

# **The Shadow of Immortality #Chapter 61: Refining the Defensive Extreme Technique - Read The Shadow of Immortality Chapter 61: Refining the Defensive Extreme Technique**

## **Chapter 61: Refining the Defensive Extreme Technique**

Clarke woke up and immediately felt a maddening reaction in his body. He spat out a lot of blood.

Clarke's body was trembling terrifyingly. He didn't know the reason.

Soon, Mao Hua screamed at him:

•"Be careful! It's a spiritual backlash due to your numerous injuries in the dream world!"

Clarke was terrified. He was in severe pain.

Crimson blood flowed from Clarke. The physical pain was horrifying.

The least Clarke could describe the pain was like being pierced by a thousand swords.

He crawled to get out of the isolated room. Such a pitiful end was not something Clarke favored.

His soul was disintegrating due to the numerous experiences he had undergone in the dream world.

With difficulty, Clarke approached and exited the isolated room.

And lost consciousness!!!

• "Boy! Wake up!!! Clarke, wake up, you fool!!!"

Mao Hua was screaming harshly in Clarke's head.

He opened his eyes with difficulty.

He was lying on a comfortable bed in a huge room full of furniture.

Tai Fei was also present, who asked in surprise:

•"What happened to you, boy???"

Clarke replied:

•"I overdid the training, and my soul was terribly injured."

Tai Fei replied:

•"I know your soul is severely damaged, for after all, I am a Venerable in the Path of Soul."

•"But what kind of training could injure your soul like this? Boy, don't think I'm a fool!"

•"For it's impossible to harm your soul except in two cases: either your soul suffers a direct injury, or you engage in battles of will..."

•"...or the last possibility: you reached the dream world!!!"

Clarke knew that this devil couldn't be hidden from. After all, Clarke didn't like being a big mouth and telling him everything.

Also, Tai Fei was hiding many things.

Clarke replied with a sigh:

•"I was refining my own path normally and training."

•"At that moment, I was trying to coordinate my attacks with my Heavenly Fists."

•"At that moment, the Heaven-Stealing Fists struck me!"

•"I didn't know exactly what those fists did, but they transported me to another world."

•"I lived through strange experiences I didn't know were in my memories, and I repeated it over and over..."

•"...until I managed to escape."

Clarke had indeed silenced Tai Fei; it was true he had hidden many things, but Tai Fei didn't know about Mao Hua.

Mao Hua said:

•"This person is dangerous! Be careful!!!!"

Clarke paid her no attention, instead speaking to Tai Fei and asking:

•"My soul, have you healed it???"

Tai Fei replied:

•"No, for this is your task. What I mean is that I will give you the method, and you must refine it."

• "What exactly do you mean by 'refine it'?"

Tai Fei replied:

•"It is the defensive-type extreme technique: 'The Countless Self'."

•"With this technique, you can repair and protect your soul as well."

•"For I have treated the spiritual collapse that afflicted you using the souls I possess, but this method is dangerous."

•"For the resentment of the souls will attack you and destroy your soul, or worse: drive you insane."

Clarke shouted at him angrily:

•"You are reckless! Do you intend to kill me? Why use such a method without my knowledge?"

Tai Fei's killing intent was truly terrifying. He stared at Clarke in a terrifying and confusing manner.

Tai Fei replied:

•"Clarke, you pauper! Have you forgotten who I am? For after all, I am the Great Demon Venerable The Spectral Tyrant!"

•"I speak to you politely, but you address me with vulgar language! Have you forgotten that killing you is like crushing an insect to me?!"

Clarke was not terrified; instead, he adopted a calm stance.

And nodded to Tai Fei respectfully.

Tai Fei spoke:

•"Well, the resources for refining such a technique are expensive, so I will help you."

•"For once you refine it, you will deal with the souls' resentment and it will become part of your soul."

Clarke nodded in agreement. He obtained the resources from Tai Fei without saying a word.

Clarke returned to the isolated room.

He sat down, preparing for refinement.

Mao Hua said to Clarke in a cautious tone:

•"You must be careful of him! For in the end, you are dealing with the Spectral Venerable. You don't know the extent of this person's terror."

Clarke replied:

•"Of course I know he is terrifying, but what do you mean by 'extent'?"

Mao Hua replied:

•"The Great Demon Venerable The Spectral Tyrant King, when he declared his wrath upon humanity, had one simple rule for resolving matters:"

•"It was: If you want to kill!!!"

•"You are despicable → Kill!!!"

•"He is arrogant → Kill!!!"

•"Why are you acting like this? → Kill!"

•"You are ugly → Kill!!!"

•"You scoundrel!!! → Kill!"

•"You don't retreat → Kill!!!!!"

•"Whether someone dared to say such things to him or not, he would imagine their actions in his mind and based on that, kill them!"

•"He caused a horrifying number of deaths!"

•"And he disappeared under mysterious circumstances, and when we learned he was alive, it was when he met you!!!"

Clarke was shocked! He was being watched in every step he took.

Clarke took out the materials he had obtained:

• The Spectral King's blood!!!

- The Cold Dungeon Demon's Soul Plant

- A human heart

- And finally: Remnants of a resentful soul

Clarke ignited a spiritual flame.

And began the refinement.

Unlike the Cicada, which only needed its body formed, Clarke needed to form the entire extreme technique.

And did he even have a choice? In the end, he had to refine it or he would suffer.

Clarke began shaping it with extreme difficulty.

Hours passed, and Clarke suffered internally due to the polluted souls inside him.

He failed many times in the refinement, trying over and over again.

For in the end, he didn't have many refinement materials.

Until he stopped at one attempt... It was the last one.

Dark circles appeared under his eyes.

On the brink of destruction.

Mao Hua said:

- "It's bad that you've reached the final stages, but I have found the effective method for you to refine this extreme technique."

- "But are you ready to hear this?"

- "The success rate is high, but if you fail, your body might explode!!!"

Clarke replied:

- "Tell me, woman."

Nothing mattered anymore. For at least exploding was better than going insane and being killed by Tai Fei in an easier way.

Mao Hua continued:

•"Well, since you want to know, it's a demonic method from the Path of Blood called 'River of Blood'."

•"You must wound your body with numerous cuts and let the blood flow madly."

•"After that, instead of refining in the fire, you will refine it with your blood!"

•"You will learn the technique before starting the refinement."

•"But the final step that I said might kill you..."

•"...is swallowing the extreme entity that might form into a vortex or another small thing."

•"But eternal extreme techniques have a powerful effect on Heaven and Earth! They are part of Heaven and Earth."

•"If they rarely appear in the external world, they will cause catastrophes on Earth."

•"Meaning you must subdue it inside your body before it even completes, and impose your will!!!"

Clarke laughed and said:

•"Of course, I dare!"

Hours passed and Clarke was still training. His tolerance for pain was immense. It was like an artistic painting adorned with blood. This refinement art deserved to be described as a merciless demonic refinement art.

Mao Hua:

•"Clarke, this is your only chance! Either succeed or fail."

Clarke believed this was his only chance.

But after all, he didn't care about the magnitude of the risks that would befall him.

For either he would succeed and gain great rewards, or truly die. A difficult gamble, but his face was cold. He commenced the refinement stages.

Despite the numerous wounds on Clarke's body that were healing due to cultivators' healing abilities being higher than mortals, this blood loss was very terrifying and dangerous! After all, his body closed the wounds but didn't regenerate his blood in seconds.

He began wounding himself. That was the first step.

From several places, blood flowed from the numerous wounds, as if they were water taps.

After that, the blood rose.

The refinement materials emerged and the Spectral Venerable's blood mixed with Clarke's blood.

Clarke succeeded in enduring the first difficult process.

After that, he transferred hot Qi Yuan to the blood, causing the materials to melt and gradually take shape.

Everything approached the end.

Mao Hua screamed in Clarke's head:

•"Now, Clarke! It's perfect! Swallow it and complete the final stage!"

It appeared in a bloody form. It resembled a small bee.

But it wasn't ripe yet! He still had to swallow it for it to complete entirely, and for him to withstand the effect of its power in his body.

Clarke swallowed it without the slightest fear! He stood majestically, covered in blood that dyed his hair. The entire sealed room was stained!

Clarke began pumping Qi into his body.

He had no comprehension in the Path of Soul, but he was trying to maintain his body's strength so it wouldn't explode.

It reacted terrifyingly! He felt his internal organs being crushed, but he endured it! It wasn't the worst injury he had experienced after all.

He resisted with difficulty.

He felt everything was nearing completion. A terrifying black light emerged from Clarke's mouth.

