

The Shadow of Immortality

#Chapter 81: Blood Pact!!! - Read The Shadow of Immortality Chapter 81: Blood Pact!!!

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The four were in Clark's private carriage. The looks Gorfenta and Brando gave Clark were of internal fear, while Natasha was terribly frightened, wondering in their minds: What made us get into such trouble with this man?

Clark called one of the soldiers under his command:

- "Bring us some alcohol, without any acidity as I told you before."

The soldier quickly went to find this alcohol and brought it.

The soldier poured the drink for everyone, filling the cups.

Clark began drinking and laughed as he said:

- "Do you know why I don't like acidity in alcohol?"

The three looked at him in confusion and didn't ask, while he continued speaking:

- "During one period of my life, I met someone. I can call him... I don't know, he wasn't anything special, just an ordinary person with simple ambitions: to travel the world."

- "I can describe him as one of the few who can understand demons and change their hearts."

- "They were enjoyable days. I don't know, it became a habit for me to drink alcohol without acidity because he used to make such good alcohol."

- "Hahahahahaha! It's funny that I have memories like these. Do you know?"

Natasha asked:

- "So, is that girl alive?"

Clark's eyes darkened.

She felt fear, realizing she had asked a question she should never have asked.

- "Sorry for interfering in your private matters."

Clark didn't care and began with his main topic:

- "I want to create my own special team, and in my opinion, you are currently the best for that."
- "Especially you, Prince of the Kingdom of Lyon Hart! Your name is Lawrence Lionheart! That is your real name."

Everyone turned to Gorfenta (or Lawrence) in astonishment, not knowing what to call him.

Lawrence spoke suspiciously:

- "How did you know me???"

Clark laughed:

- "Well, of course I would know you. Isn't your mother from the royal family of the Gothic state?"
- "And you know what's happening in this state. So I don't need to explain, right???"

Lawrence nodded yes.

Clark continued:

- "Well, as you can see, the smoke in this state has multiplied, and in my opinion, the fires will ignite."
- "I don't care if chaos happens, but my specific plans will be ruined if I allow this chaos to occur."
- "Therefore, I will create a special alliance with you."
- "You will work under my command and my rules."
- "We will end the chaos and prevent the presence of demons."
- "You may leave. We will begin the alliance rituals tomorrow!"

No one could object to Clark.

They all left, and Clark put his mask back on to play the role of Johan Kreutz.

He shouted in his mind:

- "Mao Hua, do you know the recipe for the Extreme Movement of Blood Pact???"

Mao Hua replied:

- "Yes, I know."

Clark returned to the Cathedral of Light and the special altar.

Mao Hua informed him about the materials, and he gathered them easily.

Clark was isolated in his room, removed his mask and robe, leaving only his trousers.

Fire ignited, and he began condensing the materials.

The materials gradually became liquid in Clark's hands as he manipulated them.

It was easy to refine an Extreme Movement from the Blood Path due to his high refinement and mastery of it; after all, he possessed a master's attainment in it.

Clark's concentration and spiritual stability were extremely high.

Fires began to radiate around him with a bloody light.

The head of a tiny, bloody bat appeared, and it was hungry—after all, these creatures need to be fed living beings to produce their special magic.

Clark wounded his shoulder, and blood gushed like a fountain.

Clark laughed:

- "Blood refinement methods are truly sadistic!"

Clark stood with all pride, his body covered in blood, playing with the materials, other fluids, his blood, and the form of the Blood Bat body.

But it was stubborn, and he had to swallow it to subjugate it to his will.

He swallowed it!

Soon, he stabbed himself to begin the infusion.

Some say the soul is in the heart, others say in the brain, but in truth, it resides in the abdomen!

Clark stabbed his abdomen so the Blood Bat in his body would know the place of abundant blood and cling to his soul.

And indeed, the Blood Bat existed side by side with Clark's soul, which was as towering as mountains to it, and it submitted to it with intense fear.

Clark succeeded in creating the Blood Bat!

Now he could form alliances with great ease, and the first one he would use it on was Gregor.

Clark cleaned his bloody body, put on his mask, and went looking for Gregor.

He found him, as usual, at the altar, repairing it, breaking it, and repairing it over and over—an endless knot and circle.

Clark needed to subjugate Gregor's will, make him a loyal slave, and make him feel a sense of belonging to him.

But it was a bit difficult, even though Gregor had sworn loyalty to Clark, that wasn't enough for him. Human hearts... why are they called hearts? Because they quickly change direction. Today's friend could be tomorrow's enemy.

It doesn't matter! Begin!

Clark warmly greeted Gregor:

- "Hello, Lord Gregor! Where have you been hiding? I've been looking for you!"

Gregor laughed:

- "As you see, I was repairing this shrine."

Clark sighed in response:

- "Over and over! Just! How long? You might find your own value, the purpose! What is the purpose? What's the difference between you and a shepherd???"

Clark's words struck Gregor's heart like lightning.

- "What do you mean?"

Clark replied angrily:

- "Don't you know what the question is? Every person in this ugly, unfair world can answer you."
- "It's perseverance!"

- "The head of the family perseveres."
- "The weak persevere to become strong."
- "Some persevere because of their unbreakable principles they won't betray."
- "Some persevere for justice."
- "Some persevere for revenge."
- "Haven't you understood yet? Life is about striving and living."
- "Don't waste your time breaking and repairing! You don't need to fix yourself; you can create yourself anew from scratch: a new will and new passion."
- "Don't fall like a lame horse! Just because your sons died!"
- "I know it's a sad thing, but cursing yourself and remembering you were in a weak position won't affect anything, won't even make a difference!"
- "It's just material for mockery."

Gregor's mouth trembled, and he was completely unable to justify himself.

His attitude toward Clark was dull.

Clark laughed in his mind:

- "Good! I've completely broken him! Now only the final move remains."

Clark turned as if he would leave and said:

- "Gregor, leave and never return! You are too weak to take revenge! You are too weak to build a new world with me!!!"
- "Just cry like women over sons you couldn't protect!!!"

Gregor fell to the ground, affected, unable to cry anymore. What could he bring out? He had cried and grieved so many times that his face had faded. Now he had nothing left but a cold face, refined thanks to Clark!

He stood up with difficulty and turned to Clark:

- "I am ready, my lord, to achieve your noble goal without any hesitation! The past is past!"

- "Crying or grieving won't matter! Hahahahahahaha!"

Clark laughed and turned to him with a smile:

- "So, you are ready to sign the alliance."

He nodded strongly to Clark in agreement.

The mouth of the Blood Bat appeared from Clark's hand.

It wounded Gregor's hand, and the blood poured into its mouth.

The conditions were clear:

Gregor is completely under Clark's command, and nothing will benefit him except that his life is in Clark's hands. He cannot betray, bring in external parties, or attempt to harm Clark. He executes orders to the letter.

Clark was happy with the great gains he had made.

But after a long wait, grand processions blared outside—a huge number of horses.

Alfred appeared! He was in a grand procession.

Clark felt a demonic, overwhelming, and terrifying aura—so terrifying that he felt as if facing a huge, hard-to-break stone that was difficult to pass through.

Everyone came out, with Clark at the forefront, since he was the one who ordered the reception.

The carriage stopped, and a tall man stepped out—handsome and attractive, with a sharp jaw and strong muscles. He was wearing the usual white clergy attire.

Clark approached him and extended his hand for a greeting.

Slap!!!

Clark received a slap from Alfred!

Everyone was astonished, but Clark remained calm and said:

- "I apologize, Lord Alfred, if my greeting was disrespectful."

Alfred looked at Clark arrogantly, while the other remained only calm in return.

Alfred replied:

- "Who are you? I smell something vile in you."

Clark smiled and said:

- "I am merely one of Lord Jin's subordinates, and I came to receive you while Lord Jin is just busy and will come later."

Clark stepped past him and walked away without concern.

Clark looked at him from behind, licking the blood from his upper lip and saying:

- "Well, well! It seems you're a hard-to-tame dog! But..."
- "Your action won't go unnoticed!!!"

To be continued.....

Chapter 82: Execution!!!

Clark was treated rudely and provocatively. Even someone as calm and cold as him would get angry from this. But Clark repays all his debts.

The internal resentment deep within him towards Alfred, who belittled him without any significant reason, just because he extended his hand to greet him. But he forgot the matter and remembered his meetings with Lawrence, Brando, and Natasha.

Clark was in a position of tyranny and power, but he had to produce some empty talk to make their hearts close to him and make them feel loyalty towards him.

Clark booked an entire hotel with rooms and a massive hall, given his status as the "Great Saint Johan Kreutz."

It was amusing to possess the real Johan Kreutz's money—just a hypocrite who pretended to love religion but possessed unimaginable wealth and opulence.

Clark waited several minutes, and the three arrived. They sat at the tables; the restaurant was luxurious and decorated.

Clark was enjoying the elegant violin music he was listening to; it was like a sanctuary on earth, and he loved to spend his money lavishly.

The three sat at the table in bewilderment.

The first question that came to Lawrence's mind:

- "Who is this man? And what is this overwhelming status and power? To possess such boldness, and to have money which is the standard and measure of influence? No, anyone inherently."

Clark began speaking and lit his cigar, enjoying Johan Kreutz's real habit. Even though he had removed the mask, he was influenced by the smoking habit that provided good mental relief.

- "As you know, gentlemen, I am a man who likes to get straight to the point. I like to call myself during business: a direct man."

- "Therefore, I will lay out my rules for the alliance."

Brando interrupted him:

- "I agree to the alliance, but I didn't understand your point when you said there was danger, and I want to establish my idea. Address this matter first."

Clark looked at him coldly, thought for ten seconds in his mind due to his high attainment in the Star Path. Thoughts were many, and deductions were also fast and easy.

- "Alright, each of them is easy, and rebellious thoughts aren't many in their minds."

- "But this Brando, he is ambitious and wants to spread his wings and fly far."

- "But I don't want that, and because of this, I must establish my dominance."

He threw the drink glass in Brando's face with cruelty!

Everyone looked in astonishment; they were looking at this madman whose anger had erupted.

Brando was holding half of his face, which had been wounded by the throw that was clearly done using his strength.

Clark spoke in a resounding voice, his eyes sparking with embers:

- "Do you think you're clever and playful, boy?"

