

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1201: The Ancient Heavenly Spirit Tribe - Read Pursuit of the Truth

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“With your power, you might not have even brought five-tenths of your true strength, even now. With that great power, while you might not have been able to completely kill those Arid Beasts due to their strangeness, but with a flick of your finger, you could have easily made them dissipate for a while,” Su Ming said languidly after walking out. His expression was calm. Not a hint of anger could be seen in it.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a glance, then the extra pupils in his eyes disappeared. He returned to normal and smiled slightly.

“The people of Great Abyss Tribe are skilled in scheming. This is something about them that is different from Great Berserker Tribe’s straightforward and bold attitude. With the fact that I didn’t attack at full force as a clue, you guessed that I intentionally led the Arid Disaster to you. This temperament of yours fits with those from Great Abyss Tribe.”

The old man’s words were calm and unhurried. It was as if he was completely unbothered by Su Ming’s words.

“Since you like guessing, then why don’t we play another game? If you’re certain that I intentionally made you receive the Arid Disaster, then tell me, what benefit does it bring me?” The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe spoke languidly and looked at Su Ming with the ghost of a smile.

“Do treat it as me just being crude and rash. It doesn’t matter whether it does or does not bring you benefits. The matter is already done. There is no meaning to it. I still have to thank you for helping me just now,” Su Ming said faintly. His gaze landed on the old man, and he wrapped his fist in his palm to thank him.

“I can now go and fulfill my end of the deal with you.”

Su Ming did attempt a second ascension. He might know the order of the six spirit ascensions, but his body had already reached its limit. If he tried another spirit ascension, only his soul would increase in power, and it would become very difficult for him to improve in all other aspects.

He needed some time to stabilize his first spirit ascension. Only then could he continue. Besides, Su Ming had another thought that had been echoing constantly in his head.

‘Since I possess the presence of Great Berserker Tribe, Great Abyss Tribe, and Dark Dawn, then I wonder if I can have my spirit ascend on a Great Abyss Tribe’s Spirit Ascension Platform as well. I wonder, is possible for the souls of Dark Dawn to have their spirits ascend too? This is something I’ll need to think carefully about.’

Su Ming lifted his head to stare at the sky. The world was still shrouded in fog, but he had a feeling that if he wanted to leave, he just needed to take a step into the air, and he would be able to leave the world in All Spirits Hall.

This was because he was already an Antecedental Spirit. He had obtained his serendipity in All Spirits Hall, and he had become an existence which could come and go as he pleased in this place. To him, be it the red figures or the mummies with bone spears in their hands, none of them would be able to pose a threat to him.

He did not leave immediately, however, since he wanted to fulfill his end of the promise and complete the deal. As for the Arid Disaster, there was no need for him to talk any further.

It did not matter even if the old man gave him a promise, since the Arid Disaster would descend no matter what. Su Ming was also certain of his own judgment, which was why he did not bother wasting his breath and saying everything on his mind.

In this brutal world, it was crucial for a person to be wary of others. This was a truth Su Ming had learned after experiencing far too many things.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a deep glance. He was slightly stunned by the youth’s unwillingness to continue guessing. Then, he sighed in his heart.

“I do indeed want to use you, but you are Great Berserker Tribe’s seed, and you have also become an Antecedental Spirit like me. You just need to know that I will not harm you.

“With my power, I can make it so that you can stay for around two days when you return to the ancient past. During them, search for the reason why I lost my consciousness when I went through the Arid Disaster and why I slaughtered my people.

“Even if you can’t find it, share everything you learn truthfully and in detail when you return. And you must remember one thing, I might be exceedingly powerful, but sending you back to the ancient past isn’t a small feat. You cannot get too far away from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, so you mustn’t go to Great Berserker Tribe, Great Abyss Tribe, or any other tribe!

“Otherwise, I will lose a large amount of my cultivation base, and I will not be able to let you stay in the past for two days. In fact, the instant you leave for the other tribes, there is a high possibility that I will die from the inability to bear the burden of the backlash, and if I die...

“You will also be lost forever in the ancient past. Remember this well. Also, the method which you will use to return to the past will be one in which your soul will fuse into one of my people’s bodies. Thus, you will exist in the ancient world!

“Do not do anything while you are there. If you do anything out of line, you will change history, and Arid Triad’s will instantly notice it. The history will return to its original path, and both of us will be wiped out. Do not tell what happened in the future to the past me either, or else the results will be like I just described.

“You need to remember that you are just a pair of eyes. All that I’m asking of you is to observe.”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at Su Ming with a solemn expression. When he saw Su Ming nod, he sucked in a deep breath of air. He then sat down and lifted his right hand to strike the center of his brows. With it, eight pupils appeared in each of his eyes, making him look incredibly strange. A mighty pressure and presence that caused Su Ming’s heart to tremble instantly came from the old man’s body.

Soon after it spread out, it shrank, and several complicated and difficult to understand syllables tumbled out of the old man’s mouth. He lifted his left hand and slashed the air in front of him. Immediately after, the air rumbled. A crack that was not too big swiftly appeared in the air. There were countless vortices within it, and when they spun around, moaning sounds could be heard.

When he stared at the crack, Su Ming felt as if he saw the sun, moon, stars, the universe, the galaxy, and the process of something beginning and coming to an end. This was due to the swift flow of time.

Just tearing apart the seemingly normal gap caused the old man’s face to turn slightly pale. He swiftly lifted his head to look at Su Ming.

“Now, have your soul enter!”

A focused look appeared on Su Ming’s face, and he no longer hesitated. This was his deal with the old man. Forget the moral principles, the old man’s strength alone was something Su Ming could not fight against. He had to step into the gap.

However, this did not mean that Su Ming was not wary. A glint appeared in his eyes, and he decided to be resolute. He did not have his soul leave his body and enter the ancient past, as the old man had asked of him. Instead, he took a step forward and had his body move into the crack. Immediately, he was swept inside by a huge force and disappeared without a trace.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe remained silent. He did not stop Su Ming, but instead shook his head and closed his eyes to maintain the crack while he waited for the two days to end.

When Su Ming stepped into the crack, he felt a huge force sweep up his body. The sun, moon, and stars charged about around him. The rise and fall of the universe moved about before his eyes. He saw the four Great True Worlds in the universe as time moved in reverse. They became smaller right before Su Ming's eyes until they turned into five glowing dots.

They were becoming smaller and smaller. In the end, two of the glowing spots fused together to turn into four glowing dots, and then, they turned into a brilliant, blinding light.

There were not just four of these lights. Another five appeared beside them, and a total of nine glowing spots moved in a circle in the universe. When they brightened up, Su Ming saw nine huge True Worlds.

He saw a lone ship traveling among them. It left into the distance, and as it did, the nine huge True Worlds formed by the glowing spots became smaller. When they fused together, they gathered into a ball of light.

And it wasn't alone! There were two equally huge balls of light near it.

'The four glowing spots that appeared in the beginning showed the birth of the four Great True Worlds. The fifth glowing spot appeared because one of the four of True Worlds separated from one of those spots. The connection between the Emperor of Abyss' True World and the Fifth True World could be used to explain this.

'The nine glowing spots that appeared later are the nine Great True Worlds from the previous era. That was the time of Sui Chen Zi, and the lone ship leaving into the distance... clearly belonged to the Old Man Extermination!

'In a period of time long before the nine glowing spots, they had formed one ball of light, and if my guess is correct... that ball of light... is the missing Wei!

'The other two balls of light are clearly Wu and Shu!'

As all of it dawned on Su Ming because of the old man's divine ability, he gained more epiphanies in regards to his inborn ability to reverse time that came from the Great Abyss Tribe, and he felt faint signs of a breakthrough.

Su Ming had no idea how much time had passed when he sensed a huge suction force catch him and drag him towards the ball of light formed by the nine glowing spots. When he approached it, a loud bang rang out in his mind.

With his consciousness still clear, he shut his eyes. The next moment, he smelled the fragrance of grass in the air. His ears filled with the joyful laughter of playing children along with all the sounds of a tribe in the morning.

Su Ming opened his eyes and saw a blue sky, gentle sunlight, a huge tribe, and all the people within it.

He was in the ancient past.

“Han Di, what are you doing here? Everyone’s looking for you,” someone said in a gentle voice behind Su Ming and patted his head.

Su Ming turned his head around and found himself looking at a young man who was staring at him with a smile.

“Let’s go, you clumsy idiot.” The young man pulled up Su Ming, then walked forward. “Today is a great day. Before the elder has his spirit ascend, he will speak of the will of the Arid Dao to all the people in the tribe. Don’t be naughty now. You have to listen carefully,” the young man said while rubbing Su Ming’s head with a smile.

Su Ming stared at the young man blankly. In silence, he lowered his head to look at his own body and found a teenager’s body.

He was dragged by the young man to a huge field. At the center of it was a tall platform. At that moment, there was an old man sitting on it. He had a kindly look on his face and was staring at his people in the area.

There were thousands of them. Most of them were teenagers, and all of them were staring at the old man with idolization on their faces. They were waiting for him to speak of the Arid Dao.

“Han Di’s here. Where did you run off to again?”

The old man directed his gaze at the approaching duo when the young man dragged Su Ming over. When he saw Su Ming, his smile filled with even more kindness.

Chapter 1202: The Truth

Su Ming stared at the old man. He was familiar with him, since he was the lonely old man who had sent him to the Heavenly Spirit Tribe in this place. At that moment, the kindly look on his face was vastly different from the gloomy expression he had in Su Ming’s memories.

He understood that he had come to the day before the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe went through his eighth spirit ascension. After that, all the people in Heavenly Spirit Tribe went through a disaster.

Because of it, all those who lived in the tribe would turn into wraiths. They would be killed by their own elder.

In silence, Su Ming lowered his head under the gaze and question of the old man from the ancient past, then chose a spot to sit.

The old man smiled and shook his head. He did not continue questioning Su Ming. Instead, he looked at all the children around him, and the kindly look on his face grew more pronounced. He knew that the people before him was the tribe's future.

"Arid Dao is where the will of heaven resides. It is the root of all manner of beings. For example, all of you are members of Heavenly Spirit Tribe, but in truth, you are also part of Arid Dao.

"The will of Arid Dao is that all of us can become Arid Dao, but not all of us can become Arid Dao. This is its real intent. It is rather complicated, but you do not need to truly understand it. You just need to remember this in your heart. In the future, perhaps one of you will be able to understand just what exactly is Arid Dao," the old man said slowly. With this sort of method, he passed down the inheritance of his tribe.

Su Ming stared at the old man. He could tell with just one glance that the current old man was much weaker than his future self. But even though there was a difference between them, he was still an Antecedental Spirit, and one who had succeeded seven times in the spirit ascension. However, right then, there was joy on his face instead of the loneliness and grief hiding under that apathetic look of his future self.

Time passed, and night fell soon. The old man's lecture about Arid Dao gradually came to an end as well. During the night, torches were lit in the tribe. Under their light, the land was illuminated in such a manner that light and darkness intersected within it.

Su Ming sat in a corner of the tribe. He stared at the stars in the sky and the torches in the tribe. His expression was one of contemplation.

'The one who killed the members of the tribe is clearly the old man. He knows this. The important detail is that when he lost consciousness, he was going through the Arid Disaster...

'He wanted me to come here to tell him in detail about what I saw when I got back. He must have obtained some answers himself, but isn't too certain about them, which is why he wants me to take a look. He wants certainty.

'Just what... is the Arid Disaster? How can it make a person lose consciousness?'

Su Ming had a very thorough idea of why he had been sent over. At that moment, he stared at the starry sky and quietly waited for time to pass.

There was wind at night, causing the torches to let out sizzling sounds. During the night, no one in the tribe went to rest. When midnight drew close, all the members of the tribe went to the center of their land.

There were nearly one hundred thousand people under the huge Spirit Ascension Platform. All of them lifted their heads to stare at it in the dark and watch their elder who was about to go through his eighth spirit ascension.

Su Ming watched quietly from the crowd. He only had two days in the ancient past, and one day had already passed. He knew that the accident... would occur on the second day.

His eyes shone, but he could not see the old man on the Spirit Ascension Platform clearly. He could only see an indistinct silhouette.

Time trickled by, and gradually midnight arrived. Su Ming frowned at that moment. As an Antecedental Spirit, even when he returned to the ancient past, he could sense his own presence, but he could not sense the All Spirits Hall.

A hint of hesitation appeared in Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, a roar suddenly came from the dark Spirit Ascension Platform. Immediately after, zealousness appeared on the face of all the people in Heavenly Spirit Tribe, and they roared together.

"Heavenly Spirit!"

"Heavenly Spirit!"

Their voices reverberated through the air, fusing together with the old man's roar on the Spirit Ascension Platform. This turned into a loud bang that shook the sky and earth. Bright light instantly appeared in the dark sky, and eight Spirit Descension Halls manifested. When they surrounded the area, the people on the ground let out even more excited cheers. The world roared, and a huge palace slowly appeared.

Su Ming was familiar with its appearance. It was the All Spirits Hall.

When he saw this, the frown between Su Ming's eyebrows slowly disappeared. He stared at the All Spirits Hall and the two thousand something golden figures which appeared one after another. The darkness in the area was chased out, giving way to the light from the All Spirits Hall.

The members of Heavenly Spirit Tribe beside Su Ming stopped cheering. They grew agitated and nervous as they stared at the old man, who stood up at that moment, on the Spirit Ascension Platform. Due to the area surrounded by the light, his face could be seen by his people beneath the platform.

There was confidence on the old man's face, like he knew the order of the eighth spirit ascension. At that moment, he turned into a long arc that charged to a position in the eighth row from the bottom.

Su Ming watched this scene with full attention. He could sense that the old man would definitely succeed in the spirit ascension. Then, the Arid Disaster would descend. The accident would occur at that time, which was why while Su Ming was paying full attention to the matter, he still instinctively cast a glance at the 781st position in the bottommost row. That was the position he had fused with earlier.

When he cast his gaze over, Su Ming's pupils suddenly shrank, and a look of confusion appeared on his face. There was a sense of unfamiliarity about the Ancestral Spirit at the 781st position in the bottommost row. It was as if... it was not the one with which Su Ming had fused.

Even if a long period of time had passed, since Su Ming had fused with an Ancestral Spirit, there would be a thread connecting them. Based on Su Ming's understanding, even time would not be able to destroy that thread between them. Yet at that moment, the Ancestral Spirit in the same position gave Su Ming an unfamiliar feeling...

The instant he noticed it was when the old man approached the Ancestral Spirit in the eighth row from the bottom. A thought instantly arose in Su Ming's head.

'Something's off!!'

His heart trembled, and the feeling that something was off became even stronger. Unless his understanding was wrong and he would be unfamiliar with the Ancestral Spirit with which he had fused if he was in the ancient past... then there was only one answer, an answer that cast Su Ming into disbelief.

'Could it be that the All Spirits Hall that appeared here... is fake?!'

Su Ming could not believe this guess, but the old man had already went to fuse with the Ancestral Spirit in the eighth row from the bottom. During the fusion, golden light covered the area of a hundred thousand feet around him, and he let out a low shout.

All of this looked incredibly real, so Su Ming could not help but be uncertain of his own guesses and conclusions.

The cheers echoed in the air again. All the members of Heavenly Spirit Tribe erupted in joy when they saw their elder clearly succeeding.

Amid the cheers, Su Ming became even more uncertain of his own guess, but that uncertainty only lasted for three more breaths. At that moment, his pupils shrank, and he sucked in a sharp breath.

The golden light in the sky reached one hundred thousand feet, but Su Ming could see pain and shock on the old man's face. It looked like he wanted to open his mouth to say something, but was unable to do so. This scene was soon noticed by all the powerful warriors in the tribe.

At the same time, a loud bang shot up in the sky, and the eight Spirit Descension Halls shook. They turned into eight huge faces full of ferociousness that released a strange cry from their mouths. The seven huge faces made Su Ming's heart tremble since he was familiar with them. They were formed from the Arid Beasts he had seen before!

Soon after, the huge All Spirits Hall shook as well. It turned crimson red, and the entire building changed into a huge red bolt of lightning that charged at the old man with a bang.

But things did not end when the red bolt of lightning hit him. It then split into nearly one hundred thousand portions that descended on the ground. They seeped into the center of everyone's brows, causing all the people to tremble. They threw their heads back and let out a shrill roar.

Su Ming was no exception. Once the bolt of lightning seeped into him, his body shuddered. He could sense a violent energy enter him, but it did not throw his mind into disorder. Instead, he felt as if his body had been Possessed. He could no longer control it.

Soon after, Su Ming saw all the members of the tribe raise from the ground. Their eyes were bloodshot, and with madness in the, all one hundred thousand charged at the old man in the sky.

There were quite a lot of children among the figures, but at that moment, they also had ferocious expressions. With bloodshot eyes, they let out cries like those of wild beasts.

When the one hundred thousand people rushed out, a vast power that was greater than their levels of cultivation erupted from them. They were like one hundred thousand wild beasts who had lost their rationality. They instantly rushed to the old man, and judging by their looks, they wanted to devour him alive.

Countless human faces appeared on the bodies of the one hundred thousand tribe members. They had ferocious expressions and were absorbing the tribe members' flesh, blood, and soul, causing them to wither swiftly. With the blood-red light from their eyes, it looked like there was another life about to be born in their bodies.

This scene caused Su Ming's heart to tremble violently. His body was undergoing the same thing as the others, but he did not pay any attention to this. Instead, he stared at the sky.

The old man opened his eyes and stared at his people with grief on his face.

Chapter 1203: Return to True Morning Dao World

The old man simply allowed his tribe members to pounce on him and tear at him like wild beasts. They bit down chunks of his flesh and swallowed it, which made the presences that seemed like they were about to be born to become stronger. In fact, excitement even appeared on their faces.

Tears fell from the old man's eyes. He lowered his head and hugged his body. The child biting down on him was a young boy who had naively asked him a few questions during the day, yet now...

The old man threw his head back and let out a roar of extreme grief. His body trembled. A hint of crazed despair and indescribable hate appeared in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and struck the center of his brows swiftly. With it, his gaze immediately became unfocused. His mind scattered due to his power of an Antecedental Spirit, which meant that only instinct remained in his body.

He did this because he could not kill his people while he retained his mind.

When only instinct remained, a dazed look appeared in his eyes. He seized the boy's neck with his right hand, and with it, he turned around and charged towards the tribe members pouncing on him.

A bloody slaughter began at that moment. With the pain of having lost control of their bodies but not their minds, the members of Heavenly Spirit Tribe watched their elder destroy their souls.

As the tribe members died, as the old man's robes gradually turned crimson, as blood filled the ground, and as a thick stench of blood filled the air, the red bolt of lightning in the sky and the eight huge faces watched with aloof expressions. But the slaughter did not last for long.

Su Ming was not the last to die, but even though his body no longer breathed, his soul remained in the body. His eyes after remained open, and he could still see all that happened.

When the old man killed the last tribe member, he shuddered as if he had just woken up. While holding the corpse, he threw his head back and roared at the sky. His tortured cries echoed in the air, and soon, the eight huge faces in the sky vanished. The red bolt of lightning then vanished without a trace as well.

Su Ming vision became indistinct at that instant, and everything before him turned into a huge vortex. It swiftly extracted his soul from the dead body, and in an instant, he was swept away.

When Su Ming's vision cleared up, he felt dizzy, as if the sky and earth had been turned upside down. Everything seemed to have been turned over its head. It did not matter whether it was time, dimensions, or the entire world, everything had turned into a chaotic mess. A huge hand shot out and grabbed his back then. It clutched him tightly, then with a fierce yank, he was forcefully dragged out from the vortex.

The world instantly cleared up when Su Ming's body was pulled out of the crack by the old man. The feeling of his soul returning to his physical body and his mind still moving between the ancient past and the present caused Su Ming to take a few steps back with a pale face. When he sat down, he immediately mediated to stabilize his mind.

When he opened his eyes after a long while, a wave of dizziness washed over him again, but that level of discomfort was something he could bear. It did not matter that red filled his eyes and blood trickled out of his ears. When he lifted his head, he saw the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe staring at him intently.

"What did you see?" the old man asked the moment he saw Su Ming open his eyes.

His expression might have seemed only slightly grave, but in truth, he was incredibly interested in what had happened. He had been waiting for this day for a long time. Over the countless years, he had always wanted to send someone to observe the past to find out what had happened and why everything had ended up the way it did when he woke up.

He could not remember much of the things that had happened during that time. It was as if those memories had been forcefully cut off from him. He did not know who did it, but he longed to know all the answers.

He had tried to make a deal several times before Su Ming, but every single person that came failed their spirit ascension, preventing him from achieving his goal.

Su Ming's arrival, thus, finally allowed him to do it, and it filled him with hope.

It was especially so when Su Ming had even returned from the ancient past. Upon seeing him, the old man longed dearly to know the answer.

Su Ming cast the old man a complicated gaze. He was silent for a moment before he spoke in a low whisper. "Han Di..."

At the instant he said that name, the old man shuddered slightly. A powerful light shone in his eyes.

"I remember this name. He was one of the younger members of Heavenly Spirit Tribe. You..."

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and stared at the old man while starting his recounting. "My body did not enter the ancient past. When my soul was swept inside, it fused into the body of the teenager called Han Di, and I watched you give a lecture about the will of Arid Dao..."

"When you finished your lecture about Arid Dao..."

"The All Spirits Hall appeared... you fused with the Ancestral Spirit in the eighth row from the bottom..."

"A red bolt of lightning... huge faces formed by gigantic Arid Beasts... lightning descended... one hundred thousand tribe members went mad..."

With a calm tone, Su Ming shared everything he had seen in the ancient past without hiding anything. The old man in front of him shuddered while listening quietly. Pain and nostalgia arose in his eyes, as if he was forming the memories he had cut off based on Su Ming's words, which resulted in them being connected together to form his past once more.

When Su Ming spoke of lightning creeping into the one hundred thousand tribe members, making all of them charge at the old man, the old man quietly lifted his head to stare at the sky. Tears fell from his eyes. At that moment, he was no longer a powerful cultivator who had successfully had his spirit ascend eight times. Instead, he had become a pitiful old man who had lost his tribe members and family.

"They became part of the Arid Disaster when it descended. I... attacked and killed them, because if they did not die, then when their bodies withered, they would give birth to Arid Beasts..." the old man mumbled under his breath when Su Ming finished speaking. There was grief in his voice, along with great sorrow.

"They had already lost their minds. They were no longer themselves... so I killed them. Before I attacked, I scattered my own mind. I intentionally made myself forget all that happened at that time." The old man's murmurs gradually turned into loud laughter. It was full of grief and madness, along with indescribable grief and despair.

"It's as I expected. It's almost identical to the version of the truth I came up with from my deductions over the years. It's as I expected, or else why would I have had to go through the eighth spirit ascension again? I knew that this had happened since a long time ago!"

The old man had nearly descended into pure madness. As he mumbled under his breath, Su Ming sighed in his heart.

He did not tell the old man that the tribe members he killed had not lost their minds, but could see and understand that the elder they respected killed all of them.

“It’s just as I expected. This is the answer I wanted verified after searching for it for so many years. The Arid Disaster took the form of the All Spirits Hall and lured me into performing the spirit ascension. It planted the Arid Shadow on me and changed my will. What ingenious Arid Disaster!”

The old man threw his head back and laughed in a voice full of madness. When tears streamed down his cheeks, Su Ming understood that the old man had clearly understood everything over the years.

He only needed to verify his own conclusion. He might have already had the answer, but he had wanted to verify it, because he did not want to believe it.

Yet what Su Ming said when he returned completely crushed the last hint of doubt in the old man’s heart, proving to him that the answer had always been in his own heart.

As Su Ming stared at the old man, he suddenly understood why the old man had intentionally brought the Arid Disaster on Su Ming. It was because... he wanted to take revenge. He was a person who wanted to challenge the Arid Disaster for his people.

“I will leave this place with you. When your Arid Disaster descends, I will help you fight against it!”

The old man swung his arm and hid away the madness in his eyes. With a hint of resolution and determination, he stared at Su Ming.

The world roared, and a huge vortex appeared in the world in the All Spirits Hall as the old man’s words echoed in the air. The vortex spun with loud rumbles. Su Ming could tell that there was a runic symbol in it which he recognized at first glance. It was the Sun Sinking Talisman.

However, Su Ming only saw the back of the runic symbol. Clearly, the front of it faced True Morning Dao World.

If he stepped into the vortex and moved through the runic symbol, he would return to True Morning Dao World from the world in the All Spirits Hall!

Su Ming swept his gaze past the vortex and stared at the old man.

“Senior, why do you do this? You have already successfully had your spirit ascend eight times. With just one more time, you can become an Ancestral Spirit. This is...”

“This is a mental block. Even if I successfully have my spirit ascend nine times, I will not become Wei’s Ancestral Spirit, but a spirit belonging to the Arid Disaster. You have not had your spirit ascend many times yet, so you will understand it in the future.

“Whether I end up living or dying because of it, I won’t be able to advance until I break this mental block! This is also why I intentionally brought the Arid Disaster on your head.”

The old man was silent for a moment before he shook his head and said slowly, “This is unfair to you, but my assistance when fending against the Arid Disaster is an experience you will find incredibly difficult to encounter elsewhere. It will be incredibly helpful to you in the future.”

“Let’s go. This will be the first time I leave this place in many years!”

The old man cast Su Ming a glance. Su Ming was silent for a moment, then chose to not say a word. Instead, he charged at the vortex in the sky. In an instant, he stepped into it and went towards the Sun Sinking Talisman.

He entered it swiftly and felt as if he had broken through the surface of water. When everything before his eyes became clear, he saw the familiar galaxy of true Morning Dao World!

Moments later, the space beside him distorted. For the first time, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe who had never walked out of the world in the All Spirits Hall since the ancient past stepped into the outside world.

“So this is your era? The power of the world is thin, and the will of all lives has degenerated. It is also filled with the presence of Great Abyss Tribe’s will to make the Abyss grow.”

The old man cast a glance at his surroundings before looking at the galaxy in the distance. “There is a war going on over in that direction.”

A glint shone in Su Ming’s eyes, and he looked in the direction the old man was looking. A cold, fierce glare instantly appeared in his eyes, and a ruthless, murderous look showed up on his face.

Chapter 1204: Six Years

During the six years since Su Ming had disappeared, True Morning Dao World’s Ninth Summit gradually came to have a new name. It was not given by the cultivators of the

Ninth Summit, but were coined by the other two forces of power in True Morning Dao World- the Ninth Sect!

This was the Ninth Summit's name known to the others. It meant an existence with a huge force of nearly one million cultivators within True Morning Dao World. During the six years, this sect located next to a Relocation spot leading to Morning Dao Sect had continued expanding its territory to become more and more awe-inspiring.

Nine mountains that towered into the heavens were the most striking buildings in the Ninth Summit. They were like swords that stood tall in the universe. Even when someone looked at them from a distance, they could sense a murderous air surrounding them. Each one was filled with a sharp presence that made people unable to stare straight at them.

That mighty pressure surrounded the whole area. It turned into white ripples that spread outwards, creating a circular area of one hundred thousand li which was a forbidden zone for the whirlwind in space.

The cultivators of the Ninth Summit practically idolized the nine mountains. The Great Sect Master known as the malicious fiend was a mysterious person who isolated himself yearlong in the fourth summit. He was also the Ninth Summit's strongest person.

The headless Great Sect Master in the first summit was in charge of handling punishments in the Ninth Sect, and he had monstrous power. His murderous aura was incredibly threatening, and it filled the first summit, where he resided, with a powerful murderous aura at all times.

Compared to the two of them, Hu Zi was the most popular Sect Elder. His simple and honest appearance, his straightforward personality, and his act of leading a large number of cultivators to go to war in the last few years had turned him into a well-known figure. Wherever he went in the Ninth Summit, a large crowd would follow behind him. His surroundings were always very lively.

The one who suffered the most then was Su Ming's second senior brother. Since the Ecang clone and eldest senior brother did not care about being Sect Masters, he had no choice but to accept the status of the Sect Master. During the six years, he could not live freely. He had to think about his actions and his words while he was before other people. It made him feel as if he was bound, but gradually, he grew to like his status as a Sect Master, but only slightly.

Originally, the Ninth Sect's expansion should have continued, but a few years back, they had fought against New Dao Sect, a force of power that had arisen in the northernmost part of True Morning Dao World. That battle caused the Ninth Sect's expansion to stop, and the sect known as New Dao Sect was also contained in a certain area. They could not expand their territory as well.

If anyone traced the origins of this sect, they would find that they were one of the armies of cultivators sent by Morning Dao Sect to fight against the Immortals' Union. However, due to a stroke of luck, their army was survived mostly intact during the disaster. Because of that, they became one of the three forces of power in the True Morning Dao World.

The Sect Master introduced himself as Dao Zong, and he had great power. Needless to say, this was the person who had fought against Su Ming's Ecang clone, which had resulted in both of them being heavily injured.

This was a telling sign of Dao Zong's power. After all, the strength of Su Ming's Ecang clone was definitely nothing ordinary. At the very least, the power of those in Life Realm was required to defeat it, and this Life Realm was not based on the standards of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos towards levels of cultivation. It had to be based on the levels of cultivation similar to those from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

If the cultivators were from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, then if they wanted to defeat Su Ming's Ecang clone or even injure him badly, they had to be in Death Realm!

It was also because of that great battle that the Ninth Sect and New Dao Sect began to regard each other with extreme hostility. There might not have been many large-scale battles between them, but there were countless small-scale ones, and they occurred practically every day where their territories touched.

Compared to New Dao Sect, there was an even larger sect in the southernmost part, beyond the whirlwind formed by the gap in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. If anyone treated the gap in True Morning Dao World as a border, then one side of the border would belong to the Ninth Summit and New Dao Sect, and the other side would be South Union, a sect formed by the remnants of the Immortals' Union!

Since there was no other force of power that could stand up against the South Union on that side, this sect could develop so quickly that it could even be said that they were invincible. They swept through half of True Morning Dao World, causing their accumulated strength to surpass that of the Ninth Summit and New Dao Sect.

However, due to the existence of the whirlwind, South Union hesitated to cross over to the other side, even though it had been regarding the other part of True Morning Dao World with covetous eyes. Thus in time, a fragile balance had formed between the three forces of power in True Morning Dao World.

However, this balance only lasted for a year and six months before it was broken by New Dao Sect suddenly growing in power.

The six months after that had been full of arduous struggle and resistance for the Ninth Summit. After the balance was broken, the cultivators from New Dao Sect had launched a frenzied attack against it.

The Ninth Summit originally did not bother itself with the frenzied attack, since the power between the two sects was almost the same regardless of whether it was their powerhouses or their disciples. If they truly fought against each other, there would be no true winner. In the end, both sides would just be horribly injured.

Yet during the first month of the six months long battle, three cultivators dressed in yellow robes appeared in New Dao Sect. A chilling presence spread out from them, and the bloodthirst in their eyes was incredibly thick. When the three of them attacked once the power balance was broken, the first powerful warrior from the Ninth Summit to be heavily injured was Su Ming's eldest senior brother!

It was an incredibly devastating fight. Su Ming's eldest senior brother was severely wounded and nearly died. Only when the Ecang clone attacked and killed one of the yellow-robed people that he could save his eldest senior brother.

That battle had caused New Dao Sect's invasion to become even more frenzied. This was because even though Su Ming's Ecang clone killed one of the yellow-robed people, three more soon appeared in the battlefield.

There were a total of five yellow-robed people. Each of them possessed power not weaker than those truly in Fate Realm.

In just one month, the Ninth Summit's territory shrank by a large margin. Then, during the second month, Su Ming's Ecang clone stopped isolating himself and immersed himself in war. With the cultivators from the Ninth Summit, he fought back against New Dao Sect based on his second senior brother's plans.

When that battle reached its third month, the Ecang clone was forced to fight against Dao Zong and the five yellow-robed people one day. During that battle, the Ecang clone, who had been wounded to begin with, was heavily injured once more. However, three of the yellow-robed people died under his hands, and even Dao Zong was heavily wounded, but the price for that was the Ecang clone nearly dying.

He might have fled the battle alive, but when he returned to the Ninth Summit, his body turned into a huge tree that was on the verge of shattering.

Yet the war was still raging. New Dao Sect might have lost three of their yellow-robed people, but a month later, when the war entered its fourth month, more yellow-robed people appeared among their cultivators. They had the same level of cultivation, but the increase in their numbers meant that they now had eight of yellow-robed people.

The final battle for the Ninth Summit was launched at that time. Under the lead of more than a dozen powerful warriors from New Dao Sect, hundreds of thousands of cultivators rushed towards the Ninth Summit with the resolution to not stop until one of the sects was dead!

But that was not all. What caused Su Ming's second senior brother to look worn and haggard was a piece of information brought to him by the spies he had sent into the whirlwind to the south when New Dao Sect attacked them en masse. Their news left him silent.

There was a large amount of faint ripples in the whirlwind, and they could only mean one thing—South Union had launched their invasion from the other side of the whirlwind!

This was the first time South Union took action. However, since they had not done anything during the past few years, it was clear that this time, they would definitely strike like a clap of thunder. Fortunately, based on the ripples, they would still need a few months to cross the whirlwind.

If it were the usual times, the Ninth Summit would perhaps be able to make preparations, but at that moment, they had to stand up against New Dao Sect's frenzied attacks and could not spare any resources or man power to a new enemy.

It was also because of this that Hu Zi gave up on trying to crack open the Rune. Based on his judgment, he would need at least another year before he could reactivate it, but a year was an amount of time that the Ninth Summit simply did not possess.

Based on the situation of the war, even if they managed to drag out their battle against New Dao Sect, they would just end up with all their disciples dead. If that wasn't enough, his senior brothers would definitely die as well. Yet more importantly, it was simply impossible for him to have a year's worth of time. Two or three months later, when South Union arrived, everything would end.

Once Hu Zi stopped researching the Rune, he immediately used his talents in Runes to protect the Ninth Summit as if he had gone mad. Once he continuously perfected and made the Runes he placed earlier stronger, he personally fused into the Runes and turned into a Rune Spirit to hold back the hundreds of thousands of cultivators and the dozens of powerful warriors from New Dao Sect for a month and two weeks.

However, this was his limit. When a loud bang shot into space and all the Runes around the Ninth Summit crumbled, Hu Zi coughed up a mouthful of blood. When he staggered backwards, he grabbed his eldest senior brother's battleaxe. His eyes were bloodshot. Even though the destruction of the Runes had injured his soul, he had to fight.

Lying behind him was his heavily wounded eldest senior brother as well as the only clone his youngest junior brother had left behind after he went missing. The clone could not die, since Su Ming might be able to use him as a beacon to find them when he eventually returned. If it could really serve such a purpose, then once the clone died, Hu Zi was afraid that his youngest junior brother would not be able to find his home.

A large number of cultivators from the Ninth Summit had died during the six months of war. By then, there were less than two hundred thousand of them left. They surrounded the Ninth Summit and stared silently at the cultivators from New Dao Sect charging towards them once the Runes in the distance had crumbled. Above them, second senior brother sighed softly.

“The Ninth Sect... will be destroyed today!”

When a cold and sinister voice spoke among the incoming cultivators, several piercing whistles shot into space. A middle-aged man dressed in a purple robe took large strides towards Su Ming’s second senior brother. Behind him were eight yellow-robed cultivators. All of them had different appearances, but the cold presence about them as well as the aloof, merciless, and bloodthirsty look in their eyes were identical to one another.

“Destroy our sect? Dream on!” Hu Zi roared.

He lifted his eldest senior brother’s battleaxe and rushed out. Behind him, his eldest senior brother moved. His aura was weak and filled with fatigue, but he still charged forward. Second senior brother tore off his robe of a Sect Master, and his face distorted as if there were ferocious faces of Phantoms overlapping on it.

His body filled with the ghastly aura of a Phantom. With a step forward, the fellow brothers turned into three long arcs that charged against the incoming purple-robed man from New Dao Sect.

At that moment, now a tree, Su Ming’s Ecang clone swiftly opened its eyes on the trunk. A cold and fierce glare shone in them; it held ruthless and murderousness. It was as if... the clone’s body had become different at that moment. The presence of an Antecedental Spirit could be faintly felt around it!

Chapter 1205: The Antecedental Spirit’s Will

“You’re just asking for death! Forget the lot of you, even that strongest malicious fiend of yours will not be my opponent!”

The purple-robed man’s lips curled into a cold sneer. While taking a step forward, he lifted his right hand, then pointed forward. Immediately, three incense sticks manifested, and when they were lit up, they charged towards Su Ming’s senior brothers.

The eight yellow-robed people cackled, and greed appeared on their faces. With one move, they turned into eight yellow lights that charged towards the two hundred

thousand cultivators beneath them. It was as if those cultivators were the best supplements to these people.

When the incense sticks formed by the purple-robed man's divine ability closed in on Su Ming's senior brothers and the three of them cast their divine abilities in preparation for a fight to the death, the tree which was Su Ming's Ecang clone suddenly twisted violently and disappeared. When it reappeared, it was right in front of his senior brothers, using its body to fend against the power of the three incense sticks.

A loud bang shot into the air. Su Ming's Ecang clone shuddered, then swept up his senior brothers to flee thousands of feet away. When the purple-robed man moved towards them with a cold sneer and the senior brothers had their auras erupt from their bodies, the Ecang clone suddenly spoke.

"I'm back."

These simple words immediately caused Su Ming's eldest senior brother to shiver. His second senior brother swiftly turned to look at the Ecang clone, while Hu Zi was stunned. Soon though, excitement appeared on his face.

The Ecang clone looked at the three of them, and when he saw that they seemed to need an affirmation, he repeated his words. "I'm back."

When he spoke, he did not even bother casting a glance at the purple-robed man charging towards him. He simply lifted his right hand and seized the space above him. With it, the heavens shuddered. A ripple immediately spread out and charged towards the incoming purple-robed man.

The man smiled coldly. He did not stop but chose to crash into the ripple. It instantly dissipated as if it could not injure him in the slightest.

"Mere child's play. Today, the Ninth Sect will be destroyed, and all of you will return to ashes. Once I destroy South Union, True Morning Dao World will only have New Dao Sect within it."

The purple-robed man rushed forward, but when he was about to close in on the Ecang clone, a calm voice reverberated through space.

"What my clone cast was not mere child's play, but a way for me to get a detailed description of where he is."

The moment the words echoed in the galaxy, the purple-robed man jolted and came to a swift halt. When he lifted his head, he saw two figures walking out of the space above him, at the spot from which the ripple had spread out previously.

One of the figures was a young man and the other an old one. The old man had an apathetic and aloof look on his face. As for the young man, he had a cold and fierce glare in his eyes. While speaking, he walked to his Ecang clone.

When Su Ming looked at his senior brothers, he saw Hu Zi's excitement, second senior brother's smile, and eldest senior brother's relief. Remorse filled his heart then.

"I'm late..." Su Ming said softly.

He lifted his right hand and swung it at his eldest senior brother. Immediately, a gentle power surged into his body. As cracking sounds reverberated through space, eldest senior brother jolted. All his injuries were instantly healed, and an even purer power swiftly erupted from him.

Hu Zi, too, had that same gentle power fuse into his body. When he threw his head and roared, the injuries he had sustained when the Runes broke down were completely healed. On top of that, his soul was also slightly stronger than before.

As for the Ecang clone, when Su Ming cast his gaze on him, the Ecang clone immediately moved towards him. His body overlapped with Su Ming's, and they fused together.

This scene immediately caused the purple-robed man's expression to change. He instinctively took a few steps back, and a grave look that had never showed up on his face before appeared in his eyes. Even the eight yellow-robed cultivators returned to his side in an instant. The bloodthirst in their eyes turned into wariness when they looked at Su Ming.

Compared to them, the remaining cultivators in the Ninth Sect reacted differently. They hearts trembled when they saw the stranger and heard his words. Su Ming had an incredibly unfamiliar face to them, but they saw the malicious fiend fuse with him and heard him mention that he was just a clone!

"Sir, who are you?!" the purple-robed man asked with a dark tone, but the instant he opened his mouth to speak, Su Ming turned his head around and cast him a flat glance.

That one glance alone was enough for a loud rumble to echo in the man's mind. Su Ming's gaze was like a pair of sharp blades that instantly pierced through the man's eyes and stabbed his mind. The man shuddered from it. He coughed up a large mouthful of blood and immediately retreated.

His heart was filled with shock and disbelief. He was a cultivator in Death Realm, but even with his level of cultivation, his heart and mind had been damaged with just one glance. To explain that, there could only be one possible explanation—the newcomer's power surpassed Death Realm!

When he moved back, the purple-robed man remembered Su Ming mentioning that the malicious fiend was just a clone, and his heart sank. In the beginning, he did not believe in it, but at that moment, there was no way he could not believe it. When he thought about how the person who had fought against him during the past few years and whom he treated as his equal was just a clone, he could no longer quell the fear and shock in his heart. Those emotions took over his mind.

Su Ming watched the purple-robed man, whose expression had changed drastically to stark pale, retreat. He did not chase after him, but instead said, "If the heavens desire your death, then you must die."

At the instant he said that, the galaxy began to tremble in a manner as if it had been separated from True Morning Dao World. It no longer belonged to it, but had turned into a world of Su Ming's will.

As an Antecedental Spirit, Su Ming was the will of heaven in this place. His words were spoken slowly, but when they landed in the people's ears, they turned into a thunderous roar in their hearts. His will was so awe-inspiring that no one could fight against it.

His will was the embodiment of the galaxy and the universe's center of attention, and Su Ming's gaze was how all of these had happened. His words were the will of heaven that could replace the thoughts of the universe!

The purple-robed man let out a shrill scream of pain. With a shudder, he noticed that his body was disappearing and his soul was rapidly disintegrating. At that moment, no matter what level of cultivation he possessed or how he circulated his cultivation base, he could not save his body nor soul. Fear the likes of which he had never felt before rose in his heart endlessly, but there was nothing he could do to fight back.

"Just what level of cultivation do you possess?!"

A shrill roar tumbled out of the purple-robed man's mouth in a wretched manner. His body was already semi-transparent, and there was not much left of his soul. When he shouted out those words, everything marking his existence looked like it had been wiped off, and he ceased to exist under the will of heaven in this galaxy.

Yet the purple-robed man's voice still echoed in space. Besides it, there was nothing else. The two hundred thousand cultivators from the Ninth Summit were shuddering, but their gazes when they looked at Su Ming were filled with zealousness and reverence. Together, all of them immediately kneeled down in worship.

Su Ming's eldest senior brother was stunned. In his memories, Su Ming was strong, but he was definitely not strong enough to kill a person in Death Realm with just one sentence, one gaze, and one thought. This... was something not even a Sublime Paragon could do, but everything that he sensed felt so incredibly real that it left him in a state of not daring to believe what he saw.

Su Ming's second senior brother was breathing rapidly. He looked at everything before him with a dumbfounded expression, then cast his gaze at the spot where the purple-robed man had disappeared before beginning mumble under his breath,

"Just now, the galaxy here was made to change. I had the impression that youngest senior brother's presence existed everywhere in this galaxy..."

Hu Zi scratched his head in the honest and simple-minded fashion of his. He did not think too much into it. At that moment, he only stared at Su Ming in excitement. The stronger Su Ming was, the happier Hu Zi would be.

Compared to the crowd of the Ninth Summit, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators who had come charging in after they broke the Rune withdrew in their shock. The scene just then had been too bizarre, so they could not believe what they had seen. Their Sect Master, an old monster in Death Realm... had been wiped out from existence without much trouble.

While the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from New Dao Sect were in shock and fear, great wariness appeared in the eight yellow-robed people's faces. They slowly retreated while staring at Su Ming with disbelief in their eyes.

"An Antecedental Spirit's will! This is an Antecedental Spirit's will!" the eight of them exclaimed almost at the same time.

Both their tones and expressions were all exactly the same. At the instant their voices matched, all eight of them turned around without hesitation, intending to flee in desperation.

Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit had completely shocked and intimidated them. At the same time, it also caused them to sense great fear. It was precisely because they knew of the presence of the Antecedental Spirits that their fear was also laced with despair.

"Damn it, damn it... Didn't they say that there were only a few Antecedental Spirits in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, so why did I run into one?! That's an Antecedental Spirit, for heaven's sake!!"

All eight yellow-robed cultivators fled as if they had gone mad. Upon noticing it, Su Ming cast his gaze on them and let out a cold harrumph.

When it rang in the air, it caused the hearts of the eight cultivators to tremble. They instantly started bleeding from their ears, eyes, nose, and mouth, and their bodies came to a swift halt. With a loud bang, they collapsed.

When their bodies were reduced to a bloody mess, a loud buzz shot into space. A large number of locusts flew out from each of the cultivator's collapsed body.

Those locusts gathered together in the middle of the loud buzzing to turn into a huge figure formed by locusts. The mighty pressure spreading out from it was great, but even so, the man did not dare to turn his head around. He only fled in a panic.

“So it’s you.”

When Su Ming said that in a faint voice, he lifted his right hand and unfurled his fist. A ball appeared on his palm. It shuddered before shattering to turn into a swarm of locusts. With a loud buzzing noise, they flew out.

In the distance, the figure formed by the locusts paused for a moment before returning to its fleeing. However, Su Ming’s will in the universe swept towards him, and the figure formed by the locusts let out a shrill scream.

“Senior, please spare me! I’m willing to surrender, please spare me!”

Chapter 1206: Black Crystal

The figure formed by the locusts screamed shrilly and quickly chose to give up on fleeing. Su Ming’s will of an Antecedental Spirit had replaced the universe’s will. It was a power not even the figure could fight against. This was a suppression formed by beings who belonged to different categories of life forms. Su Ming was already an existence which no one could fight against unless their levels of cultivation far surpassed his.

With a shudder, the figure made of locusts quickly bowed to Su Ming. His pleas for mercy also echoed in space. In his mind, as long as he did not die on that day, he would have a chance to flee later on. As long as Su Ming did not kill him, he would definitely have hope in the future.

More importantly though, he only possessed three-tenths of his strength at that moment. The remaining seven-tenths were part of his clones, and they were in the other True Worlds. So as long as he did not die, then even if he had to temporarily submit to Su Ming, he would have a chance to fight back once his original body recovered to an extent that he could gather together again!

But if his current body was destroyed, then even if his original body recovered in the future, it would be impossible for him to regain his full power. To him, this was the greatest blow he could suffer.

When the figure pleaded for mercy, Su Ming cast him a cold glance with a calm expression. When he did, the figure immediately felt his heart thump against his chest.

He felt as if all his thoughts were exposed before Su Ming's eyes. Everything about him seemed to have been laid bare.

This feeling made the figure's heart shudder. He quickly put on a smile, but just when he was about to speak...

"What benefits do I gain for sparing you?" Su Ming asked faintly.

When he said those words, the figure immediately felt his spirits lift. As long as he did not die on that day, he could pay whatever price was necessary for him to survive.

"I can split myself into several portions and help you fight in battles..."

While saying that, the figure saw impatience appear on Su Ming's face. His heart immediately shuddered, and he gritted his teeth. He lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, a black crystal appeared on his hand.

"This is a treasure whose name I do not know. I obtained it by pure coincidence, so I do not know of its effects. Senior, you have monstrous power. As an Antecedental Spirit, you should know what this is. I wish to use this item... to exchange for your kindness in sparing me."

When the figure finished speaking, his expression immediately changed. His right hand was made to unfurl by an unseen force in space, and the black crystal flew out without his control. It turned into a long arc that charged towards Su Ming.

He lifted his right hand and caught the black crystal. When he swept his gaze across it, a hint of uncertainty rose in his heart. The black crystal appeared unfamiliar, but there was a hint of something that was familiar to Su Ming lying within it. It was as if he had seen it somewhere before.

He put away the black crystal without batting an eyelid, then looked at the figure again and shook his head.

"Still not enough."

The figure was not alarmed, but delighted. Su Ming did not say that he was displeased, but neither did he say that he wanted to kill him. Instead, he said it was not enough, which meant that there was hope. Yet even though it gave him hope, the act of shaking the head caused the figure's heart to clench in pain.

He gritted his teeth again and lifted his right hand to swing it before himself once more. Immediately, a brownish yellow item resembling a medicinal core appeared on his palm. When it appeared, a nice fragrance immediately spread out from it, causing all those who smelled it to feel revitalized.

"This is... a treasure I snatched from a powerful enemy after I killed him. Senior, this is my gift to you. I hope you will like it..."

The figure endured a great pain in his heart for having to part with this particular treasure, but he still pushed the brownish-yellow medicinal core forward. When it floated in front of Su Ming, he swept his gaze past it.

"This should be a Demonic Core. This figure of yours also has a Demonic Core, right?" Su Ming asked flatly.

When he said that, the figure's expression swiftly changed. He did not expect that Su Ming would be able to recognize the object. It was indeed a Demonic Core, and it was something he had retrieved after he killed a powerful enemy of his in Dark Dawn before he descended into Arid Triad. Even among Antecedental Spirits few would be able to recognize it.

"Senior, I've never heard of the thing you just mentioned. Is this a Demonic Core? What is a Demonic Core?"

The figure forced himself to laugh while he instinctively took a few steps back, but at that moment, Su Ming lifted his head. A chilling intent appeared at the corners of his lips, and he took a swift step forward.

"You said you wouldn't kill me!"

Panic appeared on the figure's face. As he screamed shrilly, he moved back swiftly. Yet no matter how fast he was, he was still slower than Su Ming. At the instant Su Ming took a step forward, he appeared right in front of the figure, and without stopping, he rammed himself against it.

A bang shot up into the air, for the figure simply could not dodge. His body instantly fell apart when Su Ming knocked into him, and he turned into many locusts. At that moment, as if Su Ming had shot through the body, he moved past it, and then, a brown Demonic Core appeared in his left hand!

A shrill roar came from the locusts that had appeared once the figure fell apart, but none of them dared approach to Su Ming. Instead, with a bang, they fled in all directions. However, the locusts which belonged to Su Ming and which he had summoned earlier let out a similarly piercing sound at that moment and rushed towards the locusts to fight against them.

If Su Ming was not by their side, the locusts belonging to him would definitely not be an opponent for the original ones. Yet at that moment, Su Ming was by their side. The galaxy in the area had been replaced by him, and its will had turned into the will of an Antecedental Spirit. Because of it, it was impossible for the locusts belonging to him to lose.

They ripped into the escaping locusts and devoured them brutally. The entire process lasted for only about ten breaths before the locusts formed by the figure were completely destroyed. The ones belonging to Su Ming were incredibly energized at that moment. Each of them had devoured quite a number of their own kind, and they had become stronger.

When they surrounded Su Ming, they cast covetous glances at the brown Demonic Core in his hand, but they did not dare to get any closer to it. They could only let out longing shrieks around him.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the brown Demonic Core in his hand, then sent his great divine sense along with his will of an Antecedental Spirit at it. Once he destroyed all forms of sentience within it, he threw it forward, and the locusts around him instantly rushed over with a buzz. They surrounded the Demonic Core and turned into a small ball that was not the same size as it had been when Su Ming had summoned them.

Once he finished doing all of this, Su Ming turned his head to look towards the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from New Dao Sect as well as the dozens of shuddering Almighties standing in front of them.

When Su Ming looked over, all the cultivators from New Dao Sect who met his gaze felt a storm rise up in their hearts, and booming sounds roared ceaselessly in their minds, causing their minds to tremble endlessly.

Everything had happened too quickly. The turn of events also cast them into disbelief. They were originally the invaders and Ninth Summit was supposed to be destroyed, but in the blink of an eye, the moment this person whose presence was akin to that of a nightmare appeared out of the blue... everything changed.

If the fact that just one glance and one cold harrumph was enough for him to instantly kill their Sect Master was difficult for them to accept, then the collapse of the eight yellow-robed cultivators' bodies that turned into a figure made of locusts who ceaselessly begged for mercy until he was destroyed when Su Ming took a step forward as well as the buzzing from the locusts that covered the entire sky... All of these brought an indescribable fear to the cultivators from New Dao Sect, and they trembled.

At that moment, when Su Ming looked towards them, a small part of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators immediately knelt down in worship. Their act soon triggered all the people around them as well. In the blink of an eye, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators knelt down, illustrating Su Ming's might and great presence.

The latter turned into a mighty pressure that made the dozens of Almighties standing in front of the hundreds of thousands of cultivators to quietly lower their heads. They chose to kneel down and submit to Su Ming too.

From the start to the end, Su Ming had not said a single word to them. When they knelt to him, he turned to his senior brothers. Second senior brother smiled softly and walked forward.

"I will handle this, youngest junior brother. Things have yet to come to an end. Besides us, there is another force of power in True Morning Dao World. They call themselves South Union, and they are on the other side of the whirlwind. Several months ago, we noticed that they were moving in our direction through the whirlwind."

"South Union..." Su Ming nodded, then smiled at his second senior brother.

"That's right, it's that South Union or whatever it is they're called. Youngest junior brother, I'll destroy them with you, how does that sound?" Hu Zi smiled in the honest manner of his, then patted his chest with banging sounds.

"Hu Zi, concentrate on cracking the Rune. You do not need to follow him," eldest senior brother said in a slightly imposing voice. Hu Zi immediately pulled a long face, but he did not dare retort. He could only sigh and look at Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother, do handle the matter concerning South Union. Once you are done... since you have this sort of power, perhaps we should... return to Yin Death Region!"

Eldest senior brother slowly tightened his grip on the battleaxe. A great murderous aura seeped out of his body before it gathered together to turn into determination. This was the first time he mentioned returning to Yin Death Region. He had never done it before because he believed that even if the four of them worked together, they would not be able to fight back... but it was different now.

Su Ming nodded. He wrapped his fist in his palm to bow to his eldest senior brother before casting a glance at his second senior brother, who was smiling at him. Then, he charged into the distance.

Behind him, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe followed with an apathetic expression. He had been present since the start, but what made Su Ming think was how he had been unable to see the old man's image in the others' eyes even at the moment he left.

It was as if he did not exist.

"They cannot see me," the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said faintly, as if he had guessed Su Ming's puzzlement.

When Su Ming took a step forward, he was already close to the spot beyond the whirlwind where the gap of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was. Once he sat down there,

he asked in a languid manner, “Senior, you mentioned that the will to make the Abyss grow is quite abundant in this World. What did you mean by that?”

Chapter 1207: Kindness of Helping him Succeed

“Great Abyss Tribe has three great talents: the ability to control time, Possess, and open the World of the Abyss Gate. The will to make the Abyss grow is the foundation to form the World of the Abyss Gate.

“Someone must have activated the Abyssal World Art some years ago, which is why the power of the world in this World is becoming increasingly thinner. It is being slowly transformed.

“Because of it, all the people who died in this World will turn into the Aura of Abyss and become a part of this World’s nutrients,” the old man said faintly.

When Su Ming heard these words, a barely noticeable glint shone in his eyes.

“Is there a way to neutralize the Art?” he asked while looking at the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

“The person who cast this Art only has ordinary power. He isn’t at the level of an Antecedental Spirit, but he seems to have inherited a kismet due to his bloodline. He should be a very important person in Great Abyss Tribe.

“But this person’s Art is slightly different from the ones I have seen before. I might not understand Great Abyss Tribe’s divine abilities and am unable to break them, but changing them is still possible for me.”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast a glance at his surroundings, then lifted his right hand to seize space. A wisp of green smoke suddenly appeared on his palm and surrounded it. There were hundreds of distorted faces manifesting in it, and they were all letting out shrill, soundless roars.

(Boxno vel. co m) “Senior, could you help me kill this person?” Su Ming suddenly asked.

“I will help you fight the Arid Disaster. In regards to other matters, I will choose whether I want to help you or not, but do not mention anything about killing,” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said calmly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he spoke again. "What if someone comes to create trouble for me?"

"Before you run into your Arid Disaster, no one from either Arid Triad, Dark Dawn, or Saint Defier can harm even a single strand of your hair."

The old man turned his head around and looked at the green smoke on his hand. His words were calm, but his tone indicated that he looked down on the entire world. It was an absolute sort of confidence.

With a success in eight spirit ascensions, he could be said to be the strongest cultivator in all of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. While there might be people with the same level of cultivation as his in Dark Dawn or Saint Defier, they would still not offend Tian Bai without a very good reason.

"Thank you, senior. I wonder how you will change the will to make the Abyss grow in this World." Su Ming stood up and bowed deeply to the old man.

"How do you want to change it?" The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a glance.

"Could you make it so that the will to make the Abyss grow is shifted on me so that I can make my own Abyss Gate stronger?" A light signifying ambition appeared in Su Ming's eyes when he calmly said those words.

"Possession of another form. As expected of someone from Great Abyss Tribe. Even if you grew up among those from Great Berserker Tribe, the inherent nature of yours to snatch and steal from others is a quality of your soul that cannot be wiped away.

"But oh well, since you asked, what wrong is there for me to help you?"

The old man stood up, lifted his right hand, and swung it before him. Immediately after, a loud bang rang out in the galaxy, stirring up endless echoes. The whirlwind in the area disintegrated before gathering back to turn into a gust of violent wind that swept outwards. It was as if the galaxy had turned into an ocean, and huge waves were surging into the skies.

With Su Ming and the old man as the center, numerous green wisps appeared in True Morning Dao World. They rampaged in the galaxy, and as the violent gust of wind swept through, countless distorted faces appeared among the green wisps.

Those faces were like vengeful spirits. They were the souls of all the people who had died in True Morning Dao World over the course of tens of thousands of years. Their souls let out soundless howls while distorting. At the instant they circled through the entire True Morning Dao World, the old man beside Su Ming lifted his left hand and pointed at Su Ming.

“With my will, I declare that this World belongs to this child!”

At the instant the old man said those words in a flat voice, invisible ripples spread through every single area within the True Morning Dao World. They were not the old man’s cultivation base, but his will of an Antecedental Spirit enveloping the True World.

During that instant... he replaced the will of True Morning Dao World, making himself the will of heaven governing True Morning Dao World. The flames of life dimmed slightly in all living beings in True Morning Dao World...