Now his soul was being purified of impurities!

The process was horrifically painful for Clarke.

For the souls implanted in him were being subdued to Clarke's will by destroying their own will! For when a human dies, their will remains in their soul. Meaning Tai Fei had

implanted resentful wills into Clarke's body, and they were being devoured gradually without any mercy!

The terrifying light from Clarke subsided. He had succeeded in the refinement!

And everything was complete.

To be continued...

## **Chapter 62: The Attack - Inheritance of the Three Tyrants**

Despite his severe injuries, his eyes shone with a bright glow. He was happy.

His comprehension in the Path of Blood had risen, and he had also acquired a defensive extreme technique created by the Spectral Venerable and refined by Clarke, thus improving greatly.

The excitement increased for Clarke when Mao Hua said:

- "I was waiting for this good moment to tell you: As you know, your dream world was invaded because you obtained half of the great inheritance of the Demon Venerable of the Time Scroll."
- "That in itself is a benefit, but as you know, if you lay your hand on something important, you must be strong!!!"
- "And you succeeded in repelling them, but the dangerous thing is that they intend to send down some cultivators to steal the inheritance of one of the Immortal cultivators."
- "The ones whose caves containing their legacies fell with the fall of the Spectral King, and those caves contained a method to destroy the Chasm of Destiny!"
- "Meaning they want it before you and before the Spectral Venerable!!!"

Clarke was actually surprised and felt the great advantage he would gain.

But that benefit was just a trap! He didn't know if they might send powerful and terrifying cultivators.

Clarke had experienced the strength of the two sent to kill him and steal the Cicada and the Mantis, but Clarke succeeded in repelling them even though that was with the help of luck, but he wouldn't take risks without getting some information???

- "Well, Mao Hua, I want to know: Will they send some Immortals? Or worse: fake Venerables to obtain such inheritances?!!"

- "No, doing such a thing would just be throwing the elite of the elite and sending huge numbers to die at the hands of the Spectral Venerable."

- "So they will probably send some cultivators at the Soul Integration stage, led by a cultivator at the Origin Return stage."

Clarke was shocked and said:

- "Are you crazy? Do you want to lead me to my death?"

- "Also, you know I don't want to attract Tai Fei to me, I want to keep him away from such matters, or better to say about him: a trump card, an important pawn, but distant."

- "Aside from the extreme techniques they might find, what makes them pursue the inheritances?"

Mao Hua yelled at Clarke:

- "You foolish mortal! The Immortal world is difficult even for Immortal cultivators."

- "For after you possess an Immortal consciousness, each Immortal consciousness is characterized by something: rapid time flow and toxic calamities through Heavenly Tribulations."

- "We are bound by a short lifespan. Methods existed to prolong life, like single-use extreme techniques to increase lifespan, called 'Heaven's Blessings'."

- "They are extremely rare and exist infrequently like these things, and cannot even be refined."

- "The fear of the Immortal cultivator is lifespan, then the Heavenly Tribulations."

- "Secondly: Farming and resources."

- "For each Immortal consciousness is characterized by its owner's cultivation path. If his cultivation path is Blood refinement, his Immortal consciousness environment is suitable for blood beasts and bloody agricultural resources due to the Dao Marks specific to this path."

- "And this example applies to several paths."

- "And only the Venerables managed to plant Dao Marks in their bodies to increase their strength."

•"As you know, you need a high economy and also high strength, for Heavenly Tribulations strike your Immortal consciousness and might destroy half of your economy, or worse, kill you!!!"

•"Many tried either to hide them or transfer them to someone else."

•"But in a world permeated by greed, what if you are stolen from by someone you trust?"

•"So you must prepare yourself in all aspects to run, for to become an Immortal cultivator, they try to build a foundation for themselves, advancing suicidally to become Immortal cultivators."

Clarke expected such a matter, for in the end, the economy is important.

If you possess something, you must be strong to protect it, that's true.

For humanity is cruel and merciless, it will steal from you and curse you.

But what is important?

From Clarke's perspective:

•"I don't care about curses, I will advance in my path. I won't say it's because I'm successful and people curse me for my success."

•"No, I am a demon, I will steal and plunder, I won't care who curses me or gets angry at me. He who gets angry over curses and invectives is just a fool who is pleased by a word and angered by a word."

•"That is only for the weak-minded! I am not cowardly, but the world is big and vast, and how easy it is to be crushed!"

•"I'd rather be dog feces than be crushed like an ant!"

•"After all, who wants to crush dog feces? Hahahahaha!"

Clarke's thoughts were ominous. Mao Hua sighed inside Clarke's mind, angry that she could hear his thoughts.

But Clarke felt something strange! His field of vision had expanded!

And his deduction improved! Even though he was in an isolated place, he could sense people outside and their cultivation ranks, even the very high ones among them!

Also, the flow of thoughts improved amazingly!

Clarke asked Mao Hua:

- "Why have I become like this? My comprehension in a specific path has risen!!!"

Mao Hua replied:

- "Yes, specifically in the Path of Stars!"

- "It seems your experience in the Path of Dreams, the numerous deaths, and your deep immersion in your mind have raised your level tremendously and miraculously."

- "For the Path of Stars focused on sharp observation, flow of thoughts, and deduction."

Clarke was shocked! Deduction was like an enhancing ability for your senses and mind, and closer to prediction too.

Clarke laughed!

His comprehension in the Path of Cultivation became half-step to reaching Advanced.

But in the Path of Darkness, Clarke became a Lord.

In the Path of Blood, he became only Advanced.

In the Path of Theft, his comprehension was Lord comprehension.

Also, the first extreme techniques in his art were completed with the existence of the Cicada.

The Path of Qi was quasi-empty. It seemed the concept of Qi was different from mortals; Clarke didn't understand how to develop it.

The Path of Soul was quasi-empty.

In the Path of Stars, Clarke shockingly became: Master!

And finally, in the Path of Dreams, he also became Master!!!

Clarke was shocked, laughing:

- "Oh my! What are these spoils I gained from the dream world?!"

- "I truly have a solid foundation, but I'm still a frog at the bottom of a well!"

- "Truly! But I will do something."

Clarke continued for days; his understanding of the Path of Stars was good, and he felt these days were days of happiness; his understanding was very good.

He managed to create an extreme technique of the deduction type. And of course, he went to Tai Fei to request funding, who threw the resources to him.

That extreme technique became known through Mao Hua: "Authority of the Stars".

It granted him high and good deduction, and wasn't difficult to refine; he failed only thirty times, but with the blood style, the refinement was easy.

The extreme technique in the field of refinement helped Clarke, and also granted Clarke something good: good sensory range, high guessing ability, and high authority over his will and mind.

Thus, he successfully isolated his thoughts from Mao Hua!

Clarke left the isolation room; he was completely ready for everything.

In front of him, Ma Chengsu was waiting for Clarke, for Clarke had requested a companion be prepared for him.

Clarke's deduction abilities rose! Once he goes to the place Hua Yin told him about (the strange glow in the sky), he will find the inheritance and the invaders.

His plan was tight: Obtain the benefits, avoid the strong as much as possible!!!

They headed through the Southern Forest: Forest of the Three Tyrants.

It was said that in ancient times, three great tyrants existed; some said they became Immortals and left the mortal shell, and some said they died and their inheritances didn't exist.

Of course, Clarke learned about that story from Mao Hua; the tyrants fell here after being in the Immortal world.

And strangely, the entire forest fell on the mortal earth!

The matter was confusing and hard for Clarke to deduce.

For such methods are only understood by those of the Path of Space.

Clarke thought that Jin could refine them.

Clarke could fly higher using the Heavenly Fist, but he preferred to walk through the forests with Ma Chengsu instead of revealing themselves in a stupid way.

Also, Clarke, thanks to his depth in the Path of Stars, could hide his presence; sacrificing this old man was a good idea for Clarke.

But soon he felt a strong presence of five cultivators!

Six of them were at the Void Manifestation stage!

And four at the Soul Integration stage!

One of them had an aura familiar to Clarke in a terrifying way!

Song Baijun! Even though they were in the dream world, he wouldn't forget that bastard's aura! An intensely powerful aura.

But Clarke focused on the last one; he was at the stage of Soul and Body Integration, and his aura was overwhelmingly intense!

A powerful aura leaked! It wasn't from the cultivators; rather, the inheritance had opened!

Everyone began to drool!!!

Soon, Clarke reduced his speed of advance, for after all, they were only two men, and he shouldn't charge like a fool.

He must study his opponents too.

He didn't want to be exposed by their deduction movements; if they learned about him, it would be easy to discover him.