- "I mean, look at this wretched outfit of yours! You're only proud because you're good at horseback riding."

- "I am not your friend nor your father who will tolerate your recklessness."

- "You need special behavioral discipline, not like you lot of rabble!!!"

Brando didn't dare to stare into Clark's eyes.

While Lawrence understood the situation and had been calm from the beginning because he knew he was between the jaws of a highly sensitive tiger.

I'll simplify it: Wrong positions and words will make those jaws clamp down on you and kill you.

And what happened now with Brando is sufficient proof.

As for Natasha, she was extremely afraid. She was just a simple girl who wanted to achieve some accomplishments and prove her strength, presence, and that she deserved to inherit her house.

For her, all her dreams were shattered in Clark's hands.

Now he had proven his existence, but because of Brando's question, doubt had entered their minds.

Really, what was the real danger Clark was talking about???

Clark smiled at them:

- "Alright, I will tell you the truth."
- "There is a plan to turn the humans in this area into demons and bring a demon from another world to destroy this existence. This world is on the verge of destruction."
- "And the perpetrator is a foolish religious man. I expect you saw his procession; his name is Alfred. No one knows his origin or who he is; perhaps the name Alfred itself is fake."
- "Don't think you're smart and say: I will migrate to another country or to another sea. This concerns the complete annihilation of humanity."
- "As for myself: Why do I want an alliance? Because I don't trust you."
- "All of you want to leave and abandon me, but I can guarantee one thing: you won't regret it."

Lawrence knew one thing: that there was great smoke in this area, and it was about to ignite.

But he didn't expect the matter to be this enormous.

But he dared to ask Clark:

- "But how did you know? And what is your name?"

Clark laughed and said:

- "Well, perhaps all of you have read my name in the fighting arena."
- "My name is Johan Kreutz; you may know this."
- "But since the alliance charter requires me to demand the truth from you without lying, I will also tell you the truth: I have impersonated the real Johan Kreutz."
- "You can speculate whether he is alive or dead; it doesn't matter."
- "But my name, who I am, won't matter. After everything is over, I will go on my way."
- "If you want to call me by a symbolic title of mine, my name is: Sky Thief!!!"
- "Is this enough for you or not???"

Everyone replied in unison:

- "Yes, it's enough for us."

Clark smiled happily:

- "Good, then the real alliance rules: No one lies in it from both parties."
- "Two: None of us can involve external parties to kill or blackmail another."
- "Orders are executed without questioning their purpose."
- "My name remains ambiguous."
- "Your lives I won't harm as long as you are on this land!!!"
- "And lastly: The alliance ends after solving my own problems!!!"

Everyone turned: Lawrence, Brando, Natasha.

One thing was on their minds: "This alliance was one-sided from the beginning; all the advantages are his."

Natasha asked:

- "So is the covenant just my words or what???"

Clark laughed:

- "No, naturally, I need something else."
- "And what is that???"
- "Your blood."

Everyone was shocked.

Lawrence asked in astonishment:

- "What do you mean???"
- "The covenant is sealed with blood."

Clark took out the Blood Bat from his fist.

- "Wound your fingers or your hand; the important thing is to pour blood into its mouth, all of you, so the covenant is sealed."

Everyone understood the simplicity and wounded their fingers.

Blood flowed into the bat's mouth.

And Dao Marks appeared in their bodies without their knowledge, as well as in Clark's.

Clark smiled a gentle smile:

- "Well, let me tell you: You will notice marks on your bodies later."
- "And since I am obligated to tell the truth: These are called Dao Marks of the Blood Path."
- "And because of this, if anyone violates the covenant, their body will explode."
- "Understood?"

Everyone was terrified.

They knew they had completely fallen into his clutches; they felt extreme helplessness.

Clark ended the discussion and told them to go on their way, and he would call them if he needed them.

And of course, he didn't forget to tell them that he could find them anywhere, and if anyone tried to escape, there would be severe consequences for them.

Clark left the hotel and headed to an alley, put on his mask, and returned to Johan Kreutz's form.

He had entered the cathedral and was met by Gregor, who was truly tense.

Clark asked him:

- "What's wrong with you???"
- "It's that bastard Alfred!"
- "What about him? Tell me."
- "He's furious and wants to crush skulls wildly!"
- "He intensified the collection operations for humans and increased the thirst."
- "Now the catacombs are full of primitive operations: rooms for devouring humans and animalistic sexual emotions."
- "It's disgusting and provocative; I can't stand it."

Clark laughed in his mind:

- "This Gregor still genuinely possesses human thought and grieves for humans. No wonder he clung to his principles and opposed these barbaric actions."

Clark replied:

- "Well, all we have to do is meet him, right? I'm burning to meet the bold man who slapped me!"

Clark moved through the cathedral corridors and entered the meeting hall. It was filled with clergymen and bishops, and of course Alfred, whose face was filled with feelings of hatred towards Johan.

Even though Clark searched in the soul, and this Johan had never met Alfred even once. Is he just an imbecile? Or what???

Alfred stood with an angry face:

- "I didn't expect such an entrance! How dare you stop the meeting?"

Clark replied with a helpless face:

- "Well, I am part of this place, representing Mr. Gin until his arrival."
- "So why treat me harshly?"

Alfred replied:

- "Oh, because that wretch is supported from another world! So do you think, you old fool, that you can impose yourself on me?!"
- "Tie up this fool! I will execute him in the square!!!"

They grabbed Clark by his arms.

He had a calm and cold face without any helplessness or fear!!!

That was because he knew if things escalated beyond their limit, his true face would be revealed.

But that was something else: because in reality, Gin is the one who possesses higher authority than Alfred!!!

But their goals are shared!!!

To be continued....

Chapter 83: The True Face

The air was heavy. Though Clark restrained his aura and power, he stood proudly before the human crowds estimated at hundreds of thousands.

It was a shameful sight: a saint before them—Yohan Kreutz, or Clark—kneeling on the ground, ready to have his head severed.

In truth, he was calm.

He knew the others were watching: Brando, Lawrence... all of them watching. But what if they interfered? They couldn't face this Alfred.

Alfred stepped forward. Clark was behind him, and the human crowds were before him.

Everyone was bewildered: What's happening?

It had been decades since anyone saw someone executed or brought to this square.

Alfred gave a speech in a resonant and powerful voice:

- "As you see before you: a traitor to the Church, a traitor to the faith!"
- "Before this state existed, there were kings first, then religion, then humans."
- "You understand this order well, don't you?!"
- "Our tradition: whoever betrays us shall have his soul extinguished."
- "Like the idol slaves in the Chi nation, and all those other wretched kinds who think they are human, but are merely scum."
- "From now on, whether king or prince, the measure of this state: religion!"
- "And to prove this, I will demonstrate it to you, taking him as a real lesson about who betrays the state."
- "Understand? The greatest betrayal in our state is apostasy..."

It was just a false speech with implications. Alfred didn't care about religion; he cared about power. If he had to pretend to gain power and influence, he wouldn't hesitate.

If he had to abandon religion and obtain power, he also wouldn't hesitate.

A fickle person, you might find him on all sides strangely. Not your friend, just a person moving by personal motives.

Clark advanced to the front of the raised platform. He stood before everyone.

Slap!!!

Alfred delivered a powerful slap to old Clark's face:

- "How dare you, you damned traitor?! What do you think you are?"
- "A great sacrifice for the nation!"
- "And you... what! Aren't you giving him freedom by advancing?!"

The soldiers tensed up, because Clark's relationships with the soldiers were excellent; he earned their loyalty through kindness and cunning.

While Alfred earned them through fear and an iron fist.

Clark doesn't rely on flexing muscles and instilling fear, but sometimes you need real loyalty, even by lying to everyone.

Humans enjoy small compliments because they make them feel valued and important.

While the unfortunate reality is that you're unimportant!

Clark spoke with a cold, strong voice. His gaze behind the old man's mask was cold and half-asleep:

- "Lord Alfred, I am a man who repays all his debts."
- "I love the furious ones. Do you know why?"

Alfred's eyes reddened and his voice changed. He was about to transform into a real demon!

It was terrifying, and half the attendees were frightened.

While Clark stood without the slightest fear.

- "What trash you are! Old man, who do you think you are?!"

Blows rained on Clark's face while the other kept staring repeatedly.

And Alfred, like a madman, kept hitting. They were truly strong.

But so what? Does he think Clark will explode in anger and perhaps reveal his true face?

No, no, no! Alfred needs more than this to shake Clark.

Everyone watched in horror.

Clark's blood flowed madly from his face until a pitiful flaw appeared in Clark's disguise!

Blood seeped from under Clark's mask, which was supposed to be undamaged by the blows and part of Clark's face.

But the furious Alfred didn't notice that strange loophole.

It was like wearing a cloth, and as soon as your face bleeds, blood seeps from under the cloth.

- "Everyone stop!!!"

Everyone turned back, while Alfred clearly saw the face of the voice's owner:

- "Jin!!! So you decided to come, huh?!"

Clark turned and spat the blood stuck to his teeth.

He looked curiously toward Jin.

Beside him were two strange individuals; their auras were strange and suggested power amazingly???

Alfred stepped forward to Jin, face to face. They stood opposite each other terrifyingly, as if a battle was about to happen.

Alfred spoke in a hoarse, terrifying voice:

- "How dare you send your dog to me instead of coming yourself?!"

The two beside Jin stepped forward, ready to fight.

Jin raised his hand to stop them, then looked directly into Alfred's eyes:

- "Let me tell you something, Alfred: You're just a stepping stone. You understand that, right?"
- "I don't doubt your understanding of this."
- "After all, who are you? Not important. You tried to make a name for yourself but failed too."
- "Fake Immortal Consciousness. Don't make me laugh!"

The words "fake Immortal Consciousness" struck Clark's ears like lightning!

He was shocked:

- "Fake Immortal Consciousness... false immortal rank? Meaning he possesses quasi-immortal battle strength? Or what?"
- "Interesting, Alfred."

While Alfred laughed and replied to Jin:

- "So this information is in your mind? Well, make sure to keep it well, because when it happens, I'll make sure to tear you apart properly."

Alfred walked away, but Jin grabbed his shoulder.