When the old man lifted his right hand and pointed at Su Ming, the original will within the will to make the Abyss grow in True Morning Dao World was wiped off, and Su Ming’s will was forcefully Branded on it.

This sort of thing was already at the level of changing the entire universe. It was something... no other cultivator besides the old man in the entire Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos could do.

Endless roars rose in Su Ming’s mind at that instant. He could clearly sense True Morning Dao World’s presence in his mind, as if it was in his head.

He could also sense the endless Aura of Abyss from the True World. It was indistinct, but it was everywhere. In fact, Su Ming had a strong feeling that with just one thought, he could absorb all of it into the Abyss Gate in his body.

He saw the Ninth Summit, where his senior brothers were. He saw practically every cultivator in the Ninth Summit, and he also saw New Dao Sect further into the distance, whose existence had already been wiped off.

In fact, Su Ming even saw a hundred something Relocation spots in True Morning Dao World. In each of them was a mark to enter Morning Dao Sect.

He saw Flame Fiends’ Progenitor and Zhu You Cai meditating on a planet as well as some of his acquaintances from the War Chamber. He also saw cultivators residing in some rather remote corners of True Morning Dao World.

Su Ming even saw an army of cultivators numbering nearly five hundred thousand in the whirlwind right beyond the gap of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. They were sitting on huge logs which were charging forward towards the Ninth Summit.

Su Ming swept his divine sense past those cultivators. When he was about to avert his attention from them, his divine sense suddenly came to a halt and landed on a woman standing at the head of one of the giant logs.

She was dressed in purple robes, and there was a mark of a scorpion at the center of her brows. At that moment, she was gazing ahead with a provocative look. There was a

purple scorpion on her shoulder, and it had its tail upright to rub it against the woman's face.

Behind the woman was a young man with a smug look on his face, but every single time he looked towards the woman, he would become very cautious and would act obsequiously towards her without end.

The moment Su Ming saw the woman and the young man, his heart trembled. Needless to say, the woman was Xu Hui, and the man was De Shun, the person who had appeared on his lotus platform when Su Ming was taking the Dynasts' test to advertise his own items.

With the speed at which they traveled, they would rush out of the whirlwind around Arid Triad's gap and appear before Su Ming in less than half a month.

After a moment, Su Ming sent his divine sense sweeping past the area again. This time, he looked towards the region which belonged to South Union and which was located beyond the whirlwind under Arid Triad's gap. When he swept past that area, he saw... Yin Death Region!

However, right when Su Ming's divine sense approached Yin Death Region, he sensed a powerful repulsive force in there. Its power was so strong that it felt like Yin Death Region was an entity on its own. It did not fit into True Morning Dao World and did not seem to belong to it.

When the unknown force rejected him, Su Ming had his divine sense gather in a nearby area, then swiftly charged in. With the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe around, Su Ming had to seize the opportunity to take action. Otherwise, once the old man went seeking revenge against the Arid Disaster, he would definitely leave Su Ming's side, regardless of whether he lived or died in the end. This meant that Su Ming had to seize the chance while he was around and use it.

At the instant his divine sense touched Yin Death Region, a loud bang rang out. Su Ming then borrowed the old man's will of an Antecedental Spirit and fused it with his own will of an Antecedental Spirit to rush into Yin Death Vortex even as it rejected him.

Right when he rushed in, Su Ming spread out his divine sense, intending to fuse into every dimension within it, but when two-tenths of his divine sense fused with Yin Death Vortex, his mind suddenly trembled. He felt that Yin Death Vortex had not appeared out of the blue, but had been created for some unknown reason.

That reason lay in the depths of the vortex, but Su Ming could not send his divine sense too deep inside. Once two-tenths of his divine sense fused with the vortex, Su Ming saw a scene of a world in crimson, and it shocked him.

His divine sense and his will of an Antecedental Spirit suffered a violent hit from a repulsive force so great that it was terrifying. He fell back and was forced out of Yin Death Region.

‘That presence is... Di Tian!’

Su Ming’s heart trembled. Once his will left Yin Death Vortex, he immediately went back in without any hesitation, but when he passed by Arid Triad’s gap, his divine sense came to a halt and charged towards Arid Triad’s gap. When a huge tear at the end of the universe came into his view, he also saw a glimpse of a huge war with more than a hundred million participants fighting right beyond the gap!

It was the war between Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, and it seemed like it was already near its end...

Su Ming retrieved his divine sense and returned from the area near Arid Triad’s gap, but when he passed by one of the hundred something Relocation spots beyond Morning Dao Sect, he heard a faint and exhausted voice in his head.

“Who might this old friend be?” Naturally, that voice belonged to the Predecessor of Dao Ocean!

Su Ming did not send out his divine sense. He swiftly retrieved it, and once his divine sense returned to his body, he opened his eyes swiftly.

“Thank you for helping me, senior!”

Su Ming looked at the old man before him, then wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards him. That action held an unprecedented sincerity from Su Ming, along with extreme gratitude.

He had realized that the old man’s actions were not as simple as him transferring the will to make the Abyss grow in the World onto his body. In reality, he had shifted all of Dao Chen’s will onto Su Ming. Even though this was what Su Ming had planned to do, the difficulty level would have been incredibly high if he had really decided to go through with it, and he would have also required an extremely long time to do it.

Yet now... with the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe forcefully transferring and changing the will to make the Abyss grow with his own will of an Antecedental Spirit, he had replaced True Morning Dao World’s will with that of Su Ming. He had given him a great push forward and cut away the time required for Su Ming to do it himself. This made Su Ming’s chances of success increase from their initial, meager state to ones which held absolute certainty.

What Su Ming needed was a sufficient amount of fate from the outside world to gather on him so he could turn it into his own laws of fate, and then, with his will of an Antecedental Spirit... he would Possess True Morning Dao World!

Chapter 1208: The Sacred Vessel, Barren Cauldron

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a glance, but he did not speak. Instead, he sat down by his side and closed his eyes.

Su Ming might have seemed as composed as ever, but in truth, a storm was raging in his heart at that moment. It was not due to Xu Hui, and neither was it because he had snatched the will to make the Abyss grow contained in True Morning Dao World. Instead... it was because he had sensed the presence that belonged to Di Tian in Yin Death Region!

Di Tian had clearly died. Su Ming had seen it with his own eyes. He personally saw the enmity between Su Xuan Yi and Di Tian coming to an end when the gap was torn in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos all those years ago.

But Su Ming was certain that what he sensed just then was true. It was a presence that came from a certain dimension within Yin Death Region. That presence belonged to Di Tian, and it was much stronger than what he had sensed when Su Ming had last seen Di Tian.

'A clone. The Di Tian who died was just a clone!' A barely noticeable glint shone in Su Ming's eyes as he immediately found an explanation.

'Su Xuan Yi thought he won, but in truth, the victor between him and Di Tian still hasn't been decided. The one who died was only Di Tian's clone, so it's clear that Di Tian was just conducting a test. If he succeeded, it would be good for him, while if he failed, he would not lose anything.

'In the meantime however he hid himself in the dark so he could deal a fatal strike to Su Xuan Yi at a critical moment! What a man, Di Tian!'

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. It did not matter whether it was Su Xuan Yi or Di Tian, Su Ming harbored no good feelings for either of them. Di Tian was a person Su Ming had wanted to kill since a long time ago, and the enmity he harbored was so strong that there could no longer even be any talk about the reason for it.

As for Su Xuan Yi, his repeated use of Su Ming had eventually caused Su Ming to be bitterly disappointed in him, and at the same time, great aversion had arisen in his heart. In time, that feeling had slowly turned into murderous intent.

‘To them, Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos is just a playground for a game. They do not care about Saint Defier and Dark Dawn descending, and neither do they care about the gap in Arid Triad. But if they do not even care about this... then what each of them care about must certainly be terrifying!’

‘I can guess what Su Xuan Yi is aiming for. He’s definitely doing this for Abyss Builders, but what... is Di Tian’s goal? Where does his confidence that his plans won’t fail once Dark Dawn and Saint Defier descend come from?’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He could not guess the answer, but he had a speculation that it was definitely connected to Yin Death Region.

When he thought of this, Su Ming suddenly remembered the vague feeling he had when his divine sense rushed into Yin Death Region. That feeling as if Yin Death Region had not appeared out of the blue but had been born from some changes in its depths made Su Ming think that it had a great connection to Di Tian’s confidence.

‘Just why... is he so confident? Yin Death Region is somewhat connected to Dark Dawn, or else the will in there would not have made me head to the fifth ocean in Divine Essence Star Ocean all those years ago so that I could activate that Relocation Rune similar to the one Saint Defier has in the territory of the Immortals’ Union.’

‘Could it be that Di Tian’s confidence comes from Dark Dawn? But this doesn’t explain much. After all, Di Tian is the leader of the Immortals’ Union, and the Immortals’ Union is connected to Saint Defier.’

‘If that’s the case, then Di Tian has secret ties to both Dark Dawn and Saint Defier... What exactly is his goal and where does his confidence come from?’

Su Ming was silent. He could not understand it, but his instincts told him that Di Tian’s confidence was largely connected to the strange power that formed the vortex in the depths of Yin Death Region.

With that thought, Su Ming forced down the storm that had come to life in his heart once he learned that Di Tian was still alive. When he lifted his right hand, a black crystal appeared on his palm.

The crystal had been given to him by the figure made of locusts from Dark Dawn’s camp when he was pleading for mercy. At that time, Su Ming sensed a hint of familiarity from that black crystal. When he scrutinized it closely, he found that the feeling was still around, even though it was faint.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled brilliantly. His divine sense spread out swiftly and fused into the crystal. The familiar feeling immediately became stronger, but no matter how Su Ming investigated the crystal with his divine sense, he found that it was empty inside. The familiar feeling had come to him in an incredibly baffling manner, and he could not find the cause for it.

After a long while, Su Ming retrieved his divine sense and frowned. His gaze landed on the crystal, and a contemplative expression appeared on his face. After a moment, he narrowed his eyes. He remembered why he found the crystal familiar.

'The Seed of Life Extermination!' Su Ming's heart trembled at that thought. The familiar feeling was due to the Seed of Life Extermination!

"While you are in your God of Berserkers Transformation, try to drop some blood on the crystal."

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had opened his eyes at some unknown point in time. He was also staring at the black crystal in Su Ming's hand with a grave expression on his face.

A thought appeared in Su Ming's mind. He closed his eyes, and when he opened them after a moment, he was surrounded by souls. They increased in number, and in the blink of an eye, they could no longer be counted. They formed a vast vortex that spun around him, and the one hundred million Berserker souls in it let out soundless roars before charging into his body to fuse with him.

Countless souls fused into Su Ming's arms, legs, and body, creating a huge body of around one hundred feet. The next moment, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted with a bang. An astonishing presence swelled up swiftly from his body, and Su Ming slashed across his index finger with his right thumb without any hesitation. Immediately, a drop of golden blood fell down and landed on the black crystal.

It immediately let out cracking sounds. When it began to crack, the familiar feeling started to change. Su Ming did not know the cause for it; he only felt a hint of unfamiliarity appeared in that familiar sensation. Both feelings intersected with each other and formed a feeling that he could not put into words.

It was as if he was staring at a person whom he knew very well. Su Ming could remember his name and all that, but certain things suddenly changed in front of him. Some features were taken away and some new ones added, which left him in a daze.

"This is indeed a Spirit Refinement Stone! But it isn't complete. It needs two others to make a whole!" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said slowly while staring at the black crystal in Su Ming's hand.

“Spirit Refinement Stone is a rare spirit stone from the Ancestral Spirit era. There was only one use for it back in the day—to create the Sacred Vessels of each tribe!

“The more Spirit Refinement Stones were used, the stronger the Sacred Vessels would be. That includes the ring on your finger. It was also created from Spirit Refinement Stones, but less than one hundred were put into it,” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Realm explained.

“Why did I previously sense a familiar feeling from this item?”

Su Ming’s God of Berserkers Transformation disappeared. When his body returned to normal, he looked at the old man.

“I do not know why you would have a sense of familiarity, but I do know of the three curious aspects of these Spirit Refinement Stones. Perhaps when you understand them, you will have your answer.

“These stones are sentient. Their sentience is the reason why they are used to create the Sacred Vessels of each tribe. If they are given enough time, they might even take life. The life born from that sentience can be remolded. If you know how to use them, you can change them to take the form of what you need.

“The stones might seem like single units, but in truth, during the era of the Ancestral Spirits, all the Spirit Refinement Stones had a strange connection. It’s like they are a singular whole. If you a drop of your blood falls on it, you can sense all the other Spirit Refinement Stones with your blood on them.

“This means that you can find the tribe where your blood lies and their Sacred Vessel through a complete Spirit Refinement Stone. It does not matter where the Sacred Vessel is or whether it has shattered, you will be able to find it through this method.

“That is why this is the best item to create a tribe’s Sacred Vessel, since it has the characteristic of allowing a legacy to be passed down.

“The second trait is that when you touch a Spirit Refinement Stone, you will have a familiar feeling when you touch another one” The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cast Su Ming a glance, then at the Spirit Refinement Stone in his hand.

Su Ming was silent. While he stared at the black crystal in his hand, a strange light appeared in his eyes.

The old man’s words echoed in his head. Once he linked his words to the familiar feeling from earlier, Su Ming immediately understood that the black stone fragment, the so-called Seed of Life Extermination that had previously resided in his soul, was a Spirit Refinement Stone!

That was why the Spirit Refinement Stone had that faint feeling of familiarity at the start. It came from the Seed of Life Extermination Su Ming had owned in the past!

Once he had a drop of blood fall on the stone, the unfamiliarity in that familiar feeling was due to Su Ming's blood on the stone. It was not the blood of an Abyss Builder, but the blood of Su Ming's Berserker Body. It was the blood of a Berserker!

A myriad of thoughts ran through Su Ming's head, and a version of truth based on his deductions gradually formed.

An unknown number of years ago, in the age of Successor Spirits, which was the era after the disaster fell on the Antecedental Spirits, an ancient ship descended from space. The old man on the ship represented Dark Dawn's camp, and he brought a Spirit Refinement Stone with him. Perhaps it was unintentional, or maybe it was, but he found a few other fragments.

Those fragments fused with the Spirit Refinement Stone, making it change. Perhaps that transformation had always been supposed to happen, but what mattered was that those fragments were used to serve as nutrients for Seeds of Life Extermination.

Those fragments came from a Sacred Vessel. Perhaps there were many more of them and the old man had just gathered some of them...

But that Sacred Vessel belonged to Great Berserker Tribe, and it was known as the Barren Cauldron...

The Seeds of Life Extermination were now part of the Barren Cauldron while the other fragments were buried in some unknown corner of the universe... Only those who possessed the blood of Berserkers and have been baptized by the ancient Great Berserker Tribe, or rather, only those with the blood of Great Berserker Tribe's Antecedental Spirits could use the Spirit Refinement Stones to locate their tribe's Sacred Vessel.

"Great Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel is a cauldron. Among the tribes in Wei, this item was ranked first along with Great Abyss Tribe's Nine Swords and Heavenly Spirit Tribe's Mountain Lake."

There was a nostalgic look on Tian Bai's face when he said that.

Chapter 1209: South Union

While Su Ming and the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe were sitting beyond the whirlwind under Arid Triad's gap in True Morning Dao World, Su Xuan Yi sat in front of an ancient carving in the palace floating in the galaxy within the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

That carving was like a map covering the floor of the palace. It had nine intersecting regions. Right at the center was a round picture resembling a sun, and he was sitting on the picture of the sun.

His eyes were originally shut, but at that moment, he opened them. A hint of hesitation and a sullenness showed up in his eyes, along with skepticism and disbelief

"The connection between me and the will to make the Abyss grow in True Morning Dao World... has been broken..."

Su Xuan Yi's expression grew dark. As he mumbled to himself, he lifted his right hand, then pointed at one of the nine regions on the map. The markings of that region immediately became a blur, as if a vortex had appeared that was about to form a new picture.

Yet soon, the vortex collapsed. The picture that was about to form was torn as well. Cracks immediately showed up on the region of that map as if it wanted to be separated from the carving.

'Who was it that broke my will to make the Abyss grow? Who pulled it away from me?!

A cold and fierce glare appeared in Su Xuan Yi's eyes. He lifted his head to look into the distance, and it seemed like he could see through the palace and right into True Morning Dao World.

After a long while, Su Xuan Yi composed himself, but the killing intent in his eyes only grew stronger.

"Yin Yun Zi," Su Xuan Yi said languidly

The next moment, the air in front of him distorted, and a middle-aged man walked out. He was dressed in a black robe, and once he appeared, he immediately knelt down on one knee before Su Xuan Yi.

"Take my Enchanted Vessel and head to True Morning Dao World. Search for the will to make the Abyss grow and find out just whose will resides in it."

There was a hint of ghastliness in Su Xuan Yi's words. When he lifted his right hand and swung it, a broken sword stabbed the black-robed middle-aged man.

The weapon exuded a dark, black light, and due to an unknown entity being sealed within it, there was a thick, murderous aura surrounding the sword. The middle-aged man lowered his head and voiced his obedience, then took out the wooden sword and disappeared into the air.

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While the army of five hundred thousand cultivators from South Union charged through the powerful whirlwind in True Morning Dao Sect, a figure suddenly appeared at Arid Triad's gap located high above them.

The figure lifted her head to cast a glance at the crazed battle between Saint Defier and Dark Dawn beyond Arid Triad's gap, which had almost concluded, then lowered her head to look at True Morning Dao World, which was clearly unfamiliar to her.

"Big sister, the child who constantly occupied your mind before you passed away has already awakened to the soul of our people. Even though he does not have much of the will of the Ice Dragon, the women of our race are Ice Phoenixes, and our men are Ice Dragons. Even if he only has a bit of our soul in him, he can activate the inborn talents of the Sacred Race.

"It would have been better if his soul did not awaken, but the souls of our people cannot be left lingering around in the world outside. Before he gathers together the form of the Ice Dragon, I will kill him. Do not blame me for this...

"As for the sword you asked me to give him..."

The figure was a woman, and she was the current Progenitor of the Spiritlings, the Sacred Race of Dark Dawn, and the person who was acting as the garrison of the ninth Expanse Cosmos of Dark Dawn!

After mumbling softly under her breath, she lifted her right hand, and a small sword that was only the size of her palm appeared on her hand. It was white and without a dirty spot

"Once I give it to him, I will kill him, all so that I can fulfill your wish."

The woman then fell silent.

Her expression was extremely cold. In fact, even her murmurs sounded like a gust of freezing wind blowing past the area.

Soon, she walked down and disappeared into the whirlwind.

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The words of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe echoed in Su Ming's ears. He lowered his head to stare at the black crystal in his hand. After remaining silent for a moment, the answer he wanted formed in his heart.

The crystal had given Su Ming a sense of familiarity because of the Seed of Life Extermination. The unfamiliar sensation that appeared in that familiar feeling once his blood fell on it then came from the Barren Cauldron.

The black crystal was a Spirit Refinement Stone that could allow Su Ming to search for the Barren Cauldron, but the stone he had was still incomplete. Once it was though, Su Ming would be able to sense the fragments of the Barren Cauldron left behind in Arid Triad's universe.

'That person of locusts must definitely have more Spirit Refinement Stones on him!' Su Ming's expression remained calm, but he had already formed his own thoughts regarding the matter.

After waiting for several days, Su Ming finally saw the army of five hundred thousand cultivators from South Union arrive. At that moment, there were ripples spreading out from within the whirlwind. Booming sounds spread out, and it could be seen that the ripples were tumbling within, as if there were ancient, ferocious beasts roaring in the whirlwind, wanting to charge out.

Su Ming remained composed. He sat still and cast a cold glance at the whirlwind.

About an hour later, an astonishing bang suddenly rose into space, and a huge log of about thousands of feet long as well as hundreds of feet wide shot out from the whirlwind.

The log brought with it a great and mighty pressure, and on it sat nearly one thousand cultivators. At that moment, they stood up and roared simultaneously in excitement. Great killing intent formed a heinous presence that surged into the sky.

Yet the near one thousand cultivators were soon taken aback. Their gazes focused on Su Ming, who was meditating in the distance.

They had thought that the arrival of their sect would cause the forces of power in this place to place a great amount of attention on them, and the best spot to ambush them would clearly be right when they came, but they only saw Su Ming sitting by himself.

As for the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, if he did not want to, then regardless of whether it were people from Arid Triad, Dark Dawn, or Saint Defier, only a handful of them would be able to see him.

The unusual sight immediately brought weariness to the faces of the near one thousand cultivators on the log. As it rushed forward and farther away from whirlwind, around a

dozen cultivators flew up from the log and turned into long arcs that charged towards Su Ming.

This was a test, a test to see just what sort of power Su Ming possessed, since he appeared to have no power within him.

When the ten long arcs looked as if they were about to close in on him, the light from divine abilities and Enchanted Treasures shone. A thick wave of killing intent erupted from the ten people. Their killing intents combined together and formed a mighty pressure that swiftly descended on Su Ming's body.

Yet his expression remained calm. He did not even lift his hand, just said two words coolly, though those words were filled with a chilling intent.

"Get lost."

When he spoke, the galaxy shuddered. The dozen cultivators were swiftly frozen in space by an invisible force. At the instant shock appeared on their faces, their bodies went tumbling backwards as if they had been flung off. They were sent into the whirlwind, and with shrill screams of pain, their bodies were torn to pieces.

This scene immediately shook the hearts of the near one thousand cultivators on the log, but they did not fall back. Instead, they formed seals with their hands and pushed them on the log. It immediately let out a deafening buzz, and its speed swiftly increased as it charged towards Su Ming with a loud bang.

A powerful presence spread out from the log. It was so strong that it reached the power of those in Mastery Realm. When it was about to reach Su Ming, he lifted his right hand and seized the space in the direction of the incoming log before slowly furling his hand into a fist.

When he did it, the giant log cracked, and the near one thousand cultivators on it let out shrill screams of pain. Quite a number of them wanted to fly off the log, but they seemed to be frozen in the galaxy and could not take even half a step to the side.

Booming sounds surged into the heavens, and the log, along with the near one thousand cultivators on it, were crushed to pieces. It looked as if a huge, invisible hand had caught them and crushed them.

When Su Ming unclenched his fist and flung his arm forward, the shattered log and the flesh on it were immediately swept up by a gust of violent wind that charged towards the whirlwind. That gust of wind contained Su Ming's will as well, so the pieces of flesh and wood formed into a huge face.

That face belonged to Su Ming, and it was formed by the crushed flesh and blood of the one thousand cultivators as well as the countless splinters from the log. It looked incredibly hideous when it charged towards the whirlwind.

Booming sounds surged into the heavens. The moment the face containing Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit touched the whirlwind, the wind fell back, and the face rushed in, forcefully chasing away the whirlwind one hundred thousand feet within away from itself. This revealed huge logs of wood, numbering to more than a hundred, and cultivators on them which had initially been hidden in the whirlwind.

"Since you're here, why bother hiding?" Su Ming asked flatly.

He swept his gaze past the logs, then looked behind them. There were still a large number of them hidden in the whirlwind; he could vaguely see shadows of more of them far in the distance.

A white-haired old man dressed in a white robe standing right in front of the one hundred logs immediately stood up on his log and growled at Su Ming. "Sir, who are you?!"

To him, Su Ming was an incredibly strange persona. His cultivation base seemed to be only barely discernible, which made the old man unable to tell precisely what level of cultivation he possessed. This was not the type of power that powerful warriors possessed so that those weaker than them would not be able to find any clues about their strength. It was as if Su Ming's level of cultivation was simply indistinct, making others unable to tell it clearly.

The old man might have extraordinary power and might be an Almighty in Fate Realm, but he did not know that this was a unique state of Antecedental Spirits. Unless the old man was also an Antecedental Spirit, it would be impossible for him to notice that the galaxy around him had already been covered by Su Ming's will of heaven.

While his eyes might have seemed calm, Su Ming could still see the nervousness and wariness in his heart.

"Ninth Summit's Great Sect Elder, Mo Su," Su Ming said flatly.

"Kill him!" the old man who had spoken to Su Ming suddenly growled.

Thirteen figures swiftly flew out of the one hundred logs. They were all Almighties in Fate Realm. When they flew out, the laws in the galaxy around them looked to be avoiding them while changing, but these thirteen people did not charge straight at Su Ming.

Instead, they spread out once they flew out, then threw their heads back and roared. The galaxy immediately changed, and all laws disappeared. It was as if the region had been separated from True Morning Dao World.

At that moment, four figures walked out with a loud bang from the logs. They were four old men, and there was arrogance on their faces. When their cultivation bases spread out, they revealed that they were powerful warriors in the Endless Cycles of Life Realm.

The appearance of these four people immediately caused the presence formed when their cultivation bases gathered together to surge into the heavens. It swept up the four people and allowed them to instantly charge towards Su Ming.

Chapter 1210: The Mere Power of a Speck of Light

Those in Fate Realm locked down the laws of the universe, and those in Life Realm killed the living. The cooperation between these seventeen people was flawless.

It was especially so when the thirteen Almightyies in Fate Realm spread out. The feeling as if the region had been separated from True Morning Dao World became even stronger at that moment. The thirteen people turned themselves into keys of the Rune, the Great Space Sealing Rune!

The four old men in Life Realm were the blades of the Rune. When they flew out, the killing intent of those in the Endless Cycles of Life Realm erupted from them. With a presence of a tidal wave, they charged towards Su Ming.

“Live!”

At the instant the four old men in Life Realm approached him, the thirteen Almightyies in Fate Realm around the area roared together. They formed seals with their hands and pointed towards the four. Immediately after, the power of the four people increased exponentially, pushing them infinitesimally close to Death Realm.

This did not mean that their levels of cultivation had increased, but that once the galaxy in this region had been changed, the laws had changed as well. It was as if it had become the thirteen people’s world. They were akin to masters of it, and they had ordered the four old men’s cultivation bases to reach a boundless state. Then, within the boundaries of what the thirteen people could endure, they were brought infinitesimally close to Death Realm!

At the same time, the thirteen people formed a seal and pointed at the indifferent looking Su Ming before saying one word together.

“Die!”

This word sounded like rolling thunder, and it was an order from those people who acted as the master of the region. They wished that Su Ming’s life force be extinguished and his power weakened. It would be difficult for any of them to execute this Art alone, but when the thirteen of them worked together, they could do it perfectly.

Weakening one party to strengthen the other was the effect of the rune. From the skillfulness of seventeen people’s actions, anyone could tell that they had worked together many times, and the confidence on their faces was not fake either. There should be plenty of powerful warriors who had died in hatred due to their Rune.

As the orders of those who would live and who would perish were given, the four Almightyies in Life Realm came charging at Su Ming with confidence and great murderous intent.

A hint of derision appeared at the corners of Su Ming’s lips. Those people had still not discovered what was wrong in the area and did not notice the difference in power between them. In Su Ming’s eyes, they were grossly overestimating themselves, and he could only view them in contempt.

His scorn was seen by the seventeen people, and their hearts let out a thump in their chests. However, they were arrows that had been notched on bows and fired. They could not stop their attack.

The four Almightyies in Life Realm approached Su Ming and executed their divine abilities. They then charged towards him.

A loud bang shot up into the heavens. When it shook the galaxy, Su Ming’s figure was submerged by the divine abilities, but the expressions of the four people soon changed drastically. When they turned their heads around, they found Su Ming standing behind one of the thirteen Almightyies in Fate Realm

He had moved in a manner similar to warping, but no ripple of power was stirred up by his movements. He lifted his right hand then, and the instant the Almighty in Fate Realm realized that something was off, Su Ming had already pressed his hand against the person’s back, right over their heart.

A bang shot up, and the Almighty in Fate Realm jolted. In fact, he did not even have time to turn his head around before he coughed up a large mouthful of blood and his body was torn to pieces. He turned into flesh and blood that filled the area.

Su Ming licked the corners of his lips, and an evil smile appeared on his face. When the twelve Almightyies in Fate Realm looked over in shock and the four old men in Life Realm rushed at him, he vanished into thin air again.

When he reappeared, he was already behind another person. That cultivator from Fate Realm had spread his divine sense and was on guard, but he could not sense Su Ming at all. Only when an icy cold hand touched the nape of his neck and intense pain wrecked his body that he noticed.

A loud bang shot up again, and the bloody stench became even thicker. Yet Su Ming's expression remained the same. His body moved like a phantom, making it impossible for anyone to figure him out before he disappeared again.

"Damn it! Why are you not locking down the galaxy in this region yet?! Lock down space! Make it so that he cannot wrap!" one of the old men among the four Almightyies in Life Realm roared.

"It's useless, we've already locked down the space in this—"

The hearts of the eleven cultivators in Fate Realm were trembling. They were also in shock. They had clearly locked down the space in the area.

Yet the cultivator who had begun to speak could only say this thoughts halfway before his heart shuddered. He saw look at him, and his heart let out a thump. Without any hesitation, he rushed forward.

However, the instant he tried that, an intense pain rushed through him. It only lasted for two breaths before it disappeared, since his body lost possession of its head. It was in Su Ming's hand, and with a flick of his wrist, he crushed it.

When the cultivator's Nascent Divinity rushed out from his headless body, it was also casually crushed by Su Ming's destructive power.

In the blink of an eye, three people had died. The four Almightyies in Life Realm simply could not catch up to Su Ming. Even if they wanted to shift, it required some time, but Su Ming could do it instantly. It was as if with one thought, his body would disappear and reappear in any place he wanted.

"Mo Su, you are Ninth Summit's Great Sect Elder, but do you only know how to ambush people behind their backs?! Do you dare fight against us fair and square?!" the old man of the four Almightyies in Life Realm who had roared towards the heavens before demanded.

There was anger on his face. The seventeen of them had cooperated multiple times and killed plenty of powerful warriors, but this was the first time they ran into such a strange situation. Even though they had a slight feeling that something bad was about to happen, anger was a more prominent emotion in their hearts. In fact, they even had a sense of determination.

They felt that since Su Ming did not dare to face them, it meant that he was about equal in terms of strength, or perhaps he was even slightly weaker than the.,

“Fair and square? Alright then.”

Su Ming’s voice drifted around the area, and it was followed by a contemptuous chuckle. In an instant, ten Su Mings appeared at the same time behind the ten Almightyies in Fate Realm.

The ten Su Mings looked identical to each other. The moment they appeared, Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw a punch at the ten cultivators.

Booming sounds surged into space and caused the galaxy to tremble. The ten Almightyies in Fate Realm did not have the power to dodge or fight back. Amid the booming sounds, their bodies were torn to shreds. As their flesh and blood flew in all directions, the ten Su Mings moved, and in a flash, they fused together back into one. Once that happened, Su Ming turned around and looked at the four Almightyies in Life Realm whose faces had went pale.

“Then the four of you will have to receive my punch fairly and squarely.”

When Su Ming said those words in a flat voice, he lifted his right hand and punched the space in the direction of the four people.

That punch seemed ordinary and did not stir up a single ripple. It was as if it could not cause the universe to tremble at all, but when he threw that punch, the expressions of the four old men from Life Realm changed drastically.

Their hearts trembled, and their pupils shrank to reveal a hint of shock. At the same time, the four people growled. It seemed like they had been connected together to form a seal moments before all their power erupted from them. The cultivation base formed by the life force of those in the Endless Cycles of Life Realm gathered together, causing the power erupting from the four people to no longer belong to Life Realm, but near that of Death Realm.

“Imperishable Aura!” the four old men growled.

Their expressions were incredibly grave, and their hearts were filled with shock. At that moment, they had a strong feeling that they were about to die. The simple punch from Su Ming caused them to feel as if the world was about to crumble, and they were right in the middle of that destruction. They had a strong feeling that their hearts would be torn apart at any moment.

When the four people growled, a candle flame manifested around them. As it burned, a piercing light erupted from it. This light swept outwards to fight against Su Ming’s punch.

As long as the candle flame did not get extinguished, they would not die. The candle flame did not just burn their cultivation bases, but also the years of their lives. It was a pure Protective Rune.

It didn't have a single offensive property since the four old men had already come to an understanding the moment Su Ming threw his punch that they... were absolutely not his opponent. At that moment, their greatest serendipity would be to come out alive.

"The mere power of a speck of light," Su Ming said flatly.

When his punch landed, the world did not move, but an astonishing roar swiftly reverberated through the space before the four old men. As it echoed in space, it was as if a huge, invisible hand had seized the four people. With a squeeze, it instantly extinguished the trembling candle flame.

At the instant its light disappeared, the bodies of the four old men jolted simultaneously. They coughed up blood and fell back. As they did so, their bodies were thrown into a violent gust of wind that could not be put to words. Their hair was burned to a crisp, their robes were torn to shreds, their skin became a bloody mess in the blink of an eye, and once their flesh and blood were reduced to nothing, the four old men turned into four skeletons.

But this was not the end. Shrill screams of pain that would cause people's skin to crawl rose into space at that moment. The skeletons were crushed to ashes, and they disappeared straight away. The only thing that remained after that was the Nascent Divinities, but even those... were reduced to nothing the next instant.

Everything which marked the existence of the four old men was wiped off the plane of existence with a simple punch. Not even a speck of them was left.

Su Ming then lifted his head to look at the cultivators from South Union on the hundreds of logs. All of them looked dumbfounded and had fear on their faces.

"What other tricks do you have? Continue bringing them out. Since you're already here, don't think about leaving," he said in a flat voice.

The cultivators from South Union fell silent. They stared at Su Ming in shock, and at that moment, their hearts trembled. Su Ming was so strong that even if they could not tell his precise level of cultivation, the deaths of thirteen Subsect Elders and the annihilation of four of their Great Sect Elders had occurred in just a few dozen breaths. The ease of Su Ming's actions, his faint voice, and the derision in his smile turned him into the embodiment of death in everyone's eyes.

"Bring forth the Enchanted Vessel!"

When the cultivators from South Union were intimidated by Su Ming, an ancient voice laden with an unprecedented grave tone shot through the whirlwind. It came from the direction of the whirlwind where more people hid.

The next moment, hundreds of cultivators lifted their heads. Blood-red light instantly appeared in their eyes, and they flew out simultaneously while roaring towards the heavens as if they did not possess any intelligence. There was a total of 999 cultivators, and they turned into nearly one thousand figures who surrounded the area around Su Ming. Once they did so, each of the cultivators roared.

Their bodies were then reduced to a bloody mess. Crystals seeped out of their bodies as if having grown there. A powerful light spread out from them and connected together to form... a Rune of crystalline light!

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Chapter 1211: Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune

Chapter 1211: Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune

The outline of the Rune with crystalline light resembled a cauldron used to make medicinal cores. It shone with a dazzling light and looked like it enveloped Su Ming within itself.

Su Ming had a calm expression on his face as he moved forward. At the instant his body touched a ray of the crystalline light, he sensed a powerful rebounding force trying to prevent him from walking out.

“This item...”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had stayed by Su Ming from the start. When he cast a glance at the Rune with the crystalline light, he fell into a period of silence before he smiled faintly.

“This item is somewhat similar to the Sacred Vessel of Wei’s Corists, but it’s clearly just an imitation. It has some fragments of the Corists Sacred Vessel though. Looks like there are descendants of the Corists among these cultivators,” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said faintly.

When he finished speaking, nine long arcs flew out from the direction of South Union. They stopped in front of Su Ming and revealed themselves as nine old men.

They had ordinary power. They were only in Solar Kalpa Realm, but there was an air that made it seem that they had inherited an ancient legacy. Once they cast a glance at Su Ming, they formed a seal with their hands, then pointed simultaneously at the medicinal cauldron shining with crystalline light, which was formed by the 999 cultivators.

“The Saint of Medicinal Cores has the will of heavens, and the will of heavens makes medicinal cores sacred!” the nine old men said together in a strange tone, then coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The instant they spoke, the light of the Rune of crystalline light soared one hundred thousand feet into the air. When booming sounds echoed in space, the 999 people moved simultaneously based on some law. If anyone looked at them from a distance, they would clearly see that there seemed to be a huge medicinal cauldron spinning around them.

As it did so, the will of the universe seemed to tear through space and descend from the passage of time. It enveloped the medicinal cauldron, making those who looked at it to naturally feel an ancient presence from it. At that instant, the will of the universe gained a vast presence, and there was a feeling in the air as if it was about to gain corporeal form.

It was a will even stronger than the one used by the thirteen Almighty in Fate Realm to lock down the galaxy around them and separate it from True Morning Dao World. Su Ming could even sense it was infinitesimally close to the will of heaven that belonged to the Antecedental Spirits.

However... it was just very close to it and that was it.

“You’re a mere South Union, but you have quite the foundation,” Su Ming said faintly.

He would have found the will of the universe that was infinitesimally close to the one possessed by Antecedental Spirits to be incredibly difficult to deal with if his soul had not become an Antecedental Spirit. It was just like how a cultivator in Mastery Realm would be completely suppressed if he came face to face with a cultivator in Fate Realm.

“But it’s not enough.”

Su Ming’s expression had not changed much since the start. When he looked at the nine old men, he shook his head. Then, he stopped and did not try to leave the Rune again.

The nine people had gloomy expressions on their faces. With a cold harrumph, they formed a seal with their hands, then formed another and pointed at the Rune.

“With the will of the Saint of Medicinal Cores, we will strip thee of thy soul!” the nine people said simultaneously with aloof and ghastly expressions.

The medicinal cauldron formed by the Rune of 999 people started spinning even more swiftly. The will of the universe contained in it became even fiercer, as if there was an invisible blade that was about to cut down Su Ming.

It did not aim at his body, but his soul. A chilling glare shone in Su Ming’s eyes at that moment, and he lifted his right hand to point forward. Immediately, the invisible blade shuddered and crumbled to pieces. This scene could not be seen by anyone, but the nine old men could clearly sense the invisible blade crumble.

Their expressions changed at that moment. They coughed up blood at the same time, and when their bodies tumbled back, they formed a seal again.

“With the power of three Saints and the will of the universe, we shall strip thee of thy soul!”

Once they roared together, the rotation speed of the Rune formed by the 999 cultivators increased again. The cultivators trembled, and their bodies turned even more messy. It looked like they were about to turn into skeletons.

Su Ming smiled coldly. He moved forward, and the instant his body touched the crystalline light, the light grew to a blinding degree, but it was obviously trembling, as if it could not bear the burden and was about to crumble. The nine people immediately sat down, and as their bodies swiftly withered, their expressions filled with disbelief. They formed seals while shouting.

“Saint of Medicinal Cores, please descend. We offer the souls of these 999 cultivators to turn it into the will of the universe so that we can strip him of his soul!”

Their voices were hoarse and shrill. At the instant they reverberated in the air, the 999 people who formed the medicinal cauldron shuddered. Their life force instantly vanished, and all their flesh and blood disintegrated while their bones vanished. Only blood-red crystals which seemed to have sucked out all of the 999 people’s blood remained. For a moment, they floated in the air, then they shrank inwards and formed a huge medicinal cauldron with Su Ming as its center!

Bang!

It looked like an invisible fire had been lit in the medicinal cauldron. As it burned, the cauldron swiftly spun around. Moments later, a great will that was like the will of heaven descended. It brought with it a mighty pressure, the cheers from the people of South Union after their initial shock, and the nine old men’s cold sneers and derision.

Within that will of the universe was the nine old men's wills. They wanted to strip Su Ming's soul from his body, and it was like an order that no living being could withstand. It was like... the will of heaven.

"The soul of Ninth Summit's Great Sect Elder Mo Su will leave his body and be made into an offering for the Saint of Medicinal Cores!" the nine people said together, and once they formed a seal, they placed their hands at the center of their brows.

But the instant the will of the universe turned into the will of heaven that wanted to descend on Su Ming, he shook his head.

"This will of heaven... is merely formed by incomplete thoughts. If you worship the will of heaven so much, then let me show you just what... is the will of heaven," he said faintly.

When he lifted his head, a freezing glare shone in his eyes, and his divine sense left his body. His will of an Antecedental Spirit also spread out. When it enveloped the entire area, it caused space to shake, the universe to tremble, and the will of the galaxy in all directions to turn into Su Ming's will.

With a single thought, he could make it so lives were born, and with another, destroy the universe.

At the start of Su Ming's thought, the descending will of heaven shuddered, and the medicinal cauldron formed by the crystals let out a loud boom. Huge cracks appeared on its surface. The expressions of the nine old men completely changed then. Disbelief flooded their faces and filled their hearts.

The moment Su Ming finished his thought, the descending will of heaven crumbled. The crystal medicinal cauldron shuddered, and with a bang, shattered to pieces. When they fell backwards, they shattered again, and Su Ming walked out from within the rain of dust with a calm expression.

The nine old men coughed up blood. Eight of them exploded right after. Their bodies were reduced to a bloody mess, which was a telling sign that they could not withstand the backlash of the crystal medicinal cauldron. The only surviving old man coughed up blood continuously. When he looked at Su Ming, there was indescribable fear and shock in his eyes. His disbelief was so great that it turned into speech.

"Antecedental Spirit... You are an Antecedental Spirit... This is impossible. All the Antecedental Spirits in this era are either suppressed in True Spirit Hell world or are sealed up so that they cannot venture out. How... How is it possible that you're an Antecedental Spirit?!"

"Unless you have just become an Antecedental Spirit... This is the only possibility. You still haven't been suppressed! You still haven't been suppressed by Arid Triad's will!"

The old man's eyes widened before he suddenly began laughing loudly. That laughter was filled with madness as well as delight.

"So what if you're an Antecedental Spirit?! All the Antecedental Spirits have been suppressed by Arid Triad's will since ancient times. The day for you to be suppressed isn't far off!"

As the old man laughed, he let out a shrill roar, then coughed up blood and breathed his last.

His life force had been crushed by the backlash, and the moment of life then was only a momentary spurt of vitality before death. As he laughed and coughed up blood, his body fell down.

When Su Ming walked out from the crumbled crystal medicinal cauldron, two long arcs suddenly charged forth from the hundreds of logs in the whirlwind. They had a presence an undying and imperishable will spreading out from them, which meant that those people were clearly two powerful warriors in Death Realm!

They were two of the three leaders of South Union and were also the strongest cultivators in the expedition. They had not appeared previously because the two of them were cautious. If they were not completely confident in winning against Su Ming, they would not attack personally.

However, at that moment, even if they were still not confident, the old man's words forced the two of them to attack even while their hearts trembled.

"All five hundred thousand cultivators of South Union, hear our words, form South Union's Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune and seal this person!"

When the two people flew out, one of them immediately gave a command. His voice rumbled, containing the vast, mighty pressure belonging to those in Death Realm. It enveloped the entire area and turned into a vast power that seemed to be able to stand against Su Ming's presence.

Hundreds of logs flew over after the command was given, and even those hidden in the whirlwind charged out. On one of the logs was Xu Hui with a hint of arrogance on her face. She stood with her chin lifted while staring at Su Ming coldly. The look in her eyes was one a person used when looking at a stranger. There was no longer even a hint of the gentleness she had when she looked at him in the past.

Behind her was De Shun. Naturally, he could not tell that the Mo Su before him was the Dao Kong he had met before. He simply stood vigilantly behind Xu Hui with an obsequious expression on his face.

As nearly five hundred logs charged towards Su Ming, they formed a Rune of seven circles with Su Ming as their center. Their actions were swift and precise, like they had formed the Rune hundreds of times in the past.

The seven circles were of different sizes and were made up of the logs which had attached themselves to one another. They encircled Su Ming while giving off a majestic feeling.

This was an attack executed by all five hundred thousand cultivators of South Union. The mighty pressure formed by nearly five hundred logs surrounding a single person was so great that vortices formed between the logs. There were seven of them, and each one was connected to the other, just like the circles of logs. They moved based on different trajectories, and from a distance, they looked like they were a galactical vortex.

Within the innermost part of the circles of logs was Su Ming fighting against the two old men. Red light shone on one of their faces, and he a head full of white hair. He looked like an old man, but the life force in his body was so abundant that it reached an indescribable state.

The other one was a thin old man. He had a sinister cold presence spreading out of his body, and there were no emotions on his face. He stood like a block of ice, and no sign of any vast life force could be detected in him. However, he gave off a presence as if he was never melting ice. It was as if even if the galaxy crumbled while he stood there, he would not die because of it.

This was what it meant to be in Death Realm!

While the seven circles of wood formed a Rune and surrounded Su Ming, an indistinct figure was hidden in the whirlwind in the distance. It was a woman with an icy cold but incredibly beautiful face. She was staring at Su Ming with a hint of surprise in her eyes.

“Antecedental Spirit...”

Chapter 1212: Destruction in Five Breaths!

When a woman's figure appeared in a barely discernible fashion in the whirlwind and she looked at Su Ming, even she did not notice that the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was near him.

She did not see the old man, but she could feel a sort of vortex beside Su Ming. Yet when she cast her gaze there, she saw nothing.

At that moment, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe lifted his head slightly while staying by Su Ming's side and cast a glance at the spot where the woman was standing in a seemingly casual manner. Even upon noticing her, he did not say a single word.

Even if he was surrounded by the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, Su Ming watched the formation of the Rune and at the two old men in Death Realm before him, who looked as if they were facing off a great enemy, with calmness.

Su Ming did not interfere with the formation of the Rune, for he was completely unconcerned. He wanted to make South Union use their full strength. Only by doing so could he crush their confidence as well as defeat them. The blow had to be strong enough to turn into despair, so it would be much easier for him to turn the five hundred thousand cultivators into the laws of fate of the world around him, and then turn them into a part of his own laws of fate.

If it was not because Su Ming needed many cultivators to worship him so that they could provide him with the power of the laws of fate in order for him to complete the next step of his plan to Possess True Morning Dao World, he would not have wasted his time playing around with South Union. He would have killed them in cold blood a long time ago.

The moment the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune was formed, the two old men in Death Realm cast each other a glance. They took a step forward at the same time, and when their feet landed, ripples spread out from beneath their feet. They then charged towards Su Ming like waves of impact.

The two old men came to his sides in no time. The person with red light on his face was by his left, and the thin old man with the sinister aura was by his right. The two of them did not form any seals. Instead, at the instant they spread out, they swung their arms, and different Enchanted Vessels appeared in their hands.

The red-faced old man had a whip in his hand. There were countless runic symbols rising as bumps on it, and right when the weapon appeared, the space around it seemed to be on the verge of shattering. There was even a feeling resembling that of planets coming from that whip.

The red-faced man had refined 108 planets and extracted their essence to refine the whip. Then, he had his origin soul gather on it while turning the hundreds of divine abilities he had mastered into different runic symbols before eventually Branding them on the whip. This made the whip his one and only lethal Enchanted Treasure.

He would not easily bring out this Enchanted Treasure, but when facing Su Ming, he brought it out without any hesitation. He knew that several dozens of breaths would be needed for the formation of the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune to finished, and for this period of time, he had to hold Su Ming back.

He could not let Su Ming interfere with the formation of the Rune. As long as it formed, he was confident that no matter how strong Su Ming was, he would definitely be suppressed.

The thin old man by Su Ming's right brought out a small black cauldron. He held it with both hands and stood unmoving in midair. There were wisps of freezing air spreading from inside the cauldron.

In an instant, they surrounded the old man, and he closed his eyes. Complicated and abstruse incantations then came from his mouth. When they turned into buzzing noise, the freezing air from the cauldron became thicker. Shrill roars came from inside it, and there seemed to be countless faces belonging to cultivators and ferocious beasts protruding. It looked like they wanted to rush out.

The cauldron was the strongest of the many Enchanted Treasures the thin old man possessed. He had not refined it on his own, but had obtained it purely by coincidence many years ago in a ruin. From then on, he had refined it constantly. Due to the chilling properties of the cauldron, he collected countless cultivators and ferocious beasts with freezing aura, then brutally put all of them into the cauldron so its aura could fill an entire galaxy.

And this was not the full power of the cauldron. The thin old man knew in his heart that he could only bring out three-tenths of the item's power, but it was his trump card, because he had a way... to make the cauldron self-destruct!

When it self-destructed, the cauldron would have its full might erupt from it. This would bring forth a terrifying storm, and the old man was confident in it happening.

When the two old men in Death Realm brought out their Enchanted Treasures, it was time to fight. The thin old man did not move, but the red-faced old man swung the whip in his right hand in Su Ming's direction. As thunderous booms surged into space, the whip charged towards Su Ming.

It felt as if there were more than a hundred planets trying to attack him. There were also hundreds of divine abilities among them, which was why when the man cracked his whip, Su Ming felt as if he was staring at more than one hundred planets roaring while charging at him. He also saw a large number of divine abilities erupting around the shadow of the whip, covering all of the space through which they charged at him.

One crack of the whip could kill those in Life Realm!

Those in Life Realm might have endless life, but if that whip touched them, it would immediately shatter their physical bodies, destroy their souls, and disintegrate their cultivation bases.

Even if they had endless life and could swiftly recover, the destructive power of the whip would not allow them any time to heal. Any cultivator in Life Realm would just die.

When the red-faced old man attacked, the thin old man growled. A loud shout came from the small cauldron and reverberated in space. A green, freezing air gushed out the next second and turned into a creature of ice that was about thirty feet tall. The creature was like a tiger, and when it roared, freezing air surged from its body into the heavens. That freezing air could extinguish all life force, and the creature also had the power of Death Realm.

With a roar, it charged at Su Ming, but that was not all. Roars came from the small cauldron once more, and another creature of ice resembling a tiger charged out and rushed towards Su Ming.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Only when he was faced with two Almightyies in Death Realm that a spark of fighting intent lit up in him. He did not even bother looking at the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune being laid out around him, but lifted his right hand and pointed at the sky.

"Mountain Shifter!"

Mountain Shifter, Ocean Remover, and God of Berserkers Transformation were Su Ming's strongest divine abilities.

The moment he spoke, the galaxy rumbled and space trembled. The illusion of a mountain instantly appeared around Su Ming.

There might have only seemed to be one mountain, but as it swayed, it turned into an image of a thousand mountains overlapping. They roared, and the next instant, they went to push down on the whip and the ice tiger.

The Mountain Shifter Art was an Art Su Ming had come to understand after having a close shave with death. This Art had also become stronger as his level of cultivation increased. The one thousand mountains might have looked normal, but they swayed the moment they sank and turned into one hundred thousand mountains!

Thunderous booms came from them as if they wanted to shatter space and tear apart the universe. This was the limit of what Su Ming could execute with his Mountain Shifter Art at that moment. When the one hundred thousand mountains descended together, the whip shuddered upon contact.

All the divine abilities on it crumbled, but the power of planets was not so easily shaken. When the two attacks intercepted, a portion of the one hundred thousand mountains crumbled, and only then did the whip tumble back.

As for the two ice tigers, they were suppressed by the mountains and only managed to last for the span of a few breaths before their bodies crumbled.

“All mountains in Mountain Shifter, turn into one!”

After those words, Su Ming raised his hands and swiftly put them together in front of him before pointing at the red-faced old man. With it, the remaining mountains overlapped with a loud bang, and the one hundred thousand mountains became one before charging out.

At that instant, the red-faced old man's expression changed. He could clearly see the killing intent in Su Ming's eyes.

Su Ming swung his arm, and when the mountain formed by one hundred thousand mountains descended on the red-faced old man, he spoke while rushing forward. “Within five breaths, I will take your head!”

With a bang, the mountain formed by one hundred thousand mountains descended on the red-faced old man, but he lifted his whip and used it to defend himself. Booming sounds surged into the heavens. The mountain cracked, but it did not shatter. Instead, a vast amount of power stirred up by it continued to descend on the old man.

The thin old man's expression changed. His eyes swiftly flew open, and the green smoke coming out from the cauldron in his hand immediately grew much thicker.

The instant he was about to execute his divine ability, however, Su Ming swung his right hand. Immediately, buzzing sounds reverberated through space, and a large number of locusts charged at the old man.

At the same time, a gourd the size of his palm appeared in Su Ming's hand. As he swept his hand across it, the gourd immediately looked like it had opened its eyes. Killing intent shone in its eyes, and two small humanoids shot out from it. With heinous murderous aura, they charged towards the old man.

At that instant, ferocious roars rang out around the old man. A malicious spirit appeared in space. In its hand was a scale, and its weight was an elephant. Needless to say, this was Su Ming's picture of the Malicious Spirit Weighing the Elephant!

This treasure had been damaged in the past, and Su Ming had nearly lost it, but he had relocated it afterwards and restored it. Even if it had yet to completely recover and its might was not as powerful as before, it was still usable for Su Ming's needs.

Boom!

The red-faced old man had a ferocious expression on his face. A sense of danger rose in his heart, but it was not great. It did not warn him that he was in a life-threatening

situation. However, when his whip touched the descending mountain again, a piercing black light swept out from Su Ming's body in all directions.

"Ocean Remover!"

The Ocean Remover Art formed by the Light of Extreme Darkness was another one of Su Ming's most powerful Arts. It was created entirely from his own understanding. When he became the origin of the Light of Extreme Darkness, the Light of Extreme Darkness spreading out from him instantly covered the entire area.

The thin old man's vision immediately turned dark, and his body froze. The ice from that attack surpassed the ice-oriented cultivation method he practiced. His heart shuddered at that moment. Su Ming's Enchanted Treasure was also charging towards him, which made him unable to care about the red-faced old man for the time being. He had to immediately defend himself.

The instant the Light of Extreme Darkness spread out, the red-faced old man's expression changed drastically. The sense of danger he previously had turned into a feeling of death looming over him.

Without any hesitation, he swiftly moved backwards. Yet he could not see the area around him clearly. Darkness enveloped his mind and heart, and the freezing sensation caused the life-threatening sense of danger to become even stronger.

He swung the whip in his hand and had all of his power erupt from him. Even if the mountain was about to collide with him, he couldn't care less about it. He swiftly moved back, but the moment the chills covered his body and even his heart froze, Su Ming appeared in front of him. He lifted his right hand and grabbed the attacking whip, then, without any hesitation, Su Ming pushed his left hand into the old man's chest.

It had been precisely five breaths.

Chapter 1213: A Great Tribute

"You..." The red-faced old man's face turned pale as if he had lost all his blood. He kept his gaze fixed on Su Ming, seemingly completely unbothered by Su Ming's palm pushing at his chest.

He stared at Su Ming's right hand and the whip. He could clearly see the divine abilities contained in the whip continuously crash against Su Ming's palm and subsequently collapse. It was as if Su Ming was completely unbothered by all his divine abilities.

The old man also heard the whip letting out creaking sounds when Su Ming squeezed down on it, as if it could not withstand the force. It felt like if Su Ming wanted to, he could instantly crush the whip.

It was the physical power of a powerful person, one that surpassed what the old man understood.

He had only said a single word when his eyes were instantly covered in blood capillaries. As they spread through the whites of his eyes, they popped and burst in there. Bursting along with them were the old man's eyes. Two blood-red branches instantly crawled out of his eyes. They squirmed around in a bizarre manner, looking incredibly terrifying.

If anyone tracked down the source of the two blood-red branches and could see clearly into the old man's body at that moment, they would notice many branches growing in the old man's body. Their source Su Ming's left hand placed on the old man's chest.

The old man's body withered, and he turned into a mummy. He then breathed his last and died. His soul, Nascent Divinity, and his everything turned into nutrients for Ecang and were used to nourish this clone. All of its injuries healed instantly cured, and it even became more powerful.

The powerful warriors in Death Realm were known to be imperishable, but they were not truly imperishable existences. It was only because there were few forces in the universe that could destroy them that they were known to be imperishable.

Yet Su Ming was not included in that list of things that could not destroy them. It did not matter whether it was his Berserker Body or his Ecang clone for both of them were life forms that far surpassed any normal standards of power. There was no way... those in Death Realm would not die when they went against him!

Su Ming slowly lifted his left hand, and the branches went back in. No one could see any traces of Ecang about him. All they could observe was the old man turning into a mummy and falling from the galaxy.

As he stared at the old man's corpse, Su Ming sensed his own growth and strength. This was a great power he did not possess when he had just returned from Divine Essence Star Ocean. At that time, he could not fight back when he faced those in Death Realm, but right then... killing a person in Death Realm was not difficult for him.

He had not even used his God of Berserkers Transformation and the ring!

It was also during that moment that Su Ming knew that he was no longer a puppet whose fate could be decided by someone else. He had already grown into a powerful warrior in the universe. All those who tried to manipulate his destiny would have to pay the price with their lives.

A fierce light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and the Light of Extreme Darkness instantly dissipated. When he looked at his other opponent, the thin old man's face paled.

An ice giant behind him was fighting against the malicious spirit at that moment. Under the ice giant's feet was a howling ice turtle, and it was charging at the elephant.

Black centipedes were swimming about in large numbers before the old man. They were fighting against the locusts.

Near them was a child frozen in ice. His eyes were open, and there was a strange light shining in them. His gaze seemed to have gained corporeal form, and it enveloped Su Ming's two humanoids from the gourd, preventing them from moving forward. However, there was pain on the frozen boy's face, which was a telling sign that he could not last for long.

As for the thin old man, he had already given up on forming seals, as if he had forgotten about Su Ming's Enchanted Treasure. Instead, he stared at the falling corpse in a daze. There was disbelief and grief in his eyes. After a long while, he fixed his eyes on Su Ming.

"Do you still want to continue fighting?" Su Ming asked. He had already showed his strength, so he simply asked the question and waited for the old man's answer.

The old man was silent, and all the cultivators on the circles of logs forming the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune fell silent as well, but there was a storm raging in their hearts at that moment, along with a feeling of despair. Su Ming's strength had already crushed most of their confidence.

He was akin to a barrier that could not be shaken no matter how many cultivators were brought over. It was as if as long as Su Ming stood there, even if there were more than ten times the number of cultivators up against him, they would not be able to move half a step past him.

Xu Hui fixed her gaze on Su Ming. A freezing glare appeared in her eyes, and she frowned. She did not recognize him. Even if Su Ming had taken Dao Kong's appearance, her current self would still not have been able to recognize him.

