, becoming liquid.

But Clark soon tightly clenched his fist with the fire and ingredients.

Boom!!!

Black smoke appeared from Clark's hand.

Chenqi Haiya said:

- "You've destroyed the ingredients!"

But Clark laughed and said:

- "Close your eyes well, for these arts are rare even in the heavens."

And a red Yang Pill appeared after Clark opened his hands, with Yang liquid flowing from Clark's hands. It was radiant, perfectly crafted.

Chenqi Haiya asked in shock:

- "What is this amazing technique?"

Clark replied arrogantly:

- "It's called the Crouching King's Fist."
- "My master created this technique by merging his combat arts with alchemy techniques."
- "Dragon's Claw succeeded in creating a powerful and fast refinement technique."
- "Here, try it."

Chenqi Haiya took the pill and then swallowed it.

Seconds passed, soon her eyes shone with a golden light. She felt the pill's warmth throughout her body. She felt her energy return and that she was completely rid of the poison.

For the Warm Yang Pill had interacted with her cold Qi.

Clark laughed inwardly, for he had planned all of this.

But soon Clark heard Jian Hua and his sister screaming in terror:

- "Zu Long, run! They're looking for you!"

Clark and Chenqi Haiya exited the hut.

Jian Hua and his sister were surprised by the strange person next to Clark, covered in bandages and masking his mouth.

Clark asked:

- "Who is looking for me?"

Jian Hua replied:

- "It's Zhao Fan, disciple of Poison Elder Song."

Boom!!!

Something hit the ground hard. It was Zhao Fan with his fiancée Hai Zou and Chen Haiya beside him.

- "This is the one who harmed my honor, sir!"

Clark looked angrily, his eyes glowing red. The flowing anger was trying to ruin his plan with all its might, but he resisted and hid behind Chenqi Haiya, pretending to be weak.

Everyone looked at Clark in surprise, even Chenqi Haiya.

Zhao Fan asked:

- "Is this coward the one who insulted you?"

Chen Haiya replied:

- "Yes, it's him. Yesterday he was like a tyrannical tiger, showing consideration for no one, not even Elder Chu Zhenren."

Clark replied:

- "Don't believe them, Chenqi Haiya, for they're all liars. I'm not strong; I only master alchemy."

Chenqi Haiya looked at Jian Hua, who was puzzled by Clark's actions:

- "Is this boy really weak? Answer me."

Jian Hua replied:

- "Yesterday he was strong. Seeing his punches gave me chills."

Chenqi Haiya looked at Clark with terrifying anger:

- "How dare you lie to me! I believed you from the beginning and protected you, thinking you were weak."

Clark called out to Chenqi Haiya, who was leaping through the trees, leaving:

- "Chenqi Haiya, wait! I can explain!"

But she didn't pay attention to Clark.

Clark's vision became blurry. Only anger remained in Clark's heart. Mercy had departed.

Clark spoke in a terrifying voice, his gaze alone pressing on the surrounding air, saying:

- "You son of a bitch! You've allowed yourself to interrupt this emperor's plan!"

Due to anger, Clark didn't feel the terrible pain in his foundation. The Qi flowing in his body was like knives circulating through his body like the bloodstream.

Zhao Fan replied:

- "It seems you're arrogant as they said about you."

Bam bam bam!!!!

Several punches hit Zhao Fan's face, shattering his teeth, saying:

- "Ah! I didn't see him coming!"

He felt terror in the lower part of his body. But the bloody gaze never left Clark's face.

Soon, six poisonous dragons emerged, beginning to circle around Zhao Fan's body, who started laughing, saying:

- "This is the strongest attack technique: Rainbow Poisonous Dragons."
- "Each color of these dragons indicates the level of their toxicity."

Clark laughed hysterically again, frightening all present.

Chenqi Haiya looked in terror at the strange change in Clark's personality.

Moreover, three people were observing: one was Elder Song, another was Yuming Sect's Elder Han Yuan, and Black Scorpion Sect's Elder Yi Xuan. All were watching.

Han Yuan said:

- "It seems your disciple will lose, Han Song."

Elder Song replied:

- "Shut up, you fool! My disciple won't lose; that boy lost the moment he hit my disciple."

Clark felt pain; soon he saw his hand change color and become infected with the dragons' poison.

But Clark was calm.

Zhao Fan said, laughing:

- "From the first moment you hit me, you sentenced yourself to death."

Clark replied:

- "All my life I haven't feared death or suffering or anything. In the end, those thoughts are trivial."
- "Let me tell you: always in all my battles, there's one thought in my mind: either killer or killed."
- "I don't fear or flee, but with you, I want to see your corpse before me, and of course, I won't mind dragging you to hell with me!!!"

To be continued.....

Chapter 52: The Devil's Wrath

Clark had never in his entire life been as enraged as he was now.

Clark spoke in a terrifying voice, as if a devil had emerged from the depths of hell to seek vengeance:

- "You son of a whore! You fear facing me, so you hide behind your poisons! The truth is, you cannot attack me!"

Zhao Fan arrogantly replied:

- "So what if I know? In the end, you can't attack me now! I expect you'll cut off your own hand out of fear of the poison!"

But Clark laughed like a madman:

- "Fhahahahaha! Ke ke ke ke ke! I've never heard a joke like this in my entire life!"
- "Listen to me, I will drag you with me to the deepest pits of hell, and you will regret it! You will wish for death but you will never obtain it!"

Clark's eyes were burning red with a demonic aura.

Suddenly, Clark's manifestation appeared - The World!!!

All the elders who were watching, including Chu Chenqi, looked on in terror. One question echoed in all their minds:

•"How does he possess a manifestation of such majesty when he's just a youth at the peak of the Enlightenment realm!!!"

The world shook! The earth generated a powerful force that made Clark's leap formidable.

Clark's appearance was terrifying as he hovered in the air:

•"Phantom King's Fist! Heaven-Stealing Strikes!!!!"

Clark's voice thundered.

Black mist appeared in the sky.

Zhao Fan looked on in terror, anticipating the fatal move that would be directed at him.

The energy flowing from Clark's body was terrifying, but his injury was worse. Blood flowed from Clark's mouth, yet his stance didn't falter. His back was bent in the air like a mad devil.

Clark roared terrifyingly:

•"Horeiheih!"

Soon, several dark fists formed in the sky. Song was terrified and Zhao Fan feared.

Song said to the elders beside him:

•"Have you ever seen a combat art like this in your entire lives?"

Bam bam bam !!!!!

Half the area was destroyed by these strikes.

The dust cleared and Zhao Fan appeared severely injured, but the poisons still protected his body.

Zhao Fan laughed arrogantly. The air was contaminated with poisons; several trees had rotted due to this gaseous poison:

•"Is this all you have? It seems you will die before me!"

Clark laughed and said:

•"Well then, let me show you something even crazier! As I said before, I will drag you with me to the deepest pits of hell, and when I said that, believe me, I mean it!!!"

Thoughts were fading from Clark's eyes. Fear of death, horror, everything was lost.

A body moving with a flame of anger.

Zhao Fan surrounded himself with poisons from all directions, but he didn't expect that hand that would emerge from the poison mist and choke him forcefully.

With his left hand, Clark directed several punches:

•"Hahahahahahaha! You see? This is real combat! We sacrifice our lives! That's the pleasure of killing! I will crush every bone in your body without mercy!"

Signs of poison appeared all over his body, and more and more signs of Qi suffocation appeared.

Zhao Fan screamed in a terrified voice:

•"Acid Dragon! Come out and melt his body!"

An acid dragon emerged, but Clark laughed and said:

•"World! Come out! Stop time!!!!"

Boom!!!!

The sound of time stopping was loud.

Clark looked devilishly at Zhao Fan.

The place was in ruins. The gazes and forms of everyone were frozen.

It truly deserved the name "The World," for the possessor of this terrifying manifestation could move in the frozen world.

Ten seconds!

Clark directed countless punches without stopping.

Bam bam bam !!!!

Zhao Fan's body was deformed.

Clark's body was poisoned more and more.

Time returned.

Everyone looked on in terror. No one understood what had happened.

But the most terrifying: the human mass that became covered in poisons and half its face deformed.

Half of Clark's face was injured by the Acid Dragon, and intense burns appeared on his face, which was laughing like a devil standing proudly, preparing to deliver the fatal blow.

But soon a powerful blow was directed to Clark's face.

It was Han Song, who saved his disciple at the last moment. Clark had fainted.

Han Song said:

•"True, you struck my disciple cruelly, but as long as this was a fair man-to-man fight, I will let you die slowly."

Jian Hua rushed after Han Song and his disciple left.

He grabbed Clark's injured body. His veins were exploding with blood due to his severe injuries.

Soon white scarves appeared and grabbed Clark's half-dead body.

It was Chu Chenqi who had tried to disguise herself as Chenq Haiya.

She took his body to treat him!!!!!!

Clark felt a terrible pain in the middle of his face. He didn't understand what was happening, but he opened his eyes. He was wearing clothes similar to his usual ones but white. Clark looked around, confused. He touched his face - the left half of his face had been deformed by the fire, but Clark didn't care; instead, he was happy that thanks to the deformation of half his face, no one would recognize him as Clark, and due to the poison, his left eye had turned terrifyingly red.

He kept looking around to see what had happened, finding himself in his hut sleeping on his bed. He found Chu Chenqi sleeping on a chair.

Clark touched her shoulder, trying to wake her:

•"Chu Chenqi, wake up."

Clark realized he had made a big mistake by mentioning her real name.

Chu Chenqi looked at him waking up in surprise. She avoided the point of him mentioning her real name and said:

•"I will leave, since I've treated you. In the end, I don't like dealing with thieves like you."

Clark was angry. All he could think about was tearing her to pieces.

He thought to himself:

•"True, I can tear her apart now. True, she is strong and might be at the Void Transformation stage, but I'm at the peak of the Enlightenment realm and can confront those at this level."

•"I will get the Buddhist Elixir no matter the cost."

He suddenly charged, his hand pumping with demonic aura. But soon Chu Chenqi turned to Clark in surprise, who dissipated his killing intent and aura from his hand.

What happened was that he removed the veil from half her face, revealing her beautiful face and pink lips. Beauty beyond imagination that Clark had never seen before. With her crimson hair that wasn't even red but crimson similar to blood.

Clark looked with terrifying admiration. He remembered even his lie when he said that beauty of eyes indicates a person's beauty.

But a tear fell from Chu Chenqi's eye, which surprised Clark, who tried to justify saying:

•"Chu Chenqi, I didn't mean to... there was a fly on your shoulder and I tried to remove it from you."

But Chu Chenqi directed a harsh slap to Clark. Clark touched his face in surprise:

•"What did I do? I just removed her veil, you fool!"

But Clark didn't know that the women of this clan, if a man removes their veil, they must marry him. He didn't know naturally.

But Clark felt that the pain he had been feeling in his foundation had disappeared. Was it because he had been treated? But unfortunately, the pain soon returned to him.

He went out to see Chu Chenqi because the pain was unbearable. Chu Chenqi looked at him from afar; she was angry and thought he was pretending. But soon she saw Clark collapsing before her, so she rushed and grabbed him.

Clark was trembling terribly. The veins in his body were writhing.

Chu Chenqi, who stabilized Clark's body on the bed and sat behind him, said:

•"It seems there's no choice, for your illness can only be treated with this."

She took out the Buddhist Elixir. Clark looked at her happily. His lifesaver was now before him. Happiness filled Clark's heart.

Chu Chenqi opened the cover, and a scent flowed with its beautiful blue color. It was a scent that brought beauty and comfort.

Clark sipped one drop, felt a terrible strength and intense warmth.

Soon Chu Chenqi began pumping her Qi into Clark's back, who in turn began using her Qi to purify his body of any impurities.

After an hour passed:

•"Thank you, Chu Chenqi, if it weren't for you, I would be dead now."

Chu Chenqi looked at him firmly, saying:

•"Why did you lie to me? You could have been honest with me. Also, how do you know my real name?"

Clark replied with a sigh:

•"What do you think about going out on this moonlit night? I'll tell you everything about me."

Chu Chenqi nodded in agreement and they went out.

The cold breezes in the forest and the view of the stars were truly beautiful as they walked. Clark began talking:

•"Before I came here, I actually didn't want this place from the beginning, as my destination was elsewhere."

•"But I was pursued and my brother was killed in cold blood."