Demonic aura flowed from Alfred's eyes madly and furiously:

- "What do you think you're doing?!" Alfred said in a terrifying voice.

While Jin replied calmly:

- "At least I want to tell you something: this subordinate of mine that you were beating is wanted by the entire Immortal World to be killed."

- "Meaning, if anyone from above learns you tried to kill him, we both know what will happen. Understand that, Saint Alfred?!"

Alfred pushed his hand away and walked his way to the cathedral, seething with anger.

While Jin looked at Clark's face, also noticing the blood seeping strangely from his neck and jaw without visible wounds.

Jin laughed hysterically and said to him:

- "If you want to hide yourself, hide yourself well!!!!"

Clark looked at him coldly:

- "Oh! So you've confirmed your suspicions. Well, Jin."
- "Since you saved me from the chaos I was about to cause, it's clear you want to talk. Hahahahahahaha!"

Jin looked coldly at Clark and said:

- "Meet me on the cathedral roof tonight with your real face. Understood?!"

Clark nodded yes, broke the shackles on his hands, and moved.

Everyone looked bewildered: the human crowds, the soldiers...

- "Is this the same shackled old man who was being beaten? Why is he so strong?!"

Clark returned to his room after that farce.

He washed his face with cold water. There were some bruises on his face that could be treated thanks to Natasha, but he wasn't interested in meeting her now.

So he settled for putting some patches on his face and ointments, healing very quickly.

He lit his cigar and smoked simply.

His strong body was like a painting drawn by the best artists.

And he thought:

- "He wants to ally with me. That's logical, Jin's intentions are easy to predict."
- "He wants to bring down Alfred, then bring me down after him."
- "Easy to predict cheap plans."
- "But thanks to the Blood Pact, I can get many, many good guarantees for myself."
- "But what is his plan? Does he have an alternative plan to reach the Immortal World?"
- "Does the fake Immortal Consciousness suffice and allow me to ascend?"

Urghhh!!!

Clark fell to the ground and began writhing, remembering words:

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

He writhed like a madman and remembered:

- "For a great specter looms on the horizon."
- "A great mountain and a great sky and two moons."

Ah! He grabbed his shoulder in pain. It was like painful brain spasms.

- "What's the meaning of these damned verses?!"
- "The only logical thing that comes to my mind: the two moons!"
- "My complete relativity theory: two moons producing the highest possible speed that destroys the mortal world and opens a crossing gate."
- "But why are these verses like a warning and vision of the future?"
- "It's truly puzzling???"

The moon appeared in the sky, announcing winter.

The stars adorned the sky like diamonds adorning jewelry, and snow fell in a pleasant, beautiful scene.

Clark lit his cigar and smoked in this beautiful atmosphere.

Soon he spoke coldly:

- "Your request to meet me but you're late to appear, Jin. You've kept Clark waiting."

He stood beside Clark and spoke:

- "Well, as you know I had to prepare for this and arrange my thoughts."

Clark turned to him and looked directly into his eyes:

- "Well, I prefer you to be direct."
- "Hahahahahaha! If you want it direct, you shall have it."
- "I want to form an alliance with you."

Clark laughed:

- "How ironic! And you think I need you? Offer your best, Jin, or the alliance proposal is rejected!!!"

Jin replied to Clark confidently:

- "Do you remember when I said those from the other world are demanding your life?"
- "Well, that word contains part truth and part lie."
- "They truly want your head more than anything in life."
- "But no one knows where you're from. They suspect the Shadow Sect, and wars have erupted there as we speak."
- "But Clark... I can light a great fuse and tell them about you, but I've remained silent until now to talk together."
- "One purpose and one goal. So think seriously about my words."
- "Hahahahahaha! Using veiled threats? Well, Jin, you've gained my interest, and I'll enjoy a little, because after all, if the entire world comes, I won't be afraid!!!"

To be continued....

Chapter 84: Mount Ling Hua!!!

The two looked at each other with absolute distrust.

But they had to play a cunning game like this.

Jin broke the silence between them:

- "Alright, I'll start by explaining our situation: you and me."
- "As you know—and I'm sure you know—we are all being observed, like ants in a sandbox being monitored and studied."
- "Because of this, the Heaven's Guards decided to use me as a pawn to destroy this mortal world, so the cycle can start anew."
- "You might ask yourself: why did they turn to me instead of you?"
- "Simply because the pawn escaped their control!"
- "And of course, the pawn I'm talking about is you..."

Clark looked at him silently. He felt no offense toward his former self or anything else, as he had grown accustomed to the truth, often even expecting that he was just a janitor taking out the trash.

But now the scales would tip!

Jin continued after a brief pause:

- "Do you remember that girl we knew in our first life? The cursed girl who kept dying repeatedly—Scarlett."
- "Scarlett was lying about something: Scarlett wasn't cursed or anything like that!"
- "Instead, Scarlett was the one taking out the trash before you!"
- "She learned this because of excessive information, went mad, and could no longer bear it."
- "She repeatedly destroys her world with a temporal acceleration that folds the universe!"
- "Because of this, she manipulated you into believing you needed to break her curse by activating the musical instrument—which is actually a rank 12 Extreme Movement!"

Clark was horrified: Does something like rank 12 really exist?! This is beyond imagination! And who exactly created it?

Jin continued:

- "I assigned you the task, trying to convince you with pity and her sinister manipulation."
- "Because of this, when you destroyed the first world, I got caught up in those problems with you because I'm a pawn like you."
- "I was always the one motivating you, preventing you from growing weary of everything and ending things."
- "And here we are in your third phase, and it's been decided that I will complete this task."
- "You could say that you and I are what are called 'Travelers from Another World,' reincarnated multiple times because we were the ones operating that machine."

Clark laughed in his mind:

- "I can interpret this from their goals. Everything became clear to me during my journey through this mortal world."
- "Every time this world reaches a bottleneck, several people emerge at the immortal level. One of them was the Venerable 'Great Sun Conqueror.'"
- "Because of this, it will cause a massive accumulation in the Immortal World."
- "And Heaven—which resides in the Immortal World—doesn't recognize them and sees them as a disruption to the balance."
- "They have their world, and other humans have theirs. If these people appear, things will spiral out of control."
- "Higher-level humans won't acknowledge them; worse, they'll see them as inferior, which is harder for them, causing them to kill or be killed."
- "In either case, the balance in their world will be corrupted. The measure isn't just on humans: if a single insect disrupts the balance of life in a world, I wouldn't be surprised if Heaven's Will afflicts it with terrible misfortune and kills it through schemes."
- "It's good that I learned the extent of Heaven's Will's power and the breadth of its methods, especially since it succeeded in killing me once in the Poison inheritance!"

Clark spoke in a cold tone:

- "So, you're declaring to me: we must cooperate to repel our enemies and reach the top in a good way."
- "Fine, I have the method, but the mortal world and everyone in it will be destroyed!"
- "I don't care how many are in this vast land: thousands, hundreds, millions, billions... they will all disappear!"
- "This despicable game will end, and first we must destroy the Gap of Fate, no matter the cost."

Jin replied:

- "But we don't know how."

Clark laughed:

- "Of course I know! The true inheritance of the Venerable 'Great Sun Conqueror.' If we can find it, I wouldn't rule out the possibility of damaging the Gap of Fate—after all, he managed to find the method."
- "But Heaven moved against him and sent three tyrants from the Heaven's Guards!"
- "Now we must find that inheritance, break the cycle, destroy the mortal world, and achieve immortal ascension!!!"
- "Then we will undoubtedly succeed!!!"
- "So, we have the plan and our views align. Do we have a deal?"

Clark replied coldly:

- "Yes. Then let's agree on the alliance terms:"
- "1. If either of us requests help from the other, we will fulfill the need regardless of what it is or the distance."
- "2. I cannot kill you, and you cannot do so to me."
- "3. Neither of us may use external parties with the aim of killing or threatening the other."
- "That's the agreement. Now cut your finger and let the bat do its work!"

Jin didn't object to the agreement; in fact, it was to protect both of them and contained no exploitative clauses. Jin cut himself and poured the blood into the bat's mouth.

He actually knew about this Extreme Movement of the Blood Covenant. It was known among followers of the Demonic Path for settling alliances and interests, and anyone who violated the agreement would die from their blood exploding within their body.

He even noticed the Blood Dao Marks in his body.

Clark put the mask back on, and the two went their separate ways!!!

Clark was deep in thought after finishing:

- "What is the real place I must go to? The true inheritance of the Venerable 'Great Sun Conqueror.'"
- "Where would he place his inheritance? A place... I wonder if it's a place only his heir from reading his story would know?"

Clark's eyes lit up with a glimmer of hope:

- "Of course! Who else would know but me? Who else? Hahahahahaha!"
- "Of course! It's the island he ruled! The island where the Venerable 'Great Sun Conqueror' killed all the humans, took the Great Sun's soul to make it his guardian spirit!"
- "And the reason he killed everyone there... to make the place easy to identify and be a great mystery to those who don't know!"
- "What a cunning man! To think of something like this! It took me a long time to learn this information."
- "And now, with my knowledge of all this, it's easy to anticipate!"

Far from Clark, on a massive battlefield...

The Shadow Sect was fighting against a huge number of formidable experts.

Leading this battle was the exceptional Han Chenqing.

He was in a massive battle, fighting Zhang Hanyu—an expert in the Metal and Earth Paths.

Zhang Han laughed and stroked his long black beard. He was nicknamed "Black Beard" due to the intense blackness and length of his beard.

- "Brother Han, I truly salute you. In many instances and many rounds, you've seized opportunities after understanding my style."

Han Chenqing laughed:

- "Glad that Brother Zhang is impressed!"
- "Because of this, I'll show you an Extreme Movement no one has ever seen before: a wonderful blend of the Song of Snow and the Sky!"
- "I named it: 'Frigid Snow Maiden'!"

Zhang Hanyu looked on in horror. His allies, who were fighting members of other sects, were scattered and watching Zhang Hanyu flying in the sky, while Han Chenqing was on the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!!!

Three consecutive explosions in the sky!!!

Zhang Hanyu suffered massive damage.

But that was just the beginning!

A gigantic, towering meteor appeared from the sky and crashed heavily into Zhang Hanyu, who was watching his dire situation.