However, her instincts told her that the person before her was not an enemy. The paradoxical feeling agitated Xu Hui. By her side, De Shun felt his heart tremble.

On one hand, he had noticed Xu Hui's agitation and was worried that he would be bullied. On the other hand, he was intimidated by Su Ming and was worried that the people from South Union would not be able to escape from this disaster.

Within the whirlwind in the distance was the female Spiritling who was part of the Sacred Race from Dark Dawn. An unprecedented grave look was in her eyes. When

she noticed that Su Ming was an Antecedental Spirit earlier, her heart trembled, but that had been it. Yet at that moment, her expression changed, and all of it was because of Su Ming's Light of Extreme Darkness!

'Is it a Dragon of Destruction? Over the countless years, only one Dragon of Destruction had ever appeared among the Spiritlings, and it was also during that one time that the Spiritlings became the Sacred Race of Dark Dawn and received the ninth World... Could it be that the second Dragon of Destruction is about to appear on him? But he clearly only has part of big sister's blood in his veins...

'But if it's not the Dragon of Destruction, why can he turn into the Light of Extreme Darkness? Even he doesn't know himself that he can only turn into the Light of Extreme Darkness because he has the ice properties of the Spiritlings in his soul!

'The source is about to take shape, and with just one more step, it will manifest into a shape. It's a pity that it'll be a long time before that happens, unless someone offers up an incredibly thick, chilling aura for him. Then, I'll be able to find out whether this person's Divine Mirage is a Dragon of Destruction'

A rarely seen incredibly complicated expression appeared on the woman's face, as if she was hesitating whether she should act to solve her confusion.

"I WILL FIGHT!"

In the face of Su Ming's words, the thin old man suddenly threw his head back and roared. At the instant a ferocious expression appeared on his face, he lifted his right hand and struck the cauldron. It let out a buzz and swelled up before leaving the old man's hands. It floated in midair, and when it grew larger, freezing air spread out from it and surged into the heavens.

At the same time, the old man bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up blood. He then pointed at the cauldron again.

"Explode!"

It was a single word delivered in an incredibly crisp manner, a telling sign of the determination and resolve in the old man's heart. Even if it was this Enchanted Treasure, he could still force down the pain in his heart over having to explode it.

He did not hope to kill Su Ming, however. As long as he could gravely injure him with the complete power that would erupt from the cauldron when it collapsed, he could seal Su Ming with the Rune.

At the instant the old man spoke his command, the cauldron let out a buzz. Its presence instantly went into a rampage, and a loud bang shook the heavens and earth; the cauldron crumbled and exploded. A great, chilling air instantly swept through the area.

The locusts and black centipedes were instantly encased and turned into blocks of ice. Even the two humanoids from the gourd were also instantly frozen. The ice giant, ice turtle, the malicious spirit, and the elephant behind the old man were, too, sealed in ice.

The rampaging power of the ice showed faint signs of surpassing the power of those in Death Realm. It chased away the will of the universe when it erupted. Its explosion did not spread too wide, for almost the entire blast gathered on Su Ming.

When it charged at him, Su Ming lifted his right hand. Yet when he was about to activate the ring, a part of his soul suddenly trembled.

Su Ming immediately felt the hint of familiarity which he had sensed in his soul when it split while he was going through his spirit ascension. As he shuddered, that familiar feeling surged up violently in him as if there was an endless desire within it towards this chilling aura surging towards him.

This desire caused Su Ming to hesitate for a moment, then he gave up on using the ring. He simply allowed the chilling aura to submerge his body. Cracking sounds reverberated through space, and layers of ice instantly encased Su Ming.

A piercing, brilliant light shone in the thin old man's eyes. At that moment, he no longer had much time to think about too many things. After he formed a seal with his hands, he pointed at Su Ming, and nine pearls flew out of his storage bag.

They charged at Su Ming, who was surrounded by the chilling aura. At the moment they closed in on him, they erupted and turned into an even greater wave of chilling aura. In an instant, it submerged Su Ming, causing the ice to swell up and become one thousand feet tall.

"Die, just die!"

The thin old man had nearly gone mad. The red-faced old man had been his best friend. The friendship they shared for years caused the thin old man to only have one single thought in his mind at that moment, and it was to kill Su Ming and murder all the cultivators of the Ninth Summit to exact revenge for his best friend.

In truth, even if the red-faced old man had not died, the two of them would still have destroyed the Ninth Summit, since that was their original plan to begin with!

"Die!"

The thin old man struck his storage bag, and six ice crystals flew out from it. Each of them contained a terrifying amount of chilling aura. When he flung them out, he coughed up blood. When the drops landed on the ice crystals, they instantly rushed at Su Ming.

When they crumbled and exploded as well, they turned into an indescribable chilling aura. It was so thick that when it fused with the freezing aura that was already in the area, the ice sealing Su Ming grew three times larger. The thousands of feet tall ice block instantly became an incredibly shocking sight in the galaxy.

“Die! Die! Die!” the thin old man said screamed and spat out a black piece of ice the size of his fingernail.

When it appeared in his hands, the old man’s face became slightly withered, but he pointed at it without any hesitation, and the black ice closed in on the ice sealing Su Ming. At the moment it reached it, booming sounds surged into the heavens, and the ice sealing Su Ming instantly grew from thousands of feet to one hundred thousand feet large!

Once he was done, the thin old man swiftly retreated while gasping. Then, he shouted,

“Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, activate the Rune and eternally seal this person!”

Boom!

The spirits of all the cultivators on the seven circles of logs were immediately lifted once they saw what was happening. The innermost layer of the seven circles began spinning, and in the span of a few breaths, the seven circles began rotating layer by layer as if time had gathered on them. Like that, they swiftly began sealing up Su Ming.

All of this fell into the woman’s line of vision while she stood in the whirlwind. There was a strange look on her face as she cast a glance at the thin old man who had a slight look of nervousness along with a little hint of anticipation on his face. She couldn’t help mumbling softly under her breath,

“Could this person have known him from a long time ago? This isn’t a slaughter, but clearly... him offering the boy the greatest help when he needs it, without keeping back a single bit of his strength and even offering up his life as well as the origin treasure he had refined over ten thousand years...”

Chapter 1214: Soul Nucleus

The seven circles of logs forming the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune were swiftly spinning based on different trajectories. They turned into galactical vortices and surrounded Su Ming, who was sealed in a ten thousand feet tall block of ice. As each of the circles of logs spun, a sealing power swiftly appeared and turned into threads that

surrounded the ice as if they wanted to turn it into a silk cocoon and seal Su Ming within.

Anticipation appeared on the thin old man's face, along with a hint of ferociousness. Under his command, the might of the Rune erupted forth. He had the confidence that even if Su Ming was an Antecedental Spirit, he would still get sealed by the Rune.

"I even offered up my life and spared no pains in transforming the origin treasure I have nurtured for ten thousand years into freezing aura to fill the universe. I refuse to believe that I cannot seal you!

"I do not hope to seal eternally you in ice, but as long as I can seal you until the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune can be activated fully, you will be sealed up forever!"

The thin old man had a ferocious look on his face. His body might have been weakened and he might have used up most of his cultivation base, but he still continued letting out all of his power without any hesitation for it fuse into the Rune so that he could control it. He gathered the power of the five hundred thousand cultivators and the power of the Rune to fight Su Ming to the death.

Time trickled by, and the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune formed by the seven circles of logs continued spinning around and forming more threads. The sealing power also grew stronger.

When the ten thousand feet block of ice enveloped within the logs did not show signs of melting but instead grow stronger, the thin old man to immediately felt delight in his heart. However, when the freezing aura of the ice grew thicker, it created a muddled sensation. It prevented divine senses and gazes from being able to see into the ice, which was why the thin old man could not see what exactly was happening inside it.

'Could this person possess a heat-oriented body, which is why he's being suppressed so tightly? Otherwise, he would have definitely fought back, at least a little bit...'

The old man's eyes brightened, but he was still a little uncertain. Yet soon, he erased his own uncertainty and laughed loudly.

Within the ten thousand feet layer of ice which the old man could not see through was Su Ming with his eyes wide open. There was a strange light in them. He might have seemed to have been frozen, but there was puzzlement in his eyes.

He could clearly sense that the thickness of the freezing aura in the ice surpassed all forms of coldness he had ever seen in his life. It was also different from the Light of Extreme Darkness. It was a chilling aura with corporeal form, a power that could seal the power of the universe with ice, but even so, the chilling aura in the ice approached him and surrounded him as if it possessed some form of intelligence and wanted to crawl into him.

But that was not all. Su Ming would not have thought too much about this and would have just attributed it to the old man's Art, since he did not have the ability to allow the freezing air to enter his body, or else it would have truly frozen him.

However... the hint of familiarity Su Ming had sensed when he had almost lost himself when his soul split up during his spirit ascension went boiling in him at that instant. It charged continuously against him as if it wanted to rush out of his body and touch the freezing air. This was an instinctive desire. If Su Ming had not ceaselessly suppressed that instinct, the freezing aura around him might have instantly rush into him.

"Instinct..." Hesitation appeared on Su Ming's face, but soon, a glint appeared in his eyes. Resolve soon followed.

'Since this is an instinct within my soul, then I might as well see what is going on. The elder of Heavenly Spirit Tribe will not just watch me be trapped by this thing. He wants to challenge the Arid Triad, and for that to happen, he has to protect me.'

Su Ming gritted his teeth and relaxed his body, removed the defences he had placed to prevent the chilling aura entering his body. The chilling aura that spun swiftly around him immediately surged into his body with a bang.

Su Ming immediately felt as if his flesh and blood had been frozen. That feeling instantly filled his entire body. The chilling aura seemed to be capable of freezing even his mind, but it could not seal Su Ming's soul, because it was the will of an Antecedental Spirit. Unless he ran into another Antecedental Spirit, it would be difficult to seal him.

However, Su Ming could clearly sense the chilling aura fusing into his body simply moving past his flesh and blood. It was heading to his soul, and in the blink of an eye, the chilling aura closed in with a bang. At the instant it collided with his soul, it seeped into it and seemingly fused with him.

The chilling aura was so abundant that it seemed like there was no end to it as it continuously rushed at him from the ten thousand feet tall block of ice. This scene caused Su Ming's heart to tremble, but he did not resist it. Instead, he simply allowed the chilling aura to fuse with him while he directed all his attention to observing his soul.

He could clearly see that when his soul absorbed the vast amount of chilling aura, a certain part of it seemed to have awakened. An understanding towards the cold caused Su Ming to gradually be unable to sense the chill in his flesh and blood. Instead, he gained a feeling as if he was a part of ice.

"This is..."

When Su Ming murmured those words, he clearly sensed that his soul seemed to be slowly forming a nucleus while the chilling aura gathered in him. At that moment, the

nucleus was caught between a corporeal state and an illusion, as if some strange life form was being formed.

This scene should have made Su Ming apprehensive, but the life being formed in that nucleus caused Su Ming to feel as if it was he himself that was the strange feeling he sensed, as if the living being that was about to be born in it was incredibly important to him. It was an essential change of his soul.

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He decided to not bother about it and continue observing it as he allowed the freezing aura in the area to continue surging into him. In the eyes of those in the world outside, in just the span of a few breaths, the ten thousand feet block of ice encasing Su Ming shrank so swiftly that nearly three-tenths of its original size were gone.

This scene caused the eyes of the thin old man to shrink. His face twisted into a ferocious expression, and he shouted out, "Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, first ultimate seal!"

The old man's roars reverberated through space, and the innermost circle of logs out of the seven circles surrounding Su Ming shuddered. It abruptly stopped spinning, and the vortex formed from it seemed to seep through space in an unseen manner and charge towards the block of ice. In an instant, it enveloped the ice, and at the same time a loud bang shot up, a heinous chilling aura spread out.

The thin old man could not relax yet, so he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up blood. He formed a seal with his hands and pointed at the ice. His blood turned into a blood crystal in midair while flying over. When it touched the ice, it shattered and released an even greater amount of chilling aura.

The old man had used the essence of his blood to turn into a cold chill signifying his life. From this, it could be seen that he intended to seal Su Ming at any cost to himself.

Once the first seal of the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune and the cold of the old man's life appeared, the ice that had shrank by three-tenths of its original size to swiftly increase in size once more. From its previous seven thousand feet, it grew to eleven thousand feet. It became even thicker than before, and the chilling aura grew even stronger.

This scene caused the thin old man to let out a pleased, cold sneer, but the women who still kept herself hidden in the whirlwind in the distance only sighed softly.

"Is the old man a fool? This Rune is a Rune that transforms the extreme Yin of the world into cold aura. It would already be of great help to him, but the old man even used the cold of his life... This serendipity. This boy... hmph!"

As the woman mumbled, a rare hint of envy appeared in her voice. She was not envious of the cold of the old man's life, but the power of the Rune. After all, it was a Rune formed by five hundred thousand cultivators. All the logs also had the cold property, which was why the cultivators of South Union could use them to move through the whirlwind.

A cold chill surged into the heavens, and Su Ming immediately sensed the chilling aura around him increase by leaps and bounds. It seeped into his body at an even faster speed and fused into his soul, causing the nucleus in his soul to become even larger. The presence of the life being formed in it also grew stronger.

It caused Su Ming to feel as if it was him who was getting stronger, and his understanding towards the cold also became better. In fact, he even felt that the chilling aura around him was no longer his enemy, but had become a part of his body.

He no longer felt any pain. Instead, there was an indescribably comfortable feeling, causing Su Ming to be unable to help but hope that there was more chilling aura around him, and that the chilling aura was thicker...

As it increased, he absorbed it even faster, and as the comfortable feeling grew stronger, the eleven thousand feet tall block of ice shrank swiftly in the span of a few short breaths. This time, nearly four-tenths of its original size went away.

This scene left the thin old man flabbergasted. Madness appeared on his face, and he let out an indignant roar. His cultivation base erupted from him, and a roar echoed in space.

"Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, second ultimate seal!"

There was madness in the old man's voice. When he shouted, he lifted his right hand and swiftly struck his chest. He then coughed up a large amount of blood again. With a swing of his arm, it charged towards the ice.

A loud bang echoed in space. As the second circle of logs stopped and the second vortex swiftly approached the ice, countless threads enveloped it, and with the cold from the blood crystal, the ice encasing Su Ming swelled in size once more. It became nearly twenty thousand feet tall.

But the next second, it immediately shrank again. This time, it shrank to nearly five-tenths of its original size, but even so, there were still about ten thousand feet of it left. This scene gave the thin old man pleasure and hope, making him feel as if all that he did was not in vain and that he could really seal Su Ming as long as he continued.

"Hmph, even if you can break my ice, the speed at which you do so cannot compare with my Rune!"

The old man's spirits lifted. He struck his storage bag with his right hand and brought out a large number of medicinal cores. He swallowed them while looking like he would fight Su Ming to the death on that day.

A soft sigh came from the whirlwind behind him. It held resignation.

Chapter 1215: Dragon of Destruction!

It was not that the old man was foolish. Since he could reach Death Realm, there was no way he would be a foolish person, but he simply did not expect that Su Ming would have this level of adaptability to the cold.

It was not as if the old man had not met those who cultivated freezing aura either... but he had never met the Spiritlings from Dark Dawn. He did not know the connection they had with the cold.

The female Spiritlings of Dark Dawn were ice phoenixes, and the men were ice dragons. The cold was a part of their bodies, and it was a power similar to Essence. It was also a power that could not be separated from them. It was like their inborn talent.

Su Ming's soul had inherited the power of Spiritlings due to his mother. His soul had grown during the years, and when it split during the spirit ascension, it finally awakened, allowing him to possess the inborn talents of the Spiritlings.

However, even though his soul had awakened, he still needed time for it to transform and manifest. Yet the thin old man and the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation cut down the time by a lot.

"Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, third ultimate seal!" the old man roared excitedly. When the third circle of logs stopped moving, the vortex formed due to its rotation swiftly shrank and charged at the block of ice.

It grew thousands of feet again and looked even more muddled than before. The chilling aura from it surged into the heavens and spread through the area.

While within the ice, Su Ming stared at the nucleus in his soul. As a large amount of chilling aura fused into it, it continued to grow, and the life contained in it seemed to reach the critical moment when it was about to be born.

'There isn't enough cold! I need more!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. Since he had already decided that he would have the cold fuse with his soul to find out what would eventually come out from the nucleus in his soul, he would definitely not easily give up on his idea. He decided to no longer have the chilling aura fuse into him passively. Instead... he would actively absorb it!

Su Ming could not do this previously, but by then, the chilling aura and the ice around him gave Su Ming a feeling that they were a part of him. As long as he wanted to, he could bring them over. Passivity and activity were antonyms, and the difference between them were like the sky and earth.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he sucked in a deep breath without hesitation. The chilling aura in the ice instantly surged into him as if it had erupted. If it had been like streams of flowing water before, then right then, it surged at him like a tidal wave. Once inside, it was instantly sent into his soul.

The nucleus in Su Ming's soul grew larger!

As he continued taking the initiative and absorbing the chilling aura, the ice around him started shrinking rapidly. Ten thousand something feet, ten thousand feet, eight thousand feet... When there was only three thousand something feet left, even the people beyond the area could vaguely see Su Ming within the block of ice.

This scene caused the old man's expression to change drastically. At that moment, he could no longer bother with anything else. He formed a seal with his hands and swiftly struck the top of his skull. As he jolted, he opened his mouth and spat out a small blue flag.

The old man's presence instantly became weaker again, but a chilling aura that surpassed all that had appeared earlier erupted from the flag. The old man pointed at it with his right hand, and the flag instantly rushed at the block of ice around Su Ming. It drew close to it and swiftly stabbed it.

At the instant it did so, the chilling aura that erupted from it enveloped the ice with a bang, causing it to swiftly grow to fight against the shrinking.

At the same time, the old man swung his arm and growled while panting.

"Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, fourth and fifth ultimate seals!"

As he roared, the fourth and fifth circles of logs stopped at the same time. The vortex they formed swept up an endless amount of chilling aura and charged at the ice. Once they Branded themselves on it, the ice grew to three hundred thousand feet with the help of the flag.

The woman in the whirlwind in the distance was watching the ice with a fixed stare at that moment. She seemed to be able to see Su Ming and the nucleus in his soul.

As the ice grew, even Su Ming had a strange feeling that the cultivators from South Union and the thin old man beyond the ice were not his enemies. They were helping him form the nucleus in his soul with all their strength, or else they would not be sending the chilling aura to him as if they were afraid that he would not have enough of it when he was absorbing it on his own initiative.

There was a strange look on Su Ming's face, but he went on to be even more active in his absorption of this chilling aura. As he absorbed it, a cracking sound suddenly came from the nucleus in his soul.

Only Su Ming alone could hear the sound, but when he heard it, the feeling that the being inside was him became unprecedentedly stronger. At the same time as the nucleus seemed to be about to shatter, a vast absorption force appeared.

With it around, the chilling aura surged into Su Ming like an ocean instead of the tidal wave from before. The thirty thousand feet tall block of ice instantly became only ten thousand feet tall, and in another blink of an eye, it became only one thousand feet tall. It looked like it would disappear fully the next instant.

But the absorption had not ended, and Su Ming discovered that if there was no more chilling aura around him, the life that was about to be born from the nucleus within his soul would wither and die!

But Su Ming did not need to worry about it. The thin old man was even more worried than him. He had already went so far, so he had to give it his all, or all would be in vain.

The thin old man let out a crazed roar and closed his eyes. His Nascent Divinity instantly went out of his body and appeared in the area above Su Ming. Without any hesitation, it used its full power to strike down.

The old man's Nascent Divinity shone with a blinding light, and the chill radiating off it was far colder than all Enchanted Treasures. It immediately enveloped the ice encasing Su Ming, which was now only five feet, and swiftly grew it again.

"I'm giving it my all. If I can't seal you today, I will definitely die!"

At the instant the thin old man's Nascent Divinity roared, the chilling aura spreading from it surged into Su Ming's ice, and it was instantly sucked away towards the nucleus in his soul. In just the span of two breaths, the old man's Nascent Divinity became dim, as if he had been emptied, and only at that moment did he come to a realization.

Shock appeared on his face when he looked at Su Ming. A powerful, life-threatening sense of crisis assaulted him. The instant he was about to control the Rune and activate the sixth seal, all the ice around Su Ming disappeared in an instant. Once he absorbed all of it, the nucleus in his soul cracked again.

At the same time, a ray of black light shot out from there. It instantly swept out and swallowed the nucleus in Su Ming's soul. It then let out a roar and seemed to want to rush out of the top of Su Ming's skull.

Before it did so, an endless chilling aura surged out and reached an area of one hundred thousand feet, causing the old man's Nascent Divinity to shudder before disbelieving shock appeared on his face.

"Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, sixth ultimate seal!!" he roared without any hesitation. His expression was full of despair along with complete madness.

When he roared, the sixth circle of logs came to an abrupt halt, which resulted in countless spinning images around their original circle. They appeared due to the vortex. It swiftly shrank while spinning, and at the instant the life born from the nucleus in Su Ming's soul was about to rush out, the vortex covered him, intending to seal him.

But the next moment, it disintegrated with a loud roar that surged into the skies. Su Ming was not the one responsible for it though. Neither was it his will that had caused it. Instead, it was a black dragon that had rushed out of the top of his skull!

The dragon was entirely black, and an indescribable chilling aura spread out from it!

"Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune, seventh ultimate seal, seal him! Seal him! Seal him!"

The old man's Nascent Divinity let out a shrill cry. Its voice was piercing and held complete madness.

The outermost circle of logs formed by the five hundred thousand cultivators, which was also the only remaining circle that was still spinning, was the largest of all the circles, and at that moment it stopped. With a sealing power that surpassed all the power added together by the six circles of logs earlier, the newly formed vortex charged at Su Ming with a bang. It was the final power of the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune.

This vortex gathered everything from the thin old man, the five hundred thousand cultivators, and the five hundred cold-natured logs. It approached Su Ming in an instant and turned into a powerful seal. Its sealing power could even slightly affect Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit.

But the instant the vortex was about to cover Su Ming, the black dragon at the top of his skull let out a roar at the heavens. This was the first roar it made after it was born, and it seemed to be announcing something, like a promise to the entire universe that it would become the emperor of the cold in the world. He would be the master of the Spiritlings of Dark Dawn!

It was a black dragon. It might have only been around one thousand feet long, but when it appeared, it shook the galaxy, freezing everything in the area. It was the Dragon of Destruction!

The powerful vortex formed by the seventh ultimate seal of the Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune turned into ice at that instant. It was sealed around Su Ming and became an unmoving circle.

The thin old man's Nascent Divinity, the five hundred cultivators in the area, and the logs were also frozen. Everything in the area came to a stop at that instant.

Xu Hui's log was also frozen, but it was different from the others.

The breathing of the woman in the whirlwind quickened at that instant. When she looked at Su Ming, the soul of the ice phoenix in her body showed signs of submission. This made her instinctively take a few steps back.

Her expression changed multiple times as she mumbled under her breath, "Dragon of Destruction..."

Chapter 1216: Ancient God, Ta Jia

The black Dragon of Destruction floated in the universe, and Su Ming was right across it. As he stared at the dragon, the feeling as if it was him suddenly vanished.

It was not that the feeling was gone, but it had just settled in Su Ming's heart and turned into a feeling that was wholly unnecessary. Instead, a feeling that this was what was supposed to happen took over. This dragon... was a part of the manifestation of Su Ming's soul when it was not in his body.

In silence, Su Ming turned his head around and cast his gaze across the frozen vortex and the five hundred thousand cultivators. It landed on the thin old man's Nascent Divinity above him.

It had broken down, but its collapse was not due to Su Ming. Instead, at the instant he was frozen, the old man had chosen to have his Nascent Divinity self-destruct.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment. He then lifted his right hand and swung his arm. The frozen Seven Ultimate Yin Transformation Rune around him shattered with loud cracking sounds, which resulted in ice shards falling all over the galaxy.

At the same time, the ice around the five hundred thousand cultivators vanished. The logs beneath them started shattering then until they were reduced to ashes.

The five hundred thousand cultivators had pale faces. Under Su Ming's gaze, they lowered their heads, not daring to say a single word.

Su Ming's strength had already broken all their will...

"Deliver your souls and have my will be Branded on you. Become the disciples of the Ninth Summit... or die," Su Ming said flatly.

When his words echoed in space, one of five hundred thousand cultivators gradually bowed to Su Ming in silence. Slowly, more people did so, and when all of them worshiped him, he saw the pale Xu Hui and De Shun standing behind her.

When Su Ming saw Xu Hui, he frowned. Just as he was about to observe her closely, a thought suddenly appeared in his heart, and he lifted his head to stare at the frozen Nascent Divinity of the thin old man.

He noticed that even though the cultivators had bowed to him, there were some who were subconsciously casting glances at the frozen Nascent Divinity.

As Su Ming watched it, a cold sneer suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips. He saw a hint of a refusal to admit defeat in the eyes of the thin old man's Nascent Divinity, as well as determination. He also saw no signs of explosive power from when his Nascent Divinity crumbled. Instead, with his own destruction, he had formed a Rune—a Relocation Rune.

This Rune was not used for fleeing. Instead, it seemed like there was someone who was using it to come over.

"So this is your final pillar of support, hmm?" Su Ming asked faintly, then lifted his right hand to push at the ice through space. He narrowed his eyes, and a glint shone in them.

"The presence of an Ancient God..."

He smiled faintly, then pointed at the ice sealing the thin old man. With it, the ice instantly vanished. At the instant it disappeared, the destruction of the thin old man's Nascent Divinity swiftly continued. As booming sounds surged into space, they spread out to form a Relocation Rune that was tens of thousands of feet big.

At the instant the Relocation Rune was formed, a low growl shot out from it like a thunderous roar. At the same time, a huge hand appeared. It was followed by a thick arm which was about ten thousand feet big. When it stretched out, the huge hand grabbed the Relocation Rune, and with a swift tear, it crumbled with a bang. Ripples

spread out in all directions, and the cultivators fell back in all directions when a huge object shot out.

It was a body that was one hundred thousand feet tall, had coarse skin, a presence akin to a giant's, and seven sparkling stars at the center of its brows. It was an Ancient God with seven stars!

The moment he appeared, the Ancient God threw his head back and roared. A powerful presence spread out from his huge body, and it was so strong that it surpassed all the Ancient Gods Su Ming had met in the past. In fact, Su Ming even saw a faint star right by the seven stars!

It was an Ancient God with eight stars, one which Su Ming had never met before!

However, there seemed to be some problems with the eighth star, for it was already dark. But the power erupting from the Ancient God gave off a feeling that he was nearly in Death Realm.

The Ancient God's physical strength had to have surpassed his level of cultivation. His physical power was probably on par with a normal Almighty in Death Realm, and he might even be more difficult to handle than those people. The strength of his physical body was his best weapon. If no one was capable of destroying it, then even those in Death Realm would have to turn tail and run from him.

As he growled, a ferocious look appeared on his face. He lifted his right hand and sent a punch over. Su Ming did not dodge. He stared at the Ancient God before him, and his eyes sparkled. He saw that while there was a ferocious glare in the Ancient God's eyes, it could not hide the emptiness in his gaze.

It was an Ancient God who had lost his intelligence!

At the instant the Ancient God sent his right hand charging towards him, Su Ming vanished. When he reappeared, he was right above the Ancient God's head. With a look down, he saw countless silver needles stabbed into the top of the Ancient God's skull. There were perhaps one hundred thousand of them.

"Controlling an Ancient God? Looks like I've underestimated these cultivators from South Union. But I do wonder just how many of them are needed for this Ancient God," Su Ming murmured. He could tell what was wrong with just one glance.

The Ancient God opened his mouth wide and let out a roar that shook the galaxy. His roar was so strong that it was akin to a soundwave, and as if it had gained corporeal form, it turned into countless ripples that charged towards Su Ming.

'This was originally an Ancient God with eight stars, but for some unknown reason, he fell into the hands of South Union. Since they could not control him while he had eight stars, they used some rather complicated methods to suppress his eighth star.

'Such a battle would be meaningless...'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. At the instant the Ancient God's roars turned into ripples and closed in on him, he did not dodge, but took a step forward and faced the roar that could make those in Life Realm tremble in fear and ordinary Almighties in Death Realm flee. The next instant, he appeared at the center of the Ancient God's brows, right where the eighth star was.

Su Ming moved incredibly quickly. At the instant he approached the giant, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the dim eighth star with his index finger..

His power and his will of an Antecedental Spirit erupted from him the moment he touched it and gathered on his finger. He tore open a gap in the Rune sealing the Ancient God's eighth star by pure external force. Then, Su Ming lifted his hand and straightened his palm to strike the Ancient God's forehead.

With it, booming sounds surged into space. The Ancient God shuddered and staggered a few steps back. The one hundred thousand silver needles at the top of his skull were pulled one inch higher due to the shock created by Su Ming's palm strike.

The Ancient God let out a shrill howl, but a hint of intelligence appeared in his eyes and gathered together in a barely discernible manner.

"As you are right now, you are not my opponent. I will give you a chance, a chance to restore your eighth star and a chance to make it so that the people who control you can no longer do so.

"If you seize that chance, you can fight against me to your heart's content, but if you don't..." Su Ming said flatly while moving back.

He did not finish speaking, but the spark of intelligence in the Ancient God's eyes gained focus. He had clearly understood what Su Ming had meant. The next second, he roared and struck his own body at full force.

With that one strike, the Ancient God shuddered. The silver needles at the top of his skull were raised a little more, and the dim eighth star at the center of his brows glimmered, but its light was soon suppressed. The silver needles at the top of the Ancient God's skull buzzed, causing him to let out a shrill roar.

"I am an Ancient God, a powerful warrior of my people! You have no right to control my mind!"

For the first time since showing up, the Ancient God spoke. In his words were a hint of arrogance and madness. As he roared, his body grew swiftly. He grew several times his previous size of one hundred thousand feet before lifting his right hand to strike his forehead. With it, the eighth star at the center of his brows lit up once more. It might have become dim moments later, but some of the silver needles at the top of the Ancient God's skull were forced out with a bang.

"When I was going through the eighth star's transformation, you used the Divine Soul Incense to make me fall unconscious, so you must receive the Ancient God's wrath! I am an Ancient God, one who is not to be offended! I am the Ancient God Ta Jia, the one you must worship!" Ta Jia howled.

He struck the center of his forehead with his hands once more. This time, his skull shuddered, and three-tenths of the silver needles were forced out with a bang. The eighth star at the center of his brows grew brighter, and a presence much greater than before erupted from him nonstop.

"I am..."

"So noisy. Instead of howling like this, it's better that you keep all that grudge in you and let it all out in one go to break the seal!" Su Ming said coldly.

The Ancient God was stunned, but he obediently stopped howling. He shut his mouth, and veins popped up on his face. His presence seemed to be pulled back, as if it was the calm before a storm, but he was shuddering slightly.

About ten breaths later, an unprecedented howl came out from Ta Jia's mouth. The eighth star at the center of his brows brightened swiftly, and all the seals in it were crushed. The remaining silver needles at the top of his skull were forced out and shattered right after.

All eight stars started shining, and Ta Jia's roars reverberated through space. His presence swelled up again. In the blink of an eye, he surpassed Life Realm and reached Death Realm from being only near it. He actually went as far as nearing the peak of Death Realm.

The strength of his physical power caused his body to shrink at that moment, and once he became only about ten thousand feet big, his presence grew to a heinous degree, causing the galaxy to tremble.

"Damned Arid Triad, damn the savage and barbaric cultivators, damned universe, damned Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos, I have finally broken through the limit of seven stars and reached eight stars. I will leave this place and return to the world of Ancient Gods!

“Before I leave, I will kill all those damned cultivators of South Union, I will crush their bones into ashes, I will...”

“Are you done?” Su Ming asked flatly.

Ta Jia turned his head around and stared at Su Ming before he suddenly grinned. There was even a good-natured feeling to his smile.

“Oh well, you might have offended me twice, but you were kind to me, so I’ll let it slide,” Ta Jia said loudly while hitting his chest.

“I helped you because only your current self has the right to let me test... my God of Berserkers Transformation!”

A great fighting spirit arose in Su Ming’s eyes.

Chapter 1217: Ancient Slave

Ta Jia’s eyes shone as did the eight stars at the center of his brow. He stared at Su Ming and suddenly grinned. There was a hint of scorn in his grin.

“You might have done me a favor, but that favor isn’t as great as you think. I won’t make things hard for you today, but if you continue pestering me, do not blame me for crushing you.”

There was contempt in Ta Jia’s voice. The air of supremacy in his words was prominent, and it was no wonder he acted this way. After all, he was no longer a seven-star Ancient God, but an eight-star Ancient God, a powerful warrior who, in his memories, had the world at his beck and call.

“You can try,” Su Ming said faintly.

That one sentence brought killing intent to Ta Jia’s eyes. With a cold harrumph, he took a swift step towards Su Ming. He lifted his right hand and threw a punch in Su Ming’s direction, which stirred up loud booming sounds.

“You do not know what is good for you!”

He laughed coldly, and the punch containing the power of the eight-star Ancient God caused the galaxy to shake and transform the instant it was thrown. It was as if the galaxy was about to collapse and the heavens were about to sink when the punch went for Su Ming.

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. The image of the Dragon of Destruction behind him did not move though. He took a step forward and instantly closed in on Ta Jia. He lifted his right hand and clenched his fist. Then in the simplest fashion and without using any divine abilities, he threw a punch against the Ancient God's gigantic fist.

A bang shot up into the air. Su Ming jolted and staggered nearly one thousand feet back. When he stomped down at space with his right foot, the galaxy trembled, and distortions appeared. As for Ta Jia, he did not budge even half an inch. There was arrogance on his face, and the contempt on his face grew stronger. He took a step again and charged at Su Ming.

"I only used a seventh of my power just now. This time, if you still dare to move forward, your body will definitely be crushed."

'My current physical body can defeat those with seven stars, but the eight-star Ancient God is way more powerful...'

Su Ming shook his head. He quelled down his tumbling cultivation base, then lifted his right hand and clenched his fist. Countless Berserker souls from Great Berserker Tribe instantly appeared around his right hand. They fused into his right hand, left hand, his legs, and when Su Ming's entire body fused with one hundred million souls from Great Berserker Tribe, he swelled up until he was hundreds of feet tall.

An indescribable presence spread out from him. When he clenched his fist, it was full of barely contained power. This was... Su Ming's God of Berserkers Transformation!

He had turned into the God of Berserkers with a Berserker Body when his Berserker Bones merged with one hundred million Berserker souls. As if he had reverted to his roots, the most powerful physical strength of the Berserkers erupted in an instant from him!

When the God of Berserkers Transformation was activated, the pupils of Ta Jia shrank, and a sense of danger instantly appeared in his heart. Once Su Ming went through his God of Berserkers' Transformation, he took a step forward, turned into a long arc, and charged at Ta Jia.

First punch!

Booming sounds surged into the heavens. They reached a deafening degree when Su Ming's right fist crashed against Ta Jia's fist. The impact stirred up even more noise as it swept out. A disbelieving look appeared on Ta Jia's face when his body tumbled back. He was forced back ten thousand something feet back by Su Ming's punch.

Su Ming jolted. He took two steps backwards. When he lifted his head, he rushed forward with a calm face.

Second punch!

Loud booming sounds reverberated through the galaxy, and Ta Jia coughed up blood. He moved back again, and a roar tumbled out of his mouth.

“Damn it! This is impossible! I am an Ancient God! I am an eight-star Ancient God! A savage and barbaric cultivator like you should not have the power to send me back!”

Ta Jia’s eyes were bloodshot. When he moved back, he turned swiftly. He wanted to change his direction and charge at Su Ming, but the moment he stopped, Su Ming instantly appeared in front of him.

Third punch!

It landed on Ta Jia’s chest, causing him to let out a shrill roar. When he coughed up blood again, he shuddered and moved back. Su Ming’s aloof expression seemed to have turned into a traumatic shadow in Ta Jia’s eyes, and it was magnified endlessly when Su Ming threw his fourth punch.

This scene did not escape the eyes of all the cultivators in the area, and they fell silent in shock. Su Ming had an overwhelming upper hand; Ta Jia did not have the power to fight back. Under Su Ming’s punches, his body started showing signs of crumbling. Blood continuously gushed out from him, and the terror in his eyes became greater.

Fifth punch!

Sixth punch!

Booming sounds continuously rang out in space. Su Ming threw six consecutive punches, and Ta Jia moved back nonstop, but he could not escape from Su Ming’s speed.

All of this happened in just the span of a few breaths. When Su Ming closed in again, he lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, and threw his final punch.

Seventh punch!

This punch contained all of Su Ming’s power while he was in the God of Berserkers Transformation. At the instant he threw his punch, it seemed to have become a black hole that absorbed all the light and space in the area. When it landed on Ta Jia’s chest, a muffled bang came from the Ancient God’s body. Ta Jia shuddered, and this time, he did not move back. Instead, his huge body was thrown back by Su Ming’s punch.

He turned into an arc, and when he fell, countless cracks appeared on his body. He was a bloody mess, and his chest looked like it was about to explode. His mind scattered

when Su Ming's punch had shattered his veins. The eight stars at the center of his brows faded together at that moment as if they were about to be extinguished.

Su Ming's God of Berserkers' Transformation ended then, and his body returned to normal. While standing in the galaxy, he cast a cold glance at Ta Jia, who had fallen to the side.

"His blood is not pure. If it was an eight-star Ancient God with pure blood, the God of Berserkers Transformation would not have been enough to defeat him so easily." the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said faintly at that moment.

"Impure blood, huh?"

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He had thought of Possessing Ta Jia so that he would have an Ancient God clone, which was why he had helped release Ta Jia's seal earlier, but at that moment, he got rid of that thought. If he wanted a clone, he would go for one with pure blood.

But it would be a pity to kill an Ancient God just like that. A strange light shone in Su Ming's eyes, and the instant Ta Jia tried to struggle to his feet, Su Ming closed his eyes.

The will of the universe immediately turned into the will of an Antecedental Spirit. Once he replaced the universe and became the will of heaven, he swiftly descended on Ta Jia.

"Become my slave. This is the will of heaven," Su Ming said.

At the instant he did so, Ta Jia let out a shrill scream of pain. He brought his hands to his head where the will of heaven was like an invisible net. It trapped his soul tightly, like a seal, and Su Ming's will was Branded on it.

This was an even more incisive method compared to the one South Union had used to control the Ancient God. Su Ming used the will of heaven to forcefully enslave the Ancient God without giving him a single chance to fight back.

Screams of pain echoed in space before gradually disappearing in about a dozen something breaths. In silence, Ta Jia lowered his hands from his head. He stared at Su Ming with a complicated expression. After a long while, he lowered his head and his body towards Su Ming.

At the same time, the five hundred thousand cultivators from South Union in the area knelt down simultaneously with their hearts trembling when Su Ming swept his gaze across them. Right after, they sent their souls and simply allowed Su Ming to Brand them with the will of heaven.

When all the people besides Xu Hui and De Shun gained Su Ming's Brand in their souls, a vast power of the laws of fate in the world surged swiftly at him, and Su Ming immediately turned this external fate into his own laws of fate the moment he absorbed it. This allowed Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit to expand to twice its original size and spread through the area.

During that instant, a large amount of laws of fate gathered on him in an unseen manner from Ninth Summit's direction. When it enveloped Su Ming's entire body, his soul tumbled about. He had a strong feeling that with some more hundreds of thousands of cultivators' laws of fate, he could reach the point when he could Possess True Morning Dao World ahead of schedule.

He forcefully quelled that strong feeling in his heart and swept his gaze across the area before focusing on Xu Hui and De Shun. With one step, he instantly appeared in front of them.

Xu Hui shuddered, and the mark of the scorpion at the center of her brows distorted. It appeared behind her as well, and it looked incredibly nervous.

De Shun stared at Su Ming anxiously. His heart was filled with fear since he did not know what the unfamiliar powerful warrior before him wanted to do.

"When did she lose her memories?" Su Ming moved his gaze away from Xu Hui's body and fixed his stare on De Shun's face.

De Shun's expression swiftly changed. He shuddered and became hesitant.

"Senior, I do not know what you are saying..."

As De Shun shuddered, he suddenly grabbed Xu Hui and pulled her behind him. He did not know why he would do this, it all just seemed natural to him.

Xu Hui did not reject his touch either. The pressure Su Ming gave her was incredibly great, and it caused her face to turn pale. Fear appeared in her eyes, but for some unknown reason, some complicated feelings rose in her heart as well.

Su Ming watched this with a calm expression and sighed softly in his heart. He did not bother about De Shun, but walked to Xu Hui. Her expression immediately changed, and she instinctively wanted to move back.

Red appeared in De Shun's eyes. He roared, as if he had forgotten about Su Ming's power, and intended to attack.

But before he could do so, Su Ming's right index finger tapped the center of Xu Hui's brows.

“You used this strange divine ability to protect yourself during Morning Dao Sect’s disaster, but this Art isn’t perfect. It will split your soul into two, and a second consciousness will appear. Right now, your original consciousness is asleep, and your second consciousness has occupied your body.”

Light shone in Su Ming’s right hand, and a ripple surged into Xu Hui’s body. Immediately, a look of struggle appeared on her face. Her gaze when she stared at Su Ming was occasionally one of familiarity, at other times full of complicated emotions, and sometimes like she was looking at a stranger.

Yet soon, the unfamiliar feeling gradually started showing signs of disappearing. Su Ming’s action caused a fluctuation to appear in Xu Hui’s sleeping soul, and it showed signs of waking up.

“You can’t...” De Shun trembled.

Madness and pain appeared in his bloodshot eyes as he stared at Xu Hui while mumbling. He knew that even though he had constantly been bullied during the past few years he was in contact with her, they had still kept each other company for years, which had resulted in him unknowingly falling in love Xu Hui.

He knew that the one he liked was not the previous Xu Hui, but the second consciousness in her body, which was why he had not brought Xu Hui out to search for Su Ming, but had instead joined South Union.

Chapter 1218: Startled to Retreat

De Shun knew that when the real Xu Hui woke up, the second consciousness would disappear. This was something he could not accept, and he did not want to let this happen. That was why... he went against Xu Hui’s request.

He had always been careful and cautious to not have her come into contact with too many people, much less help her search for Su Ming. In his point of view, if a long period of time passed, Xu Hui’s new consciousness would become stronger until she completely suppressed her original soul, and then he would succeed.

He had also noticed that the new consciousness seemed to harbor a bit of a strange feeling towards him. This made De Shun become excited and even more sure of his own theory.

“You can’t do this! She’s mine! You can’t wipe away her consciousness!”

De Shun's eyes became bloodshot. He roared at Su Ming and wanted to pounce on him, but there was a layer of light around Su Ming and Xu Hui's bodies, which forced him to fall back when he came into contact with it.

But he had gone mad and pounced on it time and again, regardless of the cost or how many times he was sent back. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, but he did not care. His madness made it seem as if Su Ming was murdering his lover.

This scene caused Su Ming to frown. When he lifted his right hand from the center of Xu Hui's brows, her eyes shut. After a long time, she opened them, and they held a gentleness when she looked at Su Ming.

His appearance might have changed, but when he touched the center of her brows and awakened her soul, she knew that the person before her was Su Ming.

"How long have I been asleep?" she asked softly.

"Very long," Su Ming said slowly, then lifted his hand and caressed Xu Hui's long hair.

When De Shun saw this scene from beyond the light screen, despair appeared in his eyes, and a hatred he had never felt before rose within him. All of it was directed at Su Ming.

It might seem unreasonable and others might not be able to understand it, but it took root in De Shun's heart as he continued blaming Su Ming for what happened. That hate overtook his mind.

However, that hatred hid a deep sadness. When De Shun's gaze landed on Xu Hui, it became greater and turned into tears. They fused with his blood and landed on his clothes.

The pain in his heart when he looked at Xu Hui made him feel as if his body was about to be torn apart. He turned around swiftly and transformed into a long arc. He wanted to leave the place that broke his heart. He might know that Xu Hui had never belonged to him, but he could not accept this. He also understood that he was being unreasonable... but he still hated Su Ming.

This hatred would make him exact revenge without regards of the cost. He would search for a chance to kill Su Ming with madness and desperation fuelling him. He might be too weak right then, but he knew how to bear troubles patiently. He buried the hate deep in his heart to wait for a day when it could be allowed to spill out from him.

Xu Hui's gaze landed on De Shun who was already leaving into the distance. A complicated look appeared in her eyes, but at the same time, there was a cold, fierce glare in them.

“The matter with that person is connected to my oversight. I will handle this. There is a sect called Ninth Summit in my memories, is it yours?” Xu Hui asked softly.

Su Ming nodded.

Xu Hui did not speak. Once she walked out of the light screen, she turned into a long arc and rushed off after De Shun. There was a chilling intent around her.

“You don’t have to kill him. After all, if not for him, we would not have met each other right now,” Su Ming said slowly.

Xu Hui did not stop for even a moment and did not say a single thing. She simply left into the distance and disappeared into space.

Su Ming stared after her, then sighed softly. This matter was slightly complicated. There was no right or wrong in it. Su Ming did not have the right to handle this, and the only person who did was Xu Hui herself.

In silence, Su Ming swept his gaze across the cultivators of South Union in the area.

“Go to the Ninth Summit. From now on, you will be disciples of the Ninth Summit.”

As Su Ming’s words echoed in space, the five hundred thousand cultivators in the area bowed to him, then turned into long arcs that left into the distance. They naturally knew where the Ninth Summit was located since their initial goal of coming was to destroy it.

As the cultivators in the area left into the distance, the galaxy regained its silence. Su Ming had forced down the powerful sensation of the laws of fate in him, but when the area became quiet, it rose up again. He moved his gaze slowly to the whirlwind in the distance.

“On the other side of the whirlwind there are still quite a number of cultivators from South Union...”

A brilliant light lit up in Su Ming’s eyes. But when he was about to step into the whirlwind, a great sense of danger suddenly rose in his heart. It was life-threatening, which was something Su Ming had not experienced for some time. It caused killing intent to spread out from his body, and next to him, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe lifted his head with a growl.

“Begone!”

He had only said one word, but the universe instantly distorted and became a muddled mess. Space disappeared as if the entire universe had turned into a black hole. Ripples spread out, and an indescribably mighty pressure swept out in every direction.

The whirlwind disintegrated straight away. It did not do so in one spot, but the space in Su Ming's line of vision completely disappeared in an instant. An unparalleled will descended in that area and swept outwards. A domineering intent that could destroy all lives was contained within it.

In fact, Su Ming felt as if the entire galaxy had been crushed. However, it instantly gathered together once more. This scene caused Su Ming's heart to tremble. He then heard a muffled sound in the disintegrated whirlwind.

A woman coughed up a mouthful of blood. She moved back swiftly and in an instant disappeared into the distance.

As she left, the life-threatening sense of danger instantly disappeared from Su Ming's heart.

Soon after, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe lifted his right hand calmly. He beckoned to the area where the whirlwind had disintegrated, and a ball of blood went to him. It floated to his palm and distorted for a moment before turning into an ice phoenix that charged straight towards the old man's eyes.

He let out a cold snort. He did not do anything else, but the ice phoenix froze in front of him.

"Summon that divine mirage of the Dragon of Destruction from your soul. This thing will be a very good supplement for it," the old man said faintly.

"Divine mirage of the Dragon of Destruction?"

A thought appeared in Su Ming's heart. He immediately summoned the black Dragon of Destruction above the top of his skull and had it charge at the ice phoenix.

It devoured the phoenix in an instant and threw its head back to roar. Its body grew to two thousand something feet before it returned to Su Ming's soul.

"Within Dark Dawn, those who have divine mirages filled with cold attribute are Wu's Spiritlings. This race's souls are like spirits, and they call them divine mirages. That black Dragon of Destruction of yours is a supreme entity among the Spiritlings because one of the original forms of the three Ancestral Spirits the Spiritlings respect was a Dragon of Destruction.

"The person who wanted to attack you just now is a Spiritling. That lass actually tried to fight back while fleeing after I shouted at her. From this alone, it can be seen that she is quite powerful. You... Without being in your God of Berserkers Transformation state, you are not her opponent. Do you want me to get rid of the problem for you?" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe asked flatly and cast Su Ming a glance.

Su Ming was silent. With his intellect, there was no way he would not be able to guess that the woman was a Spiritling. Since a Dragon of Destruction was born in the nucleus of his soul, it was more than enough for him to know that the portion of the soul's power which belonged to his mother's race had awakened.

Perhaps this was the reason behind why the woman had come. Judging by the looks of it, she was hostile to him, but Su Ming shook his head and did not speak. He merely kept this in mind.

"I will handle this matter myself. Since I can only fight against her when using the God of Berserkers Transformation, then once I Possess True Morning Dao World..." Su Ming said calmly.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe smiled faintly and did not push the matter. Instead, he cast a glance in the direction in which the woman had disappeared as if he was deep in thought.

Su Ming took a step forward. Since he had already decided that he would bring forward his schedule to Possess True Morning Dao World, he moved through the whirlwind without any hesitation. His goal was to turn all the remaining cultivators of South Union into his laws of fate.

Once Su Ming left into the distance and stepped into the whirlwind, the ripple from the ring appeared under his feet, making his speed to be so fast that he instantly disappeared without a trace.

.....

In a certain region within True Morning Dao World was an area where space distorted, and when it did, a woman walked out. She was dressed in a long blue robe, and her beautiful face was pale at that moment. When she appeared, blood immediately trickled down the corners of her lips.

She staggered a few steps backwards. When she turned her head around to look behind her, a murderous look appeared in her eyes, but within it was a hint of shock and astonishment.

'Who is that old man?!

'That person's power is so terrifying that it is incredibly rare to find someone else with his power in the 180 Expanse Cosmoses in Dark Dawn. With one growl, he instantly made the galaxy shatter before it gathered together again. It shattered my body as well, which injured my original soul...

'His existence is practically on par with the three Sovereigns of Dawn!'

‘This person... is definitely an Antecedental Spirit as well!’

The woman was pale. The terror on her face only disappeared after a long while had passed. When it did, her expression suddenly changed again, and she coughed up blood once more.

‘My divine mirage fused... No, it was devoured by the Dragon of Destruction!’

The woman gritted her teeth, and annoyance appeared on her face. She had not attacked back then, but when she saw Su Ming step into the whirlwind, she had unwittingly let loose a hint of killing intent.

But there was hesitation and complicated emotions in her killing intent. However, once it attracted Su Ming’s attention, it had caused the old man to attack, startling her so much that she fled after his single growl.

‘An existence like that old man will stay beside the boy for only a little while. He won’t stay for long. There will come a day when he will leave.’

The woman was silent for a moment, then brought out some medicinal cores with her right hand and swallowed them. Then, with a single move, she turned into a gust of cold that disappeared into the galaxy. She had to search for a place to regulate her cultivation base. The old man’s growl had injured her original soul, and she wanted to avoid him temporarily.

Chapter 1219: Fang!

Time trickled by, and three days passed. Su Ming charged through the whirlwind under Arid Triad’s gap. The ripple from the ring surrounded him, which allowed his speed to be even faster than normal. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was by his side. He would occasionally lift his head and gaze at Arid Triad’s gap, but he looked calm, which didn’t let other people tell what was on his mind.

After a long while, the old man said languidly, “Within a year, the tribes of Wu and Shu will descend through Arid Triad’s gap. Right now, the two sides are starting to show signs of reaching a compromise to the war they waged beyond the gap...”

Su Ming was silent. He might not be able to see things as clearly and as detailed as the old man, but he could deduce that it was impossible for either Saint Defier or Dark Dawn to win the war. It would end with both sides reaching some sort of agreement and descending at the same time.

Instead of saying that the war was a fight to determine who will obtain Arid Triad's gap, it would be better to say it was a fight to gain the initiative to modify and limit the other party.

At that moment, it would be apt to say that Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was in grave danger. In truth, Su Ming was not the only one who was struggling to make himself stronger. There were plenty of cultivators who were searching for serendipities to become stronger everywhere in the other True Worlds.

Only by making themselves stronger could they build a foundation that would allow them to survive the upcoming disaster.

But compared to them, the serendipity Su Ming obtained in the broken True Morning Dao World was much greater. The areas he could exploit were also more complete, because the entire True Morning Dao World could be used by him. Due to a large number of deaths and the damage dealt to True Morning Dao World, Su Ming had the chance to Possess a True World.

Resolve appeared in his eyes at that moment. While he charged through the whirlwind, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe kept on staring at Arid Triad's gap above them. With his power, he could see plenty of things Su Ming could not. He could see the war in the world beyond, and he could see the galaxy belonging to Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos as well as the powerful warriors within it.

"Making this gap, what a move..." the old man mumbled, and a strange light appeared in his eyes.

"Arid Triad's will ignore those who have not become Antecedental Spirits and will not bother about those who have not surpassed Death Realm... So it's impossible for those foreigners to have created this gap. Even if they worked together, they still couldn't fight against Arid Triad's will.

"Only a cultivator of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos could make this gap, and he couldn't have surpassed Death Realm. He also couldn't be an Antecedental Spirit.

"But because of it, it's practically impossible to open a gap... This gap did not appear by accident, but was bound to be formed... It isn't just a tunnel for Wu and Shu to descend, but also... a path for all tribes in Wei to rush out of Arid Triad!

"If Arid Triad's will had not acknowledged it... there is no way that this gap could have formed!"

The old man's murmurs reached Su Ming's ears, and he came to a sudden stop, but soon, he continued charging forward.

“Arid Triad’s will, Arid Disaster... I will soon find the truth of your relationship. Let’s see whether my guess is truly correct. It should... come again soon...”

A dark light shone in the old man’s eyes. He did not speak again and averted his gaze from Arid Triad’s gap.

Another day went by like that. When Su Ming had been charging for approximately four days, he rushed out, completing his journey through the entire whirlwind under Arid Triad’s gap. At the instant he appeared, Su Ming saw the galaxy over at the other side of True Morning Dao World.

It was where Yin Death Region and South Union were located.

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area, then charged into the distance, heading to the spot where he located South Union when he used his divine sense to scan the place.

It was a continent formed by various floating pieces of land. It was incredibly huge, and there were five planets surrounding it. Each planet had a Protection Rune, and together they formed a great Rune that enveloped the continent within it. From the distance, it looked like a gigantic ring of light.

There were three cities on the continent. They were the core regions of South Union, and each of them was defended by a union leader in Death Realm. However, as of then, there was only one South Union leader left among the three cities.

The other two had died in Su Ming’s hand on the other side of the whirlwind.

As for the five planets beyond the continent, they were kept in an incredibly good condition. They were the five great forces of power belonging to South Union besides the three cities. They were five rather powerful and prosperous races.

At that moment, each person in South Union felt danger looming over their heads. There were less than three hundred thousand cultivators in South Union, but each of them had used their own methods to learn of the destruction of their army dispatched for an expedition.

Their dread became especially strong when the three hundred thousand cultivators chosen to control the Ancient God had died simultaneously. The hearts of the cultivators of South Union had trembled at that moment.

All the Protection Runes on the five planets had been activated, which further proved the people’s terror, causing South Union to be enveloped in panic.

But none of them had expected that Su Ming would arrive so soon. In just four days, he had moved through the whirlwind and arrived right outside South Union’s doorstep.

As he stared at the distant South Union, an aloof look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. To obtain a sufficient amount of laws of fate so that he could make the final preparations to Possess True Morning Dao World, he cast his strongest divine ability on South Union without any hesitation the instant he approached it.

"Mountain Shifter!"

The world rumbled, the galaxy trembled, and one hundred thousand mountains appeared with a howl outside South Union. They instantly charged at the protection formed by the five planets. They descended in an instant with an astonishing bang.

The five planets jolted simultaneously. The continent they surrounded, too, trembled. The three hundred thousand cultivators in the land were shocked awake. When they flew up and raised their heads, their expressions instantly changed. They saw one hundred thousand mountains beyond the Protection Rune ramming down on them continuously with an earth-shaking presence.

But that was not all. In just a few breaths, at the instant the Protection Rune formed by the five planets distorted and trembled, a ghastly voice traveled through the galaxy. There was a chilling tone in that voice along with a heinous murderous aura.

"Mountain!"

The voice only uttered one word, but the instant it landed in the ears of all the cultivators, the mountains on the five planets shuddered together and rose from the ground as if they had become sentient and wanted to rush out to worship their king.

There were also countless mountains on the continent. They rushed out at that moment, and from the distance, millions of mountains could be seen charging into the sky like sharp blades. With piercing whistles, they rammed themselves against the protective screen of light from within.

As the one hundred thousand mountains belonging to Su Ming descended as well, an astonishing bang came from the screen of light formed by the five planets. It shattered straight away and disappeared. In the eyes of all the cultivators, the world turned into a world of mountains.

"Ocean Remover..." Su Ming said faintly from beyond their world.

Black light shone on his body, and the Light of Extreme Darkness spread out over one hundred thousand feet, causing the galaxy to turn completely black. The black light looked like it had turned into an ocean that charged towards the five planets and the continent that had lost their protection.

Wherever it went, all the mountains would shudder, and the vision of almost all the cultivators turned dark. They instantly lost their consciousness. Their minds were enveloped by a layer of cold.

But at that moment, five gigantic pillars of light shot out of the five planets. They belonged to the Enchanted Vessels placed on the five planets, which were South Union's killing moves. Once they shot out, the five planets immediately started withering before Su Ming's eyes.

The Enchanted Vessels had absorbed the five planets' Essence. They spared no pains, even causing the planets' death, to shoot out the five powerful pillars of light. Each one of them could force back a powerful warrior in Death Realm, while together they could seal off the entire area where Su Ming was, and they were so fast that it felt as if there was life contained in them. It was a madness that would constantly linger in them and would not disappear unless they died, even if they could not hit Su Ming in one strike.

When he saw the five pillars of light charge towards him, a glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He raised his right hand and struck the top of his skull. A black dragon of one thousand something feet immediately shot out with a roar.