•"Amid my fighting, despite my hard-won victory, I emerged with an injury to my foundation and suffered because whenever I used my power, I would suffer cruelly, and that tortured me severely."

Clark narrated the rest of the story, how he met the clan mistress and she told him about her, but the part about the brother's death was a lie to attract attention to him and also to hide that he had been tasked with pursuing her and obtaining the Buddhist Elixir.

Chu Chenqi felt sad for him, saying:

- "When you first came, I saw signs of cunning in you."

- "But when I saw your kindness with me, I knew your feelings were genuine and not false. But why were you pursued?"

Clark replied with a harsh face:

- "One of the bastards held a grudge against me and wanted to take revenge on me because I crushed his face."

- "But the scarier is the mind of the mastermind, for that man is characterized by cunning and despicable traits."

Chu Chenqi replied:

- "It seems your whole life is problems you can't deal with."

Clark replied:

- "Since I set foot on the demonic path, I've seen nothing but calamities."

- "Unlike everyone else, I have no paradise to escape to."

- "I have only combat and loneliness."

- "Sometimes, if you seek success, it will condemn you to great loneliness and merciless calamities."

- "It's said that because those on the demonic path see the truth of the world, it caused the wrath of the gap of destiny and the will of heaven."

- "So everyone's destinies are governed by fate without any way out of the false reality that was written from the beginning before our birth. So the truth is you're miserable and life won't spare you. Your life is limited, your loved ones are limited. So what's the purpose? What's the point of sadness? Is it for our development as humans or just to plant fear in ourselves?"

Chu Chenqi looked with shining eyes; she felt that Clark's words had touched what was inside her heart in a sad way.

But...

Boom!!!!

There was the sound of a mad explosion, and a cold ice aura flowed.

Soon Chu Chenqi said in terror:

•"It's Sister Chu Zhenren in combat!"

Soon she rushed, and Clark followed behind her. He knew what had happened, he said cunningly in his mind:

•"It's Poison Master Han Song!"

•"I knew, for an alchemy expert like me knows the reason for his fight. He wants the Buddhist Root to become immortal."

•"For the healing capabilities of these Buddhist fluids are capable of granting unparalleled healing abilities."

•"But I feel there's a reason in this story. Certainly, there's a third party, and certainly I'll discover it no matter the cost."

The two arrived, and indeed it was Chu Zhenren against Han Song, who was injured like the Elder Chu, but the Elder's injury was more dangerous.

Soon Han Song rushed to finish off Chu Zhen, but received an icy palm in the middle of the chest:

•"Han Song, I won't allow you to kill my sister!!!"

Clark was watching from afar. He didn't intend to intervene like this.

Clark noticed a strange jar around Han Song's waist, he said in his mind:

•"When he came to save his disciple, he wasn't carrying it."

•"Meaning this is his trump card that he relies on. Yes, without any doubt."

Soon a strange old man with a long mustache appeared, and finally the clan's female elders appeared.

Han Song said in a strong voice:

•"Oh Qiu Ran, don't interfere in what doesn't concern you. This matter is between me and this whore."

Killing intent flowed from Han Song, who desired violent killing.

Qiu Ran said:

•"These two girls are like my children, and I won't allow you to kill them."

•"And don't forget that my intent managed to restrain you that day."

Han Song replied laughing:

•"Or have you forgotten who made you lose the hand you were boasting about? Anyway, I'm not arrogant, for you are many and I am a lone man."

Han Song grabbed the jar in his hand. Soon Qiu Ran said:

•"Well, Han Song, you can leave. In the end, without the Jade Tower, you weren't addicted to alchemy competitions."

•"To get an honorable competition and compete with opponents, so I present. In the end, we are all guests here."

Han Song reluctantly agreed as he left, saying:

•"Oh Chu Chenqi, you will regret deeply that you didn't hand me the Buddhist Root."

Clark came and said:

•"Lick my shoe, you damned old man! In the end, you only attack people from behind."

Clark said this in a low voice so Han Song wouldn't hear him.

Elder Hu Lian said:

•"At least if you want to insult him, say it out loud."

Clark replied:

•"Well, since I'm done, I will leave here and you won't see me again."

Soon Clark was choked by a white scarf. He looked at who was choking him; it was Chu Chenqi who said with a smile:

•"I'm sorry, for from now on my problems are your problems. You won't run far away."

Clark was angry and felt bored because he got involved in such problems.

After Clark was pulled away, they arrived inside the Jade Tower Palace. It was beautifully magnificent.

But what shocked Clark was Chu Chenqi's elegant dress. Truly, her body was jade-like, beautiful, and classy.

But Chu Chenqi broke the silence, saying:

•"Huang Bo Feng Li will come!!!"

Clark replied:

•"And who is this Huang Bo?"

Hua Lian replied:

•"He is the young son of the Imperial Dragon Clan."

Clark laughed in his mind:

•"So here he is! Remember Han Song's words."

•"It's clear that this family wants the Buddhist Root, and I will deter them."

•"Because I want this great root."

•"But there's a great problem, for that family, I don't know what's before them and what's behind them."

•"But certainly they have hidden ambitions, and I want to know those ambitions."

•"And certainly one of them is the Buddhist Root."

•"I wonder what's the secret behind this root? If it harms me, I don't mind destroying it."

•"Why? Because if you can't bear carrying something in your hands, then simply destroy it and prevent everyone from obtaining it, for a beneficial thing is a great harm."

But Chu Chenqi had let the tiger into her den, and that would bring him problems.

•"Well, I won't care and will wait for what comes."

After a long discussion, Chu Chenqi said:

- "Well, we will stick to the plan."

Clark, who had been distracted the whole time, asked:

- "What were you talking about?"

But soon Hua Lian interrupted Clark, saying:

- "How dare you hit my dear disciple Xian Haiya?"

Clark replied with all arrogance:

- "Because she's a whore! And control your disciple so I don't smash this palace over your heads."

Soon he felt a strange sting; it was a strong pinch. Clark turned to see who was pinching him; it was Chu Chenqi who pulled Clark.

The feelings of the two clashed with each other. Clark with his black long hair and his dark black eye, and Chu Chenqi with her crimson hair and green eyes.

Chu Chenqi said:

- "Be silent, Zu Long, for I'm not done with you yet."

Hua Lian laughed, saying:

- "Punish him severely, Chu Chenqi, he deserves it."

A full day passed exactly. It was noon time. A strange royal procession arrived.

Everyone went out to receive them. Clark knew who this man was: It was Huang Bo Feng Li.

But that Huang was in his special carriage releasing a reckless killing intent without any reason. Everyone felt it.

No one dared to respond to that killing intent with another killing intent, except Clark who didn't care, but responded to the killing intent with its like. Clark's killing intent was in fact much stronger, more agitated, for Clark is truly a devil who doesn't care about others.

Everyone moved away from Clark.

Huang Bo Feng Li came out saying:

- "Who dares to show killing intent before my excellency?"

The matter was clear because everyone had moved away from Clark out of fear of death. Han Yuan said:

- "That boy's matter is finished."

The eyes of the two met each other, announcing an upcoming political war!

To be continued....

Chapter 53: Clash of Monarchs!!!

Everyone was in shock. How could a human unleash such reckless killing intent?

But Clark's words were even more insane:

- "So you're Huang Bo Feng Li? You don't seem as powerful as they said."

Clark's arrogance surpassed the heavens. Everyone was terrified by his words.

Veins bulged on Feng Li's face from anger as he said:

- "Boy, I never expected you to be such an arrogant child!"

Han Yuan said in terror:

- "Is there really someone who dares to say this to the Imperial Dragon Clan?!"

Suddenly, Huang Bo Feng Li raised his fist filled with the dragon aura familiar to Clark, similar to Long Tianba's aura.

But Clark raised his fist and declared:

- "Dark Monarch's Fist! The Crouching Strike!"

A terrifying black aura flowed from Clark's hand. Everyone panicked and tried to hide - no one wanted to die from the collision of these two.

Huang Bo Feng Li charged, but Clark stood ready to receive the blow with his own fist.

However, Chu Chenqi's strange technique - an icy scarf - swiftly caught Huang Bo's fist.

Chu Chenqi said:

- "Young Master Huang Bo, I heard you've just broken through to the Void Transformation realm. Isn't it shameful to attack a youth at the Enlightenment stage from an unknown clan?!"

Everyone was stunned: a youth of unknown lineage placing himself beside the Huang Bo family!

Huang Bo freed his arms and said:

- "I shall show consideration for the beautiful Chu Chenqi and won't strike this child."

Clark's gaze was calm, but in Huang Bo's mind:

"How dare this bastard's son see himself as my equal? I, whom everyone calls Prince, and he dares address me by name without any honorific! It seems his arrogance will lead him to the heavens. I must kill him no matter the cost - after all, the mountain cannot accommodate two tigers, only one belongs here!"

Huang Bo left with his entourage and loyal elders, while Clark remained standing, observing intently.

Beside him were Qiu Ran and two others.

Qiu Ran said:

- "Young man, you've brought upon yourself troubles with dire consequences. But from the arrogance I've witnessed, it seems you have a terrifying background. Am I correct?!"

Clark's reply struck the three like thunder:

- "I have no one backing me. I stand alone against everyone, but I can bring an entire sect behind me!"

Clark's words were shocking: a man placing himself against royal families, seeing nothing but himself as a single entity!

The son of the Tian Jian clan leader greeted Clark:

- "Hello, I'm Tian Ling. I admire your words - strange for me to say despite being from a royal family, but I despise that bastard Huang Bo Feng Li. Those who belittle humans will face heaven's thunder obliterating their arrogance."

Clark laughed and put his arm around Tian Ling's shoulder:

- "I like people like you. I'm called Zu Long."

But Elder Tian Jun, Tian Ling's guardian, spoke:

- "But young man, if fighting breaks out, that Huang Bo has many people behind him. Have you thought of a solution?"

Clark replied:

- "Of course - you will help me!"

The three exclaimed in unison:

- "WHAAAAAAT???"

Clark laughed and responded:

- "Don't worry, friends. I didn't say this out of arrogance, but because our interests align. As you witnessed Huang Bo's actions, isn't it clear he wants to establish his family's dominance at your expense?"

Tian Ling asked:

- "What do you mean?"
- "Simply put: Isn't it obvious? He wants to unite the royal families under his clan's control."
- "Let's analyze the situation: There are opposing families, the weak family, the loyal families, and finally the family considered as wall grass - easily controlled and disregarded."
- "Let's arrange the families: Opposing families first - Tianjian Clan, second - Elder Qiu Ran's Qiulong Clan, third - Yaohua Clan which is at its weakest and serves as your current shield. If it falls, you'll follow."
- "As for other parties, you know what they are, and as for wall grass - naturally the Black Scorpion Clan."
- "You might also wonder about his childish act - that deliberate killing intent - he did it to attract attention and make the Tianjian Clan appear insignificant. Naturally, everyone would focus on the one with reckless killing intent."

Clark stopped speaking. Everyone was stunned by his analytical abilities.

Tian Ling asked:

- "Then how do we counter him?"

Clark pointed to himself:

- "I will instigate a massive massacre that will draw all attention to me. Then you can prepare, unite your forces, and strike the Imperial Dragon Clan."

Everyone was horrified! They hadn't even considered such a thing in their minds, let alone this bold man saying it aloud!

- "I know you're cautious, but I'm from the Black Clouds Sect, and as you know, it's extraordinarily powerful. I'll bring them here, making it easy to destroy the Imperial Dragon Clan without fear."

- "As for the Imperial Family, as you know, they won't dare oppose major sects."

Clark's plan was flawless from all angles.

Tian Long asked:

- "What will you do now? How will you instigate the fighting?"

Clark replied arrogantly:

- "Naturally, in the Grain King competition!"

Everyone was shocked! This child intends to compete against Han Song, known as the Grain King?!

But Clark is from a great sect like the Black Clouds, so naturally no one would easily oppose him.

Clark quickly moved toward the palace, where interesting events would unfold.

Clark stood outside waiting. The attendees consisted of elders.

On the massive throne sat Huang Bo Feng Li, unlike others who sat on the floor.

The Tianjian Clan hadn't arrived - they were late.

Huang Bo Feng Li turned to Chu Chenqi, who stood in the hall's center as clan leader and hostess:

- "Is this seat empty? Why have you left it empty for the one standing outside?"

The one standing outside was Clark.

Chu Chenqi trembled and said:

- "This is the Tianjian Clan's seat. Why do you want to bring that boy in?"

