

# **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1251: The Approaching Five Colors - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1251: The Approaching Five Colors Bin**

## **Chapter 1251: The Approaching Five Colors**

A profound look appeared in the eyes of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. He stared at Su Ming and did not immediately help him. If Su Ming did not choose to personally go through the disaster, he would have naturally helped him, but he would have been certain in his heart that Su Ming's success would come to an end at that point.

If the person did not even dare to face their own Antecedental Spirit's disaster, then they would definitely not become someone outstanding. They could only be part of the common folk, and not only would their level of cultivation not increase, their cultivation base would slowly scatter.

This was why when Su Ming asked to get through his disaster himself, the old man saw Su Ming's worthiness and his responsible nature. He was... very curious as to how many disasters Su Ming could get through.

'His disaster is bound to be different compared to others due to my existence. His first disaster alone already surpasses what I previously understood of this disaster...

'And if this place wasn't Yin Death Vortex, the might of the disaster would have been even more terrifying.' The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe frowned and watched the red lightning swiftly close in on Su Ming.

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. In the face of the powerful Arid Disaster, it was difficult for him to fend against it with his Mountain Shifter Art. But Su Ming had predicted this beforehand, which was why when the huge mountain formed by the one hundred thousand mountains overlapping each other collapsed, he did not wait for the red lightning to descend on him. He formed a seal with his hands and struck his chest.

With it, Su Ming took a few swift steps backwards, and when he opened his mouth, purple light shone. It instantly reached one hundred thousand feet, completely enveloping Su Ming within it. From the distance, Su Ming looked as if he was a huge, purple sword in Yin Death Vortex.

"End of Wills, Mountain Shifter!"

A large amount of red appeared in Su Ming's eyes at that moment. It was due to him circulating all the cultivation base in his body to activate the End of Wills Sword. With the power of the sword, he shook the universe and connected it with his True World to move all the mountains in it so that he could activate... the strongest Mountain Shifter Art.

The sword shared a similar form to mountains during ancient times. In the hands of men, branches and metal could be turned into swords. Then in the hands of heaven, the mountains on the earth and the logs could also be turned into swords!

That was why he used the sword to activate Mountain Shifter Art.

This was what Su Ming could think of to make his Mountain Shifter Art even stronger. At that moment, when he executed the Art without hesitation, his will of an Antecedental Spirit spread out of Yin Death Region to fill the frozen True Morning Dao World.

The souls of all the countless broken cultivation planets and the ones that existed in the past, the floating continents, and shattered mountains seemed to have been extracted at that instant while they buzzed and trembled.

They instantly appeared around Su Ming in Yin Death Vortex. One hundred thousand, one million, ten million... When there were more than one hundred million of them, they no longer surrounded Su Ming, because Yin Death Vortex could no longer contain them if they did so.

The souls of the mountains overlapped with each other around Su Ming. The tip of the End of Wills Sword before him was the summit, and as mountains manifested and overlapped with each other, in the blink of an eye... there were three hundred million of them!

Once they fused and overlapped with each other... they formed a purple mountain containing the supreme blade of the End of Wills Sword, the vast amount of mountain souls from True Morning Dao World, and an indestructible body!

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw this, he narrowed his eyes slightly. He had witnessed scenes that could nearly be considered as miracles from Su Ming time and again. Regardless of whether he was in the All Spirits Hall, they were wandering about in the world outside, or Su Ming was fighting against the Antecedental Spirits' disaster, all of the things the old man witnessed were not usual.

'This child is skilled in hiding his Arts, such as this one. It is... already much stronger than what he executed before. He is truly someone who is unassuming when he does not take action... but when he does, he will be an astonishing force.'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe let out a sigh of relief when he saw Su Ming turn into the purple mountain, because he knew that Su Ming had not recklessly stated that

he wanted to challenge the Antecedental Spirit's disaster but had made his decision a long time ago and had even begun making preparations a long time ago.

'It's a pity. If only he were a member of my race...'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe shook his head, unable to hide the harmless envy he had towards Great Berserker Tribe.

At the time the old man shook his head, Su Ming turned into the blade-like mountain in Yin Death Vortex. All of this might seemed to have taken a lot of time, but in truth, it was over in an instant. At the moment the red bolt of lightning approached Su Ming, it crashed into the purple mountain.

Endless booming sounds echoed endlessly in the area at that instant. The red bolt of lightning was the first disaster from Su Ming's Arid Disaster, and it was also the weakest out of the seven. After being suppressed by Yin Death Vortex and weakened by Su Ming's first Mountain Shifter Art, it crashed into his End of Wills Mountain Shifter Art, which he had prepared with his full might.

At the instant booming sounds reverberated through the air, the purple mountain that was Su Ming trembled violently. Cracking sounds rose and fell, and cracks swiftly went down the mountain. Red light shone through them.

The red light was naturally the power of the red lightning, and it seemed to be spilling out and scattering into thin air. When it fought against Su Ming's mountain, its power continued to weaken.

When a deafening roar surged into the sky, the purple mountain formed by three hundred million mountain souls shattered into pieces. With a killing intent that had been accumulating in the End of Wills Sword for a long time, purple light swiftly rushed at the incredibly dull red lightning that had descended into Yin Death Vortex.

Piercing sounds swiftly shot into the air. It was the sound of the End of Wills Sword crashing into the red bolt of lightning. That sound only lasted for about two breaths before a brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. For the first time since the disaster began, he rushed out and charged towards the red bolt of lightning.

This was Su Ming's linked series of divine abilities. The first was Mountain Shifter, the second was End of Wills Mountain Shifter, and the third was the killing intent of the End of Wills Sword. Once he continuously weakened the red lightning bolt like that, Su Ming attacked.

With the simplest method, he threw a punch against the incredibly dull red lightning bolt when the End of Wills Sword moved back.

Booming sounds rang out. Su Ming shuddered, but he did not move back. Instead, he lifted his head, and his presence of looking down on the world became stronger. When the red bolt of lightning, the first Arid Disaster, shattered, Su Ming's presence reached its strongest state.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe witnessed all of this, and praise appeared in his eyes. No matter what method Su Ming used, he had indeed fought against the Antecedental Spirit's disaster on his own.

Perhaps this would not be enough for his level of cultivation to increase, but his heart and will would get stronger by leaps and bounds, as if he had taken a huge step forward!

"There are seven disasters for Antecedental Spirits. I might have been the one who brought this disaster to you, but I suspect that you will at most go through three disasters. After all, you have only gone through a spirit ascension once. I can help you go through the three disasters. If you want to go through the disasters on your own, then I will take action at appropriate moments. After all, I have already verified one of my guesses.

"Now, what will you do for your second disaster?" the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe asked while looking at Su Ming.

"I want to go through the second disaster on my own as well."

Su Ming remained silent for a few breaths before wrapping his fist in his palm towards the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. His aura was like a tidal wave at that moment. He could not lose it just yet, which was why no matter how strong the second disaster was, he had to persevere through it.

And... most importantly, Su Ming could clearly sense his aura continue gathering around him, as if it was about to reach a breakthrough. It was related to his state of being as well as his will of an Antecedental Spirit.

Su Ming had only gone through one spirit ascension in All Spirits Hall. It was not because he did not know the number for the second spirit ascension, but because he had a feeling that the second spirit ascension was beyond his abilities. If he forcefully ascended, then even if he had the correct number, he had a feeling that he might not necessarily succeed.

It was just like the feeling of helplessness a mortal would have after seeing a one hundred feet tall rock once they were able to lift a ten feet tall rock.

Yet right then, once Su Ming went through his first disaster, he had a very strong feeling that once he reached a breakthrough this time, he could go through his second spirit ascension!

'Nine spirit ascensions...'

Su Ming's heart pounded, but not a single hint of it could be detected on his face. When he lifted his head and stared at the vortex, a hint of fighting spirit appeared in his eyes, and hidden behind that spirit... was anticipation, and it was an emotion only he knew.

"Very well. Based on what I know, the second disaster is the Five Lightning Disaster. This disaster..."

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe nodded. But just as he was about to continue speaking, thunderous roars echoed from above Yin Death Vortex.

At the moment the sound appeared, the old man looked at the vortex above him. There seemed to be five colors shining there. This scene caused his heart to tremble, and brilliant light instantly shone in his eyes. He focused his attention on the area.

"This is..."

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw the five-colored light clearly, his expression changed, and a hint of shock appeared on his face.

At the same time, four bolts of lightning appeared out of nowhere in the north, south, east, and west of the still Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. They turned into long arcs that charged into Yin Death Vortex.

They moved so quickly that no cultivator could compare to their speed. They only needed an instant to move through a True World. The four long arcs had four colors that constantly changed. There was black, white, red, and pink. As they changed, they instantly closed in on Yin Death Vortex.

The moment they arrived, the fifth long arc appeared in the galaxy beyond Yin Death Vortex. It was yellow, and it symbolized supreme majesty!

It was just like the imperial power belonging to the emperors in the mortal world. The yellow light filled the whole place. The other four colors surrounded it, but they did not cluster around it. Instead, they arranged themselves based on some sort of law and charged into Yin Death Vortex.

Booming sounds echoed in the air, and the five long arcs surged into the vortex, instantly appearing before Su Ming's eyes. It was at that moment that he heard the old man's disbelieving murmurs.

"Five Colored Lightning. It's the Five Colored Lightning..."

## **Chapter 1252: The Second Disaster**

Five Colored Lightning was a lightning with five colors.

However, the ordinary five colors were not worthy of being known as these five colors. Only the five long arcs revealed before Su Ming and the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe right then were colors who gave each life when they were born in the world the years of their lives as well as some abstruse theories linked to life!

The black color was not completely black. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that in the beginning, it was a color that was close to faint brown. It was... the color of a child!

The red brought with it gentleness and mildness. It brought with it youth and the best years of a person's life. It did not describe a woman, but all men and women at the prime of their lives, causing all those who saw it to be immersed in it. That was... the color of red.

The pink hue had with it temptation and seduction. It contained all the primitive urges in the world and could light up a person's soul. It could make people unable to help themselves but be immersed in it. It was also not used to describe a woman, but symbolized the maturity and charm of a person after they moved past their prime and arrived at another stage of their life. It was... pink.

The white was not the color of snow, but a form of ancient air. It was like white hair, making anyone who stared at it to feel as if they could see themselves when they grew old many years later. They would naturally sigh and lament the changes of time as well as how it passed by them without leaving a single sign. When they realized it, they would have already arrived at the late stages of their lives. It was... the color of a crane.

As for the yellow long arc that was the symbol of the mortals' emperor, it was a symbol of supremacy, as if it stood above all and looked down upon the world. It was a color of nobility that could not be put to words. It was a light needed to lead all forms of life, and it was... the color of a dragon!

Those were the five colors!

The color of a child, red, pink, the color of a dragon, and the color of the crane. They contained all forms of life, including humans and gave all forms of existence five different colors.

At that moment, as the five long arcs descended, they changed and transformed into faces that swiftly closed in on Su Ming.

The first to approach him was the color of the child. It instantly reached him, and Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He lifted his right hand and cut down on the air before him. He knew of the terror of the Arid Disaster, and he had to give it his all when he attacked. The God Slayer Art swiftly appeared and turned into an arc in the air before Su Ming to charge at the color of the child like a long blade falling downwards.

The power of absolute accuracy and rebound immediately erupted the moment the arc touched the lightning which was the color of a child. Su Ming moved back without hesitation while his eyes shone brilliantly. He might have attacked with all his might, but due to the different divine abilities, the strength of his attacks would naturally differ. At that moment, he had only executed the God Slayer Art to test the strength of the lightning.

Based on the results, Su Ming would execute different divine abilities, but he did not expect that when the long blade formed by the God Slayer Art touched the lightning which was the color of a child, it would shudder and shatter to pieces.

Su Ming was stunned. In the meantime, the lightning which was the color of red and pink charged towards him. Behind them were the faces formed by the color of a dragon and a crane. They were all swiftly approaching him.

Su Ming immediately took a few steps back. But when he was about to attack, his heart suddenly shuddered. He sensed that some sort of change seemed to have happened in his body. It was incredibly bizarre, and he sensed his own face changing before the concentrated mass of faces in front of him. The world seemed to be getting smaller before his eyes, and he could not help but have a feeling of weakness raise in his heart.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe watched Su Ming. He could clearly see him turning into a child. When he gained the appearance of a newborn, anguish appeared on the old man's face.

"This is the Five Colored Light. When the universe was just born and all lives were created, they were given these fairly distributed five colors. They make up all lives from the moment they were born to the moment they return to dust.

"Only when you crush them and experience the five colors will the disaster truly appear."

When the old man spoke, Su Ming noticed that his appearance had changed drastically, but the feeling of weakness in his body did not make him feel apprehensive. An even stronger light shone in his eyes.

He could sense that the signs of a breakthrough had become even stronger once his appearance changed.

A resolute glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. With a single move, he took a step forward without hesitation and punched the air in the direction of the incoming red lightning. As loud booming sounds shot into the air, the red lightning shattered, and even the pink lightning behind it shattered, as if it was so weak that it could not withstand even a single hit.

Su Ming's appearance changed again. From a newborn, he turned into a teenager, and when he became a man at the prime of his life, Su Ming's punch landed on the color of a dragon.

As it shattered, Su Ming's appearance changed again. This time, he was a middle-aged man with an awe-inspiring might, as if he was a supreme existence. It was also during this moment that the feeling as if Su Ming was about to reach a breakthrough reached its peak. With just a little more... he could do it.

With a longing and determination, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed the air in the direction of the final color of a crane.

Boom!

The lightning instantly crumbled. When it did, Su Ming threw his head back and howled. His presence was the same as before, but he could sense a form of metamorphosis in his will, like an explosion. This feeling continued, and suddenly, the Five Colored Lightning that had crumbled when it descended gathered together again and manifested before him.

It gathered together so quickly that it gained form in the blink of an eye. The five colors did not take the form of a lightning bolt, however. They appeared as faces, but there were only five faces this time. Each bolt of lightning had taken the form of a face.

All the faces belonged to Su Ming!

They were Su Ming when he was a newborn, a teenager, a young man, a middle-aged man, and an old man. They surrounded each other and formed a huge hand that swiftly went to grab Su Ming.

A powerful sense of danger rose in Su Ming's heart. The threat came from the hand and the astonishing presence spreading out from it. That presence surpassed the previous red lightning by a lot.

The hand's speed was so quick that it instantly covered an endless distance. With just one stretch, it covered the entire area around Su Ming. It locked down every possible escape and turned into the sky when it went atop his head. When it enveloped him, it turned into a cage. Its momentum caused booming sounds to shoot up into the air. Then, it clenched its fist to seize Su Ming.

Brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. When the hand locked down every single possible escape route and he was about to be caught in the palm, he closed his eyes. Right away, a large amount of black light surged out of his body.

It was... the Light of Extreme Darkness!

When he was surrounded by the Light of Extreme Darkness, Su Ming looked like a sharp black thorn. Then, he simply allowed the hand to grab him!

Muffled booming sounds shot up. At the moment the hand grabbed Su Ming, it stopped abruptly, and a large amount of black light shot out through the spaces between its fingers. The low growl of a dragon rose from the hand.

### **Chapter 1253: The God of Berserkers Crushes the Disaster!**

It was the Dragon of Destruction from Su Ming's soul, the one from that came from his mother's race. The dragon gathered together a supreme, chilling air, causing the power of the Light of Extreme Darkness to become much greater. It surrounded Su Ming and turned into the origin of the Light of Extreme Darkness, and the Dragon of Destruction roared.

Booming sounds instantly surged up and continued without end, and each one was stronger than the last. In just the span of a few breaths, the palm formed by the five colors looked as if it could no longer close up completely. More black light spilled out from the spaces between its fingers. As it did, it started to look like the hand was being enveloped by endless Light of Extreme Darkness. The image of the Dragon of Destruction manifested in it and charged out.

The Light of Extreme Darkness shining through the spaces of the hand instantly looked as if it had gained sentience. It spread out, as if it had turned Su Ming's body from something of corporeal form to something without form. He turned into an illusion that fused with the Light of Extreme Darkness, and large quantities of him spread out from the spaces between the fingers to gather in midair again before he turned into the huge and ferocious Dragon of Destruction.

Once the dragon appeared, it roared towards the heavens. Its voice was as mighty as thunder and seemed to contain the might of heaven. Its eyes shone brilliantly when it looked at the hand formed by the five faces.

The hand slowly unfurled, revealing that there was nothing on its palm. Then, the hand rose up and seized the Dragon of Destruction. This time, the five fingers formed by the five faces became clearer.

“Power of Ocean Remover, scatter the Light of Extreme Darkness! Dragon of Destruction in my soul, form the chill!”

The eyes of the Dragon of Destruction shone with a chilling air. As Su Ming mumbled, the Light of Extreme Darkness spread out swiftly. This was a metamorphosis of his divine ability that Su Ming had figured out earlier when he was alone.

Among his divine abilities, Mountain Shifter, Ocean Remover, God of Berserkers Transformation, God Slayer, and Arid Curse were the main ones. When Mountain Shifter fused with the End of Wills Sword, he could bring forth three hundred million mountain souls and turn them into a mighty Art. This was the End of Wills Mountain Soul Tremor Art!

The Ocean Remover Art in itself was a manifestation of the Light of Extreme Darkness. When it fused with the Dragon of Destruction in Su Ming’s soul, its might would increase by several times, but it would not be able to match up to the Mountain Shifter Art that had gathered together three hundred million mountain souls, because this Art did not have a supreme treasure like the End of Wills Sword to be used with it.

But... Su Ming had used the ring on the Ocean Remover Art. Because of it, his Ocean Remover divine ability attained a terrifying might.

Next, it was his God of Berserkers Art. Su Ming no longer needed to test this Art. The first and second style of the God of Berserkers Transformation were by themselves even stronger divine abilities while Su Ming was under the effect of the God of Berserkers Transformation.

At that moment, when he saw the hand formed by the five faces charge towards him, a powerful mighty pressure that seemed to be able to destroy all lives spread out from the hand. In an instant, it approached him. At the moment it seized him, Su Ming growled as the Dragon of Destruction and swept up the ocean-like Light of Extreme Darkness around him. He moved, but he did not retreat. Instead, he charged towards the hand.

When the two sides crashed into each other and the hand opened up to grab the Dragon of Destruction, Su Ming flung his body forward. His tail swung outwards and surrounded the hand, as if he wanted to envelop the five fingers with his tail. With his body as the rope, he intended to bind the five fingers.

During that instant, as the dragon’s tail grew endlessly and touched his head, Su Ming’s body turned into a circle around the hand...

“Slaughter from the Ring of the Freezing Dragon of Destruction.”

When Su Ming mumbled these words, the presence of a supreme treasure erupted from the ring-shaped body of the Dragon of Destruction. The ring came from Saint Defier

Expanse Cosmos, and it was a supreme treasure at the level of those in Avanicaya Realm that Su Ming had snatched for himself!

All of this might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it happened in an instant. At the moment the ring appeared, it immediately grew and seemed to fuse with Su Ming's Dragon of Destruction to the point that they could no longer be differentiated. When this happened, the Dragon of Destruction's body swiftly shrank. The ring, too, shrank and bound the five fingers of the hand.

A loud bang shot up. As the Dragon of Destruction that had fused with the ring, not only did Su Ming bind the five fingers together, he also intended to kill them as his body shrank.

This was him taking the initiative from being passive at the start. It was Su Ming revealing his fangs. He did not want to passively receive his disaster. He wanted to take the initiative and attack. He wanted... to destroy the disaster!

From the distance, it looked like Su Ming had turned into a ring. The five fingers on the hand were bound tightly by it, and when he shrank, he was going to break all five fingers!

Booming sounds echoed in the air. As the Dragon of Destruction and the ring shrank swiftly, the five fingers started trembling, especially at the spot where the ring bound them. The skin there swiftly sank, but a powerful rebound continuously made the sunken spots bounce back.

The five fingers shone, but their light was starting to grow dull. Clearly, even this disaster found it hard to escape Su Ming's counterattack.

Boom!

The index finger was the first to crumble. Once it broke, the red face twisted and disappeared without a trace with a sigh filled with unwillingness to admit defeat.

It was immediately followed by the face of the child on the pinky. Amid the booming sounds, it also crumbled and shattered...

When the first finger crumbled, Su Ming felt his spirits lift, but when the second finger crumbled, the Dragon of Destruction narrowed his eyes slightly.

Su Ming might be confident, but he would not be as egotistical as to believe that his divine ability would be strong enough to force the second disaster of the Antecedental Spirits to retreat. His intention had been to continuously weaken the hand while it struggled, just like how he handled the first disaster. He wanted to weaken it to its extreme before he launched a fatal strike.

Yet at that moment, it might as well be said that the hand had crumbled on its own.

When the finger representing pink crumbled under Su Ming's Dragon of Destruction Ring, it was followed by the color of a crane, which was the thumb, and the color of a dragon, which was the middle finger. All of them crumbled, causing the ring that was Su Ming to shrink to its limit.

Right when the Dragon of Destruction and the ring shrank to its limit, the five fingers that had already dissipated seemed to float on the palm of the now fingerless hand. Suddenly, the air at the spot where the fingers were distorted, and all the fingers appeared simultaneously, as if the crushing just then had only been an illusion. If it was not because the fingers that appeared once more were clearly much duller than before, Su Ming would have definitely thought that his plan to weaken the fingers had failed.

'How troublesome, this second disaster...'

Su Ming sighed in his heart. When the five fingers appeared again, they swiftly pressed themselves together to form a fist, intending to grab Su Ming while he was within their grasp.

When Su Ming sighed, the Dragon of Destruction folded itself together. Black light appeared on its body. He watched the five fingers around him charge at him, and a determined expression showed up on his face. He gave up on the other methods he prepared in his plan, because he just realized that even if he used all of them, it was impossible for him to bring about the effect he wanted.

If that was the case, Su Ming decided... that he would use the methods he prepared to fight against the third disaster on the second disaster!

"God of Berserkers Transformation!"

At the instant the hand charged towards Su Ming, covering all the areas around him, and was about to seize him, a brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and swung his arm. Immediately, around one hundred million souls of those from Great Berserker Tribe charged towards him. A part of them gathered on his right arm, making it grow endlessly and filling it with a power that could destroy the world. It surged into the sky.

Then, he swung his left arm, and it grew in the exact same manner as his right arm. Countless souls of those from Great Berserker Tribe fused into his arms before filling his torso, so it grew furiously. Then, it was his legs. At the instant all of this was over, Su Ming had already grown from a normal person's height to about one hundred something, and he was now a giant as tall as a mountain.

His body was filled with power, his eyes shone with great confidence, and a presence that was like a tidal wave erupted from his body. It belonged to the God of Berserkers.

That body was the strongest body of the Berserkers, and Su Ming also possessed a True World's will. It appeared in the third eye at the center of his brow. Right then, it opened to reveal a small crack, and during that moment, Su Ming was...

The God of the ancient Berserkers. He could fight against the heavens, the earth, and everything in all directions. This was the strongest manifestation of an Antecedental Spirit's will!

When Su Ming activated the God of Berserkers Transformation, the five fingers were less than hundreds of feet away from him. They covered the area in all directions Su Ming could escape, not allowing him any place to hide, but Su Ming did not intend to hide. Fighting spirit showed up in his eyes. At the moment the fingers descended on him, he growled, leapt forward, lifted his arms swiftly, and pushed them against the descending index finger.

At the instant the two sides clashed, booming sounds surged into the sky. The index finger shuddered violently and could no longer continue descending. Once it was pushed back by the effects of the God of Berserkers' Transformation, Su Ming growled.

He clenched his right fist and punched the index finger. It shuddered and bounced back under, allowing Su Ming to fly out from the gap even though the other four fingers had already furled into a fist.

Su Ming did not leave far into the distance. Instead, once he flew out, he turned around, pushed his hands together, turned into a long arc that charged towards the clenched hand.

"The countless souls of the Berserkers that have existed for tens of thousands of years that Great Berserker Tribe has existed, today is the day I go through my disaster. Are all of you... willing to lend me a hand?!"

Countless shadows seemed to appear at that instant in the area around Su Ming. Those shadows were indistinct, and if one did not pay close attention to them, they would not be able to see them clearly. In fact, even if they watched them clearly, they would feel as if they were just a figment of their imagination.

Perhaps they existed, but perhaps they did not. Su Ming's God of Berserkers form instantly closed in on the clenched fist. At the moment they collided, the bang that shot up stirred up all of Yin Death Vortex. Booming sounds traveled through the entire world and even to the world beyond.

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw this, strong light shone in his eyes.

Amid the booms, the five faces on the hand twisted violently. The index finger was the first to crumble, followed by the little finger, the ring finger, the thumb, the middle finger, and eventually, the palm. All of them crumbled under Su Ming's incredible power after

he received the great boost once he went through his God of Berserkers Transformation.

The second disaster shattered!

Su Ming moved back and coughed up a mouthful of blood, but the fighting spirit on his face was still burning brilliantly. The life in his body tumbled while his will roared like a tidal wave and howled like an angry wolf. He had once again sensed that intent to reach a breakthrough in his heart.

'I can now go through my second spirit ascension, and if I can reach another breakthrough, I can go through two consecutive spirit ascensions and reach the third stage!'

### **Chapter 1254: The Direction of the Future!**

Before, Su Ming was on a path leading to the heavens. On this path he could see light, future, and hope. This was the path of nine spirit ascensions. With three spirit ascensions, he could reach the power of those in Avanicaya Realm. With six spirit ascensions, he could become unbeatable among those in Avacaniya Realm. With nine spirit ascensions, he could become a life form which countless lives in the second era in this aeon within Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos wished to become but which none of them had been able to achieve...

Ancestral Spirit!

After nine spirit ascensions, he could become an Ancestral Spirit. Once he became one, it would mean that he stood at the peak among those during the second era. There would no longer be any forms of life that could endanger him, because Ancestral Spirits shared their lives with the universe. In fact, in some sense, they had already become a part of each other.

The path Su Ming originally took was not the path of an Ancestral Spirit. Only when several events were added together did he take the path to become an Ancestral Spirit. When he Possessed True Morning Dao World and perfected its will, it could be said that he... already possessed a relatively infinite amount of life, even if he had not noticed this as of then.

There was no end to his life. His existence was eternal. Unless the True World was completely destroyed and his will entirely wiped out, even if Su Ming's form and spirit were destroyed, he would no longer die.

All of these elements caused Su Ming to become an incredibly unique existence, even if he had been in the era of the Ancestral Spirits. He was an Antecedental Spirit, but he was also one of the four Great True Worlds under Arid Triad's will, thereby allowing him to form a strange connection with Arid Triad's will. This connection was one that even the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe could only barely understand. He did not know the details behind it, because this was a right only Ancestral Spirits possessed.

However... Su Ming could!

It was precisely because of his act of Possessing a True World after he became an Antecedental Spirit that he slowly came to an understanding, and that was why Su Ming yearned dearly for the next few spirit ascensions.

He longed to successfully have his spirit ascend nine times at the fastest speed possible to take that legendary step into the indescribable Realm, but even though Su Ming longed for it, it was not something that he could obtain just by wanting it. He needed a breakthrough in his state of being, his will, and his heart.

Only when he was worthy enough would he be able to obtain the foundation for the next spirit ascension.

That was why even though Su Ming placed a high value on this matter, he knew that he could not rush it. Yet now... when he sensed his will and his state of being boiling, he knew that he was about to be ready to go through his second spirit ascension. In fact, the right to go through his third spirit ascension was also right before his eyes, and greed rose in Su Ming's heart.

Riches came from danger. This was a proverb since ancient times, and at that moment, all that Su Ming did proved it right.

'The spirit of heaven is in this disaster. The possibility of me dying is not high, but I have to prepare myself well and be on guard... No matter what, if I can rush out of Yin Death Region, I will immediately head to All Spirits Hall and begin my spirit ascension... If I can have my spirit ascend twice and reach the third... then I...'

The longing in Su Ming's eyes grew to be stronger than he had ever felt it before. The legacy of the All Spirits Hall was in front of him. Others would not dare to attempt it even after they saw it, since they did not have the numbers to obtain the legacy.

Su Ming had the numbers, but he was not worthy enough. He had hesitated for a long time because of this before he gritted his teeth and left, forcing himself to no longer think of the strange properties of the All Spirits Hall.

Yet now, Su Ming saw hope. While under the effects of the All Spirits Hall, he threw his head back and roared. A monstrous light appeared in his eyes, and in the slightly dark

Yin Death Vortex, his eyes were like two bright lamps. The fire in them burned with life and shone with hope.

‘Why isn’t the third disaster here yet?!’

When Su Ming lifted his head, light shone in his eyes, making him an incredibly eye-catching sight in Yin Death Vortex. When he leapt up, an increasingly greater aura erupted from his body. It surrounded him, and for the first time... he gathered it together to form a whirlwind in the vortex!

This scene was just like what the old man from Heavenly Spirits Tribe had done, but the old man had only been able to form a vortex with his great cultivation base.

Su Ming could not hope to compare to the old man’s level of cultivation. However, he possessed an incredibly unique condition—he had a True World clone. He had the Arid Curse that could affect those in Avacaniya Realm and make the Arid Triad’s will wake up from its slumber. He could also live through the first and second disasters based on his own abilities. All the strange changes that happened to him due to being in the depths of Yin Death Vortex had also caused Su Ming’s aura to turn into a vortex instead of him only being to utilize it.

The vortex stirred up loud booming sounds and was the third vortex in Yin Death Vortex. When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe saw this, he immediately narrowed his eyes. A surprised look appeared on his face.

The difference in the vortices might not seem great, but in truth, this was an ability of those who had succeeded in their third spirit ascension.

When Su Ming’s aura turned into a vortex, the light in the old man’s eyes shone brilliantly. He lifted his right hand and formed a seal before him. His lips moved slightly, as if he was calculating something.

He saw that there seemed to be something strange and enchanting contained in the vortex Su Ming had created with his will, but he could not see it clearly. He could only see that it seemed to have wings...

All of this might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, only a few breaths had passed since the destruction of the second disaster to the moment Su Ming created the vortex.

The moment the aura from Su Ming’s body while he was under the effects of the God of Berserkers Transformation created the third vortex in Yin Death Region, a flashing light appeared above Yin Death Vortex.

It could not be seen clearly, though, for it flickered constantly. It seemed like it would continue shining in this manner forever.

The Arid Triad rumbled. Light of different brightness intersected with each other, as if all of Arid Triad had been placed in a single house, and the lamp in it was flickering on and off. It was difficult for the different degrees of brightness to overlap with each other.

This was how Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos looked like at that moment!

“The legendary Six Flash Disaster... must surely be the one that would arrive after the Five Colored Lightning. One flash would mean one hundred thousand years, and the second flash would mean one million...”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe lifted his head and stared at the vortex. His expression was even graver than before.

‘And judging by the looks of it... Su Ming’s first Arid Disaster will not be limited to just three?’

When the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe thought of this, his expression changed swiftly.

At that moment, when booming sounds echoed in Yin Death Vortex, the entire vortex varied between being bright and dark, between being lit and being engulfed in darkness, and it looked like all of it came from pictures.

Those pictures were extending downwards as if there were some sort of ancient beast hidden in the flashes of light. At that moment, the ferocious beast had opened its mouth wide and was charging towards Su Ming with madness in its eyes.

## **Chapter 1255: How Many Drops of Water Are There in an Ocean**

One flash was one hundred thousand years!

This was the Six Flash Disaster of the Antecedental Spirit’s third disaster. The power of this disaster could affect all forms of life. They would reach their end, and even if Antecedental Spirits seemed to have endless life, they would still be affected. Besides Ancestral Spirit who had went through nine spirit ascensions to achieve relatively eternal life, every single form of life would still reach the end of their life at some point.

This disaster did not seem powerful, but it was predominated by the power of time. It was used as a millstone, and it would reduce all forms of life into ash in the passage of time.

Even if it was the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, he believed that he would need to spend a lot of his life to pass through it. In fact, he did not even dare to have the entire Six Flash Disaster descend. Before the third flash, he would search for the path of the disaster and use all his power to strike its unseen source.

This was what he would choose with his current level of cultivation. He would forcefully break the disaster.

However, the method he used was based on the foundation that he his spirit had ascended eight times. He was worthy of doing so, and he could do it as well, but if it was anyone else...

There were few who could forcefully break the disaster's descent like the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, which was why they could only face the disaster. However, practically all those who faced the Six Flash Disaster head-on... would find themselves turning into ash in the passage of time.

After all, there is no life that could perfectly experience all six flashes. After all, while the first flash would make one hundred thousand years disappear, the second flash would cause one million years to disappear, and the third flash would cause ten million years to disappear.

These numbers might sound as if they were nothing, but there was no form of life that was confident to being able to survive one hundred thousand years, much less one million, ten million, or the fourth flash's one hundred million years!

And as for the fifth flash, not even the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe dared touch it. That was a disappearance of one billion years, and he absolutely did not have enough years for it. Once the fifth flash appeared, he would immediately be reduced into ash.

And the final sixth flash would take ten billion years!

No one knew just how many years of life an Expanse Cosmos had. It might have more than ten billion years of life, but it might also have less than ten billion years, which was why the sixth as well as the fifth flashes had never descended over the countless years when other people went through their Antecedental Spirit's disaster.

All those who could get through the Six Flash Disaster would forcefully break it like what the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would do. All those who could not do it would become dust in the passage of time at the third or at most the fourth flash.

Yet when Su Ming saw the Six Flash Disaster and heard the words of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, his eyes suddenly flashed. A profound smile appeared on his lips.

If it was any other disaster, it would be difficult for Su Ming to handle it. As the third disaster, it would surely be as devastating as any other, and Su Ming would not have too much confidence in going through it.

But... the Six Flash Disaster was predominantly formed by the power of time. In terms of his years of life, it was impossible for Su Ming's soul from Great Berserker Tribe or blood from Great Abyss Tribe to get through it... but he a clone that was a True World!

It was part of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, and while Su Ming did not know how many years of life a True World had, he knew that... he was definitely one of the people in the world who could simply allow the Six Flash Disaster to descend on him.

Unless this disaster could destroy a True World's years of life, it was impossible for Su Ming to be reduced to ash in this disaster.

Once he understood what the Six Flash Disaster was, Su Ming immediately cancelled his God of Berserkers Transformation. His body instantly returned to normal, allowing him to retain a little time to be under the effect of the God of Berserkers Transformation if he wanted to cast it again. While standing in Yin Death Vortex, he lifted his head to look above him with an aloof gaze.

Yin Death Vortex shone with flashes of light as if a primitive, ferocious beast was swiftly descending. In just a few breaths, the brightness and darkness would close in on Su Ming.

When it did, the first flash of the Six Flash Disaster swiftly descended!

All of Yin Death Vortex instantly turned bright. The light was piercing to the eyes, and it practically covered all of Yin Death Vortex. Only the bottommost portion of the vortex remained dark. It was an abyss that no light could enter.

But Su Ming was surrounded by powerful light. It only lasted for about a few breaths before a murmur filled with an ancient tone seemed to come from an ancient past. It echoed through the entire world, Arid Triad, and Yin Death Vortex. The next instant... everything became dark!

When light and darkness switched places, Su Ming felt as if he had lost something from his body. What he lost was life force, years of his life, and his essence. It had been the first flash that could make a mortal instantly die an unknown number of times, and it was also the one that killed most cultivators, but to Su Ming, compared to the vast life force his True World clone possessed, the life force he lost... was practically just a drop in an ocean!

"Is that all?"

A hint of derision appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He watched the Six Flash Disaster alternate between light and dark and did not fight against it, because his endless life was the best defense against this disaster.

"I have plenty of life force. If you have the ability, then go on ahead and suck it all out. You can descend at will, but if this is all you can do, then do not appear before me a second time in the future!"

Su Ming flung his arm, and his presence became as great as a tidal wave. With his hair danced in the air, he haughtily looked above.

Boom!

Arid Triad shuddered. While still alternating between varying degrees of brightness and darkness, Yin Death Vortex was suddenly filled with a layer of light, as if Su Ming's provocation had stirred up the anger of some form of will. The moment he finished speaking, the second of the Six Flash Disaster descended with a bang!

The period of time when the entire world was basked in light was longer than it was in the dark. When the world became dark again, it was as if Su Ming's body had fused with the darkness. The bright world seemed to be making Su Ming's life force scatter while the darkness was a black death scythe. It cut into his body without being seen and took away one million years of his life!

Su Ming's face went pale, but he immediately recovered. His True World clone with its vast amount of lifeforce was completely unbothered by the disappearance of some of it. If the disappearance of one hundred thousand years was a drop in an ocean, then one million years... was at most a cup of water!

A scornful smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, and he simply allowed the Six Flash Disaster to descend as if it was just rainwater. No matter how heavily the rain poured from the sky, it could not affect him. He swung his arm and sensed that the intent to break through in his body had clearly become stronger. While laughing, Su Ming spoke with an arrogant, domineering tone.

"The Six Flash Disaster is truly nothing. Do you still dare to come?"

Su Ming lifted his head, and a powerful and brilliant light shone in his eyes. As his aura surrounded him, the vortex he had formed rumbled. This scene caused the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe to stare at Su Ming for a long, long time.

For some unknown reason, when he looked at the current Su Ming, a few words appeared in his mind. 'He has already gained full maturity!'

Booming sounds shook the sky. The Six Flash Disaster swiftly switched to a brilliant light again. As it flashed, the third flash descended, and it was not alone. The fourth flash also charged forward.

The third and fourth flashes came in succession. The power to wear away one million years of life as well as ten million years of life descended simultaneously. It immediately formed an unseen blade that charged past Su Ming.

Su Ming's face turned pale again. When he took two steps back, his face turned paler still, but it only lasted for a moment before he instantly recovered. One million years was equivalent to ten cups of water in an ocean, and even ten million years was just one hundred cups from an ocean.

This level of wearing away his life might have some effect on him, but he had a vast amount of life from his True World clone... so he could still bear with it!

When the third and fourth flashes disappeared, an excited note was added to Su Ming's laughter. He did not mind the disappearance of the years in his life. With the True World clone, not even he knew how many years he had. The only thing he cared about was reaching a breakthrough for his will.

During that instant just then, he could clearly feel the booming sounds in his head grow several times stronger. As his aura increased in power, his will and his state of being swiftly reached a breakthrough, and he became able to go through the third spirit ascension.

This was Su Ming's greatest reward for going through the Antecedental Spirit's disaster.

"With my current self, the moment I get out of Yin Death Vortex and get back into All Spirits Hall, I can go through two spirit ascensions... and become a powerful warrior at the level of those in Avacaniya Realm!

"Avacaniya! It's Avacaniya!"

From the excitement, a powerful light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He dreamt of becoming more powerful because only when he was strong could he become the master of his own fate, and only then could he protect the people he wanted to protect.

"The fifth flash, do you still dare to come forth!"

As Su Ming laughed, his aura surrounded him even more powerfully. The vortex swept through all directions and became a whirlwind of one thousand feet. It gave a presence as threatening as a tidal wave.

The alternating flashes of brightness and darkness seemed to hesitate at that moment, but after several breaths, the fifth flash that had never appeared in that era swiftly descended.

Regardless of whether it was Arid Triad or Yin Death Vortex, the entire universe roared.

The fifth flash would wipe away one billion years of life. To any person, this was incredibly terrifying, and even the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would not dare to try it, but Su Ming...

As he laughed long and hard, he simply allowed the fifth flash to descend on him and allowed the years of his life to be wiped away, but it could only make his face pale. To his True World clone, this was just equivalent to one thousand cups of water from an ocean; it was nothing!

The sixth flash was the final flash of the Six Flash Disaster, and it had appeared incredibly rarely in the many aeons Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos had lived through, much less the current one. Yet at that moment... it descended!

Ten billion years of life was a period of time so long that it was impossible to describe in a single sentence. Perhaps only an existence like Su Ming who had Possessed a True World could remain laughing under the sixth flash.

How many cups of water would it be in an ocean? It would certainly not be few. It would surpass ten thousand cups, but at most, it would just be one hundred thousand cups. It would be difficult for it to surpass that number, which was why the sixth flash wiped out only one-tenth of the life force of a True World.

This destruction caused Su Ming's face to turn pale and blood to trickle out of the corners of his mouth, but that was all. Red appeared in his eyes, but his laughter did not disappear. He stood tall in Yin Death Vortex with his laughter echoing in the air. He has went through the third disaster. In fact, it could be said that he had perfectly cleared it!

## **Chapter 1256: Arid Triad's Original Intent!**

'Why is the seventh flash non-existent? Since the ancient past, the Ancestral Spirits said that the disaster is known as Six Flashes because it would only flash six times. It would not flash any more than that number!

'But why... is that?'

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe stared at the swiftly disappearing Six Flash Disaster above them in Yin Death Vortex.

“Su Ming, how many years of life do you have left in your True World?” the old man suddenly asked with a hint of excitement in his voice, as if he had discovered some sort of secret.

While in midair, Su Ming stared at the Six Flash Disaster. In truth, he also had the same questions in his head. He might not have seen as many things as the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, but he had gone through the disaster himself and knew clearly that if there was a seventh flash, then even if he had a True World clone, his life would come to an end. His True World would wither and die, and there would only be three True Worlds left in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos!

That was why when the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe asked his question, Su Ming’s eyes lit up. With a look at him, he answered, “Nine-tenths!”

Su Ming did not hide a lot of secrets from the old man, and neither was there any need for him to hide them. If the old man wanted to know it, he would surely have his own methods to do so.

“Nine-tenths... nine-tenths... If the seventh flash existed, then even a True World’s life would not be enough to survive through this disaster. The True World would wither. That is why... it is not that the seventh flash does not exist, but that it cannot exist,” the old man murmured. A brilliant light shone in his eyes.

“The will that sends the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster is unbothered by the survival of all forms of life. It can ignore the changes in the universe, but it places a lot of attention in whether a True World would die... This is...”

“It is just as I expected. The creature that sends the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster is no one else... but Arid Triad’s will! It is the disaster itself!

“It’s sleeping. In its slumber, its will had turned into the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster. It will not allow Antecedental Spirits to exist, which is why it turned into a disaster to wipe them out. As for the other sealed Antecedental Spirits... perhaps it has other uses for them, and it is controlling them as if it is rearing livestock!

“And it wants to wipe out Antecedental Spirits because...”

There was excitement on the old man’s face. This was the first time he told Su Ming of his guess. At that moment, when he said those words, he paused for an instant, but Su Ming could already continue what he left off.

“It’s because it does not want to be Possessed! Only those who have become Antecedental Spirits have the right to Possess Arid Triad’s will!” Su Ming’s heart trembled as he spoke slowly.

“That’s right, that must surely be it!!”

The old man became even more excited. His breathing even quickened slightly, but it was not because his control over his emotions was not strong enough. With his level of cultivation, there were very few things in the world that could make him so excited. If there was any, then it would definitely be the things regarding the Arid Disaster and Arid Triad’s will.

“When it fell asleep, it wanted to wipe out Antecedental Spirits, but also to seal them... This means that it wants to destroy all danger, but at the same time wants some Antecedental Spirits to help it in some form. Then... what happens when it wakes up?” Su Ming suddenly asked.

“Once it wakes up...”

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe fell silent, but a hint of fear appeared in his eyes, and that fear allowed Su Ming to immediately know what was the old man’s unspoken answer.

He remembered that in the memories he obtained during his first spirit ascension, the old man in white in the final days of Su Ming’s previous aeon had stared at the sky and said, “It’s here...”

Su Ming’s pupils shrank. Besides those words, the old man in white had also said that he would have reached a certain Realm if he’d had more time. His words always existed in Su Ming’s heart, causing him to be unable to figure things out when he was making his speculations.

But when he heard the old man’s speculation, a guess suddenly appeared in Su Ming’s head.

‘When Arid Triad’s will fell asleep, to prevent itself from being Possessed, it wiped out the Antecedental Spirits. When it wakes up... it will want to destroy all of Arid Triad so that Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos would no longer have any lives or culture so that it can have a new beginning.’

‘Why did it do this? Based on what the old man said, could we understand it as Arid Triad’s will turning into the Arid Disaster to destroy everything once it wakes up to find...

‘A life form who could reach a certain Realm during an aeon? It has been searching for countless aeons, and it has destroyed Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos repeatedly. It seems like it has never managed to find it...’

Su Ming's heart trembled. He looked towards the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, but he did not tell him of his assumption. Instead, another question rose in his heart.

"Why would Arid Triad's will be weakened in this place?" he asked slowly.

"Before I came to this place, I had been thinking constantly. All lives in this world have an arch enemy. It is impossible for them to live eternally, and it is the same for the Arid Disaster.

"But I did not manage to find Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos' arch enemy... until I came to this place. I can clearly sense that this place is different from the others. I can sense a will existing in the depths of this vortex.

"But this will isn't asleep. It has already broken down. I can also vaguely sense that there are some parts of it lingering on you... This will could bring an unprecedented calm to my heart, but even so, I didn't think much into it. Even if the three ancient wills who call themselves Servants of Morus Alba gave me an even greater sense of the calm, I still didn't think much into it.

"That was until... you brought the entire land of Berserkers away from Yin Death Vortex and your Antecedental Spirit's disaster arrived. Only then did I come to a swift realization, because your disaster should have arrived earlier, but it did not because you were in Yin Death Vortex.

"At that time, I thought that there was some strange form of power existing in that broken will in the depths... but when we returned to the vortex and the Antecedental Spirit's disaster descended into a frozen eternity... but everything within Yin Death Vortex remained normal.

"At that time, I suddenly understand that perhaps... the arch enemy of Arid Triad's will is here!"

An excited sparkle appeared in the old man's eyes. He stared at Su Ming, then at the depths of Yin Death Vortex, which was as dark as the abyss.

"The secrets lying in there are not something I am privy to. The repulsive force there is so strong that when I tried to enter it previously, I could not. You are the only one who can do it!

"You are the only one different. The repulsive force you sense is clearly much weaker, which is why I am certain that you have some form of connection to the broken will in that place.

"And you are the only one... who can enter the true depths of Yin Death Vortex to find the answer!"

The old man's breathing quickened. When his words echoed in the air, Su Ming's heart trembled. At that moment, loud booming sounds appeared once more above Yin Death Vortex. As they echoed in the air, the fourth disaster of the Antecedental Spirit's disaster descended.

"As I thought, there is a fourth disaster lying in wait for you. The Antecedental Spirit's disaster you have to go through is definitely nothing ordinary... It's a murderous disaster from the heavens, earth, and man! The first three disasters are the Man's Disasters. The next three disasters are the Earthen Disasters, and the final is... the Heavenly Disaster!

"And based on what I understand, when the Earthen Disasters appear, they will not come one by one like the Man's Disasters. All three disasters will appear in succession right away, for only then can they be known to be the Earthen Disasters that surpass the Man's Disasters!"

As the old man spoke, he lifted his head and swung his arm. A brilliant light shone in his eyes.

Su Ming stared at the spot where the rumbles came from above and asked in a low voice, "Senior, do you know what the Earthen Disasters are?"

"The fourth disaster is the Nine Deaths Disaster. The fifth disaster is the Fiendish Withering of Earth in Five Directions, and the sixth disaster... is the Disaster of Emptiness! These three disasters are no longer something that you can handle. They are disasters only those who had ascended their spirits three or more times can handle!

"You can try to experience them. If you feel that things are about to go wrong, I will immediately take action and help you get through it," the old man said slowly.

If this was before the old man had seen Su Ming go through the three disasters, perhaps he would have immediately helped him without providing an explanation, but now that Su Ming had gained full maturity, the old man wanted to help him a little bit more. He wanted to let Su Ming experience the disaster to his limits, since only then would he gain a great number of benefits for his development in the future.

The old man knew that this time... he might die in the disaster. It would be good if he did not die, but he was also prepared to die, and Su Ming... was his hope. He was the hope that could fight against Arid Triad in the future.

That was why the old man would never hold back on providing everything needed for Su Ming to grow even faster.

"Su Ming, the number of disasters you can get through with your own power will determine how many times you will no longer need to go through the Antecedental Spirit's disaster when you have your spirit ascend. This is an incredibly rare chance.

You must have all your cultivation base erupt from your body and seize the chance... to obtain your serendipity through this disaster!”

The old man looked at Su Ming. There was encouragement and expectation in his eyes, and his expression was very sincere.

It was the first time he showed such a sincere look to Su Ming, who saw it and nodded. He knew that the old man did not lie. He had already gone through three disasters, and he could indeed go through his second and third spirit ascensions now. Based on this logic, if he successfully went through his fourth disaster, he could head on to challenge his fourth spirit ascension!

The moment Su Ming looked above him, an indescribably huge will suddenly descended from above Yin Death Vortex with a loud bang. It contained a domineering and supreme as well as imposing air. When it descended, it moved through the vortex easily and looked like it was about to chase away all the fog.

At the instant it descended, the will did not gain corporeal form, but instead seemed to remain an illusion. Once it filled Yin Death Region, it surrounded Su Ming.

A low murmur echoed from the will, and it sounded like the mumbles of a person sleep talking. Yet its words contained an indescribable presence. They seemed to possess some sort of strange power that could make everything... real!

“Your... hands... and... feet... shall... become... green...”

That was the first sentence spoken by the voice. At the moment it reached Su Ming’s ears, his hands and feet turned green!

## **Chapter 1257: Arid Triad Compromises**

Translator: EndlessFantasy Translation Editor: EndlessFantasy @Translation

“The Nine Deaths Disaster is derived from the concept of being at death’s door nine times. It will turn into nine deaths, making you to experience nine different deaths. This disaster will descend without being seen and without warning, making people unable to fend against it and difficult to stand up against it.

“The more you fight back, the stronger the disaster becomes. There is only one way to clear it, which is to use your will. You must search for the one chance to live during the nine deaths!” the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe said, his voice reaching Su Ming’s ears. His voice was grave and deep as it echoed in the air.

When Su Ming heard it, his hands and feet had already turned emerald green, but they were swiftly growing darker. In the blink of an eye, his limbs turned dark green.

A numb sensation instantly rose in Su Ming's heart. It came from the discomfort in his body, and it directly affected his mind, causing him to instantly sense the arrival of death.

But that was not all. His body was not the only one affected. Su Ming could also sense that all of True Morning Dao World was affected during that instant. It had started turning green.

“Die!”

The will filling up Yin Death Vortex said one word once it declared Su Ming's hands and feet to be green. During that moment, Su Ming felt intense pain in his limbs. Wisps of green smoke that were like threads covered his body while heading onwards to cover his soul and mind.

Wherever they went, a thick aura of death would spread out. Su Ming threw his head back and roared. His face contorted, and faint green light lit up around him.

His expression was ferocious, and his will was desperately fighting against the intent to die growing in his body. The feeling of death swept through him with loud rumbles like a tidal wave, and Su Ming was like the lone ship in a raging sea, struggling to persevere.

But his struggle did not last long before the will formed by the fourth disaster filling Yin Death Vortex murmured once more.

“Your... veins... will... wither... Your... teeth... will... dry. Die!”

A loud bang shot up in Su Ming's body, and his veins withered as if they had lost their life force and energy. They became dry, just like how a river would dry up. His teeth became dry as well, as if they had become loose.

His entire face instantly became much older. Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth, and his expression grew ferocious.

The final word felt like a heavy hammer striking Su Ming's body. It made him stagger backwards, and he coughed up a mouthful of black blood. His cultivation base was rapidly disappearing and his body was swiftly becoming weaker. The shadow of death became larger while it loomed over him.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe watched this scene from not far away. He sighed in his heart. He could tell that Su Ming had already reached his limit. He moved forward, about to lend a hand, but Su Ming lifted his head swiftly.

His expression grew even more ferocious, and his eyes became bloodshot. With great difficulty, he lifted his numb right hand and pushed it in the direction of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, as if he wanted to stop him from coming towards him.

"I... can do it!" Su Ming hissed through gritted teeth. Blood trickled out of his mouth from the effort, but a hint of determination as well as madness appeared on his face.

"God of Berserkers... Transformation!"

At the moment it sounded like Su Ming was gnashing his teeth, more than one hundred million Great Berserker souls charged at him. They surrounded him and swiftly fused into his body, making it feel like he had just obtained nourishment, and he quickly began recovering.

But at that moment, the murmurs from the fourth disaster appeared again.

"Your... voice... will... scatter. Die!"

Su Ming let out a shrill scream of pain, and his God of Berserkers Transformation started showing signs of scattering. It didn't seem like the one hundred million Great Berserker souls could make his body recover anymore.

His screams also grew incredibly weak. It sounded like were scattering in a manner as if he was about to die, making all those who heard them sense that he was no longer struggling. Instead, they would feel as if he was gasping on his deathbed and sighing before he died.

Even Su Ming's True Morning Dao World began withering as if it was about to disappear from Arid Triad.

"Your... nostrils... will... flare. Die!"

"Your... lips... will... become... cold... to... the... touch. Die!"

The continuous murmurs and the impact from the declarations of wanting him dead made it seem like the will was the curse of destiny that could not be resisted. Each statement had an immediate effect on Su Ming's body, like how lips now turned purple. As they became cold, it felt like all warmth had disappeared from them. Su Ming's breathing weakened, and his nostrils instinctively flared to try and gain more air.

"Damn it, just what is this disaster?!"

The madness in Su Ming's eyes grew stronger. He stayed in his God of Berserkers Transformation since this was the only method with which his body would continuously recover, but even so, he could not recover to how he was previously, and the divine

ability was losing its effect rapidly. The deterioration of Su Ming's body had become incredibly bad.

He was just like a mortal who was about to die and was struggling before his end.

At that moment, if he called out to the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, the other would immediately take action... but Su Ming chose not to!

He did not believe that he could not fight against the fourth disaster. He refused to accept that he would die from the fourth disaster. He would not not!

He refused to admit defeat. His pride did not allow him to fail like this.

As intense pain filled Su Ming's body, a large amount of red appeared in his bloodshot eyes. They dimmed as if he was a candle flame in the wind and he was about to extinguish at any moment, but right then, Su Ming came to a swift realization.

"This isn't a disaster. This is a curse..."

The so-called Nine Deaths Disaster killed a person in an unseen manner, so it was clearly a curse!

The disaster was powerful and caused a person to feel powerless against it because all of Arid Triad's will went to curse a single person. Because of that... there was no way that anyone could fight against it. They could only passively be cursed!