When the Dragon of Destruction appeared, it roared at the five pillars of light, and the whole galaxy seemed to tremble. A boundless amount of freezing aura instantly gathered around him from all directions as if the Dragon of Destruction was the master of cold, and it could summon all the cold air in the galaxy to itself.

As cracking sounds echoed in space, the five pillars of light were instantly frozen. Ice swiftly spread through them, and in the blink of an eye, it spread through the five planets, turning them into blocks of ice.

A loud bang shot up, and the ice shattered. The five planets crumbled as well. The Dragon of Destruction then returned to the top of Su Ming's skull. With an aloof expression, Su Ming took a step forward and stepped onto South Union's continent.

When his foot landed, the continent shuddered with a bang. Cracks instantly spread out as if the continent was about to fall apart.

"I am Ninth Summit's Great Sect Elder Mo Su! From today onwards, South Union will exist no longer. All of you will now offer up your souls and surrender!"

Su Ming's voice echoed in the area with an imposing tone. At that moment, mountains surrounded the sky of South Union while there were cracks and loud rumbles coming from everywhere on the ground. The shattered ice from the five planets around them were still shooting out into space, and the Light of Extreme Darkness surrounded the area like a tidal wave that had been swept up from the surface of an ocean and would spill down on them at any moment.

It would not be a lie to describe this sight as the world on the verge of ruin.

This scene along with Su Ming's voice echoing in the air immediately created an indescribable presence that broke the hearts of all the cultivators. Even those in Death Realm would tremble under it.

After a long while, a voice filled with complicated emotions came out from the broken continent. Gradually, it was followed by other people saying the same thing.

"We are... willing to surrender..."

As many voices came from the ground when the cultivators offered their souls, Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit descended on them and turned into a cry of heaven that swiftly enveloped the area. Once Su Ming left his Brand on the hearts of the three hundred thousand cultivators, a vast amount of laws of fate came to him.

This vast increase allowed Su Ming to see hope in Possessing True Morning Dao World!

'I want to Possess... True Morning Dao World!'

Su Ming swiftly lifted his head like a wolf revealing his fangs!

No data found.

Chapter 1220: Possessing True Morning Dao World (1)

The power of laws of fate are divided into external and internal fate. Su Ming could sense that he had left his Brand on many cultivators' souls and felt that those people's destinies were in his hands. With this method, he could forcefully turn all of those cultivators into his own fate.

This Art was not something honorable, but Su Ming did not care. All that mattered to him was making himself stronger before the disaster descended, because only by doing so he could have the ability to protect those he wanted to protect.

The three hundred thousand cultivators in South Union, the five hundred thousand cultivators on the other side of the whirlwind, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from New Dao Sect, and the people in Ninth Summit might not total to two million, but once the power of this much external fate surged into Su Ming's heart, his aura increased exponentially.

At the same time, it was as if one million something glowing spots appeared in his mind. They might have been weak, but they continuously exuded a presence that strengthened Su Ming's soul.

With the cultivators serving as his external fate, he could fuse them into his heart and turn it into his internal fate. With the power he would gain once he perfected internal and external fate, he could make the universe tremble. If he used it along with his cultivation base, he could envelop the galaxy with his soul, then with his will, he could replace True Morning Dao World's will!

This was the path Su Ming had chosen, and he had already traversed most of it. At that moment, as the one million something laws of fate gathered in his mind and Su Ming closed his eyes, a storm began raging in his heart.

Booming sounds echoed in his mind. All the glowing spots fused into Su Ming's soul, making him feel as if he had split into one million parts. He felt as if he could sense every single person's thoughts and past. In fact, he felt that if he wanted to, he could instantly turn into every single person linked to him.

'Gather... the internal fate!'

At the instant Su Ming opened his eyes and a ray of dark light appeared in them, his aura increased by leaps and bounds. Right after, a power just a sliver away from Death Realm erupted from him in abundance. It was his cultivation base.

It was not as powerful as his physical body, but to Su Ming, as long as he could gather the laws of fate on himself, he could reach a state of completion, and his cultivation base would break through Life Realm and truly move into Death Realm!

In fact, if he successfully Possessed True Morning Dao World, Su Ming's level of cultivation would jump to a terrifying Realm. He had no idea how strong that Realm would be, but he knew that if he succeeded... he would be True Morning Dao World!

At that time, at his thought, True Morning Dao World would rise to power, and he dismissed it, True Morning Dao World would die!

And since True Morning Dao World was part of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, if he was successful in his Possession, Su Ming would ascend to an even higher plane of existence. Then, he would truly be able to call himself a part of Arid Triad.

Besides the Abyss Builders, no one else in the entire Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos could do this. In fact, based on the words of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, the will to control the abyss filling True Morning Dao World had immediately allowed Su Ming to determine that he was not the only one who wanted to Possess True Morning Dao World. Su Xuan Yi, too, wanted to do it!

At that moment, Su Ming had come to understand what was going on. As the laws of fate gathered on him, he understood another truth.

It was not only because he was sealed and Di Tian was lurking around outside that Su Xuan Yi had isolated himself in Morning Dao Sect. It was

because he had a crazy ambition. It originated from the words he had shouted at True Morning Dao World the year his wife died.

“This World shall be built for Abyss!”

These words might be an Art and a Curse. But no matter what, from that moment onwards, Su Xuan Yi had started making preparations to Possess True Morning Dao World. From then on, be it the war between the Immortals' Union and Morning Dao Sect or the gap torn in Arid Triad, Su Xuan Yi's madness was hidden in everything.

As he continued making his preparations and weakened True Morning Dao World bit by bit so that the will to control the abyss filled it and caused more people to die, it reached a state where it could be Possessed.

It might be because his soul was not that of an Antecedental Spirit which made him unable to Possess the True World just yet. There were still some problems lurking around for him, but before long, once he completed the final stage of his plans, he would immediately Possess True Morning Dao World.

Su Ming had come to completely understand this once he returned.

“I'm faster,” Su Ming muttered, and the one million something glowing spots in his body melted to fuse together with his soul.

Once they did, a loud bang echoed in his head, and his soul instantly grew endlessly. During that moment, all the cultivators who were Branded by Su Ming shivered.

While trembling, the three hundred thousand cultivators below Su Ming knelt down and worshiped him. On the other side of the whirlwind, the cultivators from Ninth Summit, New Dao Sect, and the five hundred thousand cultivators from South Union who had surrendered did the same.

At that moment, a figure appeared in their heads. That figure... belonged to Su Ming.

At the moment it appeared in the minds of one million something cultivators, it meant that Su Ming had perfected his external fate and that once his internal fate fused with it, it would reach a state of near perfection.

When booming sounds echoed in Su Ming's mind like drum rolls, they also echoed in the minds of the one million something cultivators. The map of a galaxy immediately appeared in Su Ming's eyes, as if his eyes had become the galaxy itself. The light within his eyes was the light from the planets.

His soul grew and his will spread out rapidly at that moment. A feeling that he was in control of his own destiny and his own laws of fate immediately rose in Su Ming's heart. It was a feeling akin to being the will of heaven, and it made it easier for Su Ming to be the will of heaven, since it provided a great help!

The appearance of this aid meant that Su Ming's internal fate... had been perfected!

His cultivation base broke through Life Realm at that instant and moved into Death Realm. This meant that his physical body and cultivation base were in Death Realm at the same time, and it also meant that Su Ming's offensive abilities had become stronger again.

A piercing, bright light appeared in his eyes. He made his mind scatter, and his will of an Antecedental Spirit spread out to replace the will of the universe

in the area before it turned into the will of heaven that swiftly spread in every direction.

At the same time it spread out, the will to control abyss with Su Ming's Brand which filled all of True Morning Dao World seemed to turn into a path that guided Su Ming as his will spread out, allowing him to swiftly increase his speed.

When his will covered all of True Morning Dao World, he would begin his Possession!

Almost at the instant Su Ming spread out his will, a sigh echoed faintly in the sealed Dao Ocean within Morning Dao Sect...

"So finally... someone is here to replace Morning Dao, huh?"

It was also at that moment that Su Xuan Yi opened his eyes while in the palace floating in the galaxy within the Emperor of Abyss' True World. There were seventy-nine oil lamps around him. Sixty-three of them were lit.

'Damn it, this person really wants to replace True Morning Dao World! It's mine! This is a chance to Possess it I created after preparing for countless years! It's mine!

'No matter who you are, how dare you try snatching True Morning Dao World from my hands?! What right do you have to snatch it from me?!'

A hint of anxiety appeared in Su Xuan Yi's eyes. He cast a glance at the burning oil lamps around him, then gritted his teeth.

'No matter. Even if there's still a bit left, I cannot afford to wait any longer!'

Resolve appeared in Su Xuan Yi's eyes. He shut them and had his divine sense spread out with a bang so that it would rapidly fuse into the sixty-three burning oil lamps!

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Chapter 1221: Possessing True Morning Dao World (2)
Chapter 1221: Possessing True Morning Dao World (2)

'The seventy-two oil lamps symbolize my soul ascending seventy-two times. By doing so, I can temporarily allow myself to obtain the will of an Antecedental Spirit. When I Possess True Morning Dao World, I will successfully have my soul ascend, and I will... become an Antecedental Spirit even without using the Spirit Ascension Hall!

'And that inert Predecessor of Dao Ocean has been sealed in that endless Dao Ocean. It has a tight connection with True Morning Dao World, which is a telling sign that it is True Morning Dao World's servant.

'It will then become the servant of whoever becomes True Morning Dao World... It's a pity that I only have sixty-three oil lamps lit right now. If I could have more time...'

Su Xuan Yi's soul swiftly spread out and turned into sixty-three portions to fuse into the sixty-three oil lamps. In an instant, they began to shine more brightly, and their light grew stronger.

As the light spread out endlessly, it enveloped the entire palace. Then it went forward as if it had entered space, and with a unique method, it allowed Su Xuan Yi's will to appear in True Morning Dao World.

"This world shall be built for Abyss!"

The Su Xuan Yi who appeared in True Morning Dao World was the soul and the mind. The next moment, his voice spread out in an unseen manner.

At the same time, Su Ming's soul spread out in True Morning Dao World, and his voice too echoed in space in an unseen manner.

"This world shall be built for Abyss!"

Two Abyss Builders were about to Possess one object at the same time. This sort of thing was incredibly rare. Even when the Fifth True World was still around, Abyss Builders would not readily do such a thing.

This sort of Possession would not allow two people to Possess half of the same object in the end. Instead, the two would have to fight each other over it to the death. Unless one of them gave up beforehand, they would have to fight until a victor emerged.

If Su Ming's struggle and subsequent escape from Su Xuan Yi's control was a fight in the dark, then right then, it would be straightforward battle between Abyss Builders.

There was only one True Morning Dao World. Whoever Possessed it would be the winner and obtain the right and the upper hand in surviving the next disaster. This was something Su Ming knew, and it was also something Su Xuan Yi understood.

It was a battle about which no cultivator in True Morning Dao World knew about, and one outsiders would not notice. At the instant Su Xuan Yi's mind fused into True Morning Dao World, it began.

Su Ming sat in space when his soul spread out with a bang. The will to make the Abyss grow extended swiftly, and the constant ripples made his soul spread out, gradually covering distances further and further away from him. When he enveloped the entire True World, just like when he had asked the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe to help him leave his Brand in the will to make the Abyss grow, he saw countless broken planets in True Morning Dao World, the whirlwind, and the cultivators.

At the same time, he saw another will within True Morning Dao World. It was filled with an invasive air as well as a supreme, domineering air. It was as if all those who antagonized it would be brutally killed by it.

At the instant he noticed this will, Su Ming knew who it was—Su Xuan Yi!

Su Xuan Yi's will had also noticed the person whom he hated to the core and who he treated as the person who snatched his chance as well as someone who wanted to steal the thing he had prepared for tens of thousands of years to enjoy the benefits for himself.

"Su Ming!"

A storm immediately raged in Su Xuan Yi's mind, but within it, there was also disbelief. No matter what, he had not expected that Su Ming, who should have become a mortal, would be the cultivator who wanted to snatch the fruits of his preparations.

At the moment the two people's souls noticed each other, the very first unseen crash between them happened in True Morning Dao World.

"You ungrateful wretch! How dare you fight your father for True Morning Dao World?! You're asking for death!"

Boundless killing intent wafted off Su Xuan Yi. His will charged towards Su Ming's soul with a bang. By the looks of it, he wanted to use his will of an Antecedental Spirit which came from using the sixty-three oil lamps to kill Su Ming straight away.

He did not care what method Su Ming had used to obtain the same right as him to Possess True Morning Dao World. He did not care whether Su Ming had outside help. In Su Xuan Yi's eyes, no matter how strong the outside help was, their strength would fall far behind that of Su Xuan Yi himself, and it was especially so when Possessing True Morning Dao World. This action relied on a person's soul and will. In this aspect, Su Xuan Yi was incredibly confident in himself.

'Unless he's a real Antecedental Spirit, then no one can shake the will of my soul right now!' With confidence and killing intent, Su Xuan Yi swept up his soul and instantly sent it crashing forward.

Su Ming was silent. In truth, he still had a myriad of mixed feelings in his heart while faced with the person he had regarded as his father in the past... but Su Ming had also completely cut off that false father and son love when the Seed of Life Extermination was extracted from him. He might have mixed feelings in his heart, but when he came face to face to Su Xuan Yi's soul, a chilling intent appeared in his soul despite him remaining silent.

The next moment, Su Ming's soul acted without any hesitation and charged against the incoming Su Xuan Yi's will. He did not use any divine abilities, no Arts, or even his physical body. He only used his soul and will to crash against him. This crash would not cause any sort of bang, but during the instant their souls and wills collided against each other, a loud rumble swept through all of True Morning Dao World was stirred up.

Booming sounds surged into space and enveloped the entire galaxy. Many broken planets shattered straight away. The galaxy distorted, and cracks appeared in it. The cultivators who survived instantly turned pale, and their cultivation bases became chaotic. The blood in their bodies seemed to have stopped flowing as well.

A feeling as if the world was being destroyed immediately rose in each cultivator's heart.

Only Su Ming alone could hear Su Xuan Yi's disbelieving voice. When the two people's souls and wills crashed, Su Xuan Yi's soul fell swiftly backwards. Su Ming's soul, too, tumbled back. The two of them were on par on the first collision!

However, Su Xuan Yi knew that his soul and will was not Su Ming's opponent. While their first crash might have made it seem as if they were equals, six of his sixty-three oil lamps were extinguished straight away, leaving him with only fifty-seven oil lamps. When all the oil lamps were extinguished, he could no longer Possess True Morning Dao World, and it would mean that he had failed.

More importantly though, he had to complete his Possession or leave before it happened. Otherwise, if all the oil lamps were extinguished and his soul as well as his will were still in True Morning Dao World, he would never be able to return to his body.

'How can this be? How can this ungrateful wretch's soul... be so strong?! Someone is helping him. There must be someone helping him... It's impossible that his soul has surpassed mine! I've already taken a leap and become an Antecedental Spirit! It's impossible that he can fight against an Antecedental Spirit!'

Su Xuan Yi's soul fell back in disbelief and no longer came into contact with Su Ming. Instead, he swiftly began Possessing True Morning Dao World.

'He's not an Antecedental Spirit, but used a unique method to forcefully make himself raise to the status of an Antecedental Spirit. But by how anxious he is, there should be drawbacks to this method. He can't... last for long!'

Su Ming had his soul move. In an instant, he grasped the key of the problem. That was why when his soul fell back, he started Possessing True Morning Dao World as well.

If anyone compared the huge True Morning Dao World to a person's body, then whoever between Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi could occupy more of it within the shortest period of time would seize the upper hand. As long as the person continued holding onto it, their chances of success would be increased.

If True Morning Dao World's will was a blank slate, then it would be much easier for Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi to Possess it. However, True Morning Dao World's will was sentient, and it would not just allow them to Possess it.

The instant Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi began Possessing True Morning Dao World, a will which was weak but still great enough awakened. It appeared within True Morning Dao World. The will was ancient and had the mighty pressure of a True World. It was a supreme life form, a noble existence which even the wills of Antecedental Spirits would have to avoid.

It was True Morning Dao World's will. Originally, it was a hundred times stronger than it was right then. It was one of the four Worlds of Arid Triad, so it was definitely not

something a cultivator could compare to. However, Su Xuan Yi's preparations and plans that spanned tens of thousands of years had weakened True Morning Dao World's will bit by bit until it was severely weakened... This went until the will reached the threshold beneath which it could be Possessed despite appearing as if it was still an unbeatable force.

If True Morning Dao World's will was slightly stronger, Su Xuan Yi would not have been able to forcefully Possess it due to it being a higher state of being, but right then, while it was difficult, it was still within his capabilities.

But it was different for Su Ming. After all, he was a real Antecedental Spirit who had received his inheritance from All Spirits Hall. Because of it, Su Ming's chances of being successful in the Possession business were higher than those of Su Xuan Yi.

After all... he had time, while Su Xuan Yi did not have a single moment to spare.

Even if Su Xuan Yi had yet to bring out his moves which he had prepared for tens of thousands of years, Su Ming, too, still had the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

To Su Ming, this was a battle he would definitely win.

'Su Xuan Yi... there is no way you will win this time.'

Su Ming's soul spread out swiftly. With the will to make the Abyss grow as his lead, he crashed and fought against True Morning Dao World's will while continuously Possessing and occupying it. His soul was the will of an Antecedental Spirit, and all the places he covered would instantly turn into his will of heaven. This also meant that those places would be completely separated from True Morning Dao World's will and become a galaxy which belonged to Su Ming's will.

The fight and Possession of the two people against True Morning Dao World's will might have seemed to have no dangers involved, but distortions that caused True Morning Dao World to roar had been stirred up in the outside world. The remaining cultivators in the True World had pale faces. Almost all of them had a strong feeling that... the galaxy seemed to have split into three portions. There were three wills that caused them to tremble, and they were madly devouring each other.

'What is he doing?'

Beyond a planet that had shattered due to the distortions formed by Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi's Possession of True Morning Dao World was Su Ming's aunt... The beautiful woman had a slightly pale look at that moment. She stared at the galaxy and sucked in a breath when disbelief appeared on her face.

'He... wants to Possess this World?'

The woman's heart trembled. She was shocked by Su Ming's actions.

Chapter 1222: Possessing True Morning Dao World (3)

It was a fight between three wills. One of them was True Morning Dao World's, and it was fighting back fiercely. It absolutely would not allow itself to be Possessed. Once it happened, everything about it would be wiped off. The struggle was its natural instinct to live.

The other two wills belonged to Su Xuan Yi and Su Ming. The two of them were wary of each other while swiftly occupying True Morning Dao World. A battle on three fronts went on fiercely as loud booming sounds echoed in True Morning Dao World.

Su Ming continuously sent his soul and will outwards. In the blink of an eye, he had already occupied one-tenth of True Morning Dao World, and he was still going on. Due to the existence of the will to make the Abyss grow, Su Ming's soul could fill up True Morning Dao World much faster.

As for Su Xuan Yi, after his initial clash against Su Ming's soul, he no longer wanted to fight against him. Instead, he fought against time to occupy True Morning Dao World. To him, time was precious, and it was the key to his victory.

In the blink of an eye, seven days went by. To others, they might have been just an instant, but to Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi, it felt as if several years had gone by.

The expansion of their will over True Morning Dao World caused the feeling as if they had turned into the True World fill Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi's hearts. This feeling grew stronger as they occupied more land, and the sensation of his will becoming stronger caused Su Ming to imagine the glory he would receive in the future in this path he was certain to take.

When the eighth day arrived, Su Ming's soul occupied nearly three-tenths of True Morning Dao World. The further he progressed, the harder the Possession became. The resistance from True Morning Dao World's will caused a large amount of ripples to appear in Su Ming's soul. If it was not because he was an Antecedental Spirit, his will might have shattered a long time ago. He then would have become a soulless, living dead.

The will of an Antecedental Spirit provided great aid to Su Ming at that moment, helping his soul not to collapse. No matter how strong True Morning Dao World's will was, it couldn't Su Ming's soul from spreading.

As he continued Possessing and occupying the True Morning World, epiphanies continuously rose in Su Ming's heart. He could clearly sense his state of being raise ceaselessly, which made his soul become greater. The regions taken over by him were filled with his will, which turned into the will of heaven. It was a supreme will that allowed him to decide the life and death of the World with just one thought.

Yet while Su Ming was continuously occupying the True World, Su Xuan Yi was no slower. After all, he had been preparing for this for years. During the seven days, around a dozen of his oil lamps had extinguished. By then, there were only forty-one left, but he had also Possessed three-tenths of True Morning Dao World.

At that moment, a stalemate appeared between the three wills filling True Morning Dao World. It was difficult for Su Ming to continue because True Morning Dao World's will had already reached an incredibly violent state. If he approached it in the slightest bit, he would feel as if his soul was about to shatter.

It was the same for Su Xuan Yi, and anxiety appeared in his heart. Three more of his oil lamps had extinguished, so he had only thirty-eight lamps left. His window of time was growing smaller and smaller. At that moment, he could no longer care much about anything else. His hate for Su Ming had grown to a heinous degree.

'You ungrateful wretch!'

At the instant Su Xuan Yi's will shouted those words in its mind, the thirty-eight burning oil lamps in the Emperor of Abyss' True World looked as if a gust of wind had blown over them. They swayed simultaneously, and six of them were immediately extinguished, but because of it, the remaining thirty-two oil lamps instantly burned several times brighter than before.

In the meantime, on more than three hundred planets within the Emperor of Abyss' True World were more than ten million cultivators sitting and meditating. They coughed up blood simultaneously, and their bodies instantly withered. It looked like their life force had been extracted to become the oil needed to make the flames burn brighter.

With the momentum provided by the light from the oil lamps burning brighter, Su Xuan Yi's will instantly swelled up. While True Morning Dao World roared, the areas Su Xuan Yi occupied filled with endless lightning. He felt as if there was lightning swimming in his soul along with a blinding light, so the galaxies he had occupied were no longer dark but as bright as day.

At the same time, firelight filled his soul. This scene could be seen by those around him, but what they could not see was that Su Xuan Yi's soul seemed to have become a huge lamp. When it shone, he occupied even more areas. From the previous three-tenths, he reached four-tenths, forcefully snatching one-tenth of the area belonging to True Morning Dao World's will.

This was the trump card Su Xuan Yi had prepared!

“Do you need me to take action?” While Su Ming stared at that scene coldly, the voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribed echoed in his mind.

“Not for the moment.”

“Oh? That is also someone from Great Abyss Tribe. If you don’t take any action to stop him, True Morning Dao World won’t belong to you.” The voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was calm, but there was a faint hint of curiosity in him.

“True Morning Dao World’s will may be extremely weakened, but unless the person Possessing it occupies all of it in one go... it will not be so easy to take it over. It would not have remained gasping for its last breath to this date if that wasn’t the case.”

Su Ming’s words were cold, and his heart was calm. He did not attack, but retained the three-tenths of the area belonging to him while he watched Su Xuan Yi and True Morning Dao World’s will clash against each other violently.

Booming sounds rose continuously in True Morning Dao World, stirring up uneasiness and fear in many cultivators. Even the cultivators from the Ninth Summit felt the same way. Only Su Ming’s senior brothers were watching the galaxy in the distance quietly.

They could vaguely sense that... one of the three wills in the galaxy was familiar to them. They felt as if they were looking at Su Ming.

Within the sealed Morning Dao Sect was the Predecessor of Dao Ocean silently watching all of the happenings. It did not take any action but only waited quietly for the final results. It was waiting for the arrival of the person who Possessed True Morning Dao World, if anyone eventually succeeded, that is.

Booming sounds echoed in space. With the vast power of the firelight, once Su Xuan Yi occupied four-tenths of True Morning Dao World, he pounced on True Morning Dao World’s will once more. He had to do this. It did not matter whether it was attacking Su Ming or Possessing True Morning Dao World, he had to continuously spend the power of the firelight, since he could not waste any time. That was why he temporarily let Su Ming off the hook and chose to focus all his power on Possessing True Morning Dao World.

Still, he retained some strength to prevent Su Ming from suddenly coming over. He had been preparing for the Possession for tens of thousands of years, but the end result came up to be so frustrating. This made Su Xuan Yi feel so much hate for Su Ming that he wanted to tear him apart alive.

While True Morning Dao World's will continued shrinking and Su Xuan Yi occupied it forcefully, a flash of crimson suddenly shone. It was like a sharp blade that instantly charged at Su Xuan Yi.

No one besides Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi could see the red flash. This was not any divine ability, but a drop of blood gathered together by countless laws. Its blood was crimson and contained in it was a power that could destroy all lives. It was a drop of origin blood which True Morning Dao World's will had formed from its own body.

When the red light shone, the blood touched Su Xuan Yi's soul and immediately broke down without a sound to turn into a layer of red fog. It instantly fused into the soul, and Su Xuan Yi roared. The thirty-two oil lamps in the Emperor of Abyss' True World swayed simultaneously, and three more were extinguished. Once there were only twenty-nine left, the remaining light immediately became brighter to fight against the red fog.

But at that moment, eight more drops of blood swiftly came from True Morning Dao World's will. When they flew out, they gathered together to form a long red blade. It swung on Su Xuan Yi despite a boundless distance between them.

With it, Su Xuan Yi's soul fell swiftly backwards. A small portion of him was cut off. When he fell back, the four-tenths of the galaxy he had occupied shrank to only three-tenths.

Su Ming's eyes shone at that instant. Once he sent a divine thought to the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, his soul moved with a bang and charged at Su Xuan Yi.

"Senior, please help me by temporarily trapping True Morning Dao World's will. Let me have some time to fight against Su Xuan Yi!"

Su Ming did not ask the old man to help him persecute Su Xuan Yi. He... wanted to personally take action and make him lose his right to fight in the battle to Possess True Morning Dao World!

When his divine thought echoed in space, Su Ming's soul and will instantly closed in on the retreating Su Xuan Yi. He did not use any divine abilities, Arts, or Enchanted Treasures. Instead, he simply had his will of an Antecedental Spirit turn into the will of heaven and crash into Su Xuan Yi.

Booming sounds surged into space and reverberated through True Morning Dao World, causing ripples to appear in the galaxies. Space was torn, and planets roared while the cultivators were in shock.

Su Xuan Yi let out an unresigned roar in his soul. "Ungrateful wretch!"

The attack had instantly extinguished two of his twenty-nine oil lamps in the Emperor of Abyss' True World, which meant that only twenty-seven remained.

Su Ming's soul surged forward. He did not stop and crashed into Su Xuan Yi again. His presence screamed that he would not stop until he died. It also contained the complicated emotions Su Ming had towards his past, his intent to die back then, and his counterattack towards his previous destiny.

Booming sounds reverberated through space, and Su Xuan Yi's roars grew even shriller. When he collided against Su Ming, his oil lamps were reduced from twenty-seven to twenty-five, then to twenty-three, and the area he occupied shrank from three-tenths to two-tenths. The remaining portion was mostly occupied by Su Ming's soul, and the moment the other showed weakness, he started invading Su Xuan Yi's territory as if he was showing his fangs.

"I was never your son to begin with! On what grounds can you call me an ungrateful wretch?!"

"You used me for years by planting the Seed of Life Extermination in my heart. When I learned this, I gave up on life, and from that moment onwards, there was no longer a bond between us.

"Right now, I am Possessing True Morning Dao World... If you dare snatch my future path from my hands, we will never be able to live under the same sky!"

When Su Ming sent his divine thought forward, his soul crashed violently into Su Xuan Yi's, and loud bangs surged into space. Su Ming also suffered pain as if he was about to shatter from his constant attacks, but his heart was full of viciousness. He was certain that Su Xuan Yi would not be able to last long, so he crashed into him again and again.

Chapter 1223: Possessing True Morning Dao World (4)

Sixteen, fourteen... countless soundless booms reverberated through Su Xuan Yi's soul. His firelights in the Emperor of Abyss' True World were burning at their last, but Su Ming was not showing any signs of weakness. Instead, as Su Xuan Yi moved back and Su Ming continuously pressed onward, his side started growing bigger.

"Damn it!"

Su Xuan Yi was forced back nonstop. He was already certain that Su Ming was an Antecedental Spirit. If that was not the case, Su Ming would definitely not have been able to do this, but this was simply too far-fetched and ridiculous. After all, Su Xuan Yi

had been plotting for years, but he still could not enter the world where the All Spirits Hall was located and could not have his spirit ascend. If that was not the case, there was no way he would be in such a pathetic state.

Since that way was blocked, he had chosen another path to become an Antecedental Spirit. He would Possess True Morning Dao World, enslave the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, steal his identity of an Antecedent Spirit, then make himself perfect, but all of this was completely ruined by Su Ming who came charging at him in an aggressive manner.

‘Fine...’

Su Xuan Yi sighed in his heart. He could no longer change anything. It was already set in stone that True Morning Dao World would not belong to him. The preparations he had made for years were bound to turn into Su Ming’s serendipity.

He might feel aggrieved and unwilling to admit defeat, but his formidable warlord side allowed him to deduce that he could not change things. Once he realized that, the thought of leaving immediately arose in his heart.

Possessing True Morning Dao World was just a part of his plan. If he was successful, he could continue with his plan, but even if he failed, Su Xuan Yi still had backup plans. He could give up on True Morning Dao World and in turn Possess the Emperor of Abyss’ True World.

But even though the unresigned Su Xuan Yi had chosen to leave, when Su Ming’s soul crashed into him, his divine thought shone. He had come up with something sinister, since his hatred towards Su Ming had grown to an unprecedented degree.

‘Even if I am bound to be unable to continue this battle of Possession... I will not let things be easy for you. Even if I can’t Possess it and True Morning Dao World’s will make preparations, making it so that even if I want to Possess it again in the future, the level of difficulty will be significantly higher due to its vigilance, I will make it so that you won’t succeed as well!’

With this thought, Su Xuan Yi’s soul moved back again amid the loud rumbles. At the instant the area he occupied was reduced to only about one-tenth of True Morning Dao World...

“Fire that extinguishes Abyss, burn the will of my life force and turn it into imperishable flames. Seal... this ungrateful wretch’s will in Abyss!”

When Su Xuan Yi’s voice reverberated through space, thirteen of the remaining fourteen oil lamps in the Emperor of Abyss’ True World were extinguished. Right after, the light on the remaining oil lamp instantly reached an indescribably piercing degree.

Its light immediately charged out of the palace and spread through the galaxy in all directions.

At the same time, the ten million cultivators prepared by Su Xuan Yi for the Possession in the Emperor of Abyss' True World coughed up blood together, and all of them immediately withered. In fact, nearly three-tenths of the cultivators were instantly reduced to ashes, as if an invisible flame had burned them to a crisp.

As nearly three-tenths of cultivators died and all the cultivators withered, their life force rose in vast quantities and turned into nourishment that allowed the flame to surge into the heavens. Once it formed a boundless light, it fused into True Morning Dao World and into Su Xuan Yi's soul to turn into an imperishable flame which was a huge burning wick!

It swayed, and the sea of fire in the area roared before disappearing in a flash. When it reappeared, it enveloped Su Ming and started burning furiously while treating him as the wick.

"Ungrateful wretch! I'd like to see how you'll continue with the Possession! Abyss Seal!"

When Su Xuan Yi's voice resounded in space with a sinister tone, his soul shattered. He had cut off the soul that had fused into True Morning Dao World firmly and resolutely. With the price of a part of his soul shattering, he cut off his connection with True Morning Dao World and returned to the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

The meditating Su Xuan Yi's eyes flew open in the palace within the Emperor of Abyss' True World, revealing red within them. The man jolted and coughed up seven mouthfuls of blood. With each mouthful, his body would wither slightly, his aura would weaken, and his face would also age.

When he coughed up his seventh mouthful, his body was reduced to mere skin and bones. His aura was as weak as a trickle of water, and his face was no longer that of a middle-aged man, but an old man with a dark look on his face.

"Su Ming!"

Su Xuan Yi was practically grinding his teeth. His heart was filled with great indignation. He had prepared for tens of thousands of years to Possess True Morning Dao World, and even acquired a dozen something divine abilities to make sure that he had about eight-tenths of a chance to succeed.

But most of those methods could only be activated when he had lit all seventy-two oil lamps to form the Eternal Candle Flame. He could only execute them once he had become an Imperishable Soul. The flames then would not disappear so quickly either... but the insufficient number of lit candles caused him to be unable to execute almost

nine-tenths of the methods he had prepared. There was no way that he could take that lying down.

A hint of regret rose in his heart. He should have killed Su Ming in the past and not listened to Sang's persuasions. He should not have allowed an ant who no longer had any value to perish on its own.

"If I can't Possess True Morning Dao World, then no one is allowed to Possess it!"

Su Xuan Yi panted harshly. A portion of his soul had been crushed, and the burden of it was incredibly great. It was equivalent to him being injured gravely, but he had to do that. If he did not cut off the part of his soul which had entered True Morning Dao World, then with the continued persecution and subsequent devouration of the remaining one-tenth he had of True Morning Dao World, Su Ming would come over through his soul and cause irreparable damage to his original soul.

Instead of allowing that to happen, he decided to cut his own soul off, and with that as the price, he sealed off Su Ming's path to chase after him and created... a chance to kill Su Ming.

Su Xuan Yi stared at the only flame burning in the seventy-two oil lamps. He stared at the wick of the candle as if Su Ming was its wick.

A ghastly, ferocious sneer appeared on his lips. Su Xuan Yi lifted his hands and formed a seal before he pointed at the candle.

When Su Xuan Yi cut off his soul that had fused into True Morning Dao World, Su Ming sensed a shadow of death loom over his head. The moment that feeling appeared, an invisible sea of fire arose around him. No one could see it but Su Ming. It was an Abyss Fire that could burn all souls to a crisp.

"Abyss Seal... to seal the Abyss..."

When Su Ming's soul flashed, he noticed that he seemed to have turned into a wick. The sea of fire surrounded him, and it would not be extinguished until he died.

The sea of fire roared and started spinning around Su Ming rapidly. As it did so, he saw two hands within the flames. They seemed to be forming seals, and with each movement, the sea of fire would tumble several times more violently. It charged at Su Ming with loud roars.

'Is this your final move?'

Su Ming's soul flashed. At the same time, he laughed coldly. The threat of death might be becoming stronger, the sea of fire around him might be coming towards him with

loud bangs, and his soul might be restricted to an area he could not leave as if he had turned into a real wick, but he still laughed coldly. His soul roared.

“If my body does not move, my soul will not perish. If my soul does not perish, my will will not disappear. If my will does not disappear, then I, as an Antecedental Spirit will remain. If I, as an Antecedental Spirit remain, I will not perish!”

At the instant Su Ming sent his divine thought forward, the spot where his physical body sat in a galaxy far away from where his soul was immediately shone with a brilliant light. It came from the ring on his right index finger which flew out on its own and floated above him. The light drifted down his body like rainwater, enveloping it.

As the small hint of power belonging to those in Avacaniya Realm contained in the supreme treasure spread out, the light from the ring appeared on Su Ming’s soul which was trapped in the wick in a distant galaxy. Then, Su Ming simply allowed the sea of fire to charge at him with loud roars since it could not injure him in the slightest. All of the fires were extinguished by the light of the ring.

Su Ming... was no longer the weakling in the past. At that moment, he was an Antecedental Spirit. He was one of the few powerful warriors in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos who could conquer an entire region even if he was in Saint Defier and Dark Dawn’s 360 Expanse Cosmoses.

The years of experiences had given him a cautious personality. The countless brushes with death had taught him to act in a resolute and ruthless manner. Once all of these things merged together, Su Ming could analyse and judge all situations before he did anything, and he would also always have backup plans.

One such example was the ring. He had not used it when he was fighting against Su Xuan Yi previously because he was looking out for any unforeseen circumstances.

When the ring surrounded him, Su Ming’s soul remained unmoving. He was not in a hurry. There was no way the fire around him would burn eternally. To keep the flames burning, Su Xuan Yi would have to pay a great price. He could not last long.

‘I can’t last long? Ungrateful wretch, even if you’ve made preparations, compared to me, you are still too naive. This fire...’

Su Xuan Yi stared at the only oil lamp before him in the palace, and a dark, contemptuous sneer appeared on his lips.

‘I only need to control this flame. The power allowing it to burn does not come from my life force at all, but from you!’

Su Xuan Yi formed a seal with his hands and pointed forward. The oil lamp immediately let out sizzling sounds, and the wick within it started to sway violently.

At the same time, Su Ming jolted in True Morning Dao World. He had already noticed that something was off. The sea of fire around him did not grow weaker. Instead, once it extinguished, it rose up once more. Once it gathered together, it turned into two huge hands of flames, which formed a seal and pointed at him.

Immediately after, Su Ming noticed a bundle of invisible flames alight in his soul. Once they appeared, a vast power that seemed to intend to burn his soul rose up within him. It was as if he had truly turned into a wick, and his soul was the oil on it. Once the flames were lit, it didn't seem possible to extinguish the flames. Only when the soul burned up would the oil run out and the flames be extinguished!

At the instant the flames appeared, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph.

"Dragon of Destruction!"

Chapter 1224: Possessing True Morning Dao World (5)

Once Su Ming mentioned the Dragon of Destruction, endless cold seeped out from within his soul, which was now a wick. That cold erupted and reached its coldest straight away. It filled Su Ming's soul, making it feel like someone was howling within his soul.

When the roars began, a black Dragon of Destruction replaced Su Ming's soul. At the instant it happened, a heinous, chilling aura spread out in every direction. It was extremely thick since it contained Su Ming's will of an Antecedental Spirit and the one which had occupied about six-tenths of True Morning Dao World. Due to this, the cold was so great that it almost instantly froze the wick within it.

This could be said to be the cold of Su Ming's life. It gave off a feeling as if it could not live under the same sun as the sea of fire, as if there could not be two suns under the same sky. When it spread out, cracking sounds could be heard. Not only was the wick frozen, even all the flames in the area, including the fire hands forming seals were completely frozen.

At that moment, Su Ming's aloof voice traveled out flatly from the Dragon of Destruction's mouth.

"Shatter!"

Once the word resounded in space, the ice on the wick shattered. The fire in the area and the two hands broke down as well.

At the same time, Su Xuan Yi's body shuddered in the palace within the Emperor of Abyss' True World. A layer of frost had covered his hands that had been forming seals, and the oil lamp before him was now a block of ice. When cracking sounds rose into the air, the ice shattered, and the oil lamp was immediately reduced to pieces.

Su Xuan Yi's face was incredibly sullen. He looked as if he was completely unbothered by the frost on his hands. Instead, he stared at the shattered oil lamp. As his expression changed a few times, his face grew even more sullen.

In True Morning Dao World, when the ice around Su Ming shattered and the sea of fire and the wick were crushed, his soul rushed out as if it had been freed from a cage.

Like a bolt of lightning, Su Ming merged the region Su Xuan Yi had occupied earlier—one-tenth of True Morning Dao World—with his soul, which meant that he had nearly seven-tenths of True Morning Dao World at that moment. It could be said that he had complete advantage in his hands.

"Thank you, senior," Su Ming said in a divine thought. This thought reverberated through True Morning Dao World and stirred up booming sounds that shook the hearts of all the cultivators. It was like the might of heaven.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe did not speak. He retrieved his power and no longer held back True Morning Dao World's will. The instant he released it, the will of True Morning Dao World let out enraged roars.

Instead of saying that this rage was a form of emotion, it would be more apt to say that it was a type of instinctual fear. As True Morning Dao World's will, it did not have any sort of emotions, but as a life form surpassing cultivators, it still had a natural instinct to desire to live.

It instinctively sensed a great threat from Su Ming. This threat was so strong that it could make it disappear, causing it to lose its meaning to exist from then on, which was why True Morning Dao World's will immediately went into a state akin to madness and gathered up a large amount of its origin blood.

"It's useless..." Su Ming whispered softly. "Morning Dao World has ended..."

Su Ming's soul swiftly moved. When it tumbled in all directions, he charged at the remaining three-tenths of the galaxies occupied by True Morning Dao World's will.

"A new era is about to arrive..."

"It is an era that no longer belongs to you and the past. It is an era that belongs to me, Su Ming..."

“From now on, I will replace you and become the greatest will in this World. It will still be named Morning Dao, and this World... will be my True Morning Dao World!”

Su Ming’s divine thought echoed in space as booming sounds tumbled in the area. The galaxies he occupied—a seven-tenth in total— went crashing down fiercely against the spot where True Morning Dao World’s will was.

A loud bang shot up. Su Ming’s will and True Morning Dao World’s will crashed against each other fiercely. This was a deathmatch. It was True Morning Dao World’s instinctual and crazed resistance and struggle. It did not want to disappear. It did not want to cease to exist.

But Su Ming had to Possess True Morning Dao World. His state of being had to go through a metamorphosis after he became True Morning Dao World so that he would have the right to survive through the upcoming disaster.

He also did not want the secret of the universe he saw in Heavenly Incense Rune... to come true one day. For that... he could give his all. No matter who blocked his path, Su Ming would crush them with the momentum he brought forth as he tread down his path. From the moment he decided to Possess True Morning Dao World...

No one could stop him from becoming a powerful warrior!

“My... True Morning Dao World!” Su Ming’s soul roared.

When he crashed against True Morning Dao World’s will, he brought forth a cruel Possession. He invaded the galaxies where True Morning Dao World’s will was, and once he turned them into his galaxies, he turned them into the will of heaven to nourish his soul.

A bizarre event none of the cultivators could see was happening in True Morning Dao World. There were two great wills battlign in space. One was rapidly weakening and being replaced but was still unresigned to its fate, and the other was constantly devouring and Possessing the former with a domineering air, an unswerving determination, and firm persistence.

The clash between the two wills stirred up loud bangs in True Morning Dao World and made it shatter. Cracks continuously appeared in the galaxies, and space tumbled about as if it had become an illusory ocean. Planets crumbled, then showed signs of gathering together again.

The hearts of millions of cultivators trembled together. Their cultivation bases, their flesh and blood, their souls, and their everything seemed to have been thrown into chaos due to the two wills fighting against each other in the galaxy at that moment.

The Possession was cruel. It was one life rising to power in exchange of another life dying. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at space. He watched Su Ming rising to power step by step and True Morning Dao World's will gradually weaken. He was waiting... for the moment Su Ming would succeed.

The stronger Su Ming became, the quicker the Arid Disaster would descend, and it meant that the time he needed to spend suffering while waiting would be shortened. Soon, he could fight against the Arid Disaster!

Su Ming's aunt, the beautiful woman in blue was also in True Morning Dao World at that moment. She sensed the battle between the two wills in the galaxy, and her face was pale. There was bewilderment in her eyes. In her mind, True Worlds could not be Possessed. They were a life form that had existed since ancient times, which was not something a cultivator's will could replace.

Because of it, the event seemed like madness to her. Yet it also filled her with a reverence that made her heart shudder. It stemmed from Su Ming's will, a respect she had for him because she was not someone from the four Great True Worlds.

Su Ming's senior brothers sensed the event as well, and it was especially so for Hu Zi. He was the manifestation of a Rune Spirit, which was why he could sense the changes in the universe especially strongly. He was much more attuned to it than other cultivators. Even those who had a higher level of cultivation than him would not be as sensitive to the universe as Hu Zi.

At the instant he sensed that his youngest junior brother was one of the two wills, he also sensed that he was the will that was replacing True Morning Dao World, and he had already moved to the final stage of his Possession...

Second senior brother might not be as good as Hu Zi when it came to perception of the universe, but he was a Heavenly Phantom. He was not a cultivator, but another form of life born in the universe, which was his understanding towards the forms of life surpassed Hu Zi's.

He could sense a powerful life becoming stronger in the galaxy, as if he was going through a metamorphosis. When his strength reached a boundless state, he would turn into a True World.

And the familiarity coming from this life allowed second senior brother to not even need to think about who it was. He could find the source of that familiarity straight away... It was his youngest junior brother, Su Ming!

Due to him not possessing a head, Su Ming's eldest senior brother had to rely more on his other senses. He might not be as perceptive as his two junior brothers, but his instincts told him that the drastic change in the galaxy right then was largely related to Su Ming.

The Predecessor of Dao Ocean in Morning Dao Ocean was also paying attention to the event. It stared at the galaxy and at Su Ming while waiting quietly for the moment he succeeded.

The slumbering Rune Spirit in Heavenly Spirit Rune even showed a sign of waking up at that instant, but it quickly disappeared. Only a single sigh came from within.

“He still... moved down the path laid out for him by the secret of the universe...”

Once the sigh scattered, the Rune Spirit of Heavenly Spirit Rune did not wake up but continued sleeping.

As the change in True Morning Dao World occurred, the eternally spinning Yin Death Vortex started showing signs of stopping.

They grew more prominent with time. Judging by the looks of it, before long, the vortex would completely stop moving. When seven days passed and the eighth day arrived, Yin Death Vortex stopped, but it only lasted for a few breaths before it started spinning again. However, when the vortex resumed spinning, it spun in the opposite direction than before.

At that moment, Morning Dao Sect's Dao Ocean started raging furiously, and the hearts of countless cultivators in True Morning Dao World roared as if there was a voice echoing in them with an awe-inspiring might.

Su Ming's senior brothers also noticed that... there seemed to be only one of the two wills left in the galaxy!!

“He... succeeded...” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said languidly while smiling faintly.

“He actually succeeded!” The breathing of the woman in blue quickened. There was still disbelief on her face.

True Morning Dao World rumbled, and those sounds were no longer muted. Instead, they could be heard by all the living. Those rumbles seemed to be everywhere. They echoed continuously in all of True Morning Dao World.

The galaxy no longer distorted, the space no longer cracked, yet everything in True Morning Dao World moved in reverse at that moment. A feeling of a newborn instantly filled the entire True World.

Su Ming Possessed True Morning Dao World's will and wiped off its existence. He occupied True Morning Dao World and spread his will of an Antecedental Spirit outwards to cover the entire galaxy before he turned it into the will of heaven.

His state of being was continuously rising, and his will could descend in every corner of True Morning Dao World. With a single thought, he could destroy True Morning Dao World; and with another thought, he could make True Morning Dao World live!

He opened his eyes, and the corners of his lips curled up in a smile. When he lifted his right hand, a vortex of a galaxy appeared on his palm. He lowered his head and stared at it as if he could see himself there.

“My... True Morning Dao World.”

End of Arc 5.

Chapter 1225: True World Clone

Arc 6: Arid Triad Disaster

Su Ming stared at the galactical vortex in his hand. After a long while, he closed his eyes. He then sent his thoughts into the vortex. It felt as if he had just sent his thought moving past True Morning Dao World, causing it to have his thought contained in it.

This was an incredibly bizarre feeling. True Morning Dao World was him, and he was True Morning Dao World. Perhaps more accurately speaking, Su Ming had turned True Morning Dao World... into one of his clones!

A True World clone!

This clone could not move and did not possess any astonishing divine abilities... but Su Ming was in control of all those in this World. All those from beyond would also have their movements limited by Su Ming when they were in True Morning Dao World.

Because it was his World!

With his eyes closed, Su Ming sensed his senior brothers, the Flame Fiends' Progenitor and Chang He, who were on a remote planet in True Morning Dao World, and even the woman in blue. In fact, he felt as if he was standing right in front of her. He could see her clearly.

Then, Su Ming saw a figure in a galaxy within his True Morning Dao World. It seemed to be hesitating as if not knowing whether to move forward or retreat. The man was looking around nervously.

That figure was filled with the presence of Abyss and was not a life born in True Morning Dao World. He was someone from the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Su Ming also sensed Su Xuan Yi's presence on him. The person was swiftly withdrawing his killing intent back into his heart when the owner of True Morning Dao World changed.

Su Ming only swept his will across that figure once before completely ignoring it. Instead, he went back to observe his True Morning Dao World.

"True World clone..." Su Ming mumbled after a long time. While he sensed his state of being after he had Possessed True Morning Dao World, he noticed that some strange changes had occurred in him. Those changes had promoted his state of being and made him surpass himself. He continued to transform to ascend to a higher state of being.

Su Ming quietly sensed everything as he was immersed in his epiphany. When his thoughts gradually slowed down, he opened his eyes.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe looked at him while sitting by his side. At the instant they met each other's gazes, the galactical vortex in Su Ming's right hand disappeared to fuse into his palm and become a part of his soul.

"How does it feel to Possess a True World and turn it into your clone?" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe asked faintly.

"It's a pity that besides the mighty pressure brought by the will of heaven, this True World clone doesn't have any other divine abilities or attacks," Su Ming answered calmly after staying silent for a moment.

"As long as this World does not perish, your soul will not perish, and your will will remain an eternal presence. This is your greatest serendipity. As for divine abilities and attacks... It's not that they don't exist, but that is not what a cultivator's mind can understand. Perhaps you will naturally come to gain an epiphany of it when you have been True Morning Dao World for a long period of time."

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at Su Ming. He might look as calm as usual, but Su Ming could still sense a hint of harmless envy from the old man's heart.

"It cannot be understood by a cultivator's minds..."

Su Ming fell silent. He mulled over those words carefully. It was not to say that the old man had more understanding towards what would happen after Possessing a True World, but he had been living for many years, and he was just a step shy from becoming an Ancestral Spirit, which was why he had much more experience than Su Ming. However, this was something that had never happened before, so even the old man did not know any details about it.

“I think I should understand it now...”

Su Ming’s eyes brightened up when he spoke. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the galaxy before him. With it, an unseen force immediately gathered up from all directions without a single sound. In an instant, it turned into huge meteors.

They charged into the distance. In the blink of an eye, more than millions of meteors filled the galaxy. When they left, they turned into long arcs, presenting a breathtaking brilliance.

“I cannot use a cultivator’s mindset to try and understand my True World clone. I have to treat myself as the greatest will in this World. Creating something out of nothing is just within a single thought,” Su Ming murmured.

He pointed in another direction with his right hand. The galaxy immediately distorted, and a planet appeared. It swelled up swiftly, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into a complete cultivation planet.

The light in Su Ming’s eyes became brighter. When he swung his hands, the galaxy rumbled. A huge crack appeared with a loud rip. It was one hundred thousand feet long, and it was a terrifying sight to behold.

“The power of the True World clone is its will and beliefs. With its will, it can form the universe, and its beliefs are endless.”

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, red light suddenly shone in his eyes. A red bolt of lightning immediately roared and descended from space to charge towards the planet. It struck it, and the planet shuddered before it was reduced to nothingness.

“This is... disaster.”

While Su Ming was mumbling, the pupils of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe shrank.

“All changes can be brought forth with a single thought... This is one of the divine abilities of my True World clone. Then when it fuses with my real body, new changes...”

A faint smile gradually appeared on Su Ming’s face, and he fell into a contemplative silence. He then brought his right hand up and swung it at the distance. Immediately, ripples appeared in a galaxy located incredibly far away from Su Ming but still located in True Morning Dao World. Those ripples showed up around the swiftly retreating figure who came from the Emperor of Abyss’ True World and looked like it wanted to leave True Morning Dao World.

The figure was a middle-aged man, and he was dressed in a gray robe. Naturally, he was the cultivator from the Emperor of Abyss’ True World who had been sent by Su

Xuan Yi to investigate the will to make the Abyss grow. However, before he could gain any results, Su Ming had already begun Possessing True Morning Dao World, forcing Su Xuan Yi to appear and fight for the World.

The middle-aged man did not have enough time to flee. At that moment, his face was pale. He turned into a long arc, and the only thought in his mind at that moment was to use the shortest time possible to leave True Morning Dao World and return to the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

As ripples appeared in the space around him without a sound, the man's face changed. The next moment, countless ripples suddenly gathered together in the galaxy before him, and a huge Abyss Gate appeared with a bang.

The gate was so big that it looked like it was lifting up the heavens. At the instant it appeared, the man's pupils shrank, and his heart filled with shock.

'Once the clone fuses with me, my Abyss Gate... will be True Morning Dao World's Abyss Gate. When this gate appears... there will only be deaths. There will be none who live.'

At the instant a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips, the huge Abyss Gate in front of the middle-aged man opened with a bang. Once the Abyss Gate was activated, the middle-aged man let out a shrill scream of pain. His body withered swiftly, and his soul, life force, flesh and blood, and everything else disintegrated.

When the Abyss Gate was open to the breadth of three fingers, the gray-robed middle-aged man vanished without a trace while screaming in pain. All traces of his existence were absorbed by the Abyss Gate.

'Disaster brought forth by my own will, Abyss Gate, and...'

A contemplative look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Then, a memory surfaced in his mind. It was of a pair of hands weaving a doll with blades of grass. As they continued weaving, the blades of grass gradually gained the shape of a doll. The owner of those hands lifted his head, and a kind smile showed up on his face.

It was Ugly Little Thing's father, a member of the family Su Ming could not forget.

It was this method of weaving blades of grass that had allowed Su Ming to understand the power of Curses. With the blades of grass forming Curses, he could gather the power of the world and have it descend on the doll. This Art had provided him with great help before. Right then, after he Possessed True Morning Dao World and obtained his True World clone, he remembered this Curse, and a thought gradually formed in his mind.

'How powerful... would the Curse be if I formed it using grass knots filled with the power of a True World?'

Once that thought appeared in Su Ming's mind, he closed his eyes. When he spread his divine sense outwards, True Morning Dao World's galaxies suddenly shuddered. It was as if they had turned into a huge blade of grass, and knots were slowly formed on it. They were weaved together in an unseen manner based on Su Ming's will until they turned into a doll of True Morning Dao World.

No one could see this doll. It existed only in Su Ming's mind, and it had his thoughts gathered on it as well as his understanding of the Curse. True Morning Dao World was the foundation, his will and beliefs were the ropes, and his Curse were knots. They appeared one by one, and when they were completely formed, Su Ming's eyes flew open.

The next instant, all of True Morning Dao World suddenly shuddered as if it had completely turned into the power of the Curse. When Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed in the direction of the Emperor of Abyss' True World in the distance, he immediately sensed all the wills in his True World clone, including his will of an Antecedental Spirit, turn crimson. With a great corrosive power and Curse, it turned into a red thread that charged into the distance at an indescribable speed.

Contained within it was Su Ming's will and everything about True Morning Dao World. It also exuded... a presence that made Su Ming's heart tremble as well as made the expression of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe change drastically.

"This is... Arid Triad's will!" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe cried out. However, he immediately noticed something different. The red thread formed by Su Ming's Curse was not Arid Triad's will, just incredibly similar to it!

"Su Ming, retrieve this Art! Hurry!" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said quickly. He also spread out his divine sense and turned it into the will of heaven to charge towards the red thread, intending to block it.

Su Ming was shocked, but at that moment, he also sensed something. There were three other great True Worlds' wills besides himself in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. Besides them, there was also another indescribable will that seemed as if it could seal him and the other three wills with just one thought. It was the highest form of will among them!

That will seemed to be asleep, but even so, Su Ming could sense clearly that this being... was the master of Arid Triad!

The moment Su Ming's Curse spread out, that will showed signs of waking up. This made Su Ming's heart tremble. He immediately retrieved his Curse and scattered it in space.

“Did you sense it?” The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe looked swiftly at Su Ming. His expression was complicated, since he was in disbelief towards Su Ming’s Art.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he asked slowly, “That is... Arid Triad’s will?”

“That’s right. That is the sleeping Arid Triad’s will. Do not ask anything about this will. When your Arid Disaster descends and I am certain of my assumption, I will tell you the answer, but before that... it absolutely must not wake up!

“Remember this. You have to remember this. Unless you absolutely have to... do not use the Art you cast just now. That Art... can affect those in Avacaniya Realm!”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe looked at Su Ming with a grave expression.

Chapter 1226: Hello

“It can affect those in Avacaniya Realm?” Su Ming looked at the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

“Since this Art can make Arid Triad’s will show signs of waking up due to sensing danger, it can naturally affect the powerful warriors in Avacaniya Realm. However, if you leave this True World, the might of the Art will become much weaker.”

The old man slowly nodded. The storm raging his heart due to the astonishing sight brought forth by Su Ming’s Art had yet to calm down, but he looked calm.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly asked, “Does this divine ability that has the power of the Curse as its main force have a name?”

Su Ming thought back on the process of him casting the Art in detail before he remembered Arid Triad’s will, who had been a supreme presence which stood above all else. Then, he slowly said, “Arid Curse.”

“Arid Curse... What a skill it is, Arid Curse!”

The eyes of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe sparkled, and his figure gradually disappeared. When he fused into space, it looked like Su Ming was alone in the galaxy.

Su Ming swung his arm. The third eye at the center of his brow opened to reveal a slit. It no longer showed a pupil at that moment, but a galactical vortex which was True Morning Dao World. It was one of Su Ming’s clones that was spread out around him at that moment, but the core had fused into his third eye.

As a cultivator who was a True World, with just one thought, he could descend in any region he wanted in True Morning Dao World. At that moment, he took a step forward and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was past the sealed Relocation Rune and in... Morning Dao Sect.

After Su Xuan Yi had left, the mountains and earth in Morning Dao Sect had shattered, the sky collapsed, and the ground crumbled. There was no life left, just wreckage.

Su Ming stared at the quiet Morning Dao Sect around him. He examined everything in this place and could not help but remember all the things that had happened when he had stepped into the sect. After a long while, Su Ming walked past the wreckage of the shattered world. He went past crumbled continents and saw countless corpses.

The people had passed away many years ago, so few of them retained complete bodies. Most of them were torn to pieces, but despair and an unwillingness to accept death could still be seen on each of their faces.

Su Ming had seen some of the people before in Morning Dao Sect, but most of the time, the faces were unfamiliar. A thick aura of death filled Morning Dao Sect. Even though Su Ming had already deduced that Morning Dao Sect would be destroyed and became certain of it when Xu Hui and De Shun appeared, but when he saw it with his own eyes, Su Ming could not help but sigh.

The sect's past glory had all been reduced to ruins. The great sect of the past, the greatest sect in Morning Dao World... had now become dust.

As he walked, Su Ming saw the carcasses of the four holy beasts. He then remembered their grand stature when holding up the continents during the Anointment Ceremony, but now... they had disappeared into the passage of time.