Huang Bo said:

- "Even though I came for you, Chu Chenqi, since we're childhood friends, now you oppose me?!"

Everyone was terrified by his tone.

Suddenly, Clark's voice was heard as he entered and arrogantly sat in the Tianjian Clan's seat.

Chu Chenqi shouted at Clark:

- "How dare you, fool! Come stand beside me!"

But Huang Bo said:

- "Let him sit there! I don't want the seat empty!!!!"

Everyone panicked! Was this madman trying to assert his authority?!

Clark knew the truth: What was that fool doing?! This move was smarter than it appeared. He wanted to portray the Yaohua Clan as disrespectful to guests, directing hatred toward Chu Chenqi and Clark.

At the worst moment, the Tianjian Clan entered.

Tian Ling was shocked, looked at Clark and felt betrayed, saying:

- "If you're planning to insult us..."

Chu Chenqi said:

- "No worries, Elder Tianjian, we'll provide you seats."

But Tian Long and his uncle remained standing.

Clark broke the silence:

- "Tian Long, what about solidifying our friendship, drinking wine, and declaring brotherhood?"

Tian Ling felt insulted. Clark immediately shouted angrily:

- "You foolish child! Do you intend to ruin everything?!"

Tian Ling smiled, unoffended by Clark's insult, understanding it was part of their shared plan.

He quickly sat beside Clark, holding the wine cup Clark poured:

- "From now on, we're brothers. Don't forget to defend me, brother, since we've sworn an oath."
- "Uncle Tian Jun, sit beside me!"

The three sat together.

Chu Chenqi was stunned: How did Clark salvage the situation?!

Clark winked at her to continue.

Huang Bo was furious, glaring hatefully at Clark, thinking:

"The mountain can't hold two tigers! This child must die no matter the cost!!!"

Chu Chenqi spoke calmly, but killing intent flowed toward Han Song:

- "Today, with Young Master Huang Bo Feng Li presiding as judge between us, Han Song, I declare now: Confess your crimes against us!"

Everyone was shocked, realizing this was the plan of the three women standing together.

But Han Song remained calm. At that moment, Clark understood the events unfolding and what would happen next.

Huang Bo Feng Li said:

- "Elder Han Song, as evident, you've caused severe problems for Yaohua Clan's younger generation, with twenty elite disciples poisoned. Therefore, hand over the antidote and stay away from Yaohua Clan."

Han Song respectfully replied:

- "Well, Young Master, but as you know, I want the Buddhist Root. If I surrender the antidote, I'll lose greatly, so I have the right to demand the Root!"

Everyone panicked, and Chu Chenqi shouted:

- "How dare you demand that?! My clan will become worthless without its treasure, and you know it!"

Huang Bo said firmly:

- "Enough! Listen to my judgment: Yaohua Clan Tower will surrender the Buddhist Root in exchange for the antidote. Once delivered, Han Song will leave."

Chu Chenqi turned in shock:

- "How can this be? How can you say this? I brought you here to help me, and now you do this?! I won't accept!!!"

Huang Bo Feng Li shouted loudly:

- "Woman, have you no respect for me?! You bring me to judge between you, then declare my judgment unjust?!"

Clark calmly sipped his wine:

- "If there's conflicting opinions, why not hold a vote? In this vote, Lady Chu Chenqi cannot vote, Han Song cannot vote either, for fairness. Naturally, the judge also cannot vote."

Huang Bo slammed his fist on the throne:

- "How dare you, child, voice your opinion?! Have you no respect for us?!"

Clark replied:

- "I have no respect!!!! Well, I believe true disrespect is demanding your friend's clan surrender their treasure so arrogantly. That is the absence of justice and respect!"

Clark had completely cut off Huang Bo's voice and embarrassed him before everyone.

Han Song quickly said:

- "Ignore him, Young Master. He's just a foolish child. I accept the vote."

Huang Bo raised his hand to start the voting.

Han Yuan said:

- "I side with Elder Han Song."

Han Song immediately responded:

- "Elder Han Yuan remains wise as always."

The Black Scorpion Clan elder raised his hand voting for Han Song.

The total was two votes.

Attention turned to Qiu Ran, who tensed slightly. But Clark threatened him:

- "Old man Qiu Ran, vote wisely."

Everyone looked in horror: He'd provoked the blazing flame Qiu Ran! He'd condemned himself to destruction!

But Qiu Ran grew more tense, remained silent, then said:

- "I side with Yaohua Clan."

Everyone was stunned! Qiu Ran didn't even respond to this child!

Huang Bo angrily said:

- "Well, Elder Qiu Ran, well! It seems old age has affected your mind."

Qiu Ran tensed, but attention moved to the Tianjian Clan seat.

Tian Long, as his clan's representative, said:

- "Well, I side with Yaohua Clan, and I find Huang Bo's judgment unjust."

This was the peak of arrogance! He didn't address Huang Bo as "Young Master" or "Prince," and declared his judgment unjust!

Huang Bo responded:

- "It seems you no longer value your life, you cowardly child!"

His voice was piercing, but Tian Long paid no attention.

Clark said:

- "Well, since the vote is tied, I'll declare now."

- "I challenge Han Song in the Grain King competition! If I defeat him, he gets the Buddhist Root."

Huang Bo laughed confidently:

- "You've lost your mind! Well, you'll suffer humiliating defeat against Elder Han Song!"

Chu Chenqi looked on in shock: Huang Bo was completely against her!

Everyone left, with Han Song being the last to depart, saying:

- "What foolishness! You've let the wolf into your home! In truth, his family wants the Buddhist Root, not me!"

Chu Chenqi's gaze trembled from the disaster that had befallen her.

Clark watched from afar, thinking:

"I will kill you, Poison Elder, and you won't see tomorrow, you son of a whore!!!!"

To be continued....

Chapter 54: A Heart of Steel!!!

Poor Chu Chenqi had collapsed under the weight of successive revelations. She never expected things to unfold this way.

But Clark had a different perspective:

- "Truthfully, I can't humor her. She brought these calamities upon herself."
- "In the end, the Huang Bo family aspires to unite the royal families to easily reach the throne."
- "And the Chu Chenqi family is a perfect opportunity not to be missed."
- "Naturally, they'll forget relationships and everything else."
- "In politics, there are no brothers, fathers, or friends."
- "It's all personal gain. They tell you they respect you, but the moment you lose your position or fall, you'll find them devouring you completely, bones and all. They won't spare you."

After this conversation, Clark went outside where the other families were waiting for him.

No sooner had Clark stepped outside than the three rushed toward him, terror on their faces.

Qiu Ran asked:

•"How? How dare you challenge the Poison King in an alchemy competition?"

Clark replied:

•"Because I'm naturally better than him. This Poison King child - you exaggerate in praising him. In the end, he's just a drop in the ocean and hasn't seen the true sects."

Tian Ling said:

•"So you can defeat him. But do you have an alternative plan if you lose?"

Clark laughed:

•"Hehehehe! Of course my backup plan is flawless, perfected to the smallest detail."

•"Which is to deliver a decisive blow, kill my opponent mercilessly, and steal the Buddhist Root."

•"There are many paths to victory, but the most reliable are three:"

•"1. Speed in decision-making and execution."

•"2. Strategic planning."

•"3. Overwhelming force crushes everything. Plans and speed all fail before overwhelming force."

Clark stood before them as a complete political strategist. His analysis of events was terrifying, as if he was born to the throne.

He went back inside to tell Chu Chenqi his plan, but she was completely broken.

Clark looked at her with pity, but raised a single finger, using a technique called:

•"Awakening Technique: Dark Monarch's Finger!"

A single finger filled with crouching dark Qi. By directing vibrations to the brain, it would feel like a massage. Chu Chenqi would wake from her shock!!!

This was the technique Clark had invented.

Whoosh... Vibrations began in Chu Chenqi's head. She quickly regained consciousness, but her gaze was sad.

She turned to see who was beside her. Clark was still stunned by her beauty: "This heaven has opened, and who above could match Chu Chenqi's beauty?!"

Chu Chenqi said in a sad tone:

•"Oh Zu Long, I apologize for letting you see me in this pitiful state."

•"Despite your help and preparing everything, I've failed."

Clark replied:

•"Don't worry, Chu Chenqi, I have..."

Mid-sentence, Chu Chenqi grabbed Clark's hand and rushed off with him. Clark didn't understand what Chu Chenqi wanted, but she gave him no chance to speak.

Yet she was terrifyingly fast. Clark didn't understand the reason for her speed.

Chu Chenqi stopped before a magnificent hill of exquisite beauty. Only crimson roses and a small dilapidated hut were present.

Clark was surprised by the abundance of flowers. Chu Chenqi said:

•"This hill was the home of me and my younger brother."

•"Those roses were planted for me by my brother before he left for the Poison King's temple."

•"He said: 'You'll remember me whenever you see the flowers.'"

•"But I waited and waited, and he never returned, until his severed head came to me in a brutal way."

•"He was killed. I never knew who sent it, but it was clearly the Poison Elder."

•"Everyone thought my brother was a traitor, but in truth, my brother left under the arrangement of the former clan leader to obtain the recipe for curing the Venomous Dragon's poison."

•"But he died in the end, breaking my heart."

•"But now... I don't know. Yet with your arrogance, Zu Long, you remind me of my brother."

Clark joked:

•"After all these events, you still see me as a brother?"

But strangely, Chu Chenqi turned to Clark, removed her veil, and kissed Clark.

It was the most beautiful kiss Clark had ever received. He didn't understand what was happening.

Chu Chenqi said:

•"Don't call me sister anymore. Call me Chu Chu."

Clark replied:

•"Alright, Chu Chu, I'll do what you ask."

The devil's heart inside Clark was intensely angry. He felt disgusted by these actions. Love, a soft heart - these weren't part of his nature.

But he calmed down nonetheless, for the Buddhist Root was a great opportunity that didn't come every day.

Clark began repairing the small house. Although he hated the course of events, he felt a peace and purity. A peace he hadn't experienced while constantly fighting either with his mind or his fists.

The atmosphere was pleasant and beautiful with Chu Chenqi. How wonderful to accompany a beautiful girl like her!

Clark said happily:

•"Finally, I've finished this dilapidated house."

Chu Chenqi sat smiling a beautiful smile that could shake the heavens and all within:

•"Thank you, Zu Long."

•"Since I lived in the clan building, I haven't seen this place, and now I'm here with you."

•"And I see my house, which was in poor condition, has returned to how it was, even better."

Clark smiled. He felt the purity of the moment and the air caressing his face gave him a feeling of happiness.

Soon Clark stood up saying:

•"After two continuous hours of work, I'll prepare a delicious meal for us."

Chu Chenqi replied:

•"You can cook???"

Clark laughed:

•"One of my many talents! Hahahahahaha!"

Chu Chenqi laughed:

•"Well, but remember I'll criticize your food."

•"Heh! Let's see if you'll eat your fingers because of my cooking."

Clark began gathering firewood and lighting a fire. The atmosphere was very pleasant: two people around the fire talking happily without any concern for life's problems and tragedies.

Clark began preparing spices, placing tomatoes and onions, then putting Ketchibi thigh over them (similar to deer but tastier).

Then he prepared rice. Clark's work was meticulous and suggested experience.

Finally finished. He put sauce over the rice and cooked it for five minutes so the rice would absorb the flavor perfectly.

Done. Clark wiped sweat from his face and said:

•"Hahaha! I'm finished."

Chu Chenqi was excited.

The two began eating. Chu Chenqi said happily:

•"Your cooking is great, Clark! I wish I had the opportunity to eat it more often."

Her face was sad.

Clark replied to her:

•"Don't worry, I don't like being indebted to anyone."

Chu Chenqi responded:

•"But how can I involve someone I love in my current problems? You should go far away, Clark!"

•"In the end, your only desire was to cure your illness."

That word alerted Clark. He thought to himself:

"Yes! I only came to cure my illness, and I've achieved my goal."

"Why should I care about trivial emotions? All this time I've been a lone tiger on high mountains."

"I devour my prey alone, and my achievements speak for me."

"My sword clashes with what lies beyond the clouds, and with my fist I crush enemies' skulls."

"And now three things are firmly established in my mind:"

"Temper my sword!!!"

"Temper my will!!!"

"Temper the world!!!!"

"That's who I am, not a dog for women."

Clark calmed down and his cold gaze returned. He changed his words to Chu Chenqi saying:

•"I'll do what must be done, and I don't like being indebted to anyone."