Su Ming understood that this was a form of manifestation of Arid Triad's will... Not only did he understand that the Nine Deaths Disaster was a curse, he also understood during that moment that the so-called Antecedental Spirit's disaster was also a form of manifestation of Arid Triad's will.

It was just like how he could kill any cultivator he wanted in his True World with his will of a True World and could also use his will to send a similar disaster on them!

"Your... lips... will... swell... and... your... teeth... will... be... scorched. Die!"

The moment Su Ming understood everything, the murmurs from the will appeared again. This time, when they echoed in the air, the will made Su Ming's face change. It swelled, and his loose teeth felt a sort of heat, even though his body was clearly cold. This feeling was very contradictory, similar to the relationship between life and death.

The moment that feeling appeared, Su Ming could vividly sense... that death had descended on him without him being able to resist it. He was still under the effect of his God of Berserkers Transformation, but it was on the verge of crumbling.

"Your... hands... will... fall... out... of... your... sleeves. Die!"

“You... will... sweat... but... it... will... not... flow... down. Die!”

With a bang, Su Ming’s God of Berserkers Transformation scattered. The one hundred million Great Berserker souls could no longer strengthen his body and fight against the Arid Triad’s curse!

“It’s just a curse... If it’s curses... I know them as well!”

Su Ming’s body was weak and he was about to die. At the moment the old man stopped hesitating and was about to help, Su Ming began laughing.

His laughter was incredibly weak, and it could not even escape from his throat. It could only come out without a sound. However, an arc had appeared on the lips of Su Ming’s swollen face. As he laughed soundlessly, he coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Murmurs swiftly tumbled out of Su Ming’s mouth. There was some strange power contained in his voice, and it immediately echoed in the air, stirring up his True World clone. He was clearly using his power of a True World... to Curse Arid Triad!

This was his strongest Art—Arid Curse. The strength of this Art could affect those in Avacaniya Realm, but its true might could allow him to Curse Arid Triad’s will and make it show signs of waking up from its sleep.

“Your... tongue... will... roll... back... Your... reproductive... organs... will... shrink. This is the Nine Deaths Disaster... Die!”

The final murmur of Nine Deaths Disaster’s will rang out through the area during that instant and turned into a loud, thunderous rumble. The sound shook the sky and earth, and it caused Yin Death Vortex to shudder. During that instant, Su Ming’s Curse was completely executed.

“Curse Arid Triad!”

Booming sounds surged into the sky during that moment. Su Ming’s Curse required a doll, but at that moment, he did not have one in hand, so he used his own body as its replacement. With the will of his True World clone, he would Curse Arid Triad’s will and the fourth disaster!

This was a fight between curses. It was also the strongest counter of Su Ming’s life when he was intent of rising against the will wanting to bring about his death. When he launched his counter, for the first time ever... he showed an absolute unwillingness to surrender, an indestructible madness, and posed a threat to Arid Triad’s will.

‘There are two outcomes. One, I will die and make you wake up beforehand. But your awakening ahead of schedule will make you incomplete, and this does not go according

to your will. I might not know what sort of changes will happen when your awakening is early, but I believe that you are sentient and will not wish for it to be so.

'The second would be... that the disaster will shatter because of me. It will shatter, and it will stop trying to use a Curse on me!'

This was a blatant threat from Su Ming. It was very direct and also very thorough!

The moment Su Ming cast his Curse and had it crash into the Nine Deaths Disaster in an unseen manner, an enraged roar seemed to be emitted by someone who was still sleeping rang out in the silent Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. It had an indescribably mighty pressure.

When it reverberated through space, it filled all of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. If there would have been any life forms that were awake at that moment, their bodies and souls would have been destroyed, no matter what sort of level of cultivation they had.

At the instant the voice appeared, the Nine Deaths Disaster around Su Ming disappeared without a trace. All the curses on him weakened before they vanished simultaneously. Everything about him returned to the state before the disaster fell on him.

At the same time, his will reached a breakthrough, causing his aura to become even greater. The vortex he formed became thousands of feet tall, and he could sense that he had gone through a sort of cleansing. At that moment... he had the confidence to go through his fourth spirit ascension!

The sleeping Arid Triad's will had compromised!

At the moment a brilliant light appeared in Su Ming's eyes, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe suddenly took a step forward and appeared before him. His expression was solemn when he lifted his right hand and swiftly grabbed the disappearing fourth disaster in the vortex.

His action jolted the fourth disaster.

"I... will clear all of your subsequent disasters. Your task is to head to the depths of Yin Death Vortex and verify my assumptions! Go! Hurry!"

**Chapter 1258: The World in the Depths!**

Su Ming's gaze fell on the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe before he cast a glance at the fourth disaster that he had seized through the air and whose disappearance was halted when it was going up Yin Death Vortex. When he looked at it, Su Ming knew that he was supposed to not be able to get through his third disaster. His level of cultivation had not been the reason why he was able to clear the disaster, but his Possession of a True World.

He had the years of life belonging to a True World, which was why he could be so wilful when getting through the third disaster.

He had barely escaped death during the fourth disaster. If he had not used the Arid Curse and been full of madness, willing to die with Arid Triad's will if it did not choose to compromise while still asleep, he would have definitely died.

In his current condition, if he was to face the fifth disaster... Su Ming had not a shred of confidence to pass it. In truth, he had already given it his all during the second disaster.

Su Ming might want to get through the disasters himself, but he was not reckless or foolish. If he did not have the ability and would definitely lose if he took the bet, he would not force himself to try it. He had already reached his limit a long time ago.

With eyes shining, he remembered the words the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had said regarding Arid Triad's will. In silence, he took a swift step backwards.

"Thank you, senior!" When Su Ming moved back, he wrapped his fist in his palm.

"Don't thank me. I was the one who went searching for your disaster. Helping you... is the same as helping myself!"

While the old man swung his arm, he lifted his head, and the fifth disaster came swiftly from the rumbling Yin Death Vortex.

The disaster roared. When the sound echoed in the air, the Yin Death Vortex immediately filled with countless lightning bolts as if it had turned into a lightning storm.

"The fifth disaster, the Fiendish Withering of Earth in Five Directions. I've heard since a long time ago that the power of this disaster can destroy all lives. Today, I would like to see... whether this Fiendish Withering of Earth in Five Directions can bury my will of an Antecedental Spirit!"

As the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe laughed, he did not wait for the fifth disaster to descend on him. He turned into a vortex that shot upwards, taking the initiative to head towards the incoming disaster.

Su Ming stared at the old man, and resolve appeared on his face. Turning around, he charged into the depths of Yin Death Vortex. He knew that the subsequent disasters

were not ones he could stand against. He had an even more important mission, and that was to head into the deepest parts of Yin Death Vortex in search for the connection between himself and the broken will in this place so that he could verify the old man's guess. He had to find the answers.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe... longed to learn of all of this. However, he did not have a way to obtain his answers, which was why he placed all his hopes on Su Ming.

He hoped that Su Ming would be able to obtain them, and that was why he told him all of his guesses. He already treated Su Ming as his scion, but he did not pass down any of his power or his divine abilities to him. Instead, he gave Su Ming a form of determination that would allow him to learn all the secrets of Arid Triad's will, Arid Disaster, and Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

Perhaps there were some people who had the same determination before their era's destruction during the countless eras of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. With great wisdom, they tried to search for all the answers. Perhaps some people succeeded, but perhaps... no one had ever succeeded. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was unable to find the truth, even though he believed that he had already found his way to the edges of the answer.

But he could not truly find the secret. Su Ming... was the scion he chose, and he inherited those guesses and determination to continue moving forward.

He would continue go forth until he found the answer... until he found the greatest secret of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

Su Ming knew all of this. That was why when he turned around and the booming sounds behind him surged into the sky while the old man's howls and roars echoed faintly in the air, he did not turn his head around to look. Instead, resolve appeared on his face. He charged towards the depths of Yin Death Vortex.

He did not know how deep was Yin Death Vortex. He did not know how far he was from the end, and he did not know whether the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would be able to help him clear the disasters in the end. He did not know any of that, but it was not important. What mattered was only Su Ming's persistence. It caused his feet and body to turn into determination itself, and he headed further into the distance.

Time passed in the vortex, but Su Ming had no idea how fast. He could no longer hear the rumbles from the Antecedental Spirit's disaster, and neither could he hear the roars of the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. Everything around him gradually became quiet, until it was completely silent around him. Not a single sound could be heard. The rotations of the vortex seemed to be something that would last for eternity.

It was as if Su Ming had moved into another world, which was an empty and quiet world. Everything was silent. Everything was empty. It was as if nothing existed, but as that feeling arose, Su Ming slowly came to realize that the Yin Death Aura in this place became less until it practically disappeared. In the end, it was replaced by the power of Bright Yang.

Bright Yang was the arch enemy of all lives in Yin Death Vortex. It was a forbidden aura spelling death that could not exist at the same time with Yin Death. Only Su Ming could survive it, because he had a True World clone. He could move back and forth between Yin Death and Bright Yang and transform his aura at will. Because of this, he could continue charging forward in the portion of Yin Death Vortex that was filled with Bright Yang Aura.

Gradually, it became greater, to the point that it surpassed all that Su Ming had previously seen in the past. It filled the vortex until it could no longer be known as Yin Death Vortex... but had to be known as Bright Yang Vortex!

Su Ming had no idea how much time had passed. At the moment the Bright Yang Aura reached its peak in density, he slowly came to a stop in the depths of the vortex and stared at the area in front of him in a daze.

Before him was a brilliant galactical vortex, as if Yin Death Vortex was a funnel. At that moment, Su Ming stood at the end of the bottom part and felt that if he took one more step, he could step out of the funnel-like vortex.

When he stepped into the empty world with that brilliant galactical vortex, he would not see the end of it. It was as if it was an Expanse Cosmos that had no end, so all those who saw it would feel a sense of insignificance wash over them.

“This is...”

When Su Ming began to speak in a murmur, his heart suddenly trembled, because at that instant, a voice traveled forth languidly from the galactical vortex at the bottom of the funnel-like Yin Death Vortex.

It sounded ancient, and it contained an indescribable weakness, as if most of its strength had flowed away in the passage of time. It echoed in the air without consciousness.

“Morus Alba...”

The appearance of this voice caused Su Ming’s heart to tremble. He sensed something calling to him, a sound that made his soul tremble coming from the beautiful galactical vortex in the empty world.

A brilliant light appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Since he was already in this place and had already seen everything, there was no reason for him to leave. Even if he would run into endless dangers when he took that one step... if he left just like this, not only would the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe be disappointed in him, even Su Ming would not be able to forgive himself.

With eyes sparkling, he took a step forward without hesitation.

He moved from the funnel-like Yin Death Vortex into the endless space. At the moment his body fused into it, he began trembling furiously.

He could not control those shivers, and disbelief appeared in his eyes. In fact, his chest began to rise and fall continuously, as if Su Ming had discovered an astonishing abnormality that shocked him so greatly that even his self-control could not hold him steady!

"This... This is..." Su Ming swept his gaze across the area. The third eye at the center of his brow instantly opened, and his divine sense erupted with a bang and quickly spread through the area.

"Is this... True Morning Dao World?"

The disbelief in Su Ming's eyes became stronger. When he stepped into the place, he immediately sensed a hint of familiarity. There was no way Su Ming would find this familiar feeling unfamiliar to him. It was... the presence of True Morning Dao World's will before it was Possessed.

There was no way Su Ming could ever forget it. He had thought against it before he had devoured it, which was why he was intimately familiar with it. This place... felt as if it was the True Morning Dao World Su Ming had yet to Possess!

If that was all, it would not be enough for Su Ming to lose his composure, but at the moment he noticed this, he made another great discovery. It was that discovery that caused Su Ming's heart to no longer be able to remain calm. A storm raged in his soul.

"This presence... this is... Yin Death Aura. This entire True World, this entire universe, this entire space is filled with boundless Yin Death Aura!

"How can this be?!"

Su Ming instinctively took a few steps forward. When he completely left the funnel-like Yin Death Vortex, he seemed to have come to understand something. He turned his head around and looked behind him.

What he saw was a huge vortex. It was the exact same as the vortex he saw in the True Morning Dao World on the other side!

However... the similar appearance did not mean that everything was the same. Su Ming could no longer sense Yin Death Aura from the vortex... but Bright Yang Aura. The thickness of that aura made him feel as if all lives filled with Yin Death Aura would disappear in it.

Everything was reversed. On the other side of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos was an entire True World filled with Bright Yang Aura with only Yin Death Vortex were endless aura of death could be found, while in this place... the entire world was filled with Yin Death Aura, and the vortex that was the exact same as Yin Death Vortex... was filled with an astonishing amount of Bright Yang Aura.

Everything was in reverse. The level of things reversed caused Su Ming to suddenly remember an epiphany he had gained when he was in the land of Berserkers...

“Yin Death Region is like a mirror. Beyond the mirror is Bright Yang, and within the mirror is Yin Death... I once thought that the area in the mirror was the land of Berserkers and the countless dimensions in the vortex...

“But by the looks of it now, I was wrong...

“Yin Death Vortex is a mirror. The world in the mirror is not the mirror itself... but this place!”

Su Ming stared at his surroundings in a daze. He did not know what was the name of the Expanse Cosmos he saw at that moment, whether it was known as Arid Triad... or something else.

### **Chapter 1259: Turning Point!**

“A mirror... no wonder I can feel True Morning Dao World’s presence here. If this place is the world in the mirror, then the four Great True Worlds must exist here as well!

“Everything here should be the same as in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, but I wonder if there is anything alive here... And there are certain things different here as well. Arid Triad’s True Morning Dao World belongs to me. There is a whirlwind there, as well as Arid Triad’s gap, but everything here is empty, and there are also quite a number of cultivation planets here...”

Su Ming narrowed his eyes and charged into the distance, but in just the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, he came to a stop.

What made him stop was the entire True World experiencing a strange change practically the moment he stepped into the place. The changes in the beginning were not obvious, but in just the time it takes for half an incense to burn, they had grown much stronger.

Whirlwind immediately appeared in the originally empty area. It seemed to have just been born, but it was growing stronger with each passing moment. After a moment, it filled the entire area. This scene caused Su Ming to stop moving and his pupils to shrink.

He could sense one of the cultivation planets in this True World swiftly shattering. A large portion of the True World shattered for an unknown reason as well, as if a wave of power had descended on it to make the True World go through a change.

The whirlwind was the wind currently in Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World, the one formed by the power of the World!

The originally complete cultivation planets began to swiftly crumble, and the entire True World began to swiftly change into Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World, as if it wanted to become exactly the same!

In fact, when Su Ming lifted his head, he saw the whirlwind swiftly gather together above him, and he could vaguely see the end of space. The universe there was torn. Rumbling sounds spread through the entire True World... and a huge gap appeared!

“Arid Triad's gap!”

Su Ming's pupils shrank. He could recognize all the shocking changes happening in this previously empty and quiet True World once he arrived. It transformed to become the exact same as Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World. In fact, during that instant, Su Ming could also sense... that this True Morning Dao World... had started to slowly gain his presence!

It was Su Ming's own presence. He would definitely not mistake it. He stood in a daze as he personally watched the entire True World completely turn into Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World in a short two hours. It had Arid Triad's gap, a whirlwind, and Morning Dao Sect's base. Regardless of whether it was its structure or appearance, it was completely the same as Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World!

The True World's will was there as well. It seemed to get worn down, and it could not fight against the power forcing this upon it. It seemed to be predestined and nothing could not change it. The True World's will could only let out unresigned, soundless howls and roars that only Su Ming could hear.

The will tumbled about, and it was swiftly being replaced by Su Ming's will... but Su Ming did not do anything. He only stood there and watched all of it in a daze.

In fact, when two hours passed, the True World before him became the exact same as his True Morning Dao World in Arid Triad. Once that happened, Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he spread his will outwards and tried to touch the will in this True World, which was very blatantly his.

When the two exact same wills came into contact with each other, Su Ming's body let out a bang. It was loud and monstrous bangs, and made him feel as if his head was about to burst. His body trembled. Blood capillaries instantly filled his eyes, and a ferocious expression appeared on his face, but there was an excited and thrilled look that surpassed what a mind could imagine in his eyes.

His divine sense roared, and ripples appeared in his soul. His state of being was rapidly rising in levels. The power of his will of an Antecedental Spirit and his mind... also increased by one-fold during that instant!

It was a full one-fold, as if an entire True World had appeared out of the blue and had fused perfectly with his True World. Su Ming surpassed his previous self, rising to a Realm that even he found impossible to believe!

This Realm made Su Ming feel as if he had Possessed two of the four Great True Worlds in Arid Triad!

Booming sounds echoed in Su Ming's mind, causing him to throw his head back and roar. His voice shook the sky and earth, stirring up endless ripples in the True World, as if he was announcing that he was the master of everything in this place!

Not only was he the master of Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World, he was also the master of the True Morning Dao World in the world in the mirror!

'I understand now. This is the world in the mirror. If certain events have happened in the world outside, then this place will change along with it, but this change does not happen at the same time. It needs a turning point... such as my arrival. This was its turning point!

'Because in Arid Triad, I am True Morning Dao World, when I arrived in this place, everything in this place changed... If that is the case for the True World, then I wonder whether it is the same for the lives here!'

Su Ming suppressed the excitement in his heart as he sensed himself swiftly becoming stronger. At that moment, he had a feeling that even if he came face to face against a cultivator in Avacaniya Realm, he would not have as much difficulty in fighting against them as he did in the past!

Strong light shone in Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, he was confident that even if he came face to face with the third disaster, he could get through it with even more ease. In

fact, even the fourth disaster could forget trying to reduce him to close to death's door as it did previously!

In fact, Su Ming even had a certain amount of confidence that he could get through the fifth disaster!

His clear increase in strength was not reflected in his cultivation base, but in his will, soul, and the state of his being.

'Everything in Arid Triad can control the setup in this place. Then if that is the case, could it be that the changes in here can also control the setup in Arid Triad... In fact... will I be able to meet... another version of myself here?'

When Su Ming thought of this, his heart suddenly trembled. In his mind, this idea was a little far fetched and crazy... Yet in his heart, he believed that it was true!

'The other version of me is here, as well as all the people the other version of me knows. In fact... every single life in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos also exists here!

'If that's the case, then senior Tian Bai's guess is correct. All life in the universe has its arch enemy, and it is the same for Arid Triad's will. Everything in the universe has two sides. If there is Yin... then there will be Yang!

'True Morning Dao World exists in this place, along with the other three True Worlds, as well as Divine Essence Star Ocean. In fact... All Spirits Hall is here as well!'

Brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. At that moment, his heart and mind were shaken by his own guesses and discoveries, and it was difficult for him to completely calm down.

'If there is an All Spirits Hall here... since I can obtain twice the increase in power due to the True Worlds... then if I can experience the first spirit ascension here again... and go through all nine spirit ascensions here and another nine in Arid Triad... how much stronger will I become?'

Su Ming's heart pounded. He did not need to think too far ahead. When he thought about being able to go through three spirit ascensions in this place then go through another three in Arid Triad... He would have gone through eight spirit ascensions!

He had no idea how strong this level of spirit ascension would be... and he did not dare to imagine it.

'More importantly, I have to find my other self in here. I wonder if he has Arid Triad's path reflected on him and whether the things he went through are the same...

'But I don't think this will be true. The other version of me in this place should have another path to his life, because even though this is a mirror, it needs a turning point before both worlds can overlap, and only then it transforms. Before I came to this place, this turning point did not exist, which is why my other self...

'Would have experienced a completely different life!

'My other self is not the only one affected. All the lives in this place are the same. They would not be connected to the world outside... I might be calling this a mirror, but in truth, this isn't like a mirror. Instead, it's like two Expanse Cosmoses. Perhaps they overlap with each other once in a while, but after that, they are separated again.

'Unless someone can move between these two Expanse Cosmoses, there won't be anyone to trigger the mirror-like effect. This is what is happening here!' The light of understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'Then logically speaking, there is a will similar to Arid Triad in this Expanse Cosmos... It is...'

When Su Ming thought of this, his heart trembled. He remembered the theory the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had mentioned.

'It is the arch enemy of Arid Triad's will. It's... Harmonious Morus Alba!'

Su Ming's expression continuously changed. He thought of far too many things, such as the three ancient wills... They had to be lives who had come from this world, but due to certain unique reasons, they had to live in Yin Death Vortex.

'This place can fuse with Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, but they are existences that contradict each other. Then it can be said that I... can fuse with the other version of myself in this place. Once I do so... I will become the one and only presence in this place and Arid Triad. Perhaps only by doing so will I be myself!'

Su Ming's thoughts continued running wildly in his mind. He thought of many things, and at that moment, for some unknown reason, something someone told him a long time ago in the land of Berserkers appeared in his head.

"When you learn who you are, you... are no longer you. When you no longer know who you are, you... will be you!"

"I finally understand it..." Su Ming fell silent before he sighed softly.

'I can somewhat guess some of the reasons as to why senior Tian Bai said that the will in this place is connected to me. If this guess is correct, I will be able to tell whether my previous guess is the truth.

'All of this will depend on what status... my other self has in this world!'

A brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. All of his guesses were connected to one single point. As long as he could establish it, he would become enlightened.

'Surely, my other self has already sensed some changes at this moment...'

Su Ming's eyes shone. When he spread his divine sense outwards, he turned his will into his divine sense so that it could transform into the will of heaven. It swept through the entire True World, and since Su Ming's will was comparable to two True Worlds, when he sent his divine sense spreading out, the area he covered was so big that it could be said to be boundless.

After a moment, a strange and hesitant look suddenly appeared on Su Ming's face. He did not manage to find the other version of himself, but he did find another person within his divine sense.

'He's...'

Su Ming was momentarily stunned. Then, he charged into the distance.

### **Chapter 1260: I Swear...**

The place was filled with Yin Death Aura, just like how Arid Triad was filled with Bright Yang Aura. The people born in this world couldn't notice it, since it was difficult for them to tell that there were also four Great True Worlds in this world filled with Yin Death Aura.

Their names were different. Morning Dao was known as Immortal Sect. Sacred Yin was known as Illusory Yang. The Emperor of Abyss was known as Sky Hill. As for the fourth True World, it was known as Victory Colony.

In True Victory Colony World was a palace in space. Right then, there was a figure sitting in there while meditating. That figure belonged to a young man. His age could not be told from his face, but those who saw him could vaguely sense that the dust of time had filled the area around him.

He had his eyes closed while his expression was aloof. If Su Ming was there, he would definitely be able to tell with just one glance that this person... was his other self in this universe. Their appearances was the exact same.

The man's originally calm expressions was suddenly shaken. His eyes flew swiftly open, and all those who saw him could clearly see the shadow of a butterfly in his pupils.

His body trembled, and his aura swiftly increased, as if a force had rushed into his body, causing his state of being and will to instantly increase in power exponentially.

The entire process lasted for about two hours before it slowly calmed down. The young man's eyes were filled with red at that moment. To him, it felt like the world had turned over its head in that time. His power had increased by a lot, and a dazed look appeared on his face. The sudden increase of his power caused him to be extremely puzzled.

"What happened?"

The young man frowned and mumbled softly to himself. Two hours ago, his level of cultivation had only been at the equivalent of Life Realm, but right then, he had instantly become an existence with the power equivalent to those in Death Realm. This explosive increase in his power should originally cause him to feel discomfort—after all, it was an external power—but it was definitely not the case. It was as if this power had always belonged to him.

When the young man fell into contemplative silence, a glint appeared in his eyes, and he lifted his head. He looked beyond his palace, and in just the span of a few breaths, a figure came inside. It instantly appeared before the young man and turned into an old man. The old man was dressed in a black robe, and there was a butterfly embroidered on his robe. As he approached the palace, he immediately knelt down.

The old man had extraordinary power, and he was also in Death Realm, but his act of kneeling to the young man was not at all lacking in fluency or filled with dissatisfaction. Instead, it was incredibly sincere. It was as if he was worshiping his Progenitor.

"Greetings, Child of Morus Alba. Your Grace, a drastic change has occurred in True Immortal Sect World. The entire True World was reduced to a wreck in just two hours... Most of the planets had crumbled, and there is also a whirlwind surrounding it. In fact, a huge gap has appeared above!" the old man explained quickly with an anxious look on his face.

"I understand." The young man looked as composed as ever.

The old man looked as if he had something else to say, but he did not voice what was on his mind. Instead, he got up and was just about to announce his leave when the young man suddenly asked, "Did the other two Children of Morus Alba do anything?"

"Not for the moment," the old man answered respectfully. When he saw the young man sinking into contemplative silence and making no move to give further instruction, he left the hall.

'It's also within two hours, and it's in True Immortal Sect World... There is something strange about this!'

The young man remained silent for a moment before a cold sneer appeared at the corners of his lips. As one of the three great incarnations of Harmonious Morus Alba's will, he possessed the ability to communicate with Harmonious Morus Alba's will since he was young, and it was precisely because of this that he became one of the three Children of Morus Alba.

He was the representative of Harmonious Morus Alba's will in this Expanse Cosmos. He had a high status, and with just one sentence, he could determine the deaths of ten thousand people. With just one sentence, he could make the universe go mad. This was his right, because as the incarnation of Harmonious Morus Alba, he was believed to be the manifestation of Harmonious Morus Alba's will in the Expanse Cosmos.

'Could it be that my disaster has arrived?'

In silence, the young man closed his eyes. He lifted his right hand and pressed it at the center of his brow. With it, his body shuddered, and the image of a butterfly gradually appeared behind him. It surrounded the young man and turned into a whirlwind.

The butterfly flapped its wings before it completely merged with the whirlwind. It concealed the young man's figure within it, which was him using his right as the Child of Morus Alba to initiate a simple communication with Harmonious Morus Alba's will, or rather... he was borrowing Harmonious Morus Alba's power... the strongest power he had as the incarnation of Harmonious Morus Alba!

This was an ability only he and the other two Children of Morus Alba shared, and it was precisely it that allowed him to be able to instantly kill someone in Death Realm even though he was previously only in Life Realm!

.....

During the sudden change in True Immortal Sect World in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, the entire True World was reduced to ruins. Countless planets were shattered, causing the cultivators in the place to find their hearts tremble under this disaster.

Thankfully, True Immortal Sect World had always maintained a certain degree of mysteriousness. It had some limitations set on it, such as the number of cultivators being restricted in the True World and the area around Bright Yang Vortex being declared a forbidden ground.

Because of this, the damage caused by the disaster that swept through all of True Immortal Sect World mostly affected the True World itself. The cultivators were not too influenced by it.

At the edge of True Immortal Sect World was a cultivation planet that had been split into half. There was once a tall mountain reaching one hundred thousand feet there. Right then, it had been reduced to a gorge. Beside it was a middle-aged cultivator who looked around the area with a bitter smile.

There were seven people surrounding him at that moment. They had aloof expressions of their faces as they glared at the person.

“Fellow Daoists, why trouble yourselves to chase after me? I, Qian, truly did not steal your sect’s jade wire... I really didn’t steal it... I already swore I didn’t steal it just now, I...” The middle-aged man stared at the seven men and while explaining himself with a bitter smile.

The seven people’s expressions instantly changed drastically. They took a simultaneous step forward and surrounded the middle-aged man. One of them immediately said in exasperation, “Shut up. If it was not because of eldest senior brother’s orders, we would have long ago captured you and brought you back to the sect. We already gave you a chance, and you still dare to talk about the oath you swore just now?!”

They did not dare let this middle-aged man continue speaking, because they would never forget just how terrifying the scene just then had been...

The group of seven in pursuit of this middle-aged man had finally been able to catch up to him in True Immortal Sect World. Since this person was a close friend of their eldest senior brother, they had not made things difficult for him. They only wanted to make him explain things clearly.

As for whether they were supposed to bring him back to the sect, they were to do so judging on the situation. After all, there were sixty people whom they were supposed to investigate this time, and the person before them was just one of them.

Things had gone very smoothly at the start. Once this person provided his explanation, he looked as if he was afraid that they would not believe in him, and hence, he swore an oath saying... that if his words were lies, the sky and earth would crumble...

The seven of them would naturally not believe in oaths. After all, they had heard rumors about the middle-aged man’s character. It was said that he swore the same oath every single day to different people.

However... what they did not expect was that the moment the middle-aged man finished speaking... the sky and earth immediately crumbled.

But that was not all. The middle-aged man had reacted to the situation very quickly and immediately swore another oath, saying that if his words were lies, the planet would immediately shatter!

And right when he said those words, the planet rumbled and shattered...

Then, in a panic, the middle-aged man swore another oath, saying that space would shatter, and then.. a whirlwind howled in space, as if it truly wanted to crush the universe. It looked like all of True Immortal Sect World was faced with an apocalypse.

Not only were the seven people stunned by the scene, even the middle-aged man looked like he had seen a ghost. Then, as the World went through the drastic change, he fled.

But the seven caught up to him again. When the middle-aged man heard the exasperated shouts, a distressed expression immediately appeared on his face, and he felt incredibly depressed. He had sworn plenty of oaths in his life, but not once had they come true. What happened just then had terrified him. He had not thought that with just one sentence... he could make the sky and earth crumble.

And judging by the looks of it, the sky and earth in all of True Immortal Sect World had crumbled, the space shattered. All of it pushed him into the misconception that... the universe was punishing him.

‘But... isn’t the price for the punishment too great? I am just a nobody. I... I just like to swear oaths. There’s no need to use the destruction of an entire True World to warn me, right?’

The middle-aged man was feeling incredibly anxious. At that moment, when he saw the seven people surround him and take a step forward with hostile expressions, he instinctively spoke.

“I swear...”

“Shut up! How dare you still try to swear?! Do you want us to capture you or will you follow us obediently?!”

When the seven saw that he was about to speak, their expressions changed drastically. One of them immediately formed a seal and looked like they wanted to cast a divine ability.

When he saw that the seven were about to attack, the middle-aged man roared, “I swear... Damn it, I swear that if I stole your jade wire, then... then the Child of Morus Alba will come to personally punish me!”

His roar was filled with the tone of someone who had been wronged. This was the first time he swore this oath. After all, swearing by the name of the Child of Morus Alba in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was an incredibly serious matter. It was the same as swearing by the name of Arid Triad’s will in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

Regardless of whether it would come true, the oath itself required a form of determination.

When the seven heard this, their footsteps came to a halt. They were truly afraid now. The person before them gave them a feeling that he was a little too strange. Every single oath he swore had come true. At that moment, when the seven heard the man's words, one of them instinctively lifted his head to stare at the heavens.

Almost the same moment, he shuddered and sucked in a sharp breath. In that inhale was the shock he felt.

As the other people raised their heads as well and the middle-aged man did the same thing, they saw...

A long arc charging toward them from the sky. It instantly drew close and within was Su Ming. The instant the seven saw his face, they sucked in a sharp breath.

"We, disciples of Freezing Winter Sect, greet the Child of Morus Alba!"

The seven knelt down simultaneously, and the middle-aged man's face turned pale as he nearly fell down on his bottom. He suddenly felt that his retribution had arrived...

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1261: Qian Chen - Read**

### **Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1261: Qian Chen Bin**

#### **Chapter 1261: Qian Chen**

'Child of Morus Alba...'

Su Ming's eyes shone with a barely noticeable glint. With his intelligence, if he did not want anyone to see anything off about him, no one would be able to find even a single clue, unless he ran into old monsters like the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

In fact, even the old monsters like the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would not be able to see everything. After all, the level of complications and number of trials Su Ming had experienced in the one thousand years he had lived was definitely not something other cultivators could imagine.

The people before him were part of the cultivators he had seen in this True World with his divine sense, but he had come for the middle-aged man named Qian.

But he was not entirely certain... because everything in Arid Triad... existed here as well. He was not certain whether this man named Qian was his old friend.

When he heard the title these cultivators used to refer to him and saw the anxiety contained under their respectful demeanor, Su Ming reached his other goal. He had wanted to appear before these people to see whether they would see him as the other version of himself in this world.

“Freezing Winter Sect...” Su Ming’s expression remained the same. When he said those words faintly, he sounded as if he did not quite remember this sect.

“Our sect is not great. Your Grace, there is no need for you to pay too much attention to it. Our sect is one of the four sects under the jurisdiction of Li Tian Wang, one of the three Immortals of Jade Palace. The Sect Masters of our sect have always inherited the divine position of Li Hai, who is one of Li Tian Wang’s four generals,” one of the seven cultivators immediately explained while worshiping him respectfully.

“I have some uses for this person. You may leave now.” Su Ming did not ask anything in detail, and instead chose to speak calmly.

The seven men hesitated for a moment before they cast each other a glance. Then, they bowed to Su Ming again and turned around to turn into seven long arcs that charged into the universe. Soon, they could no longer be seen.

The middle-aged man’s feet trembled. He wanted to slap his own mouth, cursing in his heart that he absolutely should not have sworn in the name of the Child of Morus Alba. But even so, he still thought that there was something too bizarre about all his oaths coming true. It was so bizarre that it made him stare at Su Ming dumbly, and his heart trembled even more.

“Um... Your Grace, why did you come to this lowly commoner?” The middle-aged man felt slightly tongue-tied, and he instinctively put on an obsequious expression.

Su Ming turned his head and directed his gaze on the middle-aged man. After a long while, he suddenly said, “Qian Chen!”

“Here!”

The man was Qian Chen, the person who had accompanied him for some time after getting acquainted with him in the land of Berserkers until Su Ming was forced to head to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, the Qian Chen who he had lost contact with ever since!

Su Ming had asked his second senior brother about Qian Chen later. This person had left on his own not long after Su Ming went to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence. Even now, Su Ming still remembered the grief and anger on Qian Chen’s face when he

witnessed the deaths of all those from the ninth summit when the direct descendant of Morning Dao Sect descended among them. The determination to become someone powerful had flickered within him at that time.

With those memories, Su Ming stared at the man before him and found himself slightly unable to tell... whether he was Arid Triad's Qian Chen or the Qian Chen of this Expanse Cosmos.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he suddenly asked, "Do you... still recognize me?"

When he said those words, Qian Chen suddenly trembled. From the moment Su Ming appeared, not many changes on his expression could be detected. At most, he had shown that he was frustrated by his own oaths, but in truth, at the moment Qian Chen saw Su Ming, an anguish that other people would find hard to detect appeared in his heart.

This anguish came from Su Ming's current appearance. It came from the memories of a certain past, but he did not believe that Su Ming was the one he knew. Instead, he stood there in a daze and stared at Su Ming blankly.

Su Ming's appearance was slightly different from when he was in the land of Berserkers. However, once one stared at him for a long period of time, they would still be able to find some traces of the Su Ming of the past. Su Ming stared at Qian Chen, and after a long while, he sighed softly.

"Do you still remember the ninth summit?"

When he asked this question, Qian Chen jolted. Disbelief appeared on his face. There was no way he would forget the ninth summit. It was a place he would never forget. He had unintentionally left his Expanse Cosmos in the past and entered Bright Yang Vortex... to come to the Berserkers' world, and when he was there, he had gotten acquainted with a few people.

Everything that had happened in the ninth summit and the tragedy that fell upon it in the end were engraved deep into his mind. At that time, he did not know about the secrets regarding Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, but when Su Ming left for Divine Essence Star Ocean, Qian Chen had chosen to leave as well. Once he returned to his own world, he began to wander about Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, and by chance...

He was able to witness a grand event in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos from the distance. That grand event... was the appearance of the third Child of Morus Alba in True Victory Colony World. He would never forget how excited he had been when he saw him.

He would also never forget the indifference he met when he tried to approach the third Child of Morus Alba and how lost he had felt. Similarly, he would not forget the dreariness he felt when he understood what happened, and how he had distanced himself as far as possible from the third Child of Morus Alba.

“Your Grace, I do not... understand what you said...” Qian Chen remained silent for a moment before he forced that obsequious expression belonging to a nobody on his face and spoke with a smile while his heart was filled with anguish.

He did not dare to be certain of his own answers, because as time passed, he slowly came to realize a secret regarding Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos—the people who existed here... existed in the outside world as well.

But they were not the same people.

The Su Ming he saw before him was clearly the exact same as the Child of Morus Alba. It was difficult for Qian Chen to tell... whether this person was Su Ming or the Child of Morus Alba.

Su Ming fell silent. He had recognized Qian Chen. Based on his reactions, Su Ming had been able to see many things, but he did not force Qian Chen to get reacquainted with him. Instead, in silence, he cast Qian Chen a deep glance.

“I didn’t expect for you to have come from this place... Take care of yourself.”

Qian Chen was Su Ming’s friend. Their relationship might not run as deep as the relationship Su Ming shared with his senior brothers, but this person was not his enemy. He was a friend.

As Su Ming shook his head, he turned around and walked into space. Since Qian Chen was hesitant and had difficulties that made him refuse to get reacquainted, then Su Ming would not force him to do so, no matter what that difficulty was. There were times... when friendship was formed due to a chance meeting, but when the two people ran into each other again... perhaps they would become strangers again.

When he watched Su Ming’s figure slowly rise into space, great conflict appeared on Qian Chen’s face. Then, he loudly shouted one question.

“Who is the person I fear the most beside you?!”

“Yu Xuan...” Su Ming came to a halt in midair, then turned his head around to stare at Qian Chen.

“Why did you say that?” Once Qian Chen asked this question, he stopped speaking. Tears fell from the corners of his eyes.

“As the mutt, the Abyss Dragon bullied you, and Yu Xuan bullied the Abyss Dragon. That was why you believed that Yu Xuan was the strongest and most terrifying in the past.”

Su Ming looked at Qian Chen, and a nostalgic expression appeared on his face. That period of time... was filled with beautiful moments.

“You are...”

“I am not the Child of Morus Alba. I am Su Ming, the one from the land of Berserkers!”

At the instant Su Ming said those words, more tears fell from Qian Chen’s eyes. He stared at Su Ming in a daze, and excitement gradually appeared on his face.

“Su Ming... It’s you! It’s really you! You’re not the Child of Morus Alba! You’re Su Ming!”

.....

On a cultivation planet that had been struck into two halves was a sky that was no longer blue. Instead, it was dark. Those on the planet could see the wind howling and charging at the ends of the sky. The ground had shattered, the mountains had crumbled, and the empty land was filled with numerous cracks.

Within an empty spot between some of the cracks was a table. On it were two pots of wine. Su Ming sat beside the table, and by his side was Qian Chen.

Su Ming listened to Qian Chen recounting his tale. He had entered Bright Yang Vortex completely by accident and went into the land of Berserkers. Then, due to Su Ming leaving to the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, he chose to leave and return to Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. When he was here, he met many people, and some of them were the other Su Ming as well as the other Yu Xuan...

“This is Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. There is a legend in the land of Berserkers about a butterfly named Harmonious Morus Alba. That legend is real. Harmonious Morus Alba is a supreme existence in our Expanse Cosmos...”

“There are four True Worlds here...”

“There is a title of the Child of Morus Alba here as well. They are like the children of Harmonious Morus Alba and at the same time its incarnations. In truth, due to some special reasons, they are capable of communicating with Harmonious Morus Alba’s will. They can borrow the power of Harmonious Morus Alba.”

Qian Chen stopped speaking and cast a glance at Su Ming before he said hesitantly, “I also saw... Bai Su...”

“She isn’t a cultivator. She’s a mortal I saw many years ago on a cultivation planet in True Sky Hill World. She’s from a huge mortal family in that planet.

“I didn’t see second senior brother or Hu Zi... but I remember Yu Xuan clearly. She’s currently in True Victory Colony World, and she’s...” Qian Chen stopped speaking again. He hesitated for a moment before he continued speaking.

“She’s the lover of the third Child of Morus Alba.”

Su Ming was silent. He had guessed a long time ago that the other versions of the people in Arid Triad would exist in Harmonious Morus Alba, but the land of Berserkers was in the vortex, and the people there... might not have alternative versions of themselves in Harmonious Morus Alba.

Only those with certain characteristics would have other versions of themselves here. It was so for Su Ming, and it was the same for Bai Su.

It was easy to explain Bai Su’s presence. She was a cultivator of Arid Triad to begin with. As for Su Ming... his presence was also very easy to explain. He was not a life from Yin Death Vortex to begin with.

“This is Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. There are four Great True Worlds here, and they are Immortal Sect, Illusory Yang, Sky Hill, and Victory Colony... There are quite a number of cultivators in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, and they are all scattered throughout the four Great True Worlds.

“Besides True Immortal Sect World being isolated many years ago and all forms of power being forbidden to form their influence in this place, there is one Child of Morus Alba defending each of the three other True Worlds.

“There are also various powerful sects such as Sky Hill’s Jade Palace in the three True Worlds. There is the Jade Sovereign, Li Tian Wang, the God of Two Tunnels, and Feng Huo. The Jade Sovereign is the leader among them, and the other three have their own sects. They are all uniformly known... as Jade Palace.

“Then there is True Illusory Yang World. There are the Saints of Four Continents. Saint Dou is the leader, and the secondary Saints Yun, Dao, and Xu have their own forces of power.

“There is also True Victory Colony World. Under the Child of Morus Alba are the ten Great Mournful-Death souls. They control the supreme treasure, Eighteen Spirit Hell, and they are incredibly powerful.”

## **Chapter 1262: Are There Any More?**

'Three Children of Morus Alba... and one of them is the other version of me in this Expanse Cosmos. This also explains why I can move through the vortex, but the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe can not.

'The other me can communicate with Harmonious Morus Alba's will. He is the supreme Child of Morus Alba, only second to Harmonious Morus Alba.' Su Ming let his eyes fall shut to hide his thoughts.

A brilliant light shone beneath his eyelids, and then, he thought of another question. 'Who are the other two... Children of Morus Alba?

'If the other me can communicate with Harmonious Morus Alba... then can I do it as well? And Di Tian is hidden in Yin Death Vortex. Does he have some form of connection with Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos as well?

'There's Su Xuan Yi as well. This person is a man of great talent and ambition. My level of cultivation might surpass his, but I still can't guess the details of his plan. I feel as if I'm missing some very important clues...

'By the looks of it... does he also know about Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos' existence?!

When Su Ming thought of this, a myriad of thoughts spun in his head. In silence, he did not bother himself with the forces of power in the three Great True Worlds here. The thing he paid attention to the most was that the three Children of Morus Alba who could use the divine abilities of Harmonious Morus Alba's will.

"If... I can take you to..."

While Su Ming was mulling over his thoughts, Qian Chen seemed to have said something. Su Ming stopped thinking and lifted his head to look at him.

"I was saying that if you want to see Bai Su, I... can bring you to the planet where she lived. But one thousand something years have already passed. As a mortal, she should have already passed away a long time ago." Qian Chen did not know what Su Ming had gone through. His memories still stayed in the past, which was why he said those words.

Su Ming was silent for a moment, as if he remembered something. Once he touched his storage bag, he nodded.

Qian Chen had a slightly complicated look on his face. Clearly, he had misunderstood Su Ming's feelings for Bai Su. He sighed. After a moment, the two of them turned into two long arcs that charged out of the planet and left into the distance.

True Sky Hill World was filled with brilliant nebula. From the distance, they looked incredibly beautiful, and they dazzled the minds of all who saw them. Two long arcs shot through the sky, and Su Ming continued getting closer to them with Qian Chen as they moved forward.

With Qian Chen's level of cultivation, it would take him an incredibly long time before to step into Sky Hill, but with Su Ming sweeping him up with his power, they traveled at a speed that surpassed shifting.

In just two hours, Su Ming and Qian Chen left True Immortal Sect World and stepped into Sky Hill's galaxy.

It was boundless and quiet. Not many cultivators could be seen, and even if there were some in the area, they would not be able to notice Su Ming. Under Qian Chen's instructions, when the time it takes for two incense sticks to burn passed, a blue cultivation planet appeared before Su Ming.

That cultivation planet was incredibly beautiful. It was blue because most of the planet was occupied by an ocean. There were two continents on it. Based on Qian Chen's instructions, Su Ming moved, and the universe in his view changed. He landed on the top of a mountain located on the continent to the right of the planet.

A mountain breeze howled, and it brought with it a chilling presence. The place was covered in a white layer of snow, and when Su Ming cast his gaze over, he saw snow falling down from the sky. It looked like there was no end to it.

Qian Chen thought for a moment before he lifted his finger and pointed into the distance. "It's this continent. I remember seeing her in the city of the mortal country in that direction."

When Su Ming looked over, his expression was as calm as ever. After a long while, he shook his head.

"It's been one thousand years. Countries will always change. There's no..."

Su Ming closed his eyes and spread his divine sense outwards. After a long while, when he opened his eyes, a complicated look appeared on his face. He turned around and brought Qian Chen with him to disappear from the snow on the mountain.

When he reappeared, he was standing outside a village next to a mountain. The village seemed to be secluded from the world. There was smoke rising into the morning sky. Occasionally, the sounds of dogs barking could be heard, and they were mixed with the sounds of children playing.

The village was not big. There were only about sixty families in it. In the snowy morning, several children were building snowmen while laughing. Su Ming watched all of this quietly before calmly walking over. Mortals could not see him move past them.

When he walked to the house belonging to one of the family's in the village, Su Ming stopped. There were quite a number of women moving in and out of the house at that moment, and they were delivering hot water nonstop into one of the rooms.

Occasionally, the sound of a woman exerting all her strength would travel out of the room. A man standing outside paced back and forth in anxiety. His wife was in labor, but she could not give birth... It was as if the time had not arrived yet... and the person they were waiting for had not arrived yet.

Su Ming stared at it for a moment before walking into the courtyard to step into another room. It was an ancestral hall, and there were quite a number of plates placed in it. They were the ancestors of this family, and they were worshiped by this family generation after generation.

Qian Chen stayed by Su Ming's side and quietly watched him stare at the plates in the ancestral hall. Eventually, his gaze landed on the topmost plate.

By his ears were still the occasional screams from the woman in labor in the other room. After a long while, Su Ming sighed softly and touched his storage bag before he turned around, and with one step, he appeared in the woman's room.

As he stared at her experiencing difficulty in giving birth, he found that her face somewhat resembled that of Bai Su. In silence, Su Ming patted his storage bag, and an illusory shadow resembling a wandering soul flew out to float around him. It was... the Celestial Maiden [1].

As he stared at the Celestial Maiden, Su Ming sighed softly. With a swing of his right hand, the Celestial Maiden's soul circled Su Ming a few times, as if there was a hint of a reluctance to part within it, then she slowly fused into the woman's womb.

"Perhaps it was destined that I would come here to cut my ties with you the second time in this place. The first was in Arid Triad, and the second in Harmonious Morus Alba..." Su Ming said softly. He stared at the soul disappearing into the woman's womb, then turned around and left quietly.

At the instant Su Ming left, he heard a baby's cries. The voice seemed to carry a reluctance to part, along with a hint of regret...

But the sounds of laughter and cheers from the family washed away this sadness.

Qian Chen stared at all of this in a daze. He did not understand why this happened, because he did not understand what Su Ming had went through...

On a continent of this planet in True Sky Hill World was a lake. Su Ming sat beside it and watched the lake as snow fell from the sky, but it did not freeze the water. There was steam rising from the surface of the lake, making it clear that there was a heat source underneath.

“So, tell me where your enemies are,” Su Ming said faintly.

Qian Chen was momentarily stunned by his side. He was just about to say something when Su Ming turned his head and stared at Qian Chen with a smile.

“I won’t be staying long in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. I have certain things to do as well while I’m here. If you don’t tell me, then once I leave, you won’t have this chance anymore,” Su Ming said while smiling.

There was no way he would not be able to tell with his intellect that Qian Chen had intentionally mentioned Bai Su to lure him to come to Sky Hill. If anyone else had done this, Su Ming would harbor killing intent toward them, but Qian Chen definitely had something he needed from Su Ming, so instead of lurking around, it would be better for them to be direct.

An awkward expression appeared on Qian Chen’s face. He looked as if he wanted to explain something, but then gritted his teeth and wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards Su Ming.

“Sky Hill Jade Palace’s Western Deity Sect, which is under Li Tian Wang’s jurisdiction. The current seal bearer eldest disciple in that sect should have been me, but I was framed by wicked people, and they forced me to leave. This person has vast and deep connections in Western Deity Sect, and he is the son of Li Shou, one of the Li Tian Wang’s four generals!

“He destroyed my cultivation base and snatched my lover so that he could seize the status of the seal bearer disciple. He forced me to constantly flee, as if toying with me... This is something that happened in the past, and it’s also because of this that I was forced to flee into Bright Yang Vortex, which is how I entered the Berserkers’ world.

“I returned later on. This person might not have attacked me again, but every single time I return to the sect to make offerings to my Master, he caused trouble for me. My level of cultivation is not as great as his, and I can’t take revenge for what he did to me. I can only endure it.

“Those troubles are like the ones I ran into just now. A sect I visited lost a treasure of theirs, and I was made accountable for it. If it was not because I am somewhat acquainted with Freezing Winter Sect’s seal bearer eldest disciple, I would have been unable to run from being humiliated by this person again.”

“How do you want to deal with Western Deity Sect?” Su Ming asked while looking at Qian Chen.

“Killing him alone is enough, but if...” Qian Chen gritted his teeth, and a ferocious expression appeared on his face. Before he even spoke, Su Ming nodded.

“I don’t do things by reason or rationality. I only care about the feelings of those close to me. Since you asked, then Western Deity Sect... should be destroyed,” Su Ming said slowly.

Once these words left his mouth, Qian Chen sucked in a sharp breath. He had wanted to say that if Su Ming was able to, he would like him to kill a few of his opponent’s seniors in secret as well, but when he thought of the status of Western Deity Sect’s Sect Master, he had hesitated.

“Are there any more?” Su Ming asked.

“There is also... Northern Waves Sect. It is also one of the four sects under Li Tian Wang. In the past...” Qian Chen felt slightly worked up. He had heard the casualness in Su Ming’s words and had a vague guess of Su Ming’s level of cultivation. At that moment, before he finished speaking, Su Ming nodded again.

“Northern Waves Sect. Are there any more?”

“And there’s also Zhennan [2] Xun Sect. It’s also Li Tian Wang’s...”

“Alright, I will wipe off this Li Tian Wang you speak of and destroy all of his sects. Will that be enough?”

“Urk... Freezing Winter Sect is actually quite nice to me... Huh? Wipe off Li Tian Wang? He-he’s a powerful warrior in Death Realm, and his power is so great that it’s unfathomable. He...”

When Qian Chen said those words, he sucked in a sharp breath again and stared at Su Ming blankly, because Su Ming had just said those four words to him again.

“Are there any more?”

“No... None. No more.”

Qian Chen shuddered in his heart. He suddenly felt a little scared. Based on what he understood of Su Ming, his casualness was definitely not an intentional slight. He was... truly completely unbothered and dismissive of this matter.

Wiping off several sects and a powerful warrior who had already perfected Death Realm while being so unbothered and dismissive of it was enough proof to tell just how great

Su Ming's level of cultivation had become. This caused Qian Chen's breathing to quicken, but he still did not quite dare to believe it.

"Li Tian Wang is..."

"Alright. Bring me to Western Deity Sect first. You will need to do something about your face too. After all, after this is done, I will leave, but you will still stay here."

Su Ming turned around and lifted his right hand to swing it at Qian Chen. Qian Chen's appearance immediately changed, and he turned into an old man. His presence had also become different. Unless there was someone whose will was stronger than Su Ming's... no one would be able to tell that the old man beside him was Qian Chen.

### **Chapter 1263: Destroy the Sect!**

The reason Su Ming chose to help Qian Chen was because they were old friends. Since Qian Chen had already spoken, Su Ming would not refuse him. Besides, destroying a few sects and a cultivator in Death Realm was...

He was indeed completely unbothered by it. Forget Li Tian Wang, even if he had to wipe off all the powerful warriors in True Sky Hill World, it would not be an impossible feat for Su Ming.

Besides helping Qian Chen with his revenge, Su Ming had his own goals as well. He wanted to make a ruckus and bring attention to himself in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. He wanted to catch the attention of all the powerful warriors and make the other version of himself who was a Child of Morus Alba come to him.

It would be much easier than him searching for his other self on his own. After all, this was Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. If his other self wanted to hide, Su Ming would find it troublesome to find him. There were plenty of other places that he wanted to visit in his short time here... such as the All Spirits Hall.

With that being the case, it was much better if he put on a disguise. Then, everything that he would do would be blamed on that Child of Morus Alba. With it, he could force his other self to show up.

He wanted to fuse with his other self. This was a cruel matter, but after experiencing so many things, Su Ming knew deeply that if it had the chance, his other self would also choose to fuse with him. The difference only lay on who was the dominant personality after their fusion.

Both sides had their own resolve. There was no right or wrong in this. If there was, then the one who was wrong was the world.

Su Ming did not immediately head off in search of All Spirits Hall because he had come to realize that his strength might also cause his other self to become stronger due to his appearance in this place.

Besides the supreme Child of Morus Alba, the strongest force of power in True Sky Hill World was the Jade Palace. The Jade Emperor was clearly a Sublime Paragon, and there were three main forces branching out from under him: Li Tian Wang, the God of Two Tunnels, and the young Feng Huo. They built their own forces of power and quite a number of sects.

They were like a huge tree whose roots were deeply rooted in True Sky Hill World.

Western Deity Sect was just a branch among the many branches of the tree. Under Qian Chen's lead, Su Ming descended upon it in just the time it takes for an incense stick to burn.

As he stared at the sect in the distance, monstrous killing intent appeared in Qian Chen's eyes. He had already made up his mind. When he charged forward with Su Ming later on, he would definitely kill that seal bearer eldest disciple with his own hands, and he would definitely use every bit of his power to penetrate the thirteen planets.

Western Deity Sect was a sect formed by thirteen cultivation planets. It had tens of thousands of disciples and had stood tall for a long period of time in the galaxy. Li Shou, the Sect Master's name, was a name given to the generations of Sect Masters who would inherit the title of the four generals under Li Tian Wang. Every Li Shou was a powerful warrior in Death Realm, and their might was not to be questioned or provoked.

Yet right then, a loud bang that shook the skies and earth and could be heard in all of True Sky Hill World reverberated through Western Deity Sect. That loud bang caused Qian Chen's heart to tremble, and his eyes went wide in disbelief, because he saw that Su Ming had only lifted his right hand and pushed down...

True Sky Hill World looked like it was about to shatter. Ripples swept through the galaxy and turned into a huge hand that stretched out boundlessly. It covered all of Western Deity Sect and pushed down swiftly.