Su Ming could not help the complicated feelings that arose within him. When he turned his head back and looked at everything that had happened after he returned from Divine Essence Star Ocean, it was all like a dream. At that moment, he was forced to return as Dao Kong, but now... he was the master of True Morning Dao World. All of True Morning Dao World was just his clone.

Through his journey, everything that he experienced caused Su Ming to sigh and lift his right hand. With a swing, the collapsed sky distorted slowly. As if time was flowing in reverse, the world began repairing itself, then rising upwards rapidly. Countless fragments gathered together. Even if there were some parts that had been reduced to dust due to the collapse, they appeared out of nowhere and gathered together until a blue sky rose up again in the heavens.

Su Ming placed his right foot lightly on a piece of shattered rock. A layer of ripples immediately spread out from beneath his feet. In the blink of an eye, it covered all of Morning Dao Sect.

Countless shattered rocks rose swiftly to gather together. Gradually, a continent appeared under Su Ming's feet and spread out before it turned into the continent in the first layer of Morning Dao Sect.

Three more continents were formed in succession in the distance. As if time was moving in reverse, the wreck was restored to its former glory. Countless shards appeared on the four continents to swiftly gather together to form a tower that shot up into the skies.

While booming sounds rang around Su Ming, continents appeared below. Some of them were formed out of thin air; some of them were formed by shattered rocks gathering together; and some of them rose from the fog in Dao Ocean, located at the bottommost part. After a moment, continents covered the entire sky, and when Su Ming cast his gaze over them, it looked as if Morning Dao Sect's former glory had been restored.

All the corpses disappeared without a trace at that instant. Even the thick aura of death scattered and disappeared...

When Su Ming walked through the area, the world behind him continuously changed as it moved in reverse. He continued walking until he stood beyond the endless Dao Ocean beneath Morning Dao Sect.

Su Ming looked at the tumbling fog tumbling, but he did not step in. Instead, he watched it quietly as if he was waiting for something.

After a long while, Dao Ocean tumbled swiftly. As booming sounds reverberated through the air, the fog before Su Ming spread out to reveal a path leading into the depths. Su Ming still did not move. He still continued waiting with a calm expression.

Soon, as the fog continued tumbling and the path leading to the depths was submerged, a huge face was gradually formed by the fog. It belonged to an old man, and it was incredibly huge, seemingly occupying all of Dao Ocean.

Once that face appeared, Dao Ocean let out a shocking roar. The face moved to stand vertically from its horizontal position.

In a moment, Dao Ocean disappeared. The fog now formed the floating face. From the distance, it looked like a huge, floating head with its eyes shut.

Su Ming stared at the face. His body was like an ant compared to the face. However, a natural presence surrounded his body in an unseen manner.

After a long while, the eyes on the huge face slowly opened. There was an ancient and wise presence in them. At the instant their gazes met, the huge face lowered itself slightly.

"I am the Predecessor of Dao Ocean, the servant of the True World. Greetings, sir. You Possessed the True World and turned it into your clone, so from now on, you are my owner."

When the face lowered itself, an ancient voice rang out. It echoed through all of Morning Dao Sect and lingered around it for a long time without disappearing.

"I do not have too many memories. They should have been sealed or wiped off. Based on the few memories I have, I know that I am one of the Antecedental Spirits tasked to protect the Worlds under the will of the four Great True Worlds.

"From the moment I can remember, I have existed in this land and was Dao Ocean. I am the servant of the True World's will and will listen to all its commands...

"After the True World's will became weaker, I helped maintain the balance of the True World when it fell asleep..."

Su Ming did not speak. He only stared at the face calmly and listened to its voice.

Once the old face finished, he fell silent, allowing the area to regain its peace once the echoes faded away.

"When Morning Dao Sect was destroyed, did you attack?" When the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn went past, Su Ming's voice echoed before the face for the first time.

"My mission is to maintain the balance of the True World. All matters regarding Morning Dao Sect are not part of my mission. As for Su Xuan Yi... that person possesses a True World's will, I cannot interfere with his actions."

"Your mission from now on is to protect the Ninth Summit," Su Ming stated slowly while looking at the face.

Su Ming could tell that the Predecessor of Dao Ocean was probably telling the truth. Its memories were sealed... but there were definitely some secrets to it. If it did not want to say it, then Su Ming would not ask.

In truth, the instant Su Ming Possessed the True World and formed his True World clone, he had sensed another will of an Antecedental Spirit attached to the True World. It was controlled by the True World, and this Antecedental Spirit was naturally the Predecessor of Dao Ocean before him.

Based on what Su Ming could sense, if Su Xuan Yi alone was involved in weakening True Morning Dao World's will to the point it could be Possessed, his plan might not have been able to succeed even with tens of thousands of years of preparation.

Someone had to have been helping him in secret... and besides Predecessor of Dao Ocean before him, Su Ming could not think of anyone else.

He cast a profound glance at the face, then turned around. Su Ming no longer paid any attention to him.

The face calmly closed his eyes. When he slowly descended to resume being Dao Ocean, a sigh came from beside Su Ming.

It sounded ancient, but there were also some mixed feelings and sorrow within it.

The figure of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe appeared beside Su Ming. He stared at the huge face, and there was nostalgia as well as an ancient look on his face.

"Yun Hua... the Elder of Cold Water Tribe. You, who were one of the ten powerful warriors among the prodigies of the tribes of Wei... Is it you?" he asked softly.

The face that was about to turn into Dao Ocean jolted at that moment, but it still turned back into Dao Ocean and became the boundless fog in the area.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at the fog in a daze. After a long while, he turned around in anguish, and with a hint of disappointment, he disappeared from Su Ming's side.

Su Ming left. When he headed to the top layer of the tower in the sky, the one hundred something Relocation Runes outside Morning Dao Sect shone with a dazzling light. They were all activated at that instant.

At the same time, Su Ming's voice echoed in his senior brothers' minds. He told them to bring all the cultivators into Morning Dao Sect so that they could turn it into the Ninth Summit's base.

Su Ming appeared at the top layer of the tower, which stood tall in the clouds. When he sat down, he raised his head and stared into the distance. His gaze pierced through everything and landed on a pale-faced blue-robed woman in a corner of True Morning Dao World.

"Madam, you left without a single word earlier. That is not how I treat my guests."

When Su Ming spoke slowly, the air before him swiftly distorted, as if the place where he was had overlapped with the blue-robed woman's during that instant. Her face changed, but before she could react, she was forcefully shifted to the area in front of Su Ming.

He lifted his head and looked at the beautiful woman.

"Hello," he said softly.

Chapter 1227: End of Wills Sword!

The blue-robed woman's pupils shrank in a barely noticeable fashion before they swiftly returned to normal. She swept her gaze around the area before finally fixing her eyes on Su Ming.

"Sit."

When Su Ming said that faintly, a thin cushion appeared before the woman out of thin air. A table manifested in front of it with fresh fruits and wine. But that was not all. Almost at the same time, a person's figure appeared as well.

It was a boy who lifted the pot of wine with an expressionless face. Once he filled Su Ming and the woman's cups, he took a step back and stood there, still as a statue.

The boy had appeared due to Su Ming's thought, just like how the table. It could be said that Su Ming's thoughts were the origin of all matter in this True World of his.

The blue-robed woman might have seemed as composed as ever, but when she saw what he did, her heart trembled. She understood this sort of divine ability very well, and based on the execution, she could immediately deduce that Su Ming had been successful in his Possession of the True World.

After all, this sort of divine ability surpassed the limits of what a cultivator could control. This was an Art only possible for a True World, and it would be known as a true divine ability in her homeland.

Su Ming was calm and his words were slow. Catching the woman through space, shifting her over to his side, then revealing the Manifestation Art that allowed him to create things out of nothing were all part of his plan. His goal was to form a mighty pressure that would envelop her heart.

It would be so strong that it could force another to submit without fighting. Su Ming had gone through many hardships for many years, and such a tactic came naturally to him. He did not intentionally put on any sort of airs, but his casual actions brought a hint of nervousness to his aunt.

There was only a speck of this feeling at the start, but it gradually spread out, and the woman instinctively chose to obey. She sat down cross-legged on the thin cushion, and the instant she did so, she came to a swift understanding. From the moment she

entered, everything about her seemed to have been affected by Su Ming's presence. When she was completely enveloped in it, she began doing things based on his requests.

Even if the act of sitting down might seem minor, in truth, it was also a form of obedience.

When the woman sat down, a faint smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. He picked up his wine cup. Once he took a sip out of it, he put the cup down and shut his eyes. He no longer spoke, and the place sank into silence.

The longer Su Ming remained silent, the greater the mighty pressure on the woman became. The feeling soon became oppressive, pressing down on her heart. It caused a crease to slowly appear between her eyebrows.

Su Ming's growth was so quick that it caused her to be apprehensive. Before he Possessed the True World, she was confident that she could keep him in check, but now... as she sat before Su Ming, she no longer had that confidence, because the entire True World was his clone.

The mysterious person who had injured her gravely with one growl in the beginning was another one of the sources which caused her to be nervous.

That was why when the time it takes an incense stick to burn passed calmly, the blue-robed woman broke the silence by taking the initiative to speak.

"Are your principles of treating guests are to give them the silent treatment?"

The woman's voice was icy. When she spoke, her entire face grew cold, and her nervousness could no longer be seen. It was as if she had turned into an ice mountain.

"I am wondering how I should address you. Who is my mother to you?" Su Ming opened his eyes and calmly stared at the beautiful woman before him.

Once he Possessed True Morning Dao World, he could tell with just one glance based on the woman's presence that she did not belong to the current Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. She came from the universe beyond, and Su Ming did not sense a presence alike those of the Eight Paramount Daos from her.

Instead, she gave off a feeling like the Seed of Life Extermination. This feeling was also similar to that of the locust. That was why Su Ming could immediately tell that she came from Dark Dawn.

She also harbored killing intent towards him. But more importantly, Su Ming sensed a hint of familiarity from her. It came from his soul and the Dragon of Destruction.

If he connected all of this together and was still unable to deduce where the woman came from, then Su Ming was not worthy of surviving through all the schemes and dangers he experienced in his life.

The woman was clearly from his mother's race, the Spiritlings from Dark Dawn's camp!

The blue-robed woman's face was aloof, but her heart sank. Su Ming had exposed her origins with just one sentence, causing her to remain quiet for a while before she decided to speak.

"Your mother is my older sister," she said coldly.

Su Ming's eyes focused. He stared at the woman before him with a faint, aggressive glint in his gaze. His eyes were like two sharp arrows piercing through her to look into the depths of her heart.

To the blue-robed woman, Su Ming's gaze seemed to have gathered the light from the entire True World. It turned into a mighty pressure she could not resist. It was so strong that it caused her to suck in a sharp breath while disbelief filled her eyes. Su Ming's strength made her feel that if he wanted her dead, he could do so with just one thought.

'He has just finished his Possession and has not stabilized his new clone yet, so how could he have completely mastered the presence of the True World!'

The blue-robed woman's expression changed. As if there was blood in her throat, it trickled down the corners of her lips.

"You are not," Su Ming said faintly.

After saying that, he averted his gaze. The mighty pressure on the woman's body instantly disappeared, but the coming and going of it made her relax after the initial nervousness, and it had indirectly caused her to use up a small portion of her cultivation base. This immediately shocked her.

After a period of silence, she said with complicated feelings, "I am not related by blood to the previous Sacred Lady, but all the Sacred Ladies of the Spiritlings are related to each other as Master and disciple, and we all refer to each other as sisters. I stayed by your mother's side until she passed away."

"Passed away..."

Su Ming fell silent. He might have already thought of this a long time ago, but when he heard it with his own ears, a melancholic feeling still filled him due to being unable to find her. She was the mother he had never met before, a mother who belonged to the distant Dark Dawn's camp and was completely different from the woman in the fifth kiln, Su Xuan Yi's wife.

Perhaps he had seen her the moment he was born, or even for a few years after that, but it had simply happened too long ago. It was so long ago that Su Ming no longer had the memory of that time... but the grief still arose within him. With mixed feelings and a soft sigh, it spread to an unknown spot at the bottom of his heart.

“That is why your mother is my Master and also my older sister.” The blue-robed woman enunciated each of her words clearly while looking at Su Ming.

“I descended to this True World to bring you back to the Spiritlings. You have already awakened to the soul of the Dragon of Destruction. You cannot stay in the world outside. The Spiritlings are also your people.

“But... you Possessed True Morning Dao World and formed a True World clone. I know that it's impossible for you to leave this place and come back with me to the Spiritlings...

“Since that is the case, then I can only give this to you. Before she passed away, your mother asked me to give it to you should I locate you one day.”

When the blue-robed woman said those words slowly, she lifted her right hand, and a wooden sword the size of a palm appeared on her hand.

The wooden sword was completely black, but if anyone stared at it for a prolonged period of time, they would find their vision becoming muddled. It was as if the color of the sword was continuously changing.

At the instant Su Ming saw the sword, a thought suddenly formed in his mind. He could sense a thick presence belonging to Abyss Builders on the sword. It was incredibly old, and it surrounded the sword. It formed a great murderous aura which was so thick that it seemed to affect the space around. It caused the world of Morning Dao Sect created by Su Ming's will to show signs of cracking.

And all of this was merely due to the presence of the sword. If Su Ming could brandish it and utilize its presence, its might would definitely increase exponentially.

But that was not all. The moment Su Ming focused his gaze on the sword, it swiftly began buzzing and shuddered rapidly on the blue-robed woman's palm. It was as if the sword had a spirit, and once it sensed an Abyss Builder's presence, a drastic change immediately occurred.

The buzzing sounds became stronger, and the murderous aura instantly surged into the sky. It had appeared out of nowhere, stunning the blue-robed woman. After all, the sword had been in her possession for many years. There was no way that she had not investigated it, but no matter how she had tried to Brand it, she could not control it in the slightest bit. It was like a dead object.

Yet the shivers from the wooden sword and the tumbling murderous aura at that moment made it seem as if the sword had met its destined owner. The change in the situation caused the woman to instinctively want to curl her fist and hold onto the sword, but the moment she wanted to do so, the wooden sword let out a buzz and disappeared from her hand.

When it reappeared, it was right before the center of Su Ming's brow. Without stopping for even a single moment, it charged into it.

Su Ming did not dodge. Once he saw the sword, a connection to it had instantly arisen in his heart that spoke of familiarity to it. He simply allowed the sword to touch the spot between his eyebrows and break his skin. A drop of blood fell off and landed on the sword.

Purple light instantly shone from the wooden sword. It was a light formed after the red of his blood fused with the black on the wood. When it shone, the blood on the sword was absorbed. It fused into the lines on the wood, and the sword immediately grew.

In an instant, it grew to be seven feet tall. The whistles of the sword sounded like cheers that had been suppressed for tens of thousands of years. When they echoed in the air, the sword rapidly spun around Su Ming.

The air around Su Ming distorted from it. The part of the world he had created around himself distorted as well, and a vortex resembling a black hole appeared. It was as if the sword could break all forms of will.

"This is Great Abyss Tribe's racial vessel. It is... Seven Swords, a vessel on par with Great Berserker Tribe's Barren Cauldron! This is the End of Wills Sword of the Seven Swords!"

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe appeared beside Su Ming. He stared at the spinning wooden sword around Su Ming with disbelief on his face.

"It... has been preserved so well?!"

Chapter 1228: The Successful One Returns Home

"End of Wills Sword..." Su Ming's eyes sparkled.

When he lifted his right hand, the purple wooden sword moved in a flash and landed in his hand. At the instant Su Ming held it, his body jolted. The murderous aura of the sword surged into his body through the palm.

The murderous aura was incredibly strong, and there was a killing intent in it that was as cold as ice. It swam in Su Ming's body like it wanted to destroy it.

Su Ming frowned, but did not stop it. He simply allowed the murderous aura to enter his soul. At the moment it touched it, the murderous aura instantly transformed and turned into a gentle aura that swam through his body.

At the same time, the purple sword in Su Ming's hand lost all of its killing intent and let out a clear sword whistle, making Su Ming feel as if he had become one with the sword.

"The End of Wills Sword is the third of the Seven Swords. It can put an end to all wills and destroy illusions as well as reality. When it cuts into bodies, no blood will spill. It will simply destroy the soul directly! This is the Sacred Vessel of Great Abyss Tribe. I didn't expect that it would have been preserved in such a good condition over so many times. After all, the Sacred Vessels from the other tribes have all been crushed during the disaster...

"Su Ming, this sword... is more powerful than your ring. It had the entire universe at its beck and call in the past, and right now... it is peerless in Arid Triad."

The old man from Arid Triad stared at the purple sword in Su Ming's hand. The light in his eyes was incredibly bright, which hadn't happened when he'd seen Su Ming's ring in the past, and it was a telling sign of the origins of the End of Wills Sword as well as its strength.

Su Ming lowered his head to cast a glance at the purple sword. He naturally understood that if he was not an Abyss Builder, then when the murderous aura entered his body earlier, the sword would have had its killing intent erupt in his body so that it would kill him.

Even though the sword could not kill Su Ming, its ability to wear away at his soul still made him apprehensive. The purple sword he held in his hand could make his power increase by three-tenths of what he previously possessed by itself!

The blue-robed woman sucked in a deep breath. This sword had been in her hands for many years, but she had never seen anything like that before. When she saw the purple sword acknowledge Su Ming as its owner and heard the clear sword whistles as if it was cheering, she could not help but feel a little envious in her heart.

But that envy swiftly disappeared. The sword did not belong to her, so it was only natural for it to not acknowledge her as its master.

The blue-robed woman's face regained her aloof look. She stood up and said, "I've delivered the sword. There is no need to stay here any longer."

Su Ming lifted his gaze from the purple sword. He cast a glance at the blue-robed woman before saying languidly, "I won't be sending you off."

"You seem to want me to leave as soon as possible," the blue-robed woman suddenly stated.

"You are the one who wants to leave. I will naturally not force someone to do something against their will." Su Ming's face was calm as he stared at the woman.

"I descended from Dark Dawn and delivered this sword to you across two Expanse Cosmoses. I am even your elder, and you are not offering me a word of thanks?" the blue-robed woman asked coldly.

Su Ming raised his eyebrows.

"If the Dragon of Destruction did not appear and I had not received any help, would this sword still be in my hands?" Su Ming asked faintly. His voice was not loud, but his tone was sharp, causing the mighty pressure in the area to instantly become much stronger.

"You..."

The blue-robed woman was rendered speechless for some time. Then, she let out a cold harrumph, turned around, and took a step into the air. In an instant, cold air spread out from her. It immediately turned into the image of an ice phoenix. At the moment the cold air filled the area, the ice phoenix turned into an ice mirror.

It contorted as overlapping shadows manifested within it. This was the same method Su Ming had used to shift her into the place, but in reverse. She was using the same method to disappear.

This was the blue-robed woman's counterattack. With the divine ability she used to leave, she launched a counterattack against Su Ming for suppressing her in every way ever since she had come to his place. She used the chance to leave to show what was outstanding about her.

Su Ming's expression remained the same. He watched the blue-robed woman leave. Regardless of whether she left or stayed, he did not care. With a calm gaze, he lowered his head and stared at the purple sword in his hand. After a long while, he murmured to himself,

"Seven swords... I wonder if the others are still around. Does Su Xuan Yi have them?"

While he was mulling over it, Su Ming swung his right hand. With one thought, the purple sword shrank and turned into a purple light that entered his mouth. When he swallowed it, it was placed in his body and nourished by his Nascent Divinity.

Once the one hundred something Relocation Runes in Morning Dao Sect were activated, the near ten million cultivators from New Dao Sect and South Union all joined the Ninth Summit under Su Ming's second senior brother's management. They disappeared into the Relocation Runes in batches and entered Morning Dao Sect's dimension.

Besides them, the bases of the three great forces of power in the world outside and some of the resources they could use were all sent into Morning Dao Sect.

Half a month later, when almost all the cultivators of the Ninth Summit entered Morning Dao Sect, the silent world became alive once more.

Since Morning Dao Sect was too big, a mere ten million something people entering did not occupy much space. Because of that, most of the continents were sealed off.

As the only and strongest force of power in the True Morning Dao World, the Ninth Summit, under the control of Su Ming's second senior brother, started a round of searches through all of True Morning Dao World with the one hundred something Relocation spots from Morning Dao Sect as a foundation.

They looked for the cultivators who had not been found by the three great forces of power. Once Su Ming delivered a jade slip to the search teams, they became even more thorough. The jade slip contained tens of thousands of cultivators Su Ming had seen scattered at the borders of True Morning Dao World. They were mostly cultivators with unfathomable levels of cultivation and lived on their own, with few of them gathering together in large numbers. The biggest group only numbered to hundreds of people.

As the search teams continued their rounds, more people continuously joined the Ninth Summit. With the one hundred something Relocation spots, the patrol team formed by second senior brother to oversee the True World was sent to various regions of True Morning Dao World once in a while. The regions close to the three Great True Worlds were their main focus.

There was another focus besides those places. Su Ming's second senior brother sent quite a number of powerful cultivators to Arid Triad's gap located within the whirlwind. They were to pay attention to all changes at all points of time. If there was even the slightest hint of change, they were to notify the sect straight away.

Once he discussed it with Su Ming, second senior brother sent some cultivators out. They were led by the old monster in Death Realm, who was the only person in Death Realm left from South Union and who had Su Ming's Brand in his heart.

They went to True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World to restore communications with these two Great Two Worlds and notify them that Morning Dao Sect had been destroyed while Ninth Summit had risen to power.

This was important because with the restoration of their lines of communication, they could tell the two Great True Worlds that Ninth Summit was currently the biggest sect in True Morning Dao World, and that they would shoulder the responsibility of constantly keeping watch over Arid Triad's gap. If there were any changes, they would immediately notify the other True Worlds about it, and they could also invite those from the other two Great True Worlds to enter True Morning Dao World to personally observe Arid Triad's gap.

During this moment of crisis, they had to form an alliance so that the cultivators from True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World could come over. When Dark Dawn and Saint Defier descended, they had to fight against them together. To get some upper hand, they should form a barrier earlier.

As for repairing the gap... this was impossible. If the cultivators from Arid Triad showed any signs of wanting to repair the gap, they would immediately come face to face with the disaster. It would be better if they did not repair it, not that they could do it.

Earlier, due to the whirlwind and chaos in True Morning Dao World, as well as interference from the Emperor of Abyss' True World, True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World could not step in, which made it difficult for them to make good preparations for the disaster. They could only give up on True Morning Dao World and prepare for war in their own True Worlds.

Right then, since True Morning Dao World had regained its order and found a way for large numbers of cultivators to move through the whirlwind, things were different. With Ninth Summit taking the initiative to invite them, they could come to True Morning Dao World and prepare for their battle against Dark Dawn and Saint Defier there.

The Emperor of Abyss' True World was not within Su Ming's considerations. To him, after Su Xuan Yi left True Morning Dao World, the place with the highest possibility where he would head off to was the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Since things had turned sour between them and they reached a state where they would not rest until one of them died, there was no need to form any sort of connection between them.

However, once second senior brother heard Su Ming's thoughts, he refused to follow his decision with a sinister smile. He sent a messenger to the Emperor of Abyss' True World, insisting on forming a connection with them and inviting them over.

When Su Ming saw his second senior brother's sinister smile, he did not further insist on not having anything to do with the Emperor of Abyss' True World, knowing full well that as a Heavenly Phantom, his second senior brother was highly skilled in the areas of scheming and plotting against others.

Once the envoys left for the three Great True Worlds, there was no longer anything left for Su Ming to attend in Ninth Summit. The Predecessor of Dao Ocean was in this

place. If anyone dared offend them, he would not just watch it like in the past, which meant that Su Ming did not need to stand as garrison around the place all the time.

Besides, the time limit of one year before the Arid Disaster arrived was not long. Once it was over, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would leave, regardless of whether he lived or died through the encounter. With such a matchless powerful warrior around him, it was only natural that Su Ming would use the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

His goal... was Yin Death Vortex!

Second senior brother had to stay and manage Ninth Summit while Hu Zi had to spend all of his time and attention on strengthening the Runes. This concerned Ninth Summit's safety when the disaster descended on them in the future, so it was difficult for Hu Zi to relax even for a moment.

Eldest senior brother would then have to lead ten million cultivators in the war during the disaster. This meant that he couldn't leave so readily either. That was why after a round of discussion among the brothers, it was decided that Su Ming would head off alone for his trip to Yin Death Vortex.

Su Ming's main goal was to release the seal on his senior brothers, and the method to do so... was to kill the ancient wills in Yin Death Region.

Su Ming did not have the confidence to do so in the past, but at that moment, it was not impossible for him.

On the day half a month later, near Yin Death Vortex, a Relocation Rune connected to Morning Dao Sect shone with a brilliant light. Once its light disappeared, Su Ming showed up.

By his side was the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe... and on Su Ming's other side was the bald crane, who had been kept away for far too long and was finally let out. The bald crane was vibrating in excitement at that moment. It cast a sideways glance at Su Ming and swore in its heart that it would never stay in his storage bag ever again while murmuring that he had a terrible memory. If he forgot it again, the bald crane had no idea when it would be allowed to get out and have a breath of fresh air.

Besides, it looked forward to their trip to Yin Death Region. Its anticipation could even be said to have turned into manic enthusiasm.

"Darn it all, if you become successful and don't return to your homeland to brag, that's just like wearing beautiful dresses but walking in the dark and having no one to admire it. Who was the person who said this in the past? No matter, I know it, I've always known it.

“This time, I have to go back. I have to return to the tribes in the land of Shamans that worshiped me before. I have to go the tribes who have seen through my disguise before and went after my life. Heh heh, I’m going to make them regret treating me that way in the past!”

The bald crane was so excited that it was vibrating. In fact, it was not able to control itself and howled a few times...

Chapter 1229: Yin Death Vortex

Yin Death Vortex was located in True Morning Dao World, but it was a region completely separated from it. Even when True Morning Dao World’s will was at its strongest, it could not interfere too much with Yin Death Vortex.

This could be said to be a world completely different from the world outside. Cultivators could enter this place, but most of them would have their cultivation bases suppressed. There were also other unnamed dangers in it.

But it was not like there were no life forms who tried to get out of Yin Death Vortex either. However, they were rare and few in between over the course of countless years. The level of difficulty could be seen from how hard it had been for Su Ming to get out in the past.

Since Yin Death Region was part of the Immortals’ territory, the Immortals’ sects were the ones who understood the land the most. The first God of Berserkers who had walked out of Yin Death Region many years ago had had the galaxy at his beck and call while he enslaved the Immortals. Because of that, Yin Death Region gained a veil of mystery.

What level of cultivation did the first God of Berserkers possess and what sort of method did he use to leave the place? Such things had long become history...

While in the galaxy, Su Ming stared at Yin Death Region, which was right before him. In silence, he ignored the bald crane’s excited howls. There was a slightly complicated expression on his face, along with nostalgia.

Yin Death Region was the land of Berserkers, and there were some people Su Ming was familiar with in that place. Fang Cang Lan [1], the Shamans, Lei Chen [2], who Su Ming had never managed to find, and some other acquaintances. They had been separated from each other for more than a thousand years, and he wondered whether the land was still the same, whether the people he knew were still around, and whether neither the land nor the people he knew were around anymore...

In silence, Su Ming shook his head. He had left Yin Death Vortex for a long time, so long that his memories of certain things had become muddled, but as he stared at the place, those muddled memories gradually surfaced in his head.

There were still signs of a Rune beyond Yin Death Region. It was the Great Yin Sealing Rune that the Immortals had laid down after pouring a large amount of blood, sweat, and tears into it.

Hu Zi was the incarnation of the Rune Spirit, and he had been separated from it when he was born, which was why even though the Rune had been destroyed by the whirlwind spilling out from Arid Triad's gap to the point that only its frame remained, Hu Zi was not affected in the slightest bit.

With a soft sigh, Su Ming took a step forward and turned into a long arc that charged at Yin Death Vortex.

He had left for more than a thousand years, and now... it was time he returned.

Su Ming instantly fused with Yin Death Vortex. The bald crane followed closely behind him. As for the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, he naturally had his own way to follow. Su Ming did not need to pay much attention to him.

At the moment he stepped into Yin Death Vortex, a vast amount of aura of death surged out from the vortex and filled the area. Due to its thickness, it turned into fog. It swam around Su Ming while being strong enough to corrode the bodies of all the living, turning them into dead people.

But this aura of death not only not make Su Ming uncomfortable, it gave him a sense of familiarity, as if he had found a place where he belonged. After all... he had fused with this thick aura of death in the past. He had done it so well that he did not even notice the existence of aura of death in Yin Death Region. It was as if he had been a cube of ice that had melted when he fell into the water and could not be differentiated from the water he had melted into.

But it had manifested in the form of corrosion when he was in the face of Bright Yang. It had caused him great pain and injured him gravely when he tried to leave, because at that time, he had already become a part of Yin Death Aura.

"Yin Death Vortex is like a mirror. Beyond the mirror is Morning Dao and Arid Triad, and within the mirror... is Yin Death Region," Su Ming murmured.

He continued onward through the vortex. Gradually, the aura of death in the place grew thicker, and eventually, when Su Ming was completely enveloped within it, his presence suddenly changed.

Su Ming allowed this change. He was an Antecedental Spirit, he possessed a True World clone, and was someone who had walked out of Yin Death Vortex, which was why he was not averse to this change. He simply allowed his body and even his presence to fuse with the aura of death. Once the change was complete, a feeling of his body being as light as a feather filled him.

This feeling grew stronger, reminding Su Ming of his previous existence in Yin Death Region. The vortex continued spinning while growing deeper. It was as if a person could fall for years through it and still have a hard time reaching its depths.

Su Ming quietly swam in the vortex. There was a suction force contained in it that ensured that he didn't have to spend a lot of energy to move on his own. He simply chose to go forward towards the Berserkers' world located among a myriad of dimensions based on what he could remember.

Around him, the vortex spun with loud rumbles. Dimensional cracks manifested and intersected with each other. Each crack in the vortex was a world. As the vortex spun, the cracks symbolizing the entrances to various dimensions grew in number. If anyone else was in Su Ming's place, perhaps it would be difficult for them to accurately locate the land of Berserkers from the tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of dimensions.

But Su Ming had left Yin Death Vortex twice with his divine sense in the past. He had the experience of rushing out of the vortex, which was why he could remember where the land of Berserkers was located. At that moment, he quietly rushed in the direction where the land of Berserkers was located in his memories and drew increasingly closer to the place.

Most of his presence had already turned into the aura of death. The remaining portions were also swiftly changing. It was as if before long, he would completely turn into a body belonging to Yin Death Region.

While Su Ming was charging through the vortex, a figure suddenly appeared in a crack of a dimension below him. The figure resembled a human, but it had two heads. At the instant they appeared, they roared at the same time.

The next moment, the figure bent its knees while standing by the entrance. Red light shone in all four of its eyes, and it glared at Su Ming.

At the moment Su Ming shot past its side, the two-headed figure let out a low growl and rushed out, but at the moment it did so, it looked like it had rammed against an invisible wall and was bounced back. It let out a shrill scream of pain.

While Su Ming was descending, his body came to a swift halt. He levitated in the large, spinning vortex and cast a cold glance at the strange, two-headed person who had been bounced back by the invisible barrier.

"You can get into Yin Death Region... but you can't get out," Su Ming mumbled. When he swept his gaze past that figure, he suddenly narrowed his eyes, because his gaze had not just landed on the strange person, but had also landed on the dimension where the person resided. He could vaguely see the world there.

It was a world with a yellow sky and black earth. On the land, there were more than one hundred thousand two-headed people who were the same as the figure. They were roaring at the sky, but most of them had black chains binding their bodies. Their roars were incredibly forlorn.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the place, then moved forward, not bothering with anything in the world. Instead, he continued charging down Yin Death Vortex. Based on his memories, the dimension where the Berserkers were was no longer far away from him.

Ten breaths later, Su Ming was far away from the dimension where the two-headed person was, but it was precisely at that moment that a huge and ferocious dragon head crawled out of the tumbling fog within Yin Death Vortex, right beyond the dimension where the two-headed person was. A powerful breath came out of its nostrils. Its red eyes were unfocused, as if they were rotten. They stared intently in the direction Su Ming had left.

Most of the dragon's head had already rotted away. A thick aura of death spread out from it. When the creature moved, it shot down like a black bolt of lightning.

When the time it takes for a small portion of an incense stick to burn had passed, Su Ming came to a swift halt in the seemingly endless Yin Death Vortex. He then looked to his right where he could see another crack.

A faint and weak presence spread out from the vortex, but it was this faint presence that made Su Ming sense the Berserkers' existence. That place... was the entrance to the Berserkers' world in his memories.

Before the whirlwind, when the Rune beyond Yin Death Vortex still existed, he would not have needed to search for Yin Death Region in such a manner. He could just use the Rune and descend straight away among the Berserkers, since the Rune was in some sense connected to the land of Berserkers.

But now, the Rune was reduced to just a frame, which was why Su Ming had to search for his land in this way.

Su Ming stared at the entrance to the Berserkers' world. Above him, the aura of death squirmed around without a sound. With a calm expression, Su Ming suddenly lifted his right hand and pointed above him, at an area in Yin Death Vortex filled with a large amount of aura of death.

Booming sounds immediately reverberated through the air like muffled thunder. The aura of death tumbled backwards to reveal the rotten dragon head that was quietly approaching him.

The dragon head was only a thousand feet away from Su Ming at that moment. As the aura of death was swept back and the dragon head showed up, a small portion of a skeletal body attached to its head behind it was also revealed.

The dragon's eyes might have been unfocused, but a fierce glare was shining in them. It immediately roared at Su Ming and moved. Yet when it wanted to pounce on him, Su Ming lifted his head with an aloof expression on his face, and with a gaze like lightning, he looked at the dragon head.

“Get lost!”

The moment he spoke, the dragon shuddered. The head that had rushed out forcefully stopped three hundred feet away from Su Ming. A fearful look very rarely seen on the dragon appeared instantly in its eyes. The two words from Su Ming made the dragon feel as if its soul had experienced a storm. It was so strong that the dragon felt that if Su Ming wanted to kill it, he could do so with a single thought.

Its whole body trembled. The mighty pressure from Su Ming's words and his aloof glare caused the dragon to shake in terror, and a feeling as if it could not fight against Su Ming arose in it.

Despite Su Ming looking weaker than him on appearance, it seemed like he was in truth an ancient being which could easily crush him. No one was allowed to offend that will and mighty pressure. The dragon felt that it was as weak as an ant, and it was the exact same feeling it had when it looked at True Morning Dao World when it was at the topmost layer of the vortex, at a spot closest to the world outside.

With another shudder, the dragon wailed and slowly moved back. The terror in its eyes grew stronger. When its body was hidden in the aura of death once again and Su Ming's figure was covered by the fog, it swiftly left the place.

As one of the strange beings living in Yin Death Vortex, it had seen far too many powerful warriors in its life... but Su Ming terrified him like none of them had. In fact, even though it had already died, it felt death creeping on it again.

Translator's Note:

Fang Cang Lan: Woman who tried to help Su Ming discover his past.

Lei Chen: Still Su Ming's HUMAN best friend.

No data found.

Chapter 1230: Berserker Consort

When Su Ming Possessed True Morning Dao World, he had formed his True World clone. He might be in Yin Death Vortex at that moment, but he was already such a high level of being that he was not something the puny dragon formed by the aura of death could offend.

It was similar to how a ruler was not to be easily offended even if they were not in their home territory.

Once he chased away the dragon formed by the aura of death, Su Ming moved forward and stepped into the crack leading to the Berserkers' world, but at the instant he did so and his body was about to disappear, his expression changed.

He looked slightly puzzled and slightly surprised, but soon, a hint of shock appeared on his face while his expression changed.

Su Ming sensed a power of laws of fate so thick that it was difficult to put into words. There were about two hundred thousand of them, and each of them was so strong that they were equivalent to around three hundred cultivators he had enslaved and Branded in True Morning Dao World.

This was to say that the power of the two hundred thousand laws of fate was equivalent to the power gathered by sixty million cultivators in the outside world.

This alone was enough to shock Su Ming greatly, but he was further surprised by the existence of another batch of laws of fate, which numbered to around one million, scattered around the land. Their power might not be as great, but each of them was equivalent to the power of a hundred cultivators in the outside world.

There was no way Su Ming would not be surprised by this. If he utilized these laws of fate, he would gain a hundred million something laws of fate measured according to the standards of the outside world. In fact, he could even send his True World clone directly into the land of Berserkers and turn it into a part of his True World.

Su Ming's gaze focused. He stepped into the land of Berserkers without any hesitation. He could sense the density of the laws of fate clearly, but no form of will could absorb it, because there was a Brand in all of these laws of fate, and all of them... belonged to Su Ming.

Almost at the instant he disappeared, Di Tian opened his eyes while lying in the coffin situated in the red world within Yin Death Vortex. His will swiftly covered the entire world.

"I sense... Su Ming's presence!"

As Di Tian's will reverberated through the air, other wills immediately descended into the world, causing the sky and earth to rumble. The air distorted as if the apocalypse had begun.

"The time has not arrived for us to venture out. Let him... come as he pleases..."

“We are not to interfere... with Yin Death’s vortex...”

“It’s easier to hide traces of our whereabouts by dying... from Harmonious Morus Alba’s servant [1]...”

“Dark Dawn and Saint Defier’s descent, Arid Triad’s complete destruction... up to the moment it arrives... only then would it be time... for us to venture out.”

There was an ancient, archaic air about those wills. When they came into contact with Di Tian’s will, they gradually scattered. As they dispersed, the entrances to eight worlds in Yin Death Vortex closed up before disappearing without a trace. It was as if they had eternally disappeared from the tens of thousands of worlds.

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The sky in the land of Berserkers was no longer blue. Instead, it was brownish yellow. If anyone took a close look at it, they would be able to see a brownish yellow ring of light in the sky. It fused with the sun, and their light scattered high above.

If anyone cast their gazes over the world, they would find that the entire land was a vast expanse of sea. Oceans surged into the sky, and its waves were as black as ink...

Islands stood tall above the seas, but no continents could be seen. Perhaps the slightly larger islands were already treated as the continents of this place.

During the period of one thousand something years, the four continents seemed to have experienced another great destruction. Su Ming had no idea

when they were shattered, but they had either sunk into the ocean or turned into lone islands.

It did not matter whether it were the Berserkers, Shamans, or the Fallen Berserkers, for they were all on the islands on the Dead Sea that were once the land of Berserkers. And they were still growing in numbers...

There was no longer any distinction between continents, and neither was there any differences between regions. The clans of the past had either disappeared or fallen to ruin. Few grew to power. The tribes of the past had also either been destroyed or been buried in the deep ocean. Hence... on a day a thousand something years later, there were few tribes that could be seen in the Berserkers' world. There were also few clans that occupied a large area.

Most... were forces of power or unions formed once by people from various tribes and clans who just so happened to be on the same island.

From a historical perspective, the Berserkers had already transformed and moved out of the age of tribes. They had also moved out of the age of clans and sects to enter a path marking another sort of existence, where hundreds of families contended against each other. They were no longer limited to tribes and clans.

Too many stories were buried in the depths of the seas. Too many corpses were hidden in the wreckage within the ocean. There were also too many regrets and dreams that had either passed or vanished with the wind during the course of one thousand something years...

"The First God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu, brought the Berserkers and made us rise to power for many years. The Second God of Berserkers did not live for long, but he did bring forth the belief that Berserker Bodies will not perish.

The Third God of Berserkers left behind his will and beliefs, letting us know that we can sigh at the universe, but not wish anything from it.

“The Fourth God of Berserkers... Fourth God of Berserkers...”

A youthful voice echoed in the air from a flat valley among mountains located in a middle-sized island in the Dead Sea.

There were about a dozen children around seven or eight years old sitting there with long faces. One of the children was standing while talking about the Fourth God of Berserkers. It was clear that he had already forgotten what he memorized. He stared at the old man sitting in front of them with fear on his face.

The old man was dressed in sackcloth, and he had a head full of white hair. His face was full of wrinkles, and he was staring at the terrified boy with a stern expression.

“The Fourth God of Berserkers... the Fourth God of Berserkers...”

A young girl beside the boy sighed softly at that moment and said, “The Fourth God of Berserkers chased away and imprisoned the Immortals. His will and body will never decay for all eternity!”

Once she finished speaking, the boy let out a sigh of relief in his heart, but immediately spoke loudly.

“I’ve knew it, I...”

“Enough!” the old man sitting in front of the children said slowly. Once he spoke, the children immediately became obedient.

“You are all children of the Berserkers. You possess the blood of Berserkers. Remember this, you must keep the Gods of Berserkers in your minds. They gave up on everything in their lives for the Berserkers to rise to power.

“It is especially so for the First God of Berserkers, who created the system to bring the Berserkers to glory, and the Fourth God of Berserkers, who gathered together the scattered Berserker tribes with his own power and chased out the Immortals who enslaved all of us!

“You must remember these two God of Berserkers for your entire lives!” The old man’s voice gradually became stern.

The children immediately nodded. They knew well the names of the four God of Berserkers and would never forget them. The boy had really only hesitated for a moment due to being nervous.

“All of you will receive your Berserkers’ Initiation tomorrow. Whether or not you have the potential to walk down the path of Berserkers and receive the blessings of the Berserker Consort after you grow up to receive the will to walk down the path of the Fated Kin will depend on your serendipity...” The old man’s voice was no longer stern, but had turned kind.

“I want to become a Fated Kin!”

“I want to become a Fated Kin as well. That is the tribe left behind by the Fourth God of Berserkers. My father is a Fated Kin...”

The children immediately became excited and started causing a ruckus. Their youthful voices echoed in the morning, fusing with the sounds of the waves and traveling far and wide.

“It is not easy to become a Fated Kin. The Fated Kin is the only tribe that personally received their inheritance from Lord Su Ming before he disappeared... The cultivators in this tribe rose to power based on their Lives, and with Life Cultivation, they can change the world.

“If you don’t have the will to press forward with an indomitable spirit, it is impossible for you to become a Fated Kin, and you are not worthy of becoming a Fated Kin either,” the old man said slowly. As he spoke, he lifted his head and looked into the distance.

If anyone cast their eyes towards where he was looking, they would be able to see that there was an island on a spot in the sea not too far away from them.

The most distinctive feature about it was a huge statue. It portrayed a young man dressed in a long robe. He had his hands placed behind his back, and it looked like his hair and robes were lifted by the wind. He stared into the distance with a dignified look on his face while thick, mighty pressure spread out from his statue.

The mighty pressure surrounded the area, causing not a single sea creature to have the courage to take even half a step into a circular area of ten thousand li around the island. All those who approached it swiftly left into another direction.

It could be vaguely seen that there were quite a number of figures worshiping the statue on the island...

There was zealousness and sincerity on those people's faces. To the others, the statue before them was the Fourth God of Berserkers, but to all the Berserkers on the island, this statue was their soul, their Progenitor, the god who gave hope to their lives and created the Fated Kin.

None were allowed to offend the Fated Kin, and the Fated Kin rose to power on their own!

While the size of the island that belonged to the Fated Kin might not have changed over the course of the one thousand something years, the cultivators in it had reached around thirty thousand, and the place... had become known as the holy land to the Fated Kin.

In truth, there were thirty-three islands with Su Ming's statues located in the Dead Sea. There were from thousands to tens of thousands of Fated Kin on each island.

They did not interfere with the fight between the forces of power among the Berserkers located on the countless islands on the Dead Sea. They were of a status that surpassed all forces of power and maintained the balance within the Berserkers' world. They protected the seas, and they only had two enemies. One of them was the swarm of beasts that would appear once in a while from the boundless Dead Sea.

The other enemy was... the living beings from the outside world that would occasionally descend from the brownish yellow ring of light in the sky. Every single time either of the two showed up, the Fated Kin would move into action.

On usual days, they would devote their attention entirely into practicing cultivation and worshiping the statue so that they could give their lives away for their god.

Within the old man's gaze was a mountain behind the statue in the Fated Kin's holy land. It had a huge palace, which was not lavishly built, but was filled with an antique presence of the Berserkers.

It was similar to Great Yu Palace and stood tall and majestic on the mountain while light spread out from within it. That light was not piercing to the eyes. Its gentle brightness was a lamp on the Dead Sea. Once in a while, Berserkers from the other islands on the Dead Sea would come there and worship it.

Because living in the palace... was the most noble entity in the land of Berserkers at that moment. She might have refused to acknowledge it, but due to the need to maintain the stability among the Berserkers, she was assumed to be the concubine of the Fourth God of Berserkers. Her name... was Fang Cang Lan.

Translator's Note:

1. Harmonious Morus Alba: The butterfly spoken in Berserker legends. Basically, every single time it flaps its wings, things die.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1231: Old Friend... - Read
Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1231: Old Friend...
Chapter 1231: Old Friend...

Fang Cang Lan did not declare herself as the Berserker Consort. When the Berserkers lost their Fourth God of Berserkers, some of the elderly who lived during the time when Su Ming was still around had decided unanimously that she was needed to placate the entire land of Berserkers.

The Berserkers could not be allowed to descend into chaos. Even though the Immortals were no longer around, the spread of the Dead Sea, the crumbling of the continents, the scattering of the islands that led to them to resemble the stars in a galaxy resulted in Berserkers severely lacking a power that could gather them together.

The islands were all independent forces. There was not a single spiritual symbol among them, and without it, they did not have hope for the future. It was especially so since the Fourth God of Berserkers had went missing. They had practically turned into a plate of scattered sand.

If this lasted for a long time, the Berserkers... would no longer be Berserkers. They would lose their souls and wills. They would only end up dying one after another due to the passage of time and the slaughter of the sea creatures and the ferocious creatures beyond the sky until all of them died, causing the Berserkers to become the dust of history.

Fang Cang Lan did not want to see this sort of Berserkers. Hence, after a period of silence, she chose to agree to their request and become a living statue.

She could no longer have any sort of partner in her life. She could not even show her face to the others. She had to maintain an air of mystery and nobility. All her words and actions had to fulfill the status of the Berserker Consort. Perhaps many people would be able to accept this like Fang Cang Lan if they only had to do it for a year or two, or even eight to ten years... but if this lasted for hundreds or thousands of years, that loneliness was something that a normal person would not be able to withstand.

She stood above all others, and she was a puppet, but at the same time, not. She could not readily venture outside, for she had willingly become a living statue to serve as the spiritual symbol for the Berserkers so that she could remind the Berserkers who were born later that... the Gods of Berserkers were not legends. They truly existed. Even if the new generations could not see the Gods of Berserkers, they could still see the Berserker Consort.

With the Berserker Consort around, the missing Fourth God of Berserkers would definitely return some day. He would return to the land of Berserkers and lead them... to power!

This was their hope, a beautiful thought if anything. It was also a firm belief among all the Berserkers.

It was because of Fang Cang Lan's status and existence that while the islands in the land of Berserkers had ceaseless conflicts and even some rather large-scale wars over the years, they still prided themselves on being Berserkers and would come to worship the palace once in a while.

In their hearts, the Fated Kin was the tribe left behind by the God of Berserkers, and the Berserker Consort... was the most noble existence in their land. With just one word from Fang Cang Lan, they could give up their everything.

It did not matter whether it was the sea creatures or the ferocious beasts from the world beyond. Every single time they invaded during the course of the thousand something

years, under Fang Cang Lan's call to arms, all the Berserkers would gather to fight with the Fated Kin!

Every single time they persevered, it would cause her power to gather everyone to grow stronger, making her status as a spiritual symbol to become part of the soul of the Berserkers.

Besides the God of Berserkers' influence in the past and the elderly making their plans and arrangements, Fang Cang Lan's cordial nature was also a very important point for her to be able to do all of this.

Under her persistence, all the islands on the Dead Sea within the Berserkers' world had a Berserker envoy. Each one of them was like a sage. Their statuses were not like those of the Elders, but their mission was the same. They were to teach the younger generation and help them through their Berserkers' Initiation so that each young Berserker was filled with the knowledge about the Gods of Berserkers being supreme existences.

Despite the fact that after the land of Berserkers had shattered and turned into the islands that showed signs of splitting during the one thousand something years the God of Berserkers was absent, the Berserkers had managed to remain as a complete unit and even gained a mindset that surpassed what they possessed before. Their racial soul had grown much stronger... which was largely due to Fang Cang Lan!

But when she stood in the palace at the Fated Kin's holy land and stared at the sky beyond the window, she knew... that it was impossible for Su Ming to return.

Perhaps he would, but it would be an unknown number of years later.

She sighed softly, then quietly turned around to sit beside a Chinese zither placed on the table. She closed her eyes and played a song. The notes of the Chinese zither echoed in the air, bringing with them a hint of loneliness and melancholy.

Su Ming stood in the sky and stared at the endless Dead Sea below him. The seawater was as black as ink. There were plenty of islands on the sea, and there were quite a large number of Berserkers on each island. Su Ming walked through the sky quietly. He stared at the islands and tried to search for the people he was familiar with on the islands.

But in the end... he did not find them. There might be some Berserkers from his era who survived up till then, but they were not the ones he was familiar with. It was as if the familiarity in his memories had turned into ash and scattered into the wind during the course of time. His memories had turned into regrets that he could not locate even if he wanted to.

"The place and people are all different now..." Su Ming murmured.

He walked forward quietly, and by his side, the bald crane had become quiet as well. It stared at the sea in a daze. Even it could not find the Shamans, the tribes, or other people who had worshiped it or had gone after its life in the past.

‘I remember that Southern Swamp Island [1]...’

Su Ming lifted his head in silence and stared into the distance. Just as he was about to take a step forward, his expression suddenly changed, and he turned his head to look at a spot far away from him.

His gaze could see through the distance, and he could clearly see three people on the surface of the sea far away from him. There were two in front and one behind. It was a chase.

The two people in front were a man and a woman while the person behind was an old man. He was chasing after the pair.

Su Ming swept his gaze past the trio, and a strange look gradually appeared on his face. Those three people existed in his memories...

Waves tumbled on the sea. The man from the fleeing duo appeared to be in his middle ages. He had extraordinary power and was already in the later stage of Bone Sacrifice Realm, but his age was clearly not as his appearance suggested. He had to be much older, but he seemed to have practiced some sort of cultivation method to allow himself to appear only as a middle-aged man.

The woman by his side was clearly slightly older than him, but she had a beautiful face and had a strange charm. If she appeared slightly younger, she would definitely be an incredibly beautiful person. Her cultivation base lacked smoothness, but the aura she exuded was also that of those in Bone Sacrifice Realm, just that she was only in the initial stage of that Realm.

The two were fleeing together at that moment, and there seemed to be a connection between them. The man was taking care of the woman, or else he would have managed to flee much faster.

The person chasing after them was an old man. He had an imposing look, and when he exuded his cultivation base, it showed that he was in the initial stage of Berserker Soul Realm. The person’s eyes were flashing brightly with killing intent, which was a telling sign that he had killed for many years.

“I’d like to see where you can flee today, youngsters! How dare you steal the Origin Flower from my island?! You’re just asking for death!”

The old man let out a cold harrumph. There was killing intent in his words as he charged forward.

The middle-aged man's face was pale. He formed a seal with his hands and coughed up a mouthful of blood to execute a Secret Art. Then, he grabbed the woman, and his speed became faster.

"Senior, why must you persecute us so relentlessly? We just asked for one single Origin Flower. It's not something valuable to you, but to us, this is a medicine that can save our child." The woman's face was bloodless as she spoke in a tone that sounded nearly like pleading.

"What a joke. Even if it's not something valuable to me, I will not give it out so readily to others, especially since the both of you have such a bad reputation. There is no way I will grant the Origin Flower to people with illicit sexual relations. If I did, I would surely end up as a joke among my peers.

"Hmph, if I was still the left preceptor of Freezing Sky Clan [2], then forget about the matter of the both of you stealing the Origin Flower, even if you had not, if I saw you, I would have killed you! You corrupted morals, you shameless people!"

The old man's words were cold. His sentences were like blades that cut into the woman and man's hearts, causing their expressions to turn even paler, but they could not retort.

"We can tell him about your aunt..."

The woman laughed brokenly, then looked at the man who held her hand. Just as she was about to say something, resolve appeared in the man's eyes. He threw the woman into the distance, using all the force he had, which pushed her thousands of feet away.

"Don't speak anymore! Yan Luan, I'll be the rearguard! Hurry up and save Lin Er!" the man cried out loudly and turned around to fix his gaze on the old man swiftly coming down at him. Madness appeared in his eyes; he was about to drag the old man to his grave with him.

"Fang Mu!"

Tears fell from the woman's eyes. She could not understand why there seemed to be an unchanging barrier between Fang Mu and his aunt. It was a ravine so wide that he'd rather die than acknowledge her as his family. Very few people knew that he was the nephew of the Berserker Consort... and very few people knew the Berserker Consort's original name as well as her tribe. The woman could only grit her teeth and charge into the distance.

She was Yan Luan, the tribe leader of the Lake of Colors Tribe in the past, and the man was the son of Tranquil East Tribe's tribe leader, Fang Mu, the child in whom Si Ma Xin had planted the Berserker Seed!

A thousand something years had passed since then, and the child had grown up and become the current middle-aged man. He was tied up with... Yan Luan, and based on the words they shared previously, it was also clear that they had a child.

Perhaps if the Berserkers did not experience such a drastic change, the two of them might not have been together. However, the appearance of the change: the shattering of the mountains, the spread of the Dead Sea, the submersion of Han Mountain... had indirectly changed their destinies.

“Zhou Shan, why do you have to humiliate my wife and I? Yan Luan might have been a member of the older generation in the past, but we are not related to each other by blood, so there is nothing shameful about us!”

Red appeared in Fang Mu’s eyes. As he roared, his cultivation base erupted from his body with a bang and started showing signs of him intending to trigger self-destruction.

The old man was Zhou Shan, the person who was sent by Freezing Sky Clan to kill Han Mountain’s ancestor in Han Mountain City. Many years had passed since then, and this person had already reached Berserker Soul Realm.

Zhou Shan let out a cold harrumph. He did not stop for even a single moment in his charge towards Fang Mu. He lifted his right hand, and at the instant Fang Mu was about to self-destruct with madness shining bright in his eyes, he pushed his hand forward. A hint of derision was in the old man’s eyes.

When the two of them approached each other, tears fell from Yan Luan’s eyes. If it was not because she wanted to go back and save her child, she would have definitely died together with Fang Mu to drag Zhou Shan to his grave.

At that instant, a sigh could be heard. It echoed all around them, and it seemed to have instantly stopped all operations in the world, causing the three cultivators to come to an abrupt halt.

Translator’s Note:

1. Southern Swamp Island: The biggest of all of the islands when South Morning shattered. Fang Cang Lan, Zi Yan, Zi Che, and Ya Mu were there.

2. Left preceptor: Appeared in Chapter: Han Kong.

Chapter 1232: Never Setting Sun!

Almost at the instant the three of them stopped moving, Su Ming walked out of the air. His face was one of composure. When he walked over, the expressions of the three people changed instantly.

It was as if time had flowed back. The explosive power around Fang Mu's body was reversed and his body fell back. Yan Luan's tears disappeared while she was in the distance, and her body fell back as well to return to Fang Mu's side.

As for the old Zhou Shan, he lowered his lifted right hand and staggered hundreds of feet back. Only then did the power to reverse time around him disappear.

Once the divine ability ended, the old Zhou Shan's expression changed drastically. A hint of shock and disbelief appeared in his eyes. He looked swiftly at Su Ming, but what he saw was a stranger's face. However, that stranger's face only brought to him an indescribable terror, intimidating him.

He could not tell Su Ming's level of cultivation, but the power to reverse time just then had caused him to be unable to control his body and his soul. He could clearly understand that this person's level of cultivation far surpassed his. The difference between them was like heaven and earth.

This feeling was far greater than when he met the powerful warriors of an older generation among the Berserkers. In fact, in his eyes, it was as if the world was lifting the stranger up even as he stood in the sky.

His breathing quickened, and he immediately wrapped his fist in his palm to bow deeply towards Su Ming without hesitation.

"I am Zhou Shan. Greetings, senior."

"Zhou Shan..."

Su Ming stared at the old man before him. The scenes of the past surfaced in his mind before it was fixed on a moment many years ago. During that time, he was a Berserker who had yet to reach Awakening Realm. He then saw the old man descending with a magnificent presence like a deity and trying to kill Han Mountain's ancestor.

At that time, Su Ming was like an ant. He could only lift his head and watch Zhou Shan descending with envy and longing in his heart. Many years had passed since then. When Su Ming saw Zhou Shan again, the scene from the past seemed to have been reversed.

"Freezing Sky Clan's left preceptor..." Su Ming said slowly.

Zhou Shan's expression changed slightly. He shuddered. He did not know why this senior whose level of cultivation he could not imagine knew of his past status in Freezing Sky Clan.

He did not remember Su Ming. In fact, he was simply unable to link the God of Berserkers Su Ming he came to know later to the young man who had watched him from the crowd in Han Mountain City.

Su Ming stared at Zhou Shan and only turned his head around after a long while to look at Fang Mu and Yan Luan. These two people were incredibly nervous at that moment, and their faces were very pale. When Su Ming looked at them, they immediately wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed deeply towards him.

"Greetings, senior. Thank you for lending us a hand just now." Fang Mu sucked in a deep breath. When he said these words respectfully, Yan Luan bowed nervously by his side as well.

The heroic bearing she once had as the tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe could no longer be found. At that moment, she was only a normal woman who had a bit of charm and looked older. She was only a mother.

Su Ming stared at her. At that moment, her heart trembled. She could not tell what this person thought. Would what happened today simply be a powerful person helping them, or would they end up in an even more wretched state?

There was sentiment on Su Ming's face, and his voice contained an ancient air. As he remembered how Yan Luan looked like in the past, he sighed. "You've changed, former tribe leader of Lake of Colors Tribe... You've changed too much."