Just as he discovered them! In truth, that was due to his high comprehension in the Path of Stars; otherwise, he would have fallen like a fool, and then of course they would kill him like sheep!

A hundred kilometers away from Clarke:

The team of cultivators had entered the strange cave...

To be continued....

### **Chapter 63: The Poisonous Cave and the Extreme Technique**

Song Baijun was the last to enter the cave of the Three Tyrants. The Demon inheritance was represented in each through a specific path, and only that path could be used.

But what happened to Zhong Baijun was bullying due to his and blood path cultivator Feng Lao's loss.

He and his sect were shamefully marginalized in the "Eternal Sect of Demon Execution."

A righteous sect proud of fighting followers of the Demon path, but hypocritical, seeing only self-interest.

They volunteered to invade Clarke's dream world and failed, also losing shamefully.

Zhong Baijun entered - possessing Master comprehension in the Blade Path and Lord comprehension in the Earth Path.

His weaknesses were the investigative and deductive techniques from the Path of Stars.

The plan of the expedition leader, Su Tai Hun, was:

- "Every two people must enter the three caves to reach the Immortal consciousness or the arrangements, for ultimately, there is the true inheritance and the fake inheritance."

- "The information we have: The left cave belongs to the Blade Saint Qing. I, your leader, will enter it, with Bo Lan. Since he cultivates the Blade Path laterally, he will also benefit."

- "Secondly: The Heaven Path will be entered by Wu Chou Fei and Yang Sa."

He continued with a malicious glance directed at Song Baijun:

- "The Poison Path: Song Baijun and Lady Hai Lu Lan, a cultivator of the Poison and Body Path."

Song Baijun was furious! He was placed in a despicable position because his comprehension in the Poison Path was empty. He had never once in his life focused on a poisonous extreme technique. Now his life was in Hai Lu Lan's hands.

A sinister figure was observing the events. He wasn't listening from his spot, but his eye was fixed on Song Baijun not for revenge, but to kill him and steal his soul for interrogation.

But Clarke had to either refine one of the paths in this absurd inheritance or be lucky enough that Song Baijun was in the Darkness inheritance or one of Clarke's strong paths.

Clarke ruled out the existence of the Theft Path, as Clarke combined Darkness, the Soul Path, and the Dream World Cicada, thus forming his first extreme technique. No inspiration had yet come for another technique: "The Heaven-Stealing Heavenly Fist."

Clarke was excited but decided to remain calm.

Clarke told Ma Chengsu that Song Baijun and the girl beside him were their targets and that they would follow them to kill them.

Everyone entered. Ma Chengsu said to Clarke:

•"Come on, it's our time!"

But the World appeared behind Clarke and grabbed Ma Chengsu's shoulder. A sacred stellar aura surrounded the World, and his golden head armor and giant clock on his back indicated temporal Dao Marks.

Ma Chengsu sensed danger, expecting an attack from Clarke, but:

•"Stop, you fool! Who will enter now? They are probably waiting for us to enter to kill us."

•"They aren't fools not to know. I managed to hide our auras, but perhaps there is an expert among them higher than me who discovered us."

•"And I also want to find their method to reach our world."

Clarke was trying to deduce something difficult, like their landing location. He wanted to know the place, but it was hard.

Two hours passed, and Clarke found nothing at all.

Clarke was angry! It seemed their method of arrival was from the outside, not the inside. Even if they wanted to return, they had to contact the outside.

Clarke asked Mao Hua:

•"Is there a way to communicate with the Immortal world? Can you give it to me?"

Mao Hua replied:

•"I can't give you anything; even the system's special shop doesn't sell it."

•"But they certainly all possess information transmission cups for communication."

Clarke laughed: "So he just needs that cup! Well, Song Baijun, I won't rest until I kill you and take your soul!"

Clarke was on his way, rushing at an incredible speed. His gaze was filled with a thirst for benefits.

He thought: What if he obtained Song Baijun's soul and cooperated with his sect? Perhaps Song Baijun's sect would support him, or, even greater, transfer him to the Immortal world.

But Clarke quickly dismissed that idea, for he would be like a tiger going to the guillotine to be executed.

Finally, Clarke arrived. He focused on the third door that Song Baijun and the girl with him had entered.

Song Baijun was a middle-aged man with mediocre achievements. Even if he became Immortal, he might die due to age.

It was intriguing that those in the mortal world found extreme techniques for lifespan extension more than them! And although their lifespans didn't exceed 200 years, even they found it difficult to find more.

Truly, death is hard to escape! With zombie methods, it wasn't difficult.

But as soon as Clarke opened the door, a strange green light shone, and he was pulled inside.

It was terrifying! Initially, a horrifying tornado appeared. Its winds were extremely powerful and pierced the metals forming the place.

Clarke repeated in the corners of his mind:

- "This place is special - specifically the Space Path. I wish I could get just a part of it."

- "But this tornado, even a fool can tell it's a test."

- "And since this is a Poison inheritance, I don't rule out that this tornado, if it hits me, could kill me either with poisons or by slicing me like bread. Those are two bad deaths."

- "Also, the other problem is that I will use mortal skills. It's true I can still use investigative methods from the Path of Stars, but any attack from any path I cannot use. The Cicada, the Darkness Path, all refuse to work."

- "The Mantis... the Time Scroll Venerable told me about this, but I didn't understand its use. He said it was just the key to his inheritance."

•"The name of this Mantis's extreme technique is to act... it's just a small boat. That's its name."

Clarke didn't understand why it was named that exactly and hadn't tried to do anything with it due to its importance to him.

These thoughts were rapid. Clarke could think like this in seconds. His brain worked at super speed, like a steam engine.

Clarke boldly decided to see what would happen to him if he touched this tornado.

He charged at a mad speed. He moved gracefully, but was shocked that the tornado was avoiding him!

Soon, Clarke followed it and touched it, then it dissipated strangely.

Ma Chengsu was terrified! He didn't understand what happened.

Soon, Clarke heard in his ear:

•"So, you are from my world? Well, you may proceed. Remember, the way out is difficult; even I gave up on that idea."

Clarke didn't understand what the mysterious voice meant.

But another door appeared strangely, and he transferred to another place.

He successfully entered!

There were two stone slabs with the two extreme techniques. They were the same thing, but one for Clarke and one for Ma Chengsu. The inheritance was strange and knew about those entering and leaving.

The fog was strangely thick but didn't hinder Clarke's good vision.

Currently, the two - indeed, it was part of their plan - had to master the two extreme techniques in their hands.

Clarke comprehended it. It resembled a snail but was strangely green.

Clarke tried to use it, but it was just gas!

Clarke was terrified! He wondered about the disaster he had fallen into. Ma Chengsu was horrified after Clarke told him about the comprehension method. He was shocked by the technique's weakness and triviality.

But Clarke believed they would find something.

Currently, they needed to explore, reconnoiter, and find a shelter far from their enemies.

The two advanced. Soon, Clarke felt the presence of a strange beast!

It had a fox's tail, a snake's head, a tiger's body, and a massive build.

Clarke asked Mao Hua:

•"What is this thing? And why is it so gigantic and strong?"

Mao Hua replied:

•"This is an ancient celestial beast of the lower category of celestial beasts."

•"And it possesses a poisonous extreme technique. It will benefit you, Clarke. Try to kill it."

Easier said than done! That beast wasn't easy; Clarke knew its strength was high thanks to his deductions.

But he calmed down and decided to study the extreme technique he had.

He memorized the location of this beast and set out to search for an extreme technique he inquired about.

It was called "Poison Explosion." If Clarke merged it with the poisonous gas, a tremendous explosion would occur, making it easy to kill this lower category beast.

He finally found it after a search equivalent to half a day (half an hour outside the Immortal consciousness).

It was a wild extreme technique he found by chance, and Mao Hua confirmed it was the one.

In truth, if he could use it, he would possess an excellent extreme technique, and Clarke could use it even outside.

But Clarke had to lure it to catch it.

This lethal technique was in the form of an ant glowing with yellow light, the size of a thumb or slightly larger.

Clarke had to observe it because that ant, amazingly, had wings!

Ma Chengsu was following Clarke without knowing anything. It was hard for him to see through the fog. He didn't know what Clarke was watching, and Clarke unfairly avoided answering him.

Clarke kept watching that ant like a tiger.

That ant was looking for a drink.

Clarke tried and took out from his supplies the "White Fragrance Wine" famous in Buddhist sects.

Soon, the ant went to drink it! Clarke was shocked as he had placed both wine and water, and it left the water and drank the wine!