But, mysteriously, a strange blade appeared and cut the meteor in half! It had multiple colors and was transparent! Its sharpness was terrifying!

The aura swiftly moved toward Han Chenqing, who quickly activated defensive Extreme Movements.

He was injured, but he suppressed the lethal damage!

This round was a draw. Zhang Hanyu's side retreated.

The fairy Mao Xin approached to see Zhang Hanyu's injuries; he was sprawled on a tree, bleeding profusely.

- "You're severely injured, my husband! Please hold on!!!"

It was difficult for her, after all, Zhang Hanyu was her husband.

Zhang Hanyu spoke:

- "We can't wait! Let's flee to a mountain, let's flee to Mount Ling Hua!"

Soon, one of them, Ye Chen, spoke:

- "But sir, that stronghold is important! What if we're defeated there?!"

Zhang Hanyu laughed:

- "It's all part of the plan! Don't worry."
- "As for Han Chenqing, he's dangerous! I didn't expect his strength to be like this!"

On Han Chenqing's side, members of various sects were with him, including elite of the elite.

His injuries weren't as severe as Zhang Han's, but he needed 17 days of rest to recover his vitality and fight again.

A seventh-rank commander, Lin Shuan, came:

- "Han Chenqing, we must attack them now, or they'll be able to retreat and reorganize!"

Han Chenqing laughed:

- "And do you think you can face everyone with this group of children?! Don't make me laugh! We'll wait."
- "I'm the commander here! Understood?!"

After the speech, Han Chenqing sat down to rest.

The timing was difficult for them; after all, they were fighting on enemy territory, which gave the enemy an advantage.

Now the Shadow Sect's plans were proceeding full speed ahead, with no one knowing their true purpose!!!

To be continued.....

Chapter 85: The Refinement Conference

Chong Han Yu was communicating with the other elders.

He was updating them on developments and checking if their plan was progressing or not.

At the mountain belonging to the Spectral King Venerable—Mount Lao Bu—where the true Gate of Death existed, it was a mine for soul refinement.

But there, one of the elders spoke to Chong Han Yu's image:

- "We are still trying to extract the soul, but it's difficult. That soul has manifested an entire dream world inside the Gate of Death."
- "This has made matters more complex and worse. Even our elder, distinguished in the Star Path, has suffered because of it."
- "As for you, Chong Han Yu, how are the battle affairs progressing?"

Chong Han Yu replied:

- "They were good until Han Chenging appeared. That musician truly deserves his title!"
- "At first, I was restraining him using the Five-Colored Heart Sword."
- "But he revealed a terrifying song and defeated me soundly."
- "Now we are retreating to Mount Ling Hua. I will destroy them there no matter the cost!!!"
- "Alright, then proceed with your plan!"

The conversation ended, and Chong Han Yu and his subordinates continued their journey.

The journey was extremely difficult due to their severe injuries from engaging in battles.

Five days had passed since the last battle with Han Chenging, whose recovery was proceeding swiftly.

Elsewhere, the will of Venerable Star Constellation was investigating and deducing in the Ninth-Rank Heaven Tower.

This tower was connected to the Gap of Fate and possessed deductive abilities allowing them to observe the entire world.

The Venerable was trying to uncover the plans of the Shadow Sect, but they were protected by a vast number of Extreme Movements preventing deduction.

Therefore, she could only observe the battles between Mount Ling Hua and the Sound Forest (nicknamed the Sound Forest after Han Chenging displayed immense prowess in the Sound Path during those battles).

And in the mortal world, Clark was gathered with Brando, Lawrence, and Natasha.

In those past days, he had been collecting some Extreme Movements and refining them with Jin's help.

Some were for himself—perhaps he would use them—and others were for his team.

Clark gave Lawrence the Extreme Movement "Sword Claws," which belonged to Su Tai.

As for Brando, he presented him with the Extreme Movement "Self-Power"—he could use Qi to create copies of himself, but it didn't require his soul (unlike Clark who replicated himself using his soul, while Brando needed the souls of others—a weakness). But Clark gave him several souls to use.

As for Natasha, Clark gave her the Extreme Movements "Water Healing" and "Water Arrow"—healing and attack.

Lawrence asked:

- "What are these worm-like things?"

Clark laughed:

- "They are called Extreme Movements. I've given each of you something that suits your strengths."
- "You fight with swords, so I gave you Sword Claw."
- "As for you, Brando, I gave you Self-Power—you can produce copies of yourself or shape those copies as you wish using others' souls."
- "And as for Natasha, I gave her Water Arrow and Water Healing."
- "They all use your thoughts to activate and use the abilities. Understood?!"

Everyone nodded in understanding.

Clark soon continued:

- "Good, you must train and learn how to use them among yourselves to get accustomed. The great battle is approaching."

After finishing the matter, Clark had put his mask back on and returned to the church.

This time, he had obtained significant information, one of which was about the Shadow Sect's battles. It was interesting to Clark.

He wanted to seize many spoils and go there, but although the mortal world was limited, it was like a safe home—no Immortal would approach you.

But Clark only possessed two combat Extreme Movements and another Extreme Movement, the mask, in his Theft Path style, and he needed more than that.

Therefore, he was determined to participate in the Shadow Sect's war, and perhaps obtain more information about the Spectral King Venerable.

Tai Fei—this man was a mysterious enigma to Clark, not easily solved.

When Clark returned, he went to Jin:

- "What do you want?" Jin asked Clark.

The other replied:

- "I'm going to the Immortal World. I have some business there!"

Jin replied in astonishment:

- "Are you crazy or what?!"

Clark laughed:

- "No, because I will disguise myself as you."

Jin replied:

- "That won't work, you fool! Because I will participate in the Refinement Conference. If you cause disasters, attention will turn to me, and we'll die together!"

Clark replied coldly:

- "My destination is different from yours. I will head to the Shadow Sect."
- "You know? I won't disguise myself with your face. No one knows me except the Heavenly Court."
- "I will go to the north, for the Shadow Sect awaits me there."

Jin was shocked:

- "What do you mean?!"
- "I mean I have information and a good deal that won't harm them, and perhaps I'll get something useful. I won't hide myself from deductions, perhaps."

Jin sighed:

- "Alright, but you'll take a fake Immortal Unconsciousness like mine."

Clark was shocked:

- "What do you mean?!"
- "As you know, the Immortal World is full of powerful Immortals, so you need Immortal combat power, even if it's fake."
- "And at the same time, to store resources."

Clark nodded in agreement, but a question arose in his mind:

- "Jin, I know you possess some Immortal Jewels. Lend me a few; I have some things."

Jin was surprised:

- "Do you want to kill someone with them?!"
- "No, only if a strong enemy appears to me, I'll use them in my fight if things become critical."

Jin replied:

- "You surely know how rare Immortal Extreme Movements are. Right, aren't you afraid of being robbed?!"

Clark laughed:

- "Are you crazy? The founder of the Theft Path is afraid of being stolen from?! Don't worry, I can manage my affairs."

The two went to Jin's storage—actually, his fake Immortal Unconsciousness.

Jin explained to Clark that the Heaven's Guards were the ones who created this method so their soldiers could store without any fear and possess an Immortal aura.

Also, he couldn't increase his progress in attainment because it was a fake Immortal Unconsciousness. It slightly disappointed Clark, but he proceeded with the matter.

It was a very small and glowing sphere. Clark placed it in his chest.

Soon, strong light flowed from his eyes, mouth, and ears.

The aura was intensely powerful.

Clark felt the spaces beginning to appear within him.

Lands were forming from absorbing the power of heaven and earth.

But that land wasn't of immense size—it was only 1,500 square kilometers.

Clark laughed: "Now with combat power like this, I can wander and obtain resources without any fear."

Jin showed something strange—it was an Immortal Extreme Movement called "Immortal Travel."

The two quickly transferred to the Gap of Power, then a great door opened above the tree, and with a "Bam!" they transferred again to the Immortal World.

The light was bright and terrifying.

Clark kept turning around, seeing the world around him: massive forests, a yellow sky, and islands floating in the sky.

It was wondrous and interesting.

The sounds of beasts were dense in the area where they appeared.

But Jin used "Immortal Travel" again and transferred to the Refinement Conference arena.

It was marvelous! The arena was massive, and there were many people—men and women—all from the sects, and their structure resembled the great Qin nation.

So Clark didn't feel alien among them.

Clark wanted to obtain "Immortal Travel," but "Immortal Travel" only transports you to areas you have seen and been to.

And Clark had never been to the north; this was his first time going to the Immortal World and wandering in it.

So now he was obliged to stay with Jin and see matters at the Refinement Conference.

But it was good, actually, for Clark decided to participate in the conference!

The sect managing the conference was known as the Hai Sect—known more for refinement than combat, not even among the great sects.

But the rounds involved refining high-level Extreme Movements of the fifth rank in attainment, depending more on speed than anything else.

Also, the Extreme Movement to be refined was announced by the supervisors—everyone would refine the same thing for fairness.

The winner would receive abundant resources, and perhaps one of the powerful sects would adopt your talent.

But Clark didn't care about the sects; he preferred independence over anything else.

The test for the conference participants began.

It was about refining the Extreme Movement "Veil of Fire"—a good defensive movement.

It was interesting! Clark needed something like this.

He had two combat Extreme Movements in the Theft Path, many in the Blade Path, and needed defense more than anything else!!!!

Clark began the refinement process. The resources were presented to him, and he squatted down to refine.

The flames surged chaotically due to his lack of experience in the Fire Path, but he remained focused and accustomed to this kind of pressure, so he didn't pay it much mind.

His control over the fire gradually increased, and the Fiery Veil began to take shape. It resembled a small silkworm with horns.

Suddenly, Clark wounded his own shoulder, and his blood dripped onto the silkworm.

· "What?! He's using Blood Path methods! What a devil!!!!"

To be continued...

Chapter 86: The Wu Clan of the Bitter Plains

Clark had expected something similar to this. The customs in the Immortal World were like this; any technique related to the Blood Path would be viewed this way.

But Clark didn't care.

As long as he used it for refinement, no one would attack him.

However, the looks of hatred didn't disappear; some even wished Clark would lose.

A loud voice boomed:

- "I'm finished!!!"

Everyone, including those watching, was stunned.

Incredible speed! He had finished, and the refinement took him only three minutes.