Darkness fell. Chu Chenqi was sad, for Clark had completely closed his heart.

Clark and Chu Chenqi returned inside the hut to sleep. Though Clark lay beside her, he turned to the opposite side from Chu Chenqi and slept.

When Clark slept, old memories appeared that Clark knew nothing about. They were from his second life.

Clark was heartbroken and distressed, yet unlike many youths his age, he had a job. But his employer was merciless, harsh-tempered and cruel.

Clark had weak talent and was expelled from his clan due to his weakness.

He had to carry goods to high mountains. When the caravan arrived, sometimes small things would fall from him accidentally, and the caravan leader would beat Clark cruelly and make him sleep outside the tents.

But there was a young man with a kind heart who considered Clark his younger brother. He cared for the injured Clark and placed warm water on his bruises.

Instead of Clark going down again, this man would go down himself and retrieve the items Clark had dropped.

But despite this, the journey was exhausting. The caravan traveled thousands of miles, and Clark traveled with them on foot, not riding any mount.

His feet would blister, and his body would grow heavy. Yet, Clark's young friend made Clark ride his donkey with him in the back.

But Clark's only support contracted a serious illness due to travel and work exhaustion.

In that man's final words:

- "Cough cough! I apologize, Clark. It seems there will be no one left for you."

- "Cough!" Again. Clark with his long hair looked at him with deep sadness, for he had lost the last person he considered family.

The man continued:

- "The world is harsh on secondary characters like us."

- "Clark, we weak ones possess nothing."

- "But how many great men and towering mountains have surpassed the heavens though they were born among the poor and were weak?!"

- "You can reach further! You can become the main character in your story!"

- "For only the persevering reach the highest heavens!!!!"

This was just one of the stories Clark lived. Perhaps he lived two hundred years, perhaps thousands - he remained a mysterious man after all, mysterious even to himself.

But his experiences spoke volumes: He tasted humiliation, disgrace, loss, betrayal, love, emotions. All these and more made Clark's heart hard and raw.

In the end, what gives life meaning? Nothing but immortality!

What use is a beautiful woman? In the end, she will turn to bones then dust.

Sons will die and forget you.

A king too will be forgotten.

In every circumstance, you will be forgotten or lose everything.

Clark doesn't care whether he finds immortality or not - he doesn't want it to live an eternal life, but to establish his status among the powerful. That is the meaning of his existence.

That a lowly person of no value can split the clouds and reach mountain peaks - that's what made Clark's heart!!!!

Rushing forward, defying the heavens, breaking the will of fate, a lone swordsman cutting through hardships, strengthened by his experiences and a heart that doesn't surrender but perseveres, cutting through the heavens overcoming obstacles.

After all, he is still tempering:

"Tempering himself!!!!"

"Tempering his freedom!!!!"

"Tempering his perseverance!!!!!"

To be continued.....

Chapter 55: The Crimson Hill Massacre!!!

This was the true pleasure of life - the real weak are those who make excuses for their losses or failures.

In Clark's view:

- "Whether I die or lose, what happens happens. In the end, I'll try again and again. Like my enemies, perhaps they will crush me."
- "Perhaps I'll make a mistake, but in my heart I don't fear confrontation or death."
- "Ultimately, all humans are both main characters and supporting characters at the same time."
- "The difference between the two is that some strive and resist circumstances."

•"Sometimes submit to your circumstances, and when they turn their back on you - attack!"

•"The peak is difficult, not easy. Of course it's not easy."

•"But as long as I still breathe and my arsenal is armed with a heart of steel and willpower forged through setbacks, I will never fall!!!"

Clark was awake, contemplating all these things. The Clark of today was not the Clark of yesterday, but something entirely different.

His eyes had become intensely black, almost empty - no, they had become completely empty. He had sealed his heart and abandoned all emotions. A difficult and long road lay ahead, for Clark was ultimately a lone knight.

His armor bore wounds and enemy arrows, but no matter how many injuries and arrows accumulated, as long as he could walk, he would fight on.

Three days passed during which Clark lived in extreme comfort, not out of love but for relaxation.

Clark stood at the highest point surrounded by crimson flowers. It was the radiant autumn linden season. The sky shone with stars and the full moon.

Clark looked at the moon - it was an indescribable feeling, as if a ton of emotions and sorrows had been lifted from his shoulders.

Clark said:

•"When life began, it was pure like this sky. Only Ren Zu existed, and after him humanity continued its simple life."

•"No one cared that they only lived a hundred years."

•"But ultimately, that was the limitation of human thinking."

•"What angers me is that the world is full of things we can explore, yet we prefer isolation and await our death."

•"I won't remain standing here waiting. I will take risks and inevitably find my goal."

Clark smiled and expelled all the sorrows, hidden desires, sadness, happiness, love, and betrayal from his heart. Now this man's heart had become completely empty, leaving only perseverance!!!

Clark returned inside the hut and slept.

He woke alone at dawn; Chu Chenqi hadn't awakened. Clark looked at her beautiful face; they slept beside each other, though Clark hadn't touched her body, he said:

•"Perhaps if we met in one of my previous lives, I would have loved you."

•"But what I am now is completely different from before!!!"

BOOM!!!

A massive attack on the hut. Through the dust came a familiar voice:

•"A romantic atmosphere worthy of an adulterous couple! Are you two happy?!"

Chu Chenqi angrily said:

•"Respect yourself, Huang Bo Feng Li! And know exactly where you are right now!"

Huang Bo roared furiously:

•"I came for you, trying to help you! You never removed your veil for me even once, but for this bastard of unknown lineage, you removed your veil!"

BAM BAM BAM!

Fists materialized from shadowy skies. Clark attacked fiercely, hovering at the peak of heavenly fists, demonic red aura blazing from his eyes.

Huang Bo Feng Li was injured! If he weren't specialized in body refinement, he would be dead now!!!!

Clark was completely different now! Beyond his heart's calm and energy's ferocity, he was no longer injured and could unleash his full power without fear of death.

Clark declared:

•"I'll state my piece: This one you describe as having no lineage and unimportant..."

•"I am Clark the Devil, also known as Zu Long of the Black Clouds Sect."

•"So how dare you compare yourself to me?!!!"

All the elders gathered at Clark's words, shocked when they learned he was Clark. But they were all terrified.

He resembled a demon king hovering above shadowy fists with his terrifying manifestation - The World!!! - behind him.

Suddenly Clark charged again, The World behind him, directing numerous strikes. Huang Bo Feng Li was being cornered.

With differences in training and mentality, the gap was immense. Clark had been trained and refined for a full year under Tai Fei, whose refinement level even his disciple Clark didn't comprehend!!!

It was a losing battle - you could say it was like a battle between mortal and immortal!!!

Clark laughed like a madman, the terrifying scene of the sun behind him: eight heavenly and colossal fists hovering in the sky.

Han Song asked:

•"Can this power even be classified as human?!"

Han Yuan replied:

•"This boy didn't lie when he said he was from a sect - he's the Devil Clark after all!"

•"From what I heard, he entered the Beast King's mountain and reached its eighth level!"

•"And he was pursued by four combat masters, one possessing an immortal body!!!!!"

Han Song asked:

•"You mean he overcame all these circumstances?!!!"

•"Exactly! Do you think if he had lost or died, you'd see him before you like this?!"

The atmosphere grew more majestic. Never had such a demon been seen hovering over a crimson flower-covered plateau, his body illuminated by the sun trying to block the view.

But amid everyone's awe, Clark madly charged toward Huang Bo Feng Li, who didn't dare adopt an offensive stance but took a defensive position.

The attack wasn't with one fist but two: Clark's right hand and above it The World's fist - Clark's terrifying manifestation.

Clark's body pumped with black aura because he had summoned The World.

BOOM!!!!

Huang Bo Feng Li flew toward the elders, severely injured.

Han Yuan rushed to catch Huang Bo Feng Li:

•"Prince, are you alright?!"

He soon spat saying:

•"What terrifying attack?! Though he used no combat technique, he shattered many of my bones."

Han Song soon came to Huang Bo:

•"This youth cannot be restrained."

•"Fwahahahahaha! Ke ke ke ke ke! Imperial families! Ha! You're nothing but farts before this gentleman standing before you!"

Clark said this, interrupting everyone.

Han Song didn't speak much, quickly taking out pills. The Vein Pills could crazily boost the eater's energy, but only if their body could withstand their power.

Ultimately, they boost your power for limited time, after which you suffer violent backlash and might die.

Huang Bo Feng Li said terrified:

•"You're mad! You want us dead?!"

Han Song replied:

•"What then? Do you have a better plan? We'll die by his hand if we don't use this plan!"

Clark watched from afar, knew their plan, but only blind confidence showed in his eyes. No matter how flies resist, they can't withstand overwhelming force.

Everyone swallowed one pill. The four stood with insane aura.

Huang Bo said:

•"Hahahahaha! What insane aura?! It's truly terrifying! My power has risen terrifyingly!"

Clark looked at them indifferently.

Qiu Ran, Tian Ling and his uncle, and Yao Hua elders appeared, all asking Chu Chenqi:

•"How did things escalate like this?!"

But when Qiu Ran saw Clark, he said in terror:

•"Hehe! Venerable aura!!!"

Huang Bo Feng Li arrogantly said:

•"Clark! Surrender your head without resistance!"

Clark sighed:

•"If you want my head, I pity you! Face my heavenly fists!"

Eight fists charged with deadly attack. All tried to evade, but the destructive power of Clark's fists exceeded their imagination.

Han Yuan was brutally injured by Clark's fist that shattered his lower body.

He said: "Cough!" Spat saying:

•"Han Song! You bastard! How dare you deceive us like this?!"

Clark looked at them laughing inwardly:

•"If they were close to Long Tianba's power, they'd truly be a threat and I'd flee now, but with their weakness like this, the battle is very easy."

Clark surprised them with a charge. His coordination with his techniques was terrifying - he had refined the Phantom Monarch's Fist technique to horrifying levels.

He kicked Han Song's face, sending him flying, then grabbed Han Yuan by the neck:

•"Elder Yuming! Your death would have been easier had you not dared to publish the bounty on my head so boldly!"

•"Despite knowing my capabilities, you dared to have your disciples search everywhere in the Jade Territories!"

•"Therefore, your reckoning with me is extremely difficult! Are you prepared for it?!"

Han Yuan terrified replied:

•"No! Please! I'm sorry! I wouldn't have dared oppose you and do what I did if not for Huang Bo Feng Li's family! He's the reason!"

But Clark didn't respond; instead, The World's fist pierced Han Yuan's chest at incredible speed and extracted his heart!

Han Yuan breathed his last saying:

•"Return it to me..."

BOOM!!! His heart exploded brutally.

Clark threw Han Yuan's corpse toward the rushing poisons, but with a wave of his fist, the poisons dispersed before him.

Clark laughed:

•"Han Song! For your information, I wanted you last to settle my debt, but you're eager for me to sever your neck! You're first!"

•"Well, since that's your wish, I won't deprive you of it."

Chu Chenqi was terrified. She muttered beside her sisters:

•"This isn't Zu Long or whatever his name was! Where did that youth go? Why has he become such a demon?!"

•"No! He wasn't a demon - he was protecting himself from the beginning! Protecting himself from danger!!!"

Clark charged attacking, but... BAM!!!

He received a punch to the back. Clark didn't move an inch, but turned terrifyingly. He didn't utter a single word.

BAM BAM BAM!!!

Three brutal punches, the last shattering Huang Bo Feng Li's jaw, depriving him of speech.

He looked at Clark in terror. Clark's fist completely destroyed his pride...

BOOM! It pierced Huang Bo Feng Li's body, blood splattering across his face.

Clark finally looked at Han Song, whom heaven had temporarily saved from death.

Clark delivered a deadly speech:

•"Now there exists no heaven, no earth, no rat hole, no paradise, no family that can protect you from your doom."

•"Prepare yourself, for your death will be the cruelest among them!"

BOOM!!! Clark's heavenly fist descended, brutally striking Han Song to the ground, shattering the hill.

Then two more appeared beside the first. The blows rained brutally on Han Song, one after another without mercy.

Then the fists withdrew. Han Song lay paralyzed on the ground; each blow had disabled him and destroyed his cultivation foundation.

Clark lifted his disabled body, then said:

•"I want you to say loudly: You killed Chu Chenqi's brother!"

•"Otherwise I'll heal your body and beat you and beat you, making you be crushed repeatedly to infinity!"

Han Song's heart trembled, for Clark meant every word.