As loud booms reverberated through the air and Qian Chen was caught in a state of disbelief, the thirteen cultivation planets withered and crumbled, shattering to pieces. The bodies and souls of innumerable cultivators were destroyed on the spot.

Even if there were some powerful warriors who tried to fly into the air, the moment they flew up, they would explode while screaming shrilly.

Only one person, a middle-aged man dressed in battle armor, charged out with a shout full of despair. His face was filled with terror and indescribable panic. He seemed to want to say something, but when the huge hand furled into a fist...

All the fragments from the planets and the people, including the man dressed in battle armor, were reduced to nothingness when the hand clenched into a fist. When it unfurled... Western Deity Sect disappeared from True Sky Hill World.

From the beginning till the end, only a few breaths had passed.

“Northern Waves Sect. Lead the way,” Su Ming said faintly as he looked at the dumbstruck Qian Chen.

The thick killing intent Qian Chen had harbored previously turned into cold sweat at that moment. All his preparations beforehand had disappeared due to what he had seen.

He had recognized the cultivators who had tried to fly up. Every single one of them were existences who could make him tremble. They were powerful warriors who could make the entire galaxy shake with a stomp of their feet.

But they could not even fly out into the galaxy. Their bodies and souls were destroyed in a wretched manner.

And the man in the battle armor had given Qian Chen the greatest amount of shock, because there was no way Qian Chen would mistake him. It was... the Sect Master of Western Deity Sect who possessed the power of Death Realm—Li Shou, one of the four war generals under Li Tian Wang!

That person was so strong that Qian Chen could only dream of obtaining his strength. In fact, there was a long period of time when Sect Master Li Shou had been the strongest person in the universe in Qian Chen's mind.

Yet right then, this powerful warrior could not even withstand a single blow from Su Ming!

Qian Chen finally understood... the reason behind why Su Ming had sounded so casual when he said he wanted to wipe off Li Tian Wang.

“Northern Waves Sect... Northern Waves Sect!”

Qian Chen felt his spirits lift. His voice was hoarse, and blood capillaries due to excitement appeared in his eyes as he pointed into the distance.

“Northern Waves Sect is over there!”

After the time it takes for two incense sticks to burn... booming sounds reverberated through the air in Northern Waves Sect. The entire sect was reduced to ash in an instant. None of the cultivators and the powerful warriors managed to escape the disaster. All of their bodies and souls were destroyed.

With Su Ming's strength, he was the will of heaven. The strength of his will was only weaker than that of Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba. He only needed a single thought if he wanted to destroy a person or a sect.

The time it takes for another two incense sticks to burn passed, and Zhennan Xun Sect... was wiped out from True Sky Hill World by a hand. Three sects were destroyed, and the entire process took less than two hours. The speed of it was so quick that even Qian Chen, who personally saw it with his own eyes, found himself unable to react to all of this, and it was worse for Li Tian Wang, who was under the jurisdiction of Jade Palace.

Qian Chen was so worked up that he could no longer measure the level of his excitement. He only knew that his eyes were red, and it was due to his excitement. He went through his memories to search for the people who once oppressed him, and he found quite a number of people. Just when he was about to tell Su Ming about each and every one of them, an enraged roar came charging forth from a distant galaxy.

"Who is it?! Who has the gall to destroy my sects!"

When this voice appeared, Qian Chen suddenly shuddered. He could immediately recognize the owner of the voice—Li Tian Wang. He was one of the three strongest people in all of True Sky Hill World besides the Child of Morus Alba and the Jade Emperor!

All the various rumors regarding Li Tian Wang rose in Qian Chen's mind at that moment, and they brought terror to his heart.

"Su Ming..."

Qian Chen instinctively looked at Su Ming. But just as he was about to remind him of the other's status, he saw Su Ming raise his head and look at the long arc charging towards them from the distance. He also saw the aloofness and indifference in his eyes.

"Kneel down before you speak," Su Ming said faintly.

His voice echoed through all directions like thunder. His will filled the space behind him, causing the galaxy to distort, and he intentionally turned it... into a huge butterfly!

This was not the ability of a Child of Morus Alba borrowing the power of Harmonious Morus Alba. It was an illusion Su Ming created with his own will, but in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, this scene... could stun everyone alive.

## Chapter 1264: No Other Choice

Within Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was True Victory Colony World. It had a floating palace, and within it was a Child of Morus Alba who was communicating with Harmonious Morus Alba's will. At that moment, Su Ming's other self in this world experienced a full body shudder.

Slowly, his body stopped being rigid. The shadow of the butterfly in his eyes flashed swiftly a few times. His breathing clearly became several times quicker. At the same time a brilliant light shone in his eyes, he became greatly uncertain.

He had been communicating with Harmonious Morus Alba's will to verify the truth of his assumption and used Harmonious Morus Alba's will to calculate the best route of action for himself, but after he heard the answer, he sank into an even greater state of daze.

"The other me from Arid Triad... Harmonious Morus Alba's will has clearly showed great interest in my other self..." He fell silent for a moment, then the killing intent in his eyes grew stronger.

"It wants me to bring this person... to the Burial Ground of Morus Alba... or rather, it wants me to devour and fuse with this person so that the two of us can become one. If I can do this and obtain dominance, it will fulfill one of my requests..."

The young man fell silent again. The uncertainty on his face grew more prominent, and he looked as if he was thinking of his choice.

Soon after, footsteps appeared from beyond his palace. A woman appeared beside the door. She was incredibly beautiful, and there was a graceful gentleness to her. She walked into the hall and arrived next to the young man before she quietly crouched down and pressed down on the young man's hand.

The young man lifted his head and their gazes met.

If Su Ming was there, he would definitely be able to tell with just one glance that the woman's appearance... was that of Yu Xuan's! Or rather, this was the other Yu Xuan in this world.

However, while her body looked normal, when she touched the young man's hand with her own, her hand seemed to phase through his. It was not that the young man was not real... but the Yu Xuan before his eyes was an illusion.

"Why... did you insist on coming here?"

The young man stared at the woman before him. This was his lover, and tender affection appeared in his eyes. He raised his left hand, as if he wanted to touch the woman's face, but he only managed to touch air, and he could not help the hint of pain that appeared in his eyes.

"Your soul is scattering; you shouldn't come out. You have to stay in the Black Wood I prepared for you. I promise you, one of these days, I will definitely let you truly wake up."

As the young man mumbled, the uncertainty on his face disappeared, replaced by determination and resolve.

This was his lover, a dead person who he could not awaken even if he was a Child of Morus Alba. Her soul would occasionally be separated from her body, and she would scatter while she drifted about. It was due to an accident many years ago. As the Child of Morus Alba, he had been communicating with Harmonious Morus Alba's will, and for some unknown reason, he had lost consciousness.

When he woke up, he saw his lover lying in his bosom and found that he... had been the one who had personally extracted his lover's soul and made her fall asleep. This was a backlash... a backlash against him as a Child of Morus Alba.

Even when communicating with Harmonious Morus Alba's will, he would still face backlashes, and when it occurred, he would lose consciousness and turn into an aloof murderer. It was the same for every single Child of Morus Alba, but he did not expect that his backlash would arrive so early.

He went mad. In desperation, he did everything he could to contact Harmonious Morus Alba's will, regardless of the cost. He wanted his lover to recover, but Harmonious Morus Alba's will did not give him any response.

"Fuse with my other self... One request..."

When a brilliant light shone in the young man's eyes, the woman before him bit her lip and shook her head, as if she did not want her lover to make this choice.

"I don't have any other choice. I saw my other self's actions in True Sky Hill World just now from Harmonious Morus Alba's will. He is me, and I am him. I can sense his thoughts. He is intentionally luring me towards him.

"Honestly, even if he didn't lure me out, I would still go to him of my own free will. This is... our destiny, a destiny in which only one of us can live!

"From the moment he stepped in and I communicated with Harmonious Morus Alba's will, this destiny... was set in stone. If he doesn't die... I will!"

The young man was silent for a moment, then he caressed the illusory woman's face. Her soul turned into a flash of dark light before she disappeared from the hall.

Disappearing along with her was the young man. When he reappeared, he was in a chamber under the hall. It was surrounded by a large number of seals, but they were harmless. They only isolated that particular space from the entire Expanse Cosmos, causing the flow of time in the chamber to be completely different from the world outside. It was as if time had been frozen for eternity in there.

In the chamber was a huge log, and the center of it had been emptied. Lying in there was a woman in red. Her eyes were closed as if she was sleeping.

The young man appeared beside the log and looked down at the woman blankly. He stared at her brow, her eyes, her nose, and her lips, and as he stared at her, grief appeared on his face.

All the other people in the Expanse Cosmos only knew that the Children of Morus Alba were supreme entities, but they did not know about the price the Children of Morus Alba had to pay during the backlash. The appearance of each backlash was sudden and abrupt, and it would appear not only when they tried to communicate with Harmonious Morus Alba. They could lose their consciousness at any random moment, and once they did, everything around them would be destroyed.

The Children of Morus Alba could not have family or friends. It was just like how everyone would have to lose something to gain something. This was... the price they had to pay.

That was why he would usually not venture out, but would restrain himself in the palace, as if he had sealed himself in there. Unless there was a need for him to move out, he would sit for long periods of time without getting up.

He stared at the woman quietly, and the determination on his face grew stronger. After some time, he straightened up, and a fierce light lit up in his eyes. During that moment... there seemed to be no difference between him and Su Ming.

With a swing of his arm, the young man disappeared from the place. When he reappeared, he was in the palace. With one step, he moved out of the hall, and his voice echoed in the air.

“Ten Mournful-Deaths!”

The moment he spoke, the air around him distorted, and ten figures manifested. Their bodies were indistinct, and their aura of death was incredibly thick. They were not living people, but the souls of the dead.

They had died in the passage of time, but the young man who used Harmonious Morus Alba's will had changed that. He had forcefully reversed time and extracted the ten strongest souls in the history of the Expanse Cosmos. He had also used Harmonious Morus Alba's will to give the ten Great Mournful-Deaths the Eighteen Spirit Hells, making it so they could kill without end once they moved into formation.

"Come with me and fuse with Harmonious Morus Alba's will to destroy the cause of this trouble in the world outside!"

The young man's voice was cold. As he spoke, the shadow of the butterfly in his eyes flashed rapidly. It appeared faintly behind him as well. With a step forward, he charged into the distance. The ten Great Mournful-Death behind him exuded a ghastly presence. Without a single word, they spread out as if they formed the wings of the young man.

From the distance, the young man looked like a real butterfly flapping its wings in space. Beneath it though, eighteen vortices were spinning. It was the mighty pressure formed by the Eighteen Spirit Hell. Piercing howls could be heard coming from the vortices, and they were filled with pain and madness.

Wherever they went, all lives would fall down to their knees and worship them.

.....

Qian Chen stared nervously at the long arc charging towards them from a distance, and he instinctively turned to look at Su Ming beside him.

Su Ming seemed to be completely unbothered by the swiftly approaching long arc. He instead lifted his head to stare at space before he suddenly asked, "Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos is moving... can you sense it?"

"What?" Qian Chen was momentarily stunned.

"Perhaps it's just a figment of my imagination."

Su Ming shook his head. During the instant just then, he had a strange feeling. It was as if all of Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was moving.

This feeling was something he had never sensed before. Only when... he obtained the will of another True World in this place and possessed two True World's wills in his mind did he obtain this strange feeling. It was as if he had achieved some sort of balance.

This feeling came abruptly, but when he tried to search for it, he could find no trace of it. He could only treat it as a figment of his imagination.

Booming sounds echoed in the air. The long arc closed in, and in it was a man dressed in golden armor. That man was tall and incredibly built. In his right hand he held a

golden tower, and his face was filled with rage, but when he saw Su Ming and the butterfly behind him, his rage turned into shock and disbelief.

“Child... Child of Morus Alba!”

The man in golden armor shuddered. When he was about thousands of feet away from Su Ming, his expression changed a few times in succession.

The man in golden armor forced down his rage and hissed out, “Your Grace, why did you destroy my sects?!”

“Kneel down and speak!”

Su Ming had an aloof expression on his face. He cast the man a cold glance before speaking to him. The moment he uttered them, the universe roared. The butterfly behind him also flapped its wings.

A great will immediately spread out from Su Ming with a bang. It was so great that it shook the sky and earth. This was the supreme will formed by Su Ming once he combined the wills of both True Worlds.

This will... was definitely not something a cultivator could fight back against. When faced with it, anyone would be completely aware that they were before a supreme state of being and know that they were two completely different beings.

Under the roars of that will and the mighty pressure, the man in golden armor jolted. He swiftly coughed up a mouthful of blood. Cracking sounds came from his body, as if it could not withstand the pressure.

He roared, and the tower in his hand flew out, swiftly growing in size, as if it wanted to fight back against Su Ming, but in just the span of a few breaths, crumbled with a loud bang.

When it shattered into pieces, the golden armor on the man’s body broke down as well. He coughed up another mouthful of blood, and while shuddering, he was forced to kneel.

To him, it felt like the entire universe had collapsed on his body, and with his level of cultivation, he simply could not fight back against it. He could only kneel down.

The space then fell silent. The mighty pressure seemed to have frozen the entire galaxy. The light in the eyes of the man whose golden armor had shattered slowly disappeared. His cultivation base was frozen, and all his life force... was destroyed when he knelt down!

Cracking sounds echoed in the air. As Qian Chen's heart shuddered, he saw Li Tian Wang, whose strength was so great that he was akin to the might of heaven in his eyes... breathe his last!

His life force, his cultivation base, and his soul were all destroyed the instant he knelt down!

And just like that, he died!

"Do you still have any enemies?" Su Ming did not even spare Li Tian Wang a glance when he posed the same question to Qian Chen once more.

Qian Chen was completely terrified and quickly uttered his answer in a stutter.

"No... No more..."

### **Chapter 1265: Heavenly Spirit Tribe's Mourning**

Qian Chen no longer had any enemies, but the death of Li Tian Wang, who was a powerful warrior in Death Realm and a famous person in True Sky Hill World, would definitely not be ignored.

The destruction of Li Tian Wang's four sects might catch quite a lot of people's attention, but there was practically no one who was at Li Tian Wang's level among them. Only those who shared the same level of cultivation among those in the four sects would pay attention to this.

This was why it did not matter whether it was True Sky Hill World's Child of Morus Alba, the Jade Emperor, or any other powerful warriors, none of them paid any attention to this matter.

Within True Sky Hill World was a huge cultivation planet with golden light shining from it. That light reached far and wide, and the planet was much larger than a normal one.

There were no continents on the golden planet, only an ocean. It was not blue, but golden, which was why the cultivation planet appeared to be golden from the distance.

Covering the entire ocean was a group of palaces that could be described as extravagant. The palace located at the center was like the imperial palaces of the mortal worlds.

It had a hall which contained a Dragon Throne, and sitting on it was a middle-aged man dressed in a lavish Emperor's robe. The man had an awe-imposing expression. At that moment, he was frowning. Floating before him were three spirit plates.

Almost the moment Li Tian Wang's body and soul were destroyed, the spirit plate with Li Tian Wang's name carved on it had cracked. Not a single hint of life spread out from it anymore.

"Since you're here, then come in."

The man in the Emperor's robe lifted his head and cast a glance at the area beyond the hall. His voice was gentle, but there was an imposing tone to his words that held an air of supremacy.

When his voice echoed in the air, two figures walked into the hall from beyond the building that resembled an imperial palace. One of them was a boy dressed in a red robe. His were cold and dark.

By his side was a young man dressed in a blue robe. He had a slender build and looked incredibly handsome. A third eye resembling Su Ming's was located at the center of his brow.

"Greetings, Jade Emperor."

The young man wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed slightly before he spoke slowly. As for the boy beside him, he had a sullen expression on his face and did not speak.

The two of them were naturally the people who shared the same status as Li Tian Wang in True Sky Hill World's Jade Palace. They were both powerful warriors who had perfected Death Realm, the young Feng Hua and God of Two Tunnels, while the middle-aged man sitting on the Dragon Throne was the strongest person in this True World's Jade Palace... the Jade Emperor, the person second only to the Children of Morus Alba!

"Li Tian Wang... has died."

The Jade Emperor cast his gaze on Li Tian Wang's spirit plate and sighed softly. He clenched the Dragon Throne's armrest tightly with his right hand as his heart seethed with incredible rage.

"Jade Palace is already not as great as it was before, and in our current generation... we are the only ones who can obtain the legacy and continue living. Yet Li Tian Wang was killed. Jade Emperor, what are your plans?" the young man in blue asked calmly.

The young Feng Huo spoke up in a sharp voice that was filled with great killing intent. "What else can we do? The person who killed Li Tian Wang might have extraordinary

power, but if we let him remain unscathed, Jade Palace will become the laughing stock of the entire galaxy. That person... must die!

“He must pay with his life. No matter who he is, since he chose to provoke Jade Palace, he must pay the price!”

“You know that this person has extraordinary power. If he can kill Li Tian Wang, then it is not impossible for him to kill us. Li Tian Wang has already died, so why must you act this way?” The young man in blue frowned, but before he could finish speaking, the boy’s sharp voice immediately cut him off.

“The both of us might not be his opponent, but what about the Jade Emperor? If even the Jade Emperor is not his opponent, there is still the Child of Morus Alba. No matter what... that person must die. If he doesn’t die, I will leave Jade Palace. What is the use of me staying here if Jade Palace can’t even fight back!” The boy’s voice echoed through the entire hall, causing a chilling glare to swiftly appear in the Jade Emperor’s eyes.

He stared at the boy coldly, and after a long while, he slowly stood up.

“Say that one more time. Let me hear it again.”

The young Feng Huo fell silent. He lowered his head and did not say a word.

The Jade Emperor let out a cold harrumph, then, with a swing of his arm, he took a step forward.

“Li Tian Wang’s death will not catch the Child of Morus Alba’s attention, and it’s impossible for us to ask him for help. Only when Jade Palace’s survival is at risk will the Child of Morus Alba take action.

“Since that person... chose to provoke Jade Palace, then no matter what sort of price we have to pay, he must die. Five Mountain Generals, where are you?!”

When the Jade Emperor finished speaking, loud bangs swiftly came from the golden ocean beyond the palace. As they reverberated through the air, five mountains shot up from the bottom of the ocean and charged into the sky.

They were five towering mountains. At the instant they appeared, they crumbled with a bang, and five giants that were thousands of feet tall appeared from within. They were all dressed in armor.

Once they stood up, they knelt down on the surface of the ocean towards the palace.

“Five generals, hear me! I order each of you to lead one hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers of Jade Palace and arrange the Great Five Direction Rune. With the young Feng Huo as your commander, kill the enemy!”

Once a stately voice traveled out of the palace, the five giants raised their heads and voiced their obedience together.

The next moment, they flew out of the golden ocean. Soon after, the ocean roared. As huge waves tumbled about, one hundred thousand people in armor flew out from the five giants' regions in the ocean. They formed an army of five hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers and charged into the sky.

A long arc flew out of the palace as well. It was the young Feng Huo. At that moment, magic wheels spun under his feet, sweeping up his body so that he could instantly catch up to the five generals. He took the lead and disappeared into the sky.

“Three Sieves, where are you?!”

When the Jade Emperor's voice echoed from the palace again, the entire ocean in the cultivation planet sank by hundreds of feet. Three golden dragons roared and rose from three different directions. When their roars echoed in the world, another shout filled the sky.

“Three Sieves, I order you to execute the Rain and Cloud Surging Art. Seal the two dimensions. Execute the Soldier Art and gather three hundred thousand Sky Soldiers, with the God of Two Tunnels as your commander, kill the enemy!”

Roars shook the sky. As the God of Two Tunnels flew out with a sigh, the three golden dragons roared and moved. Immediately, their countless scales reflected endless golden light. It turned into three hundred thousand creatures with dragon heads and human bodies. Dressed in armor, they charged with the three golden dragons as well as the God of Two Tunnels into the air.

“Seal the five directions and the two dimensions of space. After the two fiends try to kill him, next will be me, the Jade Emperor, who will attack. Golden ocean... take your form!”

When the voice from the palace on the surface of the ocean appeared again, the golden ocean in the cultivation planet rumbled and shook... before it rose from the seabed and swept up to the sky, looking like rain that was going backwards.

At the moment the golden ocean rushed into the sky, a person walked out of the palace. He was dressed in an Emperor's robe, and he was naturally the Jade Emperor. The moment he walked out, all the golden seawater surrounded him, and in the blink of an eye, he turned into a huge statue.

It was the Jade Emperor's statue. It shone with brilliant golden light and was about ten thousand feet tall. The man portrayed looked to be filled with a power that could shake the sky and earth, and when he appeared, he immediately caused True Sky Hill World to tremble. His existence alone seemed to push the True Sky Hill World to the breaking point.

An ancient and archaic presence filled him, making the statue look like it had existed for an unknown number of years. Once it moved, it instantly cut through the air. Then, it strode into the sky.

The Jade Palace might not be marching to their enemy at full strength, but right then, even the Jade Emperor had personally gone into battle, and this was a telling sign of Jade Palace's killing intent and resolve.

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Su Ming sat in the space belonging to True Sky Hill World. Needless to say, it was the place where Li Tian Wang had died. At that moment, his corpse was still not too far away from him, still kneeling.

"They should be here soon. Qian Chen, you can leave first. What will happen next has nothing to do with you. If you stay here, you will be in danger. If we are fated to meet again... then we will," Su Ming said faintly while he looked at Qian Chen, who was beside him.

Qian Chen fell silent. He could vaguely guess what Su Ming was waiting for, and with a slightly pale face, he bowed to him quietly.

"... Take care."

Qian Chen knew that he would be absolutely useless and would instead bring himself huge trouble if he stayed. He had always been a resolute person. Once he bowed to Su Ming, he turned into a long arc and charged off into another direction.

Su Ming stared at Qian Chen's back for a while before turning his head and resuming his quiet wait.

He was waiting for his other self as well as the people who would come seeking revenge for Li Tian Wang's death. No matter who arrived... on that day, the universe would be dyed red.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, half a day went by. Golden light shone from the distance, and when its ripples spread out, Su Ming did not manage to see his other self, but he did see Jade Palace, who came seeking revenge for Li Tian Wang.

Su Ming cast a glance at the golden light in the distance before he said flatly, "Since you want to die so much... I will fulfill your wish, Jade Palace,"

While Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos had drawn their swords and were prepared to fight, in the vortex known as Bright Yang Vortex in this Expanse Cosmos and Yin Death Vortex in Arid Triad was the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. He had his head thrown back and was laughing out loud. His aura had become chaotic. He looked incredibly disorderly, and his life force had become incredibly weak.

But he continued laughing. During the fifth disaster—Fiendish Withering of Earth in Five Directions—his blood had turned into rivers, his body transformed into land, his fingers changed to mountains, his limbs mutated into mountain ranges, his eyes were altered into the sun and moon, and all his hair transfigured into all forms of life in the world.

Everything about him was separated. This was the fifth disaster, but he had blasted it away forcefully. Then came the sixth disaster, the Disaster of Emptiness, which would only appear during the period of time when daylight was about to change places with night.

If Su Ming ran into this disaster, he would definitely die. Even the current Su Ming would still die. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had managed to get through the disaster, but he had paid a huge price for it.

However, he still laughed as he faced the final disaster—the Heaven Disaster.

"If I get through this disaster, I will have my spirit ascend for the ninth time, and I will become an Ancestral Spirit... Slumbering Arid Triad's will, I want to challenge you!"

As the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe laughed loudly, he charged into the vortex above him. With determination, madness, and an indomitable spirit, he rushed into the vortex, straight towards the final disaster manifesting itself—the Heaven Disaster!

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe disappeared into the area of the vortex that was previously above him. During that moment, the flow of time slowed down. An unknown amount of time passed before a sigh filled with anguish traveled through the air. The old man's face appeared swiftly in the vortex. On his face was a dazed look, as if he had just seen something that left him in disbelief.

**Chapter 1266: It... Has Come!**

“Su Ming, it’s... here. It... is moving... My guess is correct, but also wrong. My death is not in vain, because even if I die, I’ve learned the last secret of Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba... So this is what is happening, this is what is going on.”

As the old man laughed madly, his face crumbled with a bang. His Antecedental Spirit’s will spilled out from him in the form of blood, and a drop of it charged into the vortex below him. There was a red bolt of lightning chasing after the blood, and it disappeared into the vortex as well.

The disaster ended!

Su Ming did not see this scene, and he had no way of knowing what the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had seen at the end of the Heaven Disaster. He did not know that he had gotten dazed or why, that he had gone mad, or that he said that his guess was correct, but also incorrect.

Su Ming did not know any of this. If the blood formed by the old man’s will of the Antecedental Spirit did not get wiped off by the red bolt of lightning in the end, then perhaps... once Su Ming obtained it, he could gain some understanding from it.

The instant the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster disappeared from Yin Death Vortex, Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, which was originally sealed for all of eternity, instantly recovered. To all the people, the period of silence only felt like the blink of an eye. They did not notice it.

There was no way for them to know how many instances were contained in that blink of an eye or how much time had passed. It seemed to be wiped off without a single sound, making it difficult for anyone to find out about it.

Everything returned to normal. The second disaster, which had been put on hold due to the Arid Disaster, descended again. The cultivators from Saint Defier as well as Dark Dawn who had stopped entering Arid Triad’s gap surged through Arid Triad’s gap in large numbers while stirring up loud bangs that shook the sky and earth.

Arid Triad’s disaster... had arrived for the second time!

The first was the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster belonging to Su Ming. The second was the disaster of the invasion. The cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier had been waiting for that day for a long, long time. To them, that day was something they longed for so dearly that they even dreamed about it in their sleep!

The former Ancient Wu and Ancient Shu... finally descended in large numbers after leaving for an unknown number of years.

The cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier descended and stirred a loud bang that shook all of Arid Triad. The bodies of the cultivators from the Ninth Summit who

guarded the whirlwind instantly crumbled, but before they died, they still managed to deliver their message.

The cultivators from the three Great True Worlds sent to defend the gap would be the ones who would rise to the fight issued by the enemy. Their mission... was to stall them for the longest amount of time possible, even if they died.

A fierce battle was immediately launched...

The peace and quiet in Arid Triad was immediately broken. A disaster that would sweep through all of the Worlds showed its fangs at that moment.

Compared to True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World, True Morning Dao World's Ninth Summit had clearly prepared themselves more adequately. It did not matter whether the entire True World continued with its existence with Su Ming's will or whether the original Morning Dao Sect was located in a spot that was difficult to attack but easy to defend, but the Ninth Summit had managed to obtain some advantage.

The Runes had been activated, and due to Hu Zi's preparations over the years, their defenses were much stronger than originally. Most of the one hundred something Relocation Runes were instantly shut down. This action did not cause any form of panic in the Ninth Summit, because it... had been practiced in the form of drills under the lead of Su Ming's second senior brother countless times.

Perhaps when they ventured out, they would not be Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's opponents, but their lockdown was also a form of protection. They had the entire True World's will surrounding them, and it would not be easily broken by Saint Defier and Dark Dawn.

Unless there was a powerful warrior in Avacaniya Realm who personally attacked them, the possibility of them being invaded during the first stages of the war was not high.

At the same time Arid Triad used True Morning Dao World as a battlefield to launch a large-scale battle against the worlds beyond, a different battle occurred in True Sky Hill World within Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, though no one knew whether it was because it was due to the connection between the two Expanse Cosmoses as mirrors.

Su Ming sat in space and stared at the golden ripples spreading out from the distance. The ripples locked down the entire area and were moving towards him in a large area. There were five figures who looked like hills rushing towards him with roars.

There were five hundred thousand cultivators dressed in armor behind them. Su Ming knew that they were Jade Palace's Heavenly Soldiers who Qian Chen had mentioned before.

“The ripples are being moved forward by human lives, huh?”

Su Ming’s expression was aloof. He lifted his right hand and swung it forward. The galaxy immediately shuddered. The one hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers who were swiftly charging towards Su Ming immediately felt as if the space before them had been lifted up before they could get close.

It turned into an invisible wave that swept up the one hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers, and once they looked like they had been enveloped by it, Su Ming clenched his right fist, and with a bang, the one hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers jolted and shattered.

The difference between their levels of cultivation and the realization of the difference between their states of being made Su Ming’s existence feel like the galaxy to those Heavenly Soldiers. They were no better than ants at that moment.

When the bang traveled through the air, the galaxy above Su Ming looked as if it had been torn apart. Golden light scattered downwards, covering a large area.

Three golden dragons appeared and charged towards Su Ming while roaring. There were three hundred thousand cultivators dressed in golden armor and wearing stern expressions behind them. The dimension around Su Ming instantly froze, and soon after, even time showed signs of being frozen.

It was as if the small region around Su Ming had been isolated from True Sky Hill World. The time next to him was completely different from the world aroundt, and it sank into a state that was almost similar to eternal stillness.

At that moment, a shrill whistle came from the distance. In a layer of a light formed by wind and fire was a boy in red. In his hand he held a long spear of thirty feet. The magical wheels under his feet spun and stirred up a violent gust of wind as well as a sea of fire. In an instant, he drew close to Su Ming, and with a thrust forward, he sent the spear straight at the center of Su Ming’s brow.

The boy had already reached perfection in Death Realm. Once he appeared, his presence shook the sky and earth.

The moment when the three golden dragons above Su Ming roared, a young man dressed in blue appeared. His robe instantly turned into an armor, and in his hand he held a halberd. When he brandished it, crimson clouds filled the area beneath his feet. The third eye at the center of his brow opened up fully, and a strange and enchanting light shone from it. He exuded an indescribably sharp presence when he closed in on Su Ming.

During that same instant, the area in front of Su Ming roared. An ancient golden statue of one hundred thousand feet tall appeared before him. Its golden light reached one

hundred thousand feet, and it immediately filled the galaxy. Murmurs that sounded like chants tumbled out of the statue's lips. It lifted its right hand, which was as large as a city wall, and sent it towards Su Ming.

When the statue appeared, the universe looked like it was about to crumble, unable to withstand the statue's might. The cultivation level of the person within it was also surpassed Death Realm. In Su Ming's senses, his power was similar to someone who had ascended their spirit twice!

"We of the Jade Palace and of the Gods will exterminate the monstrous Daoist! Golden Light in Three Worlds!"

### **Chapter 1267: When We Grow Up, Are We Going to Change?**

Both young Feng Huo or the God of Two Tunnels had naturally been able to tell at first glance that Su Ming had the appearance of the Child of Morus Alba. The looks of the three Children of Morus Alba were not a secret in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

However... even if they recognized him, they still attacked to kill him, because they had not been forbidden to do so by True Sky Hill World's Child of Morus Alba.

Since the Child of Morus Alba in this True World had not forbidden them to kill him, they could attack without hesitation. They also believed that if any danger appeared, their Child of Morus Alba would descend and intervene.

And once... they saw Su Ming's face clearly and the illusory butterfly behind him, they prepared to have a hard time killing him. They wanted to launch a counterattack and to intimidate. They wanted to let other people know that even if the Child of Morus Alba killed one of their own from Jade Palace without reason, they would not yield. He had to face the fate of being devoured.

The three powerful warriors of Jade Palace stood with the Jade Emperor being at the center, and the God of Two Tunnels and the young Feng Hua matching him on the sides. With the Five Direction Rune to seal space and the three Sieves to seal the dimension, they formed a monstrous killing Rune.

It could be said that it had gathered together the most powerful forces of that True World. Jade Emperor had poured out his full power to attack a single person.

The Jade Emperor's will might not be that of an Antecedental Spirit, but he had the strength equivalent to someone who had had their spirit ascend twice. With another

step, he would reach Avanicaya Realm. When this sort of person with this sort of power gathered together all of Jade Palace's strength, the murderous force behind him could make the entire universe tremble.

If Su Ming did not Possess True Morning Dao World and ran into this sort of encirclement, he would definitely die. Even if he had the God of Berserkers Transformation, it would be difficult for him to find a way to survive. After all, this was a murder plot that gathered together most of the forces of a True World.

But once Su Ming Possessed True Morning Dao World, he had obtained a True World clone. His level of cultivation could no longer be easily confined within the limits of those who had their spirits ascend once. The ability to turn his Antecedental Spirit's will into the will of heaven and use the True World's will to operate his Antecedental Spirit surpassed a cultivator's limits and reached a state that was equivalent to the master of the universe.

Even if Su Ming had to face the murderous plot, he could still remain undefeated, but if he wanted to fight back, he would have to pay a certain price.

However, once Su Ming stepped into Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, he had become completely different from before. He obtained another True World's will, and his power had increased by one-fold. The mighty pressure formed by the wills of two True Worlds made him surpass what a cultivator could ever reach, and his state of being entered a state where he was only second to Arid Triad.

In this state... unless Su Ming ran into multiple cultivators in Avanicaya Realm at the same time, it would be difficult for him to face anyone who could put up a fight against him.

Even the current plot to murder him could not stir up much of Su Ming's interest. He looked indifferently at the young Feng Huo and the God of Two Tunnels as well as the palm from the ten thousand feet ancient golden statue charging towards him, his expression remaining as calm as water.

"You overestimate yourself," Su Ming said flatly and spread his will outwards.

The illusion of the butterfly behind him became muddled at that instant. When it spread out, it grew several thousands of times bigger. In an instant, most of the galaxy was covered in the illusion of the butterfly.

There were nearly one million Heavenly Soldiers within its area, along with three powerful warriors, the three Sieves, and the five Mountain Generals. The instant they were enveloped by the illusory butterfly, the time seemed to freeze about them...

But this state of being frozen was only aimed at other people, not Su Ming. He took a step to his left and raised his right hand to seize young Feng Huo's spear. At the instant

he touched it, a loud bang shot up, and the long spear shattered inch by inch. When shock slowly appeared on the young Feng Huo's face, Su Ming pointed at the center of the youth's brow.

A loud bang shot into the air again. The young Feng Huo jolted. By then, Su Ming had already turned around. When he lifted his head, a brilliant light shone in his eyes. The third eye at the center of his brow opened, and he looked at the other man.

The God of Two Tunnels' body was magnified endlessly before Su Ming's third eye, until he saw through his robes, his flesh and blood, his soul, and the legacy he had in his blood. Then, Su Ming's third eye fell shut, and a will that the God of Two Tunnels could not fight against descended on him. When a bang shot up and echoed in space, the God of Two Tunnels shuddered violently, and blood poured out of his body.

All of this happened in a flash. When Su Ming averted his gaze, he lifted his left hand and pointed at the incoming statue's palm. The moment he touched it, the statue's palm shuddered fiercely and shattered, inch by inch. Its countless shards then fell backwards.

"All Lives Will Perish."

Su Ming pulled back his left hand and swung his arm casually. The illusory butterfly that enveloped most of the galaxy flapped its wings lightly. With it, countless ripples spread through the galaxy. Wherever they went, the five Mountain Generals shuddered. Their bodies started showing signs of being turned into a bloody mess, as if it was difficult for them to maintain their physical bodies.

The one hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers behind them also shuddered when the ripple spread out. Blood poured out of their eyes, noses, ears, and mouths.

The three Sieves let out shrieks that were elongated countless times. Their bodies swelled up as if they were about to explode the next instant.

Pain showed up on the faces of the three hundred thousand Sky Soldiers next to them.

This was not time being frozen, but the flow of time being slowed down. Only the flow of Su Ming's time remained normal.

Soon, he finished declaring that all lives would perish.

It was at that moment that a shocking will descended from a distant galaxy at an incredible speed. Based on what Su Ming could sense from the will, it seemed like it was a butterfly that was completely different from the one created by him. It seemed to have come from the same source as Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

"Fellow Daoist, do not kill them!"

At the instant the butterfly appeared, a dark voice shot through the slowed down galaxy and traveled into Su Ming's heart.

It belonged to True Sky Hill World's Child of Morus Alba!

But that voice was too late. The instant it echoed in space, the slowed down flow of time in the galaxy around Su Ming returned to normal. As it did, shrill screams of pain and loud bangs rose up like the roar of a storm. They became louder, seeming to want to stir up a storm that would sweep through True Sky Hill World.

Amid the loud bangs, the huge bodies of the five Mountain Generals crumbled together. Their flesh and blood spilled in all directions. Once their bodies and souls were destroyed, the five hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers behind them lost their armor. Their flesh and blood vessels were reduced to powder. Neither their blood nor bones could be found. Everything about them returned to nothingness.

Immediately after, the shrill roars of the three Sieves sped up and became piercing to the ears. While roaring, the three golden dragons exploded. Their golden blood spilled through the area, and the three hundred thousand Sky Soldiers formed by their scales shuddered. Then, they died, reduced to powder.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye. Soon after, the long spear belonging to the young Feng Huo beside Su Ming crumbled, and the youth's body shattered. A mouthful of blood he did not manage to cough up in time shot out from his shattered body. As he fell backwards with a face filled with shocked disbelief... it became his last expression.

With a loud bang, his body fell apart...

Blood gushed out of the God of Two Tunnels' mouth. As he shuddered, he retreated swiftly, but when he took three steps backwards, his third eye exploded.

His body looked the same as before, but the legacy in his blood, his soul, and all his flesh was reduced to powder during that instant. Only his external appearance remained the same. His eyes went wide, seeing Su Ming's calm expression as the last thing before they turned glassy.

'We were courting our own ruin...'

Anguish and understanding was in the God of Two Tunnels' mind in regards to the final scene he saw in his life before his head was crushed.

The final one to be destroyed was the ten thousand feet tall golden statue. The Jade Emperor's palm shattered to pieces, and countless golden fragments rushed towards his body when they fell backwards. His body shuddered and roared as he tumbled backwards.

The golden fragments instantly turned into a golden ocean. At the same time, an extremely pained roar shot out from the ancient statue's body, as if it had come out through gritted teeth.

When the ancient statue shattered, the Jade Emperor was revealed within. He coughed up seven consecutive mouthfuls of blood, and with each mouthful, he took three steps backwards. When he took twenty-one steps back, the Jade Emperor's face turned pale. He lifted his head, and incredible shock as well as terror appeared on his face. He looked at his surroundings...

Everything around him was empty. The eight hundred thousand Heavenly Soldiers... had been buried in space.

The God of Two Tunnels had died. The young Feng Huo had died. The five Mountain Generals had died. The three Sieves had died...

When the Jade Emperor cast his gaze at Su Ming, he suddenly threw his head back and laughed. His laughter was incredibly shrill and forlorn.

Su Ming did not speak. He watched the Jade Emperor laugh shrilly before him while standing with a calm expression on his face. Since those people had come to him, their destinies were already determined.

As the Jade Emperor laughed forlornly, a sigh traveled through space. The butterfly in the distance flapped its wings. When it approached the place, it enveloped the Jade Emperor.

It was a black butterfly, and it seemed to be staring at Su Ming from a spot in the galaxy not too far away.

A voice with an air of time, age, and a complicated tone Su Ming could sense echoed in the galaxy. "My fellow Daoist not of this world... I do not want to be your enemy. I will... take this person with me."

Su Ming stared at the butterfly, and a solemn expression appeared in his eyes. He could sense a familiar feeling from the butterfly. This feeling lay in the depths of his memories. It spoke of a time that was a very long time ago.

The solemn look soon turned into a complicated one, and it was a match for the complicated tone contained in the voice, or rather, it was a complicated emotion shared by the both of them.

"Su Ming, people change..."

"As we grow up, as we experience more things, we change... Perhaps one day, I will change... and I think, you will as well..."

“Su Ming, when we grow up, will we change?”

## **Chapter 1268: Lei Chen!**

There was once...

“Su Ming, I succeeded in my Berserkers’ Initiation! Haha! I can now practice the ways of a Berserker! From now on, I am a Berserker! So? Am I good or am I good?”

There was once...

“Su Ming, don’t worry, whoever bullies you in the future, I will beat them up for you!”

There was once...

“Haha! I, Lei Chen, am going to be the man who will become the tribe leader! Su Ming, you have to work hard and become the Elder. Then, in the future, Dark Mountain Tribe will belong to the two of us.”

“Bei Ling is such a jerk! Su Ming, do you want to beat him up tonight if we get the chance? But we might not be able to win against him...”

“Su Ming, I think I like someone... It’s the person I talked to you about yesterday. Didn’t we see Bai Ling? There was a girl beside her. She’s also from Dark Dragon Tribe. She’s really busty and she looks way prettier than Bai Ling...”

“Su Ming, I’m TIRED... Don’t walk so quickly... Say, let me tell you something. Did you know that when you were off picking herbs, that what’s-his-name’s house caught on fire? His house was right next to yours— Hey! Are you listening to me? I’m telling you...”

There was once...

“Su Ming, I’m not going back... I heard that there is another tribe on the other side of the plains and over the mountains. That tribe is located very far away, but it’s much stronger than Wind Stream... I’m going to go there, and no matter what price I have to pay, I will become stronger! Even if I have to become a Fallen Berserker, I’ll do it!”

The voice long lost in the passage of time appeared in Su Ming’s mind at that moment. He stared at the black butterfly and fell silent.

‘Are we... going to change?’ With the complicated feelings in his heart, Su Ming stared at the black butterfly with a blank expression. He found an old friend of his in

Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, but could not find any traces of him in Arid Triad.

He was a childhood companion, and he could be said to be Su Ming's first best friend, a companion who was a chatterbox but swore that he would protect him in the future, a friend who had the goal of becoming the tribe leader... a childhood friend who valued friendship and who had grown up with him.

But this person was not him.

The most unforgettable familial love from Dark Mountain came from the elder, the most unforgettable romantic love was Bai Ling, and the most unforgettable friendship... that with Lei Chen.

One thousand something years had passed since then. Once a lot of time passes, there is no longer a way to go back. The childhood friend had already become a stranger. But the memory in the depths of Su Ming's heart still remained. He did not want to forget and cast it aside. He always retrieved it when no one watched him, but it was a memory... only a memory.

Within it was one particular fragment of memory that recorded a shrill, pained scream Su Ming had heard when he was on Han Mountain City's Chains of Han Mountain...

"That's impossible... I buried you with my own hands... Is this an illusion? Is this another one of those illusions that are part of my training?"

There was also another fragment. It was the scene depicting the murmurs of the Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe, who searched for the next Phantom Equal. It was something that shone in his memories for all eternity.

The last fragment was from the Heavenly Incense Rune. The scene within the secrets of the universe had allowed Su Ming to see a face filled with remorse when he died.

Besides silence, Su Ming had no idea how to express the complicated feelings and anguish in his heart. Everything seemed to verify the truth of the concept of life they spoke about by pure coincidence on a day some one thousand years ago on the snow-covered ground of Dark Mountain.

"Are we... going to change?"

This topic had been too heavy for two children, so heavy that they had only thought about it at random, and even when they did, they only touched on it lightly, because they did not understand the future and did not know how many times the paths of their lives would intersect in the fog that was the future. They did not know whether they would stand together side by side when their paths intersected... or whether they would go their separate ways.

While Su Ming remained silent, the black butterfly too did not speak. After a long while though, it chose to open its mouth. His voice still contained the same complicated tone. "I do not want to become your enemy. Your enemy... is not me. He is already on his way."

Perhaps as the Child of Morus Alba in this True World, he knew of more things than any other person. He knew of Arid Triad's existence and knew that there was another version of himself over there. Perhaps it was because his other self had transformed him in an imperceptible manner... which was why he had memories regarding Su Ming, though no one knew how many.

No matter what, Su Ming could sense the complicated tone in his voice, and he did not try to hide it either.

In silence, the butterfly flapped its wings and swept up the Jade Emperor to gradually leave into the distance...

"Lei Chen..." Su Ming mumbled.

The butterfly in the distance did not stop. It gradually faded away, as if it wanted to disappear into space.

"Lei Chen!"

Su Ming looked up swiftly. His voice echoed in space like thunder as he cried out his best friend's name and the name of the person with whom he had formed the most unforgettable friendship in Dark Mountain Tribe.

At the moment the black butterfly was about to fuse with space, it stopped abruptly...

"You asked me in the past whether we would change, and my answer was... no! You didn't answer me at that time, so now, can you tell me your answer?"

Su Ming stared at the butterfly. That was his very first friend.

The black butterfly did not speak for a long time. When about ten breaths had passed, it still did not utter a sound. Instead, it fused with space and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming lowered his head. A hint of grief appeared on his face. He knew that the person before him was not Lei Chen, but he still asked, because he cared. He cared about Lei Chen, his one true childhood friend, whom he had never been able to find.

This was friendship. It was different from familial love, which was a form of love that would never change, since it would not last as long. However, when it manifested, it would be like familial love.

It was different from romantic love as well. There was no need for them to face each other every single day, but when it was required, the existence of friendship would make a person feel that having it... was enough to last them for a life, and that feeling would be even stronger than romantic love.

When being children, friendship was playing with mud, running together, playing around, watching the sun rise and set, and chattering nonstop into the friend's ears when the other was sad to cheer them up.

It was a person with whom Su Ming could thump chests, with whom he could laugh loud and long... and whom he would spend his entire life remembering.

Friendship was a feeling that would only grow stronger as time passed and create companions who would brag about their younger days with you when the both of you grew old.

Su Ming quietly lifted his head and stared into space. After a long while, he sighed softly. He had avoided the Lei Chen he saw in the secrets of the universe and chose to avoid that gaze filled with great remorse. He did not want to think too much about it. In fact, he did not even want to think of the reason behind it, just like how he had not wanted to think about the matters regarding Su Xuan Yi even though he had guessed them, and just like how he did not want to face his understanding regarding the changes in his emotions related to Bai Ling.

Su Ming valued his relationships.

For all of them, he could overturn the world. For Qian Chen, who was his old friend, he would wipe off a True World. He was not a good person, and neither was he a person who walked down the path of righteousness. Sometimes, he was like a despicable person, and sometimes, he was a little too calculative, but for the people who had formed ties with him, he could give up his everything.

Su Ming's enemies had to face death, and his friends were the people who he could entrust his back. They were people he could trust.

Familial love, friendship, romantic love—Su Ming used his life to treasure these three types of relationships.

Silent, Su Ming sat in the empty galaxy with his eyes closed. No one could see nor sense the loneliness in his heart because the only thing they were allowed to observe was the cold-heartedness and the slaughter. They hid away the value Su Ming placed on his relationships and his persistence towards them.

When an unknown amount of time passed, Su Ming lifted his head and stared into the distant galaxy. He had been waiting for a long time... and the person had finally arrived.

A purple butterfly that was so huge that no end of it could be seen was before him. The souls of the ten Mourning Deads spread out as if they were the wings, lifting the young man before them. There was resolve and killing intent in the young man's eyes.

This was... the moment of destiny!

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you..."

"When you no longer know who you are, you will be you..."

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, he forced down the anguish in his heart, kindled the fighting spirit in his eyes, and met the gaze of his other self coming towards him.

.....

At that moment, with the Jade Emperor in tow, the black butterfly appeared on a meteor not too far away from the huge golden planet in True Sky Hill World. The meteor floated in space and moved based in some trajectory. On it was a very ordinary looking house.

The black butterfly disappeared next to the house, turning into a man dressed in a black robe. His face could not be seen clearly, but he was big and incredibly built. He stood silently with his head lifted to stare at the sky. Not a single sound left his mouth

Behind him, the Jade Emperor wiped off the blood at the corners of his lips and stood up.

After a long while, the Jade Emperor hesitated for a moment before he asked softly, "Your Grace, he is not the Child of Morus Alba from True Victory Colony World... Who is he?"

"He is an old friend. More accurately speaking, he is an old friend of my other self," the Child of Morus Alba dressed in the black robe mumbled hoarsely.

The Jade Emperor seemed to want to say something, but after hesitating for a moment, he did not speak.

"It's not that I don't want to help you... but this person isn't someone I can attack. The only person who has the right to attack him is that person who is in Victory Colony.

"Go back and train. I will help you mend the damages Jade Palace suffered..." The black-robed Child of Morus Alba shook his head. As he spoke with a faint tone, he turned around and walked into his house.

On the side, the Jade Emperor bowed silently. There was a slightly complicated look on his face. Hidden it within it was fear from having just escaped death. Once the Child of Morus Alba from True Sky Hill World returned to his house, he chose to leave.

The Child of Morus Alba of this True World pulled away the hood from his head to reveal the face of a middle-aged man. It had an ancient air to it, and there were more signs of time on this Lei Chen's face compared to the Lei Chen in Su Ming's memories. However, all those who saw him could still tell that he... was Lei Chen.

He sat down quietly, and a complicated look appeared on his face. He sighed softly, and a hint of regret appeared on his face. If Su Ming was there and could see it, he would definitely be able to recognize that the Lei Chen he saw in the secrets of the universe... was this person!

"Father, Su Ming... has come here."

Lei Chen quietly lifted his right hand and seized the air. In his hand, a jade slip with dashes of black and white intersecting with each other as if Yin and Yang had fused together appeared. They gathered together perfectly to form a... communicative jade slip that could move between Harmonious Morus Alba and Arid Triad.

As he stared at the jade slip quietly, a hint of conflict appeared on Lei Chen's face. In the end, it turned into resolve. He did not send his message. Instead... he put away the jade slip.

"Are we going to change?" Lei Chen mumbled, and his expression betrayed his feeling of being lost.

### **Chapter 1269: The Battle of Destiny!**

In True Sky Hill World, as Su Ming and his other self in this Expanse Cosmos met each other's gazes and saw the resolve in each other's eyes, a battle of destiny that could not be avoided was on the verge of beginning.

They did not need to communicate, and neither did they need to attack to test the other. They only watched each other quietly with the galaxy between them.

Everything was written in their eyes.

To make himself stronger, to protect the people he wanted to protect, to survive the disaster, to make sure that the scene in the secrets of the universe did not happen, Su Ming had to become stronger. He had no other choice. Becoming the strongest in the world was the path he was determined to tread.

Fusing with his other self in this Expanse Cosmos was the same as fusing the two people from each side of a mirror together. From then on, the person could gather up

the power of both Expanse Cosmos to reach perfection and the strength to determine their own destiny. This was Su Ming's choice.

To awaken his beloved, to make Harmonious Morus Alba's will satisfy his request, and to make himself stronger so that the backlashes could be reduced in number to the point where he would no longer suffer any, the young man would fight against all the misfortune destiny had for him due to his status [1] and move against it. This was the choice made by the other Su Ming.

He had no other choice. This was the only path he could take. In truth, Harmonious Morus Alba's will gave him two paths, but he would not choose the first path. In this world, in this universe, there could only be one Su Ming, even if Harmonious Morus Alba and Arid Triad both existed at the same time.

This was what he believed!

'This is Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. In here, I have my ten Great Mournful-Death souls, and Harmonious Morus Alba's will is also here. If I cannot manage to make this person fuse with me... then why should I mourn the fact that I will end up being the one who will merge with him?!

'I am he, and he is me. I have Yu Xuan as my wife in this Expanse Cosmos, and he definitely has a Yu Xuan in his own Expanse Cosmos. He will definitely not allow her to die.

'This is a battle of destiny. This is my destiny, and also his, or rather... this is our shared destiny!'

The other Su Ming in this Expanse Cosmos was one of the three Children of Morus Alba. When he met Su Ming's gaze, his fighting spirit was kindled in his eyes.

"Ten Mournful-Death souls!"

As his words echoed in space, the ten Mournful-Death souls formed by the strongest people around him swiftly spread out. When they took a step forward, they instantly scattered and appeared around Su Ming and his other self.

They formed a type of lock that enveloped this particular galaxy.

The moment the ten Mournful-Death souls surrounded the area, they sat down, formed seals with their hands, and pushed their palms against their chests. They immediately lifted their heads, and in their half-open eyes, dark light shone.

"Due to their state of being empty, all emptiness does not exist.

"Due to their resentful murmurs, all those that do not exist will turn into emptiness...

“Due to their existence and them being emptiness itself, all emptiness and all that do not exist can be made as offerings eighteen times. They can become... the eighteen Spirit Hells!”

Murmurs that held an ancient tone echoed in the galaxy. At that instant, a piercing dark light erupted from the ten Mournful-Death souls. It swiftly rose into the heavens and looked like ten thin threads that immediately intersected with each other to form the foundation of a tower.

When they intersected again, they overlapped with each other, layer by layer. This process only lasted for the span of a few breaths before a tower formed by ten dark threads of light intersecting with each other stood tall in the galaxy.

It had eighteen levels. The dark light spreading out from it enveloped Su Ming and his other self before it gathered together to gain corporeal form. It turned into an ancient tower that was filled with a ghastly aura of death!

The other Su Ming, the young man who was one of the Children of Morus Alba swung his arm and said in a ghastly voice, “Su Ming, the battle between us today is due to destiny. Do you dare to fight this battle of destiny with me in Eighteen Spirit Hells?!”

As he spoke, he moved forward and instantly charged at Su Ming. Wherever he went, a sea of fire would be stirred up beneath his feet. When it swept outwards in all directions, it formed a huge butterfly, and in the eighteenth level of the Spirit Hell, the fire butterfly charged at Su Ming.

He lifted his head, revealing the fighting spirit in his eyes. He did not speak. Instead, he used his actions to show his respect for his other self in this Expanse Cosmos. He attacked at full force.

Su Ming charged at his other self, who was rushing towards him. The two of them instantly closed in on each other, and each of them threw a punch. A loud rumble shot into the heavens at that instant. The butterfly formed by the sea of fire by the Child of Morus Alba pounced on Su Ming. It instantly closed in on him and the power equivalent to that of the Jade Emperor erupted from it.

Amid the loud bang, Su Ming’s will spread out to fight against the tower’s tremors. The eighteenth level crumbled swiftly, and the Child of Morus Alba, the other Su Ming in this Expanse Cosmos, coughed up a mouthful of blood.

When he was forced back, he stepped into the seventeenth level. He then lifted his right hand and swung it, stirring up a violent gust of wind that formed countless wind blades. It swept up the fire butterfly formed by the sea of fire and charged at Su Ming.

A fierce light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He moved, and the moment he gathered the wills of two True Worlds together, he formed a huge hand before him to strike the incoming butterfly of fire and wind.

Booming sounds surged into the sky. The seventeenth level, the sixteenth level... and up to the seventh level of the Spirit Hell shattered at that moment. They were all crushed by the hand formed by Su Ming's will.