Clark left, as he had completed the test, to get his badge to enter the official rounds.

Clark placed a few Immortal Gems, because a commission had to be paid in this place.

Clark was angry, that miser Jin had only given him a little.

Clark got his badge, but a certain fool came running.

He had a face like a pig's, and beside him was a teenage boy not yet twenty, who was arrogant and called himself Supervisor Song Yu.

- "Sir, join our sect! I'm sure you're interested."

Clark looked at him coldly:

- "Oh, you think I'm interested? Well, let me tell you frankly: I'm not interested, and I won't join any sect. So get out of my way."

Song Yu was saddened and couldn't reply to Clark.

But the boy beside him was angry on behalf of his grandfather.

- "Hey! What do you think you're doing? Are you looking down on our sect?"

Clark quickly turned to him. Cold murderous intent flowed from his eyes.

- "Boy, if you think there's a problem between us, then you want to compete with me???"

•"But if you want to compete with me, bring something interesting."

The boy was named Xue Song, and he genuinely wanted to crush Clark in a refinement competition because of his arrogance.

The boy declared his stake:

• "Fifth-rank resources, peak of the mortal world."

• "And the refinement will be on the Extreme Movement from the Time Path: 'Third Breath'."

• "I suppose you don't know it, so I'll explain: 'Third Breath' is an Extreme Movement difficult to activate, but if successful, you'll learn what will happen in a time estimated at three breaths."

Clark laughed like a madman. Everyone gathered to see what was happening.

• "Boy, how old are you? How foolish!"

• "Is this an offer? I'd rather leave here! I'm not interested in your sect or your duel."

• "As for the winner of the conference, listen well: It's me and no one else!!!"

Clark made a bold declaration, but it only made people hate him more, especially Xue Song.

Clark left. He was standing beside the wall of a certain sect.

The first round would start after a full week.

In the center of this sect, there was a strange tree, and beside it was a girl.

She was breathtakingly beautiful.

Her pure white skin was like a peeled egg, her delicate lips, her shiny black hair which was also very soft.

Her lashes were few and blue, and her breasts were difficult to contain.

She was a bit short, so if she stood, she would only reach Clark's chest.

But she could be described as one of the cutest women he had ever seen in his life.

Clark laughed:

- "Are all women in the Immortal World this beautiful?"

But the girl was a bit pale, as if she were battling in her sleep.

Clark deduced she was in the Dream World.

But he was surprised: According to his research and knowledge from the souls of people he had killed, the Dream World hadn't become famous, and methods of entering it were difficult.

Either you possess an Extreme Movement that enables you, or you are an Immortal and a Heavenly Tribulation comes to you where the test is to overcome the Dream World.

Or the other option: enter someone else's dream world.

But this girl wasn't from any of the three choices.

Clark touched her face to search inside her, but he soon fell.

Clark opened his eyes in surprise. He looked at his hands, which were strangely small, and his face too.

He rushed to one of the ponds to see his face. He had become younger!

He immediately knew he was in the Dream World.

He began walking and exploring his surroundings. The Dream World consumes the strength of your soul inside: the longer you stay inside, the stronger your soul becomes. The more you can endure, and Clark's soul was strong, but it ends like any soul.

And if his soul weakened, he would lose the distinction between reality and life and be trapped forever, unless someone freed him.

The place was vast, with green orchards and small, tame animals.

But a woman in her thirties came to him.

She was breathtakingly beautiful.

She slapped the back of Clark's head and said:

- "Why didn't you come? Your mother waited for you a long time! The sect's junior generation competitions have started, and you're still here."

Clark looked in surprise:

- "Now, in a dream, this is my mother??"

He began piecing things together in his mind: Clark, women, fairies, Zhong Nam Sect!!!!

He immediately realized.

- "So, that girl is from the Zhong Nam Sect. Well, I need to focus on solving the scene and getting her out."

Clark was late for his match, and his opponent was waiting for him. It was a girl; he sensed her appearance was familiar.

He soon realized she was the same girl.

The woman gave Clark some Extreme Movements: Scarf of Fire, and Dark Arrow. All from their names showed their abilities, with no complexity.

Clark went down to the arena, looked at the girl, and charged to attack.

He had combat experience and dodged her attacks, but he sensed the purpose of the scene was to defeat her, not kill her.

So he kept charging and attacking calmly, while speaking at the same time:

- "You, do you still have your consciousness? This is the Dream World, not reality."

The girl quickly replied:

- "You're crazy! This is of course reality!"

Clark was shocked in his mind:

- "Bad! She can no longer distinguish between reality and illusion!!!"

The girl kept attacking intensely, but Clark found the flaw in her attacks: she was using an Extreme Movement called "Cold Moonlight," which were moon blades that moved by the user's will, and they were fast and strong too.

But the duel ended.

Clark directed a swift strike to the shoulder and quickly knocked the girl down, victorious.

The woman who came to Clark was happy:

- "Hahahahaha! My son has defeated An Hai Chenqing!"

Clark was shocked:

- "This girl is the daughter of the legendary Han Chenqing?! What luck! To do a favor for such a man! Hahahahahahaha! For the future, I'll do some good deeds. I didn't expect to get help like this."

As soon as Clark defeated her, a strong light flashed and he woke up.

He gradually opened his eyes, and saw stupidly where his face had been lying: it was between An Han Chenqing's thighs!

Clark soon felt her thighs become hot.

He raised his head calmly to look at her. He saw an angry face, the face of someone who wanted to kill him.

Clark stammered:

- "R...really, I can explain! I saved you!"

Clark received a kick to the chest. That girl was angry and wanted to kill him now and bury the shame.

What came to her mind was: "Do they think I'm easy or what?"

He dusted himself off and looked coldly:

- "I advise you to stay away from that tree, because of it you fell into the Dream World, and I helped you and got you out."

- "As for what happened, I didn't know, because as soon as I touched your forehead, I didn't know if I would be pulled with you or not."

- "And indeed I was pulled and fell! It was just a passing situation."

- "And thank you, I don't need you to repay the favor."

An Er's rosy cheeks had turned red from embarrassment, but she couldn't say anything; he did save her.

She quickly replied in a soft voice:

- "Thank you. And I apologize for hitting you."

In Clark's mind: "Hmph! If I didn't know your father was Han Chenqing, I would have severed your head from your body and fed it to the crows! With pleasure."

Clark turned to leave on his way, but An Er grabbed his hand. He quickly pulled away, she felt embarrassed but spoke:

- "How did you know I was trapped in the Dream World? Few know about the Dream World!!"

It was a straightforward interrogation, but the reply was ready in Clark's mind:

- "Pure coincidence and speculation, nothing more, and I only knew after I fell with you."

Clark left. An Er watched him from afar.

He was thinking about what to do in the future, and where to go. He didn't know, so who better than Jin?

Clark found Jin talking with one of the sect elders, the Great Refiner Sect.

Clark greeted him, but he was stunned: it was the same Mr. Song Yu!

Clark distanced himself from the conversation and remained silent.

It was flattery and: "Please come to our sect, a great talent like you is needed."

But Jin's reply was the same as Clark's.

After finishing, Clark and Jin left the sect gates.

Clark asked Jin:

- "Do you have a specific destination???"

Jin laughed:

- "Of course! The Wu Clan of the Bitter Plains! There's an important inheritance that will open!!!"

Clark's gaze immediately lit up: Bitter Plains and inheritance! Could it be him???

To be continued.....

Chapter 87: The Wu Clan and the Blood Tournaments

Clark and Jin traveled to the Wu Clan. In truth, that clan possessed something special: exclusive ownership of the "Fierce Demon King Mountain" formation.

That place contained many Celestial Beasts and fertile, excellent resources.

And that was wonderful.

Also, Clark and Jin would pose as powerful Immortals.

That was also great.

The entrance to the Wu Clan was magnificent and beautifully designed.

But Wu Yongshi was waiting for them.

He was of a high rank: a Saint Attainment Immortal (the eighth rank).

But he wanted to test Clark and Jin, or rather, he wanted to use them.

Among the northern clans, there is something called "Blood Tournaments."

Blood Tournaments occur whenever an important event happens, and it must be decided by force.

The strongest elites from the clans come, excluding the clan heads and elders—only the elite youth.

Currently, the Blood Tournaments were active.

But the Wu Clan had weakened.

In the past, it had ten high-ranking elders.

Now, time had passed, and all the elders had died.

The fate of humans is to live a hundred years, and tribes and nations are the same.

There comes the infancy stage, the most difficult stage because you must solidify your state's rule.

Then comes the second stage: maturity. You have passed infancy; you are a stable region.

Then comes the youth and middle-age stage. This is the era of strength and achievements.

Finally comes the old age stage, the stage of weakness.

And this is what the Wu Clan was experiencing.

Clark and Jin agreed to go without any issues.

Jin didn't know exactly where the event was, but Wu Yongshi possessed a super teleportation formation, powered by Extreme Movements.

And indeed, they were transported.

It was a truly massive and majestic cave.

But the battles were insanely loud.

The two advanced and arrived.

It was a fighting arena floating above the ground and very spacious.

From the front were the Shang and Tai Clans.

And on the side where Clark and Jin stood: the Wu Clan.

Clark and Jin advanced towards the Wu Clan supervisor.

Clark spoke, introducing himself:

- "Greetings, Elder. We have come to contribute to the Blood Tournaments with our excellent clan."
- "Therefore, sir, include me in the next duel with whomever you wish, and you won't regret it! Hahahahaha!"

Clark's self-introduction to the other clans was arrogant and tyrannical.

Clark rose and stood in the middle of the arena, saying:

- "If the Shang and Tai Clans have a man, let him face me now!"

Everyone from the other side started laughing. Some said he was just a foolish boy with sixth-grade attainment, others wanted to tear him apart completely.

But a middle-aged man named Shang Shen Ha stepped forward, specializing intensely in the Star Path and the Pull Path, who hadn't lost a single duel to date.

Clark looked at him hysterically:

- "Are you all mad or what? You bring your personal slave to face me? I didn't ask to face slaves or disabled eunuchs!"

Shang Shen Ha and his clan's sons were furious:

- "Unfortunately, I am neither a eunuch nor from the eunuchs, nor am I a slave!"
- "But... Lord Wu, do you dare to provoke me like this?"