Han Song said loudly:

•"Yes! I killed him! I killed Chu Jiu Ji!" (Chu Chenqi's brother's name)

Upon hearing this, Chu Chenqi's heart trembled.

A sharp demonic aura appeared - the Heavenly Devil's technique! Clark brutally severed his head and threw his body. This was a terrifying slaughter later named "The Crimson Hill Massacre."

The place filled with blood, especially around Clark.

Clark went to Chu Chenqi:

•"You heard him now and eased your heart. Now I've repaid all my debts."

A great lightning bolt descended from heaven, terrifying power! Even Clark didn't know the cultivation foundation of this majestic descent's owner! Meaning his power matched the three ancestors of the Black Clouds Sect!!!

A terrifying man, an elder with long downward-curved mustache.

He said terrifyingly:

•"You will come with me!!!!"

BOOM!!! His hand pierced Clark's chest!!!!

To be continued.....

Chapter 56: The Will of Heaven!!!

Clarke's eyes gradually opened.

The pain remained,after all.

Violent collisions,after all—it didn't make sense.

But deep in his heart,he understood everything.

· "Excellent. It seems they've learned of my existence after all."

· "It seems I forgot. Perhaps there's a big mouth among us who informed the higher-ups about me, and now I'm suffering because of it."

· "How laughable. Truly laughable."

The carriage suddenly stopped.

The door swung wide open before Clarke.

Bright sunlight streamed into his eyes;he felt he hadn't seen light like this in a long time.

It was the same man who had pierced his chest.

Naturally,the fools would look at him with hatred, their hearts burning with rage.

But Clarke was calm.He was the type to collect evidence of your misdeeds. He wouldn't seek immediate revenge upon seeing you. He would wait... like a lone wolf without a pack, stalking his prey for hours, days, even months.

Clarke stepped out.

When he looked forward,he was stunned by the awe-inspiring sight.

It was a massive and strange land;he didn't understand its secret. The capital of the Qi Empire.

Nevertheless,Clarke asked the old man:

· "Old man, let me ask you this: What fuels the hatred of humans?"

He remained silent, ignoring Clarke.

Clarke continued:

· "Actions and treatment fuel hatred. I know that beyond every mountain lies another, topped by the heavens."

· "But you didn't defeat me in battle. I don't know who you are, but what you did was an arrogant act."

· "Therefore, I will shatter all your principles. All the things you believe in will witness their destruction. This is my oath, one that will never waver."

· "And don't think stealing my soul is easy. Hahahahaha! Many have tried, but none have found a way against me."

The old man completely ignored him. Clarke didn't care if he responded or not.

Actions feed grudges.

A man's heart does not forget.This is the fundamental difference between men and women. Women forget, while men remember, and remember, and remember.

He will not forget.

Forgetfulness is a blessing women enjoy. By nature, they are not vindictive; they forgive even if you harm them.

But Clarke cared more about benefits than people. In the end, humans provided benefits through their deaths.

Clarke had no qualms about killing them to plunder their resources.

They entered the capital.

It was truly massive, filled with shops and buildings, but it had a strict, Buddhist aura. Clarke didn't know why, but followers of the Buddhist sect were numerous.

And high above, a great mountain had a waterfall flowing from it, named Lotus Mountain.

There was a palace, a massive palace atop the mountain.

It was called the Lotus Pavilion.

Because the waterfall was filled with spreading red lotus flowers.

They boarded another carriage.

But this time, it was a luxurious carriage, unlike the previous sealed one that didn't even let light in.

The journey took a full hour.

No sooner had they arrived at the Imperial Palace...

A woman appeared. Clarke couldn't discern her cultivation base.

She was as strong as the old man.

This woman was beautiful, with blue hair, and she wasn't wearing a veil, which Clarke had assumed was customary for women in this nation.

The woman spoke:

· "So, you are the Heavens-Stealing Archfiend."

Clarke was shocked to be addressed as such. In truth, he liked the name, though his face showed surprise.

The lady continued:

· "Yes, that is your title. But we have brought you here for your protection!!!"

Clarke's expression was calm. He had expected this. They knew about Tai Fei and everything.

He wasn't concerned if a family or a few humans came after him. The Empire itself, with all its power, hadn't pursued him. Those who strive for the impossible must know the risks they face. Tribulations were nourishment for the strong, and simultaneously lethal for the weak who glorified their weakness. Clarke did not fear them. If ten came for revenge, he would kill them. If a hundred men chased him, he would kill them too. If the entire world sought vengeance, he would annihilate it. And if he died, it meant only one thing: he was weak and deserved his death.

Clarke replied coldly:

· "Then why did this man dare to attack me in such a despicable and merciless way?"

· "Isn't this an act of aggression against me? And imprisoning me in a box without any food for the entire journey?"

The lady replied:

· "He did that because he thought you wouldn't follow peacefully."

· "Follow him, with all that power? I wouldn't have dared to face him, and now you say this?"

· "Perhaps I am a fiend, but I know when to attack and when to retreat, woman."

Clarke's tone was extremely rude.

Soon, a young woman arrived, seemingly a secretary, looking terrified:

· "My Lady, Tai Fei has arrived and requests your presence. He said: 'Let Hua Yin come to me.'"

· "And he has killed several of the elite guards."

Hua Yin wasn't frightened. Instead, she looked at Clarke, whose face was calm, devoid of arrogance, not even attempting to threaten them with his master.

Clarke laughed arrogantly and said:

· "Are you wondering why I didn't demand my release, or else my master would kill you? Well, let me tell you."

· "Escaping these chains that bind me is far too easy."

Clarke's hand terrifyingly turned spectral.

A world swiftly manifested behind Clarke.

A powerful wave of force shot towards the old man beside him.

But the old man also countered with a punch.

The exchange wasn't equal, but the collision was terrifying. A lightning aura erupted from the old man, flowing horribly. The void itself couldn't withstand it, and Clarke's demonic aura poured forth without any mercy.

Clarke was sent flying far away.

Clarke laughed and said:

· "I expected that after the collision! You are at the Soul Transformation stage!!!!"

Hua Yin was shocked. Clarke had discerned Ma Chengsu's cultivation realm just from the clash of their fists.

Clarke stood up, dusting himself off.

Although Ma Chengsu remained calm, he knew Clarke wouldn't resist now that he understood the gap in their power.

Clarke followed them, laughing inwardly:

· "Disasters pile upon my shoulders. So, the Heavens are trying to prevent my ascent."

· "But even so, this only strengthens my resolve. I will not yield, and I will not calm down."

· "I still strengthen myself. I fight, I struggle."

· "In truth, I thought I was the only clever one, that the Heavens favored me."

· "And I completely forgot about Jin. In truth, I considered him more of a rat than anything else, and now..."

· "I've learned there are other clever people. If I am a wolf, there are other wolves who can compete with you."

· "From now on, I won't be a fool, arrogant and thinking I'm the smartest."

- "It's funny that my sword is truly chipped, unable to cut."
- "But even if it's chipped, and I still fail often, despite that, I will continue to strike, again and again, until I cut down all hardships with my chipped sword."

Clarke and Hua Yin arrived at Tai Fei's waiting room.

He looked at Clarke, who was injured but didn't care.

In truth, Clarke knew this. He really just wanted to warn them using "Tai Fei's" name, even though he knew Tai Fei wouldn't come running from the ends of the earth to save him.

Truly pitiable.

For Tai Fei needed no excuse to kill.

- "So, you've been hunted. Hahahahahaha."

Clarke sat opposite him.

The two schemers were reunited after their separation.

Clarke laughed and said:

- "Ever since I set foot in this city, I knew there was something strange about it."
- "See? It seems you haven't lost your intelligence and wit after all."

Clarke replied:

- "This place is one of the closest to the heavens, among the closest to the sun and the moon."

Hua Yin interjected:

- "What are you two talking about?"

Tai Fei swiftly said:

- "Silence, woman! Do you think even if we included you in our conversation you would understand?"
- "Truly pitiable! Women like you think you can rise to the status of men, but in truth, you know nothing."

· "That's why you've always been excluded from the circles of power."

Tai Fei's words were harsh.

· "Continue, Clarke."

Clarke looked on indifferently, unconcerned, and said:

· "In truth, my theory suggests that our mortal world is smaller than we truly think."

· "To the extent that if the Sun and the Moon were separated, each appearing in a different place..."

· "We could generate infinite energy. That's what we truly need."

· "For example, if the Moon were in the Gothic Kingdom, and the Sun appeared here."

· "As you know, the Moon is a mirror of the Sun. The Moon shines with the Sun's light."

· "Simple knowledge, but precious because of its simplicity."

Tai Fei laughed and said:

· "Good. Now you know what you need to do. Now comes the hardest part: implementation."

· "I myself don't know how to create an array like this."

· "Although, as you know, I don't need to mention this to the public, but it's a secretly crafted art, and it's human."

· "I investigated this matter for many years, and the only one who understood it was the Venerable Mad Sun Conqueror. He was the only one who grasped this."

· "And once he understood it, the Heavens fought him by all means until he died!!!"

Clarke replied:

· "Although the mortal world is small, it is full of frightening secrets."

· "The mortal world is like living on a mountain, and once you leave that mountain, you discover you were just a frog at the bottom of a well..."

· "Because you thought the mountain you lived on was the entire world."

· "But that woman certainly won't stop trying to restrain me."

· "In truth, I haven't understood anything. The world is still narrow, and my path is difficult..."

· "But even so, I will not stop."

· "That's the determination, Clarke. But what is your plan now?"

Clarke replied, reclining:

· "My plan is simple, but it might take a while. Namely, to find the legacies of the Venerable One. I believe his legacies are numerous, not just one."

· "This is my primary goal."

· "And this goal leads me to go to the Gothic Kingdom. There's something there that needs to be... dealt with, and I'll need support, of course."

Tai Fei looked at him piercingly, sensing Clarke was hiding something, and asked:

· "And what do you need to deal with there???"

· "Jin! That brat has caused me many problems and cannot be ignored. He must die without any mercy."

· "But I suspect he has prepared many plans and forces. What I need is a good sword, and when I ask for help, you will appear."

· "And of course, my words include you, Hua Yin."

To be continued...

Chapter 57: Immortal's Descent!!!

Hua Yin asked:

"What do you mean you need me?"

Clarke replied:

"The truth is, terrible things are happening in the Gothic Kingdom. Those from the Higher Realm want to destroy the world."

"I mean our world, not theirs."

"What I'm saying is, we must stop the Devil before he destroys us all!!!!"

Tai Fei inquired:

"Are you saying they've begun to move against us???"

"Yes. Right now, the truth is, they know everything about us, and now they will fight us in earnest."

"As you know, the 'Sword of Stars' – that is the reincarnation of the Star Constellation."

"He tried to kill me."

"Through his scheme, he forced me to temper my strength inside a cave filled with 'Immortal Zombies'."

"And also a 'Demonic Zombie with Eight Arms'."

Hua Yin screamed in terror:

"What are you saying?! You faced the 'Terrifying Eight-Armed King'?"

"Yes, I know it's extremely difficult, almost impossible, for anyone to cultivate such power."

"But what I witnessed that day was terrifying strength."

"At that moment, they did nothing to me."

"But they initiated contact. The one who contacted them was 'Jin'."

"He sent a demon with an immortal body and other cultivators from the Demonic Path after me."

"I overcame them with difficulty, and even so, I emerged with a severe injury to my cultivation foundation."

"But the 'Buddhist Root' completely solved my problem."

Tai Fei responded:

"That's truly unfortunate. The ease with which they monitor the mortal and immortal realms is staggering."

"Although they lost the 'Chasm of Destiny', it allowed them to observe the mortal world."

"And also link the mortal world to the immortal world."

"So their control became widespread."

"Moreover, shattering the 'Chasm of Destiny' is extremely difficult, and the method remains unknown, even to me."

"But what we do know is that the 'Chasm of Destiny' is affected by Emotions!!!"

Clarke shouted loudly:

"What?!"

Tai Fei continued:

"You heard me. That man... what caused his death, their pursuit of him, and the dispatch of the 'Three Tyrants'..."

"...was due to his unique ability. It took the form of ten scrolls of poetry, but their power was utterly terrifying."

"It damaged the 'Chasm of Destiny', causing a horrific breach in the laws of the universe."

"In the past, death was inevitable for humans and all beings."

"But a few people succeeded in breaking that inevitability. After all, we weren't free. And I, as a 'Venerable Devil', disliked that."