The Child of Morus Alba was continuously forced back. His eyes were bloodshot. When he coughed up blood, he threw his head back and roared. A butterfly with the power of eleven levels of Spirit Hell immediately appeared behind him. It exuded a terrifying presence that was equivalent to the power of an Antecedental Spirit who had performed a spirit ascension thrice and who had a presence of those in Avacaniya Realm.

The butterfly flapped its wings and instantly approached Su Ming. At the moment it touched him, a loud bang shook the sky and earth. The butterfly crumbled into pieces.

While in it, Su Ming also turned into a butterfly, as if he had been reborn after he was destroyed. At the moment he rushed out, he opened his mouth, and the End of Wills Sword flew out.

Booming sounds reverberated through space. The seventh level, the sixth level... and up to the second level of the Spirit Hell crumbled.

A low growl came from the first level of the Spirit Hell. It was the Child of Morus Alba spreading out his arms and roaring at the heavens when he was forced so far back. His body lit up with fire, and the dark threads of light that formed the Eighteen Spirit Hell charged over at him.

In an instant, they surrounded him, and the tower disappeared. The Eighteen Spirit Hells were replaced by the Child of Morus Alba who had turned into a butterfly!

He swiftly lowered his head and charged at Su Ming. Strange murmurs tumbled out of his mouth while he did so.

"Mournful-Death souls, form your race!"

The moment he finished speaking, the ten Mournful-Death souls that surrounded Su Ming jolted, and when they lowered their heads again, murmurs echoed in space.

"Due to them existing in the first place, all existences can be lost. This is death..."

"Due to the living remembering them, all the dead possess thoughts in their states of emptiness. This is mourning..."

“The Mournful-Death soul take the thoughts of the living, take the existences of the dead, take the acts of chasing after spiritual hopes, and take the power that controls the cycles of life to form incense sticks. With this... we turn the mourning to the dead. We let those that exist continue to exist, and make those who have died... return to emptiness!”

## **Chapter 1270: The Mournful-Death**

“Mournful-Death soul...”

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled brilliantly as he stared at the large number of dark threads of light that formed the butterfly of his other self. He then swept his gaze past the ten Great Mournful-Death souls.

Su Ming did not understand them nor did he know why they were known as Mournful-Death souls, but he could sense that there was an ancient air about them that had lasted for a long period of time.

At the instant they spoke, a law that Su Ming did not understand seemed to have come forth from the ancient past.

A chilling glare shone in the eyes of the other Su Ming. He turned into a huge butterfly and charged over.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He formed a seal with his hands and swung his arm. Countless mountains immediately appeared, but they were all illusions.

In the blink of an eye, around one billion mountains surrounded him. They filled the boundless space and were strewn all over the place before they overlapped with each other to form nine mountains around Su Ming.

This was the strongest Mountain Shifter Art he could cast with his will had almost being perfected. When booming sounds rang out , Su Ming swung his arm, and the nine mountains charged at the Child of Morus Alba.

Loud booming sounds shook the sky and earth. Four out of the nine mountains instantly crumbled, but the butterfly that was the Child of Morus Alba also shattered. The other Su Ming coughed up blood. When he tumbled thousands of feet backwards, killing intent filled Su Ming’s eyes. When he took a step forward, the remaining five mountains charged at the Child of Morus Alba like sharp arrows.

All of this seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it took only an instant. When the last traces of the rumble echoed in the air, the five mountains

closed in on the Child of Morus Alba. They were about to attack him with crushing force, when dark light suddenly shone about the ten Mournful-Death souls.

A huge, dark vortex immediately appeared around the Child of Morus Alba. It rotated without a single sound, and a face swiftly appeared within it.

The features on the face were clear. It was a very memorable face, but strangely, when Su Ming looked over, he had a misconception that he would instantly forget that face because he could not have it remain in his mind despite the fact that he memorized it.

Almost the moment this feeling appeared, a deep voice tumbled out of the mouth of the face in the vortex.

“Due to them existing in the first place, all existences can be lost. This is death...”

At the moment those words were said, the five mountains charged over and collided with the vortex.

Su Ming’s pupils shrank swiftly. He clearly saw the five mountains... disappear without a trace. They did not tremble or showed no signs of abnormality before it!

Yet not a single hint of them remained. It was just like what those words had declared: Due to them existing, they could be lost!

“You won’t be able to break the Art cast by my Mournful-Death souls. These ten people aren’t real Mournful-Death souls. They are only people who possessed some of the blood belonging to the Mournful-Death souls when they were alive. After they died, I activated their legacy, and each of them only have one-tenth of the true power belonging to the Mournful-Death souls.

“The Mournful-Death souls... They are a race whose existence lasted almost as long as morning dew in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos during ancient times. There are few of them, but they managed to shake the entire Expanse Cosmos, because this race was able to fuse with laws from birth. No matter where the Mournful-Death souls are, there is nothing they will not know!

“They still have plenty of other strange powers. The Lord Harmonious Morus Alba was the one who personally wiped them off in the past!

“But only their physical bodies were killed. Their legacies could not be wiped off. This is something not even the Lord Harmonious Morus Alba could do, because this race was an abnormality. Their legacies lasted for a long time. When I became the Child of Morus Alba, I summoned them from emptiness... and turned them into my Mournful-Death souls!”

The voice of the other Su Ming from this Expanse Cosmos echoed in space, and it held a dark tone along with a hint of ferociousness.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He stared at the soul in the vortex, and without a single word, he took a step forward. He immediately appeared beside one of the ten Mournful-Death souls and lifted his right hand to grab it... but he only caught empty air!

The Mournful-Death soul seemed to not exist. Su Ming's right hand had went right through it.

"They never existed to begin with, and it's precisely because they don't exist... that they exist!"

As the Child of Morus Alba's laughter echoed in space, the eyes of the face in the vortex sparkled swiftly. The ten Mournful-Death souls around Su Ming contorted before they disappeared like the wind.

"An interesting race. They remind me of another strange power I ran into before."

Su Ming's cold gaze landed on the face in the vortex. When he spoke, black light shone around his body. It was the Light of Extreme Darkness rapidly spilling out from him. It instantly turned into the origin of the Light of Extreme Darkness. As it moved, it turned into an ocean of light that charged towards the face in the vortex.

"Due to the living remembering them, all the dead possess thoughts in their state of emptiness. This is mourning."

At the moment the light closed in on the face, more words came from the face in the vortex. The Child of Morus Alba behind the vortex swiftly let out a roar filled with great killing intent.

"My thoughts are the thoughts that are born from emptiness, and they want you... to die, die, die, DIE!"

A loud bang shot up. When the first declaration of wanting him dead was said, Su Ming's Light of Extreme Darkness closed in and disappeared without a trace. When the second declaration of wanting him dead was voice. his expression instantly changed, and as loud bangs came from his body, he moved back.

But right when he took his third step back, the third declaration of wanting him dead was said, and it caused Su Ming to jolt. He felt as if his blood was flowing in reverse. His face went pale, and he moved back again.

He felt as if a huge explosion had happened in front of him, causing a tremor so great that it made him move back, and during that moment, the fourth cry for his death struck Su Ming's heart like a hammer.

His mind roared. The strange power made Su Ming feel as if he could not fight against it. Regardless of whether it was his divine abilities or will, it was difficult for him to get a grasp of its existence. It was as if this power lay in his heart, and it had burst into flames due to stimulation to damage his body from within.

Blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. When Su Ming moved back, the fifth cry for his death came charging towards him. Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood and was forced back again. This time, he only stopped when he was thousands of feet back. Red filled his eyes, and a hint of ferociousness appeared on his face as he stared at the face in the vortex as well as his other self floating behind it.

He lifted his right hand and wiped off the blood at the corners of his mouth. The ferociousness on his face turned into killing intent.

“As expected of my other self. Your level of cultivation is clearly not as great as mine, but you found a way to injure me.”

Su Ming lifted his head, and while speaking, he swung his right arm. A vortex immediately appeared above his palm. When it spun increasingly faster, a galactical vortex gradually appeared.

“The one who injured you isn’t me. It’s the Mournful-Death soul. If you cannot break the Art cast by my Mournful-Death souls, you’ll be sealed and slowly become one with me. I am you, and you are me.”

The other Su Ming stared at Su Ming from behind the face in the vortex. He did not bother to hide the blatant killing intent in his eyes. When he spoke, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm. The eyes of the face in the vortex immediately sparkled. Then, the vortex charged at Su Ming.

“The Mournful-Death soul take the thoughts of the living, the existence of the dead, the acts of chasing after spiritual hopes, and the power that controls the cycles of life to form incense sticks. With this... we turn the mourning to the dead. We let those that exist continue to exist, and make those who have died... return to emptiness!”

The murmurs of the voice from the face in the vortex traveled through space. When they entered Su Ming’s ears, he felt as if it contained a decaying, ancient tone, as if it was a murmur that had existed for an unknown number of years. At that moment, when it appeared in space again, it caused the galaxy to shudder.

Su Ming’s pupils shrank. During that instant, he suddenly had a strong feeling that his will, cultivation base, and even his life force had been diminished. There seemed to be a strange power contained in those words. It could interfere with the changes in the universe, so Su Ming could clearly sense that the will of True Immortal Sect World, which had disappeared from Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos due to his appearance... had started showing signs of recovering.

In fact, Su Ming even sensed that the will he Possessed of True Morning Dao World from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos had also started showing signs of recovery.

Su Ming's heart shuddered. A powerful sense of danger instantly rose within him, but not a single hint of wariness appeared on his face... because Su Ming believed that there was not a single form of power in the world that could exist eternally. All things had an arch enemy, and that arch enemy was not limited to one for all eternity. Instead, if there was one arch enemy and it was destroyed, after a certain amount of time, another one would appear.

It was just as the old men from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had said, and Su Ming believed him wholeheartedly. If the powerful Arid Triad's will could have an arch enemy, then it would be even more so for the Mournful-Death souls.

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes, and his will erupted from him with a bang. It was the great will formed by two True Worlds gathered together and was only second to the most powerful will in any Expanse Cosmos. The mighty pressure formed by the will could destroy millions of cultivators, and even his other self had to submit to it unless he borrowed the power of Harmonious Morus Alba.

Once he obtained this power, Su Ming could bring a myriad of changes to his divine abilities. He was no longer limited to a certain range, and as long as he could think of something, he could manifest what he thought about and execute it.

At the instant Su Ming's will spread out, a red bolt of lightning immediately appeared in front of him. It had an astonishing presence, and the moment it appeared, the galaxy in the area seemed to sink into a relative state of eternal stillness.

This was clearly the Antecedental Spirit's disaster!

However, this was an imitation formed by Su Ming with his will. It might not be as strong as the real Antecedental Spirit's disaster, but it was enough to astonish all who lived.

"If the Mournful-Death souls could be wiped off by Harmonious Morus Alba's will, then no matter how strong this race is, they have their limits."

At the moment Su Ming spoke with an aloofness, the red bolt of lightning charged at the face in the vortex.

He did not wait to see the results. With a swing of his arm, five bolts of lightning appeared in front of him. They instantly turned into five faces that intersected with each other to form five colors before they transformed into a hand. With a loud bang, it went to seize the face in the vortex.

# **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1271: Exile... - Read**

## **Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1271: Exile... Bin**

### **Chapter 1271: Exile...**

“We let those that exist continue to exist, and make those who have died... return to emptiness...” the face from the vortex murmured, and it simply allowed the red bolt of lightning to strike it. The moment it touched the face, it disappeared without a trace.

Immediately after, the five-colored hand vanished when it touched the vortex amid the loud bangs, as if it had truly returned to emptiness.

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. He took a few steps back and frowned.

At that moment, his other self behind the vortex coughed up a mouthful of blood. His face turned pale, but his eyes sparkled brilliantly.

“It’s useless. I summoned these Mournful-Death souls, and they are connected to my will, which also means they are connected to Harmonious Morus Alba’s will. If you cannot destroy them, you will be devoured by them, and then fuse with me.”

When the other Su Ming said those words, he formed a seal and pointed forward. The eyes of the huge face in the vortex immediately opened, and it charged at Su Ming.

When it moved forward, it grew bigger. In just the span of a few breaths, it grew to nearly ten thousand feet tall. It spread out and approached Su Ming without stop.

Wills were useless.

Divine abilities were not effective.

Arts could not really damage it.

Even if it was an Enchanted Treasure, it would disappear because it existed, just like what the murmurs from the face in the vortex had declared. Because it did not exist, that was why it existed.

Since Harmonious Morus Alba’s will was the strongest force, the three Children of Morus Alba were powerful not only because of their levels of cultivation, but because they could borrow Harmonious Morus Alba’s will. After all, the moment they became the Children of Morus Alba, they were bestowed its strange divine abilities.

And this Expanse Cosmos' Su Ming had been bestowed the will of the Mournful-Death souls when he became the Child of Morus Alba, which was what he had asked for! He summoned the Mournful-Death souls who were destroyed by Harmonious Morus Alba's will into this universe, and with this power, he could wipe out all cultivators. Even those in Avacaniya Realm would eventually be killed.

Unless... they used some sort of special method.

It was going to be incredibly difficult for Su Ming to Possess his other self. After all, it was Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, and its will would definitely not easily allow a Child of Morus Alba who could communicate with it to fuse with a person from Arid Triad.

Before the battle of destiny, Su Ming had absolute confidence that he would win, but similarly, his other self also had a lot of confidence that he would win. As they attacked and fought against each other, the other self's confidence grew stronger, while a frown appeared on Su Ming's face.

The face in the vortex continued expanding and drawing closer to him. Su Ming took a couple more steps back.

'The Mournful-Death souls are indeed astonishing. No wonder Harmonious Morus Alba's will would attack and wipe off this race... I only have two True World's wills with me right now. It's still impossible for me to fight against Arid Triad or Harmonious Morus Alba, which is why it'll be difficult for me to wipe them off or make them disintegrate.

'But... if I just want to get rid of the Mournful-Death souls, it's not necessary for me to come into direct contact with them. I can use another method to do so!'

Su Ming's eyes sparkled brilliantly when a thought appeared in his mind. He moved back and swiftly closed his eyes.

'As long as you believe, it will exist.'

The strange power Su Ming had come to understand when he was in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence appeared in his head. This power was illusory. If it did not exist, then everything would disappear, but once someone believed in it, it would definitely exist.

"I believe that in this universe, besides Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba, there are definitely other Expanse Cosmoses that exist!

"I also believe that the Expanse Cosmoses beyond them have surpassed even Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, and another universe exists in a galaxy far, far away from here.

“I, too, believe that in that universe are living beings. All those who are swept into that place can never return. They can only live there, and will either prosper as time goes, or be destroyed...”

As Su Ming mumbled under his breath, he lifted his arms and swung them forward. His will immediately spread out with a bang. It could not weaken the face in the vortex, since it was already the manifestation of the strongest power in the Expanse Cosmos.

That was why when Su Ming said those words, with his will and the will of heaven in his grasp, he released his right hand. The vortex he had in his palm floated upwards and turned swiftly into a black hole that could absorb everything.

The black hole instantly absorbed Su Ming’s will while it spread out from him and expanded. The vortex was deep, and no one could say where it went to. It slowly continued stretching downwards endlessly.

“I believe that the Mournful-Death souls will definitely rise to power in that distant world, but once they rise to power... they will definitely fall to ruin!

“This is your destiny. This is the destiny I, Su Ming, have set for the Mournful-Death souls!”

Su Ming’s eyes flew open, and a strange light shone in them. His left eye turned into a galaxy, which was True Morning Dao World, and his right eye became space, which was True Immortal Sect World.

The third eye at the center of his brow opened as if it had somehow fused with True Morning Dao World and True Immortal Sect World. A brilliant light spread out from it before it fused into the vortex in front of him, making it instantly grow exponentially larger. When it spread out, it was no longer a circle, but horizontal, as if space had been torn to reveal a crack, and it showed its fangs to the galaxy.

“I believe that the place in that galaxy will be your home. The Mournful-Death souls will be exiled. They will be chased out of Harmonious Morus Alba, and won’t be allowed to exist in Arid Triad!”

Monstrous killing intent appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. His final words echoed like thunder, and the crack in front of him expanded again. At the moment the face in the vortex approached, the crack went to devour it.

The other Su Ming’s expression changed swiftly. He intended to stop him, but he was a step too late.

A loud bang shot up and echoed in True Sky Hill World. It spread out in all directions and reverberated through the entire True World. In fact, it spread to the other True Worlds as well.

When the Child of Morus Alba looked over, he could clearly see that Su Ming had used the power that would exist if he believed in it to fuse the wills of the True Worlds that were only second to Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba to form the huge crack in space.

It went through space and connected to an Expanse Cosmos of an unknown distance from this place. That Expanse Cosmos might exist, or it might not. However, Su Ming believed that beyond Arid Triad, Harmonious Morus Alba, Saint Defier, and Dark Dawn was another Expanse Cosmos.

With the believe that this Expanse Cosmos existed as his basis, Su Ming used the wills of two True Worlds as a lead, and with the power that would exist if he believed as the structure, he formed his divine ability. It did not possess any astonishing destructive power, and it would be difficult for him to kill even a mortal with it, but...

There was only one use for this Art, and it was the one Su Ming had mentioned—exile!

Since it was difficult for him to wipe off the face in the vortex formed by the Mournful-Death souls with his cultivation base or divine abilities, he changed tactics and activated the crack that would exist as long as he believed in it. He would have the crack devour the face in the vortex and banish it to the Expanse Cosmos that would definitely exist as long as Su Ming believed in it.

Booming sounds echoed in the air, deafening to the ears. The huge face in the vortex was swiftly devoured by the crack as it expanded endlessly and was banished to the Expanse Cosmos Su Ming was certain existed.

“I Curse you! With my name, I Curse all of you Mournful-Death souls to fall to ruin once you rise to glory!”

Before the crack disappeared, Su Ming said his final words to the Mournful-Death souls. They traveled into the crack and the other Expanse Cosmos through it. They were Branded into the laws of that Expanse Cosmos and into the destinies of the Mournful-Death souls.

This was a Curse Su Ming had formed with the wills of two True Worlds. It would become stronger as Su Ming’s will grew stronger in the future until it eventually became... a predestined fate for the Mournful-Death souls.

Boom!

The crack turned into a thin line in space, then faded away. The only people who remained existing were Su Ming... and the other Su Ming who was staring into his eyes and who no longer had the face in the vortex to protect him.

The Child of Morus Alba was silent at that moment. His expression was dark as he stared at Su Ming. There was an incredulous look in his eyes, along with despair and an unwillingness to admit defeat.

“Now, we have no one else to interrupt us. It’s time for us to have our final battle. Since they helped you and you will eventually become me, I blessed the Mournful-Death souls to rise to glory, but since you are not yet me, I Cursed them to fall to ruin.”

Su Ming’s expression was cold. As he spoke, he took a step forward and charged towards his other self.

The Child of Morus Alba swiftly fell back with a sullen expression. Killing intent shone in his eyes, and he lifted his arms. With one hand, he struck his chest, and with the other, the center of his brow.

“Power of Harmonious Morus Alba, with my thoughts as the Child of Morus Alba, I will have Harmonious Morus Alba appear!”

When he spoke, all of True Sky Hill World shuddered. A monstrous will instantly descended with loud bangs. It brought with it a domineering and ostentatious air. There was also a madness in it, as if it was a supreme existence in the universe. At the instant it descended, a pair of huge wings manifested behind the other Su Ming. They were colorful and exuded a brilliant light.

The Child of Morus Alba threw his head back and roared. His presence instantly erupted. A vast will shot through his body and filled the entire area. It formed a huge vortex under his feet. It spun with loud bangs and caused all of True Sky Hill World to rotate as well.

Countless planets spun, and countless meteors rotated about. The entire galaxy started circling around the Child of Morus Alba who had turned into a butterfly.

He was the center, the most brilliant sun in this True World.

“As you wish. The battle of destiny between us will come to an end now! If I win, I will agree to one of your requests. If you win... you must also agree to one of my requests!” The voice of the Child of Morus Alba echoed in space, and it sounded as if the entire True World was roaring.

“Very well!”

Su Ming did not hesitate. At the instant he said those words, his will erupted from him, and the images of True Immortal Sect World and True Morning Dao Sect appeared around him.

**Chapter 1272: Before Breaking the Cocoon and Becoming a Butterfly!**

It was a fight between wills. There were no loud bangs caused by divine abilities, no dazzling Arts, but this form of battle surpassed that of divine abilities and Arts. It was not a battle of cultivators, but a battle of ideals!

There was no way cultivators could come in touch with a battle of this level. If they saw it, they would implode and die because their minds could not handle it, because their blood could not bear with it, and because their wills could not overpower those wills.

Battles of this level were battles of the peak that only true Almighties who could shake the so-called rules of heaven and who could even make the wills of Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba, who were Expanse Cosmoses, look aside.

At some point in time, the child in Dark Mountain had grown into a prodigious person of such a degree. This was a future Su Ming had been unable to see in the past.

True Immortal Sect World and True Morning Dao World surrounded Su Ming at that moment, just like a pair of wings. The wills of the two True Worlds clustered around his will and charged at the Child of Morus Alba.

Once the will of Harmonious Morus Alba descended on him, it was as if the other Su Ming turned into the envoy who could allow Harmonious Morus Alba to move about in the galaxy. As the Child of Morus Alba, he had all his life erupt from him to turn into a wave of impact. At that moment, both Su Mings were like two shooting stars that would press forward without turning back. They swiftly closed in on each other at that instant.

True Sky Hill World turned into a vortex. Su Ming's two Great True Worlds became the strongest attack in his life, and the eyes of the Child of Morus Alba turned bloodshot because of the will of Harmonious Morus Alba. To resurrect his beloved, he gave up everything for the attack.

Su Ming could be proud!

When he was in Arid Triad, he was a massively talented person, a powerful person who had the wills of two Great True Worlds gathered on him. He was a noble existence who could cause the universe to shake and who stood above cultivators.

And his other self in Harmonious Morus Alba was also a massively talented person. He was one of the three Children of Morus Alba. He was a powerful warrior who surpassed cultivators and who could communicate with Harmonious Morus Alba's will.

They were one person in two different worlds and with two different fates, but were both similarly brilliant.

Perhaps the other two Children of Morus Alba had similar experiences, but Su Ming's battle was undeniably the most brilliant of them all.

'There is no right or wrong in this battle.'

Booming sounds surged into space. As the two wills clashed against each other, their thoughts seemed to have fused. They did not need to say any words, but both of them could sense it clearly.

'There is no good and bad in this battle.'

Booming sounds echoed in space. The two wills clashed against each other time and again, causing the galaxy where the both of them were to tremble. The vortex formed by True Sky Hill World spun faster, and transparent threads appeared, floated, rotated, and surrounded the area.

'This battle is part of our destiny. This is... a battle of wills and spirit!'

A battle of will and spirit was used to describe rashness most of the time. They were not perfect and were usually filled with negative connotations, but during that moment, this phrase did not have any sort of negative connotations. It was used as a description of a Realm. The will in this phrase was used to describe willpower, and the spirit here was the aura that existed in all living beings.

This was a fight between wills, a fight to the death of two lives to fulfill the meaning of their life, and once it ended, only one of them could exist!

The booming sounds grew louder. As they surged into the heavens, Su Ming's will grew larger, and the natural instinct to snatch and plunder caused him to seize everything from his other self as their wills clashed.

On the other hand, the Child of Morus Alba who had Harmonious Morus Alba's will gathered on him knew... that he was bound to fail in this battle of wills and spirits, because the will with which he fought was not something of his own. He had known it since the moment the ten Mourning-Dead souls had been exiled.

But even if he was going to fail, he did not have the right to flee. He could not choose to escape. He was Su Ming, and Su Ming was him. The two of them were bound to merge into one, and even Harmonious Morus Alba longed for them to do so.

If that was the case... then they might as well be one complete whole!

It would allow his two selves from Yin Death and Bright Yang, Harmonious Morus Alba and Arid Triad, beyond the mirror and within the mirror... to become complete. They would be able to become the highest form of existence in the universe. This was destiny. It was something both Su Mings were conscious of.

If the Su Ming from Arid Triad was in his place, he would eventually choose to do the same. Since he could not be in control of the situation, he would become the one who would merge into the other, because only by doing so could the person who survived become the strongest and be able to protect all that he wanted to protect.

They were one, and the things they wanted to protect were the same.

This was something that the two wills noticed wholly when one side became stronger and the other became weaker as they continuously clashed with each other.

This clash of wills and the booming sounds lasted for about the time it takes an incense stick to burn before a long string of laughter echoed in space. There was regret in that laughter, along with an ancient tone, and a soundless sigh.

“My other self from Arid Triad, today, I will become one with you, and the both of us will become complete, but remember this... You must remember your determination, and you must remember what you wish to protect!

“Remember the person the both of us want to protect!

“Take Yu Xuan away. Take her to Arid Triad, search for Arid Triad’s Yu Xuan, when the both of them fuse into one, she will wake up. Since there is only one Su Ming in this world, then there can also only be one Yu Xuan as well...

“From now on... you are a powerful warrior from Arid Triad, and also a Child of Morus Alba from Harmonious Morus Alba!”

An astonishing bang shot up. It came from Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. When the other Su Ming’s voice echoed in space, it fused with the bang, and it gradually went into the distance.

At the same time, the rotating vortex formed by all of True Sky Hill World came to a stop. When it did so, an innumerable number of invisible threads were flung out, and they swiftly went to the spot where the two wills clashed.

Layer by layer. Thread by thread. In the blink of an eye, the area around Su Ming was covered by countless invisible threads. Since too many of them filled the area, they gradually became visible, though they were still semi-transparent. When all of True Sky Hill World was completely covered by those threads, what appeared in the galaxy was a huge cocoon!

It was a cocoon of a butterfly before it spread its wings for the first time!

At the instant the cocoon was formed, Harmonious Morus Alba’s will descended completely in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. Its presence felt just like the

Antecedental Spirit's disaster from Arid Triad. It caused all of the operations of Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos to become still for all eternity.

Only the cocoon continued growing swiftly. Su Ming's presence alternated between being strong and weak while he was in it as if he was going through an incredibly important metamorphosis.

It would cause his life to become complete. Once he fused with his other self within the mirror, he would reach a unique rise in power. No one knew how long it would last. When he woke up, he would no longer be incomplete, as he had been in the past. Instead, he would become... the one and only Su Ming in the world!

The metamorphosis was not just a simple serendipity for Su Ming. Harmonious Morus Alba's will had went out of its way to descend and surround him. It prevented any kind of accident from happening when it froze Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos for all eternity.

When it descended personally, it acted in a manner similar to a guard that treasured the chance to see something that had never happened before. It valued this chance so highly that it had looked forward to it for a long time.

It had waited for the day Su Ming would break from the cocoon.

### **Chapter 1273: The War Situation in Arid Triad**

The flames of war burned fiercely in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. The cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn had their own unique cultivation systems. With their powers which they believed to be the only ones that were true, at the moment they rushed out of Arid Triad's gap, they clashed against the first defense formed by the cultivators of the three Great True Worlds.

With an overpowering advantage and while dealing an incredible number of casualties to the cultivators of the three True Worlds... they faced no challenged when rushing forward!

After all, they were cultivators of the fourth era who had inherited their legacies from the second era. There were no dislocations in between eras, no missing parts in their cultivation systems when their legacies were passed down from era to era.

It was unlike for the cultivators from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. After living through several eras, their cultivation system might look complete, but it lacked a soul. They had the system, but lacked the thoughts contained within it.

The battle... had only lasted for three days, and almost all the cultivators from the three True Worlds in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos had died... Blood filled True Morning Dao World, and torn limbs floated everywhere. Shrieking roars had once reverberated through space intensely, but at that moment, all of them gradually faded away. Only a thick stench of blood remained. It spread through the area, bearing witness to the tragic battle.

During it... not a single person from the three True Worlds of Arid Triad had taken even half a step backwards, which was a sight that was rarely seen. Not a single one of them had the thought of retreating. Perhaps they once had, but right behind them were their homes. In the face of the ferocious smiles of the invaders, they watched countless people stand beside them with bloodshot eyes and self-destruct to stop the invaders. After seeing such scenes ... no one chose to move back.

Even if they retreated to the end of the universe, if all of Arid Triad stopped existing, what was the use for them to remain alive while gasping for their last breath? Unyieldingness was a subjective word, but it became something corporeal in that battle. It became the source that made all the cultivators from the three True Worlds in Arid Triad to descend into madness.

They continued to self-destruct, continued to fight, and continued to die...

All the cultivators from the three True Worlds in Arid Triad might have died while the loss Saint Defier and Dark Dawn suffered was not great, but the madness from the cultivators of Arid Triad shocked them greatly.

It was... a madness of rather dying than surrendering and lowering one's head. It was a fearlessness that allowed them to give up their all to protect everything they cared about!

They lasted for three days before almost all of them had died. When all their Enchanted Treasures crumbled, the second army of cultivators from the three True Worlds in Arid Triad arrived.

A war that seemed to be able to continue without stop was lit in True Morning Dao World. The cultivators from Arid Triad were used to the whirlwind in True Morning Dao World, which was why in some sense, it also became a protection of Arid Triad. To the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, who were not used to the whirlwind, it was incredibly difficult to handle.

But the difference between their cultivation systems was a ravine that they could not avoid. It meant that the winner of the battle in which countless cultivators had died would not be Arid Triad, no matter what.

Arid Triad could not compare in terms of overall levels of cultivation, and in the face of the countless cultivators from the two Expanse Cosmoses, Arid Triad too, could not

compare... The only thing it had was a conviction that allowed its people to fight to the death due to their unwillingness to admit defeat.

Either they would win and Arid Triad would remain Arid Triad, or they would lose, and all the cultivators from Arid Triad would become slaves. They would be enslaved for generations and never be able to lift their heads, never be able to determine their own lives!

How were they supposed to make a choice? There was no choice!

The second army of cultivators from Arid Triad lasted for four days before they crumbled again. All of them died. All of True Morning Dao World turned bloody red, and a thick stench of blood filled the space. The bloody stench was so strong that even the whirlwind could not make it disappear. It could only fill space and accumulate to no end.

The third, fourth, fifth armies...

Five armies of cultivators were deployed, and each was stronger than the last. Their Enchanted Vessels were more astonishing each time, but they had only been able to graze Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's feet while holding them back for most of a month.

Once the Ancient Gods appeared and huge ferocious beasts from Dark Dawn the size of the Ancient Gods came out from the gap, endless ripples appeared in all of True Morning Dao World. The war... ended at that moment.

The appearance of the Ancient Gods, the huge beasts from Dark Dawn, the descent of the Eight Paramount Daos from Saint Defier, and the ferocious appearance of the ten Murderous Saints from Dark Dawn caused the war, which had a power imbalance to begin with, to completely lose its balance. In fact, the scale had disappeared into thin air.

The Sublime Paragon of Sacred Yin was severely wounded, and body and soul of the Sublime Paragon from the Fourth True World were destroyed. When one of the two powerful warriors was injured and the other died, as if dust had finally fallen to the ground, the mourning bell rang in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos!

When the fifth army of cultivators was destroyed, the sixth army did not appear. Instead, in silence, True Sacred Yin World activated their Sealing Rune and completely locked down True Sacred Yin World. They no longer sent any cultivators outwards. Instead, with the act of locking down their entire True World, they began setting up a tight defense.

They had already lost their courage to continue attacking, because they could not see hope. Right then, they could only continue strengthening the power of their Rune, which they had prepared for years, in an attempt to fight against the power of Saint Defier and Dark Dawn.

The Sublime Paragon and many powerful warriors of this True World activated their full strength to make their Rune complete and flawless. This was a passive choice... but they could not see the future even after they made this choice.

After True Sacred Yin World sealed their True World, the Fourth Great True World fell silent, and they too chose to lock down their True World. They stopped sending out cultivators...

During that moment, it was as if there was no longer any force of power that could stop Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's footsteps. An innumerable number of cultivators from the two Expanse Cosmoses spread out to occupy large areas. Once they formed two huge camps, they completely occupied True Morning Dao World, causing this place to no longer belong to Arid Triad.

There was a large number of cultivators who did not join the Ninth Summit previously, and they were scattered all over the True World. They would occasionally engage in a fierce battle against the foreign cultivators, but they were just mere sparks. They could not create a huge blast.

All of True Morning Dao World was reduced to ruin... There was only a bloody stench in space and blood everywhere.

The land of Berserkers could not be seen in True Morning Dao World because when war erupted, all the Berserkers were shifted into the Ninth Summit, the place once belonging to Morning Dao Sect. It was done the moment Su Ming's second senior brother received his message, delivered to him via the True World's will.

When a large number of cultivators descended from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, True Morning Dao World practically became a galaxy belonging to those two Expanse Cosmoses, and True Sacred Yin World and the Fourth True World were forced to choose to seal themselves, five spots were exposed to Saint Defier and Dark Dawn!

One, the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Two, Ninth Summit. Three... Heavenly Incense Rune. Four, Sun Sinking Talisman. Five... Yin Death Vortex!

The Emperor of Abyss' True World could be said to have been the first to choose to seal itself when the war broke out. The cultivators in there were kept in extremely good condition, as if they were an independent entity, and were not at all connected to the other True Worlds in Arid Triad.

As for Heavenly Incense Rune, Dark Dawn was the first to approach it, but the Heavenly Incense had been extinguished, which made them unable to obtain even a single shred of its life force. They could not use all the preparations they had made and could only give up.

Dark Dawn and Saint Defier were both interested in Yin Death Vortex, but the cultivators from Saint Defier were the first to approach it, as if they had agreed upon this with Dark Dawn, and that was why Dark Dawn did not follow them.

Only the huge Sun Sinking Talisman floating in the galaxy had cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier surrounding it at the same time. Both sides sent out a large number of cultivators to investigate and attempt to activate it.

The last was the Ninth Summit, which was located in the spot previously belonging to Morning Dao Sect. This place... practically became the spot for Saint Defier and Dark Dawn to train their soldiers. The cultivators from the two Expanse Cosmoses were not in a hurry to sweep through Arid Triad, but had instead stationed themselves in True Morning Dao World.

On one hand, they wanted to investigate the Sun Sinking Talisman, and on the other, they wanted to widen the gap, causing it to expand nonstop. At the same time, they trained their soldiers using the Ninth Summit and continuously attacked its Rune.

The entire process lasted for about a month, and by then, the Ninth Summit's Rune was severely damaged, but it did not crumble. However, the cultivators from the two Expanse Cosmoses attacking the Ninth Summit had only become stronger.

It was as if... they had become acclimated to Arid Triad during the month, as if they had stationed themselves in True Morning Dao World to get used to it.

Once that happened and they became capable of bringing forth their full power... the nightmare started.

Sacred Yin was attacked by Saint Defier, and the Emperor of Abyss was attacked by Dark Dawn. Both Expanse Cosmoses deployed their armies to these two True Worlds, and a shocking war broke out...

The Fourth True World looked as if it had been intentionally overlooked. They did not go overboard in provoking them. However, the Ninth Summit was not as fortunate as the Fourth True World. Instead, its Rune was continuously weakened until it gradually reached the point of breaking.

Outside the Ninth Summit was a large number of cultivators surrounding the sect. They were not in a hurry to break the Rune. In truth, it was useless even if they were in a hurry. The Ninth Summit's Rune had been personally crafted by Hu Xi, but that was not all. True Morning Dao World was Su Ming's clone, and while this clone had lost some semblance of sentience because Su Ming was in Harmonious Morus Alba, he could still use the True World's will to protect a Rune.

As the army of cultivators attacked the Runes beyond the Emperor of Abyss and Sacred Yin, a man and woman stood behind the many foreign cultivators surrounding the Ninth Summit's Rune. They were staring at it coldly.

"I do not understand. This is just a simple Rune and a simple sect. Why are the two Supreme Paragons paying such a high amount of attention to it? They actually retracted the order to attack forcefully... If we could ask the three Supreme Paragons to attack, this Rune would have been reduced to ash in a moment."

The woman was incredibly beautiful while twirling her hair. Her voice was clear, but there was a cold indifference in it.

"I don't understand it either, but our Supreme Paragons are only second to the Lords Saint Defier and the Sovereigns of Dawn. They are near to the level of the envoys of the Lords Saint Defier and Sovereigns of Dawn.

"Their orders must have come from the Lords Saint Defier and the Sovereigns of Dawn. If that is the case, then there is no need for us to persist in it. But speaking of which, I do not know whether you've noticed this... but True Morning Dao World makes me feel uneasy."

The middle-aged man beside the woman was dressed in a blue robe. He had a frown on his face as he stared at Ninth Summit's Rune while speaking languidly.

## **Chapter 1274: Breaking the Cocoon!**

Beyond Arid Triad's gap was Saint Defier Expanse Cosmos, and in it was the 90th Expanse Cosmos among the 180 Expanse Cosmoses there. This Expanse Cosmos was located at the center of Saint Defier, and its galaxy was not black. Instead, there was a faint red glow in it. There were no planets in the galaxy, but there were countless blue threads floating about.

Those threads were all illusory, as if they did not exist, and they looked to be eternally suspended in the air, which gave the galaxy a dreamy air. It was completely different from a normal galaxy.

The people who lived there for a long time would notice that the world outside was different compared to their homeland when they went to the galaxies beyond for the first time.

There were countless bubbles of different sizes in the seemingly endless galaxy within the 90th Expanse Cosmos. At that moment, within a bubble about one hundred thousand feet big were two people, and they were sitting in it.

One of them was a middle-aged man. He was dressed in a casual blue long robe. His long hair was tied up and coiled on top of his head in a bun. That person had a face as fair as jade, and he looked gentle and elegant. There was a smile on his face. In his right hand he held a chess piece while he stared at the chess board in front of him with rapt attention.

Sitting across him was an old man in a white robe. This old man was twirling a part of his moustache while he smiled and stared in silence at the middle-aged man, who seemed to be deep in thought.

“I made a wrong move previously, and with just one wrong move, every single subsequent move I made was filled with mistakes.”

After a long while, the middle-aged man smiled faintly. He placed the chess piece in his hand by the side and raised his head with an expression filled with various emotions.

“If I can make the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei admit that he made a wrong move, I feel honored,” the old man said with a smile. His voice was hoarse, and it sounded as if time flowed from it.

“I made a wrong when playing against the Lord Saint Defier Xuan Jiu, who has remained a Lord Saint Defier since the universe was created, who has never passed down his legacy, and who is the only person who remains as an eternal entity. I can’t find myself complaining.” The middle-aged man shook his head as he spoke at a moderate pace in a self-deprecating manner.

“But I don’t quite understand this. Senior Xuan Jiu, why did you ask to play with me with your divine thought when I was about to descend to Arid Triad?”

As he spoke, the middle-aged man lifted his head. There was still a smile at the corner of his lips, but there was a hint of fierceness in his eyes, and it looked like it was the light that could make the universe lose its color. It was incredibly aggressive.

The old man was silent for a moment before he said languidly with a deep voice, “The chess piece in your hand might not be a chess piece. The chessboard you see might not be a chessboard as well, but no matter what... since we agreed that the first cultivator in Avacaniya Realm sent to Arid Triad would be from Dark Dawn... then I do not wish that this one wrong move would result in subsequent mistakes for the entire game.

“Returning to Arid Triad is the most important thing for the both of us. There can be no error in this. Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, please regard this matter with importance.”

The sharp glare in the middle-aged man's eyes grew sharper, and the smile on his lips became colder.

"It's not yet time for Saint Defier to try and control how I do things! As for this chess piece in my hand... It is his honor to be able to become my chess piece. Also... this chess piece in my hand is destined to be my chess piece. He can't escape from my palm."

There was no arrogance on the middle-aged man's face, but the confidence in his words caused his presence to stand above all in the universe.

"And if you end up with a board full of mistakes because of one wrong move?" the old man asked faintly.

"Even if I end up with a board full of mistakes because of one wrong move, the person who made the move is me, and I can restart the board," the middle-aged man said coolly.

"If the chessboard is broken?"

"Then I will create the chessboard again!"

A glint appeared in the old man's eyes as he enunciated his next words slowly. "And if the chess piece became the player?"

"That's impossible!" the middle-aged man said resolutely.

"Perhaps this is indeed impossible... but what if there is another person besides this chess piece?"

"Are you talking about the ant from that Ninth Summit? That person who fused with True Morning Dao World's will is just conceited. How dare he fuse with a True World's will? Right now, he should have long since lost his sense of self. Can he still even be considered human?" the middle-aged man said coldly.

"I sensed something earlier. There was a strange power that spread out from a spot in Arid Triad, and a tunnel was opened. That tunnel went to an unknown spot and exiled some people as if they had been banished.

"Can you do such a thing?" The old man stared at the middle-aged man, and a stern look appeared on his face.

"That's why you did not want us to forcefully attack the Ninth Summit. Instead, you forced down the fighting spirit of those Paragons and chose to stall for time." The middle-aged man's expression was still as cold as ever, and his thoughts could not be read from his words.

“Before we see the light of things and are certain whether he has fused with True Morning Dao World... or whether he has truly replaced True Morning Dao World, I am not willing to offend this person. I also do not want to spread the flames of war and incite this person’s wrath.

The old man was silent for a moment before he said slowly, “At that time, the price of causing a chessboard full of mistakes because of one mistake would result in the cultivators from our Expanse Cosmoses being buried by that person’s anger because of your command.

“When I mentioned a wrong move, I was not talking about you, but myself. Saint Defier made the wrong choice when we chose our chess piece in the past... Right now, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei is about to descend to Arid Triad, and I do not... want you to continue making mistakes.”

The middle-aged man stared at the old man. After a long while, the aloof look on his face disappeared and was replaced by the smile that was as gentle as a spring breeze. He did not speak, but instead stood up and took a step into the distance.

Three steps later, his figure disappeared without a trace from the world of bubbles.

“One wrong move, and a whole chessboard of mistakes... The chess piece isn’t frightening. What is frightening is the player you do not see beside that chess piece.” The old man frowned and sighed softly. He lifted his head and looked around himself. A hint of determination slowly appeared on his face.

At the center of Dark Dawn Expanse Cosmos was a black galaxy. There was a place filled with ghastly white skeletons in it. They were endless and could not be counted.

There was a middle-aged man who sat at the top of the mountain of the white skeletons.

Needless to say, the man was the person who had been in the world of bubbles. He slowly opened his eyes, and a white light shone in them. A hint of a cold sneer appeared on his lips.

‘Xuan Jiu has lived for too long. What made him outstanding is gone, and he became a mountain without a summit... It’s just some Ninth Summit and a person who was so conceited that he fused with a True World’s will. Why should I be concerned about them?’

‘He isn’t my chess piece, and he isn’t even worthy enough to be my chess piece. My piece... is in the Emperor of Abyss’ True World.’

The middle-aged man stood up slowly. When he took a step forward, the mountain of white skeletons behind him rotated. The entire mountain range swayed and turned into

a sea of white skeletons. They spun beneath the man's feet before they swept him up and rushed through the galaxy at an extreme speed. He charged... towards Arid Triad's gap.

.....

When the flames of war spread through Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, Yin Death Vortex continued rotating. A strange power seemed to have appeared in it, causing all the people from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to find it hard to take even half a step inside.

It was just like with the Antecedental Spirit's disaster. Even if it could enter Yin Death Vortex, it would be weakened.

Yin Death Vortex continued to remain mysterious in other people's eyes, as if it would continue rotating eternally.

The depths of Yin Death Vortex were connected to the vortex belonging to Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, which was like a mirror reflecting Arid Triad. At that moment, all of Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos had descended into silence. Every single operation in the Expanse Cosmos had come to a stop... except for the cocoon Su Ming had turned into at the spot where he and his other self had fought in True Sky Hill World.

The cocoon was only about a hundred feet tall. From the distance, it did not seem eye-catching. There was no mighty pressure spreading out from it or any astonishing presence. It was so common-looking that it seemed incredibly ordinary.

But right beside it was a sight rarely seen—Harmonious Morus Alba's will had personally descended there. It surrounded the area, and with the entire Expanse Cosmos frozen, it prevented all interruptions from the outside world. It cared about this. It protected Su Ming, and it looked forward to his emergence. As the days passed, its care, protection, and expectation grew stronger.

It would not allow a single accident to happen to Su Ming's metamorphosis. It would not allow him to fail, because his appearance, his fusion with the Child of Morus Alba, the possession of the wills of two Great True Worlds... all of these things were filled with the possibility of variation.

In its mind, Su Ming was not the person who fused with a Child of Morus Alba, but... the first person who fused with a Child of Morus Alba while possessing the wills of two Great True Worlds.

The implications behind this were completely different from everything that had happened before. In fact, to Harmonious Morus Alba's will, the Children of Morus Alba were not its children, but servants. When they fused with a person from Arid Triad, they

would either continue being its servants or become a part of Arid Triad. It did not care about which came to be.

But Su Ming had Possessed Morning Dao and Immortal Sect, which was why a cocoon had appeared after he merged with the Child of Morus Alba, and since he was a cocoon... in some sense, while he was in the cocoon, Su Ming was already an existence in the same Realm as Harmonious Morus Alba and Arid Triad. In fact, he was already a race they acknowledged!

That was why Harmonious Morus Alba paid so much attention to him!

It seemed to have seen a vague form of hope from Su Ming. That was the first time... it saw hope after countless years and after countless eras had transitioned from one to another.

It was the hope to return home!

In the countless eras it could no longer count, it heard its home calling to it more than once, but it could not find the hope to return there. During that moment, however, that hope had been magnified endlessly. Even if it was Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos' will, it still trembled as its hope continuously grew.

It was different from Arid Triad. Compared to the aloof and nearly numb Arid Triad, it possessed thoughts and emotions that were similar to those of a human being. That was why there would be three Children of Morus Alba in the place, while there was no such thing in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos.

Time trickled by, but not much time of it passed...

One day, when a light cracking sound traveled through the silent galaxy, Harmonious Morus Alba's will surrounded the cocoon in an excited manner. The cracking sounds grew in number, as if the cocoon was shattering from within.

The cracking lasted for a period of time. Eventually, a thin crack appeared on the cocoon's surface. It slowly spread out. When a clear cracking sound spread out incredibly distinctly, the crack widened to a breadth of a finger. Not a single sliver of light spread out from within, but all those from beyond could see into the cocoon.

They could see that there was a young man with his eyes closed inside. He was naked and looked like he was sleeping calmly. He had a head full of black hair, and his face was so fair that he looked sickly pale. The third eye at the center of his brow was not vertical, but a horizontal line. Above it was another vertical line...

That vertical line was like a cut that penetrated the third eye.

It looked like a cross, but the moment Su Ming opened his eyes and the third eye flew open, the cross... looked like a butterfly that had spread its wings!

## **Chapter 1275: He... is Arid Triad!**

Su Ming opened his eyes.

His right eye looked seemed to contain countless planets in it. They had endless Yin Death Aura, and it was... Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos' True Immortal Sect World.

His left eye was a void. It was empty, like a ruin, and a calmness that felt like dead stillness spread out from it, but in that empty space was a bright sun, and it... was the current True Morning Dao World.

The two Great True Worlds had perfectly fused with Su Ming's will. When he closed his eyes, he was a True World, and when he opened his eyes, he was Su Ming.

The vertical line at the center of his brow marking his third eye was reminiscent of a butterfly when it spread its wings, which caused Su Ming to look like a powerful warrior from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos but also a Child of Morus Alba from Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

However... he was a Child of Morus Alba who was different from all the rest and was one whose existence was unprecedented.

His skin was incredibly pale, which made it look like didn't have a lot of power. In fact, he gave off the feeling that he was very frail and weak, but with this sort of body, when Su Ming opened his eyes and extended his right hand out of the cocoon to tear it slightly open, an astonishing power erupted from him. It was so strong that it would make a person feel as if there were blades cutting into their eyes when they saw it.

Cracking sounds spread out as Su Ming tore the crack on the cocoon wider. Then, he lifted his left hand, and the cocoon was instantly ripped apart both ways, allowing Su Ming to slowly walk out from within.

He walked out naked, but the next moment, he turned his head around and swung his right hand. The cocoon immediately melted to turn into a white robe that covered his body.

He stared at the galaxy before slowly closing his eyes again. He could sense that his body had become unprecedentedly stronger. He felt complete, from having merged with

his other self from this Expanse Cosmos. His physical power... felt like it no longer had any flaws!

All lives practiced cultivation because they wanted to mend the flaws in their bodies, but at that moment, it was clear that no flaws could be detected in Su Ming's physical body any longer... because he was complete!

A body without flaws gave Su Ming a strong feeling that even if he came face to face with a cultivator in Avacaniya Realm... it would be hard for them to affect him.

His soul had also become complete. His level of cultivation might still be stuck at only having his spirit ascend once, but at that moment, Su Ming was very certain that he could have his spirit ascend up to five times.

The endless path of the powerful was now clearly presented before Su Ming. After a long while... he opened his eyes. At the instant he did so, he... sensed the entire True World move.

Or rather, all of Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was moving. This sort of movement was a constant. It moved at all times, but since he was in the Expanse Cosmos, he did not notice it.

And only Su Ming could sense it, since his will was in two True Worlds. It was also because his life had become complete at that moment that this feeling became even clearer.

Not only was Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos moving, Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos... was also moving. They were both moving based on a fixed pattern.

"Tell me the truth."

After a long while, Su Ming spoke languidly. There was not a single person who could be detected around him, but Su Ming's voice still echoed in space, because he could sense a huge will so great that it was indescribable in the area. Su Ming did not find it unfamiliar.

He understood that this familiarity came from his other self, and the vast will that was familiar to him... could only be Harmonious Morus Alba from this Expanse Cosmos.

"There is no truth..."

A muffled voice with a thick ancient air echoed around Su Ming. That voice might have appeared suddenly, but it gave off a feeling that it should have always been in this galaxy.

"If there is truly one... then you can try to perceive it yourself. I will... let you perceive it."

The muffled voice echoed in space calmly, as if there was not a single shred of emotion contained in it, but when it landed in Su Ming's heart, he could detect plenty of emotions, such as anguish, resignation, lamentation, and melancholy...

At the same time the voice appeared, Harmonious Morus Alba's will swiftly rushed at Su Ming and instantly enveloped him. It extended outwards until it touched his body, but did not forcefully seep into him. Instead, it stopped.

A thought appeared in Su Ming's head. In silence, he did not choose to resist, but instead had his divine sense scatter, allowing Harmonious Morus Alba's will to fuse into him, and at that instant... it became connected to his will.

Su Ming's mind instantly roared. His vision became blank, as if his soul had left his body and was continuously rising, rising, rising...

Ten thousand years seemed to pass, but it also seemed as if only a moment was gone. When Su Ming's mind became clear, he saw... a scene that he would never forget, a scene that shook his soul.

It was a vast, empty space. No planets could be seen. No dazzling light could be detected. It was just like the beginning of any galaxy... There was no end to this place, only a vastness that could not be described with words.

In that vast space, Su Ming stared into the distance. He saw light. It was a colorful light, and as wings flapped, the light gradually entered his eyes.

There were... nine butterflies!

There were nine butterflies in this vast galaxy, and they were the only things that existed there, only things that flapped their wings, and only things that caused Su Ming to focus his attention on them!

The nine butterflies were of different sizes. Their wings might be colorful, but there were slight differences between each of them. They flew in the galaxy and were the most dazzling scene within it.

"They... are all Harmonious Morus Albas. They are born along with the universe, and they take on the shape of the universe itself..."

Harmonious Morus Alba's muffled voice reached Su Ming's ears. It lasted for a long time in space and sounded nostalgic.

Su Ming stared at the vision in a daze. He could not tell which of the butterflies was the Harmonious Morus Alba he currently existed in. As he continued observing in silence, he saw the nine butterflies gradually fly into the distance, as if not even they knew where they belonged to.

In fact... there was one butterfly that seemed to be sentimentally attached to this galaxy. It grew slower before it eventually stopped, as if it did not want to continue flying into the distance. The other eight butterflies circled around it a few times, as if they were saying their goodbyes to it before they left.

At that moment, only one butterfly remained in the vast galaxy. It circled around the area. When it flapped its wings, it felt as if the entire galaxy trembled. When its wings overlapped with each other, it felt as if they became only one wing, and during that moment, the entire galaxy fell into dead silence.

Gradually, the butterfly stopped moving and no longer flew or circled around the area. Instead, it quietly stopped moving and looked... to have closed its eyes.

But it was still moving its wings slightly.

“It is me...” Harmonious Morus Alba’s voice echoed in Su Ming’s ears. There was a melancholic tone in that voice, along with very complicated emotions. It was as if it was feeling sentimental about a period of time in the past.

Its wings were colorful and very complicated, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that the patterns on the wings were exactly the same. When they overlapped with each other, it became even more difficult to tell them apart...

When he saw this, Su Ming’s heart trembled with a bang. He saw the right wing of the butterfly in front of him grow endlessly larger. The colorful picture on it too grew larger, and as it continued without stopping, Su Ming saw a galaxy contained in it.

That wing was a galaxy!

It seemed to contain a border, but in truth, this border was difficult to discern. In that galaxy, Su Ming saw various lives be born. He saw the galaxy being split apart, and Almightyies appearing to lead all forms of life...

Countless powerful warriors showed up, and some of them even made Su Ming’s heart shudder when he looked at them. Time seemed to flow faster, and it felt as if one hundred thousand, one million, and an even longer period of time passed.

When the lives in the galaxy in the right wing reached the peak in their development and a certain number of Almightyies appeared, one day, the butterfly flapped its wings slowly, and they two wings overlapped with each other.

At the moment they overlapped with each other... Su Ming saw the destruction of all lives. The galaxy in the right wing was not the only one destroyed. Arid Triad, which existed in the left wing, was also destroyed.

This... was one aeon!

“This is... antecedent of the truth you want.”

Harmonious Morus Alba's will sighed softly. Its ancient voice echoed in Su Ming's mind again and lingered there.

Each time Harmonious Morus Alba's wings overlapped, one aeon would pass. Su Ming stared at all of this in a daze. The wings were two galaxies, and in the middle was the body of the butterfly. At that moment... Su Ming remembered the vortex known as Yin Death and Bright Yang!

After an unknown amount of time passed, he saw the butterfly spread its wings... and a new aeon was born.

New lives appeared, new Almighty's astonished the universe, the wings overlapped again... and another aeon was over!

The cycle of destruction and birth continued. The aeons intersected with each other before leaving. Su Ming saw too many lives, up to a moment he forgot just how many aeons he witnessed.