Clark laughed like a madman, stamping his foot on the ground while laughing:

- "You, don't you know that a eunuch and a castrated man are the same thing?! How laughable! At this age, and you can't tell the difference?!"
- "As for your question: Do I dare? I'm sorry, the phrasing of the question didn't please me, because the one who should ask the other is you!"
- "So I will start: You piece of spit, are you ready to face me?!"

Everyone from the Wu Clan's side started laughing. They were laughing at the insults directed at Shang Shen Ha.

While Shang Shen Ha tried to control his anger and kill Clark.

The Shang Clan began shouting:

- "If you're so confident in yourself, then face him!"

Clark replied:

- "What? Confidence?! This cowardly scoundrel should be confident in himself first! Look how his legs are trembling! Hahahahahahaha!"

They weren't trembling, and nothing happened. It was clear and blatant mockery from Clark. Once he started insulting, he wouldn't stop.

But Shang Shen Ha had been insulted too much and could no longer bear it.

So he used his signature move that earned him fame:

Extreme Combo: Burning Sky Stars!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Several stars appeared from many places, and a series of explosions began.

The dust cleared with a wave of Clark's hand, and he was completely unharmed.

But he was surrounded by a number of stars!

The other side was laughing at Clark:

• "Brother Shang has defeated you! You fool, now die at the hands of our elder brother!"

But...

Arghhhh!

Shang Shen Ha vomited a lot of blood.

He was shocked. Everyone was shocked, even Jin!

How could Clark attack him?

But Clark started laughing. A light blade was flowing from his hand into Shang Shen Ha's chest, as he said:

• "In truth, I was provoking you for this reason: to lower your guard."

• "And what a fool you are! You fell for such a stupid trick! Truly, pride is its owner's enemy! Hahahahahahaha!"

Shang Shen Ha was furious, but Clark's fist rose, and several swords appeared in the sky!

Extreme Movement: Five Seal Swords!

Smell, Touch, Sight, Taste, Hearing!

The Five Seal Swords attacked a person's senses!

Stab! Stab! Slash!!!!

Horrifyingly, Shang Shen Ha's body was torn to pieces. He no longer had eyes, his tongue was cut, his eardrums burst, and his hands were severed.

He was worse than disabled.

His clan's sons were in the highest state of fury, almost exploding with anger.

Meanwhile, Clark calmly advanced, finished his life, cut off his head, and threw it to his clan.

That move, in clan customs, was a declaration: "I do not respect you"—throwing the head and burning the rest of the body!!!

And Shang Shen Ha, a man of status, had been insulted and cold-bloodedly burned by Clark.

Clark returned to the Wu Clan's side. They crowded around him, praising him happily for his excellence. They were truly happy.

Jin laughed. It was now his turn to fight.

He placed his foot in the arena, then another came, from the Tai Clan, named Tai Baijun, specializing in the Metal and Earth Paths.

Jin began to float in front of them. No wings, clouds, or anything appeared around him. He simply flew in the air before them.

Alongside that, his specific embodiment, called "Earth King." He possessed high authority over gravity without a doubt.

But Jin lifted his opponent, who quickly used the Extreme Movement "Metal Ocean"!

Stab!

One of them hit Jin's hand, but he dodged the rest.

Jin laughed:

- "So, you can make iron spears and direct them as you wish from the iron particles in the air?!"
- "But let me show you a special trick from the Transformation Path!"

Jin laughed madly.

Extreme Movement: Extreme Dragon Fist, Heaven-Slicer!

Bam!!!

A giant fist descended. Jin's right hand had transformed into a giant dragon's hand, and he struck Tai Baijun fiercely onto the ground.

A few of his bones were almost crushed.

He looked at Jin on the ground with anger.

He quickly used the Extreme Movement "Black Ink"!

Arghhhhh!

Jin began to vomit blood. He didn't know, but as soon as he saw his body, half of it was covered in ink, and the ink was devouring him!

The Tai and Shang families started laughing: they would win now!

But Jin was laughing hysterically:

- "Do you think you've won? Do you want to see the complete transformation? Well, I will grant your final wish!!!"

A strong light shone. Extreme Combo: Ancient Dragon's Hands, Ancient Dragon's Tail, the Dragon's Face itself, Ancient Dragon's Body!

All Extreme Movements that Jin used simultaneously, and he transformed completely!

He was a giant dragon with majestic white hair, huge and terrifying eyes, his giant hand, and his long body flying in the sky!

Jin's tail rose terrifyingly.

Tai Baijun was like a paralyzed person on the ground, unable to move or escape.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Three direct and brutal hits!

Tai Baijun became a meat paste on the ground!

The two had achieved an overwhelming victory!!!

The two exited the arena. They had killed the two strongest and most threatening opponents. Now victory was guaranteed without a doubt.

Clark was truly happy about this. Now he could seize good spoils and improve his plans, perhaps even gain allies.

They returned to the super formation and went directly to the Clan Head's den!!!

Jin knocked on the door and heard: "Enter!"

Jin opened the door and entered with Clark.

They were as calm as cold water.

Soon, the Clan Head rushed towards them, shaking their hands happily after hearing about the powerful victories and the slaps they delivered to the two clans.

He was truly happy. If not for his social status, he might have kissed their feet!

He granted them permission to enter the cave and do as they pleased.

Jin and Clark laughed, bowed respectfully, and went on their way.

While the Clan Head had a cold expression:

- "Do they think I will allow them to do as they please?! They won't be alone! Hahahahahaha!"

To be continued...

Chapter 88: the Truth of the Cave!!

Chapter: The Third Subterranean Level and the Truth of the Cave

The Mountain of the Ruthless Demon King was massive—extremely massive.

It was also known that the Mountain of the Ruthless Demon King was once the place of a Quasi-Venerable in his time.

He competed with the domineering Spectral Demon King Venerable.

But naturally, the Spectral King emerged victorious and became the Venerable.

The "Wu" clan found the place a long time later. Due to the Wu clan's weakness—it hadn't become what it once was—it shared the place with other clans.

And it became a cultivation site for the three clans.

The place was guarded by a number of youths from the Wu clan.

Clark met one of the officials: Wu Ling.

- "Hello! You are Lord Jin and Zhao Long, correct?"

- "Yes!"

- "Well, then please proceed."

Clark and Jin entered.

It was a vast land stretching as far as the eye could see, resembling an underground forest, semi-arid and full of Celestial Beasts.

Clark memorized this place. If he wanted to develop his Immortal Unconsciousness and become an Immortal, he must come here.

The two advanced through those tunnels. Sometimes they killed beasts and kept them for sale, other times they kept them alive to sell, as alive brought more money than a dead carcass.

The place was interesting.

But the limitation of exploration with someone else didn't please Clark.

So, shockingly, a huge and terrifying number of clones appeared before Jin.

He was looking at fifty blue, translucent clones of Clark in front of him.

While the real one began to move away among the clones, then went far off.

He was laughing among the trees.

He moved fifty miles away from Jin.

Now he could explore alone and comfortably as well.

He advanced until a huge octopus appeared: an ancient Celestial Beast of the sixth rank.

The Kraken—a water beast.

Its head was gigantic and tremendously noisy.

Its tentacles grabbed small beasts.

But because Clark was at the Quasi-Immortal rank, a Heavenly Fist descended from the sky above.

The Heaven-Stealing Fist!

Bam! Bam! Bam!!!

The blows rained down. The Kraken felt as if its head was being struck by a hammer weighing twenty tons!

The Kraken's head exploded, and black ink flowed everywhere.

Clark knew that the Kraken's ink was an immortal crafting material, used in making Extreme Movements for the Sword Path.

Clark was pleased. In truth, he didn't need to carry a real weapon; the Extreme Movements themselves embodied weapons, like the Five Seal Swords.

He harvested a large amount, swallowed the body into his Immortal Unconsciousness, and began to advance.

Clark feared one thing: that the fake Unconsciousness might not withstand a massive number of Dao Marks, and might explode, taking Clark to his death.

So he had to be cautious.

And naturally, his strength wasn't enough to kill large numbers of beasts.

This was what distinguished Clark from everyone else: he was neither arrogant nor greedy, but he wouldn't abandon his objectives and possessions.

Even if he couldn't carry some things, he would return for them later.

Clark advanced a great deal. He felt with each step that he was progressing, until he found a massive cave.

It resembled a catacomb.

Clark was surprised: Was this place like closed catacombs?

He advanced and descended a great deal.

He descended and descended and descended for four continuous hours without any fatigue.

Until he reached a place he thought was the second level.

But it was full of immortal resources. However, they also had chaotic, bad Dao, damaged and unusable. He kicked them forcefully.

He was angered by the matter and felt suffocated. If he had possessed them, he could have obtained endless resources and power, but alas for him!

Clark began to hear demonic screams and weeping, which truly made him cautious.

It was strange: What was happening?

- "Who are you, boy? And how did you enter here without going mad?"

He was terrified. That aura was murderous intent and unknown power.

He soon shouted loudly:

- "World, stop time!!!"

Time didn't stop! Clark was surprised: Could he not summon his world?

The unknown man laughed:

- "So you possess a world manifestation?"
- "Well, in truth, this place... you could say souls cannot appear here."
- "This is what is called the second level of the domineering Spectral Demon King Venerable."

Clark exclaimed loudly and frighteningly:

- "What??!!!!!"

Sometimes, Clark thought the world was small and narrow. He didn't expect there to be so many mysterious details hidden from him.

His pursuit of immortality was leading him to rebel against society, against its morals, against the fake rules made for the powerful.

That was the truth of the world: no place for the cowardly or weak.

Immortality is what gives you the strength to protect yourself, to protect anything you want!

The man continued:

- "So, who are you???"

Clark laughed:

- "What if I told you I know the Spectral Demon King Venerable?"

The mysterious man was shocked:

- "Liar! No one has met the Spectral Demon King Venerable since his disappearance!"

Clark replied with a malicious smile:

- "And what if I told you I'm planning to bring him back?"

The man replied:

- "Are you insane?! You want to bring back a raging, reckless man who cares only for killing?"

- "A man... who was... we couldn't describe his whims. He still believes what drives this world is killing. Nothing but killing and violence flows in his blood."