"So, through the 'Path of Soul', I managed to drain the souls of humans."

"And through that draining, I was able to remain between the world of the living and the dead."

Clarke was stunned and horrified. Does such a tyrannical method truly exist?! This man destroyed the very laws themselves! Isn't that immortality in its own right?

To remain between the living and the dead?

But wait! If he were immortal, why was he exiled? Clarke asked in amazement:

"If what you say is true, then how is your body not dead? Or how could the Immortal Realm even displace you???"

Tai Fei replied. He was truly a Venerable, his appearance majestic with a murderous aura.

"As for my body,I possess an extreme physique. I have tampered with this body of mine over and over again."

"Thus,I managed to excel in many Paths."

"My greatest strength lies not only in the'Path of Darkness' but also in the 'Path of Soul'."

"There are many Paths,and my comprehension in all of them is at half-step to the 'Sage Ruler', except for the 'Path of Emotions'."

"As for the reason they exiled me,I disrupted the balance of their world. Because I, the 'Spectral King', took control of a mountain called 'Lao Bu'."

"A rumor persisted on that mountain,claiming that souls go there at the moment of their death."

"People didn't believe it,but I did."

"I was in my old age."

"But let me tell you this:No one dared to fight me. Even if the 'Three Tyrants' and the 'Ten Venerables' gathered, and the 'Dragon Clan Patriarch' wished to face me, they would fail."

"After all,I am the 'Spectral Venerable'."

"Souls were in my hands,and they were my sustenance."

"As soon as I went there,I nourished my power with souls, extending my lifespan somewhat."

"At that moment,even though I was a Venerable, I realized death was inescapable except for one thing: 'True Immortality'."

"At that moment,I rebelled against the world."

"I killed a monstrous number,to the point I lost count, for one reason alone."

"My goal was to temper the'Hexa Heavenly Dao Body'."

"The great Paths are titled with six names:"

"-'Path of Life'"

"-'Path of Darkness'"

"-'Path of Soul'"

"-'Path of Qi'"

"-'Path of Death'"

"-and finally, the 'Path of Emotions'!!!"

"Do not underestimate the 'Path of Emotions'. I failed in that Path and did not succeed in gaining Immortality."

"Instead, my body was damaged and could no longer withstand displaying my true power."

"But my soul remained at its great strength."

"At that moment, during my tempering, I was attacked."

"Their ultimate weapon was truly horrifying."

"It was called the 'Will of Death'!!!"

Clarke, shocked, asked:

"So...did it succeed in affecting you?!!"

Tai Fei replied:

"Yes. It caused a conflict within my Dao Marks, resulting in the death of my physical body."

Clarke asked:

"What? Marks???"

Tai Fei laughed:

"You forget you are mortal! Amazingly, you possess Comprehension in the Path of Darkness. As I told you, there are Paths, and they produce arts or extreme techniques."

"And you possess Comprehension in the 'Path of Darkness'. Not only that, you excelled and created your own technique."

"There are several classifications for Comprehension, which measure strength in the Higher Immortal Realm:"

"1.Empty Comprehension"

"2.Quasi-Empty Comprehension"

"3.Advanced Comprehension"

"4.Lord Comprehension"

"5.Master Comprehension"

"6.Great Lord Comprehension"

"7.Royal Comprehension"

"8.Saint Comprehension"

"9.Venerable Comprehension"

"But 'Venerable' was not the end. After 'Venerable', there was more, specifically two more stages. This doesn't negate the power of 'Venerable Comprehension'."

"They are:"

"10.Half-Step to Sage Ruler Comprehension"

"11.Sage Ruler Comprehension (Guardian of the Sanctuary)"

"These are the highest achievable levels in Comprehension and power."

"And the great one before you has approached the peak of the 'Path of Soul' and the 'Path of Death'!!!"

Clarke was terrified:

"You mean you were close to becoming a 'Sage Ruler'? But what stopped you after all that???"

Tai Fei sighed:

"As I told you,I reached 'Venerable Comprehension' in most Paths and was known as the most terrifying being under and above the heavens."

"I was titled the 'Tyrant Venerable, the Spectral King'."

"I became the nightmare of every immortal cultivator in the Higher Realm."

"But despite all those descriptions and the awe-inspiring power I was known for,I was being watched, as I mentioned before."

"At the moment I failed in tempering my'Hexa Heavenly Dao Body', my numerous Dao Marks and Paths were in conflict due to tempering the 'Emotions'."

"I was at my weakest."

"My body became frail,but despite that, my soul did not scatter."

"At that moment,a massive and immense light appeared. I didn't understand it."

"But since I was an expert in the'Path of Death', I knew that beam was imbued with the energy of 'Inevitable Death'. True Immortality prevents the energy of 'Inevitable Death' from affecting you."

"But,as I mentioned, my soul was outside the range of that beam, so it managed to kill my body."

"My soul exited,leaking Death energy."

"At that moment,I was enraged."

"So I used my ultimate technique,inspired when I became a 'Venerable'. I named it 'Soul Diaspora'."

"My soul leaked into several places."

"No one knew."

"But I was present almost everywhere,to the extent I lost track of my clones."

"The heavens were tainted by the power of Death."

"And at that time,the 'Path of Transformation' appeared, and one of its techniques was 'Transformation into a Zombie'."

"Because after over a million years,I managed to gather my soul."

"I had gone insane."

"Imagine your soul remaining between life and death,constantly devouring souls over and over again. My Comprehension increased, the knowledge flooded my head, I felt the resentment of mankind... I couldn't release the souls because the core of my body, before its death, was suppressing the floodgates of souls."

"And after a long time...at that moment, my plan succeeded!!!"

"I succeeded in reclaiming my body!In the end, I didn't use my ultimate technique 'Soul Diaspora' recklessly."

"Thanks to it,I was able to plant my soul in a large number of bodies."

"My will resided in my numerous souls."

"One of my clones possessed a powerful body and terrifying strength."

"He managed to gather my scattered body parts and revive me."

"And that very moment was my return.I recovered my soul completely."

"The scattered parts gathered.My clones converged at my personal mountain, 'Lao Bu', 'Mountain of the Devil King'."

"I devoured those souls,estimated at a million souls. A million living humans. Perhaps I am a murderer."

"But in the end,they belonged to me. At that moment, I swore I would never suffer again, and this world would not be spared from me once more."

"After all,no one has suffered like I have!!!!"

Clarke didn't feel that Tai Fei was wrong or anything of the sort.

But Hua Yin was terrified by what she heard,or in truth, she couldn't believe it. She thought what she was hearing was mere unbelievable heresy.

It wasn't out of stupidity or anything,but we humans reject the truth before our eyes.

But Clarke's perspective was completely different.

The pain Tai Fei suffered only increased his malice.

What Tai Fei lived through was a struggle before the gates of death.

Who among us hasn't struggled before the gates of death?!!

If someone sees his actions as devilish,that's another matter entirely. Tai Fei never found peace; he was isolated from both life and death.

That is harder than anything else.A truly killer prison!!!

Truly pitiable. That was Tai Fei's view.

After devouring all those souls and regaining his great soul, his soul became completely tainted, and his mind was polluted too.

He was completely insane.

But he retained some reason.

What he promised, the entire Immortal World would bear.

Pointing to the sky, with murderous intent. All inhabitants of the Immortal World felt it, especially his sworn enemies whom he hadn't named to Clarke: the 'Guardians of Destiny', the 'Lords of Heaven who bore many titles, they were the ones who decreed the laws'. They were all terrified. They were like chickens awaiting slaughter. But what Tai Fei said was the most terrifying. The 'Spectral Venerable' said:

"From now on, I will show no mercy. My suffering and struggle before death shall be endured by everyone, be they child, elder, or woman."

"All of them shall taste the bitterness of struggling before death."

"And perhaps they won't even get to taste it, for those who have never suffered before death, not even I originally... but this time it's different! I know you are watching me, so witness my words: You WILL experience the bitterness of struggle!!!"

After that new birth of Tai Fei, what happened was:

Kill!!!

Kill!!!

Kill!!!

To be continued.....

Chapter 58: The Search for the Extreme Technique!!!

Clarke exited after the meeting, with Hua Yin accompanying him.

He asked her:

•"So, do you have a good sword for me?"

Hua Yin was surprised by his question:

•"You need a sword? That's strange, you fight with your fists."

• "True, but I'm still skilled at killing with a sword. I've even mastered reversing the sword, after all."

•"Moreover, I possess one of the strongest comprehensions of the Blade Path: 'The Heaven-Severing Blade of the Demon King'."

Hua Yin was shocked! Clarke possessed extreme techniques of the Great Sun Conqueror!

Hua Yin replied:

•"Alright, I'll find you a good sword."

Hua Yin intended to leave, but Clarke grabbed her hand and said:

•"I still want to talk more. I have some questions."

Hua Yin nodded in agreement, prompted by the seriousness on Clarke's face.

The two went to one of the rooms. A servant brought green tea and served them both.

Clarke looked serious, took a sip of tea, and spoke:

•"Well, Hua Yin, what I really have is another request and a question."

•"First: Have any strange phenomena occurred here?!"

Hua Yin looked at him puzzled:

•"What do you mean?"

Clarke replied:

•"I mean things like a rift in the sky, or the appearance of a great legacy."

•"What I'm implying is that this place is threatened by danger..."

Clarke knew a hidden truth: The Great Sun Conqueror possessed only one legacy.

But the Great Sun Conqueror had discovered legacies of immortals unknown to them. Perhaps the Guardians of the Will of Heaven and Destiny had hidden this truth in the mortal world, and the one who discovered it was the Great Sun Conqueror.

And those legacies would likely spark wars.

For those in Heaven had their own pawns, meaning Clarke alone stood against Heaven and its pawns.

Hua Yin replied after a long thought:

•"In truth, yes. A strange glow appeared in the void."

•"That's all I know, I truly don't have more information."

Clarke calmed down and asked:

•"Well then, I want a sturdy place suitable for secluded cultivation training."

Hua Yin nodded in agreement.

Clarke followed her through the palace. As he expected: upon entering the city, followers of Buddhist sects were everywhere, the scent of their incense filling the air.

But the palace here was different from the Jade City; it was distinguished.

The servants in their uniforms gave it an elegant charm.

Clarke had arrived. It was a spacious, isolated room in an outer area, entered through a runic gate of spatial magic.

Perhaps it was one of the Paths Tai Fei had mentioned.

Clarke entered and secluded himself.

The room was solid, made from the finest and rarest types of iron to withstand harsh training.

But Clarke spoke to himself, saying:

•"I only have two days to enhance my strength. After all, Heaven has sent competitors to obtain the legacy before me."

•"I need to acquire this legacy. As for Tai Fei..."

•"My confidence in him is starting to decline."

•"When I first met him, he said he wanted to see true immortality. Now everything justifies his ascent to Heaven. In truth, he wants revenge on those who isolated and ostracized him."

•"I don't know what else he's hiding, or why he avoided mentioning the method they used to banish him to the mortal world."

•"But he is actually very useful. Also, without his information, I wouldn't have known about the diversity of cultivation paths."

•"Currently, as he said, I possess comprehension in the Path of Darkness."

•"But what if I could create something new? I mean the 'Heavenly Fists' - I can make them empty and spectral."

•"What if I could steal from my enemies? Their memories, perhaps? Maybe other things that would enable me..."

•"...to acquire their combat arts, obtain their information and lethal techniques, granting me greater power."

•"But all this time, the System hasn't appeared, nor have I received any notifications from the inhabitants of the Higher Realm. I wonder why???"

Clarke tried to open the System, but!!!

A strange notification appeared:

System Level 2 Has Been Activated!!!!

Clarke was shocked, then laughed, and began exploring the System:

Name: Clarke

Strength:75

Mana:50

Stamina:80

Durability:90

Agility:78

Demonic Energy:40

Skills:

Nurak's Fist= 5

Dragon's Blessing= 4

Athena's Blessing= 3

Click Down!!!

Clarke was surprised; there were other things.

He clicked to see more:

Cultivation: Peak Enlightenment Realm

Path of Darkness Cultivation:Lord

Blade Path:Quasi-Empty

Qi Path:Advanced

Path ????:Advanced Comprehension

Supporting Asterisms:

You are currently the Emissary of the World Constellation.

Because you are supported by the World Constellation,it allows communication with you now!!!!

Clarke laughed and said:

•"In truth, my best ally is the World Constellation!"