He saw the birth of the galaxy in the left wing, saw the destruction of the galaxy in the right wing. He saw the disaster that appeared every single time the wings overlapped with each other, and the birth of new lives when two Expanse Cosmoses appeared at the same time.

It was indeed just like a mirror. The interior and exterior of the mirror was the exact same.

It seemed to be an ancient law in the universe which no one could change. It could only continue operating in this manner without end. They could only search for the eternity they longed for but could not find between the destruction and birth.

This lasted until one aeon. Su Ming saw the birth of a life in the galaxy in the left wing. This life was born an ordinary mortal, and he watched his entire life... until he stood on the peak and became the Chosen of the galaxy.

His power was matchless. In fact, when Su Ming observed him, he found that this person was... the most powerful person who had ever appeared in the two Expanse Cosmoses on the butterfly's wings!

When that person was born, another version of him appeared in the galaxy in the right wing. Since the two of them were one, when the version of this person became a Chosen in the left wing, the other version in the right wing also stood at the peak of the universe.

The butterfly's wings were about to overlap soon. Right when the world was about to be destroyed... That person... chose to become the first form of life to fuse with his other self in the right wing, and he became the first life in the butterfly's Expanse Cosmoses to reach completion!

"He... is Arid Triad!"

## **Chapter 1276: Truth!**

The voice of Harmonious Morus Alba's will was filled with complicated emotions when it reached Su Ming's ears. It seemed to contain a deeply rooted hatred, but there also seemed to be a hint of respect contained within it.

'Arid Triad...'

Su Ming's heart trembled. He was so shocked that a storm stirred in his soul, and it was no less stronger than the shock he felt when he saw the disaster formed by the butterfly's wings when they overlapped with each other.

It was also during this moment that Su Ming came to a swift understanding. Perhaps Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos did not have a name at the earliest point of time... until this person appeared, and only then was Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos... known as Arid Triad!

Su Ming forced down the tremors in his heart. His eyes burned brightly. When he focused his attention on that person, he saw the man who was Arid Triad become complete when he fused with his other self in the right wing.

When he became complete, he chose to sit down cross-legged in the galaxy and became quiet, as if he had fallen asleep to wait... for the day the wings would overlap. Su Ming watched this person, and he felt as if he could sense the unwillingness to give in and the madness coming from his divine thoughts.

He was unwilling to accept that he would be destroyed by the disaster. That was why he gained a crazed thought. He wanted... to Possess the butterfly's two Expanse Cosmoses. He wanted to become Harmonious Morus Alba, and he wanted to make this Harmonious Morus Alba... transform into Arid Triad!

The butterfly's wings overlapped with each other. When the disaster of the aeon descended, the person opened his eyes, and for the first time ever in history, he tried to Possessed Harmonious Morus Alba!

All lives were destroyed. He... succeeded, but also failed.

Harmonious Morus Alba's counterattack, the life and death Possession. He succeeded because he obtained one of the Expanse Cosmoses during his Possession. He completely occupied Harmonious Morus Alba's left wing, turning that place into Arid Triad!

He also chased away Harmonious Morus Alba's will from Yin Death Vortex, which existed between the wings, causing the vortex to truly become a vortex from then on, a tunnel that connected the two Expanse Cosmoses together.

When he chased Harmonious Morus Alba out, he completely suppressed Harmonious Morus Alba's will in the right wing. This made it unable to venture outwards, so it could only fight against him in a passive manner.

They might have seemed to be on equal grounds, but in truth, since the man was the one who took the initiative to Possess Harmonious Morus Alba, he could be considered to have succeeded and have gained the upper hand.

But he had also failed, because he did not manage to replace Harmonious Morus Alba's will completely. He had only managed to complete half of his plan.

A new aeon began, and the wings split apart. Arid Triad sank into deep slumber, waiting... for the next time the wings would overlap.

New lives appeared in his Expanse Cosmos, but they no longer belonged to Harmonious Morus Alba... but to Arid Triad.

When that aeon was over, the butterfly's wings gradually overlapped again. Arid Triad, who had waited for an entire aeon, woke up from his slumber. In each aeon, the two Expanse Cosmoses would only overlap once, and he only had one chance. Hence, he seized that chance to Possess the butterfly's right wing and Harmonious Morus Alba's will again.

One aeon, and another... and many more aeons passed. Every time Harmonious Morus Alba's wings overlapped, their wills would come face to face with a difficult test. In the beginning, Harmonious Morus Alba's will would fight back with full force, but in the end, it would have to hide itself. It did not want to be Possessed and devoured. That was why every single time its wings overlapped with each other, it would instinctively hide itself.

It had hid itself up to that moment. As the aeons passed, it became a guess mentioned by the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. He guessed that Arid Triad seemed to be searching for something, and during that moment, his guess was verified by Su Ming.

Arid Triad was searching for the hidden Harmonious Morus Alba to complete the Possession he did not manage to complete in the past.

Perhaps, after so many aeons, Arid Triad, once a cultivator, had long since forgotten his previous life and that he had gained the crazy thought of Possessing Harmonious Morus Alba because he did not want to be destroyed by the disaster. He had... forgotten all of this.

Instead, he had grown used to being the will of an Expanse Cosmos. When the wings split apart, he fell asleep, and when the wings overlapped with each other, he woke up, destroyed the world, and searched for Harmonious Morus Alba.

“This is the truth you want.”

Harmonious Morus Alba’s muffled voice echoed in Su Ming’s ears once more. There was a sigh contained within them. When it echoed in Su Ming’s ears, the world he saw became an illusion. When the view before his eyes became clear again, he found himself back in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. He was still in True Sky Hill World’s galaxy. The area around him was still empty, and the entire Expanse Cosmos was in a state of silence that seemed to last for eternity.

Su Ming was silent. All sorts of thoughts appeared in his head. Everything he saw just then gave him deeply complicated feelings. He had never thought that Arid Triad was once a cultivator!

He had tried to Possess Harmonious Morus Alba and succeeded halfway, occupying its left wing and becoming Arid Triad’s will.

Su Ming had also never expected that the world in which he lived was actually a butterfly’s wing, and it was born in the vast galaxy. The butterfly was a life form that was difficult to describe. It exceeded Su Ming’s imagination, and it caused him to fall silent.

‘So... Arid Triad is indeed asleep, and he was once a cultivator.’

‘So... the disaster that occurs once Arid Triad wakes up was once Harmonious Morus Alba instinctively destroying everything, but later on, it became a chance for Arid Triad to search for Harmonious Morus Alba...’

‘So this is what is happening...’

Harmonious Morus Alba’s will was silent for a moment, then it asked slowly, “How... will you choose?”

Su Ming was still silent. He understood what Harmonious Morus Alba’s will meant by its question. It wanted him to choose a position... but emotionally, Su Ming leaned more towards Arid Triad, because Arid Triad was once a cultivator as well. He was unwilling to be destroyed by the disaster, which was why he wanted to Possess Harmonious Morus Alba, and this was something similar between them.

But while Arid Triad had succeeded in half of his plan, he was still Arid Triad's will. He did not choose to stop the disasters. The overlapping of the wings and the subsequent destruction was exactly the same as before he Possessed Arid Triad.

The disasters still remained. The destructions still remained. However, from then onwards, Harmonious Morus Alba was not alone. Arid Triad was added into the mix.

"The overlaps and destructions aren't something I can control with my will. To me, the lives in the Expanse Cosmoses in my wings, their existences and their eventual passing are all in the process of my wings splitting up and overlapping. They are just another form of life born on my body.

"Perhaps this is my mission from when I was born in this vast galaxy... but I have also pondered over a question for a long time...

"Since you are all lives born on my body... then on whose body am I born? When my wings split up and eventually overlap, you will die. This isn't my will, but my wings' instincts. Unless I die, it's impossible for my wings to stop moving... and if I die, all of you will cease to exist.

"Then will I... disappear when another entity instinctively breathes, and it is an action that it cannot control?

"This is how all things began, whether it is your life, my life, or how all lives began."

Harmonious Morus Alba's voice was ancient and sentimental. It spread out and traveled into Su Ming's ears, causing him to fall silent, and understanding mixed with further confusion appeared in his mind.

"Arid Triad is the first person to fuse his two selves from the two Expanse Cosmoses together. He became a complete entity, and there were others after him who managed to do the same.

"But no one was able to compare to him, because they cannot Possess me and Arid Triad at the same time, which is why they were bound to fail, and it is also why they did not dare to do such a thing.

"Even after I gradually grew to have my own consciousness and started choosing lives who can communicate with me in my Expanse Cosmos and naming them the Children of Morus Alba, none of them were up to my expectations.

"Until... you appeared. I saw hope. You could Possess Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World because your other self was a Child of Morus Alba in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

“The other selves of the other Children of Morus Alba in Arid Triad were unable to do what you did either... That is why you... are different. You are the only one who can help me threaten Arid Triad.

“Help me. I don’t want to continue staying here. I... want to go home. I want to search for my companions. I’ve stayed here for far too long, I want to find them...

“Help me... Possess Arid Triad and... tear down my left wing... Let me leave... The torn left wing will be my gift to you. Help me, or else... when the wings overlap, all of your friends... will be reduced to ash under this disaster!

“You might have become complete after you fused with your other self and became an existence the disaster will not be able to destroy, but your friends, your family, and everything belonging to you will become a relic of the past.

“If you help me, you will also be helping yourself, because even after you’ve become complete and will no longer be affected by the disaster, you will sink into slumber so deep it will seem as if it will last for eternity. You can only wake up one hundred years before the wings overlap every time. Then one hundred years after the wings part, you must fall asleep again.

“You will only have two hundred years of wakefulness in each aeon. For the rest of the time, you will have to be asleep, or else, you will be unable to withstand your own body waning in health every single time the aeons switch places.

“Even if you remain awake, you will no longer have any semblance of humanity. Living that way... is no different than being dead. In fact, it is even worse. Then, you will choose death, because you will not want to live like that.”

As Harmonious Morus Alba’s will’s words echoed in the air, Su Ming’s heart trembled, and he lifted his head.

This was the first time he had heard that. A huge storm raged in his heart, and it instantly caused a myriad of thoughts to appear in his head.

He had never thought that he would be indestructible under the disaster after he fused with his other self. By the looks of it, there were... a number of powerful warriors who fused with their other selves in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos and Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. They struggled to live under each disaster, but they could only wake up one hundred years before the disaster!

In fact, during that instant, amid all those thoughts in his mind, Su Ming suddenly remembered the scene he saw in the secrets of the universe...

In that scene, all the people beside him had died. Only he remained standing in the galaxy filled with countless corpses as he roared at the heavens in grief...

“You cannot take away any person from this place either. Even if they used a unique method to enter the vortex... they would never be able to step foot in Arid Triad. Once they went there, Arid Triad would send a disaster on them, because their wills were different!

“Even you will not be able to withstand that disaster!

“If the same two people from two different Expanse Cosmoses appear in the world in the vortex, those two people... will be instantly wiped off at the same time. This is the law in the world in the vortex. It is also Arid Triad’s will. With a strength greater than mine, he set down this eternal law.” Harmonious Morus Alba’s voice caused Su Ming to fall silent.

After a long while, Su Ming’s eyes sparkled swiftly. His voice was ghastly when he spoke.

“How can I help you?!”

### **Chapter 1277: How Many Wings Does a Butterfly Have?!**

“When the wings overlap, the disaster will fall, and during that instant, the will of Arid Triad will be in a state of sleep and wakefulness. It will also be the moment where it is at its most dozed. That moment... will be the only moment where you can Possess it!

“I cannot show myself to help you. Unless you Possessed most of Arid Triad and are just a sliver away from success, I will not appear.

“But... I can open up all of Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos for you. You can train at will here. In fact... I give you another True World’s will so that you can Possess it!

“By doing so, if you can Possess another True World in Arid Triad, then you will have four True Worlds in your Possession, and you will obtain the right to Possess Arid Triad.

“I can also teach you... a divine ability Branded in my mind when I was born. The name of the divine ability was Butterfly Metamorphosis. You’ve only managed to understand the bare basics of it. Once I give it all to you, activate this Art at the critical moment when you are Possessing Arid Triad...” The muffled voice of Harmonious Morus Alba’s will was filled with excitement during that instant. It echoed in Su Ming’s ears, causing Su Ming to fall silent.

“Once you Possess it, tear down my left wing, and this will be the greatest help for me...”

Su Ming was still silent. The excitement in Harmonious Morus Alba’s will slowly turned into a lingering note in space. The entire True World gradually sank into silence.

“Aren’t you worried that once I successfully Possess Arid Triad, I won’t fulfill my promise?” After a long while, a barely noticeable glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes as he said faintly.

“During the period of time Arid Triad’s will came into existence, I sighed, more than once. I sighed and wondered what would have happened if I chose to self-destruct during the one hundred years I noticed I was Possessed.

“But a pity. The slight sliver of hope for survival had caused me to miss the chance to choose self-destruction, and even lose the right to do so. I could only hide after that and not dare to show myself.

“However... if there is someone who will Possess Arid Triad or Possess me again, then it will mean that everything will return to the start. During the one hundred years after I was Possessed, I will have one chance to self-destruct.

“The result... will be that I cannot return home and I will disappear from then on, but the price will be that the person who Possessed the two Expanse Cosmoses will vanish without a trace. From then on, not a single trace of anything about me will be left in this universe,” Harmonious Morus Alba’s will remained silent for a moment before it said languidly.

“Helping me will also mean that you’re helping yourself. You are helping yourself create an endless future and a serendipity!

“If you don’t help me, I will still exist. I will still hide. Perhaps after an unknown number of aeons later, I will be made to merge with Arid Triad, but during that process, you will have to bear with the fate of all your families and friends’ deaths. All the people you knew during the aeons will eventually die wretched deaths, and you... will have to face the fate of waking up only for two hundred years in each aeon while sleeping for the rest of the time... and as each aeon passes, you will become weaker.

“You will realize... that living is more painful than dying.

“Once I am devoured, everything will be remade... and you will be buried in the past. During the process of everything being remade, you will be wiped off for all eternity.

“Similarly, if you choose to help Arid Triad... then you should know how you will end up, considering you know very well about the schemes between cultivators and how the strong prey on the weak. I do not even need to tell you about it.

“If you choose to agree to help me but turn against me in the end or Possess me, you know full well what will happen to you... Unless you submit to fate... you have no other choice.” The voice of Harmonious Morus Alba’s will traveled into the area calmly, causing Su Ming’s expression to become even darker.

‘I don’t have any other choice..?’ Su Ming did not speak. In truth, Harmonious Morus Alba’s will had not promised Su Ming anything, and neither did it give him many things. It promised him that he would own the left wing, but if Su Ming truly Possessed Arid Triad, he would not need Harmonious Morus Alba’s blessing. The left wing was already his, there was no need for him to be provided that blessing.

With Su Ming’s soul, he could also Possess one of the wills in this True World’s Expanse Cosmos. There might be some difficulties in this, but it was by no means any sort of gift. However, it would still make Su Ming’s Possession of Arid Triad to be easier.

The Butterfly Metamorphosis was also not any form of legacy. This was something Harmonious Morus Alba’s will must do for itself.

It could be said that Harmonious Morus Alba had used the most straightforward method not to provide help for Su Ming... but to tell him all about the truth in detail.

It told him everything and did not hide too many details from him. It allowed Su Ming to know of his situation and know of all the paths in his future. If he understood, then it would be beneficial for the both of them... and that would be enough.

“Then... what sort of existences are the 360 Expanse Cosmoses that form Saint Defier and Dark Dawn? Could it be that there are other butterflies beside you who have reached perfection?” Su Ming remained silent for a while before he suddenly asked. This was his final question.

This question had remained constantly in his mind after he came to understand Harmonious Morus Alba, and since Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was a mirror of Arid Triad, there was also a gap in Harmonious Morus Alba serving as a reflection of Arid Triad’s gap, and Su Ming had noticed it when he had his will fill the place.

Then surely, there should also be a Dark Dawn and Saint Defier beyond this gap!

“Other butterflies..? No. I am the only in this vast galaxy... My family is in the distance... I stopped midway to watched the beautiful galaxy... but because of it, I have practically been made to stop here for all eternity. I can’t find my family, I can’t locate them...” There was a melancholic tone in Harmonious Morus Alba’s voice. Its voice lingered, and there was a sigh in it.

“As for the Saint Defier and Dark Dawn you speak of... They exist in real Expanse Cosmose as well, but they are not beyond me. They are also on my wings.”  
Harmonious Morus Alba remained silent for a moment before it answered languidly.

“The so-called gap... is in truth not a gap.”

“I don’t understand.” Su Ming frowned. These words caused him to be in slight confusion. He could not grasp the meaning behind it. He still could not quite understand how Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, which were both beyond Arid Triad’s gap, could possibly be on the butterfly.

In fact, in Su Ming’s thoughts, perhaps Saint Defier and Dark Dawn had been able to leave in the past because... Arid Triad had agreed to it. In fact... there was a high possibility that Arid Triad had also given its tacit agreement for the formation of the gap that had appeared in Arid Triad this time.

And this... was what Su Ming could not understand. If Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos were the two wings on the butterfly... then where were the Expanse Cosmose of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier located?

“How many wings did I have on my body when you saw me in my memories?”  
Harmonious Morus Alba’s voice echoed around Su Ming calmly.

“Two wings... hmm?” Right when Su Ming spoke, his eyes immediately focused swiftly. He stopped speaking abruptly. There was brilliant light shining in his eyes. His heart roared loudly during that moment as well.

“It’s not just two wings... but four wings!!” The butterfly he saw previously immediately appeared in Su Ming’s mind. The butterfly had two huge wings, but when it flapped its wings, there were two slightly smaller wings. However, they looked as if they were connected. In fact, when they moved, they moved at the same pace with the larger wings. That was why Su Ming ignored their existences, instead treating them as a part of the two wings!

But in truth, the butterfly did not have two wings... it had four wings!!

During that instant, Su Ming came to an instant understanding that the two big wings were Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba, and one of the two small wings was Saint Defier and Dark Dawn... while the other was an Expanse Cosmos connected to Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos!

“Then...” Su Ming’s eyes sparkled brilliantly, just as he was about to speak, the low voice of Harmonious Morus Alba’s will gradually traveled into the air.

“I know what you want to ask. You want to ask whether there is a will in those two small wings... I told you before that Arid Triad is stronger than I am. That is why he can come searching for me on his own, and why I have to hide from him.

“But you didn’t ask me... why he is stronger than me.

“Because he had also Possessed the small left wing originally belonging to me, and I... was forced to give up on the small right wing when I was fighting against Arid Triad. I hid myself in the world in the big right wing.” In Su Ming’s ears, Harmonious Morus Alba’s voice sounded as if it came from very far away, because at that moment, Su Ming was so shocked that he had a storm raging in his heart.

Only during that moment did he understand that this so-called disaster of Arid Triad and Dark Dawn’s descent was in truth... tacitly agreed upon by Arid Triad, because to Arid Triad, it did not matter whether it was Saint Defier or Dark Dawn, they were one!

Yet hilariously enough, Saint Defier and Dark Dawn did not know this at all. Perhaps there were people who knew this, but most would definitely not know about this. They thought that had descended to invade Arid Triad, but in truth, they were also one.

‘Then why did Arid Triad do this?! Even if it’s asleep, it also wanted to drive this matter into its development... besides searching for Harmonious Morus Alba, there is no other reason!

‘Then what other method could it use to find Harmonious Morus Alba...’ Su Ming’s eyes sparkled. During the instant this question appeared in his mind, a shudder ran through his entire body!

‘Arid Triad’s gap and Harmonious Morus Alba’s gap!

‘Arid Triad, what an existence! As expected of the strongest cultivator in the Expanse Cosmos in the past and the most powerful person who could Possess Harmonious Morus Alba’s will. This person’s schemes are not something a normal person can think of. He isn’t thinking about using Arid Triad’s gap to find Harmonious Morus Alba, but with Arid Triad’s gap... he wants to form Harmonious Morus Alba’s gap!

‘With Dark Dawn and Saint Defier invading Arid Triad... it caused the small right wing to invade Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos! It can be said that at the same time Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos is invaded by Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, there are also forms of lives descending into Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos through Harmonious Morus Alba’s gap!’ When Su Ming’s heart trembled, Harmonious Morus Alba’s sigh traveled into his ears.

“You should have thought of it. That’s right. Once you arrived, a gap appeared in my Expanse Cosmos. I can sense... Arid Triad’s presence coming from it. It... has arrived using this method.

“Next, he will make the disaster descend ahead of schedule. He will make the four wings’ overlapping appear beforehand.”

A brilliant light appeared in Su Ming’s eyes. At that moment, he did not know that the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had understood this before he died, and that was why he had mentioned that it was coming.

He meant to say that the disaster was about to come. He meant to say... that Arid Triad had already rushed into Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos through Harmonious Morus Alba’s gap!

## **Chapter 1278: Approaching All Spirits Hall**

Arid Triad, what an existence!

This was a matter he had planned for two eras, and he had exerted a subtle influence over Saint Defier and Dark Dawn to send them out of Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. They entered a region that could be said to be Arid Triad’s second Expanse Cosmos. He waited there in silence, and when the time was right, he used the gap as an entrance and moved into Harmonious Morus Alba. He also attempted to use this method to control three wings, so that the overlapping of the four wings... would arrive ahead of schedule!

‘Even I was used by Arid Triad once. The Antecedental Spirit’s disaster had appeared in Yin Death Vortex because he wanted to force me into Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos!

‘My appearance caused Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos and Arid Triad to arrive at the same wavelength, causing Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos to appear!’

Su Ming’s eyes sparkled brilliantly, and there was a fierceness in them. If his cooperation with Harmonious Morus Alba previously only began to form, then right then, Su Ming had completely agreed to cooperate with it.

There was an arrogance in his character!

This arrogance made him become ruthless towards all those who used him and manipulated his life. He made all those people pay. It was the case for Su Xuan Yi, for Di Tian... so why should Arid Triad’s will be any different!

“The time for the overlap should have been around three thousand and seven hundred years, but now, it has become only five hundred years. I can only stall it for five hundred years. After that... the four wings will overlap, and the disaster will arrive.”

Harmonious Morus Alba's will sighed softly. When its murmurs spread out, Su Ming sank into silence.

What caused him to fall silent was not the five hundred years. Instead, it was the original time for the disaster to descend. The time... was three thousand seven hundred something years.

In fact, Su Ming knew the precise time for it. It should be three thousand seven hundred and twenty years.

The voice of the Rune Spirit in Heavenly Spirit Incense seemed to repeat its words in his again.

“Three thousand seven hundred twenty years later, I will be lit again...”

A hint of determination appeared in Su Ming's face. When he lifted his head, he stared at the galaxy in the distance and said calmly, “I understand. I will help you in this.”

“Thank you... Which True World's will do you want to Possess?”

“Which True World directly reflects Arid Triad's Emperor of Abyss?” A strange light shone in Su Ming's eyes when he spoke faintly.

“It is the True World you are currently in... True Sky Hill World.”

“I want the will here!” Su Ming said resolutely and without hesitation.

At the moment he said those words, Harmonious Morus Alba's will immediately turned into a storm around him. It surrounded Su Ming and swept through the area with a loud bang. In the blink of an eye, it grew to be ten thousand li wide before it disappeared without a trace. Only Su Ming's divine sense could sense that the storm had already swept through all of True Sky Hill World. Wherever it went, True Sky Hill World's original will would instantly disappear.

This only lasted for the span of a few breaths. When the storm Harmonious Morus Alba had turned into went past True Sky Hill World, not a single shred of will remained within it.

It turned into an empty space. It was like a body without a soul, and any other soul could occupy it. This was the help Harmonious Morus Alba provided Su Ming, allowing him to Possess a True World in an incredibly easy manner!

The moment True Sky Hill World was void of a will, Su Ming's will spread out and instantly fused into it. His will instantly increased in power exponentially, as if it had received a great supplement and external nourishment. In just the span of a few breaths, Su Ming's will spread through all of Sky Hill, and once he completely occupied it and turned it into his clone, he could clearly sense that the power of his will... had increased by five-tenths!

With three True Worlds' wills, Su Ming instantly rose to a higher state of being, making him feel like a god at that moment!

It didn't if his will, his cultivation base, or his Antecedental Spirit's will took control, they could each make him become a supreme entity. Su Ming's will had become incredibly strong at that moment. His level of cultivation was slightly weaker, but as long as he was successful in multiple spirit ascensions, he could make his will fuse with his cultivation base, and then he could have his Antecedental Spirit's will fuse with his will. In the end, he could make them his will's assistants. From then on... Su Ming would no longer be a cultivator, but an existence with his will as his main concern!

"Please keep to your promise, and I will do the same... I will give you the Butterfly Metamorphosis when you Possess Arid Triad... You only have five hundred years to prepare. During them, I can no longer help you, because I will be in deep sleep. With it, I will fight against Arid Triad so that I can hold it back for five hundred years... for you, and for myself.

"Take care... of yourself."

Harmonious Morus Alba's muffled voice slowly grew weaker. When the lingering echoes of the final four words spread out, Harmonious Morus Alba's will sank into deep sleep and disappeared into the universe. Its Expanse Cosmos, which had previously been frozen for all eternity, returned to normal during that moment.

No one knew that this period of time, which seemed to have only lasted for the blink of an eye, made Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos different from before. Sky Hill had already become one of Su Ming's clones.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his head and looked into the distance. When he took a step forward, he disappeared into space and reached the border connecting Sky Hill and Victory Colony. Then, he walked straight into True Victory Colony World.

Su Ming appeared in the palace belonging to the Child of Morus Alba in True Victory Colony World. He moved forward and did not run into any form of resistance. Even the guards standing beyond the palace immediately worshiped him respectfully once they saw him.

Su Ming walked into the palace and looked around. In silence, he lowered his head and looked at the floor beneath his feet. He lifted his right foot before he placed it down

gently. His body immediately fused with the ground and appeared at the bottommost level of the palace, right where the other Yu Xuan slept.

As he stared at her sleeping form, Su Ming examined the face of the woman who was exactly the same as the one in his memories.

He was silent.

He could not take her away, because even his other self who had fused with him had not known of the secrets in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. He did not know that this Yu Xuan would have her body and soul destroyed once she was brought out.

Su Ming did not dare take the bet. In silence, he watched the sleeping woman. When he lifted his right hand and swung it, layers of huge seals appeared swiftly, filling the hall with Su Ming's will. When the protections in the place reached their peak, Su Ming cast a glance at the sleeping woman once more before turning around and leaving.

He wanted to go to Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos' All Spirits Hall!

This was Su Ming's final stop while in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. He did not want to know who was the third Child of Morus Alba nor did he need to know it. There was no use in knowing whether they were someone familiar to him or just a stranger.

Whichever was the case, it would be better if he did not ask, did not know, and did not see.

Once he understood all of this and no longer allowed it to bother him, Su Ming's heart became very calm, so calm that he felt as if he had returned to the carefree childhood years when he was in Dark Mountain. However, the calmness he experienced at that time was because he had yet to experience life and he was as blank as a sheet of paper.

Yet now, countless pictures had already appeared on the white sheet of paper. Too many vicissitudes of life had been written down, and it already had wrinkles of time, but due to the changes, Su Ming felt as if he had seen through all the splendor in the world and understood the real meaning behind it, and that was why he was calm.

He slowly walked through the galaxy. He moved through Victory Colony, walked past Sky Hill, and arrived in True Immortal Sect World.

He stared at the now empty wasteland that was True Immortal Sect World and walked calmly through it until... he came to the All Spirits Hall reflecting the All Spirits Hall in Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World.

Or rather, there was no All Spirits Hall in Immortal Sect, because the huge talisman was not there.

Su Ming stared at the empty galaxy and closed his eyes.

There was indeed no talisman here... but if Su Ming needed it, it would appear, because this was an Expanse Cosmos in the mirror, while Arid Triad was beyond the mirror, and if there could be two forms of the exact same life within and outside the mirror, there was no exception to the All Spirits Hall.

When he closed his eyes, Su Ming took a step forward. Then another step, and another. When he placed his foot down for the third step, his body contorted. He disappeared from the galaxy, and when he reappeared, he was already in a world he was familiar with.

White fog filled the entire world, and no end could be seen of it. He could not see into the distance, and he could not see any lives in the fog.

This was All Spirits Hall. Perhaps it was Arid Triad's All Spirits Hall, but it could also belong to Harmonious Morus Alba. Su Ming did not look into this too deeply. It did not matter to which side the hall belonged. As long as it existed, it was enough.

With a step forward, Su Ming turned into a long arc and flew forward in the direction he remembered. He did not seem to be fast, but in the blink of an eye, he disappeared without a trace.

As he charged forward, the fog underneath instantly started tumbling, as if Su Ming's arrival had caused some changes. In the blink of an eye, red fog was about to appear.

Red fog was the most terrifying sign in the world in All Spirits Hall. When Su Ming ran into this red fog in the past, he had to use his fastest speed to avoid it, or else his life would be in danger.

But right then...

The moment the red fog appeared, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. He lifted his right hand and swung his arm downwards. With it, storms immediately raged. Booming sounds shook the sky and earth. The fog started tumbling backwards with loud rumbles. It looked like the storm was about to wipe it off.

The countless ferocious beasts in the blood-red fog instantly broke down and exploded. They became part of the blood fog, but they still could not stop the fog from dissipating.

At that moment, shrill roars traveled through the air. The sky distorted. A vast hall with an ancient and decaying air had one of its corners descend at the end of the sky. At the

same time, a large number of lives who looked like spirits and who had dazed expressions on their faces came out from the hall to charge towards Su Ming.

Figures who were as thin as mummies, as tall as mountains, and who held long spears in their hands appeared. They raised the long spears in their hands, and waves of murderous aura filled the universe.

Almost in an instant, a large number of people who had failed their spirit ascension and turned into either spirits or other forms of physical entities charged towards Su Ming ferociously from all around him.

Su Ming's expression remained calm. He stared at the strange life forms who had forced him to flee and would have killed him if he had not run into an old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe before. His expression was calm, but a fierce look appeared in his eyes. With a swing of his arm, he said calmly, "Get lost!"

The world roared. With just two words, it sounded as if thunder that was a million times stronger than normal roared in the sky. Its mighty pressure swept through the land, causing the dazed and ferocious spirits as well as the spear-wielding mummies to shudder, and the forms and spirits of quite a number of them were instantly destroyed while the world rumbled.

The entire world instantly filled with a dead silence after the thunderous rumble... In the next breath, great terror appeared on the faces of all the spirits and mummies. Then, without any hesitation, just like how they had reacted when the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe showed up, they instantly fell back and dispersed.

## **Chapter 1279: The Sovereign of Dawn Descends**

'If this is the other All Spirits Hall... then would there be another Tian Bai here as well?'

Su Ming stared at the terrified, shocked, and fleeing spirits and mummies in the sky. With a calm expression, he turned his head and looked into the distance.

A contemplative expression appeared on his face. Su Ming took a step forward before he instantly vanished. When he appeared, he was already standing in a place far away. There was a mountain where he stood.

Su Ming was familiar with it. It was precisely the mountain in which the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had been located. However... when Su Ming swept his divine sense across the area, he did not detect even a single hint of familiarity.

'Perhaps there is indeed another Tian Bai... but it's rather unlikely that he is still here.'

Su Ming shook his head. Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba might have two versions of the same lives, but even if they were the same lives, they lived different lives.

It was obvious from the other Su Ming, who was a Child of Morus Alba.

With a shake of his head, Su Ming turned into a long arc that left into the distant sky. When he appeared at the ruins of Great Berserker Tribe, which was the place where he had went through his first spirit ascension, Su Ming moved onto the towering Spirit Ascension Platform. He swung his arm and sat down cross-legged.

The wind was very strong, and it was especially so when on the towering Spirit Ascension Platform. He could even hear the wind moaning in his ears.

Su Ming's long hair moved in the air. His robes fluttered with loud whooshing of the wind. A brilliant light shone in his eyes, and he lifted his head and stared at the sky with a hint of resolve and determination.

"Spirit ascension!"

As brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes, his voice traveled through the entire world. At the moment he spoke, the power of the Berserkers immediately erupted with a bang from his body. It turned into ripples that spread in all directions.

Based on the path of spirit ascension he had experienced before, Su Ming activated the presence for the All Spirits Hall to descend on his own. The world rumbled, and the sky distorted as if it was about to be torn apart. A huge hall descended with a bang. It was golden and radiating with a piercing light that caused the entire world to tremble.

A broken hall filled with the living spirits who failed in their spirit ascension could also be seen nearby; it was the Spirit Descension Hall! However, compared to the huge golden hall, the difference in size between the two halls was incredibly huge. They were like a child and a huge man standing side by side.

When the golden hall shone with a golden light that reached one hundred thousand feet to envelop the world, Su Ming saw a familiar sign standing tall in front of the hall. Two words were carved on it.

All Spirits!

Su Ming's pupils shrank slightly. A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his lips. Only one Spirit Descension Hall appeared, which meant that Su Ming's assumption was correct. This All Spirits Hall was indeed not the All Spirits Hall he had went to in the past, but the one that existed in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

The number of times a person had his spirit ascend would cause a different number of Spirit Descension Halls to appear. The All Spirits Hall was not counted. Right then, there was only one Spirit Descension Hall, which meant... that Su Ming could have his spirit go through the first ascension one more time!

At that moment, as the light from the hall shone at a brilliant degree, thousands of Ancestral Spirits instantly appeared!

There were ten rows of them. There were men and women, and all of them were dressed in ancient, simple robes as they levitated beyond the golden hall.

The person right at the top shone with a golden light that spread one hundred thousand feet. He was filled with a suffocating, mighty pressure. Beneath him were three people, and beneath them were eight, then seventeen, then thirty-nine, then eighty-six, and at the end there were eight hundred and eighty one people.

Two thousand six hundred and three positions of Ancestral Spirits!

Su Ming sat on the Spirit Ascension Platform with brightly sparkling eyes as his gaze moved towards the 781st Ancestral Spirit at the lowest row.

Su Ming had already inherited this Ancestral Spirit when he was in Arid Triad's All Spirits Hall. But right then, he was going to inherit it again. Confidence appeared on his face, and he slowly stood up.

"Today... I will have my spirit ascend until I reach my limits in this place."

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, he swiftly flew to the 781st position on the bottom row and instantly drew close to it.

Su Ming touched the Ancestral Spirit, and loud booms surged into the sky. Su Ming jolted. A brilliant light appeared in his eyes. His body shuddered slightly, but his expression remained the same and did not change.

His aura increased swiftly during that moment. The feeling of becoming powerful instantly rose in his body. As he fused with the Ancestral Spirit and absorbed it, an astonishing pressure erupted from him.

The feeling that he was becoming increasingly stronger without stop made Su Ming throw his head back and roar. As he did so, not only did the strength of his physical body increase exponentially, the strength of his soul, his state of being, and his cultivation base also rose until he completely surpassed his previous power and stepped into a new Realm.

Su Ming could not tell what Realm it was, but he could sense that as he grew stronger, the 781st Ancestral Spirit was rapidly disappearing before his eyes.

It was not an illusory disappearance. He was... truly disappearing. It felt like if Su Ming had the Ancestral Spirit fuse with him completely, then from that moment onwards, one of the Ancestral Spirits would be eternally gone from the All Spirits Hall.

From then onwards, no one else could merge with it. This was something that had never happened before since ancient times. Su Ming was completely inheriting and absorbing the legacy of the Ancestral Spirit.

Several hours passed. When the 781st Ancestral Spirit completely disappeared, a powerful presence that was difficult to put to words erupted from Su Ming's body. It was so strong that it caused everything in the area around Su Ming to distort. If he wanted to destroy the world, he could instantly make it crumble.

Because of that strength, Su Ming felt that even if he had to fight against the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe, he could do so confidently. He had experienced a complete first spirit ascension, and it was equivalent to having his spirit ascend twice in an incomplete manner!

But if that was all, Su Ming could not fight against someone from Avacaniya Realm, much less fight against the old man from Heavenly Spirit Realm... However, Su Ming had the wills of three True Worlds with him. His will was so strong that it could support him in doing everything.

And what could... those in Avacaniya Realm even do to him?!

Spirit ascension was in itself a shortcut, a legacy that was similar to cheating. It turned the powerful warriors of the previous aeon into the cause, and those who received the inheritance were their effect. The legacy created a karmic path that created lives who were incredibly powerful!

This was a legacy. It was also another form of resistance and struggle against the destruction when the disaster descended from the cultivators of the previous aeon. They fought back against heaven, unwilling to admit defeat. Perhaps their method was not as effective as those of the cultivator who became Arid Triad... but this was also a form of resistance, a form of madness.

Since they could not avoid being destroyed, then it would better... that they turned themselves into a legacy so that their descendants, the people of the next aeon, could obtain the power required to struggle and fight back through a shortcut!

This was the reason why the All Spirits Hall was created!

Perhaps... All Spirits Hall seemed to have been created by the Ancestral Spirits of the previous aeon, who were cultivators who survived the disaster of the previous aeon, but Su Ming, who had learned of the secrets of Harmonious Morus Alba and Arid Triad, had his own thoughts about it.

It was likely that the Ancestral Spirits had used a special method to survive through the disaster, but there was also a possibility that they had completely fused with their self from Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

This was a guess. Su Ming did not know the precise answer, since it was difficult for anyone to know the secrets hidden in the passage of time.

But Su Ming obtained a verification for his other guess, which was that the All Spirits Hall was not created by the cultivators of the Ancestral Spirits' era. Instead... it was already created a long, long time ago, aeons before the era of the Ancestral Spirits.

The two thousand something Ancestral Spirits in All Spirits Hall were a gathering of all the most powerful warriors from countless aeons. They might have already died, but their power had been passed down through the aeons, accumulating for an endless amount of time so that they could give a chance for their descendants... to rush out of all of this.

This was a strong feeling Su Ming obtained in his head after he completely fused with the 781st Ancestral Spirit. A brilliant light shone in his eyes. With one move and without any hesitation, he chose... to have his spirit ascend a second time!!

563!

The 563rd position in the second to last row was Su Ming's choice. He instantly touched the Ancestral Spirit there.

It was an old man with an ancient face. At the instant Su Ming's body touched his, a shocking presence erupted from the position where the Ancestral Spirit that was the old man stood.

"Second spirit ascension." Determination appeared on Su Ming's face, and he sucked in a deep breath!

.....

While Su Ming was in the All Spirits Hall in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos to go through his second spirit ascension, the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier gathered at the huge gap in True Morning Dao World.

They surrounded the area and formed a huge Rune to make the gap tear further. It grew bigger, and the cultivators could constantly descend from it.

This was Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's core in Arid Triad. As long as they could defend this place, they could have a continuous stream of cultivators appear in Arid Triad.

Yet during that moment, no cultivators descended from Arid Triad's gap, which was a rare sight to be seen. All the cultivators from Dark Dawn in the area knelt with zealous expressions. As for the cultivators from Saint Defier, they had dark looks on their faces but were not saying a single word.

Time trickled by. After about the time it takes for an incense stick to burn, a loud, world-shaking bang suddenly traveled through all of True Morning Dao World. Once that sound appeared, a sea of white bones descended from the gap with loud bangs.

In the sea of white bones was a middle-aged man in black robes. With a cold and indifferent face, he walked out of the gap and descended in Arid Triad.

At the instant he came down, True Morning Dao World trembled. Even True Sacred Yin World, the Emperor of Abyss' True World, and the Fourth True World shuddered at the instant this person appeared, as if they could not handle the faintly discernible, heinous mighty pressure spreading out from his body.

"Greetings, Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei!"

The voices of all the cultivators from Dark Dawn instantly shot into space like thunder. They were like waves filled with great respect and fanaticism. His appearance was the same as the arrival of a sovereign to all the cultivators in Dark Dawn's camp!

## **Chapter 1280: Spirit Ascension Again!**

Su Ming lifted his head and roared towards the sky while next to the All Spirits Hall within Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. His roars were filled with a shocking presence that spoke of their owner suffering intense pain that was difficult to describe.

As the voice echoed, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted again. This time, the sky instantly distorted, and the world looked like it could no longer bear the pressure and was about to crumble. However, it only looked to be so. It did not truly crumble for real.

However, this scene was enough to show off Su Ming's cultivation base. The power of his soul and his state of being increased at a maddening pace, as if he was going through a metamorphosis when he went through his second spirit ascension.

If Su Ming did not include the wills of the three True Worlds, then with this explosive increase, his current self would be... infinitesimally close to Avacaniya Realm!

Three spirit ascensions, and he could stand on equal footing with those in Avacaniya Realm!

Even though Su Ming was going through his spirit ascension in the second to last row, it was more accurate to say that he was already going through his third spirit ascension!

Su Ming could clearly sense his own strength, which was increasing at an indescribable, maddening speed. If anyone saw this increase in power, they would definitely be shocked.

Cracks soon came from Su Ming's body. Fresh black blood flowed out from his body, and Su Ming's presence became stronger.

The Ancestral Spirit he fused with gradually became darker, as if all that which it wanted to pass down as an inheritance had fused into Su Ming's body to become a part that could not be separated from his state of being.

During that moment, scenes that were not part of his memories appeared in Su Ming's head. They were the old man's memories, and they spoke... of a time that did not belong to the previous aeon, but was three aeons before Su Ming's!

Back then, the old man was the ruler of a cultivation country. There were no sects in there, and all the cultivators in the country were one. In the end, the old man reached Avacaniya Realm, and he was so strong that he was one of the most powerful in his aeon.

The memories stopped when the disaster descended...

Su Ming had no idea how much time passed. When his mind cleared, he saw the position where the old Ancestral Spirit had stood now empty, and a very prominent ancient look appeared in Su Ming's eyes, as if he had lived through another life.

The cracks on his body had already disappeared. The strength of his physical body had already reached a state where his ring could no longer injure him. His soul and his cultivation base could already affect those in Avacaniya Realm.

If he added his most powerful and fiercest weapon—his will—he could suppress those in Avacaniya Realm, and it would not be difficult.

But all of this... was still not Su Ming's limit. He lifted his head. At the instant the position of the old Ancestral Spirit disappeared, his gaze landed on the 371st position at the third row from the last.

It was a young man with a pale face, who looked rather sickly. His eyes were closed, and among the hundreds of Ancestral Spirits at the third row from the last, he did not seem eye-catching, but when Su Ming cast his gaze on him, he felt as if his soul was being summoned.

“Third spirit ascension!”

Feeling his own great cultivation base, Su Ming lifted his foot and instantly moved to the 371st position at the third row from the last for his third spirit ascension in this place.

When he went through his first spirit ascension, he had not been worthy enough, which was why he had to stop once he went through it. He could not continue in one go, but it was different now. Su Ming possessed the right to have his spirit ascend five times. That was why he was going to ascend continuously until he reached his limit.

He moved and instantly came into contact with the 371st position at the third row. In an instant, Su Ming's entire body, soul, cultivation base, and everything about him shuddered violently. Waves of jumbled up thoughts surged into his mind. At the same time, a sharp pain as if he was about to crumble spread through his body.

Under the attack of all the thoughts, Su Ming felt as if his soul was about to shatter to pieces. His cultivation base, too, became chaotic, as if this spirit ascension was going to be different.

Su Ming had been prepared for this beforehand. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe had mentioned that three spirit ascensions was equivalent to reaching Avacaniya Realm. Since that was the case, it was obvious that the third spirit ascension would be incredibly difficult. Similarly, the effect it would have on him would be incredibly great as well.

It might be difficult, but Su Ming was confident that he could completely absorb the legacy, because he was not using the foundation of someone who had gone through two spirit ascensions to challenge the third spirit ascension, but was performing the third stage of the spirit ascension after having his spirit ascend a total of three times from both Expanse Cosmoses!

That was why when the pain in his body caused Su Ming's expression to distort slightly, he managed to resist it. Red appeared in his eyes. As his body shuddered, it continued becoming stronger at an even faster pace than before.

As the pain spread through him, he also become more confident, because he was becoming stronger. Su Ming simply allowed time to pass, and with every ounce of his power, he absorbed all the legacies from this position, be it from his soul or his cultivation base. The tests he went through, the splitting of his soul and subsequent fusion, and everything else made Su Ming feel as if a period so long that it felt like ten thousand years had passed, but in truth, it had only been six hours.

After six hours, the Ancestral Spirit in front of Su Ming became so faded away that it looked like it was transparent. When it completely fused with Su Ming, he sucked in a deep breath and slowly lowered his head to stare at his right hand, which he gradually tightened into a fist.

He stared at it, and a hint of a smile appeared on his lips. There was a ghastly, cold chill to it, and great confidence showed up on Su Ming's face.

“So Avacaniya is a form of splitting up and being created. I was separated into countless parts, and each part could be turned into a complete version of myself. Which means... when I throw this punch, my fist will be split into countless portions before they are remade to form one single part. It might seem like one single punch, but in truth... I wonder if an average cultivator in Avacaniya Realm will be able... to withstand this punch.”

As Su Ming mumbled, fighting spirit appeared in his eyes. It was a pity that he did not have an opponent around him, or else he would have tested just how strong his fist was!

“The strength of my physical body works in the same principle. I can instantly divide into countless parts and instantly regroup. I can even be said to be... imperishable!

“My cultivation base is also the same. As long as I have a single hint of it left, I can instantly become whole. In this Realm, I can create the sky, the earth, mountains, and rivers. I can make multiple galaxies manifest. As expected... of Avacaniya Realm.”

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, he lifted his head and looked at the fourth row from the last. Once he swept his gaze across it, his eyes locked on the 248th position.

There stood a middle-aged man dressed in a long black robe. Waves of chilling aura spread out from him. Almost every single Ancestral Spirit in this row exuded a powerful, mighty pressure, and if anyone took a closer look, they would find that the mighty pressure from each of them surpassed those in Avacaniya Realm!

“Fourth spirit ascension!”

Brilliant light shone in Su Ming's eyes. He moved without hesitation, instantly going to the endless golden light to appear right next to the fourth row, and with another move, he approached the 248th position.

The remnants of Great Berserker Tribe had left behind six numbers. During their repeated tests, they had proved the numbers' accuracy. There might only be six of them, but even if there was only six, it was enough for Su Ming to avoid plenty of dangers and walk the correct path.

It was incredibly rare for the tribes in the second generation to be able to determine the first six numbers like Great Berserker Tribe had done, and even pass it down without error.

Su Ming stared at the Ancestral Spirit in front of him. As he observed the black robed middle-aged man, he lifted his right hand, and without any hesitation, he pushed his

palm against the center of the Ancestral Spirit's brow. At the moment his palm came into contact with the middle-aged man, Su Ming felt his entire body instantly become cold. The next instant... a large amount of cold air appeared on his skin, and Su Ming turned into a block of ice, and even the Ancestral Spirit was frozen in it.

Time passed. Two hours later, Su Ming was still in the ice block, not moving, but more chilling aura seemed to be seeping out of his body, causing another layer of ice to appear around him.

However, the difference was that the first layer of ice belonged to the Ancestral Spirit, and the second layer to Su Ming.

Slowly, the Ancestral Spirit became faint, semi-transparent as the legacy contained in it was being rapidly absorbed by Su Ming.

He also absorbed the Ancestral Spirit's remaining memories. They were from an aeon that was even further away from Su Ming's time and revealed the middle-aged man's brilliant life.

The memories of his life contained everything about him—his love, hate, regret, wildness, and arrogance. Su Ming obtained all his memories until the disaster of that aeon arrived. The man had then lifted his head and looked at the universe, and as he laughed with madness, he chose to obey the ancient legacy, to turn everything about himself into a figure of an Ancestral Spirit standing in a position in All Spirits Hall. He would not let himself die for nothing. He would use his death so a descendant in an unknown aeon could have a chance to succeed!

"If anyone will succeed, destroy Arid Triad so that our sacrifices won't be in vain!"

Su Ming's heart trembled. The ice block around him instantly shattered. Once it was replaced by the ice made by the freezing air coming from Su Ming's body, it gradually melted, and the middle-aged man's position beside Su Ming had already become empty.

Su Ming was silent. He now had quite a number of memories in his mind. After a long while, a fierce look appeared in his eyes. He slowly nodded, as if he was making a promise to a senior. After a long while, he looked up, straight towards the fifth row of Ancestral Spirits.

"I should be able to perform my fifth spirit ascension!"

.....

When the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei of Dark Dawn descended in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, the sea of white bones filled the galaxy. Countless cultivators from Dark Dawn worshiped him. The cultivators of Saint Defier lowered their heads in silence.

At that moment, the black-robed Sovereign of Dawn spoke with a ghastly and aloof voice from the sea of white bones.

“I have descended. Based on our promise, the cultivators of Saint Defier have to listen to my commands. During the first five hundred years, you will obey all of my orders!

“My first order... is to completely occupy True Morning Dao World. Destroy that weak Ninth Sect! I will permit the Spirit Paragon to attack and crush the Ninth Summit!”

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1281: Leaving Harmonious Morus Alba - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1281: Leaving Harmonious Morus Alba Bin Chapter 1281: Leaving Harmonious Morus Alba**

The fifth spirit ascension. The fifth row. The 79th position. At the instant Su Ming touched it and fused with it, his aura filled the entire world in an unprecedented manner.

The ground trembled, and the fog tumbled. Five Spirit Descension Halls descended around Su Ming. The All Spirits were still before him, shining brightly compared to the dull Spirit Descension Halls.

Su Ming fused with the Ancestral Spirit. Several hours later, when the Ancestral Spirit in front of him disappeared from his position in the fifth row, an astonishing, mighty pressure erupted from Su Ming's body. It was so strong that it instantly caused all the Ancestral Spirits beneath the fifth row to lower their heads together.

The All Spirits Hall in the sky became dimmer, and the Spirit Descension Halls became barely discernible, as if they could not withstand the great pressure from Su Ming.

His strength was unprecedented. At that moment, he might seem to have only had his spirit ascend five times, but in truth, he had already ascended six times! In fact, when Su Ming returned to Arid Triad and went to All Spirits Hall there... he would have his spirit ascend ten times!

He would then be an existence who surpassed the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. In fact, if Su Ming, with his current power, gathered his will and cultivation base together, then he would have reached... a state at which he could stand on equal grounds with the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe. In fact, in some sense, Su Ming had already surpassed the old man.

Su Ming's expression was calm. He closed his eyes in midair and did not choose to continue having his spirit ascend, because he could feel that he had reached a state of fullness again. He knew that this was his limit as of then. If he went through his sixth spirit ascension, it would be impossible for him to succeed.

If he wanted to succeed again, he needed to return to Arid Triad and turn the Emperor of Abyss' True World into his own will. With the wills of four True Worlds gathered on his person, Su Ming would have the confidence to go through his sixth and seventh spirit ascensions.

After a long while, Su Ming opened his eyes. There was a sparkle of life in his gaze. All his aura was kept in his body, which made him appear a mortal, but when he stood there, he looked as if the entire world served as a background for him.

In truth, this would not be the only place where this would happen. At that moment, no matter where Su Ming was, the world where he was located would bow down and worship him.

His state of being had already surpassed that of a True World, and he was only second to Arid Triad and Harmonious Morus Alba. Perhaps... there had been quite a number of cultivators who were stronger than Su Ming during the various eras in the passage of time... but besides Arid Triad, there was no other person who could reach Su Ming's state of being during the countless years the universe had existed. In this aspect, Su Ming was already near the peak.

It would be difficult for him to find an opponent unless he ran into old monsters who had hidden themselves incredibly well in Saint Defier and Dark Dawn. Only they might be able to fight against Su Ming. Besides those select few people, only the powerful warriors of the previous eras who could only wake up one hundred years before the disaster could catch Su Ming's attention.

Those people had lived for far too long, and their power had accumulated to an incredibly terrifying degree. They were existences who could not be destroyed by the disaster, so only they had the right to be regarded with importance by Su Ming.

After all, Su Ming was now the same as them. They were complete and imperishable even in the face of disaster, but Su Ming did not want to be an existence gasping for the last breaths of his life. He did not want everything by his side to be destroyed, and did not want to roar at the skies while he held a corpse in his arms, just like what the secrets of the universe had showed him. What he wanted was to change all of that.

In silence, Su Ming swung his arm, and the golden light in the sky disappeared. The All Spirits Hall vanished, and the world returned to normal. Su Ming took a step forward with a calm expression. He disappeared from the world, and when he reappeared, he had already returned to True Immortal Sect World.

“It’s time for me to leave this place and return to True Morning Dao World.”

Su Ming lifted his head to look at the direction of Bright Yang Vortex, and when he muttered these words to himself faintly, he took a step forward.

With one step, the True World started rotating in reverse. Since True Immortal Sect World belonged to Su Ming, as long as Su Ming sent his will outwards to any spot in this True World, he would be able to reach the place he wanted in an instant.

He stared at the continuously rotating Bright Yang Vortex before turning into a long arc. He entered the vortex and disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming was so quick while moving through the vortex that he surpassed his previous speed by several times. It could be said that before he entered Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, while Su Ming was strong, his strength was still limited, but at that moment, he had surpassed his previous self numerous times, regardless of whether it was in terms of his will or his cultivation base. The difference between his current self and past self was like the sky and earth.

If the previous Su Ming ran into a cultivator in Avacaniya Realm, he could fight against them, albeit with great difficulty, but right then... those in Avacaniya Realm were nothing to him.

Only if they were people who had already gained incredibly high attainments in Avacaniya Realm would they be able to make Su Ming slightly serious. An average cultivator in Avacaniya Realm... Well, Su Ming might not have tested it out, but he wondered how many breaths it would take to kill them.

Su Ming kept on charging through the vortex, which did not have any sort of suction force. It did not matter whether it came from above or if it was the mighty pressure from below, for all of them were extremely weak before Su Ming. He did not even need to touch them with his own body. He only needed to have his will spread out from him, and all of it would immediately be crushed and broken down.

In just a few breaths, Su Ming had already closed in on the spot where he had initially stood against the Antecedental Spirit’s disaster. At the instant he passed by the place, he came to a swift stop. He examined the area quietly, and a gloomy look gradually appeared on his face.

He could sense a faint wave of aura of death. It did not belong to the world in the vortex, but to someone Su Ming was familiar with... the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

“He failed...”

Su Ming sighed softly. In truth, once he learned of the truth about Arid Triad, he already knew that even if the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe wanted to take revenge on the Arid Disaster, it would be impossible for him to succeed.