Clark laughed:

- "Stop lying! You only say this because you fear your plans will be ruined."
- "Everyone knows that the Spectral Demon King Venerable, at a stage in his life, became a seeker of immortality."
- "And I wouldn't be surprised if you're searching for this thing too. Why don't you come out of the shadow you're hiding in and talk to me face to face?!!"

The old man laughed and emerged from his shadow. No one knew his name either. He had erased his own name with "Demon of Deception," and was trying to reach immortality by searching in the cave of the Spectral Demon Venerable.

He and Clark walked and kept talking about the Dao.

The place was like an alley: sometimes you had to walk clinging to the wall and also sideways.

It wasn't just him; there was another named "Bo Chang": the Domineering Fist of the seventh rank, and very strong in the Transformation Path. And the "Judgment" Path represented brute force and fist fighting.

Clark admired this path and wanted to delve into it for the future.

So he wanted to meet the remaining group. He felt the matter was interesting.

The Demon of Deception asked Clark:

- "What is the Dao to you?"

Clark replied:

- "It is what forms life and heaven. And Extreme Movements are forms of heaven and earth."
- "They can produce magic, strengthen humans, and change them."
- "The Dao... I can say it is the origin of life."
- "The Dao can be understanding, it can be creation, and a path as well."
- "But it is something deeper than we humans imagine. Do you think so too???"

The Demon of Deception laughed, impressed by Clark's thinking, but stopped laughing and said:

- "Lord Zhao Long, what lies ahead is the Dao Arena."
- "It is a strange place with ground squares. Each square contains millions of Dao Marks from numerous paths."
- "If you step on a square different from your foundational path, you will suffer internal suppression in your body. You won't die, but you will be injured."
- "Therefore, it's best to walk on your own path."
- "Example: I primarily cultivate the Star Path, and the Cloud Path as a side path."
- "So, I mainly walk on Star Path squares."
- "And unfortunately, I wanted to take another route to reach the third level."
- "But believe me, this is the only way. Follow my movement to understand."

The Demon of Deception began looking at the ground, then jumped onto one of the squares.

Nothing happened to him.

He began walking, sometimes walking in a zigzag pattern, sometimes walking forward.

He managed to walk forty steps. On the forty-first, he spat blood.

He had stepped on the wrong tile.

And the reaction was strong.

But he stood on his feet and continued.

He reached a little further, then shouted to Clark:

- "Proceed, Lord Zhao Long! I expect you have understood."

Naturally, Clark would attempt it.

The old man had hidden something: those at the Immortal rank could read Dao Marks.

Clark, if he weren't at the Quasi-Immortal rank, wouldn't have been able to cross.

Clark's fake Immortal Unconsciousness densely possessed Dao Marks of the Theft Path and the Star Path.

And strangely, even though the Theft Path was created by Clark, they existed.

All types of Dao existed, whether discovered or not.

Clark advanced with steady steps. On step 12, he made a mistake and stepped on Dao Marks of the Blade Path, suffering a violent and strong reaction, more severe than what happened to the Demon of Deception because Clark was weaker than him.

But he learned from the mistake and stood up again.

The Demon of Deception was shocked. The first time he placed his foot here, he suffered a violent reaction, but Clark managed to complete twelve steps perfectly.

And finally, Clark reached the Demon of Deception.

Clark laughed:

- "It seems I'm better than you. That's clear from your face."

The Demon of Deception laughed:

- "In truth, I thought you would fail from the first step, but you proved yourself."

They continued walking.

Clark suffered violent reactions frequently, but the Demon of Deception often healed him.

And after 150 steps, they reached the third level!!!

To be continued....

Chapter 89: Beo Qing - The Power of Command!!!!

Waiting to receive Clark was "Beo Chang" - The Tyrant Fist, a solitary demonic cultivator. His presence here lent him immense mystery.

The other person was called "The Wisdom Demon".

These two were known as the Demons of Immortality: The Deformed Demon and The Wisdom Demon.

Clark, in truth, was interested in talking with them and obtaining the best information.

The three sat at a round table.

Calm was evident upon it.

But Clark opened the conversation:

- "So, gentlemen, I know my question is rude, but I am a man who loves business and talking about it, and I prefer to be direct."
- "So, tell me about the special things here in the Demon Venerable's cave: The Spectral King."
- "My knowledge is not as deep as yours, as you know, gentlemen! Hahahaha."

Clark's tongue was glib; he knew how to speak, when to speak, and when to be silent.

If he wanted you to respect him, you would. If he wanted you to hate him, you would.

The Wisdom Demon and the Deformed Demon spoke:

- "We are searching for the Extreme Movement 'Derivation'."
- "This movement granted the Spectral Venerable terrifying control over souls."
- "But it is said to be on the lowest floor, the tenth floor. And as is known, no one has reached it."
- "Fundamentally, this place is mysterious and hidden inside a cave, within which is a vast Immortal Will as far as the eye can see."
- "Also, everyone who entered died from madness and conflicting Dao Marks."
- "But what shocked us most is that you withstood the screams of the demons."
- "Is it possible that you use the Spectral Venerable's soul methods?!"

Clark laughed in reply:

- "How sharp your vision is! Yes, in truth, I use some methods to protect my soul."
- "And yes, they are from the Spectral Venerable's methods."
- "Don't think I am immune to soul attacks, but my soul requires immense strength to shake it."

- "As you know, almost completely, the Spectral Venerable's methods for strengthening the soul have gone extinct."
- "Therefore, few humans possess strong souls."
- "In a time like this, a person with a soul strength of 500 men is truly something terrifying."
- "And you can guess that I possess even more."

Clark was spouting nonsense to try and show himself, that he wasn't a fool, and that he could display strong knowledge compared to these old men.

They perhaps... The Tyrant Fist wasn't old compared to them; he too possessed a handsome face, but more harsh than soft.

The Deformed Demon laughed:

- "You have remarkable knowledge, Master Zu Long. You have impressed me."
- "But possessing such immense soul power... How did you develop your soul like this?"

Here, Clark remembered in his soul research, when he killed humans from the Immortal World in the Poison Inheritance.

He mentioned that there is a mountain where it is said that whoever enters, their soul emerges physically and struggles on this mountain. Few people can stay for an hour. The soul will suffer injuries, but after each recovery, the soul becomes stronger and stronger.

And that mountain was known as...!!!

"Lao Bu Mountain" - a camp and place controlled by the mysterious Shadow Sect.

Clark spoke confidently:

- "I was at Lao Bu Mountain a while ago, before being here, in the lands of the Wu clan."
- "I fell there by accident; I didn't know the mountain's secret, but with time, research, and development, I learned that Lao Bu Mountain is a mine for soul power."

The Wisdom Demon was shocked:

- "So, why did you leave the mountain? If I were in your place, I might have cultivated for a full year and secluded myself on the mountain."

Clark replied with a sigh and helplessness:

- "The Middle Sects moved, and that bastard Han Qing appeared."
- "I didn't hide from confronting him, but if I met him, it wouldn't be a man-to-man fight."
- "So I left on my own and abandoned the mountain."
- "But as soon as I stepped out of my hiding place, I expected that problems would follow me, and before my exit, I might fight one or two."
- "But other people appeared."
- "They were strange; I didn't know them. I spent my entire life in the North and hadn't seen these people."
- "And they possessed an aura of the North, meaning they weren't strangers."
- "But a savage war broke out between them and the Middle Sects."
- "I was happy that the battle was between them and they wouldn't pay attention to me, so I left."

The Deformed Demon spoke coldly:

- "Well, since you have spoken your piece, Master Zu Long, let me tell you something."
- "We plan to explore this place step by step."
- "We don't know if it will take years or not."
- "But many floors remain unknown, their secrets hidden."
- "The Spectral Venerable's obsession with immortality surpasses our imagination."

Clark was excited to explore and deeply interested.

The Tyrant Fist was silent, and the talk of soul strengthening and the like caught his attention.

So he spoke in a gentle and interested tone:

- "Master Zu Long, I have a question: Are you interested in being my partner in going to Lao Bu Valley?"

Clark was pleased with the matter. It was an attention-grabbing offer, but the Tyrant Fist was a demon, and all humans are untrustworthy.

But no matter how Clark thought, after all, he couldn't set foot there like a fool.

That place was a savage battlefield.

If Clark entered it alone without anyone, he would be killed like sheep.

True, the Blade Inheritance is supernaturally powerful.

But what could he do against many powerful experts?

That was the truth of life: above every mountain, there is a mountain higher than the clouds.

And Clark had not yet reached the clouds.

In truth, in Clark's mind:

- "I don't want to walk calmly; I want to place my foot in the sky with one move."
- "Soaring above the clouds is easy, but you must beware of the seagulls and hawks that will devour you because your wings are weak."
- "Hahahahahaha! All my life, I knew I was just a bird flying in the sky."
- "If I stop my wings from flying for a moment, I will die a miserable way. Truly interesting."

Clark agreed, not expecting an alliance with everyone, but the alliance was between the three to explore the place.

Nothing was mentioned about betrayal and preventing it.

Clark didn't want loopholes because he didn't want to die from his own stupidity in forming alliances with anyone.

At the same time, he set conditions that he wouldn't be restricted if he wanted to help someone; that was his choice, whether he wanted to come or not.

He clearly meant: either offer something interesting, or I won't save you.

And thus, the alliance was formed.

The method of alliance used Star Path methods, completely different from the Blood Path.

It was a massive Extreme Movement, resembling a star with two eyes.

It shone a light on everyone's neck, and the alliance was made.

Clark and Beo Qing went out.

Clark spoke confidently:

- "Master Qing, a week from now, you and I will move to Lao Bu Mountain."

Beo Qing was surprised:

- "Do you have commitments or something?"

Clark smiled helplessly:

- "You've caught me! I am participating in the Refinement Conference, and I want to win a victory. I have an Immortal Extreme Movement I want to refine, but as you know, I need resources."

Clark said that, expecting Beo Qing would offer help or something.

But he didn't expect that Beo Qing would present Clark with a gift:

"The Immortal Extreme Movement: Immortal Self-Command".

Clark was shocked by this great gift.

Even though it was a stronger version, indeed evolved and free of the flaws of "Self-Power" that he had given to Brando.

This one produced powerful force phantoms.