When Su Ming spoke, Yan Luan was completely stunned. She lifted her head and stared at him in a daze, but no matter how she searched through her memories, she could not find a person who bore Su Ming's current appearance.

In her daze, she did not know what to say for a period of time. No matter what, she could not remember Su Ming, who she had even pestered slightly in the past...

"And you..."

The last person Su Ming looked at was Fang Mu. As he stared at him, a kindly look slowly appeared in his eyes. He looked at him like how a member of the older generation would look at a member of the younger generation. After all, to Su Ming, Fang Mu was just a child in the past, one who was naive but had provided him with quite the help.

When he saw that the child had grown but he could still find hints of the boy in his face, Su Ming's smile filled with happiness. He lifted his right hand and patted Fang Mu's head.

"You've grown," Su Ming said softly.

Fang Mu's heart trembled. He stared at Su Ming in a daze. Just like Yan Luan, he could not find Su Ming's figure in his memories. His expression was one of confusion, but the kindly look in Su Ming's eyes was clearly filled with sincerity and sentimentally, and this gaze... also made Fang Mu feel as if he had managed to locate a hint of familiarity, which made his heart tremble.

"The two of them are my old friends," Su Ming said while turning his head around to look at Zhou Shan.

His voice was not loud, and he did not exude any sort of aura, but his power, especially after he Possessed True Morning Dao World, caused him to still be able to command the universe as he liked even while he just stood there. Right then, Zhou Shan, who was just in Berserker Soul, felt as if he was facing the heavens.

He felt incredibly nervous, and his body trembled against his will. He could not bring forth even a single bit of his power when he was before Su Ming. An indescribable wave of respect rose strongly in his heart.

Right then, once he heard Su Ming's words, he quickly brought out a large number of Origin Flowers from his storage bag and handed them over respectfully.

"I did not know that these two fellow kinsmen were old friends of yours, senior. I hope that you will not blame me for this. I-I..."

Su Ming took the Origin Flowers and handed them over to Fang Mu before he cast a glance at Yan Luan.

"Will this be enough? How is your child?"

"It's enough, it's enough. My child has a weak constitution and was poisoned by the Dead Sea's Approaching Snake. This Origin Flower is the main herb needed to create the antidote. Thank you, senior!"

Excitement appeared on Fang Mu's face. He bowed to Su Ming again, and Yan Luan, feeling confused but grateful in her heart, did so as well.

Su Ming's lips curled into a faint smile. He cast a glance at Fang Mu again. The child in his mind slowly overlapped with the current Fang Mu. He shook his head before he turned around to take a step into the air. His figure gradually disappeared from the trio's sights.

Su Ming might have left, but even if someone gave Zhou Shan ten thousand boosts of courage, he would still not have dared to attack Fang Mu and Yan Luan. Right then, he could only wrap his fist in his palm in a slightly awkward manner before he turned around and immediately left into the distance.

Once only Fang Mu and Yan Luan were left in the sky above the Dead Sea, the two of them stared at the Origin Flowers, then at Zhou Shan leaving into the distance in a pathetic manner. A feeling as if they were dreaming filled their hearts, causing them to cast each other a glance. They saw the confusion in each other's eyes.

Yan Luan hesitated for a moment before she asked softly, "Who... is that senior?"

"I don't remember him either..." Fang Mu remained silent for a moment before he sighed. He still could not remember where that hint of familiarity came from.

"But no matter what, this is a good thing. With these Origin Flowers, Lin Er will be saved."

A loving look belonging to a mother appeared on Yan Luan's face. As she mumbled under her breath, she turned into a long arc with Fang Mu to charge towards the island where they lived.

After about the time it takes an incense stick to burn since they started flying, Fang Mu's heart suddenly shuddered while he was charging forward. During the whole time, he had been thinking about who Su Ming was.

Right then... he seemed to have remembered something, but the answer left him in even more disbelief. In fact, when he stopped, he turned his head swiftly. His expression changed, and his breathing quickened in a manner that had never happened to him before.

"I... I think I remember him now, but this is impossible. It's impossible that it's him. He... He came back? But he doesn't look the same... But... But besides him, there's no one else!"

Yan Luan came to a stop and looked at Fang Mu.

"Who is he?"

"When I was just a child, I ran into a senior beyond Han Mountain. He... You must certainly still remember him. He challenged the Chains of Han Mountain and took away Han Mountain Bell..."

Yan Luan's body shuddered. Before Fang Mu even finished speaking, she cried out in surprise. "Su Ming?!"

“The Fourth God of Berserkers... Su Ming!” There was excitement on Fang Mu’s face as he continued mumbling without stop. He remembered his aunt...

.....

Su Ming did not know what Fang Cang Lan had done for the Berserkers during all the years of his absence. He walked in the sky and headed towards where Southern Swamp Island was once located.

He remembered that he had quite a number of old friends in it. There was Ya Mu, who had taken Zi Yan as his wife, as well as Zi Che, who had stayed behind due to his sister even though he wanted to follow Su Ming.

There was also Wan Qiu, who was formerly the Sacred Lady of Autumn Sea Tribe.

As well as... Fang Cang Lan... who once stood at the top of the mountain and had wind blow against her robes while she stared at him quietly as if she would wait an eternity for him.

Su Ming walked forward quietly and moved past islands until he saw something and stopped. Based on his memories, he should no longer be far away from Southern Swamp Island, but what caught his attention was... a huge statue on an island.

When he looked at it, Su Ming remembered the Fated Kin, and he remembered the members of that race. They were... cultivators of the Fated Kin!

The island was not the holy land of the Fated Kin, but a place they used to defend the area. There were about eight thousand Fated Kin on the island. At that moment, they surrounded the statue and worshiped it while the golden yellow light of the evening sun scattered over them.

They were zealous and filled with reverence, because this statue was their Progenitor and their god. He was the most supreme will who guided the earliest Fated Kin to become cultivators of their race.

“Fated Kin...”

Su Ming stared at the statue. It was exactly the same as he remembered when he had seen it in the past. The eyes on the statue as he stared into the distance shone with wisdom and a fierce light. It was as if he was staring at the skies. It made Su Ming feel as if he had returned to the year he brought the Fated Kin to rush out of the World of Nine Yin.

In silence, Su Ming stared at the Fated Kin, and a smile slowly blossomed on his face. While under the setting sun, it was filled with an ancient air and nostalgia. It carried with

it his hope for the Berserkers... as well as his determination to make the Berserkers rise to power after he returned this time.

"The Berserkers will not be a race akin to a setting sun. They will be... a prideful sun that will rise to power tomorrow," Su Ming mumbled.

This was his promise. When he became an Antecedental Spirit, he had firmly made this promise with the one hundred million something souls of the Great Berserker Tribe in his body.

At the moment Su Ming mumbled to himself, a loud roar suddenly rang out throughout the entire Berserkers' world. It echoed in the air, and it did not matter where they were in the land of Berserkers, all the Berserkers could sense their blood begin to boil.

At the same time, the sun in the sky looked like it had come to a stop... before starting to move in reverse. It rose swiftly instead of setting and went up the sky, changing the night that was about to come into day. The sun... seemed like it would never set!

Chapter 1233: Southern Swamp Island

As the waves in the Dead Sea tumbled around, the originally setting sun rose up in reverse and stood in the sky again. At the instant the glow of dusk turned into a bright light, it caught everyone's attention...

All the Berserkers and especially Fated Kin felt their hearts tremble due to their blood boiling in their bodies...

Three ancient wills in the depths of Yin Death Vortex which were far away from the Berserkers' world woke up from their slumber...

"There's a change among the Berserkers..."

"We have to eliminate this change..."

"It's him..."

At the instant the three wills woke up, a rumbling, violent gust of wind immediately stirred up. It was without form, and as it charged forward, it dashed forth along the rotations of Yin Death Vortex... and headed straight to the Berserkers' world.

This wind was not due to the wills descending, but was formed by their thoughts.

At the same time, due to the sun rising in reverse in the Berserkers' world and everyone's blood boiling, countless Berserkers jolted and raised their heads. It didn't matter where they were or what they were doing before, all of them looked up at that moment.

Ya Man, one of the five powerful Berserkers in Eastern Wasteland and someone who had been given Hidden Dragon Sect's spot for the continual growth of his tribe occupied one lone island after the continent shattered. As of then, his tribe, Berserker Fang Tribe, was viewed as one of the nine great forces of power among the Berserkers.

At that moment, in a secret chamber within the depths of the mountain range in the island, Ya Man, who had not moved his body for centuries, shuddered violently and lifted his head. A hint of uncertainty appeared on his face.

Similarly, some powerful, ancient Berserkers on the various islands in the Dead Sea opened their eyes from their meditation.

In the palace filled with an ancient presence located on the mountain in the Fated Kin's holy land, the notes of the Chinese zither echoing in the air came to an abrupt halt. Fang Cang Lan, the Berserker Consort stopped moving her hands on the instrument. She gradually lifted her beautiful head, and a hint of confusion appeared in her eyes.

All the Berserkers had various changes appear on them due to all of these things happening during that moment.

However, the feeling of their blood shaking and their spirits lifting only appeared for the span of a few breaths before it scattered into nothing due to the wind that descended on them from the sky without a single sound. It easily caused the feeling to disappear, like how a hot knife would slice through butter.

It was as if the will contained in the wind would absolutely not allow any sort of changes to appear among the Berserkers, especially something like their blood being activated. This was absolutely not allowed.

It was as if all that had happened just then was an illusion. When the wind blew past the sun rising in the sky, it seemed to have turned into a powerful, mighty pressure, causing the sun to slowly descend and turn into a setting sun once more.

The wind had no form, however. When it surrounded the area, Su Ming lifted his head swiftly. A brilliant light shone in his eyes. He could clearly sense the thoughts and the will of the three ancient wills within the wind that had suddenly descended upon the land.

With a cold harrumph and a brilliant light in his eyes, he sent his will into the sky and struck the invisible wind at full force. The collision of the four wills could not be heard by anyone. Only Su Ming and the three ancient wills could sense it clearly.

As booming sounds that could not be heard by anyone else reverberated through the air, with the will of heavens from the True World mixed with his own will, Su Ming swept his will past the area, and the three ancient wills fell back before they instantly disappeared from the Berserkers' world.

Su Ming took a few steps backwards. When he raised his head, killing intent appeared in his eyes. The three ancient wills were the people Su Ming absolutely had to kill in his trip back to the Berserkers' world.

Su Ming might not have obtained an overwhelming advantage during the short contact between them just then, but he was on par in strength with the three ancient wills. Of course, if he was in True Morning Dao World, the results would have been different.

The sun in the sky seemed to have been eternally fixed to dusk. It no longer rose, but it did not set either. Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He lowered his head to cast a glance at the island of the Fated Kin beneath him. Then, in silence, he walked into the distance.

The three ancient wills had not descended but had instead sent their thoughts over. If Su Ming chased after them, perhaps he would be able to locate the spot where the three wills slept.

But he had just returned to the Berserkers' world. He had not met many of his old friends yet, so he did not want to leave just then.

Su Ming walked in midair while the Dead Sea tumbled under his feet. He continued walking until an island basked in evening light appeared in the distance. It was slightly different from the one in Su Ming's memories, but he still recognized it. That was... Southern Swamp Island.

There was a long string of laughter coming from the seawater beyond the island. There was a boisterous note in that laughter, and when it traveled over to Su Ming, it attracted his attention.

He saw a sea dragon of around one thousand feet long roaring and tumbling around the Dead Sea. There was a man standing on its head. That man did not have a built stature but instead gave off an air of frailty. He was dressed in a white robe, and his gray hair fluttered in the wind. He had his right hand clenched tightly around the sea dragon's whiskers while he rammed his left fist at the center of the sea dragon's brow. One punch, then another, and another, which made the sea dragon let out shrill roars.

As he stared at the gray-haired, white-robed man, Su Ming's gaze focused, and a faint smile gradually appeared at the corners of his lips. Su Ming would not forget this person. It was...

“Grandpa Bai, you are invincible. You are the strongest in Southern Swamp, the best of all. We found ourselves some catch this time again. By the way, can I have this sea dragon, pretty please?”

A boy of around eight or nine years old on the island’s beach clapped his hands and shouted loudly at the white-robed man who was hitting the sea dragon.

Beside the boy was a woman with a gentle look on her face. She looked at the boy with affection, then lifted her head with a smile before she looked towards the man who was hitting the sea dragon.

“You have a sweet mouth, lad.”

Bai lifted his head and let out a boisterous laugh. With one move, he grabbed the dying sea dragon and charged at the island. When he drew close to the beach, he raised his right hand, then flung his arm. The one thousand feet long sea dragon was immediately lifted, and with a bang, it crashed against the beach. A large amount of sand flew into the air.

The man moved as well and appeared in front of the boy.

“Greetings, Senior Bai. This child is still immature, I hope you do not mind.” The woman beside the boy immediately bowed while speaking softly.

The white-robed man patted the boy’s head and said with a smile, “It’s fine. This lad is an endearing one. Ya Jiu, I’ll give you this sea dragon. Remember to extract the Life Crystal from it. That is an important item that can extend Berserkers’ life.”

The boy immediately cheered, looking very delighted. While she watched him, the loving look in the woman’s eyes became greater.

At that moment, around a dozen long arcs swiftly approached from an area in Southern Swamp Island that was quite far away from the trio. They approached in an instant. Right in front of the group were three people. They could not see Su Ming, but Su Ming could see them.

He stared at the white-robed man and the woman beside the child. Then, he stared at the three people in front of the dozen something people coming towards the area, and nostalgia appeared on his face.

“Greetings, Senior Bai. We congratulate you on your return.”

The trio were two men and one woman. They appeared to be in their middle-ages, but based on the ancient air about them, it could be seen that they were older than that.

The woman was clearly married to one of the men.

The other man was dressed in a green robe. He had a cold and aloof expression as if he did not feel anything. When he stood there, a chilling aura spread out from him, as if no living could get close to him.

The white-robed man looked at the only woman in the trio and said with a smile, "Zi Yan, lassie, your son has already taken away this sea dragon. Remember to extract the Life Crystal for him."

"Thank you, senior. My son is young. If he acts immaturely, I hope that you will not mind." Needless to say, the woman was Zi Yan. With a smile, she bowed to the white-robed man.

Su Ming stood in midair and stared at the people he was familiar with on Southern Swamp Island. He would never forget the old man named Bai. It was... Bai Chang Zai[1]. Su Ming had only met him several times before in the land of Berserkers, but he had left behind a deep impression on him.

When Su Ming saw him at that moment, he sensed an ancient air on him, and also saw the hints of time flowing away from him.

The boy was Zi Yan and Ya Mu's son. Based on his age, he should only have been born during the past few years. As for the woman by the boy's side... she was Wan Qiu. It could be no one else but her.

Just like in the past, she was still alone. Yet her arrogance was gone. She might not be anyone's wife, but right then, there was a gentle air akin to water about her.

As for Zi Che... perhaps Su Ming had influenced him too much when he stayed by his side in the past, and due to certain things that could not change, he had become increasingly colder. But Su Ming knew that with Zi Che's personality, there was a determined heart lying under the aloof exterior.

"Where... did Fang Cang Lan go?" Su Ming mumbled.

He looked at Southern Swamp Island, but could not find her. He then shook his head. He did not spread his divine sense to instantly search through the entire world of Berserkers.

It was not that he could not do it, but because he did not want to. There were certain times when knowing too much was a form of cruelty. If he cast his divine sense through the entire land of Berserkers, Su Ming would immediately know who was no longer living among his old friends.

But he did not want to know this. He would rather not know it.

'Oh well. She has her own life. There is in no way she would have continued waiting.'

Su Ming fell silent. He remembered Fang Cang Lan's petite figure while she stood on the mountain before he left the land of Berserkers in the past. She had looked like someone who would be gone when wind blew past her.

Su Ming lowered his head to cast a glance at Zi Che, then at the boy beside Wan Qiu.

'Ya Jiu... His given name is nine? I wonder if this nine is a form of remembrance towards the ninth summit...'

Su Ming remembered the bond broken between Zi Yan and his second senior brother. He sighed softly, then walked towards Southern Swamp Island's beach.

He did not move quickly. When his feet landed on Southern Swamp Island, the people there did not notice that an additional person had appeared among them. In fact, in their eyes, Su Ming did not exist.

Bai Chang Zai did not notice him, and neither did Zi Yan and Ya Mu. It was the same for Wan Qiu. Only Zi Che suddenly shuddered as if he had sensed something vaguely. He lifted his head and looked over, but he found nothing.

There was also... the boy. Since Su Ming wanted the boy to see him, the boy widened his eyes and saw Su Ming walking towards him on the beach.

Su Ming crouched down when he was beside the boy. He patted the boy's head and asked softly, "Your name is Ya Jiu?"

Translator's Note:

1. Bai Chang Zai: He was one of the guards on Sky Mist Barrier. Bai Chang Zai and Su Ming were both Divine Generals in the past, and because of it, Bai Chang Zai was very nice to Su Ming.

Chapter 1234: The Chinese Zither Was Like the Moon with Two Reflections on the Water

"Yeah, my name is Ya Jiu."

The boy was not afraid of strangers. Perhaps he could sense Su Ming's good will, which was why he spoke loudly.

Once he did it, the adults talking among themselves were immediately stunned. When they turned their heads around to look, they instantly discovered Ya Jiu talking to thin air.

The crowd was stunned, especially Bai Chang Zai. With a glint in his eyes, he spread his divine sense through into the area, but he found nothing extraordinary.

“Jiu Er, who were you speaking to?” Zi Yan took a few swift steps forward and arrived beside Ya Jiu to speak softly to him.

“There’s a big brother here. He asked me whether I am Ya Jiu.”

The boy blinked innocently and pointed at Su Ming. He did not know that his words immediately caused Zi Yan’s expression to change, and Ya Mu’s reaction was even more prominent. He might be a little slow on usual days, but at that moment, a freezing glare immediately appeared in his eyes, and he appeared swiftly in front of Ya Jiu.

Bai Chang Zai had murderous aura spread out from his entire body. With a cold sneer and a ghastly tone, he spoke to the empty spot.

“I didn’t expect someone to arrive in Southern Swamp Island. Sir, since you are already here, why bother hiding? Please show yourself!”

“Grandpa Bai, that person has already left,” Ya Jiu quickly said behind his father’s back.

“He already left, and he gave me this. He said I was a good boy.” Ya Jiu lifted his hand, and a white scale appeared on his palm.

That scale seemed incredibly normal, but the people in Southern Swamp Island were familiar with it. It was the one and only reverse scale of a sea dragon.

Bai Chang Zai’s expression changed, and he turned around swiftly to stare at the sea dragon he had just captured. The spot where the reverse scale was originally located was now empty.

“That big brother is a very good person, and he even said that I’m smart. He gave me this gift, and he said that if I run into any danger when I grow up, this gift will help me neutralize the danger nine times.”

The young Ya Jiu looked at his family around him, and his young voice rang in the air.

Zi Yan’s face was pale. She could already imagine just how strong the person was if all of them could not notice him. After all, with Bai Chang Zai’s power, even the old monsters among the nine great forces of power who were conferred titles of nobility during the era of the Fourth God of Berserkers were unable to conceal their presences to the point where Bai Chang Zai could not notice them.

Wan Qiu frowned and looked around her. She did not speak. Zi Che's eyes sparkled as if he was thinking about something. He stared into the distance.

Bai Chang Zai hesitated for a moment, then picked up the white scale from the young Ya Jiu's hand. Once he scrutinized it, his pupils shrank swiftly, and his breathing quickened.

This scene immediately caused the people around the area to become nervous.

Ya Mu hesitated for a moment before he said in a whisper, "Senior Bai..."

Bai Chang Zai was silent for a moment before he spoke in a solemn voice. "This person bears no ill-will. His... His level of cultivation has already surpassed what I can understand. Just this scale alone... gives me the feeling as if it can destroy me millions of times."

When he said those words, the people around the area sucked in a sharp breath. Zi Yan held Ya Jiu, and her expression changed several times. Ya Mu was slightly more level-headed while by her side, but there was still disbelief on his face.

Wan Qiu was still frowning, but due to Bai Chang Zai's words, the grave look in her eyes became stern.

Only Zi Che stared into the distance. No one knew what he was thinking.

"This person... I don't think he's a cultivator of our world. Even those old monsters in this world cannot reach this sort of level of cultivation. This is... a level which I simply cannot understand nor describe clearly. I can only sense that this person can destroy all of us Berserkers with one thought.

"And... this scale gives me a feeling as if my blood is boiling. All of you must have sensed it before. This is... giving me the exact same feeling.

"That's why I'm certain that this person... came from the world outside!" Bai Chang Zai's expression became even more solemn, and he appeared to be slightly worried.

The entire area descended into silence. Zi Yan and the others would not be skeptical of Bai Chang Zai's words, but it was precisely because of this that made them feel lingering fear in their hearts.

"Oh, I just remembered. Grandpa Bai, that big brother said you just need to put that scale at the center of your brow, and you will be able to recover from the internal injuries you sustained. He says to treat it as him repaying you for how kind you were to him in the past," the young Ya Jiu quickly said.

Upon hearing his words, the people in the area were stunned again. Bai Chang Zai's expression changed. Only he alone knew of his injuries. He'd had them for a long time, and they were a lurking problem that he could not get rid of, but with his level of cultivation, he simply could not find anyone who could help him with his injuries.

While he pondered over Ya Jiu's words, Bai Chang Zai's eyes shone. He placed the scale at the center of his brow without any hesitation. At the instant the scale touched his forehead, a bang shot out of Bai Chang Zai's body, and a gentle wave of power surged into his body from the scale. It swam a full circle in him and easily got rid of all the internal injuries that had bothered him for years without healing.

As his internal injuries disappeared, Bai Chang Zai's cultivation base increased by leaps and bounds, but this could not attract Bai Chang Zai's attention, because the young Ya Jiu's words still echoed in his mind.

"Repaying a kindness of the past... This person... Who?" Bai Chang Zai mumbled, but he simply could not remember anyone like that.

Wan Qiu crouched down and looked at Ya Jiu before she asked softly, "Jiu Er, tell me how that senior looked."

"He..."

Before the young Ya Jiu could finish speaking, Zi Che suddenly spoke by the side. "Master is back."

Zi Che did not mention the identity of the master he spoke of, but when he said those words, the expressions of all the people around him changed, and their breathing quickened swiftly. A single figure appeared in their heads.

"Also, that big brother asked me about a person called Fang Cang Lan. Who is she?"

.....

In an area in the sea not too far away from Southern Swamp Island was an island. It held a supreme status in the land of Berserkers... because this place was not just the main tribe of the Fated Kin, but also the Berserkers' holy land.

Living within the palace in a mountain was the current spiritual symbol of all the Berserkers in the land, the Berserker Consort.

Fang Cang Lan sat quietly in the empty palace. She had a noble status and was worshiped by countless Berserkers. In fact, the lives and deaths of the Fated Kin beyond the palace could be decided with just one sentence from her.

However, there was not a single hint of joy in her for holding such a position. She was bound to be lonely in the palace.

Only a select few among all the Berserkers knew her name. Among them were a few people in Southern Swamp Island and the powerful warriors in the tribes who were given their titles by Su Ming in the past.

The Berserker Consort did not need a name. She only needed the title of Berserker Consort. This was the price to maintain her mysteriousness. The Berserker Consort was just a symbol, a living statue. She could not belong to a tribe, and she could not let anyone know her name.

Belonging to a tribe or possessing a name would wash away the sacredness of the Berserker Consort. Yet the loneliness of sitting in a high place could allow all the Berserkers to place their hopes in their God of Berserkers from the bottom of their hearts.

And mystery was the best manifestation of a symbol. That was why the Berserker Consort had to remain mysterious.

Fang Cang Lan bore all of it by herself. She bore the loneliness of leaving Southern Swamp Island and ignoring all her tribe members wandering outside. She had gotten used to loneliness and staying quietly alone while playing the Chinese zither and having the notes serve as her company.

The dusk seemed to plan to stay eternally in the sky, as if the sun would never set. It was frozen in the sky, causing the light of dusk to shine on the ground. the soft rays shone through the window and landed quietly in the palace.

Fang Cang Lan sat quietly beside her Chinese zither and closed her eyes to continue playing a piece that sounded as if it were waiting for someone. The notes of the piece echoed in the air and seeped through the palace to fill the island. When it spread out, it also landed in Su Ming's ears, who was staring at Fang Cang Lan in a daze through the window while he stood in midair.

Su Ming had not come because he had sent his divine sense sweeping through the place. Instead, it was because the presence of the laws of fate in this place was the strongest out of all the other parts on the Dead Sea in the land of Berserkers, which was why when he was about to walk past this place, he cast a glance at the island, and when he did so, he could not avert his gaze.

He saw his own statue on the island and the Fated Kin next to it. He also saw the palace on the mountain. It was extraordinary, built in the typical style of a Berserkers' palace.

This was something Su Ming could be certain of... because he had seen Great Yu Palace before.

The palace on the mountain was the one and only palace in the islands on the Dead Sea in the land of Berserkers as of then, and if Su Ming could not tell the meaning behind it, he would be calling himself intelligent in vain.

In silence, he walked into the island and trekked up the mountain. He entered the palace, which was the source of the peace, and stood beside Fang Cang Lan. She could not see him, but he could see her.

Fang Cang Lan was slightly older and no longer as beautiful as before, but her graceful gentleness was even more pronounced than before, causing all those who saw it to be unable to help themselves but get immersed.

Su Ming stood quietly beside Fang Cang Lan and listened to the story of the Chinese zither. The one thousand something years of loneliness and wait made him feel as if he had slowly returned to the past and had... lived through the thousand years with Fang Cang Lan.

After a long, long while, the piece came to a stop.

Once the song finished, the air within the palace immediately distorted. A figure appeared, and with an aloof face, the man lowered his head and bowed to Fang Cang Lan.

"Under the orders of the Berserker Consort, we have investigated the cause of our blood boiling previously. It happened not just in this place, but in all the regions in the land of Berserkers! This is definitely connected to the sun not setting in the world outside."

"Notify all the Fated Kin to activate the Berserker Protection Rune. Notify all the islands belonging to the Berserkers to be ready at all times... This is perhaps the signs of yet another beast swarm or the descent of ferocious beasts from the worlds beyond ours," Fang Cang Lan said faintly after a moment of thought.

As she spoke, a dignified air belonging solely to the Berserker Consort naturally surrounded her.

"I will obey your orders, Berserker Consort," the figure said calmly and instantly disappeared.

'Berserker... Consort...'

Su Ming was stunned, and then, for the first time since he returned to the Berserkers' world, he sent his divine sense outwards without any hesitation. He wanted to know the

memories of the Berserkers in the Berserkers' world and to learn... the origins of the Berserker Consort.

Chapter 1235: Did Another Autumn Pass in the Dream

"Berserker Consort..."

"Greetings, Berserker Consort..."

"The nobility of the Berserker Consort is the glory of the Berserkers..."

Mixed memories surged into Su Ming from all directions when he spread his divine sense from the holy island. In the blink of an eye, he covered the entire Berserkers' world, and under his will, he obtained practically all the memories regarding the Berserker Consort from the Berserkers.

But they were incomplete, just bits and pieces. If Su Ming increased the power of his divine sense, he would definitely obtain all the answers he wanted, but the price for it... would be that most of the Berserkers would die because their divine senses would collapse.

After a long while, when the notes of the Chinese zither echoed in the air again, Su Ming retrieved his divine sense. Based on many people's memories, he saw that most of the Berserkers held the Berserker Consort in reverence.

She was a spiritual symbol for the Berserkers. From the amount of respect the Berserkers had for the Berserker Consort, Su Ming could tell that if Fang Cang Lan had not existed, the Berserkers, who had been like scattered sand, would have disappeared in the slaughter of their own kind during the one thousand something years.

Su Ming was silent. He did not obtain any concrete answers, but he did gain some understanding. With a hint of regret, he looked at Fang Cang Lan who sat by the Chinese zither and played the instrument to tell of her loneliness. Then, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm before him.

With it, time immediately started flowing in reverse in his mind.

Ten years ago... Fang Cang Lan stood beside her window and stared at the sun setting in the distance. There was a desolate air about her, along with a hint of loss. Behind her were the Fated Kin telling her things happening among the Berserkers in a whisper.

Twenty years ago... Fang Cang Lan played her zither. Her beautiful face was like a statue. She seemed to have really become a living statue.

Thirty years ago... envoys were sent from all the islands in the land of Berserkers to worship the God of Berserkers. Tens of thousands of people filled the holy land and worshiped Fang Cang Lan. The sounds of people calling out to the Berserker Consort echoed in the air and traveled through the passage of time to land in Su Ming's ears.

Forty years ago...

Fifty years ago... besides appearing once in a blue moon before the Berserkers, most of the time, Fang Cang Lan would stay in the palace and quietly play her zither while watching the sky outside through her window.

Two hundred years ago, the moonlight shining through the rain at night scattered on the sea, and it looked like the moon had turned into crystals. While by the window, Fang Cang Lan looked incredibly frail. She simply let the wind sweep up the rain and land on her body.

It rained all night...

Three hundred years ago. The usual calm look on Fang Cang Lan's face was no longer around. Occasionally, conflict would appear on her face, and Su Ming could also see uncertainty as well as a hint of resignation. Only the zither's company could allow her to calm down. It did not matter whether it was snow or rain, she would quietly live in the cage that did not seem like a cage.

Four hundred years ago...

Five hundred years ago...

Su Ming saw all that happened during the time Fang Cang Lan lived in the palace in reverse. He saw her acceptance return to being a silence, then her original struggles.

This was not training in isolation. If it was, then the period of one thousand something years might not have been a long time to get through. It would have been over in the blink of an eye, but this was a person living in a palace for a thousand something years. This period of time was enough to crush a person, especially when they were just a woman.

Six hundred years ago...

Seven hundred years ago...

When one thousand something years reversed before Su Ming's eyes, he saw how the palace was built, saw the Berserkers worship the place for one thousand something

years, and saw Fang Cang Lan become the soul of the Berserkers when they were just scattered sand.

Su Ming came to understand why the power of the laws of fate was so great in the Berserkers' world. It was all... because of Fang Cang Lan.

Then, he saw the holy land of the Berserkers and the Fated Kin before the palace was built. Over there, he saw Man Ya, Xue Sha, Tian Qi, Wu Shuang, and Chi Lei Tian. These were the powerful warriors of the past whom Su Ming had given a place for their tribes to grow. They stood on the mountain with Fang Cang Lan, staring at the rise and fall of the sea in the distance.

By their side was a gentle-looking man. He was... Su Ming's second senior brother.

"I will leave now. I will leave the land of Berserkers to go to the worlds beyond... and search for my youngest junior brother, your God of Berserkers.

"I have to obey the Brand of the will left on me in the land. I do not know whether my memories will still be complete after I leave or whether I will lose some of them, but I have a feeling that when I leave this time, I will forget some things...

"My memories regarding the Berserkers will become much more clouded. This is the price. If I want to obtain great power, this is the price I have to pay for the Brand to be left on me by the will of the land...

"Right now, while I still have a clear mind and remember all my memories... I believe that the Berserkers need a symbol. I might not be a Berserker, but my youngest junior brother is the God of Berserkers. You... need a symbol that will allow the souls of your race to gather as one.

"She will be the Berserker Consort. With the status of the fourth God of Berserkers' concubine, she will stand above all people and gather together the scattered souls of the Berserkers. That is my suggestion."

.....

The scenes of the past shattered into bits and pieces before Su Ming's eyes, as if a mirror had been broken. The fragments disappeared into space like they had never existed.

Su Ming returned to the present. He returned to the moment when he stared at Fang Cang Lan, and the sounds of the Chinese zither reached his ears.

He saw Fang Cang Lan's entire story during the one thousand something years, saw the tears falling down from the corners of her eyes when she meditated at night, saw her waiting for him, and saw all that she gave up for the Berserkers.

This was a very determined woman, a woman who could sacrifice everything in her life for her Berserkers. Yet perhaps... she did not do all of this for the Berserkers, but more for Su Ming.

One thousand something years might not seem long, but such a time would seem long when a person could not see the end in sight, when they knew that what their future held was only a continuation of staying in a cage that was not a cage.

Perhaps... they would have to wait until the day the Dead Sea dried up.

Slowly, the woman who was now slightly older than she was in the past overlapped with the image of the woman who quietly watched him leave with the wind blowing in her face while she stood on a mountain on Southern Swamp Island in Su Ming's mind.

"I... am back," he said with a gentle expression.

The regret in his heart was growing stronger and stronger. When time went back one thousand years in his mind, the regret was so great that it buried itself deeply in his soul. He could not wipe it out, and it would not disappear.

Su Ming did not know what sort of emotions he harbored towards Fang Cang Lan. It did not matter whether it was in the past or the present, those feelings had settled in the passage of time, and right then, it had turned into wine that had been brewed for a thousand years.

Only those who personally drank the cup would know its taste. It turned into three words, and when Su Ming said them in a gentle voice, he still sounded hoarse.

The sounds of the Chinese zither came to an abrupt halt at that moment. Fang Cang Lan shuddered lightly. She lifted her head and slowly turned around to stare at the figure who had appeared at some unknown point in time beside her.

That figure had an unfamiliar face, and even his presence was unfamiliar, but the gentle look in its eyes was the exact same one she had seen an uncountable amount of times in her dreams.

Her expression was calm, but under it was an indescribable excitement and a myriad of complicated feelings. They turned into tears that flowed down the corners of her eyes for all the thousand years...

"We were linked through fate while we were under Han Mountain Bell..." Su Ming mumbled. He lifted his right hand and had his fingers weave through Fang Cang Lan's hair.

"We met each other on the ninth summit..." he said softly.

Fang Cang Lan bit the bottom of her lip and stared at Su Ming in a daze. She tried her best to remain calm, to stop her tears from flowing down, but she could not do it.

“The Berserkers and Shamans fought, and when we met again, the people were already scattered...”

Su Ming caressed Fang Cang Lan’s hair and gently drew her into his embrace. When her head was buried in Su Ming’s chest, he sensed her heartbeat and felt the anguish and the wait contained in her tears during the thousand years.

“We looked at each other from the distance while we were in Southern Swamp Island, and when I left, I once cast a glance in your direction from afar...”

Su Ming stared at the woman resting against his chest. The regret in his heart made him unable to say another word.

There were no longer any words for his love.

Who was it that had dragged out this yearning that lasted for a thousand something years? It lasted from the time when the continents were still around until the continents were submerged and they broke into islands... The beautiful moments of life only last for an instant, and they are absolutely not to be regarded as a first meeting...

The acquaintanceship they built in the past seemed to still remain, but as the world changed during the one thousand something years, it felt like dust falling into a river. Even if they searched for it, they would not find it.

Robes danced and fluttered in the wind and rain beyond the window. The moonlight crept in quietly, unable to help itself. Time sighed, stirring up the sadness of separation... There was nothing else that would add more sorrow.

Did another autumn pass by in the dream?

Fang Cang Lan’s head was lowered and buried in Su Ming’s chest. The things of the past could no longer be remembered clearly. She could not tell whether this moment was a dream, or just sadness...

She still sighed softly. Tears flowed from the corners of her eyes. They seemed to reflect the figure who had once danced with the wind on the mountain. It stood in the passage of time and waited until her beauty came to an end. Her sigh at that moment seemed to speak of all that she could not say.

But if that sigh moved past a person’s life like a fleeting guest, then that person’s heart would no longer be in pain. The sigh would also last for just an instant. It would not linger for more than three breaths... The two people could only sigh and lament that if they could relive their lives, then perhaps they would never get to know each other.

If they never met, then perhaps they would never owe each other and could be like orchids in a valley. They could watch the sky become empty, the earth grow old, the sea dry up, and the stones decay.

They could be free of their burdens. They could have a Chinese zither serve as their company while lying back against a chair as they sat under the moon with a smile. When they slept in the afternoon, they would wake up groggy. They could deceive their dreams and deceive their own emotions...

A faint fragrance came from Fang Cang Lang's long hair. Her sleeves were of a faint color, and her face clean. She did not wish for them to have been together in their past life or become so in the present, or their future lives. She had no desires. Her heart was calm... She felt no pain.

Su Ming held Cang Lan in his arms. Her frail body brought pain to him. It cut deep, but it had come a thousand years too late. Right then, the woman in his arms was no longer a gentle breeze that would disappear once it blew past him, like it did one thousand something years ago. Instead, she had seeped into the depths of his heart and become an eternal presence.

He could not see Cang Lan's eyes. She was staring at the palace's window while she lay against his chest. She stared at the color of dusk that would not disappear. The sun of autumn seemed to bring forth the yearning surrounding her for years, and she murmured a single sentence that had been buried in her heart for years, one that she had been unable to say in the past.

"I forgot all the vicissitudes of life, forgot the numerous living beings around me, forgot myself, but I still couldn't forget you..."

Chapter 1236: The God of Berserkers Returns!

On that day, the sky had been blue. The color of twilight covered the sea which had no waves at that moment. Su Ming turned around and left, leaving behind the image of his back for Fang Cang Lan. While standing in the wind, she watched his solitary back gradually leave into the distance...

When he turned his head back, there was an ancient air about him. Times had changed, but the color of twilight was the same, the sea was like before... and so was the woman of the past still watching in silence, allowing the wind to blow against her and the rain to fall on her. Years passed, but she never expressed any resentment.

Fang Cang Lan held onto Su Ming tightly and did not want to let go. She was afraid that if she did, another thousand years would pass.

The two of them hugged each other quietly in the Berserker Consort's palace.

"When... are you leaving?" After a long while, Fang Cang Lan's weak voice echoed quietly in the silent palace.

"I will leave again, but when I do it this time... I will take you and all the Berserkers with me," Su Ming said softly. He watched the woman in his arms lift her head. Their gazes met, and gradually, a gentle smile appeared on her face.

She might no longer be in her prime years, but her beauty had already entered Su Ming's mind. Her smile was incredibly pretty.

Fang Cang Lan left Su Ming's embrace and quietly sat down by her Chinese zither. Her piece gradually echoed in the ancient palace once more. However, her song this time was no longer dreary and lonely. Instead, there was love in every single note she played. They drifted into the air and spread over the sea.

Su Ming sat by the side and watched her quietly. A pot of wine had appeared at some unknown point in time in his hand. He would occasionally take a sip from it, and gradually, he grew tipsy, but no one knew whether he was tipsy due to the song, the wine, or the smile of the person who was playing the zither.

The evening did not end in the world outside nor did the sound of the waves diminish. It was as if they had become eternal presence along with that moment of beauty.

This was the first time Su Ming... truly felt calm in his heart after the years he spent roaming outside. He was immersed in the song and wine while sitting beside a beautiful woman. The feeling was indeed like a pot of wine that had been sitting around for a thousand years. At the very end, it turned into nectar that could cause a person to be drunk even if they just took a sniff from it.

But if they savored it, they would find that this was not wine, but was instead gentle water.

If Bai Ling was Su Ming's first love, then this love was like springwater. It was sweet and could not be forgotten, but he could only remember that sweetness as well as his delight when he took that springwater out.

The spring would dry one day. It would not last.

If Xu Hui was wine, then that pot of wine would definitely be very strong. Once he drank it, he would feel fire in his heart, and it would burn his entire body like passion, making it

impossible for him to forget it, but strong liquor was usually drunk while a person was sad, and because of it, that person would also feel as if that passion would not last long.

Yu Xuan was dew. She was the droplets of water that would appear every morning, bringing with her beauty, crystalline light, coldness, and tender affection. She was difficult to forget, and neither did he want to forget her.

But she was different from Cang Lan's gentle water-like presence. It could seep even through stone as it fell for a thousand years. Due to its gentle strength, it could refine all manner of steel. It was a gentle persistence that made her the only person he would see when he turned his head back.

Under this tranquility and in his slightly intoxicated state, Su Ming stared at the woman before him. He knew that her protection of the place over the years had prevented the souls of the Berserkers from scattering and instead unified them. They might look like they weren't together due to the islands, but they had never been as united as they were then.

Perhaps there were some conflicts among the Berserkers between the islands and some of them might still fight against each other with Arts... but if any foreign enemy arrived, the current Berserkers would fight as one.

"It's time for me to tell everyone that I am back."

Su Ming's gaze landed on the color of dusk beyond the window. He gently placed the pot of wine down, and during that instant, when the notes from the Chinese zither echoed in the air, the presence of the Berserkers in Su Ming's body erupted with a bang.

It was the Berserkers' presence as well as the God of Berserkers' presence. This was the purest form of the Berserkers' lineage power Su Ming could release after he obtained the will of the Antecedental Spirits belonging to the Great Berserker Tribe.

During that moment, the power of the Berserkers filled him, and the one hundred million souls of the Great Berserkers let out soundless cheers. They echoed in the air and stirred up Su Ming's presence of a Berserker. It surged into the heavens from the palace whose name was the God of Berserkers Palace and where the Berserker Consort lived.

At the instant Su Ming's presence of the God of Berserkers erupted from him and the one hundred million souls of the Berserkers in his body cheered, a feeling that made the Berserkers' blood boil rose with a bang from the island.

The presence of the God of Berserkers roared. As the clouds surged, lightning sliced through the air. Loud booming sounds descended like the might of heaven. Thunder

echoed in the air, causing the hearts of all Berserkers on the islands of the Dead Sea to shudder simultaneously.

The first to sense it were the Fated Kin. As they shuddered, their blood started boiling in an unprecedented manner. When their blood started circulating rapidly, their hearts trembled every time their blood completed an entire circuit in them.

Excitement appeared on their faces. They could sense a power that caused their blood to boil very clearly, and it was a power that all of them were familiar with. It was the power of the god of the Fated Kin, which was located in every statue on their islands.

The Fated Kin on all the islands raised their heads, and with excitement appeared on their faces, they flew up into the air. One of them was an old man who had lived during Su Ming's era. At that moment, he let out the strongest cry in his life.

"The Progenitor has returned! This is the Progenitor's presence! This is the presence of all the Fated Kin's god!

"Worship our god! All the Fated Kin, follow this presence and greet our god!"

All Su Ming's statues on the Fated Kin's islands looked as if they had turned into his clones at that moment, and his presence erupted from them even greater than before. All the Berserkers were enveloped within Su Ming's will of the God of Berserkers.

The bottom of the Dead Sea was like a layer of mud that had no end. During that instant, a hand shot out from there. It was filled with a power that seemed like it wanted to tear apart the sky. When the hand furled into a fist, it could be seen that it was trembling slightly. The bottom of the sea roared then, and a figure rushed out of the mud.

It was an old man. He had a head full of white hair, but his eyes sparkled brightly. When he appeared, a huge whirlpool immediately appeared in the sea. The man rushed out from it, leaving the bottom of the sea. When he reached the surface, excitement could be seen on his face. If Su Ming could see it right then, he would definitely find him familiar.

It was Nan Gong Hen!

He was the tribe leader of the Fated Kin, Nan Gong Hen!

"It's Su Ming's presence! This is our benefactor's presence, our Progenitor's presence!"

Nan Gong Hen trembled. His first smile over the past one thousand something years appeared on his face. This was the first time during that whole time that he egressed, and all of it was because of Su Ming's presence.

With excitement, Nan Gong Hen moved without hesitation and turned into a long arc that charged towards the source of the presence—the Berserkers' holy land.

Su Ming's presence of the God of Berserkers was still spreading outwards. It influenced the Fated Kin and then all the Berserkers on all the islands.

Even the Shamans and some of the other races were affected. After all, regardless of what race they belonged to, as long as they lived in the land of Berserkers, their ancestors were still Berserkers.

As their blood boiled, they felt as if their Qi was burning. Every Berserker could sense something calling to them. It was... the God of Berserkers calling to them. There was a desire within them to worship their presence in their hearts, blood, and souls.

Multiple figures rushed swiftly into the sky and flew according to the lead provided to them by their blood and the call of their God of Berserkers. They wanted... to worship him!

No one doubted whether this was false, because there was only one answer as to how everyone felt the exact same burning of their blood.

"The God of Berserkers... has returned!"

Excited roars echoed in the air. Most of those voices came from old people. They had experienced this before, which was why they flew up without hesitation.

Fang Mu and Yan Luan were feeding a frail teenager a medicinal core on an unnamed island when, their hearts trembled. The boiling of their blood and the voice calling to them caused Fang Mu to turn around without hesitation and charge towards the holy land for the first time in his life.

Bai Chang Zai and the others had been in a hall in Southern Swamp Island. They were all silent as if waiting for something. When their blood started boiling, excitement appeared on all of their faces. They did not speak, but rushed out of the hall at full speed... to their holy land.

At the same time, while Man Ya, one of the powerful warriors who had been given his status by Su Ming in the past, was in a secret chamber within Berserker Fang Tribe, who had occupied an entire island to call their own, shuddered slightly. There was no hesitation on his face, but an excited look that had never been seen before on his face. He rushed out from his isolation grounds and flew into the sky while he stirred up loud booming sounds.

"The Berserkers... will rise to power. The God of Berserkers has returned! He has returned!"

Man Ya, who was so old that he looked as if he had just walked out of his coffin, sensed his blood boiling in an intensity much stronger than it did in the past. He threw his head back and laughed.

The Elder of Goldenrain Mountain Tribe, Wu Shuang, who was another powerful warrior personally given his title by Su Ming, laughed long and hard while he was on his island.

“All those in Goldenrain Mountain Tribe, hear me! Come with me to worship the God of Berserkers. Our God... has returned!”

The Great Tribe of Surging Cloud Tribe’s Elder, Xue Sha and the Great Clan Elder of All Entities Clan, Tian Qi laughed in excitement at that moment and rushed out of their isolation grounds as well. They led their tribes and clans with them, and just like in the past, they went forth to greet their God of Berserkers.

“The God of Berserkers has returned! This presence belongs to the Fourth God of Berserkers! Bastards, come with me! I, Chi Lei Tian, am going to greet our God!”

Due to Su Ming’s presence of the God of Berserkers spreading outwards, all the Berserkers had their blood burn and boil in an unseen manner. The God of Berserkers’ call turned into an excitement that existed in every single Berserkers’ heart.

It was a great desire for the Berserkers to rise to power, a madness that could allow them to give up on everything for the Berserkers. At that moment, all those who could fly turned into long arcs that rushed from all directions to the Berserkers’ holy land from where the voice calling to them came.

The long arcs shot through the air in a manner that shocked the heavens. Everyone was rushing to worship their God!

Chapter 1237: People From Everywhere Came Forth for Worship

Regardless of whether they were his old friends or the new powerful warriors that rose to power during the past one thousand years, all the Berserkers turned into a long arc at that instant. They covered the entire sky, and from a distance, they were an incredibly magnificent sight.

Long arcs shot through the sky. Whistling sounds echoed in the air and shook the sky as well as the earth as the long arcs charged to the God of Berserkers Palace, where Su Ming was.

When the blood of all the Berserkers boiled and they charged through the sky, the countless sea creatures in the Dead Sea started showing signs of restlessness and uneasiness. They were not happy about Su Ming's presence of the God of Berserkers spreading out.

Most of the sea creatures in the Dead Sea were large, and their numbers were numerous. Regardless of whether they were sea dragons or Dead Sea Giants, their numbers had diminished during the conflicts they had with the Berserkers over the course of the past one thousand something years because they had suffered large numbers of casualties, but their numbers were still not small.

The beast swarms time and again had made the sea creatures in this land much stronger than they were one thousand something years ago, but even so, they still started trembling, intimidated by Su Ming's presence. They hid themselves at the bottom of the sea and did not dare to rush out.

They could sense how terrifying Su Ming was from the presence he exuded. It was a power that brought them despair, because it could wipe out their entire race, which was why even though most of the Berserkers had left their islands, not a single sea creature dared to cause any trouble at that moment.

The sky roared. Su Ming stood in the God of Berserkers Palace and stared at Fang Cang Lan. His presence spread outwards, sending out a call to the Berserkers. He sent all the Berserkers' blood boiling, and in just a few days, a large number of Berserkers continuously came forth to greet him.

Fang Cang Lan lifted her head and stared at Su Ming while she asked softly, "Have you made your decision?"

"I came back with the intention of bringing all the Berserkers away from this place... to make the Berserkers rise to power in the world outside," Su Ming said slowly while nodding.

Fang Cang Lan smiled softly and did not continue with her line of questioning. Instead, she closed her eyes and continued playing the zither. The notes lingered for a long time in the air, refusing to leave.

The first batch of cultivators who came to greet Su Ming were the Fated Kin. Almost at the instant the notes from the zither echoed in the air, the voices of nearly ten thousand cultivators beyond the God of Berserkers' Palace turned into waves of sound that rumbled in the air with respect, ardor, and excitement.

"We, the holy land's Fated Kin, guards of the God of Berserkers Palace, greet... the Progenitor of the Fated Kin... our God!"

Their voices roared and echoed in all directions, shaking the sky and earth as well as stirring up waves in the sea. When they reverberated through the air, Su Ming stood by the window. His robes danced as they were blown by the wind. The light of dusk shone on the land, and he saw nearly ten thousand Fated Kin worshipping him in excitement in the area outside.

He did not speak. The Fated Kin knelt down in worship simultaneously, and once they spoke together, they fell into uniform silence. It was like if Su Ming did not speak, they would continue kneeling in this manner for all eternity.

As they knelt, the wisps of pure power belonging to laws of fate in them became something akin to the fires of their beliefs. They could not see it, only Su Ming could. Those wisps of power charged swiftly towards him. Once they fused into his body, they allowed his cultivation base to increase a little.

In truth, there was still quite a lot of power of laws of fate like this in the world. Even though Su Ming had absorbed about the same number of laws of fate in the past, the purity of these laws of fate was comparable to about one hundred million six thousand laws of fate in the world outside.

But Su Ming would not absorb these laws of fate right then. The power of the laws of fate filled up in the world would serve as an important aid to him when he shifted the Berserkers' world out of Yin Death Vortex.

The notes of the Chinese zither echoed in the air. About two hours later, long arcs charged through the sky and approached the palace in the blink of an eye. They turned into hundreds of Berserkers. The person in the lead of the group was Bai Chang Zai, and behind him were Zi Yan, Zi Che, and Ya Mu. There was also Wan Qiu, who was staring at Su Ming while he was in God of Berserkers Palace.

"The Berserkers of Southern Swamp Island greet our Lord God of Berserkers. We welcome your return!"

Bai Chang Zai sucked in a deep breath. Su Ming might be a junior of his, but as time passed, Su Ming had become the God of Berserkers. To him, this was an existence that stood above all else in the land of Berserkers. Regardless of whether it was his heart or his emotions, Bai Chang Zai only had great respect for him. There was also faint waves of excitement in his heart.

As he spoke, the hundreds of cultivators on Southern Swamp Island shouted their greetings simultaneously. Just like the Fated Kin, once they greeted him, they chose not to get up. They waited for Su Ming's orders and for all the other Berserkers who would arrive in this place during the next few days.

There were thick waves of laws of fate charging swiftly from these hundreds of people to Su Ming too. As if they were in perfect harmony, Su Ming absorbed them perfectly, and they turned into a part of his cultivation base to nourish his soul.

Su Ming stared at Bai Chang Zai and the people he was familiar with behind him. A faint smile appeared on his face. The notes from the zither echoed in his ears, but he still did not speak and only continued waiting.

Due to dusk never ending, even if it was midnight, evening rays still shone on the ground outside. Long arcs continued appearing in the world. They were all from Berserkers who lived on islands not too far away from the holy land.

When he cast his gaze over there, Su Ming counted tens of thousands of them. When they approached the God of Berserkers Palace in the holy land, they immediately knelt down towards God of Berserkers Palace.

“We... greet the God of Berserkers!”

The power of the laws of fate that erupted from those tens of thousands of people seemed to blot out the world when Su Ming looked over. When they bowed to him, the power gathered on Su Ming, and a light bang shot up in his head.

The laws of fate instantly fused with him, and not only did Su Ming’s cultivation base increase a little, his soul also become much stronger. Su Ming’s will also obtained a great number of benefits from it.

‘The power of the laws of fate. The laws of external fate and internal fate. These beliefs are like fire. They can make my will become much stronger... This is the cultivation method that is only available to Antecedental Spirits. This is the will of the Antecedental Spirit. It might seem similar to Fate Realm, but it is much stronger than Fate Realm!’

‘If I can become an Ancestral Spirit in the future, I will be able to absorb even more benefits.’

Su Ming listened to the notes of the zither by his ears and sensed his cultivation base, soul, and his will growing stronger without stop. A smile appeared on his face.

The tens of thousands of Berserkers in the world outside were worshipping him at that moment. They did not move. When the second day arrived, the color of dusk in the world outside did not change, but another ten thousand people appeared in the sky. Su Ming could also see more figures charging towards him from all over the place.

“I, Nan Gong Hen, greet our benefactor!”

A long arc swiftly approached at a speed that surpassed all others. As his excited voice echoed in the air, Nan Gong Hen’s old face appeared. He stared at Su Ming in God of

Berserkers Palace. His memories seemed to have brought him back to the moment Su Ming brought them out of the World of Nine Yin in the past.

“The Berserkers of Heavenly Scar Island greet our God of Berserkers!”

“Moon Setting Island greets our God of Berserkers!”

“Swallow Mountain Island greets our Lord God of Berserkers!”

Voices constantly echoed in the air. Tens of thousands of Berserkers approached the island, and the sounds of greetings rose and fell. A large number of laws of fate surged into Su Ming’s heart and lingered there for a long time without leaving.

“I, Man Ya, greet the Fourth God of Berserkers. Welcome back, God of Berserkers!”

An old voice mixed with another batch of tens of thousands of Berserkers approached from the sky. It was full of excitement, and it belonged to Man Ya, one of the powerful warriors who had chased the Immortals out of the land of Berserkers with Su Ming.

“I, Wu Shuang, greet our Lord God of Berserkers!”

“I, Tian Qi, have managed to meet our Lord God of Berserkers once more in my life! Welcome back, Your Grace!”

“I, Chi Lei Tian, greet the God of Berserkers!”

“I am Xue Sha, and my mountain will only be opened to you, God of Berserkers! Sir, do you still remember me?!”

As the powerful warriors who fought together with Su Ming against the Immortals in the past appeared, the Berserkers who had gathered around him numbered to more than three hundred thousand.

Yet more long arcs charged forward from the distance. Su Ming watched all of it with his heart filled with excitement. His cultivation base became stronger as the laws of fate fused into him. His soul rippled, and it became much stronger than before. His will was contained in every single corner in the land of Berserkers.

When the third day was over, there were nearly six hundred thousand Berserkers outside the God of Berserkers Palace in the holy land. Regardless of whether these people came early or late, they would worship him.

When Su Ming cast his gaze over them, he found that the world was packed with people. The power of the laws of fate they exuded had already covered the sky and seas, causing the evening rays of light to no longer be able to seep through them.

Six hundred thousand Berserkers were gathered together. The aura of Berserkers spreading out from their bodies shocked the sky and earth, causing the world to look as if it was trembling. These cultivators could be said to be the current elites among the Berserkers.

During that moment, Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. When he turned around, the gate to God of Berserkers Palace opened with a bang. As the door to the palace swung open, the six hundred thousand Berserkers bowing and worshiping him in the area immediately lifted their heads and turned their gazes to the palace's gates.

Gradually, they saw a figure walk out of the door. Behind it was Fang Cang Lan.

Su Ming stood outside the palace. It was difficult for the rays of evening light to land on his body. He stared at all the Berserkers in the area, and after a short period of silence, he said his first sentence before all the Berserkers.

"I, Su Ming, the Fourth God of Berserkers, the Progenitor of the Fated Kin, have returned!"

His voice was not loud, but it made the thunder roar in the sky and the Dead Sea howl. It shook the hearts of all the Berserkers, and their blood instantly reached a boiling point.

"God of Berserkers!"

"God of Berserkers!!"

"God of Berserkers!!!"

The roars from the six hundred thousand Berserkers filled up the world at that moment as if they had become sounds that would echo through the entire land of Berserkers.

"I am back to bring all of you... to power!"

Su Ming's voice echoed in the air. The instant the six hundred thousand Berserkers roared, he swung his arm, then lifted it to point at the setting sun in the distance.

With it, Su Ming's will charged forth swiftly and enveloped the entire Berserkers' world. It turned into an unseen force that caused the setting sun to rise, as if he wanted to make it... into the sun shining brightly in the sky.

"I will take all of you, the entire Berserkers' world, and leave Yin Death Region. I will bring all of you to the True World beyond this place. That is... my True World!"

No data found.

Chapter 1238: Unable to Withstand Even A Single Hit!

The hearts of the six hundred thousand cultivators trembled simultaneously when Su Ming's voice echoed in their ears. Their blood boiled strongly in their bodies the moment they saw Su Ming lift his right hand and point at the setting sun in the sky.

At that instant, the sun in the distance seemed to shudder, as if it had to submit to his will. From its initial frozen state, it gradually rose, and slowly, the setting sun turned into the crimson sun of the noon!

This scene stunned all the Berserkers. As their hearts were in shock, an indescribable excitement stirred up in them, and their fanaticism towards Su Ming reached its extreme, because they saw the strength of the God of Berserkers.

It was especially so for those who had never met Su Ming before. They had lived with the legends of the Gods of Berserkers for a thousand something years, and the Fourth God of Berserkers depicted there was matchless. He was the God of all Berserkers in the world.

The legend was already deeply ingrained in all the Berserkers' mind. No one would be skeptical of it, especially since Su Ming's actions at that moment had turned into a Brand, causing all the Berserkers' breathing to quicken. When excitement appeared on their faces, they knew that the legends... were real.

In fact, the God of Berserkers before their eyes was much stronger than what the legends depicted.

The ability to move mountains and rivers was nothing, and so was the ability to overturn the weather. Even the ability to pluck the stars and moon from the sky was nothing. What Su Ming was doing at that moment already surpassed the limits of what those words could describe. He was... reversing the trajectory of the sun and changing the laws in the world, causing the sun, which was originally supposed to set to move in reverse and rise to be a proud sun shining in the sky.