•"But in reality, I don't know if it possesses information. It's truly puzzling."

Clarke continued exploring; there was also the System Shop.

Clarke laughed,wondering if he had any money in this shop.

He was shocked to find he possessed 30,000"Yunhai".

Various weapons were sold, along with alchemy pills, and a strange scroll, perhaps concerning an art or cultivation method. It was intriguing.

Clarke wanted to gamble on those papers, so with thirty thousand Yunhai, he bought the only available scroll. It contained a strange text Clarke couldn't understand.

- "Damn this wretched System! It provides a text like this but doesn't offer a translation service!"

A strange voice echoed in Clarke's mind:

- "And you think I'm your maid, you scoundrel?!!"

Clarke fell to his knees, terrified, and said:

- "Who are you? How can I hear your voice in my mind?"

She replied to him:

- "I am your personal agent, and my name is 'Mao Hua'."

- "What? Mao Hua? And what exactly is your role? Why did they put something so annoying in my head?"

Clarke sensed Mao Hua's emotions; he was bewildered.

She sighed angrily:

- "All that happened because of my foolishness!"

- "After all, I am one of the rebels against the Will of Heaven, even though I was once their follower."

- "And despite being killed after stealing several pieces of information..."

- "...I'm shocked now to find myself inside your mind, controlling this System! And yet, strangely, I didn't know about the existence of something like this! In truth..."

- "But nevertheless, the information existed within my memory stored in the Will."

Clarke knew he was an enemy of Heaven, so why would Heaven reward him with such a thing?

In truth, Mao Hua possessed information from those trying to kill him; in fact, they were watching him.

Also, as Tai Fei said, they were watching everything.

Clarke spoke coldly:

•"Woman, I don't know your story, but there's something strange about you. As far as I know, the Will of Heaven that controls people's destinies and fortunes wouldn't grant me something like this."

•"After all, the 'Chasm of Destiny' is against me."

•"And it is an agent of the Will of Heaven. So answer me: how could I be fortunate to have you???"

Mao Hua replied:

•"It's not like that. This matter isn't related to the Will of Heaven or the Chasm of Destiny; it's deeper than that."

•"My own will... I still don't know how it transferred into your mind, that I can control your System, and have even become your intermediary."

•"And the creator of this System... it's truly complex and hard to understand, honestly."

•"You yourself possess a depth concerning Heaven that even we don't know."

Clarke replied:

•"If you don't know it, then as you know, the Star Constellation knows about the System and is a major partner in the predicament I'm in."

Mao Hua replied:

•"Yes, because after all, you are considered an enemy of the Star Constellation!!!"

Clarke interrupted her, laughing:

•"How do you know about my enmity with the Star Constellation? I didn't even tell you! I said it was a partner, but I didn't say it was my enemy."

•"Moreover, I don't know who my enemies are; I'm walking an unknown path."

•"Mao Hua, are you reading my thoughts and knowing my memories and everything hidden in the mind of this great lord?!"

Clarke was cunning; with just one word he had exposed her.

But Clarke still faced a complex problem: even if he knew, what method could he use to prevent her from reading his thoughts? After all, the matter was complicated.

But Mao Hua was silent. She wasn't frightened by the exposure, but remained calm:

•"In truth, you're a fool! I have become part of your mind, and of course, not a single one of your secrets will be hidden from me."

Clarke asked in surprise:

•"So, will you know how many times I go to the bathroom? And see me... relieving myself without any shame? Don't you feel embarrassed???"

Clarke looked stupid asking such a foolish question.

He felt the disgust directed at him from Mao Hua.

Mao Hua sighed and said:

•"I will help you with information and my experience."

•"I specialize in the Refinement Path, and I have great expertise."

Clarke was surprised and asked:

•"The Refinement Path???"

Mao Hua replied:

•"Those of the Refinement Path are individuals who can refine extreme techniques and styles. You mortals are such fools, mastering nothing! Also, extreme styles aren't combat arts as you describe them; they are styles refined through understanding of the Dao, utilizing resources, branching into their paths, and employing various techniques from other paths."

•"After all, only a very few can create a single extreme technique."

•"After all, you managed to create an extreme technique, establishing a completely new path."

•"And your idea of stealing memories... this indeed grants you numerous ways..."

•"...to access their secrets, and also their extreme techniques and paths!!"

•"An extreme technique requires using your comprehension across multiple paths."

•"Let's calculate: The new path 'Theft', combined with the Path of Darkness – thanks to it you can form fists."

•"And the path you used to move the fists is the Qi Path."

•"That's three! With this, you can create eight fists."

•"But what you truly need is the Path of Dreams!"

•"As you know, dreams are related to our memories. What produces our dreams is our subconscious and our experiences, whether sweet or bitter. Our minds recall those memories in different ways."

•"So the 'Heavenly Hands'... You know what? Let me give them a new title: 'The Heaven-Stealing Hands of the Demon King'!!!"

•"Ah... I got a little carried away."

•"The 'Heavenly Hands', if merged with the Path of Dreams – as I said before – will allow you, through combat, to obtain the memories hidden by humans."

•"That is a great power, in truth!"

•"But excessive knowledge affects your soul, so it's best to know when you might use it!!!"

Clarke replied:

•"You're actually right! The mind? You're hiding something from me. I don't think its name is the 'Path of Dreams'."

•"It's the 'Path of Will'! If my soul is affected, it's because I'm delving into their souls, isn't that right? The soul is connected to will; if you steal something from the soul, the will must inevitably be affected."

•"Mao Hua, tell me, is there any truth to what you're saying?"

•"Perhaps the 'Path of Dreams' truly exists, but its principle is different from the 'Path of Theft' I intend to create."

•"I'm thinking of replacing 'Emotions' with the 'Path of Theft'."

•"Has anyone ever thought of that before?"

Mao Hua responded:

•"You're asking me a question beyond my knowledge! In the end, only Great Demon Venerable The Spectral dared to refine such a body."

Clarke sighed. The matter was strange, for according to Clarke's knowledge, the "Path of Emotions" would make him experience terrifying feelings that could destroy his mind.

But he calmed down. And after all, he began his training. The hours passed.

But Clarke coughed up a lot of blood.

Mao Hua said:

- "You managed to enter the depths of your inner self in the dream world. You will succeed."

Clarke asked:

- "But it's difficult! Every time I try to enter, I see strange things."

Once again, Clarke struck himself with a spectral fist.

Using certain waves and fusing the "King's Fingers", Clarke succeeded once more in reaching his subconscious mind.

Clarke awoke in a strange manner. This wasn't the first strange scene he had witnessed in his mind, but this time it was different.

He was inside one of the clans. He was bewildered, but he felt it was one of the tribes he might have belonged to in a past life he knew nothing about.

But he was tragically destitute.

For Clarke's clan recognized talent.

Clarke was in his adolescence. Everyone thought he was talented; a youth of fifteen years reciting poetry:

- "I gather grains of sand like one gathering the years of his life..."

- "Ashes of a youth tainted by disgrace, walking despite his weakness, even though he is mere ashes..."

- "But despite the weakness, these ashes will in time transform into a wild phoenix!"

Soon, several elders emerged, surrounding this youth, saying:

- "Well done, Clarke! What a talented young man!"

But in the end, his talent was classified as:

- "Low-grade, weak talent. Useless."

His weakness was terrifying.

But now, Clarke wasn't just seeing the memories – he was living them! He was now weak in the world of dreams.

And the damage he received here could kill him! His current task was to discover an extreme technique within the world of dreams.

For in the world of dreams, extreme techniques are discovered, not made, or one can find inspiration for them within the same world.

And now, Clarke's immediate mission is Survival!!!

To be continued.....

Chapter 59: The Search for the Extreme Technique(1)

Clarke was wandering through the clan's grounds.

He knew what was about to happen.

Due to the number of times he had died, his soul was damaged, and he kept repeating the cycle, over and over.

It always escaped him.

It took the form of a Cicada, named the "Mind Cicada"! The extreme technique "Soul Revelation"!!!

If he could obtain it, his extreme technique in the Path of Theft, once its first movements were complete, would become real!

And not a lie!!!

Five assassins appeared before Clarke.

He was calm, his heart as clear as the rivers of Danghun in the great state of Qing.

Why? Because he had experienced death more than once, making his heart exceptionally calm.

Clarke charged at them, attacking.

He was very weak; his cultivation barely reached the initial King stage, while they were at its peak.

But Clarke was not despairing.

Instead, he charged forward, attacking.

Their clashes were intense.

Everyone stayed away from their fight.

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

Clarke's punches pierced through his opponents.

After all, he had high comprehension in the Path of Darkness.

But his injuries were severe too.

Nevertheless, he was clearing the first scene.

For the dream world was composed of scenes with specific objectives drawn from his memories.

The objective of the first scene was Survival.

This was Clarke's first time entering the dream world, and his unknown memories had surfaced.

He was so lucky that in the very first scene, the Cicada appeared, and due to his foolishness... he died.

He felt intense anger, Clarke! But he persevered and tried many times, and now he was certain he would succeed in this attempt!!!

Clarke began to open his eyes.

The second scene began.

Strangely, he found himself in the midst of a ceremony he didn't understand, but he was elegantly dressed, wearing a red robe as if he were about to be married.

But based on his experience with numerous trials, he knew that when scenes first begin, you must study them and study your surroundings.

Clarke began looking around... extensively.

And he sensed a killing intent flowing towards him.

Clarke's cultivation level was strangely high in this scene.

He was at the Soul Integration stage.

But the killing intent still surged between the two of them.

Until that person declared it publicly.

Clarke said it loudly, making his heart overflow with happiness.

His opponent's title: Ling Wu Yai, or Patriarch of the Wu Yai Clan.

Clarke had come to marry the Patriarch's daughter.

A political marriage, in short.

Ling Wu Yai said:

- "Today, a wondrous and unique phenomenon will appear."

."The River of Flowing Time will manifest in the Ancestral Cave of the Cold Demon King."

."It is said that within this river, several unique extreme techniques appear, one of which is the unique Cicada!!!"

Clarke was shocked! Finally, he would obtain the Cicada.

But Ling Wu Yai said:

- "However, in this river, its end and beginning are unknown. Furthermore, your cultivation level is not high."

."Are you bold enough to take this risk?"

Clarke laughed loudly:

- "All my life, I have struggled. Even though my talent is low, I still struggle. Perhaps I am a fly soaring among dragons' fangs."

."But I still aspire to soar above the clouds."

."My heart is without blemish, Patriarch Ling. I take this risk, for after all, I love your daughter!!!"

He kissed the Elder's daughter's hand to provoke everyone. Truthfully, Clarke did it on purpose.

But now... many dangers lay before him.

A bright light flashed in Clarke's face.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Loud explosion sounds changed the scene. But Clarke heard the explosion sounds before opening his eyes.

Fierce battles raged strangely before a great cave.

It was massive and covered in snow.

Ling Wu Yai's daughter, Cha Wu Yai, approached:

· "Clarke, please, you won't succeed."

Clarke asked angrily:

· "What? What happened?"

Cha Wu Yai replied:

· "Everyone else started from the middle of the river, while you did not."

Clarke replied furiously:

· "Why? Just tell me! Damn it!"

Cha Wu Yai replied:

· "All of them are of the Cold Demon's bloodline, while you are not. For those who are descendants of the Cold Demon..."

· "...can start from the middle of the river."

· "Meaning you must start from the river's beginning and struggle amidst the battles with those like you."

· "You have fallen behind the group."

Clarke looked at her coldly; that did not dampen his resolve.

Strikes of ice and water were thrown at them from all directions.

But Clarke advanced without any concern, saying:

· "If I had to start from the end of the world to get here, I would not lose hope."

Clarke despises the wretched.

· "For the wretched tells you he is wretched without reason, because he fell once."

· "How pitiful they are! If they saw the number of times I have fallen and I still walk on my own feet, they would flee from me, wailing."

Clarke said it just like that.

He advanced towards the cave entrance.

It was pitch dark; he felt water around his feet.

Yet, he kept advancing calmly.

Soon, Clarke heard the sounds of fighting.

He laughed in his mind, saying:

· "Even in my dreams, I still struggle and fight! Is this even part of reality?"

· "The River of Flowing Time..."

· "That such a thing exists and I can recall it in my mind is truly terrifying."

Clarke reached them.

Strangely, they were frenzied, launching their attacks in a fearsome manner.

One of them was cultivating a path called the "Path of Clouds."

Clouds were forming into a restraining domain.