Clarke laughed in his mind:

•"Good! Now I can say I have a good poison attack! Hahahahaha!"

To be continued....

## **Chapter 64: Hai Lou Lan's Power!!!**

Clark returned to the Celestial Beast after preparing himself.

Truthfully, he could have left without killing this beast, but it might provide him with some good resources that Clark might need one day.

Clark observed it, wanting to know one thing: Did this primitive beast possess a Primitive Extreme Movement within its body?

After a long observation, his deductions denied this possibility.

Clark charged from the side.

The Hybrid Celestial Beast was unaware of Clark, perhaps because snakes lack the enhanced sense of smell that other animals possess.

Clark aimed powerful blows at the lower belly of the beast, trying to wound it from below to make the poison and explosion more effective.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The sound of Clark's fists connecting with the Celestial Beast's body was terrifying, demonstrating unparalleled combat expertise.

But without Extreme Movements, as Clark had expected, he was weak against this beast.

He received a severe blow from the Celestial Beast's tail, feeling as if five of his ribs had been shattered.

However, Clark had achieved a brilliant success: he had surrounded the area around the Celestial Beast with poisonous gas.

And since the beast had been pushed away, he could now detonate and poison it.

• "Farewell!!!"

Boom!!!

The flames ignited spectacularly, the sound was powerful.

The Celestial Beast screamed pitifully as it burned, injured so severely that its bones were visible.

Clark laughed, then blew it up again! He was enjoying torturing this beast.

Ma Chunsu watched calmly. Clark was unpredictable, and he knew he had bullied Clark before, meaning he might end up like this Celestial Beast one day.

Ma Chunsu was a calm old man, while Clark was selfish, seeing only his own benefit.

On the other hand, Song Baijun was saddened, unlike Hai Lou Lan. She was a cold woman, possessing a beautiful body with hair that reached her waist. Although she refined poisons, her skin was white as snow.

Even her chest was difficult to contain, an appearance that was hard to resist.

She was called the Ice Queen because she had rejected thousands of men after her husband's death. But inwardly, she was happy, as her gains from this inheritance were great.

Hai Lou Lan was a Demonic Path refiner. Although she belonged to a righteous sect, the reason she turned to the Demonic Path was her husband's death.

He was called "Heart Saint," named so after he fell in love, converted to the righteous path, and became an important member of the Qing Nan Sect. It was full of women, but that didn't mean there were no men; they were also powerful. One could say it was a sect composed of couples.

But Heart Saint Kang Hua possessed great talent and refinement, even terrifying the sects and Heaven's Guards in an era lacking Venerables.

Kang Hua had a majestic presence, and the day of his death was the day he was supposed to reach the Venerable rank!!!

That day, he settled on a mountain called Qing Ning in the western borders.

What distinguishes the ascent to the Venerable rank is the greatest heavenly trial, titled the "Great Heaven Rounds."

Three supernatural, consecutive heavenly tribulations. Upon success, his attainment would become a Venerable's attainment, transcending the Immortal rank, reaching a Heavenly rank, establishing a new Immortal Island, and evolving the Immortal Will.

Everyone expected Kang Hua to succeed, even his wife who came to assist him couldn't match him. She was merely mortal and still was, because she wasn't ready and didn't want to ask her husband for help, as he already had his own problems!

But, oh, merciless heavens! They descended upon him the most severe and violent disasters, shaking the immortal and mortal worlds. Those in those days thought the heavens would fall.

Did Kang Hua fail? The answer is yes, and in a trivial way too!

The Will of Heaven can prepare hostile situations that might kill you, whether through heavenly trials or via people.

There was an Immortal refiner lying in wait for Kang Hua, even though Kang Hua, in his final attempt, was on the verge of success.

Envy and greed invaded that Immortal refiner's heart, so he decided to attack Kang Hua in his moment of weakness, stealing all his attainments and Extreme Movements.

And thus, Kang Hua lost.

And now, Hai Lou Lan holds her grudge.

• "Song Baijun, any new information?"

Song Baijun replied, his words choked with anger:

• "No, it seems they are enjoying the inheritance."

Boom!!!

The loud explosion of Clark's attacks resounded.

Shockingly, while fighting the Celestial Beast, he had gotten close to Song Baijun and Hai Lou Lan's camp.

Clark was sweating! Shock! Either leave the Celestial Beast and escape, or fight for what he had obtained. But worse, Song Baijun knew Clark. If they found out about him, they would chase him to the ends of the earth, even in the immortal world they wouldn't let him go, and Clark wouldn't be able to handle it.

Therefore, enraged, he fled into the distance.

He watched from 500 meters away. Clark observed furiously.

He knew that if he wanted to kill Song Baijun, he had to lure him out. As for that bitch...

•"Damn her! Enjoying the harvest of my labor? Well, I will have my revenge, just wait!"

Clark left, his eyes red with extreme anger.

As the saying goes: "You can kill my father and mother, but don't steal my things!!!"

When Clark had moved a considerable distance away, he had memorized Song Baijun and Hai Lou Lan's auras.

It was very clear that they possessed no deductive or intelligence-gathering movements, unlike Clark, who knew their location.

He was thinking quietly, until a sinister plan formed in his mind.

He said to Ma Chunsu:

•"Listen, we will gather as many beasts as possible and drive them towards their stronghold."

•"Then they will be distracted by the beasts surrounding them."

•"And naturally, the weak one among them is Song Baijun. I will assassinate him myself with a fatal strike."

•"Alright, what about the other one? Aren't you afraid she might kill us?"

Clark sighed:

•"Don't worry about her. She doesn't care about her companion."

The two began exploring the forest.

Clark was angry. Mao Hua had explained to him that this was an Immortal Will that only possessed Dao Marks of one type: Poison. Naturally, its suppression would be strong against any path.

If Clark were stronger than the inheritance owners, he could overcome this trivial matter and fly with his heavenly fists.

But amidst the fog and the smell of fire smoke, Song Baijun was carrying a huge celestial beast.

This beast had deep, terrifying injuries. Clearly, the cause was human.

Hai Lou Lan confirmed:

•"It's the Extreme Movement 'Detonating Gas,' and it was also enhanced with a poisonous gas, enhancing the explosion in the area."

Song Baijun's face darkened as he said:

•"It's that bastard who possesses the Cicada!!!"

Hai Lou Lan was shocked:

•"You mean he's here now? It's strange that he prepared himself so quickly, but he's smart. He sensed we were coming, so he fled."

•"At least he knows the extent of your strength, while I... he is afraid of facing me. Good!"

•"As they say in the immortal world: Know yourself and know your enemy before the confrontation."

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

The sound of impact against the ground was truly terrifying.

Several trees shattered, and red eyes appeared, surrounding the camp.

The Celestial Beasts had appeared!!!

Clark and Ma Chunsu were exhausted; they had lured beasts from everywhere, except one they had to fight due to its speed: the Black-Tailed Scorpion.

Clark managed to break its fang and steal its Extreme Movement, "Poisonous Thought." Upon activation, sinister thoughts arose in Clark's mind.

He felt happy; such a movement would help him plot more sinisterly.

Hai Lou Lan remained calm even though she was surrounded by beasts.

Clark watched her warily from 100 meters away.

From his distance, and due to his proficiency in the Star Path, he could see her clearly.

But what terrified Clark and made him feel like a fool was the terrifying gaze he received from Hai Lou Lan!

Strangely, she had managed to pinpoint his location!

And she smiled at him demonically.

Clark saw her from afar. Hai Lou Lan was full of confidence.

Before entering the inheritance, she already possessed Extreme Movements.

But Clark wanted to weaken her as much as possible, while simultaneously gauging her strength: Was it high or higher?

The beasts could no longer be contained, and they all charged!!!

But, terrifyingly, horrifying black poisonous breaths erupted from Hai Lou Lan, dropping several beasts, then she blew them all up! She used the same movement as Clark, but it was more magnificent and on a wide scale.

Clark was horrified! An attack like this was akin to launching a ballistic missile on the ground. Then, another one rushed forward madly, its arm having swollen and turned black terrifyingly, as if covered by a dead purple membrane. Clark realized with horror: Zombie Transformation!!!!

To be continued....

## **Chapter 65: The True Face of Overwhelming Power**

Her hand that had crushed a vast number of beasts...

She was terrifyingly fast, switching between her Extreme Movements in a horrifying manner. Clark became certain she possessed multiple Extreme Movements.

· Even outside the inheritance, Clark only possessed two offensive movements: one poisonous and the other from the path of Theft and Darkness. He also had a deductive movement from the Star Path and a defensive one from the Soul Path.