To Su Ming, this was nothing difficult, and it seemed to be entirely unnecessary, but he wanted all the Berserkers to see this, because this had a greater power behind it compared to him saying that he wanted to make the Berserkers rise to power. He compared the sun to the Berserkers and made them personally see it rise.

By doing so, he could leave behind a powerful Brand in their hearts. It would allow them to gather under one single will, and that will... would help them raise to power.

Just like how second senior brother, Man Ya, and the other powerful warriors had made Fang Cang Lan into the Berserker Consort to become the spiritual symbol of the Berserkers for the past thousand something years, Su Ming used his own method to become the spiritual symbol of all Berserkers during at that instant. He became a corporeal power that could cause the heavens to roar.

At the same time as the sun in the sky slowly rose up with the movement of Su Ming's finger, the excited cheers from all the Berserkers' mouths echoed in all directions and reverberated through the entire world.

“God of Berserkers!”

“God of Berserkers!!”

“God of Berserkers!!!”

The power of the laws of fate coming from the Berserkers surged into the sky under their ardor and excitement. It caused the entire world to become hazy, and it instantly surged at Su Ming.

Almost at the same time the sun in the sky rose up, three enraged wills stirred up in the depths of Yin Death Vortex, right beyond the Berserkers’ World. The three wills did not wake up completely. Their movements were still a bit stiff, but they did not hesitate in the slightest bit. In an instant, they spread out and charged towards the Berserkers’ world.

The three wills were the ancient wills which had forced Su Ming to head to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. They had existed for an unknown number of years, and there was an ancient, decaying air about them. At that moment, the wills that rushed out were still not the original wills, but their Divine Clones.

It was not that they were looking down on Su Ming, but every single time they fell asleep, they would need a long period of time to wake up completely. Right then, only a part of them had woken up.

They had paid a high amount of attention to Su Ming right from the moment he appeared, so they had already started to go through the process of waking up.

However, they would need time to do it. If an enemy approached them, they would be able to immediately wake up under that stimulation; otherwise, they needed quite some time to completely wake up.

The Divine Clones sent by the three wills instantly found the entrance to the land of Berserkers, and without any hesitation, they charged in with a bang, but at the instant they wanted to descend in the land of Berserkers, Su Ming lifted his head while standing outside the God of Berserkers Palace in the holy land and snorted coldly.

With it, he immediately stirred up the power of the laws of fate in the Berserkers' world that were equivalent to one hundred million and six thousand something laws of fate in the world outside. They filled the air and immediately turned into ripples that could not be seen. With loud bangs that no one else could hear, they charged towards the three wills.

The spread of the ripples shocked the three wills greatly. They did not care about the ripples of the laws of fate, but the will contained in them contained a mighty pressure that caused them to be apprehensive. When they crashed into it without using any form of divine abilities, the entire sky darkened.

The three wills were instantly made to scatter, because their original wills were still in the process of waking up. The three Divine Clones did not possess too much intelligence. They only had their instincts. The moment they were made to scatter, they instinctively gathered together before splitting into three portions.

The first rushed into the air and stepped into Yin Death Vortex from the entrance to the land of Berserkers. Then, it let out a roar that traveled into most of the dimensions in Yin Death Vortex.

The next instant, responses came from more than one hundred dimensions, and a large number of living beings with all sorts of appearances rushed out from them. Based on the direction from which the roar came and the orders of the ancient will, they charged towards the Berserkers' world.

The second charged into the Dead Sea. At the instant it fused into it, the will split into billions of parts that seeped into each of the sea creatures' bodies. In an instant, they shuddered and let out roars that caused the Dead Sea to howl.

As they howled, the Dead Sea tumbled about violently. It looked like it was boiling. The sea creatures rushed out swiftly and threw their heads back to roar. Their eyes were bloodshot. Madness appeared on their faces. The Dead Sea Giants roared and the sea dragons contorted as if they were suffering an incredible pain that could only be alleviated by slaughter.

As for the third, it did not rise into the sky nor dive into the sea. This portion of the will was the largest of the three, and it could be said that the other two could not fight against it.

The will formed a fog figure that was dressed in black robes. The area where its eyes were shone with an aloof red light. The man was in midair, and he had his eyes fixed on Su Ming.

"You... should not... have come back..."

A hoarse voice that sounded like sandpaper traveled out of the black-robed figure in the fog. Due to most of the three wills being contained within it, he had obtained some semblance of intelligence and retained some memories. When he spoke, the entire land of Berserkers was swiftly enveloped in a layer of cold. A boundless, mighty pressure descended as well, causing the rising sun to stop for a moment.

A hint of derision appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He swung his right hand swiftly, and with it, the rising sun instantly let out a bang and crushed all the external pressure cast on it. In a moment, it rose into the sky,

and when it reached the highest spot in the sky, the light shining from it was that of morning light!

It covered one hundred thousand feet, and it symbolized the Berserkers' rise to power. It also symbolized the power to chase away all the darkness when it ran into the obstructions that would prevent it from rising.

The Dead Sea tumbled and loud oars shook the sky. The waves that surged up from the surface of the sea were thousands of feet tall, as if the entire sea had turned into a form of life that was roaring at that moment.

Countless sea creatures howled with bloodshot eyes while swimming near the surface. If anyone cast their gazes over then, they would find that the sea creatures were like a swarm on the endless sea. They had formed large hordes, and there was no end to them. Before Su Ming returned, this would have definitely become a disaster for all the Berserkers.

Perhaps they would have eventually been able to get through the disastrous beast swarm, but the price for that victory would have definitely been high. The previous ones were only about three-tenths this size. This was the greatest beast swarm from the Dead Sea over the past one thousand something years in the history of the Berserkers.

Anyone would be able to predict that countless islands would be submerged. Perhaps some would appear again, but some would eternally be submerged in water. The children and elderly would also die incredibly miserable deaths...

But all of this would have happened before Su Ming returned!

Right then, contempt appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, and a few faint words reached the ears of the anxious six hundred thousand cultivators around him.

“Power of a candle.”

When Su Ming spoke, he lifted his left hand and pushed down swiftly at the Dead Sea.

With it, all the laws of fate in the Berserkers’ world gathered swiftly on the Dead Sea. A huge hand manifested there. It immediately swelled up madly and reached a boundless state. It was difficult to describe its size with words. No one in this place could tell precisely how big it was.

They were already so shocked that their minds had already become blank.

But if there was a person standing at the highest point in the land of Berserkers, they could obtain a full view of the entire place with a bird’s eye view when they looked down. Like that, they would be able to see that the hand that appeared above the Dead Sea... was the size of the land of Berserkers.

It was formed by Su Ming’s will of heaven, which was the power of the laws of fate belonging to the Berserkers and Su Ming’s will of an Antecedental Spirit. It was also... the God of Berserkers’ palm that could protect all Berserkers!

The palm lines on the hand were like mountains, and the veins in it were like rivers. When it pushed down, the howling sea dragons let out shrill screams of pain as their bodies were instantly crushed. The roaring Dead Sea Giants tried to fight back, but their bodies were suppressed to the point they exploded and turned into a bloody mess. It dyed the seawater, giving it a purple hue.

The other sea creatures, of whom there were one thousand, ten thousand, one hundred thousand, one million, and more than ten million, all collapsed

with shrill roars as the huge hand pushed down on them, causing the Dead Sea... to turn into a purple sea at that moment!!

Those creatures were so weak... that they could not even withstand a single hit!

The purple hue in the sea was a color formed when the original black of it fused with a large amount of fresh blood. There was a malicious air to that color, and the sky seemed to reflect it.

At that moment, the entire world fell silent...

Chapter 1239: One Slash to Seal Heaven.

The murderous aura shook the heavens!

As millions of sea creatures died, the murderous aura around Su Ming's body became much greater, making him appear to be much more sinister. At the same time, it allowed all the six hundred thousand Berserkers in the area to see Su Ming's brutal side.

It was just like the time when Man Ya, Chi Lei Tian, and all the old men who had once followed him chased away all the Immortals. At that time, they had seen Su Ming's cold-hearted side, while this time the new Berserkers got to witness the brutality of their God of Berserkers.

As their hearts trembled due to shock, they understood just how cold their God of Berserkers was to their enemies. Their hearts shook when they thought about it, and it turned into an eternal Brand.

Even when the sea creatures died and the Dead Sea turned purple, the giant hand did not stop moving for a single moment. It pushed down on the surface of the Dead Sea. When it sank, the seawater shuddered and continued dispersing.

Su Ming wanted to put an end to all of the sea creatures, to destroy all signs of them, including the larvae as well as the environment providing them a means of survival. He wanted to crush all of it with one attack.

A large amount of seawater scattered away. Purple and red fog rose in large amounts from it. Several breaths later, when a shocking bang shot into the air, the huge hand disappeared.

At that moment, the land of Berserkers... no longer had a sea!

The continents that had been submerged were revealed along with... the ruins of Great Yu Palace and Eastern Wastelands Tower used for passing down their legacy!

At that moment, the sounds of something ripping apart came from the sky. Piercing roars echoed in the air, and in an instant, blurry images appeared in the sky. They were the fierce creatures who were summoned to the Berserkers' world from the other worlds in Yin Death Vortex.

Among them was the two-headed living creature Su Ming had seen before as well as various other living beings with all sorts of appearances. All of them descended with killing intent seeping out of them.

They arrived in large numbers. At the instant they looked like they were about to descend from the sky like pouring rain, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and swung his arm. In an instant, the fog from the Dead Sea charged swiftly into the sky.

“Seal!” Su Ming said faintly.

With just one word, the purple fog covered the sky and turned into a huge ring. It twisted to form a complicated runic symbol and a venous pathway. Right when the creatures from the worlds beyond wanted to charge down, the symbol was Branded in the sky.

The sea had been incredibly big, and now it covered the sky of the entire Berserkers’ world. Once it turned into a seal, booming sounds rang out. All the ferocious beings in the world outside no longer had even a sliver of a chance to charge in. They were all blocked out from the land of Berserkers.

All those who tried to break through the seal forcefully screamed shrilly in pain the moment they touched the seal. Their bodies withered swiftly, and in the blink of an eye, everything about them was destroyed, like how clouds would be scattered by the wind.

One palm. One seal.

There was no longer anything in the sky or earth that could pose a threat to the Berserkers. It was over in a moment, just like a fleeting, gentle breeze. Su Ming cast his gaze on the black-robed figure in the fog who had been stunned by the proceedings.

“You are just a mere Divine Clone. You are not my opponent.”

Su Ming cast the black-robed figure an indifferent glance, then took a step forward. At the moment he did so, the black-robed figure moved back swiftly. What little intelligence he had allowed him to sense the level of danger Su Ming posed to him. His was a terrifying strength that could wipe him out.

But the instant he wanted to move back, Su Ming arrived right next to him without stirring up a single ripple, causing the air to distort, making a sound, or the black-robed figure noticing him at all. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm against the other.

Boom!

The black-robed figure was torn to shreds, turning into a large amount of fog that tumbled backwards. He gathered together swiftly when he was a hundred thousand feet away. His red eyes were fixed on Su Ming, and great wariness showed in them.

“If you want to destroy me, then unless you have a will that surpasses my original will, it is impossible for you to harm even a strand of hair on my head. Su Ming... You’re indeed very powerful... but you’re not powerful enough to kill me just yet!”

The black-robed figure’s words might have still been hoarse, but he was more articulate than before. Clearly, the awakening of the three wills was near the end.

Su Ming did not know any of this. Even if he knew, he would not have bothered with it. He had returned to the land of Berserkers with the intention of causing a huge ruckus and learning about many secrets anyway.

At that moment, he snorted coldly and took another step forward.

The black-robed figure in the fog lifted his hands and formed a seal before pushing his palms forward. With it, his voice echoed in the air.

“Water of the east!

“Metal of the west!

“Fire of the north!

“Wood of the south!

“Earth of the center!”

The black-robed figure in the fog spoke quickly. At the instant he finished saying the five sentences, five balls of fog appeared in front of him. As they distorted, they turned into the shapes of a sword, vase, wooden pressure point board, timber, and black earth. They swiftly surrounded him, and it looked like they fused together to form a round screen of light resembling a Rune. It instantly charged towards Su Ming.

When it moved forward, it grew bigger. In the blink of an eye, the screen of light was ten thousand feet long, and it looked like it wanted to suppress its target.

Su Ming’s expression remained the same. Not a single hint of change could be detected. At the instant the Five Direction Rune closed in on him, he

opened his mouth and spat. A ray of purple light shot out of his mouth to turn into a purple wooden sword.

The moment the wooden sword appeared, it circled around Su Ming once with a buzz. The sound of the sword whistle swiftly increased in volume, then the weapon charged towards the incoming Five Direction Rune and slashed at it.

A ray of purple light forming the arc of a crescent moon could be seen. At the moment it touched the Five Direction Rune, it melted, and in the blink of an eye, it completely disappeared in front of the sword light.

This scene caused the black-robed figure in the fog to suck in a sharp breath. His eyes sparkled, and without any hesitation, he turned into a long arc that withdrew swiftly.

‘What is that sword?! It’s somewhat familiar... I can’t remember. If my original will was awake, I could recognize it. I don’t have a lot of memories with me...’

At the instant the black-robed figure moved back, Su Ming raised his right hand and pointed at the man.

The purple wooden sword hummed and disappeared. When it reappeared, it was beside the black-robed figure. When it slashed forward, the figure let out a howl of despair.

“This is only my Divine Clone! I am about to wake up! Su Ming... When I wake up, it will mark the moment you will regret returning to this place!”

“I’ll be waiting.”

When Su Ming said those words in a flat voice, the shrill howls came to an end. The purple wooden sword circled around the area once, and the black figure disappeared without a trace.

End of Wills Sword, one of the Seven Swords serving as the Sacred Vessels of Great Abyss Tribe had been kept in an incredibly good condition. Su Ming... had only used three-tenths of its power to attack.

Chapter 1240: A Magical Soul and Cauldron.

The morning sun was in the sky of the Berserkers' world, and six hundred thousand Berserkers were staring at Su Ming. They had just witnessed him destroying all the sea creatures and the Dead Sea evaporating when he lifted his hand.

They also witnessed Su Ming sealing the sky with a swing of his arm, causing the fierce beasts from the worlds beyond to be unable to take even half a step inside. If these were considered nothing, then they had also bore witness to Su Ming's magnificent presence of cutting down a will with just one slash.

There might not be many Berserkers in the land who knew about the three Divine Clones, but Man Ya, Wu Shuang, and the others who had been with Su Ming in the past, had become a group of people who had come to vaguely know the secrets of the Berserkers' world.

It was precisely because they knew that there were three ancient wills who were the masters of the countless worlds in Yin Death Vortex that the shock in their hearts was much greater than that of the other people.

Those were three wills who had existed since forever. They were the wills of heaven who could not be fought. Su Ming had been unable to fight against them in the past and could only venture to the distant Barren Lands of Divine Essence. His eldest senior brother, second senior brother, and Hu Zi, too, could not fight against them. They could only allow themselves to be Branded to be able to leave the place.

In fact, even the First God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu was manipulated by the three wills. Even the changes and growth of the Berserkers over the numerous years were manipulated by them in the dark.

The Berserkers' world was... just one of the many worlds in the huge Yin Death Vortex. It wasn't hard to imagine that there were a number of other worlds in the many dimensions that the three wills manipulated and whose lives they decided.

But even though they had sent their Divine Clones over, they were cut... into pieces when Su Ming delivered a casual swing from his blade. This scene made the breathing of Man Ya, Wu Shuang, and the others to stop almost completely.

With a smile, Fang Cang Lan stared at Su Ming in the sky. She did not know that he had become so strong, but she did not care about such things. Having served as the spiritual symbol of the Berserkers for a thousand something years, she longed for the Berserkers to rise to power from the bottom of her heart. Right then, Su Ming had returned, and she knew that the day... had arrived, just like what Su Ming had said.

There was no longer any Dead Sea. When they looked over, they only saw a basin. They saw no carcasses, because all the sea creatures had been reduced to nothing. The brownish yellow ring could no longer be seen in the sky either. It was instead obscured by a Rune shining with purple light and

hints of red. The colors were packed densely together, completely sealing off the sky.

Through the seal, they could see a large number of ferocious beings in the world beyond. They had all sorts of appearances, and they were all trying to break through the seal and charge into the place, but when their powers landed on the seal, not a single ripple was stirred up.

“They are almost here, hmm?” Su Ming muttered to himself faintly.

His gaze landed on the sky and became fierce. It was just as he had said: He was waiting for the three original wills to truly descend.

Only when did so could Su Ming kill them and truly end the three original wills’ lives. Su Ming had been waiting for this day for a long time, so he did not mind waiting a little bit longer.

It did not matter whether it was him being forced to leave, being schemed against when he was in the illusion within Divine Essence Star Ocean’s fifth ocean, or his senior brothers’ Brands. All of this made sure that Su Ming had no reason not to kill them.

He had been slightly hesitant previously. After all, his senior brothers’ Brands were definitely nothing ordinary. Once he killed the three wills, there was a high possibility that they would also be affected... but once he Possessed True Morning Dao World and obtained a True World clone to become an Antecedental Spirit of an entire True World, Su Ming was confident that all the people and his senior brothers in his True World would be under his protection.

Because of it, even if the three wills wanted to activate the Brands on his senior brothers’ bodies before they died, it would not be effective.

Su Ming waited with a calm expression. His gaze shifted from the sky to the ground, now void of a sea. His line of vision could not cover the entire world, but if he scanned the area with his divine sense, he could easily have the Berserkers' world in his mind.

He saw the frozen Great Yu Palace that was once buried in the depths of the sea. Not much of the ice had melted. As he stared at the spot that was once familiar to him, Su Ming saw various living creatures frozen in it. Now, he realized that they were clearly some of the tribe members of other tribes from the era of the Antecedental Spirits.

Perhaps there were from Shu and Wu, which meant that Great Yu Palace... was clearly not created by the First God of Berserkers. It was an illusion of Great Yu created by the Elder of Great Berserker Tribe while it was still around.

Su Ming saw all of this clearly when he had returned to the ancient past while he was in the world of the All Spirits Hall.

His gaze eventually landed on a towering altar in Great Yu Palace's ruins. He had gone there before. He had also seen it when he returned to the ancient past. Some of the theories in his heart had already been verified at that time.

"You cannot see... the world that I see... You... cannot see... Hope..." Su Ming mumbled softly.

The Elder of the ancient Great Berserker Tribe, the Elder of Great Yu, who was spoken in the legends of the land of Berserkers, and the blind xun maker, who was the person who told him that the Berserkers' Realm Mountain was in his heart gradually overlapped with one another.

But Su Ming had always felt that there was something missing. Only when a hint of the kind love Su Ming was familiar with appeared on the overlapping figures did he sigh softly. He had already understood it a long time ago.

At the instant Su Ming sighed, he suddenly let out a faint gasp of surprise. He sensed two signs of life in Great Yu Palace within his divine sense. One of them was a huge dark turtle[1].

It was lying in a corner quietly. It appeared uncertain in the face of Su Ming's divine sense, as if it had sensed a hint of familiarity, but it wasn't strong enough that it would dare to go out.

"It's..."

Su Ming smiled faintly, then directed the attention of his divine sense on the second life sign, which existed in the depths of Great Yu Palace. Almost at the instant Su Ming swept his divine sense across it, a crazed roar rang out, as if it had turned into a charge that rushed towards Su Ming's divine sense.

A soundless rumble reverberated through the air, and Su Ming's divine sense distorted under a crazed ripple. A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He had already sensed this crazed will during his very first investigation of Great Yu Palace.

Even though he had formed some assumptions when he summoned Great Yu Palace, based on what he saw right then, his assumptions had been incorrect. The crazed will was not possessed by a living creature. This... held more resemblance to a soul of an Enchanted Vessel.

"Soul of an Enchanted Vessel..."

In silence, Su Ming averted his divine sense and cast it on another spot, the seabed of the Berserkers' Dead Sea. There was a tower there. It might have been tall, but it had still been submerged by the Dead Sea.

It was Eastern Wastelands Tower, also known as the God of Berserkers Tower. It was a tower created by the First God of Berserkers. With Su Ming's level of cultivation in the past, it was impossible for him to enter the topmost level as well as check whether there were clues leading to the Barren Cauldron, the Berserkers' Sacred Vessel, at the topmost level. At least legends claimed them to be there.

Yet now, when Su Ming stared at the tower, it was as if it had become transparent. He could see a cauldron the size of a fist sealed under layers of seals at the topmost level of the tower. It was floating and exuding waves of primitive presence.

The cauldron had a simple and ancient air to it, as if it had existed for an unknown number of years...

As he stared at the cauldron in Eastern Wastelands Tower, Su Ming perceived it with his senses. After a long while, he became certain that this item... was not Great Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel. It was just an imitation.

Yet even though it was an imitation, due to the sediments of time, some of the power of the Barren Cauldron was contained in it, but it was only a cauldron. It had no soul.

When he saw this, Su Ming came to an understanding.

The creature sealed in Great Yu Palace was the soul of the Sacred Vessel... and there was a huge possibility that it was Great Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel. Perhaps it was not complete, but there was definitely a part of it contained in that creature, and since the cauldron was an imitation, if it fused with the soul... it could be known as Great Berserker Tribe's Sacred Vessel.

However, it would be much weaker than the real Sacred Vessel used in Great Berserker Tribe during the era of the Antecedental Spirits.

'This is the secret hidden in the Berserkers' world, but it is just one of the many secrets contained in Yin Death Vortex.' Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at the distant Eastern Wastelands Tower.

With it, his divine thought gathered around Eastern Wastelands Tower from all directions with a bang. It surged into the tower, and loud booming sounds immediately rang out in the area. The seals in the tower were instantly broken by Su Ming's divine thought, as if they were butter and he was a hot knife. He rushed to the topmost level in just the span of a few breaths.

The seals there were rather complicated, but with Su Ming's level of cultivation, he only needed to crush them forcefully... but the moment his divine thought approached the topmost level, all the seals and restrictions there seemed to have noticed his will of the God of Berserkers and disappeared all on their own.

This caused Su Ming's gaze to focus. His divine thought instantly surged into the topmost level of Eastern Wastelands Tower, swept up the palm-sized floating cauldron, and disappeared from the tower.

At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand. The air above his palm distorted, and the cauldron appeared.

It was bronze, and it had an ancient presence, which had the scent of age. At that moment, it floated above Su Ming's palm without moving, but there was a dignified air coming from it.

As he stared at the cauldron, Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he swung his left arm. He seized the air in the direction of Great Yu Palace. With it, Great Yu Palace shuddered, and a loud rumble echoed in the air. Cracking sounds rang out as well, and in an instant, as if some sort of seal had been broken, a crazed will charged out from within.

The will was invisible, but when Su Ming looked at it with his divine thought, he saw a huge figure. It was one hundred feet tall and incredibly built. Its hair was a mess as it rushed forward. The man held a long spear in his hand, and at the moment he charged out, he threw his head back and roared, causing the world to contort and air turn into ripples.

However, most of his body was indistinct and incomplete.

At that moment, the man turned his head swiftly and stared in the direction of Su Ming as if their gazes could meet through the endless distance between them.

He roared!

He moved and instantly vanished. Only Su Ming could see that the figure had turned into an offensive will that rapidly closed in on him.

Translator's Note:

1. Dark Turtle: The one Su Ming befriended when he was in the Dead Sea. Super cute, corgi levels cute.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1241: Return to Position and a Race's Rise to Power! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1241: Return to Position and a Race's Rise to Power!

Chapter 1241: Return to Position and a Race's Rise to Power!

The figure was so quick that it instantly appeared in front of Su Ming. Without anyone being able to see it, the figure charged to the center of Su Ming's brow like an arrow.

A thick wave of killing intent closed in on Su Ming. It was so thick that it felt like the world was being burned by an invisible flame.

Su Ming stared coldly and did not move. At the moment the arrow formed by the figure was less than thirty feet away from him, Su Ming's eyes suddenly shone with a cold, fierce light. In an instant, the blood roared in his body, and his power of the God of Berserkers erupted. His Berserker Soul, Berserker Bones, and every single aura that made him the God of Berserkers spread out in an incredibly violent manner.

At the same time, the one hundred million souls of Great Berserker Tribe surrounded Su Ming and worshiped him. At that moment, Su Ming might not have activated the God of Berserkers Transformation, but everything that manifested about belonged to the God of Berserkers!

What he possessed was the pure blood and soul of Great Berserker Tribe. At the moment all of it spread out around him, they charged towards the figure coming at Su Ming, and the figure's body shuddered.

When Su Ming's presence of the God of Berserkers spread out without restraint and he was surrounded by the souls of Great Berserker Tribe, the figure was forced to stop ten feet away.

The man stared at Su Ming deeply, and his killing intent disappeared. Slowly, it knelt down and worshiped him. When he prostrated himself, Su Ming's presence of the God of Berserkers spread out with a bang again. A power of a law of fate so vast that shocked even Su Ming radiated off the figure. It charged at Su Ming and instantly fused into his body, causing his soul... to become much stronger again.

"The ninth tribe leader of Great Berserker Tribe. Greetings... Antecedental Spirit of Great Berserker Tribe," the figure spoke in a hoarse voice. It was raspy and the words were lacking in fluency. It sounded as if it had been a long time since the man had spoken last time. Once he finished, the man lowered his head and remained still.

"The Elder entrusted me to tell you his words to me. If the inferior cauldron does not appear, I will remain sealed, but if the inferior cauldron appears, it means that a person who bears the destiny of Great Berserker Tribe has descended. If that person is not an Antecedental Spirit of Great Berserker Tribe, I will have to crush the cauldron and die, but if he is the Antecedental Spirit of Great Berserker Tribe... then, I am to ask you to permit me to return to my position."

The man remained prostrated in the air. His voice was still indistinct and hoarse, but the final few words seemed to possess some sort of resolve.

Su Ming cast a glance at the figure which no one else could see, then moved his gaze to the small cauldron above his right hand. A contemplative look appeared on his face, and after a long while, Su Ming nodded.

"I allow you to return to your position!"

At the instant Su Ming said those words, the man lifted his head before charging toward the small cauldron.

Su Ming did not stop him. He simply allowed the figure to approach him.

At that moment, the small cauldron seemed to have turned into a black hole that could suck in everything in the world. In an instant, it sucked the figure inside it.

Once the figure fused into the cauldron, it released a presence that surged into Su Ming's right hand. It circulated once in his body as if it wanted to draw an outline of his venous pathways to search for the ones he used to practice cultivation in his life.

It connected them to form a picture before it returned to the small cauldron. The cauldron then let out a piercing light. It reached one hundred thousand feet. From the distance, it looked like a sun, and during that moment... it illuminated the entire land of Berserkers and all the Berserkers.

There were countless pictures with the exact same image in that light. They had a human figure formed by venous pathways. They were Su Ming's venous pathways. All the pictures then fused into the light and landed on each of the Berserkers before they forcefully injected themselves into their bodies.

Everyone's expression changed. A wild delight along with disbelief filled them. Almost every Berserker sat down cross-legged and began circulating their cultivation base.

They had noticed that the light seemed to have opened up a spot they had never known about in their veins. It was as if a seal in all of the Berserkers' blood had been released.

A vast power then erupted from them. It was a sign of their cultivation base increasing by leaps and bounds, causing each Berserker to be able to sense the strength in their bodies.

Awakening, Bone Sacrifice, great completion in Berserker Soul Realm, Man Cultivation, Earth Cultivation, Heaven Cultivation, World Plane, Plane Kalpa, Lunar Kalpa, Solar Kalpa, Mastery Realm, Fate Realm, Life Realm, Death Realm, Avacaniya Realm in the path of an Antecedental Spirit...

This dozen something Realms were all ingrained in the Berserkers bodies during that moment, and it changed as well as transformed their venous pathways. These Realms were all that Su Ming had experienced and walked through in his life. In fact, it could be said that this was a path of cultivation he created once he combined all the cultivation paths belonging to the cultivators of the worlds beyond.

This path was the one Su Ming chose from many other paths. At that moment, with the small cauldron releasing it to the world, it was Branded into each of the Berserkers' hearts as well as the legacy in their blood.

This path was also divided into three Steps. The First Step was to move from Awakening to Berserker Soul Realm, and the Second Step was from Man Cultivation Realm to World Plane Realm, and Lunar Kalpa as well as Solar Kalpa Realms were the transitional Realms. The Third Step was to become the Masters of Fate, Life, and Death. The Avacaniya Realm belonged to the path of Antecedental Spirits, which already surpassed the Third Step. It was partially in the Fourth Step.

It was a complete cultivation system. During that instant, the path of cultivation Su Ming experienced with his own body turned into the future path of cultivation for the Berserkers, who had lost their cultivation system.

Due to having stored up enough power, having built a solid foundation, and not having a direction for their training, they had accumulated a sufficient amount of cultivation base. That was why the Branding of Su Ming's cultivation system immediately caused all the Berserkers to improve by leaps and bounds in terms of their levels of cultivation.

Even the weakest among the six hundred thousand Berserkers in the area were in the later stage of Awakening Realm, since only those who had reached it could fly and rush over to greet him.

The Berserkers who were in the later stage of Awakening Realm reached Bone Sacrifice Realm as their cultivation bases erupted in power, then they reached another breakthrough and arrived in Berserker Soul Realm.

Those who were already in Bone Sacrifice Realm reached Berserker Soul Realm when their cultivation bases reached a breakthrough. They reached Man Cultivation Realm, and those who had great potential reached Earth Cultivation Realm, the Realm Su Ming had reached when he left the land of Berserkers in the past.

The ones with the greatest change were those who were originally in Berserker Soul Realm. They had already accumulated a large amount of cultivation base and only lacked a path to guide them, which was why they improved slowly, but during that moment, when the Brand of Su Ming's cultivation system was left in their bodies and their future path became incredibly clear in their heads, their cultivation bases increased exponentially under the small cauldron's guiding hand.

From Berserker Soul Realm, they reached Man Cultivation Realm, then Earth Cultivation Realm. Some of the old monsters even reached a breakthrough while they were in Earth Cultivation Realm and stepped into Heaven Cultivation Realm.

All of their epiphanies were obtained from Su Ming. All of their paths had been laid out for them. Among the six hundred thousand cultivators, a dozen something old men were personally appointed by Su Ming before. They had reached great completion of Great Berserker Realm a thousand something years ago. That was why they had already taken another step forward and discovered their way into Man Cultivation or even Earth Cultivation.

They were the ones... who were the most suited to have their levels of cultivation increase by leaps and bounds this time. The years of accumulated power and their entire lives of struggle made those people feel as if there were thousands of rivers in their bodies, but they had never been able to open up the channels between them and fuse them together.

Right then, as Su Ming's path of cultivation was Branded in their heads, the Brand served as a guide for those rivers to fuse into an ocean!

Man Ya threw his head back and roared. His old face swiftly changed during that moment. When he gained the appearance of a middle-aged man, his level of cultivation reached Heaven Cultivation Realm, and when he took another step forward, he reached World Plane Realm!

He could reach World Plane Realm because Su Ming possessed a True World clone. He had an endless amount of power of World Planes, and the Berserkers could absorb it as much as they wanted. Once Man Ya reached World Plane Realm, he reached another breakthrough and arrived in Lunar Kalpa Realm. Only then did his cultivation base stop increasing.

This was what it meant to rise abruptly in power due to accumulated strength. It was also what Great Berserker Tribe had been preparing in the past—one explosive burst in power.

They left behind a seal in their blood, and it was like a dam was set in a surging river, so only a portion of the water could flow through to maintain their cultivation bases and life force. It was the same for each generation of Berserkers until the Berserkers' path was set one day. When the cultivation system of the Berserkers was Branded in each of the Berserkers' heart, the dam was opened, and the cultivation bases that had been blocked off during the countless years since they inherited their legacy erupted forth in one go.

Wu Shuang, Xue Sha, Tian Qi and the others all reached Lunar Kalpa Realm. This was their current limit, but it was not the last stop in their path of cultivation. Once they reached True Morning Dao World and got used to the aura of the world outside, their cultivation bases would increase by leaps and bounds again.

Overall, the ones who received the greatest transformation in their levels of cultivation were the Fated Kin. There were practically none of them who had a level of cultivation that was lower than Man Cultivation.

Out of them, there were two people who received the highest boost in their levels of cultivation.

One of them was Chi Lei Tian. This was the scion of the Lightning Berserker, and he was the hot-tempered old man who'd had his Lightning Crystal snatched by Su Ming. As his cultivation base increased, he stepped past Lunar Kalpa Realm and became a cultivator in Solar Kalpa Realm!

But he was still not the strongest. The strongest out of the six hundred thousand cultivators... was Nan Gong Hen!

Nan Gong Hen, the tribe leader of the Fated Kin, Su Ming's friend in the past, and the person who always referred to Su Ming as his benefactor... attained great completion of Plane Kalpa Realm. By the looks of it, he was only one step away from reaching the edges of Mastery Realm.

These were the Berserkers!

This was a huge leap for this race. It was an explosive increase in power due to the strength accumulated over tens of thousands of years!

Only Fang Cang Lan's level of cultivation did not seem to increase. Instead, she looked a little weakened. The light from the small cauldron did not seem to stimulate her blood, but instead caused a bit of harm to her. Her face turned slightly pale, but she continued watching the Berserkers cheer in joy around her with a smile. She was happy for the huge leap in their power.

Besides the six hundred thousand cultivators in the area, the Berserkers who could not greet Su Ming and stayed on the islands in the land of Berserkers also found their levels of cultivation increase by different amounts under the light.

Su Ming stared at the area around him. He watched the Berserkers whose levels of cultivation increased exponentially under the light from the small cauldron. When he noticed Fang Cang Lan's pale face, he immediately swung his arm. The light around her disappeared, and her color slowly recovered. She smiled gently at Su Ming.

She seemed to want to say something, but at that moment, the sky suddenly roared. The weather changed, and the seal in the sky looked as if it was about to crumble. A large amount of fog instantly appeared in the world. It tumbled around and seemed to form a malicious spirit. It roared at the ground, and three wills that were incredibly powerful and could cause the entire Berserkers' world to tremble... descended!

Chapter 1242: Thrown into Confusion!

The three wills in Yin Death Vortex who were once a force mightier than the might of heaven in Su Ming's eyes and who he once wondered whether he could ever fight against descended.

At the instant they appeared, an ancient presence that seemed to cause the Berserkers' world to rot spread out. It caused almost every single person who sensed it to feel as if they had reached the end of their lives, and exhaustion stemming from the bottom of their hearts rose within them.

The world contorted, fog tumbled about, and the sea in the sky seemed to have become slightly unstable. Not a single word was spoken. Just the descent of the wills immediately formed a powerful, mighty pressure that caused the world to tremble. It was as if with just one thought, they could make the Berserkers' world crumble.

These were the wills Su Ming once believed were the masters of Yin Death Vortex!

Yet right then, Su Ming did not believe that the three ancient wills were the ultimate masters of Yin Death Vortex. Instead, in his eyes, they were more like beings who were made to stay in this place like hidden servants of Yin Death Vortex.

"Su Ming!"

A roar like the might of heaven swiftly echoed in the entire Berserkers' world. At the same time, the fog before Su Ming tumbled, and three figures appeared within it.

They were three old men dressed in long black, white, and gray robes. They were bald, and their eyes contained a profound look with the signs of time. The one who had spoken was the black-robed old man.

“Since you escaped your preordained fate in the fifth ocean, why did you return?” the white-robed old man asked in a hoarse voice. At the instant his voice appeared, a sharp glare immediately shone in Su Ming’s eyes.

“The person in the past was you.” Su Ming smiled. He recognized that voice. It was the will who had coerced him to leave.

“It’s me,” the old man in white said flatly.

“Su Ming, if it was not for Su Xuan Yi attacking us in the past, you would not have been able to escape from the fifth ocean. Since you dared to return to this place and kill our Divine Clones, we have the chance to restore order!” The black-robed old man’s voice was dark. He glared at Su Ming, and killing intent appeared in his eyes.

“This time, Su Xuan Yi can’t save you! This is Yin Death Vortex, and Su Xuan Yi won’t dare to appear in this place personally! I’d like to see how you’ll manage to escape!” The old man in black laughed coldly.

“I can give you a chance. Stay here and continue to be Yin Death’s Child, and we will overlook the fact that you killed our Divine Clones. If you refuse to... then without Su Xuan Yi’s help, you will not be able to escape from our hands,” the old man in white said flatly.

“Even if your return this time is part of Su Xuan Yi’s plan, you will definitely fail, because...” Before the old man in black could finish speaking in his cold voice, Su Ming frowned and cut him off coldly.

“So noisy!”

He swung his arm. The fog in the world immediately tumbled back, layer by layer, before it disappeared. The unstable seal in the sky became several times more stable, and the mighty pressure from the divine senses of the three old men vanished as if they were made to scatter by Su Ming.

“Is it that your Divine Clones died too quickly and did not manage to let you know of the things that happened before their deaths... or is it that you have all just woken up and cannot see the difference between our strengths?” Su Ming asked coldly with an indifferent face.

The black-robed old man’s expression changed while the white-robed old man narrowed his eyes slightly. Only the gray-robed old man’s expression remained the

same. He did not say a single word, and even at that moment, his expression still did not change.

“You’re just asking for death!”

As the black-robed old man’s expression changed, a will so great that it was almost terrifying erupted from his body with a bang and charged at Su Ming with loud booming sounds. It had the intent to suppress him.

As one of the three great wills in Yin Death Region, ever since the old man could remember, he only needed to use his will to squash all those who were disrespectful to him, and all signs of their lives would be crushed immediately. He could suppress others with his state of being. It was his majesty and his divine ability as one of the three great wills.

Yet this time, the moment his will went forth to suppress Su Ming, a cold, fierce glare appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. His own will appeared, and he had it spread outwards without any hesitation to crash against the black-robed old man’s will in an unseen manner. A hint of derision appeared on Su Ming’s lips.

The black-robed old man’s expression changed. His will tumbled backwards swiftly, and his body was forced back nonstop until he was pushed a thousand feet backwards. When he lifted his head, there was shock and disbelief on his face.

“Your state of being... This is...”

At that moment, the white-robed old man’s pupils shrank. He lifted his right hand and pointed at Su Ming.

“With the will of heaven in this world, I shalt seal thy heart and soul! Be destroyed!”

With his words, an eye manifested in the air in front of Su Ming. It was staring at him while swiftly approaching him with the intent to seal him.

With a calm expression, Su Ming turned his head to stare at the white-robed old man. The will in his body swept outwards, and when he directed his gaze at the old man, booming sounds reverberated through the air. The white-robed old man shuddered, and when he took a few steps back, the same expression of shock as that of the black-robed old man appeared on his face.

At the same time, the eye that closed in on Su Ming turned crimson, swelled up, then exploded with a bang.

“Is that all?” Su Ming shook his head, slightly disappointed. In his eyes right then, the three wills who were so incredibly powerful in the past were weaker than even Su Xuan Yi.

In truth, it was not that the three wills were too weak, but that as Su Ming continued to grow during the one thousand something years and even Possessed True Morning Dao World, his existence had surpassed the limits of a cultivator. He had already stepped into the path of reaching Avacaniya Realm.

His Arid Curse was something even the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was wary of. It was an Art that allowed him to Curse Arid Triad's will, and it... could make Arid Triad's will sense danger, which meant that he could fight against those in Avacaniya Realm!

In this state, even if Su Ming was yet to be peerless in all of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, it was still difficult for him to find many decent opponents.

The black-robed old man's expression changed. He moved forward, and his body instantly turned into black fog. The white-robed old man did the same. With one move, he turned into white fog. As for the gray-robed old man, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he immediately put his hands together.

The black and white fog surrounded him, instantly causing black to appear in one of the gray-robed old man's eyes, and white in the other. When he stared at Su Ming, he spoke hoarsely for the first time.

"You are very strong. I may not understand how you managed to become this strong in just the one thousand something years we did not meet each other... and I find something familiar about your will as well..."

"But the three of us are the three great wills of Yin Death Vortex. As the Servants of Morus Alba [1], we are not so easily affected by someone like you. We allowed you to go to Divine Essence Star Ocean, the fifth ocean, opened the path to Dark Dawn for you, and even asked you to search for our sealed king in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence... not because we wanted to deceive you, but because we wanted to test you."

"It was a pity that Su Xuan Yi interfered with our actions, and even Di Tian interfered with us. They did not want you to wake up, did not want you to come to an understanding, and they used all sorts of methods to interfere with our actions."

"In the end, you did not walk down the path we tried to lead you to, instead, you came to hate us... Oh well, you are now already against us... Even if you learn of everything, you will still choose to do the same thing." As the gray-robed old man spoke, he sounded as if he just sighed softly. Then, he pushed his hands swiftly forward.

"The color green denotes all Yin Death's souls. All lives who enter Yin Death Region or are born in it are all green."

"Yin is the title for the Servants of Morus Alba. They are the guides of Yin Death's Children."

“The three Yins are black, white, and gray.

“Now, the three Yins will kill the green!”

The gray-robed old man cast Su Ming a deep look. At the moment he pushed forward, an invisible gust of wind appeared in front of him. That wind formed swiftly before it turned into a huge hand. It covered the sky and earth, then went to seize Su Ming.

A feeling that made him sense danger arose in his heart, and Su Ming instantly focused on his enemy. The gray-robed old man’s words were still echoing in his head though, seeming to contain a strange secret.

However, the clues Su Ming knew were few, which was why he could not connect them together to obtain an answer. At that moment, when he stared at the huge hand, he felt that it contained a mighty pressure that was created to specifically target the living creatures in Yin Death Vortex. It felt as if the hand wanted to wipe away his existence.

Su Ming’s pupils shrank. He took a few steps back and closed his eyes. At the instant he did so, he called out to his True World clone in his heart.

True Morning Dao World roared beyond Yin Death Vortex. The huge True World instantly distorted, then started becoming larger and shrinking like a rubber band. The lives in the True World could not sense these changes, but as the True World shrank and grew larger, Su Ming opened his eyes while in Yin Death Vortex.

At the moment he did so, the third eye at the center of his brow opened up. It was the spot where Su Ming kept True Morning Dao World. At that moment, a strange change immediately appeared in that pupil.

It would occasionally grow larger, as if it was occupying the entire third eye, then it would shrink, turning into such a fine line that it looked like it was about to disappear.

When he saw the hand approach him, Su Ming spoke languidly.

“With the laws of fate in this place, create the outline of the path to my True World!”

At the instant he said those words, the power of the one hundred sixty million laws of fate in the Berserkers’ world let out a loud bang, as if they were boiling, causing the Berserkers’ world to distort.

“With the blood of the Berserkers in this world, activate the guiding light to the vortex!”

The blood of all Berserkers, their desire to have the Berserkers rise to power, their expectations and belief in Su Ming bringing them out of this place gathered together and turned into a guiding light that looked like a candle flame in the darkness.

“With my thoughts in this place, form the peak of the sky!”

The world roared, and the sky trembled. The fierce creatures sealed outside the world immediately moved back, as if they had sensed something terrifying.

As True Morning Dao World shrank and expanded beyond Yin Death Vortex, it swiftly came pressing down on Yin Death Vortex.

“True World, descend!”

Su Ming lifted his hands. At the instant the hand approached him, he swung his arms, and the land of Berserkers trembled furiously. As the world roared, his True World, contained in his third eye, spread out into the world around him.

True Morning Dao World was brought into the Berserkers’ dimension. It descended on the spot where he was!

The layers in the sky changed, as if the stars were made to move in reverse and the sky was made to change. The incoming hand came to a swift halt five feet away from Su Ming. With a bang, it began to crumble right before his eyes.

“True Morning Dao World... This is... True Morning Dao World’s presence! You... You...

“You... Possessed True Morning Dao World???!!!”

Translator’s Note:

1. Morus Alba: Full name is Harmonious Morus Alba, the legendary butterfly in the Berserkers’ legends said to be able to destroy the world with just three flaps of its wings. Tian Lan Meng mentioned it before.

Chapter 1243: Kill the White-Robed Old Man!

With Su Ming’s third eye as the center, the presence of True Morning Dao World spread out through the area. The sky roared, and the ground trembled. This was the first time True Morning Dao World had completely revealed its presence in Yin Death Vortex.

It surrounded Su Ming, causing his long hair to flutter while his robes danced in the wind. The pupil in his third eye shrank, then expanded, causing Su Ming to possess the power of the God of Berserkers, and at the same time, he was also filled with a malicious, evil air.

That maliciousness was enough to make people be unable to forget it once they cast a glance at it!

“True Morning Dao World is me, and I... am True Morning Dao World!”

In the face of the three wills’ shock towards his status, Su Ming answered their question with an aloof voice that thundered and reverberated in all directions.

His words echoed in the air, and each syllable was stronger than the last. When he spoke his final word, the world rumbled.

The huge hand before Su Ming instantly crumbled, and the gray-robed old man’s face changed. He staggered several thousands of feet back. The black and white balls of fog by his side looked as if a violent gust of wind had blown past them, and they resumed human forms in an extremely disheveled state.

The three of them stared at Su Ming in shock. Even up to this moment, their expressions were filled with disbelief.

“So what if... you Possessed a True World?!”

The gray-robed old man’s eyes shone. When he lifted his arms, the black-robed and white-robed old man beside him immediately formed seals. They moved and turned into the black and white balls of fog again. When they swept through the area, the gray-robed old man took a step forward.

His body turned into gray fog to mingle with the black and white fog. They gathered together and stirred up the air, which brought out an increasingly stronger will.

“The sky of Morus Alba is not a field!”

A buzzing, indistinct voice came out swiftly from the huge will from the fused black, white, and gray fog. At the instant the words echoed in the air, the entire sky... turned crimson.

There were paths that looked like a spider’s web within it. They filled the sky and stretched out endlessly, making people feel that the world had turned into a cage sealing them inside.

But if they looked closer, they would find that they were something different. Yet no one would be able to tell clearly just what was the thing that covered the sky.

“All changes shall be halted!”

The will let out another loud, booming shout. As its voice reverberated through the air, the sky and earth looked like they had come to a standstill. The power that made

everything freeze seemed to have surpassed the Immobilization Art Su Ming had seen before. This was a power that made an entire world come to a complete stop.

All the things in the area, including the fires of life, were frozen during that instant.

It was just like what the words had declared: All changes shall be halted!

A grave look appeared on Su Ming's face for the first time, and the presence of the True World surrounded him. His body sometimes appeared indistinct, and at other times, he could be seen clearly. This was because the presence of the True World surrounding him was fighting against Yin Death Vortex.

"Morus Alba's wings... First wave!"

The will from the fog roared at that moment, and the world rumbled. Su Ming personally saw the crimson paths that resembled a spider's web while they covered the sky in the frozen world move.

It was... a movement akin to the flapping of wings. As it happened, a faint breeze stirred up, but this seemingly harmless breeze made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

The paths that covered the sky did not form a spider's web, but wings! By the looks of it, they were a butterfly's wings!

A great, life-threatening sense of danger rose swiftly in Su Ming's heart. He lifted his right hand without any hesitation and swung it forward while growling.

"God of Berserkers Transformation!"

He executed the God of Berserkers Transformation in the Berserkers' world!

The moment Su Ming finished speaking, ten million souls of those in Great Berserker Tribe rushed out of the air around his lifted right hand. As they roared soundlessly, they charged at his right hand and swiftly fused into it, causing it instantly expand. When Su Ming lifted his left hand, another ten million souls of those in Great Berserker Tribe appeared.

Then, it was his feet and his torso. The process of the God of Berserkers Transformation was over in the blink of an eye, and Su Ming's body instantly grew several times its original size. As he stood towering in the world, he became the real God of Great Berserker Tribe!

God of Berserkers Transformation transformed one into the God of Berserkers!

The fusion of one hundred million souls of those from Great Berserker Tribe, the growth of Su Ming's body, and the extreme increase of the Berserkers' power caused Su Ming

to feel as if he possessed the power to tear apart the world at that moment. The power was so great that it was difficult to put into words, and it was lying right in his hands. Su Ming felt as if he could fight against those in Avacaniya Realm at that moment.

This was the perfect Great Berserker Body, the most powerful body that not even those of Great Berserker Tribe possessed when they were in the era of the Antecedental Spirits. This was the one and only... God of Berserkers who could be formed after countless souls of those from Great Berserker Tribe gathered together over the course of many years!

When the God of Berserkers Transformation was activated, the world trembled. The unseen power that froze the world seemed to have become unstable as well.

When Su Ming threw his head back and roared, his voice shook the sky and earth. This was a madness that was on par with an Ancient God's roar. At the instant his voice echoed in the world, the invisible power that froze the Berserkers' world instantly crumbled.

The six hundred thousand Berserkers around the area stared at Su Ming in excitement. At that moment, they could sense it—the urge in their blood calling them to worship Su Ming had become even stronger.

If Su Ming before he went through the God of Berserkers Transformation could send all the Berserkers into fervent ardor and make them regard him with reverence while resonating with his blood, then after, what the Berserkers sensed was no longer a resonance in their blood. This was something that surpassed resonance. It was as if... they had just seen their ancestor!

“God of Berserkers!”

“God of Berserkers!!”

“God of Berserkers!!!”

The six hundred thousand Berserkers bowed to Su Ming simultaneously. Their voices surged into the sky and covered Morus Alba's wings that were creating a gust of wind that seemed intent on destroying the world to charge at Su Ming.

This wind did not just want to destroy Su Ming. It also wanted to destroy the entire Berserkers' world. When it came closer, Su Ming, who had gained a huge body after the God of Berserkers' Transformation, had a hint of contempt in his eyes. It came from his confidence and from the supreme, violent power of the Great Berserkers in his body.

“This is the Berserkers' world.” Su Ming lifted his right hand. “And I am the God of Berserkers.”

“It would have been a different story if you were the real Morus Alba’s wings, but you are just an illusion. How dare you stand against me?!”

Su Ming did not wait for Morus Alba’s wings to approach him. He took a step forward, then lifted his hands. With a leap forward, he put his hands together, then pushed them forward at the incoming wings.

He did not use any sort of divine abilities or Arts, but he did gather all of his power as well as the determination and madness of the one hundred million souls of Great Berserkers intent to protect their kin.

The will of the True World from Su Ming’s third eye fused together with them to create the simple push Su Ming performed.

It seemed to crush all rules and create laws belonging to the world of the Berserkers. They crashed against Morus Alba’s wings, immediately causing the world... to feel as if it had become an eternal presence.

“Shatter!”

Su Ming’s eyes were bloodshot. When he shouted and the world turned into an eternal presence, it roared. The ground trembled furiously, and the sky distorted. The crimson wings let out cracking sounds and crumbled before tumbling backwards.

That was a gust of wind that could destroy everything, but it could not destroy Su Ming’s body, his will, and much less the Berserkers he protected!

Morus Alba’s wings crumbled. The fog formed by the fusion of the black, white, and gray fog was instantly thrown into disorder under Su Ming’s violent push as the God of Berserkers. When it scattered, it turned into the three old men. Their faces were pale. There was shock on their faces as they swiftly fell back.

Their wills were shaken and their hearts were filled with disbelief. After all, Morus Alba’s wings’ first wave was a divine ability that could only be executed when the three of them fused together. It was a supreme power that could destroy a world.

It might not be the legendary Harmonious Morus Alba’s wings, but with its form, they could obtain a hint of that legendary power. Even so, they still did not manage to affect Su Ming.

God of Berserkers Transformation shocked the three old men, and rarely seen fear appeared on their faces.

But when they moved back, Su Ming turned his head while in midair. His eyes were crimson at that moment. The span of time in which he could remain in his God of

Berserkers Transformation state was about to end, so the moment the effects were about to wear off, Su Ming cast his gaze on the white-robed old man.

This person was the ancient will who had forced Su Ming to go to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence in the past. That was why Su Ming's killing intent towards the white-robed old man was the greatest. At the moment his gaze landed on him, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at him.

"With my noble status as a True World, my might as the God of Berserkers, my status as the master of the world, I sentence you... to have your body and soul be destroyed!"

When Su Ming spoke, the area around him roared, and the presence of a True World went into a rampage. The power of the God of Berserkers spread through the area, and when it gathered together, it turned into a monstrous will of heaven. When it filled the area, it swiftly enveloped the white-robed old man.

The old man's expression changed. He formed a seal with his hands, but just as he was about to fight back—

"Die!"

Su Ming unfurled his fingers and straightened his palm to seize the air in the direction of the white-robed old man. Then, he clenched his fist, as if he held the white-robed old man's soul in his palm. After that vicious move, the white-robed old man let out a shrill scream of pain. Terror and despair appeared on his face, and there was also disbelief that said that he could not believe that all of this was happening.

"This is impossible! He can't possibly kill me! Even if he Possessed True Morning Dao World, he doesn't have the right to kill me, this is..."

The white-robed old man's body twisted, and as he screamed shrilly, a loud bang shot up when his body was torn to shreds. He turned into white fog. Just as he intended to flee in all directions, he stopped swiftly, as if a breeze had just blown on him. Right before everyone's eyes, the white fog, which was the old man, disappeared into thin air as if his existence had been wiped out.

The three great wills that had existed since ancient times in Yin Death Vortex found themselves unable to believe in what just happened, even when one of them died. The white-robed old man found himself unable to believe in what he went through before he died. It was just as Su Ming said, his form and soul were destroyed. He no longer had any signs of life left. It was also impossible for him to be reincarnated.

Chapter 1244: Gray Butterfly!

At the same time the white-robed old man's form and spirit were destroyed, Su Ming's body changed. The souls of Great Berserkers scattered and sank into him again, bringing the God of Berserkers Transformation to an end.

Su Ming's body returned to normal before everyone's eyes. His expression throughout it remained normal. There was not a single injury that could be seen due to him executing the God of Berserkers Transformation.

This was the extent of Su Ming's power as of right then. He had already surpassed how he was when he had just gained an epiphany of the God of Berserkers Transformation, which was why even if he executed the Art, he was not in the slightest bit affected after it ended.

Su Ming's gaze was cold and fierce. He stood in midair, and everything around him was silent.

The black-robed old man stared at the empty spot where the white-robed old man had been destroyed. No matter how he tried to perceive the other with his senses, he could not find a single hint of his existence. This caused his expression to turn incredibly sour, and terror appeared in his eyes.

He originally thought that they could not be killed, but everything before him told him one brutal truth... they were not imperishable!

The gray-robed old man did not stare at the spot where the white-robed old man died, but instead looked blankly at Su Ming. There was surprise shining in his eyes... as if he could see something the black-robed old man could not see, but the more this was so, the paler his face became. There was even a hint of bitterness and a complicated look on his face.

The six hundred thousand Berserkers were still kneeling in the air. They had personally seen their God of Berserkers kill one of the three great wills. Perhaps most of the Berserkers did not know what this signified, but those with the levels of cultivation of Man Ya, Wu Shuang, Nan Gong Hen, and the rest knew more secrets. They understood what the three wills signified and just how powerful they were.

This was why a huge storm started raging in their hearts. They might have known of Su Ming's strength, but there was no one they could use as a comparison for his power, which was why they could not tell just how powerful he was. Now... with something to compare it to, they could tell clearly that Su Ming... was definitely above the normal standards of what defined power!

His was a supreme power that could kill the three great wills!

Su Ming's aloof gaze landed on the black-robed old man. The mighty pressure formed after he killed the white-robed old man was Branded on him, causing the old man to instinctively take a few steps back.

"The next is you."

"Su Ming, I have the marks of your eldest senior brother and your second senior brother's souls. If you kill me, they won't escape death as well!" The black-robed old man's voice was restrained as he spoke fiercely.

"It's precisely because of this that I will kill you." When Su Ming declared this with a flat tone, he took a step forward.

The black-robed old man's expression changed drastically. When he moved backwards, resolve appeared on the gray-robed old man's face, and it seemed to be made after a long bout of internal conflict.

"Circumferential Seal!" The gray-robed old man swung his arm and spoke resolutely in the direction of the black-robed old man.

The black-robed old man gritted his teeth. This was a life and death situation. He had been unable to help himself but speak arrogantly when he thought that Su Ming could not kill him, but when he personally saw his actions towards the white-robed old man, he could no longer find it in himself to care about anything else. He gritted his teeth, and madness appeared in his eyes. He swung his arm before turning into a large amount of black fog.

His great will was contained in the fog. The will of Yin Death Vortex was of supreme status and all lives had to worship it. The black-robed man stood above all others and could decide the destinies of countless lives. If he could escape from Yin Death Vortex and appear in the worlds beyond, with his great will, he could fight even against Antecedental Spirits.

In fact, during the era True Morning Dao World's will slept, he could stand above all cultivators, but right then, he was in an incredibly pathetic state while facing Su Ming. There was nothing about this that he could accept. Su Ming's strength had intimidated him greatly. If he wanted to live, he had to descend into madness.

"Alright, I'll become the Circumferential Seal!"

When the black-robed old man growled, the fog tumbled and swiftly covered an area of nearly one hundred thousand feet. A huge square appeared in the world. It was not standing, but laying horizontally on the ground.

At the same time, killing intent shone in the gray-robed old man's eyes. There was a complicated look as well as a ferociousness in them. With a bang, his body turned into gray fog. He charged into the sky and instantly turned into a huge gray circle.

"Heavenly Circle!" The gray-robed old man's voice was ancient, and there was a resolute tone to his words as they echoed in all directions.

"Earthen Square!"

The black-robed old man's voice rose with a bang from the black fog underneath. It was filled with madness and an indomitable spirit. This was a critical moment, something that concerned his survival. He had to give it his all.

"Circumferential Slaughter!"

A buzzing sound came from the gray fog, which had now turned into a circle in the sky. The circle descended swiftly and charged towards Su Ming who stood in the air.

Soon after, buzzing sounds shot out from the black fog as well. The square rose swiftly and charged upwards.

A powerful killing intent filled the world, aiming at Su Ming.