Clarke, simultaneously, was attempting to combine an extreme technique merging Poisons and the Path of Clouds.

But Clarke unleashed his Heavenly Fists.

He killed the master of the clouds.

But he emerged with a half-burnt face.

His ear had melted, and due to his face being burnt, he lost his left eye.

But everything only increased his resolve! It was pure perseverance to reach beyond that.

Clarke charged, attacking the opponent who was cultivating the Path of Water and Ice.

By merging these two paths, he could form extreme techniques.

Clarke charged.

But the water around him rose before him and solidified into an icy form.

But Clarke's opponent needed something stronger to stop him.

However, Clarke, due to his negligence, had his shoulder pierced by an icy spear.

He felt a terrifying pain in his will.

But he charged and engaged his enemy.

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

That man was weak in raw strength, relying on long-range attacks.

Clarke's punches shattered his bones.

He killed all his opponents.

Clarke was panting.

It was a pitiful sight! A foolish man struggling despite his adverse circumstances. Everyone else started from the middle of the river, while Clarke started from the beginning!

And also, he faced numerous obstacles.

Many emotions flooded Clarke's mind.

Clarke saw many massive islands moving in the river, invisible and transparent as well.

But Clarke could see them.

Each island represented humans in general! These were their fortunes and destinies.

For humans are many, clashing with each other.

He saw the islands clashing against each other, and sometimes all moving without any problems.

Clarke laughed and said:

· "We are truly enemies to each other! We shout that we are righteous, but in the end, we plot schemes against one another."

· "Not as a justification for myself or my kind, but this is the truth of humanity."

· "After all, we are just clashing islands on the River of Destiny. Sometimes we fall there, and other times we fall onto the correct path."

Clarke kept walking. He truly knew nothing! Nothing!

What should he do? This logical question didn't cross his mind.

For he persevered through all those hardships.

After all, Clarke was, at one time, wretched.

He was sad.

He was happy.

He was filled with determination.

He had lost determination.

But... he still persevered despite all those hardships.

A journey of tears and thirst for success.

For Clarke's will is stronger than anything.

It wouldn't matter if he found immortality, for after all, this grand, majestic goal is what gives his life meaning...

The stories of the greats had influenced him.

But they did not weaken his resolve; instead, they increased his determination to achieve his goal.

To prove himself and find peace for his own soul.

For the world of cultivators is not ruled by law, but by strength.

In his second life, Clarke tasted the bitterness of humiliation.

He had no talent; he was the lowest among his peers.

He was expelled from his clan.

The one he considered a brother had died.

Only he remained.

In truth, he had grieved greatly.

But he said:

· "I was righteous among the righteous, a pillar among the great pillars."

· "But the righteous themselves stole from me and devoured what I possessed."

· "So what then? If they want the game this way, then I will be a demon until I die! And if I return, I shall remain a demon!"

· "For after all, Clarke was a demon made by his world!!!"

His feet became sore from walking so much on the water.

But his eyes shone with a strange light.

He reached the midpoint... the middle of the river.

He didn't know if there was an end that anyone could reach or not.

But still, he kept advancing.

For the hardships were nothing but fuel for this lord's determination!!!

There was an island with a strange, tangible form; he didn't know what was happening.

Or what that island meant.

But he climbed onto it. He was truly tired.

And his appearance was pitiful. But his appearance wasn't important... important to him, that is.

As Clarke climbed up, he saw a man with a majestic appearance, radiating a strange aura that distinguished Tai Fei from everyone else.

Clarke knew automatically: the aura of the Ninth Rank!

Venerable!!!!

To be continued.....

Chapter 60: The Cicada's Refinement - Completion!!!

Clarke was calm, unafraid despite facing a cultivator with Venerable comprehension.

Clarke said flatteringly:

•"I greet the great Lord."

The man looked at Clarke. He wore a robe of pure white with tied-back hair.

He clearly had the appearance of the righteous.

He said:

•"I didn't expect the River of Time to exist in your mind! It's truly strange."

Clarke looked utterly shocked upon hearing this. The Venerable continued:

•"In truth, the River of Time exists in everything, even in the dream world. But its existence specifically in your mind..."

Clarke asked:

•"What does this mean exactly?"

The Venerable replied:

•"It means that in some miraculous way, you will inherit my legacy in the Path of Time."

Clarke laughed:

•"So, what is the legacy?"

The Venerable replied:

•"My legacy is the 'Mantis of Illusion', the extreme technique... I'll give you a hint: use it only as a last resort."

•"And the other is the recipe for the Cicada."

•"But which do you choose?!"

Clarke was put in a difficult position, perhaps difficult for fools. But Clarke's determination to create the Path of Theft was something he would never abandon.

Clarke replied:

•"I will go for the Cicada. Thank you, sir."

The Venerable laughed and said:

•"You've done well! After all, you came for it. But listen: I am Chen Jia Jin, the great Demon Venerable of the Time Scroll."

•"And my true legacy has a key, which I will bestow upon you. The Mantis is the key to my legacy. If you can comprehend it, you will become a Venerable."

•"What I mean is that you will obtain my comprehension."

Clarke laughed and said:

•"What? And how do I find it? Tell me."

The Venerable replied:

•"I am part of the true Will. And where exactly the true body disappeared... this is something I still don't know. As I mentioned, I am part of the complete Will, but the key is the Mantis."

Clarke replied:

•"Then how do I refine the Cicada???"

The Venerable replied:

•"The River of Time grants humans much and exciting inspiration."

•"If you advance, you will find your way. Don't worry..."

The Will began to dissipate.

Clarke was furious! If he had obtained the Cicada earlier, he could have stolen the Venerable's Will and gained much useful information. But at least he had obtained this strange Mantis.

The small island also dissipated! In the end, it represented his power and lifespan, and its dissipation meant he had truly died.

Clarke asked himself as he walked:

•"I wonder, is this perseverance? For how long had Time waited for someone to reach him, and by mere chance, I found my way to him?! Thanks to pure coincidence, nothing more."

•"But I am truly happy! What gives my life beautiful charm and pleasure are the challenges I undertake tirelessly, despite all these difficulties. We still struggle, we fight despite everything! After all, no life is devoid of challenges."

•"In the end, humans live a hundred years, so why do they get angry that life is hard?"

•"We all still struggle, we still strive and clash among the waves! It's funny, really!"

•"But that is the joy of life."

Cha Wu Yai appeared behind Clarke, crying.

She grabbed Clarke's shoulder. He turned to her.

She was horrified by his disfigured face.

• "Clarke, please, let's stop! Have mercy on yourself, you don't need to do all this!"

Clarke moved again, saying:

•"Get away from me, woman! You truly are annoying restraints! Are you trying to stop me?!"

Cha Wu Yai fell into the water, crying.

Clarke didn't look back at her even once, instead continuing on his path.

In truth, he didn't think of turning back even once.

Clarke reached a place that was extremely dark, unlike before.

He felt something touching his heart.

He felt something flying around him.

The sounds of explosions! A fierce battle was taking place.

But Clarke had obtained the Cicada recipe.

Despite the danger, he sat in the middle of the river without any concern, saying:

- "What's the use of life if it doesn't contain some risks?"
- "Perhaps my previous self chose a better path! I emerged with a disfigured face and a dire condition, but I still want more!"
- "Every time I reach a new peak, I say there's still something above it."
- "An unknown journey full of tears and wiping them away..."
- "Today I walk on a river,"
- "Tomorrow I ride the dragon,"
- "Reaching the highest heavens."
- "A madman laughing in the face of adversity,"
- "Persevering despite hardships! What leads him to the summit is his perseverance."

Refinement knowledge flowed into Clarke's mind.

Spiritual flames appeared miraculously from his hand.

He began refining, taking out several cold spiritual materials like the "Cold Silkworm," the "Frigid Fox Blood,"

and finally the "Wu Yai Family Wine" made from the coldest materials.

Clarke felt something moving on his shoulder.

He moved his single eye to the right.

It was the Cicada! After all, it would be attracted to all this. But it was still in its non-material state, meaning he had to refine it to become material and part of his body.

Quickly, Clarke gently grabbed it with his left hand and threw it into the fire, which had turned cold due to the refinement materials.

The refinement continued for fifteen breaths.

It was exhausting to maintain the flames, especially the strange freezing sensation.

But soon Clarke heard a voice calling him:

•"You! Hand over the Cicada, or else..."

Clarke quickly realized these were invaders in his dream world.

But the real Cicada was still forming in his hands! He was in real trouble.

Clarke laughed heartily:

•"Fuhahahahahahaha! You think you've trapped me? Well, let me show you my true power at the Soul Integration stage!"

Soon, the Heaven-Stealing Heavenly Fists materialized!

And charged at them, attacking.

Clarke was only trying to buy time, nothing more.

He had two opponents: one cultivating the Path of Luck,
and the other cultivating the Path of the Blade.

The Luck Path cultivator laughed and said:

•"Let me show you true misfortune!"

Clarke was shocked! The abilities of misfortune...

Soon, the water under Clarke's feet turned strangely acidic.

Clarke began moving quickly to alleviate the pain, laughing as he said:

•"Is this all you have? It seems your pitiful group sent some fools to kill me!"

But the spiritual flames and the Cicada began to interact strangely! The Cicada became stubbornly resistant.

He was furious! He couldn't die, because he would lose the Cicada permanently.

Soon, the Blade Path cultivator charged at Clarke.

But Clarke summoned the World to protect him!

He was fighting face-to-face with death!

The World grew stronger and stronger due to the increased cultivation stage, its strikes fast and dense.

The Blade Path cultivator screamed:

•"Damn it! Why is he so strong?!"

The Cicada in Clarke's hands began its final stages! Nothing remained.

"Grrraahhh!"

The Blade Path cultivator managed to stab the World in its abdomen.

Clarke spat out a lot of blood, but he laughed!

Because the World managed to grab his opponent's sword!

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

The World's directed punches shook the River of Time with their intensity and great impact.

The opponent's body was thrown far away. Clarke managed to steal his sword!

It didn't affect his opponent; on the contrary! He possessed an extreme technique for storing swords and drew another one.

Clarke gripped the sword and decided to fight as well.

But he didn't notice the Luck Path cultivator! That wretched man was cultivating another path: the Path of Blood!

There was a drop of blood on Clarke's shoulder, and what happened...

Boom!!!!

Clarke was sent flying! His injuries worsened! They were much stronger than him.

He could no longer fight.

He felt it was the end, saying:

•"Hahahahaha! And what if I really die in the end? Who can escape death? After all, I've struggled all my life! Perhaps this will be my relief."

Clarke looked angrily! If he could gain just one minute, the Cicada's refinement would be completed! Only its head remained to form.

But, shockingly, luck smiled upon Clarke!

For Cha Wu Yai had brought her clansmen to help!

Clarke laughed! Finally...

The Luck and Blood Path cultivator charged at Clarke.

He was terrified and nervous! He felt the hair on his hands stand up from terror, but despite that, he laughed!

He was laughing in the face of adversity! He hadn't tasted such excitement in a long time!

That madman wounded his own hands to pour blood on Clarke and detonate it insanely!

But Clarke shouted loudly:

•"World! Stop time!!!"

Time stopped! Clarke laughed! Only a few seconds remained until the refinement was complete!

He lifted the sword and approached the Luck Path cultivator. He had to kill him! If he didn't, he would meet a tragic end.

In a swift glance! A powerful move severed his head!

Clarke managed to kill him!

But he couldn't stop time for long! After all, he had lost much of his strength, and his soul was severely injured.

Now Clarke resembled a man fighting on the edge of death!

Time was up! Five seconds! Even at his peak, he could only stop it for ten seconds.

But, shockingly, Clarke's body glowed! The Cicada's refinement was complete!

It rose to the sky! Everyone turned to look at Clarke.

The Blade Path cultivator looked terrified, saying:

•"I won't be Song Baijun if I don't kill you now!"

But Clarke laughed! He raised his hands with full dignity:

•"No surrender! This man's reward after all those difficult circumstances! For he emerged victorious!"

His appearance was overwhelming with majesty and dignity! Despite his injuries, he still radiated determination.

He finally grasped the Cicada! It was fully refined and submitted to his will.

Clarke laughed:

•"Now accept your defeat!"

Clarke waved his hands! His comprehension in the Path of Dreams was high, and he could leave the dreams! And because he achieved the scene's objective...

And Clarke had achieved it and triumphed despite all those circumstances!!!

To be continued.....