· In truth, with the defensive movement from the Soul Path, if I utilize it, my personal world will become like a tank, capable of withstanding blows, hahaha! Although my Extreme Movements are few, I've covered every aspect quite well. But my weak point is my shallow healing abilities.

But whenever he tried to reach for his world...

Clark couldn't do it. It was perplexing.

So, he used the Extreme Movement: "Scorpion's Fang - Malicious Thoughts"!!!

Clark was thinking terrifyingly fast, considering all possibilities...

Until an idea struck him.

Clark thought that if he merged with the beast hordes and intensified his attacks, he could probably deter Hai Lou Lan while avoiding direct confrontation with her. In fact, Clark knew that if he got close to her, she would show no mercy.

Clark informed Ma Chunsu of his plan.

Clark had managed to establish good combat synergy with Ma Chunsu, but at heart, Clark naturally intended to overthrow him.

And Ma Chunsu knew the extent of his own weakness compared to Clark's background.

Furthermore, perhaps Clark had managed to compensate for his weakness in refinement levels with his mysterious skills, relatively speaking.

So now, despite his old age, he was running behind Clark's tail like a fool.

Even if we tried to compare Ma Chunsu's experience and life against Clark, who had lived three lives...

We could estimate Clark's experience to be around 300 years. Clark was gradually recovering his memories with each situation, sometimes remembering parts of them.

But he was still refining his strength.

Whenever Clark advanced, he didn't rejoice, because he knew the heavens were profound and the mountains were lofty.

He was still a small hill compared to the powerful.

Clark believed he must utilize every second, minute, and moment to increase his strength. Clark was now in the spotlight...

It was either a Solid Foundation!!!

Or a Mighty Fall!!!!

That was his perspective on time.

Observing Hai Lou Lan had given him some good insights into poison attainment.

It had inspired him somewhat.

Clark dispersed the poisonous gas around and among the beasts, who were relentlessly swarming, to the point where the sound of the fierce battle between Hai Lou Lan and the beasts... After all,

They were beasts compared to humans who possessed great intelligence.

The will of humans is part of the will of Heaven...

After all, they had only lost small parts of that immense will.

Clark laughed. He moved back a little. He spread the poisonous gas over an area 200 meters in diameter, both inside and outside the battle.

Song Baijun would emerge severely injured.

But Hai Lou Lan might only suffer minor injuries.

Clark had planned and even acted out several scenarios. With Malicious Thoughts active,

He was ready and prepared to kill Hai Lou Lan extremely slowly.

Flaming gas rose between Clark's hands. It was, in fact, poisonous fire.

It starts as a gas, but once it merges with the other poisonous gas, their insane reaction begins...

Resembling an explosion!

Clark hadn't used this crazy plan...

Except for one reason:

The beasts in the poisonous Immortal Will could only live within poisonous Dao Marks.

Meaning they could carry poison within them.

And once they carried the poison, they would become more frenzied.

And that would increase the probability of killing Song Baijun. Clark wanted Hai Lou Lan to become a lone tiger.

For a lone tiger is easy to kill!

Boom! Boom! Boom!!!

Insane explosions erupted across a terrifying perimeter of more than 200 meters.

To make matters worse, all the beasts within a 50-kilometer radius became aware of the location.

The explosion was powerful; if Clark compared it to Earth, it would be akin to the force of twenty dynamite sticks exploding!

Within a 100-meter radius, the land became flattened and devoid of any features.

Clark didn't know the outcome. He and Ma Chunsu rushed to see what had happened.

But what Clark saw didn't shock him...

He had expected it too: Hai Lou Lan's complete transformation into a Zombie!!!

Her hair turned wheat-colored, her fangs became enormous, and her eyes turned a terrifying red. Her chest flattened, and her height increased to six meters.

She had 8 arms! Clark recognized with horror: The transformation into the Eight-Armed Heavenly Zombie!

Song Baijun was like a cockroach...

Which has a higher survival rate than humans against nuclear gas!

He had hidden inside the corpse of the Heavenly Beast that Clark himself had killed,

And survived the explosion, but at the cost of his arm, which he cut off after the poison reached it.

Hai Lou Lan had transformed to avoid being injured by the explosion.

But all the beasts were now looking at Hai Lou Lan, ready to attack. They had become even more insane due to being poisoned.

They all surged forward. The battle became chaotic and manic.

It might last for days due to the overwhelming influx of beasts.

Ma Chunsu was scared. Not only was Hai Lou Lan unharmed, she had become even more terrifying, and Song Baijun hadn't even died.

He said:

· We've lost! Should we flee the inheritance???

Clark replied with utter arrogance. He was laughing maniacally and loudly, without any concern for the beasts around him, or worse, being heard by the other party.

After he stopped laughing, he said:

· This great lord's plans have multiple objectives. I have now seen the limits of Hai Lou Lan's power,

And I also managed to trap her in a prolonged battle,

And I also cost Song Baijun his arm.

Perhaps he has a way to restore his arm and purify it of the poison,

But it doesn't matter! As long as he's here with me, I guarantee his death!

As for the great benefit this lord sought, it is to explore this place unobstructed as long as Hai Lou Lan is stuck in continuous combat.

So I can find the true Poison Inheritance,

And perhaps also discover truths I do not know!!!

Ma Chunsu was terrified: "Clark is a schemer! He doesn't even see me as a threat! He declared his plans in front of me without fear!"

Clark was walking calmly. The fog did not hinder his vision.

He was quietly deducing the location of the inheritance or anything else of interest. One could say his mind was working non-stop, a hundred percent!

They walked tirelessly. He wondered, "Just how vast is this land?"

"And also, Mao Hua is strangely quiet." Clark felt suspicious.

He soon called out to her in his mind:

- Mao Hua, where are you? Why are you silent?

Mao Hua replied:

- Because you didn't call me!

Clark replied angrily:

- Enough of these trivialities! I know you have a restless, long tongue. Tell me the truth, or I will isolate you within my mind! Do not underestimate my ability,

After all, I managed to isolate my thoughts from you!!!

Clark was shocked! For within his mind, strangely, a part of Mao Hua's form took shape.

She resembled a fairy with small, red dragon horns,

And pure, shiny white hair like snow,

A slender body and long legs. Her rosy cheeks glowed softly. Her hands were slender with bright pink fingers. Her fairy ears appeared even more beautiful behind her hair.

It was truly a frightening beauty! Clark wondered: "Are all women in the immortal world beautiful?"

"Truly pitiful!" After all, he had discarded those emotions back at the Crimson Mountain. "Also, she's just a stupid will."

"Losing immortality is what interests him!!!"

Mao Hua spoke in a sad tone:

- Poor Hai Lou Lan... she is actually my best friend. We were all in the Zhong Nam Sect, also known as the Mountain of Fairies. Unlike her, I was a fairy but she wasn't...

But being a fairy wasn't a requirement to join the Zhong Nam Sect.

We all lived and refined ourselves together. I became immortal and focused on my farming more than anything, while Hai Lou Lan...

Found her love: the outstanding devil, Kang Hua.

The sect elders were happy to have such power: a person with the strength of a quasi-Venerable!

His swords could pierce the heavens, after all.

But envy came from the stronger internal factions within the sect. But that didn't affect them, for the lovers... they loved each other deeply.

But after a terrifying confrontation with the Heavenly Tribulation... he was about to finish the third round and achieve a great feat, attaining a supreme Venerable attainment! A sword...

But his injuries were too horrifying; even a mortal could kill him!

And indeed, Heaven conspired strangely! A lone devilish cultivator, solitary and self-serving, found and killed Kang Hua!

Heaven's Will uses the righteous and the devious in strange ways, able to influence them through numerous methods, and few people are known as Escapers of Fate...

Understanding Heaven's schemes is the most difficult thing of all!

For Heaven desires balance, it is not biased towards anyone.

Clark was shocked!

He laughed. He said to Mao Hua in a mocking tone:

- A failure! Truly pitiful! An end fitting for a fool who thinks life is all about love! He neglected his cultivation stupidly and died at the hands of a mortal.

A cultivator with Saintly attainment, on the verge of becoming a Venerable, ends up like this! How weak!

Even Heaven, I don't think it plotted against him, but rather mocked him! After abandoning solitude and self-strengthening, he went off to play the fool and create a lover's story!

Don't think these pitiful stories will affect me!

Now, after that stupid story, you've piqued my interest a little: Is there a way for me to disguise myself as her lover?

Clark was extremely harsh! He paid no attention to Mao Hua's feelings, instead mocking everyone!

He even considered whether he could impersonate someone else, perhaps succeeding in killing Hai Lou Lan without suffering.