As he shook his head, Su Ming turned to leave, but his expression suddenly changed. He lifted his right hand and seized the air towards the vortices on his right. With it, the sky in the vortex that hung over 3000th world instantly turned dark. It was covered by Su Ming's palm, which now hung above an ocean world. Once the sky turned into Su Ming's palm, he swiftly seized what was below.

As the ocean shuddered, it instantly broke down to reveal a drop of blood within it. When Su Ming caught it and was about to pull his hand back, a red bolt of lightning swiftly charged down at his palm.

This was the Antecedental Spirit's disaster. At the moment the red bolt of lightning approached him, Su Ming raised his right index finger and flicked it away. With a loud bang, the lightning bolt crumbled.

Su Ming's right hand was completely unharmed. When he pulled his arm back from the 3000th world, the drop of blood was completely unharmed while it lay in his palm. Su Ming could sense the mark of life belonging to the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe.

With the drop of blood around, the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe would not have truly died. If he fused with his other self in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, there might be a chance for him to be resurrected.

Su Ming closed his fingers and put away the drop of blood before he turned into a long arc that charged towards Yin Death Vortex. He rushed forward, drawing closer to the exit. Swiftly, he got closer and closer to Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos and True Morning Dao World.

## **Chapter 1282: You Have to Fight For Your Own Life**

Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, True Morning Dao World!

At that moment, around the land originally belonging to Morning Dao World that was used for the Ninth Summit were countless cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn. They had surrounded the one hundred something cores of the Runes hidden in space.

Right at the center of those cultivators was a distortion in space that was about one hundred thousand feet wide. Mountains, rivers, land, and floating continents could be vaguely seen there. That was... where the Ninth Summit was located.

That distortion of one hundred thousand feet wide was a gap the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn were going to forcibly tear open. Once it was created, the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn could instantly tear through space like a swarm of bees... and step into the dimension where Morning Dao Sect was originally located and where Ninth Summit currently was.

As space distorted, from the distance, it looked as if the incredibly fragile spot had countless lightning sparks swimming in it.

This sort of attack had lasted for a very long time, but during the past three days, due to the appearance of nine faceless men in white robes, the attacks reached their climax.

The nine people dressed in white robes had incredibly bizarre faces. There was nothing on them. They had no eyes and no other features. They were just like white jade slips.

The nine gave off the feeling as if they did not have any sort of cultivation base and were just like mortals, but the mighty pressure spreading out from them was incredibly shocking. By the way the cultivators around them glanced at them, anyone with eyes could see the respect they had for those nine people.

The nine were dressed in white robes, but there were slight differences in their robes. Five of them had the mark of the moon, and the other four the mark of the sun.

They stood next to the edge of the distorted area. They did not use any sort of divine abilities, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see that the fluctuations of the distortions were the strongest in this area. The distortions in space were the final layer of the Runes Hu Zi had laid out, but... due to the nine people's existence, the space in the Rune distorted and became faint. In fact, if anyone stood in the distance and looked, they would have a very strong feeling... that the nine people were like nails.

It looked like the nine people were nails that had struck the final layer of the Rune Hu Zi had set beyond Ninth Summit. It was also precisely because of them that the Rune constantly grew weaker.

Standing behind the nine were the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, and some distance away from them was a sea of white bones levitating in space. It was not located too far away, and it allowed whoever was on it to be able to see everything in the battlefield.

Leaning against a bone among the large number of white bones was a long-haired man in black robes. He had a handsome face and was filled with a strange presence. In his hands he held a wine cup, from which he would occasionally take a sip, as if all the effects this particular galaxy had on him were so incredibly weak that they might as well have not existed.

Around the black-robed man were ten black-robed people standing respectfully, who looked like guards. They were coldly staring at the distortions in space.

The black-robed man smiled faintly. He took a sip of his wine before he said, "Interesting. In just one more day, the Rune will shatter, and we'll torture the cultivators there slowly while they writhe in despair. Once we kill them after that, their souls will taste even better."

The man was so strong that even if he did not send his aura outwards, he could make it seem as if space could not bear with his presence. Signs of its destruction continuously appeared around him.

Needless to say, he was the strongest person who had descended in Arid Triad from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's camp—Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, one of the three sovereigns of Dark Dawn!

However, the person currently sitting on the bones was not the sovereign's real form, but one of his two great clones. At the instant his real form descended, he headed off somewhere, though no one knew where he went. One of his clones remained in True Morning Dao World, while the other went to the mysterious Fourth True World.

They might be just clones, but they had also reached Avacaniya Realm, or else it would be impossible for Yan Pei to be known as one of the sovereigns of Dark Dawn.

While the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei drank his wine and watched the Rune of the Ninth Summit contort in the distance, no one, including the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, noticed a figure standing in the space on the other side of the contorting one hundred thousand feet Rune. The person was watching all of them coldly.

Su Ming had come almost two hours ago. This was his True World, so nothing in it could escape his grasp. In fact, Su Ming only needed to think, and he could move to any region he wanted. Once he walked out of Yin Death Vortex, he immediately knew everything that had happened in True Morning Dao World.

He did not chase away the cultivators from Saint Defier or Dark Dawn. Su Ming only stood quietly in space and watched the contorting Rune of the Ninth Summit while it was continuously attacked.

When Su Ming reached his current level of cultivation and possessed the wills of three Great True Worlds, all lives became simply a part of the universe rising and falling in his eyes. If someone lived, then someone else had to die, and only if someone died would someone else get to live. This was a law. Su Ming did not want to change it, and he would not interfere with it too much.

It did not matter whether it was Dark Dawn or Saint Defier, for both of them belonged to Arid Triad. It was just that as of current, they had moved from Arid Triad's second world to his first.

Based on what Su Ming could sense due to becoming a higher state of being and understanding more things, the feeling that his world was being invaded by Arid Triad had diminished greatly. All of it was a plan by Arid Triad to eventually invade Harmonious Morus Alba and completely Possess it.

All lives were chess pieces. Even if some of them believed that they had become players, on the larger scale of things, they were still only chess pieces in other people's eyes.

This was a sad truth, but also a form of law.

'If you don't go through storms and blizzards, how can you possibly grow? If you don't go through trials, how can you rise to glory? If you... don't go through life and death situations, you are just like an unsharpened sword!'

Su Ming stared at Ninth Summit with a calm expression. He could stop all of this from happening and could make it so that not a single life from Ninth Summit was lost. He could put a complete stop to this disaster.

But what was the use in doing all of that? Even if Su Ming could put a stop to this disaster and the next and even the third, there would still be one disaster in the end which he could not stop.

Those who were protected would never be able to grow up. Only those who experienced life and death situations, difficulties, and trials would have powerful spirits and strength. Only such a person would be able to stand their ground and support the world on their own.

It was exactly what he had told to the Berserkers. At that moment, Su Ming quietly watched everything that happened before him, because he wanted Ninth Summit to go through a trial.

This was a battle, and there would be more battles they would have to face in the future. If Ninth Summit and the Berserkers wanted to get used to living through battles as well as survive in the world of cultivators, where the strong preyed on the weak, then had to experience every trial in existence.

If they could not get used to it, then Su Ming would attack and provide a protection that would give them no future but allow them to remain for some five hundred years. At that time, the disaster would arrive. If Su Ming succeeded, then all would be good, but if he did not, it would be fine as well. Everything would probably be reduced to nothingness.

They had to fight for their own Lives, for the ones provided by others might not be what they truly wanted. Su Ming never understood this in the past, but right then, he did.

Perhaps it would hurt. Perhaps there would be quite a large number of people who would die... but this was the path that had to be taken if a person wanted to become a powerful warrior.

The only thing he could do was make the battle a little fairer. Su Ming could not increase the levels of cultivation for the cultivators in Ninth Summit and the Berserkers in an instant, but he could... suppress the levels of cultivation of those from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, so that their levels of cultivation would match those from Ninth Summit.

To Su Ming, this was very easy.

When the day went by and an astonishing bang filled the entire galaxy, the ferocious roars from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier served as the accompaniment for it. The sound came from the last Rune Hu Zi had set for Ninth Summit breaking down. At the instant it collapsed, a large number of cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier instantly charged into the gap leading to Ninth Summit, which was created when the Rune broke down.

Once the Rune crumbled, hundreds of thousands of cultivators gathered in Ninth Summit. They squared their shoulders and prepared to fight against the cultivators charging towards them with the killing intent boiling in them from their willingness to fight back and struggle.

At that time, there was still no one who was worthy of seeing Su Ming in True Morning Dao World. He lifted his right hand and casually pushed in the direction of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

With it, all of True Morning Dao World shuddered. The tremors were quiet, but they formed an indescribably great mighty pressure that descended in space, causing True Morning Dao World to immediately become much heavier. It made the hearts of all the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn tremble. They came to an abrupt halt, and shock appeared on their faces.

All the cultivators felt as if they had become several times heavier, causing all of them to feel heavy and sluggish. In fact, they had a feeling that the circulation of their cultivation base was no longer smooth. It was as if all of True Morning Dao World was pressing on them at that moment.

Once the Rune crumbled, the hundreds of thousands of cultivators from Ninth Summit jolted as well. Shock appeared on their faces, and all of them stopped instead of rushing out.

As the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier were shocked, the nine white-robed, faceless people shuddered violently. There were roars echoing in their bodies, and they looked as if they were fighting against something.

Further into the distance were the ten black-robed men around Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei. All of their expressions had changed drastically. Their pupils had shrank, and a bright, brilliant light shone in their eyes. The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei had his wine cup lifted and was about to taste the wine when he stopped moving. He lifted his head slowly, and a ferocious look appeared at the corners of his lips.

“Which fellow Daoist has descended and disturbed this True World’s will, making it suppress us? You... what gave you the courage to stand against those of us from Dark Dawn? How dare you provoke me?!”

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei’s voice was ghastly. When it rang out in the air, the entire galaxy trembled violently. The mighty pressure that descended in the area even showed signs of lessening.

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei still held the wine cup in his left hand while his right hand was on the white bone by the side. A dark green light appeared in his eyes. It swept through the entire galaxy... but he could find nothing!

### **Chapter 1283: Now, It’s Fair**

As the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei’s voice spread out, quite a large amount of the mighty pressure that had descended in True Morning Dao World scattered. This was the astonishing divine sense formed by the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei’s power of Avacaniya Realm. When it swept past the area, it became a power that could shock all cultivators.

When the cultivators from Dark Dawn felt a bit of the pressure on their bodies lift, zealousness appeared on their faces. They knew that their sovereign was nearby and watching them. They had the confidence that as long as their sovereign was around, there was nothing in the world that could stop them.

All existences were to either die or flee under the mighty pressure of Dark Dawn. They were confident that there was no other choice for any enemy of theirs.

The shocked hearts of the cultivators from Saint Defier also gradually became calm as the pressure on their bodies lessened. They were not from the same camp as Dark Dawn, but they still believed wholeheartedly that the only ones in the world who could fight against Dark Dawn was Saint Defier!

As for the nine white-robed, faceless men, they felt their hearts relax. A ferocious expression replaced their shock, and during that instant, a great power erupted from their bodies, but it was not the power of a cultivation base... but the will of Antecedental Spirits!

They were known as supreme paragons, and their statuses were only second to the Sovereigns of Dawn and Lords Saint Defier. They were... the Antecedental Spirits from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier!

The ten black-robed men beside the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei also felt the pressure on them lighten. Soon, a monstrous cultivation base erupted from their bodies. Those ten people... were each infinitesimally close to Avacaniya Realm!

A cold sneer appeared at the corners of the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's lips. He was confident that he was invincible in this True World. Even if he ran into any Antecedental Spirits from Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, he was confident that he could destroy the World, because he was in Avacaniya Realm and because he was the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei!

"You overestimate yourself. Begone from this place. Do not show even a single hint of your aura where I stand, or else no matter who you are and who you are affiliated to, I will not mind having another spirit slave by my side.

"Cultivators of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, destroy Ninth Summit. I want this sect... to be completely wiped out," the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei said faintly.

His voice instantly echoed in all of True Morning Dao World, and he placed the wine cup in his left hand by the corner of his lips. There was a hint of arrogance and casualness to him as he took a sip of his wine.

But the instant the small sip of wine entered the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's mouth...

Su Ming had a calm look on his face. He did not even cast a glance at the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei in the distance. To him, this so-called Sovereign of Dawn was nothing. He pushed his right hand down again.

The previous push was just Su Ming slightly suppressing the cultivators. Right then, he made True Morning Dao World... heavier by one fold!

The moment he did so, ripples appeared out of nowhere in True Morning Dao World. As they spread out, they filled up all of True Morning Dao World in the blink of an eye... and a presence belonging to another True World instantly descended.

That was True Immortal Sect World!

Su Ming's suppression was in truth a form of a seal. He sealed the power of the people from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier who surpassed those from Ninth Summit, and the principle of this seal was to make True Morning Dao World heavy. The easiest method to achieve this... was to make another True World appear in this place. Once it fused with True Morning Dao World, it would naturally become heavier.

As True Immortal Sect World descended, muffled booms echoed in space. Ripples spread out, and True Morning Dao World instantly became heavier. This heaviness was difficult to describe with words, but it made all the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to instantly tremble violently. Their bodies sank downwards. Banging sounds rang out continuously from their bodies, and three-tenths of their cultivation bases were instantly suppressed!

That was three-tenths of every single person's cultivation base, including the nine white-robed, faceless Antecedental Spirits. Under the pressure of the weight, their bodies shuddered, and three-tenths of their wills as Antecedental Spirits were also suppressed!

"Preposterous!"

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's expression changed, but the moment he opened his mouth, the wine cup in his hand shattered into pieces with a bang. The wine spilled out and levitated in front of him.

The sea of white bones around him shuddered. Signs of it becoming loose appeared, and the ten black-robed men roared together. They shuddered and immediately circulated their cultivation bases to fight against the pressure, but it was useless. Three-tenths of each of their cultivation bases were suppressed.

In shock, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei had killing intent appear in his eyes. His power in Avacaniya Realm was completely released. It formed a huge whirlwind, and when it rotated around him with loud booms, it spread out in all directions. Wherever it went, all the mighty pressure disappeared, and during that instant, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei stood up slowly from his seat on the sea of white bones. He swung his right hand, and a bone spear immediately appeared in his hand. Once he held it, his cultivation base erupted from his body again.

"Since you're asking for death, I will fulfill your wish. Show yourself, you rascal who only knows how to hide!"

As he spoke, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei took a step forward. Before his foot landed, a white light the color of bone erupted from the bone spear in his right hand, and it immediately covered all of True Morning Dao World. The light spanned an impossible distance while forming an endless amount of bone spears that were impossible to count and which filled every corner of True Morning Dao World. It seemed that if the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei wanted to destroy all the lives in this True World, it would only take a single thought from him.

But right when the Sovereign of Dawn's foot was about to land, he did not see Su Ming finishing his last push with his right hand with an indifferent expression on his face. The entire process was in truth just Su Ming lifting his right hand and pushing down. At the instant he completed the process, True Sky Hill World descended!

As it went down, ripples surged through True Morning Dao World. They intersected with each other and spread out as forming a huge net that was formed by the fusion of three Great True Worlds. The mighty pressure formed from it was equivalent to three Great True Worlds descending at the same time, and the heaviness was the same.

Almost in an instant, practically all the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn coughed up a mouthful of blood. All of them felt as if there were one hundred thousand mountains pushing on them. Their souls were suppressed, causing sixth-tenths of their cultivation bases to become dull, as if they had been sealed. They could only bring out four-tenths of their cultivation bases!

In fact, there were quite a few people who had their levels of cultivation fall, especially the nine white-robed, faceless Antecedental Spirits. As their bodies trembled, their features returned to their blank faces, as if the power that could allow them to cover their faces had been forcibly torn from them.

Since they were Antecedental Spirits, the effects of the mighty pressure on them seemed to be stronger. They coughed up blood and staggered backwards. As they did so, six-tenths of their cultivation bases were suppressed as well.

The ten black-robed people around Yan Pei coughed up blood too. Their levels of cultivation immediately fell, and they exuded a relatively weak presence. They were no exceptions to this. Six-tenths of each of their powers were suppressed.

A trickle of blood flowed out from the Sovereign of Dawn's mouth. Ruthlessness appeared on his face. He was about to throw the long spear in his hand, but when he was about to put his right foot down and began to speak in a ferocious voice...

“You—”

He only managed to say this one word before his expression changed swiftly. His eyes went wide, and the ruthlessness on his face instantly disappeared. For the first time ever, it was replaced by shock, because at the moment the wills of the three Great True Worlds descended, his body felt as if it had been crushed by something, causing blood to appear at the corners of his lips.

But this was still nothing to him. What really caused the Sovereign of Dawn to feel shocked was how he could sense the gaze looking at him from directly across him in the distance.

That gaze was filled with an aloofness that he had never seen before, and there was an air of nobility that was difficult to describe with words within it. It was the strongest will in the entire True World, and with just one faint glance, he made the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei feel as if his body was about to crumble.

This was a feeling that he had never sensed even when he went to the Deity's Mausoleum, which was a place where even the Sovereigns of Dawn had to come to worship once every millennium. It was something he only sensed when faced with the three strongest slumbering bodies among all of the others who had existed for an unknown amount of time.

According to the legends of Dark Dawn, the three slumbering people were true old monsters who had survived through the disasters an unknown number of eras ago!

"Sir..." The heart of Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei trembled. His expression was one of shock, and even with his level of control over his emotions, he found it hard to hide it. Just as he was about to speak, a faint voice came from behind him.

"Did you say that I was asking for death just now?"

The voice had appeared incredibly suddenly, making Yan Pei shudder. He was about to explain himself on instinct when the voice spoke again.

"Sit. Stay with me and watch this life and death trial. Your people are pretty good, but the situation is a little unfair."

"Yes."

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei did not have the right or the courage to refuse. All his thoughts turned into this one word in the end, and it was filled with respect. In fact, he did not even dare to turn his head around. He put away the bone spear, and with his heart pounding in nervousness, he slowly sat down.

The hearts of the ten black-robed men beside the sea of bones shuddered in fear. They retrieved their aura and tried to be as respectful as they could, not daring to sneak a peek in Su Ming's direction.

Strength was everything!

"But now, it is fair. You can fight now," Su Ming said calmly and sat on the seat originally belonging to the Sovereign of Dawn on the sea of bones. He leaned back against it, and with his right hand supporting his forehead, he stared at Ninth Summit.

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei sat up straight beneath him. Anguish appeared on his face while he stared at the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier and mulled over

what Su Ming had said. He had already understood that this person wanted to use his people to train those from Ninth Summit.

“Well?” Su Ming cast a glance at the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei.

Yan Pei’s heart shuddered. He sensed the displeasure from the person behind him. He then gritted his teeth and sent his order as the Sovereign of Dawn to the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier far in the distance.

“Step into Ninth Summit and fight!”

Roars reverberated through space during that instant. It did not matter whether the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier were willing or not, for even if they had six-tenths of their power sealed, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei had already given his order, so they... had to fight!

### **Chapter 1284: One Sect, One Race, Become Strong on Your Own!**

“Fight!!”

A roar that sounded like that of a tiger echoed into space from Ninth Summit. It was Hu Zi’s voice. Once he spoke, his figure was instantly reflected in Su Ming’s eyes.

With a body like a tiger, at the moment he walked out, Hu Zi threw a punch forward, and his vast physical strength erupted. When he seized the space to his left with his left hand, a huge spiked mace appeared in his hand, and he swung it at the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier charging towards him.

Booming sounds surged into the air. Hu Zi was located at one of the spots used by the armies from both sides when they came into full contact with each other. There were countless cultivators from Ninth Summit around Hu Zi, and they were all fighting madly in a life and death battle against the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

They fought for their continued existence!

For their own Lives!

There were Berserkers among them. In this battle, they showed off the powerful physical bodies belonging to the Berserkers!

The enemies they faced were the cultivators who had easily destroyed the armies formed by the union of the three True Worlds, who had killed the Fourth True World’s

Sublime Paragon, forced True Sacred Yin World to seal themselves, and the Fourth True World to lay down a Rune, no longer hoping to kill their enemies, but only hoping to struggle and fight back.

Those people had swept through True Morning Dao World, and wherever they went, no cultivator could make them stop in their tracks. It could be said... that they were an army of powerful warriors who had never suffered defeat!

People from Ninth Summit were prepared to die, but even if that were to happen, they could not die in vain. They would kill a few people and drag them to their deaths for company. If they killed one, then they would have broken even, if they killed two people, they would not have lived in vain, and if they killed three, they would have covered the losses they suffered!

If that was the case for Ninth Summit, then it was even more so for the Berserkers. Loud rumbles surged into space. The sounds of fighting were deafening to the ears and filled the entire galaxy while the battle was reflected as the most brilliant light in Su Ming's eyes.

The people from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier had six-tenths of their cultivation bases suppressed, but even if they could only bring out four-tenths of their cultivation bases, they were still a force of power that was definitely not weak when they stood before Ninth Summit of Arid Triad's True Morning Dao World.

After all, regardless of whether it was Dark Dawn or Saint Defier, their legacies came from the records of their second era. If Su Ming had not sealed six-tenths of their power... then there would be no suspense in this battle. The victor would have been decided long ago.

Only once he did seal them was the battle fair for Ninth Summit. In truth, it was absolutely in Su Ming's power to seal more of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier's power, but if that was the case, it could not be considered a trial. That was why he only sealed six-tenths of their strength, allowing Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to have less than half a Realm higher in terms of their levels of cultivation compared to the cultivators from Ninth Summit.

The sounds of battle echoed through space at a volume that could shake the sky and earth. A large number of cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn surged into the gap in the Rune, and the moment they stepped in, Ninth Summit fought back. The hundreds of thousands of cultivators had determined looks on their faces. When the two armies clashed against each other, the battle instantly broke out.

From the moment they came into contact, there were a large number of deaths on both sides. This sort of battle tested a cultivator's personal power to its utmost limits. The loud rumbles from divine abilities rose and fell. The light from Enchanted Treasures and the intensity of the clashes formed ripples that swept out in every direction.

In the blink of an eye, the shadow of death descended on the galaxy. It swung its arm, taking away lives as if it wanted to reap every single life in the place.

Dark Dawn and Saint Defier suffered the greatest amount of casualties since they had invaded Arid Triad. It did not matter whether it was the block they faced at Arid Triad's gap from the three Great True Worlds in the past, when Dark Dawn and Saint Defier swept through True Morning Dao World later on, or when they went on an expedition to the other True Worlds. They had never suffered a loss like this, when a large number of deaths happened immediately after they clashed with the enemy.

After all, the reason why the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier had been undefeatable in their battles was because of their strength.

The nine white-robed Antecedental Spirits gritted their teeth and rushed to the frontlines. Wherever they went, the cultivators from Ninth Summit would retreat. There was no one who proved to be their opponent. They might have six-tenths of their cultivation bases suppressed, but they still remained powerful.

But right at the moment the nine completely stepped into the gap of the Rune and entered the world where the Ninth Summit was to rush towards Hu Zi, who was the most frenzied out of all the cultivators from Ninth Summit, the sounds of waves tumbling suddenly came from Dao Ocean located beneath them. A great will instantly filled the space and enveloped the nine people. They were instantly submerged by the will which was as fierce as raging waves.

It was the Predecessor of Dao Ocean.

Once he enveloped the nine people in his will, a battle of Arts belonging to Antecedental Spirits started. They were isolated from the cultivators, and when they fought against each other, not much bloodshed could be seen. However, to the nine Antecedental Spirits, the Predecessor of Dao Ocean was so strong that he was an existence that the nine could not fight against once their cultivation bases had been weakened.

At the same time, the Berserkers in Ninth Summit showed off their pride as Berserkers. Ever since their levels of cultivation had risen and they had gotten used to True Morning Dao World's presence, they went through another metamorphosis.

It was a sudden rise in power due to accumulated strength and a power remaining in the Berserkers' blood, which worked on a similar principle as the survivors of the Great Berserker Tribe sacrificing themselves so that they could help their descendants. During the short period of time, the entire race had been continuously getting stronger, and in their madness, they now waged war against Dark Dawn and Saint Defier in the chaotic battle.

Su Ming sat on the sea of white bones and watched all of this unfold before him. His expression was calm, and not a single change could be detected on him. If a person

wanted to sharpen their blade, there would definitely be parts of it that would shatter. If a tree wanted to grow, then it had to be doused by storms.

The Ninth Summit and the Berserkers were the two most important homes for Su Ming. If they wanted to grow, they had to go through various hardships. They had to experience all that would be needed for any force of power to rise to glory.

Only by doing so could they grow to be existences that could touch even the sky. Only by doing so could they no longer need Su Ming to provide them with constant protection. They needed to become people who could stand tall and strong on their own from people who could only depend on others!

The only thing Su Ming could do was to make the battle fairer. However, if Ninth Summit could not get used to this sort of battle, they would be saved by Su Ming, and he would make it so that Ninth Summit and the Berserkers would never show themselves. Because if that was the case, perhaps the time for Ninth Summit and the Berserkers to rise to power had not arrived, and it would be better for them to stay in Yin Death Region, if that was the case.

And if they could grow up, if they had the conviction and courage to fight, if they had the will to face the heavens, men, and all manner of living things, then Su Ming would use his full power to make Ninth Summit and the Berserkers become the strongest sect and race in the universe!

This was the absolute truth!

Su Ming watched the battle before him, and relief slowly appeared on his face. He saw Ninth Summit fighting back, saw their unwillingness to surrender, and their determination. He saw all their lives shining with the most brilliant light.

And it was especially so for the tiger-like Hu Zi. As he roared, he brandished the huge spiked mace he held in his hand and cursed loudly while he swept through thousands of people. The loud roars he stirred up were shocking, and the honest look on his face could not be found. Instead, there was a ferociousness that shook the hearts of his enemies.

And levitating in the space beyond Ninth Summit while in a seated position was Su Ming's headless eldest senior brother. He did not attack. The ones who attacked were the Shaman Souls surrounding him. As they circled around him, they let out shrill, piercing cries and occasionally charged forth towards the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

Standing beside eldest senior brother was second senior brother. The gentle man had a solemn expression that had never appeared on his face before. Order after order came from him. He controlled everything that happened in the battlefield. There were quite a number of cultivators who did not attack around him, acting as his defence.

Further away was the ninth summit, and standing at its summit was Fang Cang Lan. She stared into the distance with a calm expression.

Su Ming's second senior brother was Ninth Summit's soul, and Fang Cang Lan was the Berserkers' soul!

And Su Ming was no longer the sect or the race's soul. He had already removed himself from view and became the sect and the race's... deity!

As of then, Su Ming could indeed be known as a deity. If he could not be regarded as one, then there would not be any deities in the world. He had the will of three Great True Worlds with him, and he could make the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei shudder in terror before him. This... was Su Ming!

A faint smile slowly appeared on Su Ming's face, while the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's face grew more anguished. He did not dare turn his head back and could only watch the battlefield, but while the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn still had the upper hand... they no longer had the momentum of victory.

Six-tenths of their cultivation bases were sealed in a bizarre manner. This matter in itself had already dealt an incredibly big blow to all cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn, and it had also formed an unseen mighty pressure on them, causing their hearts to tremble.

They should have fallen back, but due to the orders from the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, they had to fight. The results from this series of events was that the morale of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier was not strong.

If Ninth Summit's resistance had been weak, then the morale of the cultivators from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn would have slowly risen, but they had run into a battle they had never met. As the number of deaths increased and people from Ninth Summit began choosing self-destruction before their deaths, Dark Dawn and Saint Defier's momentum was completely oppressed.

"Glory to Ninth Summit!"

The cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier heard the cultivators from Ninth Summit shout those words right before they chose to explode... But that was not all. If they had just exploded, it would have been impossible to affect the hearts of cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. However... those people who self-destructed stirred up such a mighty power that it surpassed what should have been possible from self-destruction.

What they only later noticed was that there was a large number of jade slips infused with chaotic energy tied to their bodies as well as a large number of Enchanted Treasures that would self-destruct with them and self-destructing medicinal cores. All of

them exploded along with each cultivator upon their self-destruction, causing the power of their explosion to instantly increase by several fold.

This madness was enough to shock Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

This was not a single occurrence, and neither did it happen only twice. Thousands and tens of thousands of people did it. Powerful bangs reverberated through the universe, forming a ripple that swept through the battlefield like a huge hand, taking away the lives of people that did not want to leave.

There were also Berserkers among the people who self-destructed. Before they died, they cried out to the Berserkers, and in their voices was the unwillingness to part with their people, but none of them hesitated in sacrificing their bodies that had already suffered irreparable damage. They self-destructed, and with the power of the explosion, they completed the final and most dazzling event in their lives.

### **Chapter 1285: Sharpen the Sword, Sharpen the Blades!**

When the number of deaths reached a certain point in a normal battle, the would willpower of one side would crumble, and those people would scatter. However, during the battle on that day, before they died, even if their souls were destroyed by self-destruction, they became spirits in the other survivors' hearts, the medicine that stimulated their lives, and because of one sentence Su Ming said, they became eternal existences.

“All cultivators of Ninth Summit and Berserkers, I will not let your souls be lonely. Even if your souls scatter, the pieces will gather into you again.”

The Berserkers and Ninth Summit could not hear Su Ming's words, only the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei who was sitting below him. The moment Su Ming had spoken, a vortex appeared in space above the spot where Ninth Summit's Rune was damaged. It appeared without a single sound, and when it rotated, souls manifested, though they could not be seen.

Those souls stared at the battle beneath in confusion. When they saw all that happened, shock appeared on their faces, along with even greater confusion. They were all cultivators of Ninth Summit and Berserkers who had died on the battlefield.

The vortex continued rotating, and glowing spots that the survivors could not see manifested in space. As they gathered together, all the souls of the cultivators from Ninth Summit and Berserkers who had died because of self-destruction went to the spot where they had died.

There seemed to be a supreme law in the galaxy which had two sentences written in it!

And they were the twenty-seven words Su Ming had said just then!

The souls could not be seen, but they could see everything in the battlefield... including Su Ming, who was a huge sun in the distance before their eyes. That sun was so huge that it looked like an existence that even the galaxy of the True World had to worship it.

“I am the God of Berserkers, was once the fourth disciple of the ninth summit, and am one of the creators of Ninth Summit. I... Su Ming, will create the tenth summit on this day with the will of Morning Dao, Immortal Sect, and Sky Hill!

“The tenth summit will be known as the Mourning Summit. It will gather together all the souls of my people and the members of my sect who died in battle in my True World. You will stay there so you can protect the world for your sect and your people!

“You will be worshiped. You will enjoy having incense lit for you. You... will be the souls who defend the sect and your race. I bestow upon you... the right to not perish as long as the sect remains!”

Su Ming’s voice echoed in space. The survivors could not hear his voice reverberating through the galaxy, but a mountain that resembled a sword appeared in space. It formed in an instant and stood towering over everything in the galaxy.

The souls who drifted in the area looked at Su Ming, then bowed to him in excitement before flying to the mountain to become the first batch of imperishable warring souls in the tenth summit who would protect the world!

This scene caused the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei to tremble. He had witnessed the entire process from start to finish, and everything he saw filled his expression with shock and disbelief.

‘This is laws being enforced once they are created... This is not him just changing a law. He is... creating it. With one sentence, he created a law. This is... Boundless Dao, the Realm after Avacaniya!

‘Because there is no end to Dao, their words will make ships move, and they will do so forever without reaching their end...’ the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei mumbled in his head, and his entire body was instantly drenched in cold sweat.

Su Ming stared at the battlefield in the distance and at the souls who had manifested once more and would no longer scatter. The admiration in his eyes grew greater. He saw Ninth Summit’s resistance, and while it might seem chaotic, in truth, there was an order to it.

Everything was done by the orders of second senior brother, including the attacks right in the beginning, their actions to suppress Saint Defier and Dark Dawn to prevent them from regaining their momentum, and the series of self-destructions that happened during the battle after.

All this was based on second senior brother's plan. He had them suppress their enemies through a series of actions and weaken their morale while boosting their own. By doing so, he could also make Saint Defier and Dark Dawn's cultivation base disintegrate, though it could not be detected.

With his method and the suppression, he could cause a large number of cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to only be able to bring out three-tenths of their original power!

Su Ming was smiling, but the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei was in shock and his mind blank. He only managed to recover after a long while. His face was pale, without a single hint of blood to be seen. The battle was already past the point where he could change its tides. In truth, the instant the existence so great that he made Yan Pei's heart shudder appeared behind him, the results of the battle were set.

'Just who is he? How can there be such a terrifying monster in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos? Damn it, all the old monsters are sleeping right now, and I've never heard of anyone waking up ahead of schedule. Legends say that they have been abandoned by the universe and are not included within the will of the Expanse Cosmos. They have already leapt out of its boundaries...

'When they wake, it will be a moment before the universe is destroyed... but this person is clearly gives off the feeling that like those old monsters, and even among them, he could be considered someone powerful. Boundless Dao... He is clearly a powerful paragon in Boundless Dao Realm. Damn it... just how did he wake up?!

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei was no longer thinking about the deaths of the cultivators of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier or the certain defeat they would suffer. He was thinking about how to get through the disaster before their eyes.

'The Ninth Summit... This old monster cares about Ninth Summit to this extent? I... If... If I knew about this, there is no way I would have caused trouble to myself by offending Ninth Summit!

'Fortunately, the one here is just a clone of mine... but even if he is just a clone, losing it would cause me great harm. Besides, if this person really wants to kill me, it'll be incredibly easy for him to find me in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, unless I run back to Dark Dawn's camp...'

While the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei was feeling upset and anxious, the battle between the cultivators of Ninth Summit against those from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier

reached its climax. Hu Zi threw his head back and laughed ferociously. Wherever he went, the place where he stood would be like no man's land.

He had always been powerful, and with his enemies' power being reduced by about seven-tenths, he became nearly invincible in battle. Unless there were some from Saint Defier and Dark Dawn who were still powerful despite seven-tenths of their power being reduced, the others were not Hu Zi's opponent.

But as for those cultivators who were still powerful after they had their power reduced, their opponent... was Su Ming's eldest senior brother!

He might seem to be sitting still in space, but all the Shaman Souls around him had already reached a state where they could manifest themselves. This meant that virtually every spot in the battlefield was filled with Shaman Souls, and so Su Ming's eldest senior brother was in every spot of the battlefield.

Su Ming could tell that during the period of time he was away, his eldest senior brother's power had increased by a lot. The Spell allowing him to make it look like he manifested versions of himself beyond his own body had made even Su Ming cast a few scrutinizing looks his way.

Besides not allowing the real body of the caster to move, the Spell was so strong that it allowed the caster to form hundreds of manifestations. They existed in every single part of the battlefield, and the power they showed was the exact same as the one possessed by what Su Ming remembered his eldest senior brother having in the past.

Su Ming had also detected a hint of a faint Antecedental Spirit's will coming from his unmoving eldest senior brother. This discovery caused Su Ming to look closely at him, and after his observations, he could tell that this Antecedental Spirit's will belonged to the Predecessor of Dao Ocean.

'Seems like Ninth Summit and the Predecessor of Dao Ocean have been getting along well.' A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He looked at his second senior brother, and a hint of admiration appeared on his face.

Second senior brother's personal level of cultivation was not comparable to Su Ming's own, but his grasp of the battlefield, his schemes and ploys, and his ability to formulate plans were things Su Ming could not compare.

Second senior brother had been able to turn Ninth Summit into an unshakable force and command it in a way that all of the sect's combat abilities were brought out to the max. Indeed, in these aspects, Su Ming could not compare to him.

As the deaths of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier gradually made them want to retreat appear and the will to fight grew stronger among the cultivators of Ninth Summit and the Berserkers, Su Ming narrowed his eyes. The trial could not end just like

this. Since it had already started, he would have it reach a state where the experience would be etched into their bones and their souls.

Only by doing so could this trial turn into a brand in their souls. Only by doing so could he light up the souls to fight among the people from Ninth Summit and the Berserkers, so the sect and the race would be able to rise to power through great victory. He could also use the fight to make their names ring through Arid Triad, laying down the final foundation for their rise.

'Since all of you have chosen not to be lonely existences in this apocalypse... I will give you a future where you will be paragons,' Su Ming thought in his heart. Brilliant light shone in his eyes.

"Are the cultivators from Dark Dawn only worth so much?" Su Ming asked a flat and freezing tone. When it reached the ears of the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, his heart trembled.

"Senior..." Hesitance appeared on Yan Pei's face.

"Dark Dawn, Saint Defier, fight against Ninth Summit with your full strength. If there is anyone among you who tries to retreat, then I will destroy your entire sect!" Yan Pei shouted out with gritted his teeth.

He was intimidated by Su Ming, and he sensed the shadow of death looming over him. At that moment, he could no longer care less about the others. He immediately ordered them forward, and his voice reverberated through the battlefield.

His words echoed in the hearts of every single cultivator from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier who wanted to retreat because they had been completely suppressed by Ninth Summit and the Berserkers' momentum. It forced them to stop in their actions.

"You may declare war as you wish, but only I can declare an end to it," said Su Ming flatly. There was not a lot of might contained in his words, but they had a domineering air, which overwhelmed the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei with fear.

'He's a Star of Disaster. He's definitely a Star of Disaster. Even when he was in his era, this person definitely had an infamous reputation... but... but how could this old monster have a connection to Ninth Summit?'

Bitterness appeared on the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's pale face. He stared at the cultivators who stopped moving back when his words echoed in space. There were quite a number who turned their heads back to look towards him; there was uncertainty on their faces, and even a hint of hatred.

Roars of those who had just been sentenced to death came from the mouths of people from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. They were immediately followed by their crazed attacks and desperate charges.

“Once they go through this madness, this sect and race will be able to bloom beautifully in Arid Triad,” Su Ming mumbled as he watched the changes in the distant battlefield.

The expression of each cultivator and the circulation of their cultivation bases could be clearly seen by Su Ming.

It was just like sharpening a sword. If he only sharpened one side of the blade, it would not be complete. He had to sharpen both sides until they glistened in the sun, for only then could it be considered a sharp sword, and right then, Su Ming was sharpening the other side.

### **Chapter 1286: You May Stop the Fight!**

In the face of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier’s sudden madness, the time for Ninth Summit and the Berserkers to be tested instantly arrived. This trial was not just a test of their personal power, but also their will to persevere in a prolonged war. They also had to know how to handle cultivators who had been pushed into a corner, just like them.

To a sect and any race, these were all incredibly rare experiences. After all, one mistake in this sort of war would end up in them being destroyed.

Su Ming wanted Ninth Summit and the Berserkers to go through this process, because after that, they might learn how to get through other similar events. That was why, instead of going through it in the future, it was better for them to go through that right then.

After all, only the difficulties of war could make the sweetness of victory unforgettable.

Su Ming also wanted to use this rare opportunity to let his second senior brother test his skills in commanding and see what worked so that he could hone his skills for even more difficult situations in the future.

The Berserkers also had to work on their cooperation with Ninth Summit so that they could reach the same wavelength in this battle and form a connection that was similar to those shared by blood kin, allowing them to work in unity.

Su Ming’s second senior brother swiftly sent his orders to each corner of the battlefield, and more cultivators from Ninth Summit and Berserkers joined the battlefield to take

over their comrades so that they could launch another large-scale battle on Dark Dawn and Saint Defier.

It was a pity that this situation could not last too long. A loud, astonishing bang reverberated through space. Most of the Rune was torn, causing the gap in Ninth Summit to widen, and most of Ninth Summit was revealed in the galaxy, allowing more cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to rush inside.

Under the firm orders of second senior brother, the cultivators of Ninth Summit and the Berserkers did not continue to stubbornly defend the gap. Instead, they began withdrawing in an orderly manner, shifting the battlefield from the galaxy to their world.

When Su Ming saw this, the admiration in his eyes grew stronger. He saw Ninth Summit's growth and his senior brothers become stronger. When Su Ming became a will, his heart became something that no longer resembled the heart of a cultivator, but at that moment, the warmth he felt in the past rose in his heart.

Su Ming knew that he had already changed. If his past self was in his place right then, the moment he saw Ninth Summit being attacked on all sides, he would have personally attacked without hesitation and killed all the invaders, but right then, he did not choose to do so.

His thoughts were more focused on whether the sect and race were suited to live in the outside world. If they showed that they were capable, he would make it so that their right to live in the outside world was even greater, but if they were not, then he would choose to let them have five hundred years of peace, at the very least. Then, he would use his full strength to fight so that those five hundred years would turn into an infinite amount of time.

The things he saw at that moment told him that Ninth Summit and the Berserkers could live in the outside world. They had the ability to improve and become stronger on their own. Even if Su Ming was no longer around, as long as there was a certain amount of fairness in the fights they faced, they could rise to power.

And Su Ming could provide them that fairness!

"There is no madness that can last for long. It is the case for one person, one race, and even one sect. If you can crush them while they are in a state of madness, you can completely destroy their beliefs, and you will... be able to achieve complete victory."

When Su Ming said those words faintly, he looked at Ninth Summit, and he saw his second senior brother watching the battlefield with eyes burning with a brilliant light as he continued issuing orders without stop.

From the layout of the battlefield, Su Ming could tell that second senior brother's choice was different from his. He chose to temporarily avoid direct conflict and instead waited

until the enemy tired out to strike them with full strength. This method was different from Su Ming's, but it was slightly gentler. If he completed the setup, he could obtain complete victory with less losses.

Right when Su Ming thought he could see the results of the battle and the cultivators of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier were about to show their most crazed and desperate side to charge into Ninth Summit en masse...

A loud roar that shook the sky and earth shot out from Ninth Summit. As it echoed in space, Su Ming narrowed his eyes for the first time since he had arrived.

He saw a floating continent crumble with a bang in Ninth Summit's world. The explosive power formed by the continent's destruction instantly swept through all directions and turned into a huge vortex. At the moment it rotated, booming sounds surged into the heavens, and the second as well as the third continents crumbled.

Soon after, the fourth, fifth... up to the twelfth continents crumbled and exploded!

This was not due to Dark Dawn or Saint Defier. This was due to Ninth Summit themselves, who had been storing this power for this moment!

At the instant the twelve continents crumbled, the destructive power spread through the entire world where Ninth Summit was located, but most of that power was gathered at the gap of the Rune, causing many of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to be instantly affected by it. The number of injured and dead was so high that it was simply disastrous for Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, and for a time being, shrill and forlorn howls and wails filled the sky.

This scene caused Su Ming's pupils to constrict, and the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, who was originally distracted, stood up swiftly. A grave expression appeared on his face, and he fixed his stare on Ninth Summit. If it was not because he had suddenly remembered that existence who made him quiver in his boots, he might have immediately rushed into Ninth Summit.

The crumbling of the continents caused so many cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to die that the number surpassed one hundred thousand!

Countless Runes and various Enchanted Vessels that could self-destruct and amplify power of explosions had clearly been laid out on the twelve continents beforehand. The twelve of them had been refined, because of which they looked like continents, but in truth, they were huge Enchanted Vessels.

With Ninth Summit's retreat as bait, the moment Dark Dawn and Saint Defier descended into their most crazed state, they would launch a strike with unprecedented power, and with one hit... determine the results of the battle!

Su Ming stood up and threw his head back to laugh; his second senior brother's methods surpassed his expectations. The firm and straightforward strike had crushed the convictions of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. Amid the loud bangs, practically all of those still alive retreated. Their expressions were filled with shock, and their bodies trembled. There was too much blood, too many deaths. The suppression of the cultivation bases, their enemies' madness fueled by no thought to their actions, and everything else caused them to lose their courage to continue fighting.

At the moment they retreated, Ninth Summit and the Berserkers' rise to power was set in stone. They were destined... to achieve complete victory in this battle!

"Kill them!"

The roars from the cultivators from Ninth Summit reverberated through space at that instant. Together with Berserkers, they launched a full-power pursuit on the retreating cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. For a period of time, the battlefield was in a chaotic state, but the battle had completely tilted towards Ninth Summit.

Su Ming's laughter echoed in space. With a swing of his arm, he straightened and said, "You may stop the fight now. As for the lot of you... Since you cooperated in this trial, I will not kill you today. Now, get lost!"

Su Ming's voice was like thunder, and it caused the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's heart to tremble. As his body shivered, he moved without hesitation and turned into a long arc that swiftly left into the distance.

## **Chapter 1287: Three Things**

In the face of absolute power, all other forces of power were nothing.

Su Ming already possessed this power. He watched the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, who had now broken down and were like a plate of scattered sand, and the cultivators from Ninth Summit and the Berserkers charging out in streams in pursuit, and his lips curled into a smile.

There were deaths in this battle, but the path of cultivation was always a fight over life. It was a rough path, but dying on the way was not frightening. What was frightening was the fear towards death and losing confidence.

Su Ming looked at the galaxy, then took a step forward. When his foot landed, he was already in Ninth Summit, appearing right next to his second senior brother, who was

observing all the changes in the battlefield with all his attention, and who had confidence on his face as well as an air of elegance.

“Second senior brother,” Su Ming called out softly.

At the moment he spoke, his second senior brother turned his head swiftly. Eldest senior brother, who was sitting not too far away, also seemed to have opened his mind’s eye at that moment and directed his attention at him.

Su Ming’s figure manifested before second senior brother, and with a smile on his face, he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed.

Eldest senior brother did not have a head, but at that moment, his body was brimming with joy. Second senior brother also looked as if his spirits had been lifted, and laughing, he hugged Su Ming.

“I knew you’d be fine.” As second senior brother laughed, he pushed his hands on Su Ming’s shoulders and observed him closely. There was love between brothers on his face.

“You must have arrived a long time ago. How do you think I performed here?” A smug look appeared on second senior brother’s face while he spoke with a smile.

Their eldest senior brother stood up as well and strode over. He lifted his right arm and hugged Su Ming. He did not speak, but all his care and concern were contained in that hug between brothers. There was no need for words.

When he sensed his eldest senior brother’s powerful heartbeat, even if Su Ming’s level of cultivation had reached an unfathomable stage and his will was so strong that he was only second to Arid Triad, during that moment, he forgot his own power. He only knew that he was the youngest in Ninth Summit, and the youngest junior brother of his senior brothers, who would forever want to protect him.

With a smile on his face, Su Ming looked at his proud second senior brother and said softly, “Second senior brother, you showed off your talents in this battle.”

While second senior brother laughed, a long arc charged over from the distance. Before that figure even approached the area, Hu Zi’s voice reached their ears like thunder.

“Darn it all, that fight felt really good. Eldest senior brother, second senior brother, did you see how many of those... Huh?” Hu Zi charged forward while speaking, but right at the moment he was about to approach the area, his voice died abruptly—he had noticed Su Ming.

“Youngest junior brother!”

Hu Zi's footsteps came to an abrupt halt. He stared at Su Ming, then walked forward with huge strides and hugged Su Ming.

"Y-y-you... Do you have any idea how many times second senior brother went to the area right outside Yin Death Vortex and watched it in silence? Do you have any idea how many times eldest senior brother worked hard to reach a breakthrough in his level of cultivation without regard for the cost? All of it so that you won't have to be so close to death all the time!

"Do you have any idea how many days I didn't sleep to set up the Runes? Youngest junior brother, if you listen to me, then don't go anymore, now that you're back. Stay in Ninth Summit, and let's make sure that we senior brothers can stay together for eternity!"

As Hu Zi spoke, the excitement in his voice turned into a sob. To the outside world, he was a man with a personality like a tiger. He was a ferocious entity who would not blink even when he killed. When he smiled, there would still be a ferociousness to it, and his entire body exuded a heinous, murderous aura.

But before Su Ming, second senior brother, and eldest senior brother, he was like a child. He was just Hu Zi who loved laughing, crying, and peeking at others.

Second senior brother was silent for a moment before he looked at Su Ming. "Youngest junior brother... are you going to leave again?"

Eldest senior brother might not have said anything, but at that moment, he gave a feeling to the others that he too was waiting for the answer.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak and only stared at his eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and Hu Zi. After a long while, he nodded slowly.

"After I finish settling three final matters, I will return to Ninth Summit and not leave for a hundred years."

.....

It was night. During it, Ninth Summit's night sky was filled with stars that reached ten thousand li. It was brilliant. The battle during the day had ended. At that moment, most of the cultivators were resting and meditating, but there were some who were swiftly mending the Runes so that the gap could be closed

Moonlight shone on the ninth summit. There was a table on it. Eldest senior brother sat at the head of the table, second senior brother to the left, Hu Zi to the right, and Su Ming at the end of the table.

This was a reunion of the brothers under the same Master. There was no distinction of status based on their levels of cultivation, and neither was there a ranking system used by the other summits in Freezing Sky Clan. Their seats were only determined by the time each of the disciples of the ninth summit had spent under their Master's tutelage.

The eldest was like Master. When Master was not around, eldest senior brother was the master of the sect.

Behind Su Ming was Fang Cang Lan, who stayed beside him quietly. Her face was one of composure and elegance. She did not mind Xu Hui's existence on his other side.

Xu Hui had long since returned to Ninth Summit. Su Ming did not ask her about De Shun, and she did not say anything about him either.

"Ninth Summit won this battle, but the reason and the prerequisite for our victory was the overall levels of cultivation of the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier being suppressed. Youngest junior brother... were you the one who did this?" second senior brother said after hesitating for a moment.

He simply could not think of any other answer, and so he said it out loud and looked at his youngest junior brother.

Su Ming had a calm expression on his face while he nodded.

Once he did so, Hu Zi sucked in a sharp breath and stared at him in a daze. Second senior brother's breathing instantly quickened as well. His expression changed swiftly, filling with disbelief.

They clearly knew the significance behind the suppression of the overall levels of cultivation for the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. This allowed them to know that Su Ming probably had the ability to destroy all the cultivators who descended from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier by himself.

Eldest senior brother was silent, but his right hand shivered slightly, a telling sign that a storm had started raging in his heart during that moment.

Among the three of them, eldest senior brother had always been the one with the highest level of cultivation. Second senior brother hadn't noticed the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's existence, and it was even more difficult for Hu Zi, but eldest senior brother had formed a connection with the Predecessor of Dao Ocean. With his help, he could clearly sense that there was an existence who caused him to feel terrified in that battle.

It was... the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei. Eldest senior brother had obtained information regarding that person's statue and reputation from Dark Dawn cultivators on which he had performed Soulseek after capturing them.

To be able to seal six-tenths of the power belonging to the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier with someone like the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei around... This power already surpassed what eldest senior brother could imagine.

Second senior brother remained quiet for a while before he spoke in a serious yet muffled tone. "Youngest junior brother... what is your level of cultivation right now? How is your strength... compared to the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei?"

Su Ming was silent for a while before he answered honestly, "He... does not have the right to be my opponent.

"Right now, besides some of the sleeping ancient monsters, there should be very few cultivators in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos and the four Great True Worlds... who can be my opponents."

When Su Ming said those words, his eldest senior brother fell silent. Second senior brother's breathing became quicker, and Hu Zi gaped, unable to speak for a long while.

They did not doubt Su Ming's words. Excitement and exhilaration immediately appeared on Hu Zi's face. He picked up the wine cup in front of him and took a big gulp from it, allowing the wine to trickle down the corners of his lips.

"Haha! Youngest junior brother, what should we do for our next step? Should we get rid of all the cultivators who descended from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier? Second senior brother, what do you think? Does my idea sound good?"

"Is there something strange about Dark Dawn and Saint Defier?" A contemplative expression appeared on second senior brother's face. He ignored Hu Zi and looked at Su Ming instead. He seemed to be thinking of something.

"Dark Dawn and Saint Defier are also part of Arid Triad. They might seem to be invading us through this war, but they are really just returning. It might seem dangerous, but it is really just the final bout of madness in their lives.

"The people who think they are the players do not know that it had been decided a long time ago that they are chess pieces... Even if we chase them away and kill them, it would make no difference, because the Arid Triad disaster is not now, but five hundred years later."

When Su Ming said those words slowly, he sighed softly. He told them some of the things he had experienced, including the disaster five hundred years in the future, Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, and the ancient monsters who would wake up before the disaster.

As his voice echoed in the air, disbelief appeared on Hu Zi's face while his heart trembled. Second senior brother shuddered, and his eyes sparkled swiftly.

While Hu Zi and second senior brother were silent because they were digesting the shocking truth, eldest senior brother asked in a muffled voice, "Youngest junior brother... you mentioned that you had three things you had to deal with just now. What are they?"

Su Ming raised his head and looked at his eldest senior brother before he said softly, "The first would be going to the Emperor of Abyss' True World. I'm going there to search for a woman and to retrieve my True World. I will return him something... and end a grudge that has tied me down for one thousand years."

"Is it Yu Xuan?" Fang Cang Lan suddenly asked.

Xu Hui had remained silent by the side since the start, but at that moment, she seemed to have remembered something. When she lifted her head, she looked at Su Ming as well.

Su Ming nodded.

Fang Cang Lan did not say anything. Her expression was still as calm as water, but her lashes over her half-lidded eyes quivered ever so slightly.

"The second would be me going to an old haunt that will make me stronger. I will make all preparations for the disaster five hundred years later." When Su Ming spoke, a fierce light appeared in his eyes.

"And this is the third. I will go... to Dark Dawn's camp and find our Master!"

The moment Su Ming said those words, Hu Zi's head snapped up. Second senior brother's expression also immediately filled with shock. Eldest senior brother fell silent, but determination filled him.

"Searching for our Master is something our levels of cultivation will not allow us to do. Only you... can bring Master back. It's been a very long time... since we saw the old man," said eldest senior brother. His voice was deep, and there was longing in his words.

Su Ming did not tell them that besides searching for his Master in Dark Dawn's camp, he had another goal. He wanted to go to the Spiritlings and have a look at his mother's homeland.

"Once I finish doing these three things, I will return to Ninth Summit and will wait for time to pass. I will wait for the day the disaster arrives... I've promised a certain group of people certain things in my life. During the next few hundred years, I will fulfill all those promises."

**Chapter 1288: The Strongest in His Eon**

The people to whom Su Ming had made promises before were plenty, such as Chang He, Flame Fiends' Progenitor, the one hundred thousand cultivators in the foreign lands in the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, and many more. He never forgot his promises, and he would fulfill all of them.