Clark didn't use souls or collect them; he would divide his soul into parts to transform it into fifty or a hundred complete copies.

As for this one, it was twice the power, a unit capable of displaying superhuman strength, not mortal.

The Theft Path style "Sky-Stealing Fist" had a principle that was almost a complete imitation of the Command Path. And imitation is not as strong as the original.

With this, Clark could contend with those a full rank stronger than him.

And with the addition of the Cicada, hahahahaha, the Theft Path's Extreme Movement became greater and greater.

He soared with this gift madly; his heart even leaped with joy.

The Heavenly Fist method was strong, but after all, it was a mortal method.

Also, he could only use the infinite phantoms for distraction; they weren't useful in an engagement with an Immortal.

As for the Heavenly Fist, they could shatter it with one finger.

Now, Clark could contend with Immortals without needing to use the Blade Path.

But after calming down, Clark knew that "the sky doesn't rain gold," and "there's no such thing as a free gift, only interests."

Clark looked coldly at Beo Qing and said:

- "I expect you want to ask for something known or the like. Speak, and I will listen. I don't believe in offering goodness and throwing it into the sea."

Beo Qing looked and laughed:

- "Yes, in truth, I gave you this because I want you to win, and at the time of the reward, I want you to obtain the 'Purple Stone' from the eighth rank."

Clark was shocked! The price was easy, and he was confident in his refinement skills.

Clark nodded in agreement, then went on his way...

After Clark left, he wanted to depart and kept searching for "Jin" around this branching place.

But he didn't know that Jin had already left and explored alone, and after finishing, he settled in the Wu clan.

Clark felt betrayed, and that he had to travel all that distance to the Wu clan!!!

To be continued...

Chapter 90: A Challenge Offer!!!

- "Ah, the sun has blinded my eyes!"

Suffocation.

- "Lu Lu, you choked me with water!"

Hai Lu Lu's laughter rang out.

- "Xian Tian, don't you know how to swim?"

Xian Tian replied, embarrassed:

- "To be honest, no."

Hai Lu Lu laughed again:

- "Then let me teach you."

- "What???"

Xian Tian was astonished. In his life, he had never cared about swimming, or perhaps it never occurred to him to learn it. Even life was full of things one could learn, even emotions. But Xian Tian's heart was shattered.

Yet, despite that, he felt a thrill in the matter.

Xian Tian sighed and said:

- "But why do you want me to learn?"

She replied with a playful smile:

- "Because I want you to drown, so you'll owe me!"

Xian Tian laughed, bewildered:

- "What a strange request! You want me to be indebted to you? In fact, since I came here, I've been indebted to you. What's the difference?"

Hai Lu Lu pulled Xian Tian's face toward hers. He was standing on a simple wooden bridge he had built to be close to the water and watch Hai Lu. Her face was close to his; he felt her breath and sensed the proximity of her rosy lips.

She spoke in a mischievous tone:

- "I already collected on that debt, you fool!"

Xian Tian looked at her in bewilderment, but then he felt Hai Lu's lips... She was kissing him.

It wasn't Xian Tian's first kiss. He had loved many before and had even entered a political marriage. Emotions were unimportant to Xian Tian; everything in his heart spoke of benefit... except now. Finally, he felt affection.

After Hai Lu stopped, she said:

- "You fool, I already collected that debt, and now you have a new one! Hee hee hee hee!"

She pushed Xian Tian into the water. He was drowning slowly. He saw the sun's reflection in the water.

Strange feelings, perhaps mixed with fear, or perhaps feelings for the first time where he wanted to be rescued.

Hai Lu's image appeared playfully and pulled him out of the water. Her ears, due to her mermaid-like form, resembled fins.

Xian Tian was spitting water from his mouth. He smiled helplessly:

- "You're such a villainess! You should be punished."

Xian Tian pulled on her ears.

- "Sorry, alright, stop it!"

Xian Tian stopped pulling her ears. She was holding him so he wouldn't drown. She looked at him with a mischievous smile and said:

- "Hee hee hee hee! Now you owe me. Make sure you repay the debt!"

Xian Tian looked at her helplessly:

- "Alright then, what do you want???"

A strong light flashed. The giant shadows of palm leaves covered his face.

Clark woke up. It was just a dream.

Clark didn't know what debt he was supposed to repay, but it was a memory, and he only partially remembered it.

The matter was interesting to him. Perhaps he felt this existence was enjoyable and wanted to explore it more.

Humans were complex, and perhaps men's hearts were complex. Clark didn't understand, but he felt it was just a fleeting thing, nothing more.

He began to eat his food. He was in a forest 200 kilometers away from the Wu Tribe. He had wasted 9 days, and only one day remained until the first round of the Refinement Conference.

He advanced and flew using the super speed of his Extreme Movement, "Piercing the Blade."

He knew how cunning Jin was; when it was time to leave, Jin would leave and wouldn't care whether Clark attended or not. The Blood Covenant didn't stipulate that Clark must accompany Jin at all times, stay together, and watch

each other. It was merely a mutual cooperation and a covenant that neither would kill the other.

Clark hadn't expected to receive such trust to go to the Immortal World, fearing Jin would betray him. And he could imagine how he would be killed in the most horrific ways.

But with the covenant, no one would easily learn his true identity unless there was a flaw in Clark's plans or something. And it would be because he hadn't mentioned a clause about not betraying. But if Jin was smart, he might cause a problem that would indirectly lead to Clark's death, or find a way to destroy the covenant.

- "Oh, I arrived within an hour! Ugh, I'm tired and used up a lot of Immortal Essence. I only have a hundred left. I must be cautious and use it wisely."

- "But perhaps Jin possesses wealth. I should exploit it later! Hahahaha!"

He had entered the Wu Tribe again, and its view was still breathtaking, resembling a massive, highly advanced city. Unfortunately, half of its saints had died.

- "Pitiful! The means, like tribes and sects, are shackles created to bind humans and link them to the weak."

- "The weak establish laws to tie the future of the strong to their own. And the law in these civilizations is established so the strong can kill the weak, and the weak can kill those weaker than them. It's an endless cycle of falsehood."

• "Therefore, that environment is just a lie, but what exists within it is genuine safety for me to exploit and develop myself without fear."

Clark stepped into the tribe and mingled with the people! He advanced toward the tribe with steady steps.

Until he arrived. He was asking about Jin in many places until someone answered him:

• "Are you looking for Jin? He's training with the Clan Leader in his hall."

Clark requested permission to enter the hall and went in.

• "You may enter."

Before him were the young Clan Leader Wu Yong Shi and Jin. Clark looked at Jin coldly, while the other returned the same look.

He sat on the chair beside the Clan Leader and ate some apples. He was rude. Even the guards despised him.

Meanwhile, the Clan Leader laughed:

• "Hahahaha! Feel free to relax, Zu Long. After all, you and Jin delivered an impressive performance, and I'm honestly pleased."

Clark smiled a helpless smile and began to flatter:

- "That's but a small service, my lord. That was merely a simple task, and I didn't intend to incur your debt yet. Hahahaha! But believe me, in the future you will see a magnificent performance from me that will satisfy your eminence."

He had a silver tongue. Even the soldiers and the Clan Leader were shocked; they hadn't expected him to be so obedient.

Just formalities Clark used to make people lose focus on his greedy fangs and fingers.

The Clan Leader, Jin, and Clark conversed. He enjoyed the company of these two. After midnight, he ended the session with them:

- "I think I have tired you with my company, gentlemen. You may rest, for tomorrow you have a journey. Rest well."

Clark and Jin bid their respectful farewells and left.

On the way, Jin began to speak. He was disgusted:

- "We agreed to go together, didn't we? So why did you betray me?"

Clark looked at Jin arrogantly:

- "Since when have I been obligated to accompany you like a childminder? I expect you to know more about this world than I do, and therefore I don't rule out your malicious intentions to keep me away from good things."

Jin grabbed Clark's robe collar angrily:

- "Who do you think you are? Do you think I can't face you?"

Clark was as calm as a cool breeze:

- "And do you think I can't do that? Or have you forgotten that we can't kill each other? What an immature fool!!!"

Clark's words were like a slap to Jin's face.

He pushed Jin's hand away from his neck and returned to his room. He wasn't interested in an argument; he was thinking about tomorrow and the good strategies he should use.

There was a weakness for Clark, indeed, something everyone suffered from: the difficulty of refining an Immortal-grade Extreme Movement. It required luck more than anything else.

Naturally, there were ways to increase luck, and many wanted them because they helped in dealing with Heavenly Tribulations and hellish calamities.

The more your talent and distinction increased, the more Heaven's Will would strike you with merciless, hellish tribulations.

Clark also needed the Luck Path. In truth, he wanted everything. His greed knew no bounds.

After long contemplation, he slept peacefully; because there was no round that required refining an Immortal-grade Extreme Movement, otherwise the conference would have ended in the first round.

After a full day, the two woke up, used Immortal Travel, and arrived at the headquarters of the "Demon's Wrath" sect. The first round was there.

Jin mingled and talked with people. Clark didn't want direct contact with sects because if they learned his true identity, they wouldn't leave him alone.

But An Er came toward him. He was surprised, even thinking this woman might slap him. But she was looking at him with a competitive gaze.

She spoke calmly:

- "I want to challenge you in a refinement contest."

Clark was astonished in his mind:

- "Is her specialty refinement? Did she feel inferior because of me? Perhaps what helped me the most was my high attainment in the Refinement Path. My attainment is a Master's attainment. I can say if I removed the illusory subconscious, I would become overwhelmingly and powerfully at the peak of mortal strength."

Clark replied in an arrogant tone to annoy her:

- "Alright, but An Er, make a generous offer. I expect your rich father has provided you with great resources."

An Er's gaze became angry:

- "Don't mention my father's name!"

Clark laughed:

- "Alright, alright! Is this how you treat your savior? How strange! I didn't expect such rudeness."

An Er was embarrassed. After all, she was from the righteous path, so she would certainly feel ashamed of her action.

An Er calmed down and spoke confidently:

- "Then listen. I have an Immortal recipe called 'Ghost Face'!!!"

Clark was shocked upon hearing that. The Extreme Movement that complemented Clark's stimulation techniques! He was extremely happy.

To be continued.....