Mao Hua was sad, and her tone was also sad. Clark had disrespected her. She screamed so loudly it almost shattered his mind from the inside:

· Shut up, you pitiful scoundrel! I don't care about you or your plans! Solve your own problems!

Resentment blazed in Clark's mind.

Ma Chunsu was watching his face strangely. Many emotions flashed across his face.

Clark muttered. He was cursing Mao Hua, sometimes with understandable words, other times with incomprehensible speech.

But the clear part of his speech was:

· I will show you, you hypocritical, lustful whore! If I don't subdue you and kill your friend in a humiliating manner, I will never call myself a devil again! This is a vow! You can witness it, Mao Hua!!!

To be continued....

## **Chapter 66: The Spatial Rift and the Strange Dao!!!**

Four months had passed in the Immortal Unconsciousness.

Just ten days in the outside world.

Clark's fury had been burning for four months without any real gains.

He hadn't found anything interesting.

On the contrary, things were worse; even Hai Lou Lan was chasing Clark.

And that lowly Mao Hua was silent for no reason, just because Clark had gloated over her friend's troubles. It was incomprehensible to Clark.

Anyone who got angry over insults was, in his view, immature.

Why would Clark get angry if someone cursed him or swore at him?

Only those with weak insight would be happy if praised or angry if insulted.

The only thing that truly angered Clark was being put under real pressure... it infuriated him, and he was now in a situation where he was being pressured intensely.

Mao Hua didn't want to communicate, and he was being chased like a madman across the vast lands.

The sounds of impact against tree branches were extremely loud. Clark was luring an ancient-level Celestial Beast.

He had obtained an Extreme Movement during these past four months.

He obtained the Extreme Movement "Power of Poison."

It produced toxic secretions from Clark's body, making him supernaturally poisonous.

The flaw of this Extreme Movement was its foul smell, but after modifying and refining it, its poison became stronger. However, overuse would destroy this leaf-like movement.

It became odorless and colorless.

Clark knew the lethal utility of this movement would appear when he wounded the beasts or opponents he faced.

So, he formed a blade of Qi in his hand and launched a fierce assault on the beast.

He was precise in his strikes.

He smoothly evaded the attacks of the Celestial Beast, which had the head of a crocodile, dragon horns, and the arms of an ape.

Half its body was like a horse, while its feet were human.

It was strange; it stood on its feet and was about human height.

It piqued Clark's curiosity:

- "What's the deal with these bizarrely shaped beasts? Well, are they genetically modified beasts, with other cells added to them? Perhaps to improve their lineage or add something new, maybe."

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

Clark directed a flurry of punches at the beast's body, which was fighting in a strange, almost human-like manner.

It threw punches at Clark, but he evaded them smoothly without any fear. His abilities, thanks to the Star Path, were terrifying; his deductions were flawless.

He could predict the trajectories of the enraged beast's punches.

His attainment in the Star Path was even increasing due to his deepening understanding.

But what Clark didn't anticipate was the enraged beast trying to bite him.

It abandoned its human-like methods and reverted to its animalistic ways.

It moved with terrifying speed.

It was difficult for Clark to see it.

But that beast's time was up.

Ma Chunsu, indeed, delivered a swift strike from behind that pierced its chest.

Clark laughed.

Clark had merely been a distraction to make the beast feel secure, allowing Ma Chunsu to assassinate it easily.

The beast, when fighting in a human style, was only being cautious and hadn't revealed its true methods, fearing Clark had a companion.

The fight dragged on, and the beast realized it was one against one, but the reality was specifically unfair to it.

Ma Chunsu had grown accustomed to Clark's insane methods.

Clark used himself as bait without any concern, trusting only himself and his plans, nothing more.

Clark's anger was raging despite his success, and he discarded the Extreme Movement.

Overall, the gains were disappointing, and Clark's anger was frenzied. He felt this place, and that despicable, lowly inheritance owner, was useless.

Ma Chunsu watched this madman who even cursed with incomprehensible words.

Suddenly...

Boom!!!

Space cracked in a strange and terrifying manner.

Clark raised his head.

He laughed like a madman. He felt his power returning immensely, synchronized with the coming catastrophe.

Clark felt a deep excitement, but it puzzled him: why had he regained control over the Dao Marks in his body?

Feeling helpless, he decided to ask Mao Hua and apologize at the same time.

Clark didn't care about dignity; benefits, advantages, and Mao Hua's information were useful.

- "Mao Hua, I'm sorry, I apologize. Come, talk to me, no need for anger."

Only silence filled Clark's mind.

He was angry, but he suppressed his emotions.

- "Mao Hua, listen, I will grant you what you desire. Do you want to help your friend? Fine, I'll work on your terms. Just tell me what's happening."

After hearing Clark's words, Mao Hua emerged in her form, her arrogance palpable in the pores of Clark's mind.

Clark was furious because he had promised her such things, and of course, he wouldn't fulfill them. A stupid will; he could reconcile with her anytime.

Mao Hua spoke arrogantly:

- "It's good that you've recognized my value! Hahahaha!"

- Clark sighed: "Good, good, I know your value. Just tell me what is this rift that has appeared in space, and why have I regained the ability to use my attainment?"

Mao Hua replied, but in a provocative tone:

- "Since Clark, the mortal fool, does not know the height of the heavens nor the deep secrets within, and since you are a frog at the bottom of a well, the distinguished fairy Mao Hua will offer you her help."

Clark gritted his teeth, saying:

- "True, a distinguished fairy, but she died in a pitiful way and ended up in my mind to ask for help!"

Mao Hua's cheeks reddened with shame.

- "Shut up, you fool! What business is it of yours?! Also, I never told you whether I'm dead or not!!!"

Here, Mao Hua made a stupid mistake that made Clark want to subjugate her will even more. After all, his suspicion towards her was justified; Mao Hua was hiding many secrets. His suspicion that she was an enemy was correct.

Clark laughed, feigning ignorance:

- "Alright, oh distinguished fairy, what is this rift?"

Mao Hua was terrified, trying to play the fool like him.

- "This rift is due to the presence of a Heavenly Tribulation, and this tribulation strangely possesses Dao Marks of Darkness and Soul!!!"

Clark laughed; it wasn't hard for him to deduce. Once information entered Clark's mind, deduction became easy.

This inheritance was placed where the Demonic Venerable, the Spectral King, fell!!!

And his Dao Marks were manifest everywhere!!!

The presence of a part of the Spectral Venerable here caused his will, or let's say a quasi-will, to take the place of Heaven's Will regarding the Heavenly Tribulation.

Everything became clear.

The battle was about to become even more chaotic than before.

Clark, with his full power.

Ma Chunsu felt a sense of disgust towards Clark because of the repulsive aura leaking from him, of course due to the Soul Path. The Soul Path in the soul world was like the Blood Path, fiercely contested.

Although it had great advantages, it was a Demonic refinement path, just like the Blood Path.

But soon emerged...

Dark bats of the excellent desolate Celestial Beast type!!

They were gigantic, like a massive house flying in the sky.

A single flap of their wings created terrifying waves.

With every beat of their wings, the dark aura fell madly like ink.

Clark laughed.

His world appeared beside him, and he jumped with strong and terrifying force, soaring towards the rift in space.

On the other side, Hai Lou Lan learned of this.

She was close to where Clark and Ma Chunsu were.

With her was Song Baijun, who was deathly pale and still missing an arm.

Hai Lou Lan laughed after seeing Clark in the sky.

She desperately wanted to kill him; she would take his high attainment.

Clark was in good condition, possessing some good attainment, and Hai Lou Lan coveted it.

After all, it wasn't hard to reach him. Hai Lou Lan refined the Darkness Path and possessed Dark Bat Wings.

They erupted from behind her back, and she flew towards the rift.

Clark and his Sky-Stealing Fists rose madly and clashed with the bats.

Clark's offensive power was terrifying.

He managed to kill two bats with difficulty.

But...

Boom!!!!

Eight terrifying zombie fists appeared.

Hai Lou Lan!

She launched frenzied attacks at the bats.

She didn't attack Clark directly.

She knew that if she attacked Clark directly, things would become chaotic and she might die. After all, this was a terrifying Heavenly Tribulation, and many Immortals had died, their Immortal Will destroyed because of this.

Clark plunged forward relentlessly, clinging to the chest of the Dark Bat Celestial Beast.

The Spectral World appeared behind Clark.

It was transparent, but its punches had a terrifying impact.

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

They pierced the Celestial Beast frighteningly, affecting it severely.