Su Ming had noticed Chang He and Flame Fiends' Progenitor when he arrived in Ninth Summit earlier. He had no idea when they had joined it, but there were very few who knew of their relationship with him.

"Only five hundred years left, huh?"

Soon after falling silent, second senior brother suddenly smiled. His smile was as gentle as before. However, it was filled with a ferociousness and an unwillingness to give up.

"Since there are only five hundred years left, it doesn't matter whether you will succeed in the end or not. Perhaps during these five hundred years, we should create more exciting battles with the world outside." Second senior brother picked up his wine cup and finished it in one gulp. When he put it down, he threw his head back and laughed.

In silence, Hu Zi picked up another wine cup. When he downed it all in one big gulp, he threw it down the mountain, and a grave look that had never been seen before on his face appeared on him.

"Darn it all. Five hundred years will be enough. During them, I swear I'll find myself a wife!"

Hu Zi's words echoed in space. Second senior brother had been filled with fighting spirit, but when he heard Hu Zi's words, he was left stunned. Once he went over his shock, most of his fighting spirit was cut off by Hu Zi, and he smiled wryly.

The night went by as the four brothers from the ninth summit drank a lot, since it was very rare for them to gather together. They talked about their past, their Master, and the Berserkers of the past.

Fang Cang Lan stayed by Su Ming's side throughout it all. She watched everything with a smile and occasionally handed Su Ming a pot of wine, as if this was the most important thing for her in her life.

As for Xu Hui, she might have stayed by Su Ming's side for the night, but she remained silent, as if there was now a wall between them, as well as a certain amount of distance.

It was especially so when Su Ming said that the disaster would descend in five hundred years. She was clearly stunned for a moment, then she seemed to have remembered something.

Su Ming did not ask anything about it. There were certain things and certain feelings that needed to go through trials. Su Ming did not believe that he was a good partner, because the things pushing down on his heart were too heavy, so heavy that he felt as if he could not put anything else in his heart.

Yet Fang Cang Lan had walked into Su Ming's heart. With one thousand something years of persistence and waiting, she brought out a tenderness in him, and he had no reason to leave her.

Since he had already chosen her, he would stay with her his entire life, regardless of how long it would be.

This was Su Ming's determination. It did not matter whether it was friendship or love, it was the same.

He was very happy that night, and Hu Zi was also very happy. He continued causing a ruckus by saying that he wanted to find a wife and grumbling about his second senior brother being too much of a womanizer and how there were countless women by his side. He spoke his mind, and he showed... that he was jealous, very jealous.

But Hu Zi did not know that his second senior brother's womanizing ways hid the pain and regret left behind by the one and only time he fell in love and persisted with it while in the land of Berserkers.

Su Ming had seen all of it in the past. He had practically witnessed the entire process.

Their eldest senior brother did not like speaking, and it didn't change that night. He did not drink, but a warmth was exuded by his presence that was felt by his brothers. It was a warmth this cold man would definitely not show to other people.

The three people before him were his junior brothers. All of them were people who he would give up his life to protect. He did not need any woman in his life, and perhaps there was no woman in the world who could accept his headless self.

Su Ming's eldest senior brother always believed that it was enough for him to only have the three brothers in his life for the rest of his life!

When morning arrived and the first ray of sunlight appeared in the dimension of Ninth Summit, eldest senior brother left to continue training. Since there were only five hundred years left, he would make himself stronger while he could.

Hu Zi collected a large number of cultivators from Ninth Summit and the Fated Kin of the Berserkers to form a group of ten thousand cultivators to head to the outside world and patrol the area. If they found any remaining cultivators of Dark Dawn or Saint Defier, they would crush them completely.

As for second senior brother, he had many other things to do. He had to manage everything in Ninth Summit, and many of his plans had to change after he learned what would happen five hundred years later. Many new plans formed in his head, and he had to set them up one by one.

Only Su Ming was left in Ninth Summit. He sat there and stared at the blue sky. Fang Cang Lan was by his side and was watching him with a composed expression before she cast her glance at Xu Hui. Then, she lowered her head and turned around to leave. With her intelligence, she could tell that there seemed to be a wall that could not be described with words between her and Su Ming.

A mountain breeze blew towards them and lifted Xu Hui's hair. She sat quietly for a long while, then she sighed softly.

"Are you really not going to ask how I dealt with De Shun?" Xu Hui bit her bottom lip and looked at Su Ming.

He stayed silent. He put down his pot of wine and shook his head.

"If you want to tell me, even if I don't ask, you will still tell. If you don't want to say it, even if I asked, you would not answer."

"I didn't kill him," Xu Hui mumbled after some time.

"I know." There was no way Su Ming would not know everything in True Morning Dao World. Unless he did not want to, he would know everything that he wanted to know.

At that moment, De Shun was on a damaged cultivation planet at the border of the True World near the Emperor of Abyss' True World. He was staring at the heavens, and there was a hint of hatred mixed with some complicated emotions on his face. This scene was something Su Ming could see once he thought about it.

"I..." A dazed look appeared in Xu Hui's eyes. Once she heard Su Ming's words, she instinctively wanted to explain her actions, but when he lifted his hand and touched her hair, her words disappeared.

"I know that you owe him a debt of kindness, and there are blank spots in your memory. I know that," Su Ming said calmly as he caressed Xu Hui's dark locks before he pulled her into his embrace.

When Xu Hui came into contact with Su Ming's chest, she suddenly cried. The feeling of being lost and De Shun's face occasionally appearing in her head had caused her to not know what had happened to her.

But at that moment, when she was in Su Ming's embrace, everything in her mind seemed to be rearranged. The feeling of being lost disappeared, replaced by a deep wave of fatigue. Gradually, she fell asleep.

Five hundred years later, if Su Ming succeeded, then everything would be good, but if he failed, they were bound to disappear because of the disaster. Since they only had five hundred years left, why was there a need for them to make each other suffer? It would be better... to wipe off those memories.

This method was slightly domineering, but there had always been a domineering attitude hidden in Su Ming's character.

Time trickled by, and in the blink of an eye, three months went by. During them, Su Ming stayed in Ninth Summit and accompanied Cang Lan as well as Xu Hui. The three of them went through those days in a rare state of peace while watching the sun rise and set. There was a warm and gentle atmosphere around them, causing Hu Zi to be incredibly envious, and he started scanning the many female cultivators in Ninth Summit like he was in a rut.

During the three months, aside from staying beside Cang Lan and Xu Hui, Su Ming spent every single day drinking with his senior brothers. Amid the laughter born from all of them temporarily forgetting all their troubles, Su Ming used his vast cultivation base and will to give pointers to Hu Zi in his training, second senior brother in his path of cultivation, and eldest senior brother in better understanding the Antecedental Spirits. His fusion with the Predecessor of Dao Ocean also sped up.

The Predecessor of Dao Ocean was willing to participate in this fusion. Su Ming did not ask what happened between the two of them. He only knew that if his eldest senior brother wanted to become stronger, that he would do everything he could to help him.

During the three months, cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier continued descending without stop in the outside world. Their numbers grew, but Ninth Summit became a forbidden ground for them. None of them dared to offend them anymore, and they strictly prohibited their own from getting close to Ninth Summit.

Once they stepped into the area belonging to Ninth Summit, six-tenths of their cultivation bases would be suppressed, which was a warning.

Ninth Summit was still treated as the master of True Morning Dao World. Even if they ventured out and ran into cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier, most of those people chose to retreat in silence.

The battle three months ago had determined the state of affairs in this True World.

Compared to the peace True Morning Dao World enjoyed after it, an intense battle broke out in True Sacred Yin World. The devastation brought with it the destruction of the Rune. While Dark Dawn and Saint Defier suffered a little, to them, who continued sending in a continuous flood of cultivators from their home worlds, this loss was really nothing.

Once the Rune crumbled, the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier surged in, causing True Sacred Yin World... to change masters.

On the other hand, as the Fourth True World continued fighting and resisting, a stalemate was gradually established. It happened because powerful warriors whose names were never heard of would occasionally appear in the Fourth True World to manipulate the situation of the war. As more and more of them appeared, they began to manipulate not just small areas, but the entire battlefield.

Only the Emperor of Abyss' True World remained calm. All the cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier who entered the place would fuse into the Emperor of Abyss' True World and disappear without a trace.

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Another month passed, and Su Ming ventured out once to go to the True Morning Dao World's All Spirits Hall. Half a month later, when he returned, he appeared to be no different from before, but only Su Ming himself knew that the moment he walked out of the world in All Spirits Hall, a will so great it was shocking gathered on his body. It had felt as if all of Arid Triad had gathered together to turn into an eye to stare at him.

It was the gaze of Arid Triad's will, because when Su Ming walked out of All Spirits Hall, he had already become so strong that he could cause the slumbering Arid Triad's will to instinctively become wary of him.

He went through five complete spirit ascensions, and it equivalent to him going through ten spirit ascensions. This was not something that had never happened when Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos was still one whole entity. After all, Su Ming was not the first to learn of All Spirits Hall, and he was not the first to have entered Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos. The All Spirits Hall had existed for countless aeons.

But Su Ming was definitely the best in this eon, and he was definitely the strongest at the present!

**Chapter 1289: You Are a Walking Crystal Mine**

When Arid Triad's will gathered on him, Su Ming did not choose to move back. Instead, he met Arid Triad's gaze squarely, and he kept his gaze on him for a long time. He waited for the Antecedental Spirit's disaster to descend on him, which might or might not happen, but before the disaster arrived, the sleeping Arid Triad's will gradually disappeared.

A perplexed look appeared on Su Ming's face. He had never thought to hide himself. Those from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier surely knew about him by then, and it was about time that Arid Triad knew about him as well.

He went back to Ninth Summit, and when another month passed, Su Ming chose to leave. This time, he did not leave quietly, but left with his senior brothers sending him off as well as Fang Cang Lan and Xu Hui quietly watching him as he left. He gradually went into the distance to complete the second thing he wanted to do—resolve the grudge he harbored for one thousand years.

He was also going to break the shadow over his heart brought to him by the scene he saw in the secrets of the universe.

"It's time to put an end to this. Su Xuan Yi... are you truly not going to try and retrieve the fifth kiln, where your wife sleeps? Are you really going to let me have it?"

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the crowd from Ninth Summit, then turned around and took a step forward, vanishing into thin air while murmuring to himself under his breath.

When he reappeared, Su Ming was already at the border between True Morning Dao World and the Emperor of Abyss' True World. Further away from him was a damaged cultivation planet and De Shun.

Su Ming did not care about this person. He stared at the barrier between the Emperor of Abyss' True World and True Morning Dao World. It was a wall, and behind it was the Emperor of Abyss. It was precisely because of that wall that the four True Worlds had never had any intense battles break out between them.

In the past, Su Ming did not have the right to break the wall, while Yu Xuan had only been able to move from the Emperor of Abyss' True World to Morning Dao because of her Abyss Dragon. She had used its power to move through True Worlds.

As he stared at the True World, Su Ming swung his right arm, and two long arcs immediately flew out of his storage bag. One of them was the Abyss Dragon, and the other was the bald crane.

The Abyss Dragon had mostly recovered from its injuries. When it appeared, it looked as if it wanted to speak, but it immediately had a wing slapped over its mouth by the bald crane standing by its side.

With a resentful look on its face, the bald crane glared at Su Ming. Its resentful look made it look like a bitter wife, and it was complaining about Su Ming not letting it out of his damn storage bag for a long time.

In the past, as long as it wanted to, the bald crane could come out on its own, but as Su Ming grew stronger and his will grew greater, the bald crane could no longer appear at will. It could only wait passively to be summoned. This sort of feeling caused the bald crane to feel that it had become something like a bitter and resentful wife.

Every single day, it had to live through its life counting crystals, sleeping, and hitting the Abyss Dragon, then it was counting the crystals, sleeping, and hitting the Abyss Dragon again, rinse and repeat. Every. Single. Day...

Gradually, the Abyss Dragon could no longer bear with it, and it began to resist and fight back violently, but it was difficult for it to escape from its predestined fate. At that moment, once it came out, the Abyss Dragon wept, but before it could speak, the bald crane had already slapped a wing on its mouth, and the grievance it felt reached its peak.

“SU MING!!!” the bald crane screeched.

If it had feathers, all of them would have been bristling at that moment. It looked ready to fight while full with strong, resentful, angry energy about it. As it seethed, its aura reflected that anger and served as a background to give the bald crane a sense of size.

“Y-y-you... How many days have you locked me up again this time, huh?! Oh heavens! How many days has it been?! I’ve already forgotten how many days have passed! I can’t see sunlight, I can’t see the stars! I CAN’T SEE OTHER PEOPLE’S CRYSTALS! This is torture! This is the greatest, biggest, most ultimate torture for me!

“Su Ming, you went overboard this time! I accompanied you through your expeditions over the years, went through many dangers by your side, I-I-I... I even saved you who knows how many times, but you... YOU...”

The bald crane was quivering with rage. As it continued shouting in anger, Su Ming touched his nose, and an awkward look appeared on his face. He had indeed... forgotten about the bald crane.

After all, when he was in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, he had been stunned by the truth he learned. The series of events he experienced were also all connected together, and it caused him to overlook many other things.

Only when he came to this place and saw the Emperor of Abyss' True World did he remember... that the bald crane... seemed to have been kept in his storage bag for a long time...

"Darn you, you..." While the bald crane continued shouting in rage, Su Ming raised his right hand, and a crystal appeared on his palm.

"... You... Don't even think about using a crystal to tempt me. I am the great bald crane, I'm not going to yield for just one crystal, I..."

At the instant the bald crane saw the crystal in Su Ming's hand, its eyes became fixed on it. This was the first crystal it saw in days that belonged to someone else. There might just be one, but it was someone else's! As long as it was someone else's crystal, the bald crane would never think that the number was few.

That was why when it shouted, its eyes betrayed it. Its fixated stare made it seem that if Su Ming dared to put away the crystal, the bald crane would rush forward and fight for it with its life.

"You... you bully! One crystal, this crystal..."

As the bald crane spoke, great conflict appeared on its face. Its shouts immediately much weaker, and indecision as well as a look that very obviously said there was chaos going on in its mind appeared in its eyes. It was as if its mind had been divided into two portions, and they were fighting fiercely among themselves.

"I'm going to the Emperor of Abyss' True World. I promise you that I'll give you all the crystals in that True World, alright?"

When Su Ming saw that the bald crane was waging war against itself in its mind as if it had not seen another person's crystal for far too long and was about to start doing something stupid as it was in a conflict with itself, he quickly spoke to distract it.

"You... Dream on—Darn you, what did you say?! Did you just say that you'll give me an entire True World's worth of crystals?! I... I... The mighty bald crane will absolutely not yield..."

The bald crane was practically drooling at that point. It took a few instinctive steps forward, and an obsequious look had subconsciously snuck its way on its face, but it forced it down. When it was about to give extra emphasis that it would hold Su Ming's offer in disdain but would agree to it reluctantly, Su Ming sighed.

Upon hearing it, the bald crane immediately felt its heart let out a thump. It panicked, afraid that Su Ming would go back on his word. Just as it was about to pounce on him, it saw something that it would never, ever forget in its whole life. It was a scene that shocked it more than anything else could.

To a True World's will, crystals... were objects that could be born from space if it swept through the True World with a divine thought. It was similar to what mortals said about turning stone into gold with a touch. Su Ming could create crystals with his will!

Su Ming only swept his will through the True World, and countless crystals immediately appeared around them. There were so many of them that they covered a large part of the galaxy.

The sparkling crystals stunned the bald crane. It was completely dumbstruck, and it was especially so because it had clearly seen that Su Ming had not brought out the crystals from his storage bag. After all, the bald crane had an even clearer grasp of how many crystals Su Ming had in his storage bag than he did.

"How... How... How did this happen?" the bald crane instinctively asked in a dumbfounded manner.

"I made them." At the instant Su Ming answered this question, the bald crane screeched and pounced on him to hug his thigh tightly.

"You're a walking crystal mine! From now on, you're MY walking crystal mine! Even if you lock me up for ten thousand years, I'll acknowledge it! I'll absolutely not grumble even a single bit. Walking crystal mine, give me more crystals, please... Say... Can you turn me into a crystal crane?"

### **Chapter 1290: The Emperor of Abyss' True World Trembles**

The bald crane's eyes sparkled as if it was looking forward to the day it would turn into a crystal crane. When it recalled how Su Ming had created crystal, the bald crane immediately forgot that it was just an illusion and felt its blood boil, somehow. As its body quivered in its excitement, it began howling.

In the bald crane's eyes, the Art Su Ming cast just then definitely took the title of the greatest Art in the universe. The ability to create crystals out of thin air was an Art it dreamed of having. To it, this was the greatest divine ability in the universe.

Even Su Ming himself did not know just how great of an impact it had on the bald crane. It was practically a dream come true that could make the bald crane do everything it could to obtain it and fight for it with its life.

Su Ming let out a dry cough. He had intentionally showed this divine ability to the bald crane to appease it, but when he saw just how excited it became, Su Ming had a vague

feeling that he had gone overboard. The bald crane had actually requested that he turn it into a crystal crane...

Hence, he quickly averted his gaze and ignored the crane, choosing to direct his attention on the barrier between True Morning Dao World and the Emperor of Abyss' True World. A piercing light appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming's eyes shone brilliantly. The bald crane immediately noticed this and cast a glance at the barrier. A thought appeared in its head: The time for it to show its abilities to Su Ming had arrived. As long as Su Ming was happy and created crystals for it every day, it would enjoy the greatest bliss in its life. When it thought of this, the bald crane became excited again, but it forced down its excitement and put on an expression of righteous anger.

"That's it? How dare it stop Sir Su Ming's footsteps?! Damn it, how dare it stop the great, the almighty Sir Su Ming who can create crystals?! I... I'll fight it to the death!"

The bald crane put on an expression as if it was livid, and as it roared, it turned its back to Su Ming while sending eye signals to the Abyss Dragon nonstop. Based on its plan, the Abyss Dragon had to show anger as well, which would make the effects of their actions even better. After all, in the bald crane's impression, the Abyss Dragon was its lackey and its partner as the Dual Fiends in the past.

The Abyss Dragon was taken aback, then instinctively asked, "What... does this mean?" As it spoke, the Abyss Dragon winked as well, sending the bald crane's eye signal right back at it.

The Abyss Dragon did not understand what the bald crane meant. It was originally very excited, so why did it suddenly become so angry? The Abyss Dragon shrank back in regard to the bald crane's changes in expression. It felt that the bald crane was very terrifying.

When they were in the storage, the bald crane had beaten it up every single day to pass time, and the more it thought about it, the more it felt that it could not catch up to the bald crane's thoughts.

When the bald crane saw the dumb look on the Abyss Dragon's face, it instantly felt real anger. Just as it was about to shout at the dragon, Su Ming took a step forward and instantly appeared next to the barrier. He lifted his right hand and touched the invisible barrier.

"Shatter."

The moment Su Ming said that word in a flat tone, his right hand touched the barrier. An astonishingly loud bang instantly reverberated through half of True Morning Dao World.

As that sound traveled outwards, the bald crane gave up on the idea of giving the Abyss Dragon a flak. There was a ferocious look on its face, as if Su Ming only needed to point forward, and it would charge forth without looking back. It rushed at the barrier and crashed into it. To show off its talents so that Su Ming could create crystals for it, the bald crane had indeed decided to give it its all.

But when it touched the barrier... or rather, just before it touched the barrier, the barrier between True Morning Dao World and the Emperor of Abyss' True World changed. A trembling membrane that looked like there was light flowing in it showed up. When cracking sounds rang out in space, holes spread out through the membrane, starting from where Su Ming's right hand had touched it.

Su Ming did not move, but his hair fluttered freely. Even his white long robe danced in the wind. His face was indifferent, revealing no emotions.

He calmly watched the cracks spreading through the entire barrier. Soon, it looked like it had turned into a spider's web. Then, a loud bang shot up, and it shattered to pieces, turning into countless fragments that spilled into the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

From a distance, they looked like falling snow. The fragments reflected a brilliant light, and when they were in the galaxy, they looked like starlight. At that moment, they were swept up by the wind and created an image of an ocean of stars.

Since the ancient times, only a fine crack would occasionally appear on the barrier between two True Worlds. Not one of them had ever shattered completely like this. Yet on that day, it happened. And it was not a destruction of a small portion of the barrier, since the entire ring-shaped barrier... had shattered in different spots during that instant.

All of this might have seemed to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it happened in an instant. When the bald crane charged at the barrier, it did not touch it. Instead, it shot right through the barrier since it crumbled and fell back.

"Let's go. I'll give you the same number of crystals you can seize from the Emperor of Abyss' True World."

A smile appeared on Su Ming's face when he cast a glance at the bald crane. The bald crane had supported him for a thousand something years, so it could be said that it had already become a part of his family. Su Ming valued his relationships, and it was the same for the one he shared with the bald crane.

When Su Ming's words reached the bald crane's ears, it became excited again. While shuddering, it screeched a few sentences, and with a single move, it appeared on the Abyss Dragon's body. The Abyss Dragon was so terrified that its heart trembled, but soon, the bald crane whispered something to it, and its eyes instantly sparkled.

The light was not the sparkle of the bald crane's eyes, but was... a light that Su Ming thought gave it a rather sleazy look.

"Boss, is what you just said... real?" the Abyss Dragon was so excited that it trembled when it asked its question.

"Nonsense, of course it's real. When have I ever lied to you?" the bald crane immediately said, as if it was making a promise.

"Are you really going to let me have all the female dragons? Alright! I'll give it my all!" The Abyss Dragon's eyes turned bloodshot. With a roar, it rushed forth with the bald crane, charging straight into the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

The bald crane made a ruckus in its excitement. When it went past Su Ming, it immediately lifted its claw and waved a little.

"You promised you'll give me the exact same number of crystals I can get! Just you wait, if even one crystal will be left in this True World, then I suck."

The bald crane's voice was still echoing in space when it left into the distance with the Abyss Dragon. It intended to leave Su Ming's side and loot the crystals itself since it was afraid of him throwing it into his storage bag again...

Su Ming watched the bald crane leave and smiled faintly. He could tell what the bald crane was thinking with just one glance, but with his current level of cultivation, he could let the bald crane cause as much of a ruckus as it wanted, even if it was the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

Soon, this would no longer be the Emperor of Abyss' True World, but Su Ming's True World.

Su Ming still remembered how his will had appeared in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos' True Immortal Sect World when he entered it. He took a step forward and walked into the territory belonging to the Emperor of Abyss' True World...

All of the Emperor of Abyss' True World trembled, and countless ripples appeared out of thin air in the galaxy. At the same time, a roar that all lives in the True World could hear reverberated through the True World.

There was a wave of madness in that roar, along with great terror and an unwillingness to admit defeat. It sounded like there was a life form struggling in the most violent manner before it died. It had a powerful Abyss Death Aura contained in its roars.

This aura was different from the aura of death. There was a hint of sentience to it, along with a feeling that it was decaying, as if it could taint all forms of lives, and it caused all of the Emperor of Abyss' True World to tremble violently.

Those tremors caused all the lives in the Emperor of Abyss' True World to feel their hearts tremble. Ferocious beasts unique to only the Emperor of Abyss' True World that lived on its countless planets threw their heads back and let out shrill roars. They prostrated themselves on the ground as if they could sense death approaching them when the True World trembled.

The cultivators felt it even better. No matter what they were doing and no matter what level of cultivation they had, as long as they were lives born in the Emperor of Abyss' True World, all of them felt restless at that moment. Their cultivation bases became chaotic as if even their blood was about to gush out of their bodies.

The higher their cultivation bases were, the stronger this feeling became.

There were no sects in the Emperor of Abyss' True World, but with various families serving as its veins, they formed a ruling system similar to a dynasty.

Among them, the Emperor of Abyss' status was the highest. There were eight Kings of Abyss below him, thirty-six Generals of Abyss, which led countless armored cultivators of the Abyssal World. Each King of Abyss had a family, and it was the same case for the Generals of Abyss.

Above the Emperor of Abyss was the True World's Sublime Paragon. Among the four Great True Worlds, only the Sublime Paragon of the Emperor of Abyss' True World could make the cultivators of his True World worship him, and only in the Emperor of Abyss' True World did the Sublime Paragon have his own Abyss Paragon Palace.

Almost at the same time the True World trembled, all the families in the Emperor of Abyss' True World felt their hearts shudder. There were also quite a large number of powerful warriors who swiftly sent out a powerful presence that swept out in all directions in an attempt to search for the reason behind the True World's tremors.

Within the Emperor of Abyss' Hall was the Emperor of Abyss, who was dressed in an emperor's robe. He was a middle-aged man with an awe-imposing face, and he was staring coldly at some of the cultivators who were mocking each other with their words in his hall. Those people were talking about the large number of cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier who had appeared in the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

As he listened to those people's increasingly obvious words of ridicule, the Emperor of Abyss frowned.

"Enough, this is something the Lord Sublime Paragon has decided. What is the use of even discussing this matter?!" he said coldly. Right when his words appeared, the cultivators further down from his throne looked towards him.

“If you have any opinions about it, you can go and seek an audience with the Lord Sublime Paragon. Do not ruin my mood when I am about to bear witness to my son’s marriage!”

The Emperor of Abyss frowned. The person in the hall was his clone while his real body was in the planet serving as the capital of the Emperor of Abyss’ True World watching the grand marriage. At that moment, he did not want to waste any time in this place. He stood up, and when his words rang in the air, he made to leave.

But suddenly, his body trembled. The expressions of the cultivators in the hall also changed. Their hearts shook.

The pain in the soundless roar seemed to have spread into each of the lives in the True World.

## **Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 1291: A Wedding - Read**

### **Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 1291: A Wedding Bin**

#### **Chapter 1291: A Wedding**

The tremors were especially felt by the Emperor of Abyss, whose level of cultivation was the highest in the hall. At the moment he stood up, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, and with a swing of his arm, he turned into a long arc that rushed out of the hall.

“What happened?!”

Once he left, the faces of the other cultivators turned pale. Two people even had blood trickle out of the corners of their mouths. The roars of the True World echoing in space had affected their veins, and as their veins trembled, they were injured.

“This... This is the True World’s will roaring in pain!” At the instant the Emperor of Abyss looked towards the galaxy, his face turned pale, and he sucked in a sharp breath.

In the Abyss Paragon Palace lived the Sublime Paragon of the Emperor of Abyss’ True World.

There was a man dressed in a purple long robe there, with his appearance occasionally changing. A breath ago, he was a teenager, and a breath later, he became an old man. In between breaths, he would occasionally turn into a middle-aged man. This man was currently standing respectfully in the palace, and before him was Su Xuan Yi, sitting and meditating with a calm expression on his face.

Dressed in white robes, Su Xuan Yi sat with indifference on his face. He stared at the chess board in front of him while holding a black chess piece in his right hand. Once he placed it down, he looked at the black-robed middle-aged man sitting across from him.

The man had long hair, and it spilled over his shoulders. There was an air of someone who looked down on the world about him, and there was a powerful, mighty pressure spreading out from him, causing the Sublime Paragon, who was behind Su Xuan Yi, to feel his heart tremble slightly. To him, the black-robed man felt like a tiger crouching in its seat while the Sublime Paragon himself had become a mortal.

“Sovereign of Dawn, it’s your turn. Once we finish this round, we should head to my child’s wedding. The preparations there should be about ready now.”

Su Xuan Yi smiled faintly. The black-robed man before him was naturally... the strongest person who had descended from Dark Dawn’s camp—the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei!

The person who had been terrified into leaving from Ninth Summit’s premises was his clone. Right then, the one sitting in the palace was his real self, but even so, he knew all about the things that had happened to his clone, and it became the matter he was most wary of in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos, though it was buried in the depths of his heart.

And it was precisely that matter that made him to choose to stay in the Emperor of Abyss’ True World for a prolonged period of time. Based on what he knew, the terrifying existence in True Morning Dao World only cared about Ninth Summit. As long as he did not provoke Ninth Summit, the terrifying old monster would not come searching for trouble.

Otherwise, his clone would not have been able to escape. Based on this, he could tell that the monster did not want to kill him, but even so, he still felt rather uneasy and anxious. Fortunately, nothing had happened to him over the past few months, and he felt slightly more at ease, but no matter what, he had already made his decision that he absolutely would not return to True Morning Dao World.

Yan Lei smiled. His emotions did not show on his face, and his smile was incredibly faint. He lifted his right hand and placed a white piece on the chess board. Just as he was about to speak, his expression changed.

At that moment, the expression of the Sublime Paragon behind Su Xuan Yi changed. When he raised his head, he suddenly coughed up a mouthful of fresh blood, then stumbled a few steps backwards. He coughed up blood again. His injuries were clearly much worse than the Emperor of Abyss’, because he was the Sublime Paragon of this True World. He was the only Sublime Paragon here, which was why the damage dealt to him by the will of the Emperor of Abyss’ True World when it roared with an unwillingness to admit defeat was the greatest.

As for Su Xuan Yi, he noticed none of this. He was not a member of this True World to begin with. At that moment, he only frowned. He could sense that the True World was trembling, and he had also noticed that the True World's will was roaring because it had run into some accident.

In silence, he closed his eyes. The moment he did so, his will covered an endless distance and went straight into the depths of the Emperor of Abyss' True World. In it, there was a layer of fog resembling a vortex tumbling about.

Seated at the center of the vortex was a figure. He was... also Su Xuan Yi. When his eyes flew open, an ancient and freezing look appeared in them. The person here was his real self, and the person who had been playing against Yan Pei had been his clone.

'The Essence of this True World's will gathered into this vortex once I readjusted it many years ago. A new will can be born in it... My blood is in the vortex, and once this will is born, it will fuse with my body. Damn it, did some accident happen?'

Su Xuan Yi furrowed his brow. His divine sense spread out and swept through the Emperor of Abyss' True World, but he did not find any clues. As for Su Ming... Su Xuan Yi could not see him.

He could only see the Emperor of Abyss' True World roaring and struggling in pain, as if its will was being Possessed, but no matter how Su Xuan Yi searched, he could not find any traces of the True World's will being Possessed.

'Could it be that it's because the will in this vortex formed by its Essence is about to be born? It might have caused the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World to struggle...'

Deep in thought, Su Xuan Yi let out a cold harrumph and closed his eyes.

At the instant he did so, his other self from Abyss Paragon Palace opened his eyes.

"Some problems have appeared with this True World's will," the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei said faintly.

He had already sent his divine sense out to scan the entire True World, but he did not detect anything wrong. However, he could tell that the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World was swiftly becoming weaker, as if it was rapidly dying, but even though it was dying quickly, if he factored in time, it would still need around one hundred years before it truly perished.

"It's fine. It's due to something on my side. It isn't connected with the outside world. Lord Yan Pei, this game... hmm?"

Before Su Xuan Yi could finish speaking, a dark look appeared on his face. He looked into the distance, and his gaze seemed to see through space and into the planet serving as the capital of the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

All the preparations for the grand wedding were ready and on standby; everyone was just waiting for his arrival. This was an important part in his plan that Su Xuan Yi had been planning for tens of thousands of years. He could not allow any accidents to occur, but right then... something unforeseen appeared.

"I knew... that he would show signs of betraying me on this day!"

When Su Xuan Yi uttered those words in a cold voice, he stood up and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Yan Pei before bowing.

"A disciple of mine betrayed me, and he has followed me for many years too, hah..." Su Xuan Yi shook his head.

"Alright, I understand what you mean, Fellow Daoist Su. I... will help you kill this person. Treat it as a reward for helping Dark Dawn's camp. As for the Abyss Builders, since I've already made my promise to you, I will definitely not go back on my word. We will not stay for long in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. It is impossible for us to do so in any case. In the future... this place will only belong to the Abyss Builders."

"Thank you, Sovereign of Dawn."

Su Xuan Yi bowed deeply to Yan Pei again, but only he could hear the cold laughter in his own heart. With how ambitious Su Xuan Yi was, there was no way he would be willing to be someone's subordinate. Using Dark Dawn's camp was just a temporary measure and only a branch of his plan, which was necessary for him to mend certain things, because his plan had diverged previously.

They were only using each other. This was something Yan Pei knew as well. He watched Su Xuan Yi bow to him, and he laughed coldly in his heart too. The person before him was just a chess piece, and he was the player. No matter how important a chess piece was, it would not be able to stir up a storm in the player's heart. At most... he would just play another round.

.....

In the planet serving as the capital of the Emperor of Abyss' True World was an incredibly large cultivation planet formed by using a great divine ability to merge nearly one thousand planets together. Even from a distance, it looked incredibly huge, and if anyone stood on the cultivation planet, the feeling as if there was no end to the sky and earth would cause that person to feel as if the sky had been turned into the land.

On the large cultivation planet was a boundless sea. There was a huge ancient tree growing out from its bottom, and there were more than one million cultivators there to send their blessings for the grand wedding held at the tree.

The ancient tree was so large that each leaf was like a field. From a distance, the tree looked so tall that it touched the sky. In fact, there was even a legend surrounding the ancient tree.

It said that the reason behind the merging of nearly one thousand cultivation planets into a single cultivation planet was the discovery of the ancient tree. It was so old that it did not seem like it belonged to this time, but was from an even earlier age. In fact, there was a rumor saying that the tree... was something from a previous aeon. It had somehow avoided dying from the disaster and had survived until then.

Of course, that rumor was not something an ordinary cultivator would know. Only Almighties who had a vague understanding of some of the history of Arid Triad could know something like that and spread the information around. Most of them also believed that this was close to the truth.

A moment ago, there had been one million cultivators gathered on the ancient tree. They were all from the Emperor of Abyss' True World's various families and had come to give their blessings, because the groom in the wedding was the third prince of the Emperor of Abyss' True World.

It did not matter whether it was because of his appearance, his cultivation base in Mastery Realm, or his status, this person had an incredibly noble status in the Emperor of Abyss' True World. When all of these factors were lumped together, his presence was enough to make many people envious of him.

Even though the third prince had some flaws, was once very tyrannical, and even had a ruthless and brutal reputation, all of this was in the past. During the past few years, his personality seemed to have changed. He was no longer tyrannical and overbearing, but had instead become level-headed. In fact, his appearance had also slowly changed, and he had gained quite the awe-inspiring air.

It was as if he had grown up. This was something that was incredibly clear to all who saw him, and it caused many people to slowly take note of it during the last couple years.

He might have seemed to be in Mastery Realm, but all the cultivators in Mastery Realm felt their hearts tremble when they were before him, as if they had been suppressed, and even those in Life Realm were affected. In fact, even the family elders of the eight families belonging to the Kings of Abyss felt suppressed when they stood before the third prince, even if they were in Death Realm.

The bride was not someone unknown to the public either. Her name was Yu Xuan, and she was a direct descendant of a King of Abyss whose family was destroyed in the past, the woman who ran from her marriage but still ended up standing before them.

The place was bustling with activity. The sounds of human chatter were loud. Laughter reverberated through the air. Congratulatory words came from each family, and their voices rose and fell as the preparations for the wedding were completed. It was about to start... but that was something from a moment ago.

At that moment, the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World roared, causing the hearts of all cultivators in the place to tremble. Then, as if the apocalypse had arrived, everything descended into chaos.

An old man whose face was much older than in the past turned into a long arc without hesitation and charged out while the ancient roar rang in the air. Wherever he went, the world looked as if it was about to be torn apart. He rushed to the center, right where Yu Xuan stood and stared into the distance numbly, like a puppet.

Next to her was the third prince, who watched the chaos around him coldly and whose face was expressionless.

Translator/Author's note

Preview to the next chapter: Art of Time

Ah, we haven't seen this art for way too long.

Also, there's something off about Yu Xuan and the third prince.

## **Chapter 1292: Art of Time**

Yu Xuan looked numb, as if she had already accepted her fate. She sat like a puppet and watched the chaos before her as well as the changes of expression on everyone's faces. The roars from the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World did not seem to affect her. It was as if... she was not a part of this True World.

She stared at the gray-robed old man charging towards her from the sky in the form of a long arc. He used the chance of the chaos to close in on her.

The old man had white hair. His expression was filled with sadness, and there was determination on his face. This person... was Mo Sang, Su Ming's elder!

Mo Sang was no longer the young man Su Ming had seen in Morning Dao Sect, but had instead turned into an old man. His appearance was the exact same... as that of the elder in Su Ming's memories!

The third prince of the True World sat calmly and watched Mo Sang approach. A hint of a complicated expression that no one else could see appeared on his face. This complicated emotion ran deep in him, as if it had seeped into his soul.

He sighed in his heart, and the third prince shifted his gaze away, giving up on wanting to lift his hand and choosing instead to close his eyes. At the moment he closed his eyes, Elder Mo Sang approached Yu Xuan.

“Go!”

Elder Mo Sang grabbed Yu Xuan's left hand, and the resolute look in his eyes was reflected in Yu Xuan's own. She lifted her head and stared at him. With the same numb look still on her face, she shook her head.

The sadness in Elder Mo Sang's eyes grew even more prominent. He raised his left hand and patted the center of Yu Xuan's brow. The numb look in her eyes was immediately shaken, as if she had started to struggle against something. At the same time, the elder pulled her into his arms and turned into a long arc that charged to a leaf on the ancient tree in front of him.

There were three men in black robes there. In the face of the chaos around them, they only had cold looks on their faces. The light from a Relocation Rune shone under their feet.

The third prince opened his eyes and watched Mo Sang take Yu Xuan away without saying a word. He watched them approach the leaf with the Relocation Rune during the chaos around them. As the light from the Rune shone, their bodies became indistinct.

He sighed softly, and the third prince mumbled in a tone that only he himself could hear, “The changes in this True World clearly show that he is here...”

Almost the moment the third prince mumbled to himself, Elder Mo Sang and Yu Xuan became nearly transparent from their previous indistinct state while they were on the leaf in the distance. At the instant they were about to be Relocated, a cold harrumph reverberated through the world with thunderous booms.

At the instant the cold harrumph was heard, Su Xuan Yi walked out of the sky. Behind him was the Sublime Paragon of the True World. Beside him was the black-robed Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, who looked cold and arrogant.

The entire place fell silent. The one million cultivators on the ancient tree had pale faces, but their wills no longer broke down because of the chaos in their cultivation

bases. Instead, they regained some semblance of thought, though with much difficulty. The entire place felt as if a huge force had pushed down on it.

“Time, reverse!”

A faint voice came from Su Xuan Yi’s mouth. There was an unparalleled mighty pressure in his words, as if the laws that came from his mouth had to be enforced, and no one could question them.

At the moment his voice rang in the air, the Relocation Rune where Elder Mo Sang and Yu Xuan were immediately shuddered, and as if time had begun to flow in reverse, their figures gained corporeal form from their previous transparent state. In the blink of an eye, they appeared in the Relocation Rune once more.

In fact, right after appearing on the Relocation Rune, Elder Mo Sang and Yu Xuan began moving backwards. They rushed back to the third prince’s side. When Yu Xuan went back to sit in her seat and Su Ming’s elder began moving back again to return to the Relocation Rune, Su Xuan Yi lifted his right hand and pointed at Mo Sang while standing in midair.

Immediately, as the time in the entire place reversed, the elder’s body stopped moving, as if he was a stone in a river that could not move.

Threads appeared on his body. They bound him, for they were the marks of time.

While time was flowing in reverse, changes also occurred in the one million cultivators in the area. They returned to the state when their faces had filled with pain when the will of the True World roared, but soon, all of this changed. They returned to the state when the wedding was bustling with activity before the True World’s will roared.

This divine ability was astonishing. The area in which the time had reversed was not huge, but nearly one million cultivators were involved. The shock brought by this scene was reflected on the face of the Sublime Paragon who stood behind Su Xuan Yi. His breathing quickened, and when he looked at Su Xuan Yi, great fanaticism and respect appeared on his face.

In fact, even the pupils of Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei shrank slightly, but soon, a smile appeared at the corners of his lips. The stronger the chess piece he chose, the greater the benefits it would bring him.

“As expected of the Abyss Builders. There is indeed a reason behind why Great Abyss Tribe was known as one of the three strongest tribes in Ancient Wei and stood on equal power with Great Berserker Tribe as well as Heavenly Spirit Tribe.”

Several breaths later, the reversal of time came to a halt, and everything returned to normal, as if the entire world had just been deceived. Su Xuan Yi had used his divine ability to manipulate time to change everything.

“This is a grand wedding, and we will not allow anyone to interrupt it. Today, my daughter will get married. I am very grateful that all of you have come to celebrate this occasion with me, and hence, we shan’t let anything destroy our mood.”

Su Xuan Yi smiled faintly, then turned around and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow to Yan Pei, who was by his side.

“Sovereign of Dawn, please.”

“Today, your daughter will get married. I am just a guest, so I cannot be the first to move. Fellow Daoist Su, you should not care too much about etiquette in this situation,” Yan Pei said with a smile while laughing lightly.

Su Xuan Yi had a smile on his face. He did not say much, and once he bowed, he walked with the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei to the third prince and Yu Xuan. They stopped before the two people about to get married.

The third prince’s expression was the same. When he stood up, Yu Xuan once more looked like a puppet whose strings were jerked. She got up, and the both of them bowed to Su Xuan Yi as well as the Sovereign of Dawn beside him.

It was quiet all around them. The one million cultivators in the area were stunned by Su Xuan Yi’s divine ability, and even the Emperor of Abyss was not exempt from that. The third prince might be his son, but right then, he felt as if he did not have the right to speak or join this occasion.

He wanted to walk over, but when the Sublime Paragon who was behind Su Xuan Yi cast him a flat glance, the Emperor of Abyss instantly felt his heart tremble. He quickly stopped himself and sighed in his heart. To him, this was not his son taking a wife, but Su Xuan Yi forcing his son to marry his daughter.

Su Xuan Yi first cast a glance at Yu Xuan, then at the third prince. A prideful look appeared on his face. When he looked at the third prince before him, a rare expression of affection could be seen within his smile. However, at the instant that look entered his face, he looked at Yu Xuan, making it difficult for others to tell just who that affection was directed to.

“Since I have come to the wedding today, I will use this item to bless the newly wedded couple so they can be together forever.” The Sovereign of Dawn smiled faintly. When he lifted his right hand, two bells appeared in his hand, and he placed them on Yu Xuan’s palm.

“Thank you, senior,” Yu Xuan said softly with a numb expression and curtsied. By her side, the third prince bowed while remaining level-headed and thanked him quietly.

Yan Pei observed Yu Xuan. With his level of cultivation, he could tell with just one glance that there were a lot of seals placed on the woman. In fact, even her thoughts and soul had been sealed. When he shifted his gaze to the third prince, he found the young man’s presence rather strange. However, the Sovereign of Dawn was not curious enough to pay any attention to it. With a smile, he looked at the one million cultivators below him, and there was derision as well as scorn hidden beneath his amiable expression.

He lifted his right hand and swung it. Immediately, Elder Mo Sang, who was bound by the threads of time in the distance, was brought to him. The elder’s face was calm, but sadness would fill his eyes when he looked at Yu Xuan.

“Do you want to die after you witness this marriage, or right now?” the Sovereign of Dawn asked. His tone made it obvious that he was going to decide the elder’s life and death himself.

At the same time, Su Xuan Yi sat down at the top of the hall, right beside the Sovereign of Dawn. He did not even cast a glance at Mo Sang. Instead, he stared at Yu Xuan and the third prince before him. Then, he shifted his gaze to look at the one million cultivators, and a smile appeared on his face.

“The wedding may begin.”

When he spoke, the Sublime Paragon took a step forward and walked to the left. He was to officiate the grand wedding.

Beyond the planet serving as the capital of the Emperor of Abyss’ True World, the will of the True World was roaring. Its voice filled the entire True World, but the sound could not enter the dimension where the ancient tree and the sea was, because Su Xuan Yi had reversed the flow of time there.

Su Xuan Yi, thus, did not see the long-haired and white-robed Su Ming walking towards that planet. Wherever he went, the Emperor of Abyss’ True World would roar in an even shriller manner, but it was already in its dying throes. Su Ming’s will was slowly born in the Emperor of Abyss’ True World as its will slowly died away, and he gradually gained control.

With Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos’ True Sky Hill World in his possession acting as the correspondence for the Emperor of Abyss’ True World, it was impossible for the True World’s will to fight against its destined destruction.

While going forward, Su Ming saw the bald crane and the Abyss Dragon sneakily leaving a cultivation planet in the Emperor of Abyss’ True World. They took away all the

crystals in the planet, and even the crystal veins hidden underground could not escape the bald crane's claws.

Feeling pleased and excited, the bald crane headed to another cultivation planet with the Abyss Dragon leading the way.

Su Ming continued to walk forward with a calm expression. With each step he took, he would create an endless expanse of emptiness. His will had gathered in the space behind him, and it was so great that it suppressed the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World so greatly that it could not fight back. It could only let out the soundless roars while struggling with its last breath.

The level of his cultivation base and will made Su Ming the strongest person in his aeon, which gave him the right to overlook all manner of lives. Regardless of whether it was Dark Dawn, Saint Defier, or Arid Triad, there was no place Su Ming could not step into, and there were few people who could stop him.

In silence, Su Ming stopped walking right outside the planet serving as the capital of the Emperor of Abyss' True World. He stared at the huge cultivation planet formed by one thousand planets before him, and he saw the ocean in it, the ancient tree... as well as the people on the tree.

"I have come..." Su Ming mumbled.

Almost the moment Su Ming directed his gaze on the huge ancient tree, it... hummed and lurched for the first time in the countless years it had existed in that aeon!

### **Chapter 1293: I Did Not Bear Witness To It!**

As a butterfly, Harmonious Morus Alba had been made to stay in the boundless space for all eternity. No one knew just how many worlds had been born and grown to prosperity in it. This matter had been going on for so long that perhaps not even Harmonious Morus Alba itself knew about it.

The repetitions of the aeons, the lives that appeared time and again before they died from disasters were like the snow falling from the sky. Perhaps each snowflake was an aeon and contained all manner of lives. When they landed on the ground, they would be buried in the land, but more would fall from the sky. As there was no end to the snow, there was also no end to all lives.

Even if a person saw one land on the ground with their own eyes, they would never know just how many snowflakes had fallen from the sky in a snowstorm...

It was the same for Harmonious Morus Alba, which was why it did not know how many worlds had prospered on its wings.

There were four eras in the last aeon, and Su Ming was in the fourth era. Perhaps in the future, when people tried to figure out what had happened in the past and looked through the history recordings, they would be able to find some traces of the marks linking to this era. They would contain hints connected to the five Great True Worlds of the fourth era.

The rise and fall of the Fifth True World, the coexistence of the four Great True Worlds, Su Ming's existence, the return of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier... all of these were the marks of the fourth era.

Before the fourth era was the third era, and Su Ming had found the marks of that era. They were the nine Great True Worlds, Sui Chen Zi, Ecang, and Old Man Extermination.

There were only three marks linked to the second era, and they were Shu, Wei, and Wu! It had been an era filled with tribes and plagued by wars and slaughter. It was also the most prosperous era, when there were still Antecedental Spirits. The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was the tribe elder of Heavenly Spirit Tribe...

That era had been born due to a disaster, and it ended when Shu and Wu left, becoming Saint Defier and Dark Dawn respectively, and when Wei dissipated, the nine Great True Worlds were formed.

The old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe was a person from the second era. He was born at the final days of the first era, and he died... at the final days of the fourth era. It could be said that he had nearly lived through every single era in his aeon.

When he was born, he was in the first era, a world in which the Ancestral Spirits existed. They taught all manner of lives everything they knew. As the Ancestral Spirits formed their own camps and divided themselves into three, the era, which was born due to the disaster that descended on the previous aeon, also ended because of a disaster.

However, the disaster that fell on it was not the disaster of the aeon that affected a huge area. It was what remained of the disaster that had wiped out the entire aeon, and it only affected a small area. It destroyed all the people who did not merge with their other selves from Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos from the previous aeon and had managed to escape the Aeonic Disaster with a unique method, since it was regarded as cheating.

They had been wiped out by the remnant of the Aeonic Disaster, and hence, the first era ended. Yet before the people of that time died, they summoned the All Spirits Hall. The legacy of the hall started at that time.

Before that aeon and the first era in which the Ancestral Spirits lived, there were other items that remained for all eternity. They did not fuse with their other selves, but were still not destroyed, possibly because their continued existences were permitted by Harmonious Morus Alba... and there was also a possibility that Arid Triad's will could not bear to see them disappear.

One of them was... a huge tree that had once lived on a planet many aeons ago. There was once a teenage boy under that tree who talked about his grievances, love, friendships, and everything that happened in his life.

Many years later, the tree grew up with the teenager, and with the teenager's help, it became an evergreen. One day, the teenager of the past grew into a middle-aged man, and he whispered a few words quietly under the tree, "I'm leaving. If I fail, then there will surely be others who will come searching for my path and continue down this road. If I succeed... then you will never be destroyed. On the day a will is born within you, you will know that I have succeeded."

That teenager was Arid Triad.

From then on, the tree lived through all Aeonic Disasters and was never destroyed. When its will was born, it watched the sun rise and set, the planets change, the galaxies being replaced, and it knew that the teenager had succeeded, but occasionally, it would remember the past. It would remember the low murmurs of the teenager while sitting against its trunk. When the tree remembered the past, it usually lasted an aeon.

It could sense that the teenager had changed. He had become unfamiliar and terrifying, but his promise that the tree would never be destroyed had never changed.

On that day, while it was reminiscing about the past, the tree suddenly sensed a pair of eyes in the galaxy looking at it. Their gaze made it feel as if it had just seen the teenager of the past, but when it thought about it carefully, it found that this person was not him.

But the two people were very similar. This was not in terms of their spirits, appearances, or their blood. It was... simply a feeling that they were similar.

This familiar feeling came from the two's powerful conviction to become great and do things that no person in the past had done, which came from the heart and the desire to protect people and things they absolutely had to protect.

Su Ming stared at the tree on the cultivation planet. He could see the ancient air about it. In fact, he could sense the great feeling of age. The heaviness of it made Su Ming instantly realize that the tree... was not born in the last aeon.

With a step forward, he stepped into the planet and appeared above the vast ocean. He stood on the waves on the surface of the sea, right under the huge ancient tree, just like

how the teenager from the past had stood a long, long time ago to speak of grievances that he could tell no one else.

While standing there quietly, Su Ming could hear the cheers and laughter from the leaves, which were as large as grass fields, on the ancient tree's crown. The cheers were very fake, and the laughter filled with an obsequious tone. Each cultivator wore an invisible mask, and it would naturally change based on all the changes in the world.

The masks of some people were very good. When they changed them, no one could tell the difference. Yet some people were still not very good at using them. When they changed their masks, they were not too adept, making mistakes. But to Su Ming, it was all the same—he only saw a marriage of falsehoods.

The bride had a numb expression on her face, and her entire body was covered in seals. The groom had an aloof face, but there was a complicated expression in his eyes that seemed to be filled with anguish.

The Emperor of Abyss, who was the prince's father, could not even join the wedding. He had to watch quietly from a distance, and the sigh he could not let out turned into a sigh filled with various emotions in his heart.

Even the Sublime Paragon no longer had the dignity of a powerful person. He had willingly lowered his head to become a witness to the absurdity. The father was no longer the father, and the son no longer the son. There was also the Sovereign of Dawn who was watching all of it with a cold, derisive sneer. To Su Ming... all of this was an incredibly hilarious joke.

Only the Elder Mo Sang was a color in the absurd situation that caused Su Ming to feel gentleness in his heart.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed it on the ancient tree. At the instant he came into contact with it, an old voice appeared in his mind. It spoke slowly, with long pauses between each word, which dissolved into lingering echoes in the air.

“What... is... your... name?”

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he said softly, “Su Ming.”

“Su Ming... you... give me a feeling... that you are the same as him...” The ancient tree sighed as its murmurs echoed in Su Ming's mind. “He is... Arid Triad... He told me... that when my will is born, I will know... that he has succeeded...”

Su Ming was silent as he looked at the ancient tree. In truth, he had already somewhat guessed its identity before he even came near it. There was definitely a reason behind why the tree could exist for all eternity in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. This reason was clearly not because the tree had fused with its other self, since all such existences were

still asleep for the time being. Even if they could temporarily awaken using certain methods, it would be difficult for them to remain awake for all eternity.

It was just like...

Su Ming had been very puzzled in the past as to why Di Tian wanted to hide in Yin Death Vortex and did not come out from it. However, once he learned that there was a certain group of people in the world who had fused with their other selves, which made them indestructible in the face of the disaster but put them to sleep for all time besides a total of two hundred years—one hundred years before the disaster and one hundred years after the disaster that would signal the end of an aeon—Su Ming obtained his answer.

Clearly, Di Tian was not Di Tian, and neither was he the Sublime Paragon of True Morning Dao World. Perhaps a Sublime Paragon was indeed involved in this, but he had been reduced to a soul fragment after he fought against Su Xuan Yi. And that soul fragment might have satisfied certain conditions... which had allowed it become a clone formed by the Di Tian who was not Di Tian.

“Yin Death Vortex is a good place to sleep,” Su Ming had said when he turned his head back and cast a scrutinizing glance at Yin Death Vortex before he left it behind and headed to Ninth Summit.

“If... you have the chance to meet him, please remember to tell him... to come and see me... It’s been... a long time since... I met him.”

The ancient voice of the tree rose and fell in Su Ming’s heart as it revealed the sigh hidden within the words.

“He can hear you. Perhaps... before long, he will appear,” Su Ming said softly after staying quiet for a moment. He patted the ancient tree and raised his head before taking a step forward to walk towards the wedding on the tree crown.

No one could see his arrival, be it Su Xuan Yi or the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei. If Su Ming did not want them to, no one could notice Su Ming’s arrival.

Except... for the third prince.

As the Sublime Paragon of this True World’s congratulatory words for the wedding echoed in the air and he laughed, the third prince suddenly lifted his head and stared into the distance. Standing there... he saw Su Ming.

There was a complicated and conflicted look on the third prince’s face. When he looked at Su Ming, Su Ming also looked at him.

“Is the Seed of Life Extermination really that important?”

When Su Ming looked at the third prince, he could no longer see the good-for-nothing young man of the past. Instead, he saw a familiar figure. Su Ming was not surprised by that person's existence. He had already learned of everything when he was in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

Before him was his childhood friend, his best friend when he was a teenager... his companion who patted his chest and told Su Ming loudly that he would protect Su Ming his entire life!