That moment was akin to the sky falling and the ground rising. As the sky and ground squeezed together, it could destroy all forms of will and all existences within the world. It was especially so since the divine ability was executed at the same time by the black-robed and gray-robed old men, causing a sealing power to exist in the square and circle.

There was a close connection between the two. When they executed the divine ability, it instantly caused the world to feel as if it had been thrown into chaos. Everything became a blurry mess, and the killing intent from the square and circle became astonishing.

"The might of the sky and earth, huh... I have that too!"

Su Ming's expression remained as calm as ever as he watched the circle symbolizing the sky charge towards him and the square signifying earth press closer to him. A hint of a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

"If you use the ground to close in on me, then I will use mountains to suppress you! Mountain Shifter!"

Su Ming swung his arm and pointed at the square fog on the ground with his right hand. The power of Mountain Shifter erupted with a bang before turning into images of mountains around him. There was no end to the mountains that Su Ming had seen in

his life. Among them was Dark Mountain, the ninth summit, and more... There was a total of one hundred thousand mountains densely packed together, and when they appeared, Su Ming pointed downwards.

The mountains charged towards the incoming square fog signifying the ground coming towards him from below. They stirred up booming sounds that surged into the sky, and the suppression of the one hundred thousand mountains immediately caused the square fog to tremble.

At the same time, Su Ming raised his left hand and pointed at the sky.

“If you use the power that causes the sky to collapse on me, then I will lift it up with the Light of Extreme Darkness by overturning it! Ocean Remover!”

Su Ming laughed coldly. When he pointed above, a powerful black light erupted from his body. There was a cold chill to it, and a deep abyss that caused all those who saw it to feel their vision fade to darkness. Like a black ocean, the Light of Extreme Darkness instantly devoured light from the direction of Su Ming’s finger and swept through the sky.

There were one hundred thousand mountains suppressing the ground, and the ocean created by the Light of Extreme Darkness stirred up in the sky. The world rumbled. Su Ming had a hand pointed upwards and the other downwards as he fought against the seal with his own power.

As booming sounds echoed in the air, the circle in the sky was unable to descend and the square near the ground was unable to rise. The divine ability of the world was only able to rumble during that moment. It could not press down, making it difficult for its power to spill. It could only be frozen in place.

Su Ming’s presence as a True World was a large part of the reason as to why he could do this. At the instant the divine ability of the sky and earth were frozen, he swiftly lowered his head to stare at the spot where the one hundred thousand mountains were beneath him. Killing intent shone in his eyes.

When he opened his mouth, a purple ray of light tumbled out of his mouth. That was the End of Wills Sword, one of Su Ming’s supreme treasures. This was a Sacred Vessel of Great Abyss Tribe.

At that moment, it let out an eye-catching light while it was in Su Ming’s hands. With a flash, it stirred up a huge presence and a piercing sound before it shot through the one hundred thousand mountains and charged at the square on the ground.

If Su Ming wanted to destroy a will, the sword was enough!

It was known as the End of Wills, and it was a killing sword specifically made among the Seven Swords to target wills. When it charged forward, it shot through the square on the ground, and under Su Ming's divine thought, the will of the sword erupted.

Its power was not the three-tenths like when he had destroyed the Divine Clones, but the full strength. At the instant the will of the sword erupted, the entire world rumbled.

The will of the sword surged into the sky and manifested into countless sharp swords that swept through the area. Shrieking roars traveled out of the square fog. There was despair in them along with great hate. They did not last for long though and came to a swift end.

The ground trembled, and the one hundred thousand mountains disappeared. The square fog instantly disappeared without a trace, like a gust of wind had blown apart the clouds. As for the black-robed old man's will, it disappeared along with the fog, destroyed for all time.

Purple light shone and returned to Su Ming from the ground. When he opened his mouth, it entered inside. All of this happened incredibly quickly, so quickly that when the square fog disappeared, the circle in the sky was still lifted by the Light of Extreme Darkness.

But when the circular, gray fog was enveloped, a crazed look appeared on the man's face as if he could see through the Light of Extreme Darkness. He stared straight at Su Ming, who was under him.

He had naturally sensed the black-robed old man's destruction, which was destruction in its truest sense. There were no chances of him being resurrected. As the head of the three great wills, the gray-robed old man knew many other secrets that the other two wills were not aware of.

"Do you want to use this child's hands to kill the three of us... or are you saying... that we aren't his opponent? Is this your will?"

"But he still hasn't woken up. He still cannot be considered to be the Converted Child!" The crazed look in the gray-robed old man's eyes became greater. He suddenly threw his head back and roared. "If that's the case, then I'd like to see just what you intend to do!"

"I, Servant of Morus Alba, will burn myself! I will burn my thoughts and turn into a butterfly!"

The gray-robed old man's face contorted. The circle fog instantly tumbled as a huge face was formed above the Light of Extreme Darkness. It was tens of thousands of feet big. As the man's voice echoed in the air, flames instantly lit up in the fog.

From the distance, it looked like a new sun had come into being. As the flames burned, gray smoke tumbled about. The wisps of smoke did not rise into the sky but filled the area. Slowly, the area enveloped by smoke grew larger.

Su Ming swung his right hand. The Light of Extreme Darkness disappeared before him to reveal the burning gray-robed old man in the sky and the wisps of smoke surrounding his body.

The wisps of smoke spread out, and pain appeared on the gray-robed old man's face. He swiftly roared.

"With the body of the servant, the shadow of Harmonious Morus Alba shall descend!" the old man roared.

The wisps of smoke surrounding him instantly began tumbling and changing. From the distance, the wisps of smoke turned into a pair of wings, just like...

A butterfly formed of gray smoke!

Chapter 1245: The Great Hand from the True World!

It was a gray butterfly. It did not have any other colors. When it spread its wings, its body reached one hundred thousand feet. There was an indescribable mighty pressure spreading out from, and it descended on the ground.

At the instant Su Ming saw the gray butterfly, he remembered a legend that circulated in the Berserkers' world while he lived there...

There was a butterfly by the name of Harmonious Morus Alba...

"Harmonious Morus Alba..." The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe revealed himself next to Su Ming for the first time in the land of Berserkers. He stared blankly at the sky and the gray butterfly. A sagely light appeared in his eyes.

"In my theory, the final stage... would be Harmonious Morus Alba, the one spoken in the ancient legends. That should be it."

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe murmured those words, a complicated loor appeared on his face, but it lasted only for an instant before it was replaced by determination.

"Legend..." Su Ming muttered softly.

The legends regarding Harmonious Morus Alba had been circulating for a long time in the land of Berserkers. It was there that Su Ming had heard about it for the first time. When it flapped its wings, it could change the world, and every single time it happened, different anomalies would appear.

Su Ming still remembered a butterfly that appeared briefly in the snow-covered sky at the instant the blood dragon crumbled when the Elder of Great Berserker Tribe predicted the Berserker Day. He had seen this when he returned to the ancient past when he was in the world in All Spirits Hall...

Su Ming seemed to have come to understand something. In silence, he stared at the gray butterfly in the sky. That butterfly was also staring at Su Ming. It flapped its wings swiftly, and a breeze stirred up. With a will that intended to crush everything, it descended on the entire land of Berserkers.

It was a pity though that this butterfly was still not the true Harmonious Morus Alba spoken about in the legends. It was only a projection made by the gray-robed old man's will.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the Barren Cauldron manifested on his palm. Bronze light shone from it, covering Su Ming's face so others would be unable to see his expression at that moment. They could only see the bronze light from the cauldron become brighter, and a figure gradually appear from it.

It was a well-built man with a long spear in his hand. At the instant he appeared, he released a primitive, savage presence. It was so strong that it instantly covered the entire world.

At the same time, the one hundred million something souls of Great Berserkers in Su Ming's body woke up from their slumber after going through Su Ming's God of Berserkers Transformation and instantly surged into the bronze cauldron.

Countless faces rose on the surface of the cauldron. As the gray butterfly flapped its wings, the man from the bronze cauldron lifted his head to reveal bloodshot eyes laced with a hint of ferociousness. With one move, he instantly charged at the gray butterfly in the sky.

He was so quick that he swept up a whirlwind. As it howled, it looked like a huge cauldron made of wind was formed in the world, and a large number of faces of Great Berserkers were within it, howling.

The cauldron looked like an illusion, but also seemed to have corporeal form. As it manifested itself, it caused the spear-wielding figure who had rushed out to become larger. In the blink of an eye, he became thousands of feet tall.

"Berserkers!"

When the figure rushed out, a hoarse but astonishing growl tumbled out of its mouth. The man instantly charged towards the right wing of the gray butterfly that was flapping its wings and stirring up the destructive wind.

With the cauldron in his right hand, Su Ming watched everything calmly.

Booming sounds reverberated through the land at that moment. The entire Berserkers' world swayed violently, as if the earth was trembling and the mountains were shuddering. The figure that appeared from the bronze cauldron shuddered amid the loud booming sounds and swiftly crumbled.

However, the right wing of the gray butterfly shook when the figure disappeared. A large number of cracks appeared on it, and with a bang, it was torn into pieces.

"It's a pity that this is just a projection you created on your own. You're not... the legendary Harmonious Morus Alba," Su Ming said softly.

When his words reverberated through the air, the gray butterfly who had lost a wing looked at Su Ming while still in the sky. It flapped its left wing again, and the destructive power swept downwards with a bang.

Su Ming sighed softly.

He lifted his right hand and pointed at the gray butterfly, who now only had one wing left. The ring on his finger immediately flew out. It became larger, and in the blink of an eye, it approached the gray butterfly. By then, it was already one hundred thousand feet big.

It crashed into the butterfly, and the sky split. Cracks appeared on the purple-red seal while loud booming sounds echoed in the air. The entire sky... shattered to pieces. Every part of it crumbled, and as the seal broke apart. The ferocious creatures in the world outside were immediately swept backwards, and before they could rush in, their bodies were reduced to ashes.

Crumbling along with the sky was the gray butterfly, who only had one wing left. Soon, it was reduced to powder. When it disappeared into the wind, it took away with it the gray-robed old man's sigh.

"The person who destroyed me isn't you..."

That was the old man's final sentence. Then, the three great wills that existed since an eternity ago in Yin Death Vortex... were completely wiped out.

The sky roared as its destruction continued. When Su Ming looked over, he found that the sky was shattering in a manner like how rocks would shatter. A large number of fragments fell off, and the scene of the apocalypse shook the hearts of all who saw it.

While in the world beyond, Su Ming's one hundred thousand feet big ring swept outwards with a whistle. Wherever it went, the ferocious creatures in the world outside would crumble. No matter what sort of level of cultivation they possessed, at the instant they touched the ring, they were all disassembled.

The ring whistled and rushed out of the Berserkers' world with a piercing sound. It charged swiftly towards Yin Death Vortex's exit while it rotated.

It was so quick that it traveled into the distance in an instant. It swept up the fog as it charged forward and chased all the aura of death as well as crushed all the living creatures who wanted to fly out of their dimensions. In fact, the dead dragon found, to its despair, that it could not avoid the ring as well. Its body was crushed when the ring crashed into it. Then, the ring moved past it.

All of this might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it only lasted for a dozen something breaths. The ring rushed out of Yin Death Vortex and appeared in True Morning Dao World. At the instant it appeared, it looked as if it had opened up a path connecting True Morning Dao World to the Berserkers' world. The path turned into a vortex and stirred up True Morning Dao World's presence to charge into it with loud bangs.

Within its presence was Su Ming's will. When it rushed out of the vortex, Su Ming lifted his hands while he was in the Berserkers' world. He lifted his head and stared at the shattered sky.

"We will... leave Yin Death Vortex. From now on, the Berserkers' world will become a part of True Morning Dao World! I will bring all of you and the entire world out of this place!"

Su Ming's voice echoed in all the Berserkers' ears, lingering for a long time and refusing to leave. As True Morning Dao World's presence surged in from the tunnel, it looked as if a huge hand had extended into Yin Death Vortex with an indescribable presence from True Morning Dao World to seize the Berserkers' world and take it out from within!

Chapter 1246: Moving in Reverse in Yin Death Vortex

The land of Berserkers trembled. Without the Dead Sea, huge cracks swiftly appeared on the ground. They intersected with each other, but unlike the edges, the internal part did not crumble.

As the ground trembled viciously, flights of stairs appeared on the edges of the ground, as if the ground was slowly rising once it split up.

The sky shattered completely, and Su Ming could see the muddled air of Yin Death Vortex, located right outside their world. Su Ming stood in midair, and when he lifted his arms, his hair danced, his robes fluttered, and a brilliant light shone in his eyes.

“With my will of a True World...”

When Su Ming’s voice echoed in the air, the Berserkers’ world shuddered. The True World’s presence filled the entire world, as if it had truly turned into a hand that seized the Berserkers’ world and was slowly lifting it up into the air.

The hearts of countless Berserkers trembled. It was not due to fear, but excitement and enthusiasm. They worshiped Su Ming. Their voices mixed with the loud rumbles in the world, but the latter could not drown them out and suppress them from reverberating in the air.

“God of Berserkers!”

“God of Berserkers!!”

“God of Berserkers!!!”

“Berserkers’ laws of fate, fuse with the pinnacle of the True World!”

A glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, then he lifted his right hand and swung his arm around him. The Berserkers’ world immediately rumbled furiously, and the laws of fate equivalent to one hundred sixty million laws of fate in the outside world that had been accumulating over the past one thousand something years swiftly manifested to approach Su Ming with loud bangs.

In the world were one hundred sixty million laws of fate, and beyond the world was the hand of True Morning Dao World. With Su Ming as the center, they gathered together, then a power that could shake Yin Death Vortex erupted from them.

This power caused the hand grabbing the Berserkers’ world to expand to the point that it seemed to have gained corporeal form. It seized the Berserkers’ world and lifted it straight from the ground!

Countless islands, Berserkers, and even the dust in the Berserkers’ world rushed out of the ground. They left behind a gigantic pit, then charged out of the dimension that contained the Berserkers’ world.

Su Ming extended his arms as his hair flew behind him. He did not move his body, but charged out of the dimension with the Berserkers’ world. The next instant, all Berserkers saw... a world they could not see before!

This scene was just like what the Elder of Great Yu had mentioned when he predicted the Berserker Day in the past—the others could not see the world he saw!

Perhaps that was because he was a blind man, but perhaps it was because he was a blind man that the world he saw possessed a higher value to be inherited. Yet no matter what, during that instant... Su Ming caused all the Berserkers to see a world... that only Su Ming could see previously!

The six hundred thousand Berserkers in worship and the even greater number of Berserkers who could not come forward to greet Su Ming and remained on the islands in the land lifted their heads to stare at the fog in Yin Death Vortex at that moment. They saw the world beyond the Berserkers' world, and they felt as if their breathing had come to a standstill. They stared at everything before them in a daze. Below them was the pit in the dimension, and it was getting further and further away from their sight.

If anyone cast a glance at this scene from a distance, they would be able to see that the entire Berserkers' world seemed to have turned into a huge stone. It was the land where the Berserkers lived and the Berserkers' legacy. Like a stone, it rushed out of the Berserkers' dimension and the whirlwind in the endless Yin Death Vortex.

"I will take all of you... to see a world you previously could not see!"

Su Ming's voice traveled into all the Berserkers' ears. Under their excited roars, he brought their world out of Yin Death Vortex.

The hand that grabbed the Berserkers' world was filled with a power that would not crumble. No matter how the vortex swept at it, the hand allowed Yin Death fog to corrode it, but it was not at all affected. Instead, it maintained a fixed speed and swiftly rose into the air.

However, Yin Death Vortex had always operated in a manner that did not allow anything to enter nor leave. Even the Immortals in the past could only use a Rune to move through it to avoid Yin Death Vortex from sucking them into it. Yet the Immortals' Rune had long since crumbled.

Because of it, they could only move in reverse within Yin Death Vortex. This task was so difficult that when Su Ming tried it in the past, he failed. His senior brothers had also tried it before, but in the end, they could only leave with the help of the three great wills.

If Su Ming would have done this alone, he could have left easily. In fact, even if he had to bring one thousand, ten thousand, or one hundred thousand people with him, while it would be a little difficult, he could still take them out, but at that moment...

Su Ming was bringing all the Berserkers as well the land of the Berserkers' world. Because of it, this was no longer an easy task to do even for him. In truth, before descending into the Berserkers' world, Su Ming had not thought of taking the land with

him, but the laws of fate that had gathered in the Berserkers' world over the past one thousand something years had given him this chance.

Once the power of the True World fused with the laws of fate, it allowed Su Ming to have the ability to turn the impossible task into something possible!

However, the suction force from Yin Death Vortex became greater the higher the land of Berserkers rose. In just a moment, the howls from the suction force grew to a deafening degree. It was as if there was a hand seizing hold of the land of Berserkers, intending to yank it back.

But that was not all. At the same time the suction force filled the air, most of the dimensions in Yin Death Vortex opened up, and a large number of ferocious creatures of all sorts of appearances rushed out with a howl to charge towards the land of Berserkers.

It was as if a will that Su Ming could not sense filled Yin Death Vortex at that moment, luring all the ferocious beasts to appear in this place so that they could stop Su Ming's crazed action.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He swung his arm, and a gentle light immediately enveloped the land. Once he protected the weaker Berserkers on the islands, he said resolutely, "Berserkers, heed my words. Kill all those who try to stop us from charging out of this place!"

If they did not kill, then there would not be any powerful warriors who would rise to power. At that moment, all the Berserkers had experienced an increase in their levels of cultivation, but they could only truly turn this sort of increase into their own power after they experienced life and death situations, which was why Su Ming had chosen to not protect them, even if he could.

They needed to pay a price for rushing out of Yin Death Vortex to see the world outside. He needed to let all the Berserkers know the difficulty in this. Only by doing so could the Berserkers have the confidence to face all the difficulties in the future while they rose to power.

Besides, even if Su Ming helped them this time, so that none the Berserkers suffered any injuries while they were under his wing, Su Ming could not protect them forever. The disaster from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn that would sweep through all of Arid Triad was about to arrive. So this... would be a test. If they could not pass this test, then the Berserkers did not have the right to face the subsequent disaster.

If that was the case, instead of dying in the hands of foreigners, it would be better... for them to not even leave Yin Death Vortex.

“The races from the dimensions in Yin Death Vortex vary in strength. If there is anyone among them whose levels of cultivation surpass yours by two Realms, I will kill your enemy for you!

“If there are those who are in the same Realm as you or are one Realm above you, then you are to kill them yourselves. Either you will live and charge out of this place with me to let those in the world outside witness the Berserkers’ rise to power... or you will die here!

“What the Berserkers need are not flowers that can only grow while protected. What we need... is a towering tree that will stand tall even in the face of storms!”

There was a cold, callous tone to Su Ming’s voice. His words echoed in the six hundred thousand Berserkers’ hearts, and a crimson glare lit up in their eyes. A powerful killing intent and primitive, savage presence erupted from each of the Berserkers.

For their kin to rise to power was practically the greatest wish of all the Berserkers. At that moment, they erupted with the strongest killing intent they could muster without any hesitation. This killing intent charged into the sky and straight into Yin Death Vortex, right at the races from the dimensions who were charging towards them beyond the land of Berserkers.

The killing intent was especially prominent on Nan Gong Hen and the rest. The increase in their levels of cultivation was the greatest, and at that moment, they threw their heads back and roared, becoming the first to charge forward with monstrous killing intent.

To the Fated Kin, killing was nothing new. It did not matter whether they were foreigners or sea creatures, they had killed far too many of them in the past one thousand something years. At that moment, with aloof expressions, they rushed out, and like arrows shooting out from bows, they charged into the vortex.

Fang Cang Lan’s face grew paler, but she continued persevering through it and watched everything with a smile, but there was no way Su Ming would not see her weakness. The moment the six hundred thousand cultivators rushed out, Su Ming moved and instantly appeared beside Fang Cang Lan so that he could hold her hand.

A pure Bright Yang Aura instantly surged into her body. It fused with the Yin Death Aura in the area and turned into a life force that belonged solely to Fang Cang Lan. With it injected into her, Fang Cang Lan’s facial parlor started slowly getting better. She lifted her head and stared at Su Ming before she bit her bottom lip as if she wanted to say something.

“I know that your body is slightly different, or rather... you are not a Berserker. Compared to them, who grew up in Yin Death Region and have grown used to Yin Death Aura like the dead, you... have the power of Bright Yang, just like those in the worlds beyond,” Su Ming said softly while staring at Fang Cang Lan.

This was something Su Ming knew from the moment his blood had scattered when it landed on Fang Cang Lan's fingertip.

"That is why even though I changed the True World's aura when I made it descend so that all the Berserkers could get used to it, you were not comfortable with it. Right now, the aura of death in Yin Death Vortex is very thick, so you are even more uncomfortable in it."

Su Ming stared at Fang Cang Lan gently. As he spoke and as the Berserkers' world charged forth through Yin Death Vortex, shrill roars and the sounds of battle came from above them. It was the noise of six hundred thousand something Berserkers fighting life and death battles against their neighboring races.

"But..."

"I will get used to it!"

Fang Cang Lan sucked in a deep breath and stared at Su Ming. She had spoken with in a serious voice, and her serious look caused her originally beautiful face to gain an alluring charm.

Su Ming smiled at her faintly.

While holding her hand, he said softly, "It's fine even if you don't get used to it. I will make the universe get used to you."

As Su Ming spoke, he lifted his left hand and pointed upwards. A gust of wind immediately stirred up and moved through the Berserkers to land at the center of the brow of a four-armed man. He possessed power equivalent to those in Mastery Realm, and he was fighting against a Berserker in Earth Cultivation while laughing ferociously, but the moment he wanted to land a killing blow, a loud bang shot out from the center of his brows, and his head exploded...

Chapter 1247: Your Spirit Ascension Disaster... Has Arrived

Blood gushed in all directions when the four-armed man's head exploded. His body froze for a moment while he was falling backwards before he was swept into the vortex. In an instant, he disappeared without a trace.

From the beginning till the end, Su Ming did not lift his head. He stared at Fang Cang Lan with a smile, and when her face became slightly red, he tugged her arm and pulled her into his arms.

With his own body warmth, he tried to provide warmth for the loneliness Fang Cang Lan had suffered over the past one thousand something years. At the instant she was pulled into Su Ming's arms, a tender look appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes, as if she was at the highest point in her life just by standing there. It was as if being by Su Ming's side was the best thing in her life.

She wished that this moment would last for eternity and nothing else.

The battle around them served as a background to the tenderness in her eyes. It was as if the colors of the rainbow had suddenly appeared in a painting of mountains and rivers. Those colors were incredibly bright, eye-catching... and did not seem to fit in, but still blended in beautifully. The unexpectedness of it was gone, and only the beauty was left behind.

Shrill roars echoed in the air, and torn bodies filled the area. Fueled by the madness of wishing to rise to power and their desire to leave, the six hundred thousand Berserkers only had one thought remaining in their minds at that moment—Kill!

This was a life-and-death struggle, and the battle became more intense as the hand continued dragging the Berserkers outside. Su Ming's previous words of needing towering trees that could remain standing in storms and not flowers to be protected also caused the battle to become more intense.

Who was the flower and who was the tree? There were no bystanders serving as witnesses in this battle, and there was no need for them, because those who survived would be the trees, and those who died... would still have been cast aside by destiny, even if they were not flowers.

This was very brutal and unfair, but fairness did not exist in battlefields. There was also no such thing as fairness when a race rose to power. If anyone dared to slack off during battle or lacked the courage to fight, then their kin was also bound to be cast aside.

Besides, there was no one who would dare to slack off during battle, because this sort of person would not survive till the end. They would be brutally killed by the foreign races.

The shrill roars came from both the foreign races and Berserkers. Most of the short period of warmth in Fang Cang Lan's heart was chased away by the screams of pain. She lifted her head and stared at the area above her as well as the area around her. A look that said she could not bear the sight appeared on her face.

"Before I had their power, I walked through the same path, and when I had their power, I still walked through the same path. I do not hope for them to arrive at the same stage as me after going through this life-and-death experience, but...

“If it were the times of peace, then with my current level of power, I can make the Berserkers rise to power by myself, but right now... if I want to make the Berserkers rise to power, I will need all the Berserkers to work hard with me.

“And what I need them to do is... to possess the right to continue living in the world outside with whatever disasters they face in the future when I am not around.”

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the slaughter above him. He saw the Berserkers dying and fighting with all their courage, and the increasing madness in their bloodshot eyes.

“Once they become aloof when they fight against others, become used to it, adapt to it... only then would they be able to grow. Right now, they are only children.”

When Su Ming opened his mouth, a purple light suddenly flashed in his mouth, and the End of Wills Sword instantly flew out. It shot upwards, and immediately, shrill screams of pain echoed in the area. Four foreigners whose power were equivalent to those in Mastery Realm and who had just joined the battle jolted. Their heads were separated from their bodies, and they breathed their last.

“I know... about the things... you went through after you left the land of Berserkers.”

Fang Cang Lan stared at Su Ming. There was a gentle look in her eyes, and at the same time, pain because she did not have the heart to think about what he had went through. She held Su Ming's hand and tightened her grip on it.

“I forgot that you have this sort of ability.”

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, then let out a chuckle. He remembered that Fang Cang Lan had the ability to see another person's past. This divine ability was something that Su Ming had never seen anyone else, who was not a Berserker, to possess. Even among the Berserkers, Fang Cang Lan was the only person Su Ming knew that had this ability.

Perhaps Fang Cang Lan's Master was even better with this skill. Perhaps there were people who shared her blood who could even predict the workings of the universe, and perhaps... When Su Ming thought of this, his heart suddenly shuddered. His gaze grew profound, and he cast Fang Cang Lan a deep glance.

Why did she possess vitality when she was in Yin Death Region?

Why could she gather together the souls of the Berserkers once she was asked to become the Berserker Consort and make the Berserkers respect her? Besides her charm, perhaps... the legacy in her blood also contained a presence that could make the Berserkers find her a friendly presence.

Why could she and her Master's bloodline master this divine ability that allowed them to see other people's past, which even to the current Su Ming, still felt fathomless?

All of these questions rose in Su Ming's heart, but he soon found an answer.

The image of the Elder who could predict the Berserker Day, who he saw when he returned to the ancient past while he was All Spirits Hall, the image of the blind xun maker, and the image of his elder appeared in his head...

The rumbling sounds from Yin Death Vortex grew louder, and the battles in the area reached an extremely devastating degree. At the same time, the land of Berserkers continued rising higher even while it was fighting against the suction force from the vortex.

After a moment, a deafening roar rang out. The land of Berserkers rose upwards for a short distance. By then, they could already see the exit of the vortex.

Nearly two hundred thousand Berserkers out of the six hundred thousand Berserkers had died during the period of time the land of Berserkers moved through the vortex. The ones remaining might have bloodshot eyes, but there was a very clear, thick murderous aura surrounding them. They were no longer filled with madness, but had become more aloof.

It was something that came from getting used to slaughter. It was an even stronger killing intent than madness. They were like a piece of steel that was being sharpened into a blade continuously.

Among the four hundred Berserkers, around eighty thousand of them were the Fated Kin. Not many of them had died because they were already used to killing. They were already sharp blades that would shine brightly when light shone on them.

Then in their first battle against the foreign races after their levels of cultivation had increased, the sharp blades that were the Fated Kin were sharpened into precious swords!

They were so sharp that they could destroy thousands of armies!

It was especially so for Nan Gong Hen, whose presence had changed drastically during the battle. When he stood there, he was like a sharp fang dyed in blood. the heart of anyone who saw him would shudder, and a chill would crawl up their spine.

It was at that moment that an even stronger howl could be heard. More foreigners suddenly appeared from above the land of Berserkers in the vortex. The overall strength of these foreigners was not weak, and they were clearly the final defense of the vortex to prevent all those who wanted to leave.

In fact... Su Ming could even sense the faint presence of Immortals from the foreigners of varying appearances!

Compared to the fatigue of the four hundred thousand Berserkers, these foreigners who had just appeared were like murderous fiends who had been waiting for a long time. When they saw the rising land of Berserkers and the four hundred thousand Berserkers who flew up, ferocious and bloodthirsty looks appeared on their faces. They threw their heads back and roared, then charged towards the Berserkers like a swarm of bees.

Their number also reached tens of thousands. This was an unfair fight, even though fairness was as insubstantial as destiny in the process of a race rising to power, but... in Su Ming's eyes, if he wanted fairness to exist, then fairness would exist.

At the moment the Berserkers erupted with a murderous aura once more and were about to charge forward, Su Ming pulled Fang Cang Lan behind him and took a step forward. He lifted his left hand and swung his arm, and a voice that caused the Berserkers to be excited echoed in the air.

"I will tell you what is fairness when a race rises to power."

At the instant Su Ming's voice appeared, he pushed his left hand downwards, and it swayed, as if it had been seized.

In an instant, loud roars surged into the sky from the entire land of Berserkers. Amid those roars, the land of Berserkers trembled furiously. A sea of fire seemed to have appeared around it, and it was a fire from scraping the vortex at an extreme speed. The entire land of Berserkers looked like it had turned into a giant fireball.

As it roared, its speed instantly increased exponentially. Due to it, the wind pressure prevented the Berserkers from rising upwards. They fell down on the ground and immediately sat down cross-legged to circulate their cultivation bases in order to counterbalance the wind pressure.

At the same time, all of them lifted their heads and stared at the land of Berserkers, now a fireball, instantly sweeping up all the Berserkers to charge to Yin Death Vortex's exit. Due to its speed, it instantly reached the hundreds of thousands of foreigners.

At the moment they crashed... booming sounds, shrill screams of pain, and indescribable roars rang out from all fronts. It was a devastating sight that was impossible to put into words. The hundreds of thousands of foreign cultivators were like eggs that had crashed into a stone.

In an instant, one hundred thousand of them died, and in the next instant, another one hundred thousand crumbled, then in the next, another one hundred thousand exploded!

It was a furious crash with a fireball that was nigh impossible to fend against. It brought away flesh and blood while destroying countless souls. The fires seemed to burn with the flames of death that reaped all lives and would coldly and callously destroy all existences who tried to block it.

With a bang, the land of Berserkers got close to the exit of Yin Death Vortex, allowing all the Berserkers... to be able to see the galaxy of the True World for the first time in their lives!

“This is the fairness needed when a race rises to power.”

When Su Ming’s flat voice echoed in the air, it landed in the ears of all the Berserkers. They then once again let out their strongest roars towards a single person.

“GOD OF BERSERKERS!”

“GOD OF BERSERKERS!!”

“GOD OF BERSERKERS!!!”

The presence of the True World filled the area, and Yin Death Vortex could no longer suck in the land of Berserkers. No one could prevent the Berserkers from leaving. It was just like how no one could prevent this race from rising to power.

“Wait for me outside with them. I still have some things to do. I have to return to Yin Death Vortex...”

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at Fang Cang Lan with a smile, but when he said those words, Su Ming suddenly shuddered. He lifted his head in an instant and stared at the air. A stern look that had never been seen before on his face appeared on him!

Right away, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe appeared beside Su Ming. He did not make a single sound, but his words were like claps of thunder when they landed in Su Ming’s heart.

“Your spirit ascension disaster... has arrived.”

No data found.

Chapter 1248: Seal It Tight

The Berserkers were not the sole reason why Su Ming returned to Yin Death Vortex. He was also searching for Di Tian's presence. Because of it, he had told Fang Cang Lan that he wanted to return to Yin Death Vortex when they rushed out of it earlier.

But before he could finish saying it, a feeling of danger filled his heart even though it was his True World. The sense of danger was so strong that it made him feel as if he was about to reach death's door, and there was even a feeling as if he would absolutely not escape death.

The voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirits Tribe echoed in the air. In truth, before the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe even spoke, Su Ming already knew... that his Antecedental Spirit's disaster had arrived!

After remaining silent for a moment, he suddenly smiled in a free and graceful manner, then cast a deep glance at Fang Cang Lan.

"Take the Berserkers and wait for me beyond Yin Death Region."

Fang Cang Lan went pale again. This time, it was not due to her not getting used to the presence of the True World. Instead, it was because she could somewhat guess that something had changed during that instant just then.

This change was not a serendipity, but a life-and-death disaster.

After looking at Su Ming, Fang Cang Lan quietly hugged him. She did not speak, for there were no words for her to say. All of her thoughts seemed to be contained in her hug. It had no words, but there was no end to her thoughts.

Then, she turned around and left. From the start till the end, she never asked a single question, neither did she speak words of love, but before she turned around, a resolute look appeared in her eyes. She would not divide Su Ming's attention and would lead the Berserkers for him. This was the only thing she could do to help Su Ming as of right then.

Booming sounds surged into the air from the land of Berserkers. Once it rushed out of Yin Death Vortex, it floated in the True World's galaxy. This galaxy was Su Ming's clone, and Su Ming could change all the aura in it with a single divine thought.

He stared at the land of Berserkers leaving into the distance and at the countless Berserkers on the land bowing to him. He watched Fang Cang Lan standing in the crowd while staring at him deeply.

The smile on Su Ming's face became more free and graceful.

'The Antecedental Spirit's disaster... with my current condition and the help of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, if I still can't get through it, then perhaps there is no one in the world who can get truly live through it.'

Resolve appeared in Su Ming's eyes. When he turned around, he took a step into Yin Death Vortex.

Besides searching for Di Tian and learning about the secrets in Yin Death Vortex, he had chosen Yin Death Vortex to get through his disaster because of the old man's words when the disaster arrived.

“This is the presence of the disaster revealing itself. You still have seven days. After them... no matter where you are, the disaster will descend, but I do wonder in what form the disaster will appear to you.

“Return to Yin Death Vortex. If my guess is correct, then the place... will be the most suitable place for you to get through the disaster in Arid Triad!”

The old man’s solemn words resounded in Su Ming’s heart. When he turned his head to look, he saw the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe beside him. He had a solemn expression on his face, but there was also a hint of anticipation.

He was looking forward to the arrival of Su Ming’s disaster, because he wanted to fight against it. In this battle, if he failed, he would die, but if he succeeded, he would earn the right for his ninth spirit ascension. Regardless of whether it was for himself or for his people, he had to fight against the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster!

“Seven days, huh? Then I have time to search for Di Tian.”

Su Ming stepped into Yin Death Vortex and charged forward. The suction force and aura of death in the vortex were not too effective against him.

With his level of cultivation, unless he ran into certain ancient existences, there was no way he would die.

Brilliant light shone in Su Ming’s eyes. He moved swiftly and charged into one of the dimensions in the vortex. It was a world with a huge ocean. It was similar to the Berserkers’ Dead Sea, but it was not black. Instead, it was blue.

At the instant he stepped into the world, Su Ming spread his divine sense outwards and scanned the area, causing all the people in the world to feel their hearts tremble. Then, he turned around and left without any hesitation.

“Not here,” Su Ming mumbled, then moved through Yin Death Vortex to another dimension. That one had a boundless desert. The aura of death there was so thick that it formed a fog, but when Su Ming entered the place and cast his divine sense outwards, the fog swiftly dispersed.

“Not here either.”

Su Ming scanned the desert with his divine sense, then turned around and left. Just like that, he charged through Yin Death Region, stepping into each and every dimension before him.

Every single time he entered one, he would spread his divine sense and search for Di Tian’s presence. With his divine sense of a True World, as long as he entered the dimension where Di Tian hid himself, Su Ming was confident that he could find hints of his existence, even if he could not completely detect him.

One spot, two spots... When the first day was over, Su Ming had already searched through thousands of dimensions, but he did not manage to detect Di Tian’s presence. After all, there were plenty of dimensions in Yin Death Vortex, and while one thousand dimensions was not a drop of water in the ocean, it was still not many.

‘If I search like this, even if I use up all seven days, it’ll be hard for me to go through all the dimensions. After all, there are simply too many of them in this world...’

Su Ming came to a stop. His eyes flashed a few times before he suddenly lifted his right hand and struck the center of his brow.

With it, Su Ming shuddered, and his divine sense seemed to have been split. It turned from one to two, then from two to four... When it turned into ten hundred, they surrounded the area and turned into another vortex in Yin Death Vortex.

Ten thousand divine senses was a number that cultivators could not begin imagining to possess, because if their divine sense was divided into ten thousand portions, it would be incredibly weakened. In fact, it would be completely impossible for them to do it. If they tried, their divine senses would be torn apart, and they would die.

But Su Ming was an Antecedental Spirit who Possessed True Morning Dao World. He had a True World clone, which was why he had the right to split his divine sense into ten thousand parts and still retain a certain amount of investigative power in each one.

At that moment, a brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He pushed forward with both hands. Immediately, the ten thousand divine senses let out a roar and charged out. They instantly rushed into ten thousand dimensions which they swiftly scanned traces of Di Tian.

As time passed, the second day, the third day, and the fourth day went by... While Su Ming continued sinking into Yin Death Vortex, his divine senses searched through batches of dimensions numbering to ten thousand time and again.

However, Di Tian's presence was like a drop of water that had fallen into the ocean. Four days had passed, and Su Ming had already searched through numerous dimensions, but he did not find even a single trace of his target.

In silence, Su Ming still continued searching. If he had not been extremely certain that he had felt Di Tian's presence in this place, he would have given up a long time ago.

"There are no longer any dimensions below us."

When the fifth day arrived, the old man beside Su Ming spoke hoarsely. He cast Su Ming a profound look. His divine sense immediately spread out, and a vortex formed by a whirlwind swept in all directions from him.

It was a vortex formed by the will of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe after he had gone through eight spirit ascensions. It was huge, and when it expanded, signs that it could replace Yin Death Vortex appeared. It looked like it was about to overlap with Yin Death Vortex.

When the new vortex appeared, the old man's divine sense instantly fused into every single dimension. When it swept through them, all of Yin Death Vortex seemed to shudder. All the living beings in each dimension sensed the old man's will at that instant.

They shuddered in terror as despair filled them, since they knew they could not fight against it.

If someone compared the old man's will to the three great wills Su Ming had killed, the three great wills would be like fireflies, and the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would be the bright moon whose light could illuminate the entire world.

They were completely different states of being. In fact, at that moment, eight originally sealed dimensions whose existence had been wiped from Yin Death Vortex started trembling.

The hearts of Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors trembled at that moment, but they continued remaining still, simply allowing all the dimensions to shiver to the extent that they were about to shatter.

When the sky started shattering in the dimensions where they were, the ground started cracking, and the sealed entrance started showing signs of crumbling, some of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors could no longer hold themselves back and spread out their divine senses in an attempt to heal their dimensions.

The moment their divine senses appeared, Di Tian's expression changed.

"Retrieve your divine senses, quick!"

But Di Tian's warning was a little too late. The moment those people tried to repair their dimensions with their divine senses, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe retracted his will from all the other dimensions where he was and gathered everything on the eight dimensions where the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors were.

But he did not scan through them in a domineering manner. Instead, he soon left. When the old man's will retreated, the dimensions where the eight people were filled with dead silence.

The expression of the eight people, including Di Tian, turned dark. But they did not say a single word.

Only about the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn passed since the moment the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe spread out his divine sense to the moment he retrieved it. When he did so, the booming sounds gradually faded. The vortex that was formed by his divine sense also disappeared.

“There are eight dimensions sealed from within. This sealing method... is the exact same as the one used in Yin Death Vortex. There are eight people in them. Their bodies have become rigid, but their wills are powerful... They are not weak!

“Before your disaster arrives, I suggest... that you do not bother with these eight people, no matter what sort of hatred you harbor towards them,” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said languidly while staring at Su Ming.

Su Ming’s expression remained the same as he met the old man’s gaze squarely.

“The Antecedental Spirit’s disaster is about to arrive. It’s only natural that I know my place. I’m searching for one of them because I am worried that he will suddenly appear to interfere when I am going through my disaster. Even if they sealed their dimensions because they do not want others to find them, to prevent any accidents, I believe it would be best if you help them and completely seal off their dimensions, senior.”

Su Ming’s voice was calm. He could detect the old man’s unwillingness to participate in this matter, which was why he spoke of a different matter.

A glint shone in the old man’s eyes. Without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm upwards at Yin Death Vortex. Eight runic symbols appeared in his hands. It contained his will’s Brand, and it instantly fused into the vortex and the eight sealed entrances.

They were all completely sealed!

Chapter 1249: It... Is Related to You.

When Su Ming completely sealed off the dimensions of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors using the old man's hand, the countless Berserkers in the land of Berserkers located in the galaxy beyond Yin Death Vortex all stared at the rotating Yin Death Vortex in silence.

This was the first time they had left Yin Death Vortex and the first time they arrived in the world outside. At that moment, all sorts of emotions surged through their hearts. They could not help but be anxious, since their God of Berserkers was still inside.

Once they survived the devastating battle, the Berserkers felt as if they had been reborn through fire. Their presence changed, and even though they were silent at that moment, a hint of determination could be detected in their eyes.

It was a determined heart to never leave if Su Ming did not appear. In fact, they would spare no pains in returning to Yin Death Vortex if that happened.

They might have already possessed this presence before, but they had not been as resolute as they were at that moment. Sometimes, resolution was signified by a presence that could not be hidden!

Fang Cang Lan sat down quietly on a mountain located at the edge of the land and cast her gaze into the vast Yin Death Vortex under the galaxy. It looked like a brilliant vortex. If it was not for the aura of death covering everything inside, the sight would definitely have been a beautiful and dazzling one.

Cang Lan was waiting, just like how she had waited for the past one thousand years. Even if an even longer period of time passed, she would still continue to wait.

But destiny seemed to be playing tricks on her, so Su Ming was outside while she remained inside... And now, when she had come out, he remained in Yin Death Region.

At that moment, the Ninth Summit located in Morning Dao Sect was stabilizing itself right in the public eye. Regardless of whether it was the protection Runes or the fusion of the three forces of power within the sect, all of them were swiftly transforming the Ninth Summit's appearance.

There seemed to be no end to the changes. Because of it, the Ninth Summit, who had taken over the location of Morning Dao Sect, became stronger in an unseen manner every single day once the internal parts of the sect had been integrated.

The armies from True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World moved through the borders between the True Worlds during and broke through the whirlwind under the invitation of the envoys sent by the Ninth Summit. When it deployed one hundred thousand cultivators, three hundred thousand vanguards charged towards Arid Triad's gap.

This would be Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos' first line of defense against Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. It would also be their first army.

All of True Morning Dao World was in a state of nervousness. The slowly trickling time seemed to be the calm before the storm. No one knew when Saint Defier and Dark Dawn would descend through Arid Triad's gap.

However, some of the cultivators who earned the right to know understood that the day... was already very, very close.

So close... that it might be the next day.

In a circular area of one million feet beyond Arid Triad's gap was a great whirlwind. There might be other whirlwinds at the periphery of the area, but they were much weaker. This was due to the efforts of the cultivators of all three True Worlds. They had stationed themselves in three different directions nearby to form three camps that were connected together.

Runes, seals, powerful weapons, and other items filled the area. All of them were locked onto Arid Triad's gap. Plenty of cultivators from the three camps were also sent to the whirlwind near the gap to serve as scouts and observe the activities beyond the gap.

This task was given primarily to the cultivators of the Ninth Summit, because while the Fourth True World and True Sacred Yin World could fend against the whirlwind, they could not do so like the cultivators from the Ninth Summit. Since Su Ming was the master of the True World's will, all those who had his Brand, or rather, all the cultivators who had gathered together their laws of fate for Su Ming, could move about within the whirlwind without being affected.

In fact, if Su Ming wanted to, he could make the whirlwind instantly disappear, but he did not want to do so. The whirlwind's existence was actually good for Arid Triad. After all, this could be considered as a natural form of protection.

The nervousness in True Morning Dao World and the silence before the storm resulted in an oppressive air. It enveloped the entire True World as well as True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World who had begun preparing the second batch of their people to head to the frontlines.

This was... a war in which all on their side would prosper if a single one of them prospered, and if anyone on their side suffered losses, all of them would suffer losses. This was a war on their ground. Because of that, the final result would tell who the lord of that region was.

Foreign threats were invading, so if the war was lost, the four Great True Worlds would be enslaved, countless cultivators would be killed... and Arid Triad would get a new master!

In the beginning, True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World believed that the Ninth Summit, who had recently risen to power in True Morning Dao World, did not have the right to become the master of True Morning Dao World.

In fact, plenty of people from the two Great True Worlds believed that since True Morning Dao World had been reduced to ruins, there was no need for it to exist any longer. It would be better for it to turn into a battlefield.

An even better thing would be if all of True Morning Dao World was turned into a place that was difficult to access. There were plenty of powerful warriors from the two Great True Worlds who once supported this idea.

However, the Sublime Paragon from True Sacred Yin World and a certain ancient will who descended from the Fourth True World had completely rejected this thought. Not only did they treat the envoys from the Ninth Summit politely, they were also extremely courteous to them.

There were plenty of cultivators who did not understand this. Gradually though, a rumor started circulating among them. It said that there was a powerful warrior as great as the Sublime Paragons of the other four Great True Worlds behind True Morning Dao World's Ninth Summit. It was precisely because of this person that the Ninth Summit obtained the respect of the other Great True Worlds.

The rumors were insubstantial. There were those who believed in them, and those who sneered at them, but no matter what, the union formed by the three Great True Worlds became extremely solid under the threat of the possible descent of the foreign threats.

And at that moment, the powerful warrior Su Ming, who was rumored to be the existence behind the Ninth Summit that was as powerful as the Sublime Paragons, was in Yin Death Vortex with an aloof look on his face and resolve in his eyes. He was heading into the depths of Yin Death Vortex.

Ring-shaped ripples spread around Su Ming, forming a protective force similar to the one provided by the ring. This power filled the area around Su Ming, allowing him to maintain the same speed as he charged into the depths of Yin Death Vortex.

He moved very quickly. When the sixth day was almost over, he had already reached a depth he had never reached before. Yin Death Vortex had become much compact around him, and the suction force had also become more powerful. By his ears he heard deafening, piercing howls that resembled those of wolves.

"Get closer still. I can sense... an unimaginable presence at the depths of this Yin Death Vortex!"

There was a hint of excitement in the voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. As he spoke, he grabbed Su Ming and charged forward.

But the instant he did so, a great repulsive force suddenly appeared in the vortex that was like the wind. It might have seemed weak, but when it blew at them, it seemed to freeze the vortex before stirring up a storm that made even the old man's pupils shrink.

The storm appeared unexpectedly and abruptly.

Su Ming was in a better condition. He only felt his entire body growing numb, as if he had lost his cultivation base for a brief instant. His mind went blank, and he came to a stop.

But the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe shuddered. He swiftly retreated and coughed up three mouthfuls of blood. Shock appeared on his face, but he soon threw his head back and laughed at the sky.

"It's as I expected! It's just as I expected! My guess was not wrong! There is no such thing as an eternal existence in the universe! All forms of lives have arch enemies, and all existences must die eventually!

"Su Ming, continue heading into the depths of this place. Head to the deepest region. The secret hidden in there... is related to you!"

Madness appeared on the old man's face. As he laughed loudly, he turned around and lifted his head to stare at the endless Yin Death Vortex above him.

When he finished speaking, the seventh day arrived.

The arrival of the seventh day meant that Su Ming's Arid Disaster was about to descend!

The blood mark immediately appeared at the center of Su Ming's brow. It melted into a blood thread, and in the blink of an eye, it covered Su Ming's entire body. It looked as if he was stuffed into a net of blood.

There were two figures standing silently in the opposite direction of the land of Berserkers. They could see each other through Yin Death Vortex.

The two figures were incredibly indistinct, and it seemed like they had no corporeal form. No one could say how long they had stood in the land as they continued staring at Yin Death Vortex.

One of them was short, but it was not a dwarf. Instead, it was a child.

The other person was surrounded by fog. Every single it rotated, it seemed to turn into eyes, causing all those who stared at the man to feel as if there were countless eyes on them.

Not a single hint of aura spread out from the two. While standing there, they looked as if they could avoid certain laws and wills in the True World. After a long while, the boy sighed softly.

"Were you able to tell that person's level of cultivation?"

"He is someone who Possessed True Morning Dao World. Forget the fact that I cannot determine his level of cultivation. The number of people who can

determine his level of cultivation in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos can be counted on a single hand,” the fog shrouded figure said in a low voice.

“Those in the world outside say that this person is a Sublime Paragon like us, but they don’t know that this person... has already surpassed Sublime Paragons. He is above us.

“But I don’t understand. All the Antecedental Spirits are suppressed in the Fourth True World. How... did he manage to become an Antecedental Spirit?!”

These two people were the Sublime Paragons of True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth Great True World. If Su Ming could divide some of his attention and observe the boy at that moment, he would definitely be able to recognize him as Chang He’s Master, the person he saw in the illusion he obtained from Chang He’s corpse!

Based on the fog shrouded figure’s understanding towards Antecedental Spirits, it could be seen that as the Fourth True World’s Sublime Paragon, he was in possession of many secrets regarding the suppressed Antecedental Spirits in Arid Triad.

The fog shrouded figure was silent for a moment before he said hoarsely, “Do not forget about the legendary... All Spirits Hall!”

“All Spirits... Hmm?”

The boy was just about to continue speaking when he suddenly lifted his head. His pupils shrank. He saw a change that shocked even him. His presence expanded swiftly, as if it had just received a great stimulation.

“This is...”

“The... Antecedental Spirit’s... Disaster!”

The one who answered him was the fog shrouded figure beside him. He enunciated each word, and there was disbelief in his voice. When he spoke his final word, he was practically shouting, because it was a cry of surprise.

Chapter 1250: This Is My Disaster!

The figure in the fog had only managed to mention the Antecedental Spirit’s Disaster when his body froze.

The world swiftly fell silent. Space went still as if all things had been frozen for eternity and all lives had stopped thinking!

Even the powerful and mysterious Sublime Paragon from the Fourth True World had to extinguish all signs of his life under the indescribable will of heaven.

This was not death, but a dead stillness that left a person between a state of living and dying. It seemed like all existences in the universe did not dare to continue living, but they were also not allowed to die, which was why they chose... to temporarily become blank slates, the background for the will of heaven that would soon descend.

It did not matter whether they were willing or unwilling. All of them had to do this.

There was shock on the boy's face. It was something he rarely showed, but not only did it appear at that moment, it had also frozen to become an expression that seemed like it would exist on his face forever... because his body had frozen completely.

Only the terror in his eyes and the inverted image reflected in his pupils could allow others to see the truth of what he saw before the entire universe froze.

It was a scene of the whirlwind in True Morning Dao World freezing as well as all the laws there coming to a stop, as if they had been frozen by unseen ice.

Everything froze, and it was the same for the land of Berserkers beside Yin Death Vortex. The flow of their blood, the beating of their hearts, their cultivation bases, and even their thoughts came to a stop at that instant.

All the Berserkers on the land, including Fang Cang Lan, turned into something akin to statues. They were frozen in space and retained their expressions from before. In fact, they did not even know that their lives had been stopped...

They were not the only ones affected. It could be said that all the lives in True Morning Dao World, no matter what sort of level of cultivation they had, where they were, what they were doing, and whether they were alive or dead, became still when the laws froze.

People's personal intentions, the powerful warriors' intentions, and even the races' intentions were so insignificant before this will of heaven that they could not put up the slightest struggle.

No matter what the one million cultivators were doing in the Ninth Summit, even if they were located in the spot once belonging to Morning Dao Sect, they could not avoid being frozen when the world came to a stop. All of them stopped moving.

Su Ming's eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi... everyone was frozen. There were no exceptions.

It was the same for the first line of defense from True Sacred Yin World, the Fourth True World, and the Ninth Summit stationed near Arid Triad's gap to fend against the foreigners... The three hundred thousand cultivators and the dozens of people who were constantly observing the gap in the whirlwind as well as the shrieking whirlwind that seemed as if it would never stop... froze at that instant!

It was as if the world had turned into a still picture existing eternally on a scroll...

There were two cultivators from the Ninth Summit beside Arid Triad's gap. The two of them had shock on their faces, as if they had just discovered information that they had to immediately report back to the army. Their gazes were fixed on Arid Triad's gap, and they looked like they were about to retreat, but they did not move.

There were eight people beyond Arid Triad's gap at that moment. There were murderous and sullen looks on their faces as they stepped into it, but the moment they entered Arid Triad, they were frozen.

Countless cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn could be seen at Arid Triad's gap, but their expressions changed and they instantly stopped moving

in shock. They did not dare step inside, because if they entered Arid Triad, they would definitely be stopped for eternity.

There were two indistinct figures in the galaxy beyond Arid Triad's gap at that moment. They were one of the most supreme wills in Saint Defier and Dark Dawn. Based on their figures, it could be seen that they were a man and a woman. The woman represented Saint Defier, and the man Dark Dawn.

The two people's bodies seemed to be formed by fog which was swiftly gathering together. Their appearances could not be seen clearly, but based on the grave look in their eyes, it could be seen that their hearts were not calm.

"This is..."

"Arid Disaster! Someone is going through the Antecedental Spirit's disaster in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos!"

The two people were silent for a moment before they spoke hoarsely at the same time. They cast each other a glance then. They might be enemies, but they had already reached a consensus towards Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, which was why they saw caution in each other's eyes, as well as a hint of them regarding this matter with great importance.

The man was silent for a moment before he sighed and said, "Stop advancing. We will only enter once this person gets through his disaster!"

Once he finished speaking, the countless cultivators behind him took three simultaneous steps backwards.

Besides True Morning Dao World, True Sacred Yin World, the Emperor of Abyss' True World, and the Fourth True World were also frozen in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. It could be said that all regions in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos were frozen at that instant. They were as still as water, and not a single ripple could be seen.

Only... Yin Death Region remained a sole existence that was not frozen in all of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. The vortex was still rotating, as if it was completely unaffected/

It was as if even if the Antecedental Spirit's Disaster was something that could make all existences apprehensive and Saint Defier as well as Dark Dawn temporarily avoid its brilliance... Yin Death Vortex would still continue rotating. This disaster could not affect it even in the slightest.

The worlds in Yin Death Vortex were the same. When everything beyond the vortex froze, they continued with their usual operations, exactly the way they had done every single day in the past.

It seemed all the changes in the worlds beyond were completely unrelated to Yin Death Vortex, as if they were two different worlds.

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He lifted his head and stared at the vortex above him.

The eyes of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe sparkled brightly while he was not too far away. He had been waiting for this day for far too long. Right then, it had finally arrived. An increasingly powerful presence continued gathering on the old man's body, as if he was a sharp sword that was about to be drawn. At that moment, he was showing his intention of cutting down the heavens.

In fact, a vortex had appeared around him once more. It started rotating along with his will while an indescribable, brilliant light in the old man's eyes. It seemed to be the brightest light in the world that could burn all lives that looked into his eyes.

At that moment, a loud bang echoed through all of True Morning Dao World. It spread out and filled every single region in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. At the moment the sound rang out, a crimson lightning bolt that was the size of a normal person's arm gathered in the air beyond Yin Death Vortex.

When it appeared, the space around it was immediately dyed blood red, as if it had been turned into a hellish ocean. If anyone cast their eyes on it, they would find that everything had turned the color of blood.

The light spread through all of True Morning Dao World. It filled True Sacred Yin World, the Emperor of Abyss' True World, and the mysterious Fourth True World. Even the Barren Lands of Divine Essence were covered by the red light.

When the lightning bolt appeared, it swiftly turned light red. With an indescribable presence, it seemed to have swept up all of Arid Triad into one single lightning bolt that charged into Yin Death Vortex.

During the process of its descent, the light spreading through Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos instantly moved in reverse and shrank. Eventually, it gathered together, making the bolt of lightning turn an extreme shade of red!

The bolt of lightning then charged into the vortex. The rotation of the vortex shuddered, but the red bolt of lightning also trembled violently. Its color became duller, but it continued rushing forward. An astonishing roar came from it, and it shot through Yin Death Fog with crushing force. It charged into the depths, straight to where Su Ming was.

It seemed to be chasing after Su Ming's life. Once it locked onto him, no matter where he hid, it would definitely descend on him. Until it wiped out Su Ming's life, it would never stop.

Su Ming had used seven days to reach the depth of Yin Death Vortex, but the lightning had instantly reached his field of vision.

It was crimson and had a domineering air that seemed to represent Arid Triad's strongest will and a madness intent on destruction. It looked like the blood capillaries in a crazed person's eyes. At the instant Su Ming saw the bolt of lightning, it stirred up a deafening, thunderous roar, and approached him.

"The nine disasters of the Antecedental Spirits... each of them is stronger than the last!"

The ancient voice of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe echoed in the air. He took a step forward, and the moment he lifted his foot, a ferocious look appeared in his eyes.

It was his Arid Disaster, so Su Ming did not want to have the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe fight against it by himself. He wanted to try getting through the disaster with his own power. Only by doing so would he have the will to face any dangers he would have to deal with in the future.

Only when he could not get through it would he require someone else to help him. Until then... he would personally face the disaster!

'This is a disaster and a serendipity!' A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes.

“I will get through the first disaster myself!”

While speaking, Su Ming swiftly moved. The third eye at the center of his brow opened, and the red bolt of lightning that closed in on him was magnified an infinite number of times. Su Ming lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and struck his third eye.

When he did so, his will of a True World and an Antecedental Spirit erupted from him. Even though the True World had been frozen, Su Ming was the True World and the master of its will.

“Mountain Shifter!”

He lifted his arms, then put his hands together before swiftly striking the top of his head. One hundred thousand mountains instantly appeared around him. They manifested simultaneously and gathered around him before overlapping with each other. They formed a towering mountain which crashed against the descending red lightning with a loud bang.

From the distance, it did not seem as if the lightning bolt was descending with a mighty presence. Instead, it looked as if Su Ming was attacking nothing. At the instant the lightning bolt touched the mountain, Su Ming’s entire body shuddered.

The towering mountain formed when the one hundred thousand mountains around him overlapped with each other shuddered violently. Amid the loud bang, it shattered, and in an instant, it crumbled to pieces.

The red bolt of lightning became duller, but it maintained its speed. Its killing intent was astonishing as it charged straight towards the center of Su Ming's brow.