But even after all this, the beast was at a level... with a simple wave, it cut through the air and reached Clark, inflicting a severe cut on his abdomen, causing him to bleed profusely.

The insane look on Clark's face didn't change, and he continued to strike.

Words had been etched in his mind at that moment:

- "Hmph! Do you think, you stupid beast, that I'm afraid of getting hurt or dying?! I truly don't care!"

- "I work with all my energy and effort, so even if I die, it only means failure. But I have striven, trying with all my strength."

- "So what's the difference? I'm not afraid to harm humans."

- "If someone seeks revenge!"

- "Let them follow me to the ends of the world, they will find only blood!!!!"

To be continued...

## **Chapter 67: The Manifestation of the Spectral Venerable and Soul Extraction**

- Is courage meaningful in the face of death? In truth, I prefer to flee. What is the meaning of courage without any value?

- Are you happy to be remembered by everyone as someone who didn't run away? This doesn't matter to me at all and won't affect me.

- As long as you are alive, persevere for your goal, or die without any benefit.

Clark said it just like that.

He was like a madman clinging to the chest of the hairy giant bat. Currents of a dark aura flowed over him like ink.

But Clark quickly broke free.

And a terrifying scene appeared from the sky.

Three bats were hovering in the giant rift. But as soon as their gaze rose...

Ma Chunsu looked on in horror.

Hai Lou Lan froze from the terrifying sight.

Boom!!!

The fist of the Demon King that steals the Heavens formed. The eight fists became one.

And it struck the three bats fiercely.

Song Baijun was trembling with terror.

- Is this his power? This is just madness!

Clark fell to the ground, standing.

He looked at the three corpses.

He didn't care, one remained and Hai Lou Lan was facing it.

Clark charged towards Hai Lou Lan, who had moved back a bit to avoid being hit by Clark's attack.

Seven giant fists of the Theft Path!

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

They struck the giant bat fiercely.

The airwaves from the fists affected space with every movement.

The rift began to close.

But a terrifying face appeared from that gap.

It was never ultimately a bat's face.

Rather, it was a giant skeleton with a thousand fists.

Mao Hua spoke in terror:

- "What came before was nothing but a disaster from Heaven's Will. Now, the influence of the Spectral Venerable's descent upon this area will take control!!!"

Deep in his heart, Clark knew the true meaning of the giant skeleton.

Clark felt shortness of breath.

Soon, the bat corpses levitated.

In the end, it turned out they were just appetizers.

It began to absorb the fragments of the bats' souls and also their bodies.

A terrifying white and black light shone, blending together horrifyingly.

Clark was terrified. He had only seen that terrifying scene once before, and now he was about to see it again.

The power of the soul of the Spectral King Venerable. That was merely his soul.

Heaven and Earth trembled, and lightning struck frighteningly.

The spatial rift shattered and the giant soul appeared.

A thousand fists, all of them gigantic with terrifying claws capable of slicing through mountains.

The size of this soul was, at the very least, greater than Mount Everest on Earth.

They were all like ants before the three-headed giant soul.

The first head wore a mask full of grey horns.

The other resembled a Zombie's head.

Only one eye was visible from it.

But that eye was a glowing red, intent on terrifying killing.

The other had a terrifying grey human face. Its gaze was suffocating, spreading fear.

The Spectral Venerable's scream was horrifying.

Its hands, which resembled light, turned black from absorbing the bats.

Everyone looked on in terror.

Who was flying near the Venerable? It was Clark. Despite his flight, he was closer to its foot.

Everyone looked in horror: What does he want to do?

They thought it was courage, but to Clark's ill-fated luck, everyone moved away before him.

That giant soul was attacking with terrifying randomness.

One of the Spectral Venerable's fists hit Clark. He vomited blood violently.

Arghhhhh!

He was thrown twenty kilometers away.

His rib cage was broken, his hands shattered miserably.

- Did I die? Is this the end?

A strong light flashed in his eyes.

- Ah... This is the feeling of death. Perhaps it's a relief for me after all.

No sooner had he seen a person in front of him.

He had a majestic and calm appearance. Looking at him showed you the depth of his unfathomable power.

That man spoke:

- "Specter... Specter... Specter... The sky is no longer blue."

- "For a great specter looms on the horizon."

- "A great mountain and a great sky and two moons."

- "The Specter... The Specter... Stealer of the Heaven of Immortality!!!"

He said those sentences without regard for Clark.

He was sitting, viewing the natural scenery at night, his white hair moving magnificently.

He was handsome and magnificent.

Suddenly, Clark actually woke up.

He didn't understand anything.

But he woke up strangely.

He was fighting the Dark Bat.

And he remembered everything: What happened to him? And how did he die?

He quickly realized everything. He was terrified, his mind working constantly.

He was thinking: What should I do? He didn't know how he came back to life. He soon remembered the Mantis and saw it.

He grabbed it with his hands. The Mantis's long arms were on the verge of withering and weak. Its life energy pulsed with extreme weakness.

Clark knew he had received a great blessing from the Venerable: a Page of Time. Clark laughed, but his laughter soon faded and despair overwhelmed him.

- No... No... Except that I got a second chance and I will use it.

Based on Clark's understanding, he realized the following:

Heaven's Will set this trap for us. A preparation to assemble the fragments that would form a fake soul for the Spectral Venerable.

But the real problem here is the Extreme Movement. How did it exist with something fake that isn't real?

The one that enabled the Spectral Venerable to sweep across the world.

Clark didn't know. He was thinking: Should he destroy the spatial rift and make the skeleton appear?

Or... Clark's tension didn't prevent him from knowing.

The idea was difficult: facing the fake skeleton of the Spectral Venerable alongside the Celestial Beasts.

An idea like this was akin to asking for death.

Clark calmed down. His empty eye protruded: If that's the case, then of course I will destroy everything. Do you want to hinder me? Fine, let it be, you vile Heaven! Mere fragments of a Venerable's soul won't affect me.

Clark charged. The Heavenly Fists gathered into one fist.

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

Mad strikes rained down on the rift. Its shell began to shatter gradually.

Song Baijun was focused on Clark's actions and didn't understand.

Everyone was focused on their fight, while Clark was tearing through space with his attacks, trying to shatter it.

Bam!

He shattered the sky.

A terrifying suction force appeared.

Clark didn't understand what was happening, but he was pulled inside.

The fragments were still gathering. Clark was happy! He could destroy them before it awakened.

He tried to materialize his strikes, but he couldn't. He didn't understand.

Soon, he felt a terrifying sickness in his soul.

Even with the defensive Extreme Movement, he felt weak.

Clark advanced in the gravity-less void.

The sight of the three great heads was majestic and terrifying even for Clark.

But he advanced.

A terrifying and frightening light shone.

Clark didn't know what it was, but he advanced.

The more he advanced, the sicker he felt. He was about to die from bleeding.

They were fleeing from him! Clark was furious.

But he quickly deduced they were subservient to the fragments of the Spectral Venerable's soul.

Soon, Clark directed punches with his bare hands, trying to pull a fragment from the Venerable's fragments.

He managed to pull one.

He began to advance with great difficulty.

Finally, he grabbed it.

Extreme Movement: "Derivation - Soul Pulling".

Its aura was terrifying and frightening to a mad degree.

This one resembled a centipede, small as a human finger.

Clark knew what he had to do: Pull the souls outward and detonate them. Then he would achieve brilliant success!!!

Clark was in severe pain.

He used a "Tai Fei" fragment to activate the Extreme Movement.

The fragments surged forth like a raging torrent.

Clark was terrified: Does something like this really exist?

How could he possess such a vast number?

Clark was utterly terrified. The Venerable's souls were trying to enter his body.

They had become contaminated with Heaven's Will. If they entered his body, they would kill him.

But Clark successfully lured them outside.

And he stopped using Derivation.

But the souls were trying to return to space to complete their mission.

Clark became frightened. He no longer knew what to do.

Should he flee? The situation was truly tense.

He quickly turned to Song Baijun. Clark looked at him with cold eyes and said:

- Do you remember your attempt to kill me? Well, I will treat you in kind.

The fragments horrifyingly rushed into Song Baijun's body.

He vomited blood madly.

His body and soul began to shatter terrifyingly. They couldn't withstand the immense amount. Something his body couldn't endure.

Even the Spectral Venerable in his prime needed to add modifications to his body to contain this immense quantity.

Boom!!!

The fragments destroyed themselves beside Song Baijun's body.

Clark laughed madly: I succeeded! I didn't fail!

- Hahahahaha!

But he had lost all his vitality to fight the bats.

So he shouted to Ma Chunsu:

- Let's flee quickly!

Clark laughed:

- Well, you kill the bats while I recover.

Mao Hua's will was displeased.

In truth, Clark was surprised by something: Mao Hua's silence.

But Clark is no fool. He had realized she could search within him.

She had learned that he underwent the experience, traveled back in time, and succeeded in curbing this catastrophe that could be classified as a Heavenly Trial due to its power.

And Clark, in a previous encounter with the Spectral Venerable, had been crushed like a wretched insect.

But he overcame it successfully!!!

To be continued....

## **Chapter 68: Spiritual Blackmail and Stolen Memories**

Clark and Ma Chunsu hid inside a massive cave.

They had been running for three consecutive days in an exhausting and grueling manner.

Clark was severely injured, and his soul had weakened.

Despite this, due to the addition of Dao Marks in the area, Clark could use his abilities comfortably.

Before the catastrophe, he was like a knight fighting with a chipped sword.

But his fundamental problem was that his soul was extremely weak and he had been brutally injured - not like the repeated injuries of the dream world, but this one truly hurt.

- "Hahahahahaha! I'm not afraid of pain, but what preoccupies me now is: How did I travel back in time? Can the Mantis swim against the flow of time and bring me back? Or what?"
- "But what I'm sure of, without him telling me, is that it relies on luck."
- "Because it's possible for my will to fall into the river of time, scatter, and for everything to fail."
- "But even so, I'm sure this thing won't repeat itself. From now on, I will be more and more cautious."
- "But!!!"

Clark shouted loudly in his mind, calling out:

- "Mao Hua, come out, woman! I want to talk to you."

Mao Hua emerged:

- "Boy, I am not your servant! Don't shout so loudly."
- "Alright, alright! What I want to know: I possess the legendary Extreme Movement, it's rank nine - Derivation. Can I make use of it? You understand what I mean."

Clark, after saying this, looked at Ma Chunsu with a cold gaze and terrifying murderous intent.

Mao Hua replied:

- "Yes, you can. And since you possess your Self-Infinite Defensive Extreme Movement, it won't tire you out."

Clark quickly stood up.

Despite his exhaustion, killing Ma Chunsu now was like crushing an ant.

For Clark was different from their first meeting in terms of strength, and in terms of intelligence, Clark had surpassed him a long, long time ago.

But Ma Chunsu was unaware of Clark's intention.

He was preoccupied, thinking about his daughter, "Hua Zhen"! Although she hated her father Ma Chunsu, she had miraculously managed to become a leader herself through climbing the ranks.

Despite that, he was happy for her.

Her resentment stemmed from her father sacrificing her mother in a pitiful way to survive.

Ma Chunsu, at the beginning of his life, was just a worthless farmer in an unremarkable tribe.

Despite that, the Yuan armies came - northern tribes that knew only killing, plunder, and the tragic rape of women.

And one of their victims was Ma Chunsu.

He had married the woman he loved, and they had a talented and strong young daughter: Hua Zhen.

He sent her to one of the sects because of her talent, leaving only the father and mother behind.

On that day, the Yuan tribes came.

Ma Chunsu was miserable and worried about his wife, afraid something would happen to her.

Therefore, he sacrificed the village because he held the position of chief at that time.

They plundered, destroyed, stole, killed, and captured women. They left nothing intact.

Such was Ma Chunsu's misery.

Only his house remained, and they promised him and his wife would be safe.

The Yuan camped near the village, 500 meters away.

The village became quiet, resembling a place of the dead.

Not two days had passed.

Ma Chunsu woke from his sleep and found his wife not beside him.

His face turned blue from fear, and his hair turned white miserably.

He rushed out to see the Yuan tribes.

He hadn't gone far from his village when he immediately found a small tent with a small slit.

And he saw his wife with the Yuan tribes in a pitiful state, sleeping with them.

Everything lost its meaning or purpose.

He had lost everything.

On that day, he killed his wife and left that damned place.

This is the prevailing law in life, and that is what makes Clark desire immortality. That great, unknown goal gives his life meaning, and enduring hardships and trials through life's calamities and troubles.

Therefore, he does not tie his heart to anyone, so he can continue and plunge into his life without any regard or regret.

Clark went out:

- "You wait for me here. I will find something to nourish my soul."

Ma Chunsu nodded in agreement.

Clark went far away. Minutes passed... an hour... Ma Chunsu became afraid, for without Clark he would die here like a fool.

He went here and there, searching.

Until he felt murderous intent behind him.

Clark's gaze was not beastly, but cold.

Clark approached Ma Chunsu. Ma Chunsu stood still in his place.

Clark's fingers swiftly rose, he said:

- "Do you remember Crimson Hill and human grudges? Well, I don't care for resentments."

Bam!!!

Clark's fingers pierced through Ma Chunsu's eyes.

He, who had been terrified and fearful, was lost between fear and strength.

And now, facing certain death, he showed his fear genuinely, without any pretense.

Clark said:

- "Ma Chunsu, I didn't want to kill you because you were just an insect in my eyes, so why trouble myself with killing you?"
- "But the funny thing is, I need the insect's soul to recover my health."
- "And therefore, you will be the test subject for my Extreme Movement: The Infinite Heaven-Stealing Fists."

Ba! Ba! Bam!!!

Blows rained down on Ma Chunsu's body, who forgot himself and began to recall his memories.

Soon, his memories began to fade.

He wanted to cry.

This devil wasn't just taking his life, but the dearest thing he possessed: the image of his daughter vanished before his eyes.

Clark stole everything: his soul, his daughter, his memories, his life.

But the last thing his soul repeated was: "Xi Han Chenxi" - his wife.

Not a single eyelid of Clark's showed mercy. He browsed through Ma Chunsu's memories and was shocked to find that Ma Chunsu was Hua Zhen's father.

Clark realized it was a problem: he wanted to exploit the Chi nation, but now he had killed her father.

- "So what? I will poison Ma Chunsu's corpse and say that the vile enemies showed no mercy to Ma Chunsu, poisoning and shattering his bones in a horrifying way."
- "While the great Ma Chunsu sacrificed his life for me!"

He was just spouting nonsense, nothing more.

But the only witness who could contradict Clark was already dead, and that was Ma Chunsu.

- "Well, Ma Chunsu, I will enjoy using your soul!"

Clark returned to the cave to heal himself.

But in another place...

It was vast, massive, and magnificent, with multiple buildings and shapes.

It was the Immortal World, specifically the headquarters of the Heaven's Guards!!

There was a beautiful woman, but she was merely a will without a real body.

An old man entered her building, said:

- "My lady, the message reached him successfully, but it will take some time for him to understand it."
- "No matter, he will understand it. In the end, Heaven entrusts humans with great tasks, and they must perform them."
- "All of us... the great Heaven's Will surpasses our imagination, and even surpasses human will!"

After several days passed, Clark succeeded in recovering his health.

Until now, he had not found the true inheritance.

Clark didn't understand exactly what the test here was, or its nature. He was truly perplexed and trying to understand the complex matter.

That, but now he wanted to remove the other party: Hai Lou Lan!!!

Clark left the cave. Deducing Hai Lou Lan's location was as easy as drinking water for Clark.

For she had found the true inheritance; she would save him the trouble quite nicely indeed.

Clark dashed through the forests.

After an hour of running in this vast place, he managed to reach and find Hai Lou Lan.

The matter was strange, for she had entered a strange building before him.

Clark didn't know whether to enter or not.

Also, the more important question: since when did something like this exist?

For Clark was sure he had explored every inch here, after all, he had been inside for four and a half months.

Clark mustered his courage and opened the door.

The structures were complex, consisting of several massive, cloud-like buildings floating in the horizon above Clark's sight.

He thought to himself:

- "Interesting!!!"

Clark flew using his Heavenly Fist to the first building.

When he entered, the design was strange.

The cloud buildings were arranged in order from one to eight.

But there was distance between them, yet they were interconnected.

You might open the door of building one and enter building 6! The matter was very complex and strange.

But it wasn't difficult for an expert in the Star Path.

But Clark deduced something strange: Hai Lou Lan's companions were with her in the same building!!!

To be continued....

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Author's Note:

(Why is Clark cold and wants to abandon emotions and feelings? Because his world does not recognize good or evil. What's the use if you are good or evil? Or if you loved someone? What is the meaning if you cannot protect them? Clark is like someone who postpones everything until he reaches his goal.

I initially thought, when I was writing the events, that he was a despicable character who didn't care about those around him and was full of hatred and malice. But the more I wrote about him, the more I realized that his heart is still full of emotions, but he knows it is not their time. He does not wear a mask; rather, this is the truth he was made from!!!)