Su Ming's voice echoed in the air, but it did not enter other people's ears. Only the third prince could hear him. He was silent, speechless, and filled with mixed emotions, which made him... not know how to answer Su Ming.

After a long while, Lei Chen shook his head and mumbled softly, "You don't understand..."

"I now declare that all the families in the Emperor of Abyss' True World will bear witness to the greatest wedding in our True World. It will also be witnessed by the True World's will..."

The Sublime Paragon of the True World could not see Su Ming, and he was still saying all the congratulatory words with a smile. The one million cultivators present one the leaves could not see Su Ming either, and they were still cheering and laughing. Su Xuan Yi could not see Su Ming, and he was still watching the man and woman before him with an affectionate look on his face.

The man was Su Xuan Yi's son, and the woman was the partner he had chosen for his son. It was... a state of completion when the Seed of Life Extermination received all its nourishment!

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei, too, could not see Su Ming. When he smiled, there was contempt in his heart. He lifted his right hand and was about to place it on top of Mo Sang's head to kill him so that red would appear in the wedding, just like how red would always be used in joyous occasions.

But at that moment...

"I will not bear witness to this."

Su Ming's words echoed in the ears of all the living beings on the tree. His voice was faint, but at the instant it was heard, everyone felt like thunder had roared in their hearts, for it was a voice like the will of heaven.

## **Chapter 1294: Lowly**

Su Ming's voice rumbled like thunder in the air. It spread in every direction, causing the hearts of the near one million cultivators in the area to tremble violently. They shook at an intensity of the earth and mountains during an earthquake. Not only everyone begin to shiver, but their cultivation bases were instantly thrown into chaos. They could not gather them at all.

The one million cultivators coughed up blood at once, and a bloody stench instantly filled the area. Patches of red also appeared on the leaves of the ancient tree.

The pain the one million cultivations in the Emperor of Abyss' True World felt at that moment surpassed what they had felt when they were suppressed by the mighty pressure formed by the True World's will roaring. They felt as if their bodies were being torn apart and their cultivation bases were on the verge of exploding and surging out of their bodies. Shriek screams of pain rang out everywhere.

The thirty-six Generals of Abyss were all present for the wedding. Their levels of cultivation varied while ranging between Fate Realm to Life Realm, but no matter what level of cultivation they possessed, shock appeared on their pale faces at that moment.

The eight Kings of Abyss were also there. They sat near the hall and were looking at the Sublime Paragon with smiles on their faces. At the instant Su Ming's voice echoed in their ears, their souls immediately shook. Their bodies jolted, and they could not control it.

They felt as if their minds had been forcefully suppressed by a will to such an extent that it was difficult even to breathe. Even if they were in Death Realm, right then, they felt like helpless mortals in the face of a disaster.

The Emperor of Abyss' face went stark white at that moment. He held a tight grip over the leaf under him with his right hand. The buzzing sounds by his ears did not stop, and for a time, he could not hear everything around him.

Compared to him, the Sublime Paragon was in a better condition, but there was also blood trickling out of the corners of his mouth. He staggered a few steps backward and lifted his head. Swiftly, he hid his shock beneath a ferocious look when he met eyes with... Su Ming, who had walked out of thin air in the distance!

Dressed in white, he looked like a cloud drifting elegantly in the sky. His long hair spilled over his shoulders like ink. His expression was one of indifference. His gaze was as calm as water, which came from seeing through all vicissitudes of life. He looked as if he had walked out of a picture, and he gave off an otherworldly air.

At the moment he saw Su Ming, a brilliant light shone in Su Xuan Yi's eyes. His killing intent instantly rose to its peak as he glared at Su Ming, and his breathing immediately

quickened. His hate for Su Ming had grown so deep that it was embedded into his bones. This hate was mainly due to Su Xuan Yi being forced to leave after he was defeated when the two of them had fought over Possessing True Morning Dao World. The preparations he had made for years had all been in vain, and the effect of this event on his plans was quite great.

If it was anyone else fighting over True Morning Dao World with him, his hate would not have been so intense, but Su Ming had been the one who fought over it against him, and Su Xuan Yi could not accept this. He could not accept that the boy who could only be used, who was discarded after he finished nourishing the Seed of Life Extermination, and had even been stupid enough to think that he was his father had snatched away Su Xuan Yi's True Morning Dao World.

To him, Su Ming was incredibly stupid and destined to be manipulated for his entire life. If Su Xuan Yi wanted Su Ming to live, he would live, and if he wanted him to die, he had to die. His destiny was bound to be controlled by Su Xuan Yi, and Su Xuan Yi could manipulate him at will.

It did not matter whether Su Ming was in Dark Mountain, the Barren Lands of Divine Essence, Morning Dao Sect, or Arid Triad's gap. In Su Xuan Yi's eyes, Su Ming had always been incredibly stupid. He could use Su Ming to the limit, until he no longer had any value. It was especially obvious when Su Xuan Yi fully used him up to nourish the Seed of Life Extermination. Once he served his purpose, Su Xuan Yi would have killed him a long time ago if it had not been because Sang could not bear to see him die.

He was an existence akin to an ant, and it was impossible for him to compare to his son, much less to Su Xuan Yi himself. Su Ming was a slave, and Su Xuan Yi was his master!

When Su Ming had demanded why Su Xuan Yi had sent Yu Xuan away in that incredibly ludicrous manner of his, Su Xuan Yi's real thought had been to laugh coldly and regard him with contempt, regardless of what his expression had showed at that time.

Yu Xuan was the second person Su Xuan Yi chose to nourish the Seed of Life Extermination, and she was also the partner he had chosen for his real son. There was no way he would let Su Ming touch her with his lowly status!

To Su Xuan Yi, while Su Ming was an Abyss Builder, he was destined to be a slave for his people. He was not worthy of the partner he had chosen for his real son.

Everything was in his control. With one word, he could sentence Su Ming to death. This feeling had existed in Su Xuan Yi for such a long time that he could not accept Su Ming's sudden appearance when he was Possessing True Morning Dao World. Su Xuan Yi was a fierce and ambitious person, so when Su Ming had defeated him, allowing him to only watch helplessly as the ant Possessed True Morning Dao World

with the preparations he had made for many years, the pain in his heart made him feel as if he was being torn apart.

Su Xuan Yi could not heal that wound, and he did not want it to heal either. He had intended to pass True Morning Dao World to his son once he Possessed it so that it would serve as the foundation for the Abyss Builders to rise to power.

But all of this had been snatched by the lowly slave before him. The hate in Su Xuan Yi's heart made his killing intent reach a monstrous degree the moment he saw Su Ming.

With a cold harrumph, he sat up straight in his seat. His killing intent might have reached a monstrous degree, but Su Xuan Yi was not a rash person. In his eyes, Mo Sang had definitely made secret preparations for Su Ming to be able to appear in this place, and since Su Ming had dared to come, he had to have someone or something to depend on.

'I am here, and my beloved son as well as the Sovereign of Dawn are here as well. This boy... will not be able to do anything!'

He did not know that Su Ming had gone to Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos, or else he would definitely be reacting differently at that moment.

The moment Su Xuan Yi looked at Su Ming with a cold sneer, by his side, the originally arrogant-looking Sovereign of Dawn suddenly changed. His expression went through such an unprecedented shift that he shivered in his seat. Even his breathing quickened slightly. His pupils shrank, and shock as well as extreme terror filled his heart, making his skin crawl, and he instinctively wanted to stand up and run away.

His light shudders surprised Su Xuan Yi, but when he looked at him, Yan Pei's expression had already returned to normal. His fear and shock had been hidden beneath a relaxed demeanor. With his level of cultivation, there were only a handful of people who could make him so terrified, and Su Ming was one of them, which was why when he saw Su Ming and heard Su Ming's words, he was horrified. The scene in True Morning Dao World a few months ago had been enough to completely intimidate the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei.

He ignored Su Xuan Yi's gaze when he looked at him. Yan Pei fixed his eyes on Su Ming. When Su Ming spoke, he felt that his voice was slightly familiar, and when he appeared, the Sovereign of Dawn's heart had trembled violently. He might have never seen Su Ming before... but he would never forget his voice.

That voice was like a nightmare in his mind. It belonged to a person who could determine his life and death with a flick of his wrist. The scenes beyond Ninth Summit still made him feel lingering fear when he thought about them. Yan Pei had no doubt in

his mind that this person... was the terrifying old monster who had made him utterly terrified when they were outside Ninth Summit!

'It's him!! IT'S HIM!!' a voice screamed in Yan Pei's heart. He felt chills down his spine, and his hands as well as his feet immediately became cold, but he did not show a single hint of it on his face. However, a huge storm that had never appeared before had started raging in his heart.

'Damn it, I've already left True Morning Dao World and ordered all cultivators from Dark Dawn and Saint Defier to not provoke Ninth Summit. I don't even... I don't even have the courage to take even half a step into True Morning Dao World again, so why?!

'WHY???!'

'Why did he chase me down to this place? I... I...'

Yan Pei's face turned slightly pale. Countless thoughts immediately rose in his head, but right when they appeared, they were immediately crushed by the memory of Su Ming's terrifying power.

No one could see the Sovereign of Dawn's emotions. Su Xuan Yi only saw the displeased expression on his face. He had a crease between his eyebrows as feeling some displeasure at such a matter.

"Sovereign of Dawn, it seems like we have embarrassed ourselves. This person is a lowly slave of mine, and today, he came here to destroy my son's wedding day. I will definitely have his blood spilt in this place!"

Su Xuan Yi's cold voice echoed in the air, and he turned his head to glare at Su Ming coldly.

He did not know that his words had caused an even greater storm to rage in Yan Pei's heart. The intensity of that storm even surpassed what Yan Pei had felt when he saw Su Ming's sudden arrival. It almost caused the Sovereign of Dawn's expression to change drastically, and he nearly stood up in shock.

"You... You said that... You said that he is your slave?" The storm raged in Yan Pei's heart, and as it roared, he felt that he could not quite wrap his head around what he was hearing.

"He once was. I pitied his lowly birth and gave him the status of a slave, but this boy did not know what was good for him and repaid my kindness with ingratitude. He destroyed my plans!" The killing intent in Su Xuan Yi's eyes became greater.

Yan Pei shuddered. When he looked at Su Xuan Yi, a strange emotion was hidden in his eyes, but at the same time, he released a sigh of relief in his heart, glad that the

terrifying old monster had not come searching for him this time, but had instead come searching for Su Xuan Yi, who did not know how grossly he had overestimated himself.

'He's lowly? Uhh... If he's lowly, then I've never effing saw a noble person in my life. If HE'S lowly, then what am I? Who would dare say they have an even more noble status compared to him in all of Dark Dawn and Saint Defier?

'I would want to seek an audience with him, even if I am afraid that he would want to kill me. If I could obtain some guidance, I would definitely be able to gain a serendipity! Is this Su Xuan Yi mad or does he not know the truth? How dare he say that this terrifying senior is of lowly status? He even dared to say that he is a slave...'

The Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei stood up without hesitation and quickly took a step to the side to be further away from Su Xuan Yi. He was afraid that Su Ming would misunderstand him due to his seat at the wedding...

Before he left, he did not forget to grab Elder Mo Sang, intending to take him as well. After all, he had promised Su Xuan Yi that he would personally kill this person. Despite what might happen, the principle he valued the most in his life due to his status as the Sovereign of Dawn was promises.

In truth, he pitied Su Xuan Yi greatly in his heart. He was sure that the man did not know how terrifying the old monster before them was. For a moment, Yan Pei wondered whether he should give him a warning, but if he did, he might risk offending Su Ming.

However, it would not be good for him to watch Su Xuan Yi sink into this mess, since he was the chess piece Yan Pei had chosen. The Sovereign of Dawn felt like he should do something due to moral obligations..

## **Chapter 1295: You Set Me Up**

As the Sovereign of Dawn hesitated over what to do and his hand was about to touch Elder Mo Sang, Su Ming strolled over. A ripple of emotion appeared in his eyes, which had previously been as calm as water. That ripple instantly turned into a cold glare reminiscent of moonlight reflected off the surface of a lake when he cast a flat stare at the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei.

Su Ming's footsteps came to a halt. A gentle look appeared in his eyes when he directed his gaze at Mo Sang. He seemed to forget his status and his level of cultivation at that moment, and instead felt like he was a child in Dark Mountain, a boy who laughed happily beside his elder... Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply.

This bow was directed to his elder, to Dark Mountain, and how deeply Su Ming valued his relationships.

“I, Su Ming of Dark Mountain, greet my elder...”

The Sovereign of Dawn's hand came to an abrupt halt while he was in the middle of stretching it out. His expression immediately changed; he was completely stunned. Su Ming's bow and his words repeated in his mind nonstop, and he soon registered what was going on. An enraged, monstrous killing intent instantly arose in his heart, transforming into a roar that went straight into his head.

‘Damn you, Su Xuan Yi... you set me up!’

During that moment, the Sovereign of Dawn no longer thought about principles, and he threw all his moral obligations to the back of his mind. He immediately began to hate Su Xuan Yi to the core. To him, regardless of whether Su Xuan Yi did this intentionally or not, it was the same as Su Xuan Yi setting him up. He had almost driven Yan Pei to his grave, setting him up against this old monster who he had been fleeing from with everything he had.

The Sovereign of Dawn did not believe that Su Xuan Yi did not truly know how terrifying Su Ming was. In fact, in Yan Pei's eyes, Su Xuan Yi definitely knew that Su Ming would come on this day, and he had dragged Yan Pei to his side and asked him to kill Su Ming's elder so that they would be bound together.

‘Damn it... Damn it... Thank goodness I didn't kill him yet.’

The moment Yan Pei registered the situation, with his mighty power and the reaction he had as a Sovereign of Dawn, he was able to stop his hand from reaching Elder Mo Sang. Then, he did not hesitate to immediately touch the elder.

But he only placed his hand on the elder. He did not grab him, but instead supported him gently, and it even looked like he had a great amount of reverence for the elder. The threads of time binding Elder Mo Sang immediately shattered. When they disappeared without a single sound, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei helped the elder up with his right hand, and a gentle smile even appeared on his face. There was even a hint of respect in it.

“I admire heroes like you the most in my life, fellow Daoist. Even if you knew that your level of cultivation was lacking, you were willing to risk everything for your family members. People like that must be respected!

“This is a gift and a lesson for any family. I am like that too. I have the same personality as you do, and I cannot bear with you being captured, fellow Daoist, which is why I interfered with this matter. I will definitely not allow someone like you to die before me. I acted so that I could save you!

“My fellow Daoist, I wasn’t clear with my words just now. In fact, I even joked with you just now, because I am a guest Su Xuan Yi had invited with all he had. I might not be familiar with this person, but he had invited me to this wedding after showing me great hospitality, so I had come here reluctantly, but I did not expect myself to meet someone like you here. This trip was worth it!

“That joke was to test whether you are truly a hero. Right now, I am certain of it. Fellow Daoist... I hope that you will not mind the words I said to you earlier. I hope that someone like you will accept a bow from me.”

Yan Pei’s expression was incredibly sincere, and his words sounded as if they were truly what he had in mind. As he spoke, he took a few steps back, wrapped his fist in his palm, and bowed deeply to Mo Sang.

Mo Sang was stunned. When a barely noticeable glint appeared in his eyes, the Sovereign of Dawn lifted his head and stared coldly at Su Xuan Yi, who was frowning and looked a little surprised.

“Fellow Daoist Su, I did not expect that you were someone like this!”

“Sovereign of Dawn...”

Su Xuan Yi’s pupils shrank. Yan Pei had changed sides so quickly that Su Xuan Yi’s heart let out a thump. Before he could even finish speaking, his words were cut off by Yan Pei.

“You disappoint me too much. If your daughter does not want to marry someone else, then why must you place so many seals on her? Not only did you seal her thoughts, you even sealed her soul. How could you treat your own family like this? You are practically trying to curry my favor, but you disappointed me. I am ashamed to be associated with you!

“Treat my actions as me sticking my nose into someone else’s business, but I have long since been unable to tolerate this. I have reached the end of my patience!”

As he spoke, the Sovereign of Dawn successfully stole Su Ming’s limelight; he became the center of everyone’s attention. Then, he lifted his right hand and pointed at Yu Xuan. The bells he had given Yu Xuan started shuddering on their own, and when they knocked against each other, they let out a string of clear ringing sounds.

Every single time the sound echoed in the air, a look of struggle would appear on Yu Xuan’s face. Clouds seemed to cover her eyes, but they were swiftly swept away by the wind. Clarity slowly appeared in her gaze, and when the ringing of the bells ended, Yu Xuan shuddered. All the seals on her body disappeared without a trace, and she regained her mind.

When he saw this, Yan Pei released a sigh of relief in his heart, feeling fortunate that he had given her the bells as a gift earlier. By doing so, everything he did could be backed by evidence, and no one would be able to find any clear problems with his actions. He should not have offended that terrifying old monster too much.

As clarity appeared in Yu Xuan's eyes and her body shuddered slightly, she remembered many things. After all, Yan Pei was a Sovereign of Dawn. When he took action, he did not just wipe off the seals placed on Yu Xuan in the recent years. He had wiped off all the seals in her body, which had been placed on her since many years ago, causing Yu Xuan... to truly regain a clear mind for the first time after being lost for a long period of time!

She immediately looked at Su Ming, who was standing not too far away and watching everything with a ghost of a smile on his face. After the single glance, she could no longer look away. Tears filled her vision and made the world before blurry, but that one figure in the world remained clear. It belonged to a person who remained clear in her mind no matter how many cycles of rebirth he went through.

Her childhood memories rose in her head. The thin and frail teenager lying silently was her older brother. He was not her family, but he was someone who was closer to her than family. He grew up with her and accompanied her every day. He was her older brother who could not speak and open his eyes. He was the most important family to her.

She remembered that she stayed by his side and spoke to him about the blue sky, the darkness during night, her training, her grievances, her future...

She held his hand so that his cold hand could slowly gain bodily warmth. During that period of time, she was very happy. Training might have been difficult and she might have been bullied and mocked by others, but she had remained strong. She wanted to protect her older brother his whole life.

Yet one day, she was taken away. She still remembered that when she cast a final glance at him before she left, he was still lying there without moving. He could neither open his eyes nor his mouth. On that day... she cried.

The person who took her away told her that if she was obedient, he would wake up, so she chose to be obedient and leave. After that... it felt as if an eternity had gone by.

That period of time seemed to be too far away from her now, so far away that her memories about it had become unclear. In truth, they had become faded away not because of her will. Instead, due to an unknown reason, she had completely forgotten about her past.

She became a direct descendant of a family in the Emperor of Abyss' True World. She had a father, a mother, and other family members. She was very happy during that

period of time as well, but every single time night fell and everything was quiet, she would have a feeling as if she had forgotten the most important person in her life.

But no matter what, she could not remember that person. The shadow of a person's back would often appear in her dreams, but it was muddled, and she could not see it clearly...

On the day her mother returned to earth, she wept while watching her mother gradually close her eyes. During that moment, on her deathbed, her mother stared at Yu Xuan with a look that spoke volumes. Her gaze was filled with compassion and a reluctance to part, and after appearing to ponder whether she wanted to speak, she said a few words,

“The meaning for Xuan is daylily. You are a daylily in the rain... I want you to forget sadness in your life and be happy forever...”

She had been ignorant of the meaning of that sentence in the past. Later on in the future, she always thought that she had understood what it meant, but only during that moment did she know the profound meaning behind those words...

Perhaps it was the figure in her dreams, or perhaps it was due to the emotions in her memories that could not be sealed no matter how strong the seal was, but before her wedding, she fled. While feeling lost and not knowing where to go... she had returned to True Morning Dao World by a stroke of chance.

She also remembered that when she fled and captured the Abyss Dragon, she seemed to have seen a figure, but when she turned her head back to look, she saw nothing. When she thought about it after all that time, she knew that the figure she had seen was that of her father's; he had been watching her in silence from not too far away. He watched her leave as if sending her off with a great reluctance to part.

During the days Su Xuan Yi was in isolation, Yu Xuan had went to True Morning Dao World to search for the feeling she could place her finger upon, and it had brought to the place in which she was born—Yin Death Vortex!

It was not her personality that caused her to immediately stick close to Su Ming when she saw him while not feeling a single hint of unfamiliarity towards him. It was because the aura of her life had affected her sealed memories.

She did not know that once she appeared before Su Ming, the voice calling out to him as its older brother which he only heard in his dreams gradually disappeared.

Yu Xuan remembered everything from her birth to the present. All her memories appeared in her head at that instant. Once the seals vanished, she stared at Su Ming with a dazed look, and tears that seemed to have come from thousands of years ago fell from the corners of her eyes.

"I am Yu Xuan. I am a daylily in the rain. My father is the second God of Berserkers. My home is in the land of Berserkers..." Yu Xuan mumbled. She lifted her head, and when she looked at Su Ming again, she bit her bottom lip and whispered two words that once echoed in Su Ming's dreams for many years.

"Big brother..."

Su Ming approached her. There were few forces of power who could stop him now in Arid Triad Expanse Cosmos. When Yu Xuan raised her head, Su Ming had already arrived before her. He gently embraced her crying form.

"I promised you that I would one day come and find you. Today is that day."

Su Ming caressed Yu Xuan's long hair. When he spoke, he raised his head and looked at the silent third prince standing beside them. The two of them met each other's gazes, and Su Ming saw the complicated look in the third prince's eyes, while Lei Chen saw the sentimentality in Su Ming's eyes.

### **Chapter 1296: You Should Not Have!**

When Su Ming flipped his palm, he could cause clouds to surge, and when he flipped it again, he could cause rain to fall. His arrival had changed the unseen laws in the place without a sound.

The hearts of the one million cultivators had trembled, and then, the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei's actions had become strange. When Su Ming looked at the third prince and their gazes met, it was as if a sleeping volcano... had started showing signs of an eruption.

"Sir, how dare you act so arrogantly when you have intruded on this capital of ours? I would like to see what sort of divine abilities you have."

At that moment, a freezing glare shone in the Sublime Paragon while he forced down the nervousness in his heart. With his level of cultivation and his intelligence, there was no way he would not see how terrifying Su Ming was, but he had no choice at that moment. As the Sublime Paragon of this True World and with Su Xuan Yi behind him, he could only put up a bold front and say such words. Su Xuan Yi's strength was unfathomable in his heart, and compared to the person before his eyes, he would rather believe that Su Xuan Yi held the upper hand.

In fact, he had other thoughts in his mind as well. Since Su Ming had come in such a shocking manner, it was going to be difficult to avoid a fight. If Su Xuan Yi was powerful

enough to win, then everything would be alright, but if Su Xuan Yi lost... then perhaps this would be a chance for him.

At the instant this thought appeared in his head, the Sublime Paragon charged at Su Ming. He lifted his right hand and swung his arm, and a vast amount of power surged out with a bang. It turned into a huge Abyss Statue in front of him that rushed forward to suppress Su Ming, but it did not harbor much killing intent, appearing to only wish to force Su Ming back.

Howling sounds echoed in the air. A loud bang shot up, deafening everyone. The Abyss Statue instantly closed in on Su Ming. Without even sparing a glance for the Sublime Paragon, he lifted his right hand and pointed casually at the statue.

With it, the weather changed. Wind stirred and clouds surged. It looked like the will of heaven had descended on the sky of the entire cultivation planet. It turned into a huge vortex that rotated with loud rumbles. An astonishing will descended on the Sublime Paragon with a gentleness when Su Ming pointed at him.

With it, a loud bang shot up. The Abyss Statue the Sublime Paragon had formed shattered to pieces. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, and he seemed to have been stunned by the sight of the will of heaven descending from the sky. He could not dodge, and it crashed into him.

He shuddered and coughed up eight mouthfuls of blood in succession. His body was like a kite with a snapped string, and he was thrown into the distance. While he was flying, blood gushed out of him rapidly. His body fell from the ancient tree, and he plunged into the sea and disappeared.

'He's a cunning one, alright. He attacked me with a divine ability that didn't contain much killing intent. He was rather certain that I would not kill him, and so he took the gamble. He did not even dodge and went to take the hit. By doing so, he was injured badly, and he could avoid having to fight any longer, causing Su Xuan Yi to be unable to say anything against him even if he wins, and if I win, I won't cause trouble to him either.'

With a single glance, Su Ming was able to tell what the Sublime Paragon thought of, but he did not expose him. Every person had a chance to make a choice before danger, and it was correct of the Sublime Paragon to make such a decision.

When Su Ming's will descended and the Sublime Paragon coughed up blood before plunging into the sea, the expression of the one million cultivators who had been stunned earlier changed drastically, and shock appeared on their faces.

They did not know Su Ming, but at that moment, his figure turned into a nightmare. His image was forcefully branded into their minds, and he became an eternal existence in their heads.

The third prince was silent, as if he was not surprised by all of this. The Sovereign of Dawn also seemed to have been expecting this. He knew just how terrifying Su Ming was, and he had grown to admire this Sublime Paragon whom he had not paid too much attention to previously, thinking to himself that this person was highly aware of his surroundings and that he could perhaps guide him in the future.

Su Xuan Yi's pupils shrank at that moment. A freezing glare as cold as ice and as sharp as needles appeared in his eyes when he looked at Su Ming.

"I only came here for three things."

Su Ming shifted his gaze away from the third prince and looked at the sullen Su Xuan Yi. This person, once an unfathomably powerful warrior in Su Ming's eyes, was now just a joke to him.

The appearance of Arid Triad's gap, hiding in Morning Dao Sect, his plans and aims towards True Morning Dao World's will, his prevention of Dark Dawn's camp in Divine Essence Star Ocean, and everything else were due to Su Xuan Yi.

He had used Su Ming. Everything that he did to him in the past rose in Su Ming's head, including using him to nourish the Seed of Life Extermination, before all the memories returned to the back of his mind in the form of dust.

"The first matter would be taking Yu Xuan away with me. You've taken care of her for many years, so I should notify you about this." Su Ming caressed Yu Xuan's hair. When he spoke, his eyes were calm.

"The second thing would be returning you an item that you have left in my care for a long time."

While saying that, Su Ming lifted his left hand and seized the air. The fifth kiln swiftly appeared with a loud bang. Fire surrounded the fifth kiln before it shrank exponentially. It floated above Su Ming's palm, but he simply allowed the flames to surround his left hand. His expression remained as indifferent as ever while he pushed the fifth kiln forward.

"A clone of yours is in there, along with your wife, who is waiting to be resurrected. Why would you leave something so important in my hands? You did not even mention wanting it back. Could it be... that you don't want it?"

Su Ming smiled faintly. He could already see through the complicated emotions Su Xuan Yi had towards the fifth kiln. He could tell that Su Xuan Yi did not want to face the fifth kiln, which was why... he decided to not ignore it.

While he watched the fifth kiln drift towards him, Su Xuan Yi's expression turned darker, but only he knew about the anguish and the complicated emotions he had under the sullen facade he put on.

At the instant the third prince saw the fifth kiln and heard Su Ming's words, he jolted. He looked over swiftly, and a hint of sadness appeared on his face.

"I've now finished with those two things. Right now, I only have the third matter remaining... I will end this enmity between us."

Su Ming looked at Su Xuan Yi. At the moment he finished speaking, Su Xuan Yi suddenly threw his head back and laughed.

There was a sense of freedom and wildness to his laughter. It sounded like he looked down upon the entire world, like he was certain that all manner of lives were in his hands and that he could manipulate them at will.

"You unfilial son, you..."

"Things have already progressed to this point, so is there even meaning to you saying any of this?"

Su Ming's expression remained calm, but a chilling tone had entered his words. It made Su Xuan Yi instinctively stop speaking. He stared at Su Ming, and after a moment, he started laughing coldly.

"As expected of the son between Su Zhan and the Sacred Lady of the Spiritlings from Dark Dawn. You have the inborn divine abilities of the Abyss Builders and the Spiritlings' powerful might, which makes their souls imperishable.

"Growing up among the Berserkers has also allowed you to possess the power of the Berserkers. Divine Essence Star Ocean has taught you how to be sly. Not bad, you are not at all weaker than my real son in this regard.

"Then, I would really like to know how you will end this enmity between us."

As Su Xuan Yi smiled coldly, he stood up, looking like a towering mountain. Even if Su Ming had arrived and he had personally seen just how powerful he was, Su Xuan Yi's pride did not allow him to show any weakness. He was still as aggressive as ever.

Su Ming was silent. He lowered his head and looked at Yu Xuan. A gentle look appeared in his eyes.

"You could have manipulated me and used me to nourish that Seed of Life Extermination of yours. You could have made me do everything that you wished, but you should not have... told me that you were my father."

When Su Ming lifted his head, a chilling glare appeared in his eyes. The moment he said those words, Su Ming took a step forward, and he was so fast that he instantly appeared right in front of Su Xuan Yi. He lifted his right hand and pressed it against Su Xuan Yi's chest.

When his palm almost touched his chest, Su Xuan Yi threw his head back and roared. He had been prepared for this since much earlier, so the moment Su Ming closed in on him, he immediately crushed the ancient jade that had appeared in his hand at some unknown point of time.

A crack appeared on the ancient jade, but it did not completely shatter. A huge eight-headed figure manifested behind him, and an astonishing mighty pressure and presence immediately erupted from him. That presence was so strong that it went straight to Avanicaya Realm, causing the Sovereign of Dawn's eyes to sparkle, and the pressure on the one million cultivators in the area increased again.

It caused the world to tremble and the weather to change, and it also caused the laws in the area to instantly become disorderly. This was one of Su Xuan Yi's killing moves. As an outstanding figure in this True World, he dared to scheme against True Morning Dao World and blast a hole in Arid Triad, so there was no way that he would not have any powerful backup plans.

At that moment, Su Xuan Yi no longer held back. Once the eight-headed figure appeared, it fused into Su Xuan Yi's body before it appeared between the two men to collide against Su Ming's palm.

Bang!

A loud bang reverberated through the air. The eight-headed figure instantly crumbled. Su Ming's palm seemed to be able to tear through everything. Once the eight-headed figure that exuded the powerful presence crumbled to pieces, Su Ming's hand pressed against Su Xuan Yi's chest.

Booming sounds echoed in the air, lingering there. Su Xuan Yi coughed up blood and staggered backwards. His expression changed. His pupils shrank, and for the first time ever, shock appeared on his face.

"What level of cultivation do you have?!"

It was impossible for him to not be shocked. The eight-headed figure came from the ancient jade, and it was not something of this aeon. It was a remnant of the previous aeon and possessed the power of those in Avacaniya Realm. It might only appear for a short time, but it could allow Su Xuan Yi to step into Avanicaya Realm and fight against the Sovereign of Dawn Yan Pei.

And since the item was from the previous aeon, the laws governing it were different. It also meant that it could weaken the will of their aeon. In Su Xuan Yi's mind, it should have been perfect to go against Su Ming, who had Possessed True Morning Dao World.

But... he had not expected that the eight-headed figure in Avacaniya Realm would shatter before Su Ming at the first touch!

The Sovereign of Dawn had seen it, and it made him instinctively take a few steps back. He had once again witnessed how terrifying Su Ming was, which made sure that what his clone had seen was not a misconception. This man was definitely the strongest person in their aeon!

By his side, Elder Mo Sang stared at Su Ming dumbly before pride appeared on his face. An ancient air that was far older than his actual age appeared about him...

The Sublime Paragon had just come up to the surface of the sea under the ancient tree at that moment and had spread his divine sense outwards to observe what was happening. Once he saw the fight, his heart shuddered violently, and without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and fiercely struck his chest. He coughed up more blood and sank to the bottom of the sea again.

### **Chapter 1297: I Am Here!**

“With my strike, I severed your ties with the years of your life, and I injured your soul. You are now like a rootless tree. You no longer have karma affecting you, and you have also lost your right to be reincarnated. This is your punishment for calling yourself my father.”

When Su Ming declared this in a flat tone, Su Xuan Yi's expression changed drastically. Only at that moment did he realize the indescribable pain coming from his body.

It felt like there was a plant growing in his body. In shock, he directed his attention at the internal structure of his body, and he immediately noticed that his soul had become semi-transparent and much weaker. His Qi and blood were scattered and in a mess, as if they were being devoured by some unseen force. It left them increasingly weaker.

“You could have used me. Even if you gathered my soul together for your use to accompany your son so that he would grow and even if you left the mark of a slave on me so that I would continue being your slave, it would have been fine.

“But you should not have... spread your hands outwards and used the people around me. You should not have used Yu Xuan...”

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. Once he finished speaking, he took a swift step forward once more.

Su Xuan Yi's pupils shrank swiftly, and he immediately began withdrawing. A ferocious and crazed look appeared on his face. He squeezed the ancient jade in his right hand again, and as cracking sounds shot into the air, it split into two. An astonishing will immediately erupted from within and surrounded Su Xuan Yi.

There was a primitive air to that will, along with an ancient feeling that made it seem as if it had existed for an endless amount of time. This will was not part of the present aeon. The ancient feeling about it was possessed only by those in the previous aeon, and it was so strong that it instantly gave off a presence equivalent to Su Ming once he Possessed True Morning Dao World!

It was a will which belonged to one of the strongest warriors of the previous aeon, who was an old monster who had surpassed Avacaniya Realm. He was probably still alive, which would explain his will being so great. It was filled with indestructible life force, but similarly, there was a thick aura of death contained within it.

The appearance of the will immediately caused the air around Su Xuan Yi to distort and form into an ancient face. Marks of time were contained within it, but the face itself was incredibly hideous. The man's eyes were bloodshot, and when he appeared, he let out a crazed howl that shook the sky and earth.

It was the first time that will had appeared in the present aeon. At the moment it did, it caused the rapidly fading will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World to shudder and Arid Triad to focus his gaze on the area.

This was the first time... the sleeping old monsters who had fused with their other selves showed their presence before the people! This was not a clone like the ones belonging to Di Tian and the others. After all, they were just clones. The one that appeared at that moment was the person's will in its truest sense. This was his complete will!

For the first time, a different expression appeared in Su Ming's eyes. Even he had not expected that Su Xuan Yi would have this sort of ancient jade with him... but even if the will was as powerful as a True World, to Su Ming... it was still too fragile and would not be able to withstand even a single hit of his.

At the moment his right hand touched the face formed by the will, the face's roars came to an abrupt halt. Disbelief and madness appeared on the face, and it swiftly charged at Su Ming with a howl to suppress him.

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph. Morning Dao's will, Immortal Sect's will, Sky Hill's will, and part of the will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World instantly gathered on him to suppress the rampant will, who had grossly overestimated itself.

This was a clash between wills, and an unbalanced battle that was similar to a toddler challenging an adult for a fight.

Booming sounds instantly filled the cultivation planet before they spread into the galaxy. When they echoed in all directions, the face formed by the will around Su Xuan Yi shattered to pieces, and as if a huge gust of wind had blown against it, it disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming's right hand pushed down on Su Xuan Yi's chest again. With it, Su Xuan Yi coughed up a dozen mouthfuls of blood. When he moved back, he was stark pale, and for the first time ever, fear appeared on his face.

"With this strike, I made your cultivation base fade, I destroyed your Qi, and I crushed your divine sense," Su Ming said while looking at the pale Su Xuan Yi.

"You could use me to nourish the Seed of Life Extermination, but you should not... have made Yu Xuan continue my path and forced her to give up on everything for the Seed of Life Extermination. And then, since you were worried that she would resist and struggle against you, you sealed her thoughts, soul, and her memories so that she could make the Seed of Life Extermination complete once she became one with your son.

"You should not have done this. If dragons have taboos, then so do people. You have done things that are taboo to me several times. How... do you think I will end this grudge between us?"

Killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The next moment, he took another step forward and charged at Su Xuan Yi.

The killing intent had been buried in Su Ming's heart for a long, long time. From the moment he had learned that everything was fake and he thought that he was an incredibly ludicrous existence, he harbored great murderous intent towards Su Xuan Yi.

Right then, that killing intent finally erupted from within him after accumulating for a long period of time. Murderous intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he closed in on Su Xuan Yi like a blade wanting to take his life.

Su Xuan Yi laughed brokenly. When he saw Su Ming move towards him, ferociousness and desperation suddenly appeared in his smile. The two halves of the ancient jade in his hand were swiftly crushed to pieces.

At the moment the ancient jade was crushed, Su Xuan Yi's hoarse voice traveled swiftly into the air with a shrill tone.

"Yr Morkh!"

The two words sounded like an incantation, but it was even more... like a name. It was a name that was completely different from the people of his aeon used and was also had a different pronunciation. In other words, it was the name of a powerful warrior of the previous aeon.

The moment Su Xuan Yi called out that name, the world roared. The Emperor of Abyss' True World trembled violently, and all of Arid Triad seemed to have become different. Immediately after, the land and mountains in the capital planet shattered and crumbled. Huge cracks that went through the entire planet spread rapidly, and they stretched to the sea, which began to roar. A low growl shot out from the cracks in the underground.

A huge hand made of blood fog shot into the air and seized Su Xuan Yi before it turned around so that the palm was facing outwards. Then, with the force of the back of the hand, it fought back against Su Ming's incoming palm strike.

Booming sounds surged into the heavens. The blood fog swiftly dissipated, but it managed to resist Su Ming's palm strike.

Once Su Xuan Yi was saved, the growl from the crack underground became several times stronger. It echoed in the air, and when the sky turned red, it caused the entire cultivation planet to instantly turn crimson, making it seem as if the planet had turned into a red sun, and its red hue even spread out into the galaxy.

A crimson figure rushed out from the crack at the bottom of the sea. The moment it showed up, the sea tumbled. Loud rumbles surged into the sky. The figure traveled at an astonishing pace and instantly appeared besides Su Xuan Yi to catch him.

The unknown person was a middle-aged man who exuded great bloodthirst and had bloodshot eyes that shone with madness. He was half-naked, which revealed countless scars on his body. They gave him a furious and murderous aura that filled the world.

"Who made me wake up beforehand?! Who interrupted my great plan for invincibility?! Who dared provoke my disciple?! Damn it! All of you deserve death! All of you must die! Die! Die! DIE!!"

The man seemed to be off in the head. When he roared, he lowered his head swiftly, and his gaze swept past all the people on the ancient tree. All those who met his gaze immediately felt their blood flow in reverse. Their eyes instantly filled with blood capillaries, as if their bodies were about to explode.

All of them were affected, except Su Ming and Yu Xuan, who was under his protection, his elder, and the third prince!

Only the four of them were unaffected. Even the Sovereign of Dawn of Yan Pei felt his heart tremble at that moment. In his mind, he immediately started cursing the other two

Sovereigns of Dawn and the three powerful warriors in Avacaniya Realm from Saint Defier.

He had thought that he had managed to seize an opportunity by being able to step into Arid Triad, but he had first run into the terrifying Su Ming, and right then, he met this old monster shining with a red glow. Both of them had the ability to kill him, so entering Arid Triad had been opportunity. It was clearly a dangerous place that could bring about his death if he made the slightest mistake!

“I didn’t expect to see two complete fellow Daoists in this place, as well as one... who achieved the same results, even though the method he used is wrong... but this does not mean you have the right to interfere with my plan and wake me up ahead of schedule!” the blood-red figure roared madly.

The world howled, and rain began to pour down from the sky. The droplets were red, and even the sea beneath them instantly turned into a sea of blood during that instant.

Su Ming frowned and snorted coldly. The sound traveled through the air, and it immediately made the blood-red figure in the sky freeze. The middle-aged looked at Su Ming, and his body instantly vanished.

The moment he disappeared, Su Ming blended into the air as well. Booming sounds shot out rapidly into midair, and each one was deafening to the ears, causing the sky to look as if it was about to crumble and the world to look as if it was about to collapse. The middle-aged man appeared then and fell backwards. On his face was a graveness, great fighting intent, and an even greater wave of madness.

Blood trickled out of the corners of his mouth. His chest had already collapsed, but his fighting spirit and madness became even wilder.

“You should be the strongest person in this aeon. I can sense that accursed True World’s will on you!”

When the blood-red figure began to rar, Su Ming walked out of the air. His expression was one of indifference. His white robe and long hair were spotless, but there was a cold and biting chill in his eyes.

When Su Ming and the blood-red figure attacked each other, a young man dressed in a long robe walked over the surface of the sea with a calm expression on his face. He was beneath the ancient tree and above the red sea of blood. Wherever he went, no one noticed him. It was as if... he was one with the universe.

He did not lift his head to look at the sky, but instead moved to stand under the ancient tree. As he stood on the surface of the sea, he sighed softly.

“I’m here.”

## Chapter 1298: Five-Faced Beast Deity

“Go back to the place you sleep. It is not time for you to wake up just yet,” the white-robed, long-haired Su Ming said flatly while standing in the air.

The presence of the strongest person of the current aeon radiated from Su Ming’s body and swept through the land. When he spoke, a voice that made the entire True World tremble came from his mouth.

As the air around him distorted, it turned into a huge hand that went forth to grab the blood-red figure.

Madness appeared in the blood-red figure’s eyes. He formed a seal with his hands and pointed forward. Immediately, the space where he stood distorted, and the blood fog tumbled about, letting out a roar like a malicious spirit. The blood fog immediately turned into a ferocious face of a ghost. It charged at the hand, and they instantly crashed into each other with a loud bang that shook the sky and earth.

Amid the noise, the hand shattered. The face of the ghost let out a shrill scream of pain and crumbled as well. Su Ming swung his arm, and when a freezing glare appeared in his eyes, the blood-red figure took a few steps back again. When he raised his head, he fixed his stare on Su Ming. A crazed, ferocious smile appeared at the corners of his lips, as if he was completely unbothered even if he was at a disadvantage.

“As expected of the strongest person in this aeon, but aren’t you a little too conceited? You still don’t have the right to make me go back to sleep. You can’t kill me, for not even Arid Triad’s disaster can destroy me. All the people who have reached our status are already indestructible!”

As the blood-red figure laughed madly, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

“Five-Faced Beast Deity, descend in this aeon!”

The world immediately roared. With loud booms, the air was torn, and a huge crack appeared out of nowhere. A boundless, malicious presence surged out from within it. Five waves of mighty pressure intersecting with each other could be detected clearly in that presence, and it was incredibly astonishing.

It was the famous Five-Faced Beast Deity from the previous aeon. This beast was not created by cultivators, but was born from the Essence of the universe. When it

appeared, it was already in Avacaniya Realm. It devoured countless cultivators and stirred up a disaster in the previous aeon in which countless lives had died.

Even if they gathered together the might of all the powerhouses from all True Worlds at that time, they were still defeated by the beast, and the more it ate, the stronger it became. In the end, it gained sentience, and its level of cultivation reached its peak. For a period of time, it could be said to have been unbeatable.

When the beast roared at the skies, it sensed the existence of Arid Triad's will... and it went to challenge him.

It was completely defeated in that battle. Its body was crushed and its soul disintegrated. It perished under Arid Triad's will, but while its real body died, thousands of years after the aeon in which it was born, gradually, cultivators who could vaguely sense its fragmented soul appeared.

When more cultivators like that were born, the religion of the Five-Faced Beast Deity came into being. Each convert to this religion was someone who killed to a monstrous degree. They were all cruel and merciless and worshiped the Five-Faced Beast Deity.

They built statues and worshiped them every day. As time passed, the leaders of the religion grew to be able to gradually summon the shadow of the Five-Faced Beast Deity, but most of them could only summon three of its heads.

But even if the shadow only had three heads, it was enough for them to obtain the great power equivalent to those in Avacaniya Realm.

That had lasted until the final days of the aeon when a peerless genius had appeared in the religion of the Five-Faced Beast Deity. That person's potential was so great that it could be said that he was matchless, and he seemed to be born suitable to fuse with the Five-Faced Beast Deity.

His rise to power was so quick that in a short ten thousand years, he managed to form three heads of the Five-Faced Beast Deity. From then on, he searched through the entire Expanse Cosmos and gathered nearly eight-tenths of the Five-Faced Beast Deity's soul, causing the shadow that he formed to show five heads, which was the first since the Five-Faced Beast Deity had died!

That prodigy was the blood-red figure before Su Ming. The genius of the religion of the Five-Faced Beast Deity had fused with his other self and become the imperishable and indestructible Yr Morkh.

He killed so many people that he gained immense popularity in the previous aeon. He was one of the two strongest people during that aeon, and he managed to survive through Arid Triad's disaster, but he had to fall into deep sleep in one hundred years. During the first one hundred years of the new aeon, he used all his time to form the

religion of the Five-Faced Beast Deity and to pass down its legacy. Hence, most of those who were born later did not know of his existence.

At that moment, the crack that appeared in the world was the sign that the Five-Faced Beast Deity was about to appear. As its malicious presence spread out, a loud roar came from the crack. Immediately after, a huge head of a fierce creature manifested.

The head resembled a snake. It had a forked red tongue that came out of its mouth when a piercing hiss traveled rang the air. The next moment, the huge head charged out like a bolt of thunder from the crack.

The snake head was the first head of the Five-Faced Beast Deity!

When it charged out, it instantly closed in on the white-robed Su Ming. It was large enough to cover the sky and earth, and a foul stench of rotting things came from its breath. It caused a large part of the world around Su Ming to immediately start showing signs of rotting.

Su Ming's face was calm. It might have been the first time that he ran into a powerful warrior from the previous aeon, but Su Ming was not at all wary. As the strongest person in his aeon, he wanted to see just... who was the stronger between him and a powerful warrior of the previous aeon!

The moment the huge snake head closed in on him and the foul stench came crashing into his face, Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, and he lifted his right hand to swing his arm forward. With it, the world immediately roared. A huge hand swiftly manifested in front of him to seize the snake head and lift it upwards.

At that moment, another roar came from the crack, and a huge wolf head rushed out. With a presence that made it seem that it wanted to devour the sky and earth, it opened its mouth and charged at Su Ming.

Immediately after, the third roar shot out of the crack in the sky and reverberated through the air. A huge head of a tiger with an incredibly distinct mark of the tiger at the center of its brow appeared. It exuded a supreme and domineering air. When it roared, a powerful wave of sound surged into the sky and made the entire planet shudder.

And this was just the third head. At the moment the tiger's roars traveled through the planet, the fourth head appeared. It belonged to a huge dragon that was entirely black.

Right when the fourth head came out, the fifth manifested as well. It was the head of a child with a contorted face. At the moment it appeared, it let out a piercing howl at Su Ming!

A great, mighty pressure spread from the five heads, and like a Rune, it charged to Su Ming from five different directions.

At the same time, the body of the Five-Faced Beast Deity was revealed from the crack in the sky. It looked... like a human which was incredibly huge, standing nearly one hundred thousand feet tall. Right then, only a small part of it was revealed, but it was still enough to shock everyone.

“Five-Faced Beast Deity, five heads... But I don’t understand... How could something like you be worthy of being called a deity?”

Su Ming watched the five heads charging at him with ferociousness. Each head gave Su Ming the feeling that they possessed the power equivalent to those in Avacaniya Realm, but once they were connected, a power similar to the one Su Ming sensed from the old man from Heavenly Spirit Tribe erupted from them.

That was a powerful presence equivalent to someone who had had their spirit ascend eight times... but to Su Ming, this sort of presence was still not enough!

After all, while they were both the strongest in their respective aeons, there was still a difference in strength between them. This was something that would definitely not be the same!

At the moment Su Ming spoke and the five heads closed in on him, he seized the air with his right hand. A purple sword immediately appeared in his grip. It let out an indescribably fierce presence, for it was... the End of Wills Sword!

The sword’s level once surpassed Su Ming’s, and the sword had been in control of his actions instead of him being control of the sword, but right then... the sword in Su Ming’s hand was merely his weapon. The sword could not behead the Five-Faced Beast Deity by itself, but when it was in Su Ming’s hands, it could!

Su Ming’s eyes shone with a freezing glare. With the sword in his right hand, he moved forward instead of retreating. At the instant the snake head came to devour him, the sword shone with a monstrous purple light.

It blinded all the cultivators who had been paying attention to the fight. At the moment the purple light pierced the people’s eyes and their field of vision turned black, a shrill scream of pain tumbled out from the snake head’s mouth.

Loud booms filled the area. At the same time, another incredibly shrill roar that sounded like it came from someone who was struggling at death’s door rang out. The booming sounds became even louder, but nothing had ended just yet.

When the third pained scream let out through great struggle was heard and the darkness before the people’s eyes disappeared so they could see normally once more, they saw that the snake head had been cut off from the huge five-headed ferocious beast. The wolf head plunged to the ground as well, and a large amount of red light gushed out at the center of the tiger head’s brow, as if it had been pierced by a sword.

During that instant, shock appeared on the remaining dragon head and the boy's head, but before they could retreat, Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He brought his right hand up and pointed into the distance before he flung his arm. The tiger head instantly screamed in pain. Its head shattered to pieces, and purple light shot out from it. It sparkled above the dragon head and the boy's head before it disappeared.

In an instant, purple light shone in front of Su Ming when the End of Wills Sword manifested. A drop of black blood fell from the tip of the sword, and the dragon head jolted; it had been cut off.

The boy's head let out a roar filled with the unwillingness to admit defeat, but a gash appeared between his eyebrows, and with a bang, he was cut into two.

The End of Wills Sword trembled because of excitement. After it had been crafted, Su Ming was the strongest master it had ever followed, and because of it, it had beheaded the strongest enemy in its life. Once it absorbed the blood of a powerful being of this calibre, it became excited and exhilarated. In fact, it could sense that before long... its power would increase!

"The Five-Faced Beast Deity is only this much."

When Su Ming spoke, he lifted his right hand and pushed in the direction of the giant who had lost all five of its heads.

"Go back from where you came. Seal."

Those words were spoken flatly, and there were only a total of seven of them, but the crack in the sky immediately turned into a vortex. When it rotated with loud rumbles, a huge suction force came from within it, and no matter how the giant struggled, it couldn't change its fate of being sucked into the vortex. Once it lost the fight, the vortex vanished... and the sky returned to normal!

## **Chapter 1299: Changing the Ruler of the Emperor of Abyss!**

The area instantly fell into dead silence...

Nearly one million cultivators looked at Su Ming. Shock appeared on their faces, and their minds went blank. The sight of Su Ming sealing the giant became a memory they would never forget.

Su Ming's elder watched him, and a smile showed up on his face. He saw Su Ming's growth and knew that the young La Su had grown up into a person he could have never imagined.

Yu Xuan looked at Su Ming with a gaze as soothing as water. It felt like she could watch him her entire life, and she wished to do it as well...

Su Xuan Yi's face was pale when he looked at Su Ming. His mind trembled. Su Ming's strength had surpassed his expectations repeatedly, and right then, the power he showed had reached a degree where it cast him in disbelief and made his skin crawl.

There was also the Sovereign of Dawn, Yan Pei. At that moment, while remaining cautious, he had started cursing the other existences who shared the same status as him in Dark Dawn and Saint Defier. He regretted his choice to be the first to descend into Arid Triad...

Only the third prince, or rather, Lei Chen watched everything silently. His expression remained complicated, but he did not open his mouth to say a single word.

"What other methods do you have? If you don't bring them out now, you will no longer have the chance."

Su Ming looked at the blood-red figure in the distance. When he said those words, a low growl came from the mouth of the blood-red figure.

"Damn it, I forgot about this. I overlooked the fact that you are a life in this aeon!"

Once the blood-red figure said that, a thought formed in Su Ming's mind. At the same time, the blood-red figure lifted his hands, formed a seal, and flung his arms outwards.

"Blood, Malice, Fiend!"

A low and almost bizarre voice came from the blood-red figure's mouth. The blood fog around him tumbled swiftly, and when it spread outwards, it formed a huge blood-red vortex. A monstrous evil air spread out from it. There was also a powerful, murderous air rising swiftly from inside.

"First style, Activation of the Blood World!" the blood-red figure roared.

He flung his arms outwards, and a red ripple immediately spread out from him. It was a divine ability that belonged solely to him. It was a famous Art in the previous aeon, and with it, he had been invincible in his time.

There were four styles to his Art. Right then, he had cast the first style, and a red ripple spread through the entire planet in the blink of an eye. The planet jolted, and when Su Ming looked over, his world turned blood red.

All people turned into blood-red figures as if they had entered a blood-red hell. A thick stench of blood and a murderous aura so thick it struck fear in hearts made it feel as if a True World had been formed, and the man was using its power to suppress Su Ming.

“This Art is rather interesting.”

Su Ming looked around himself. While speaking, he lifted his right hand and pointed at the sky. His great will instantly descended, and he drew a circle with his right hand. His will immediately started rotating in an unseen manner. Once it turned into a huge circle, a cold sneer appeared on Su Ming’s lips.

“Su’s disaster,” he declared flatly. He was imitating Arid Triad Disaster and using his own name to name his disaster!

When he spoke, a red bolt of lightning flew out from the circle. It charged to the area above the blood-red world. When the world roared, the second and third disasters—Five Colors and Six Wills—appeared.

The blood-red world shook and crumbled to pieces. The blood-red figure coughed up a mouthful of blood, and the crimson light around him became dimmer. When he fell back, he formed seals with his hands and pointed forward. He then let out a shrill roar.

“Second style, Reincarnation in the Blood Ocean!”

The moment he spoke that sentence, booming sounds surged up, and the crumbling blood-red world shattered completely. It turned into a huge vortex that started rotating with loud rumbles. The vortex was red, and an invisible connection seemed to have formed between it and the blood-red figure. It seemed like the man was about to be reincarnated in a blood ocean.

The blood ocean charged at Su Ming while tumbling about. In an instant, it surrounded him and rotated.

Su Ming was swiftly submerged, and the blood-red figure laughed ferociously, but not even a moment later, that laughter froze. A loud bang shot out of the blood ocean. The fourth as well as the fifth disasters belonging to Su Ming had collapsed Reincarnation in the Blood Ocean.

“Damn it... Damn it! Third style, Eternal Existence. Eighteen Blood Kings of Hell born during my aeon... appear!”

The blood-red figure’s voice was hoarse and shrill. At the moment he finished speaking, eighteen statues appeared from the shattered Reincarnation in the Blood Ocean.

The eighteen statues were entirely crimson, but their expressions and appearances were all different. The moment they appeared, they came to life as if the stone encasing them had melted. They turned into eighteen figures that charged towards Su Ming.

“Sixth disaster.”

When Su Ming spoke coolly, countless bolts of lightning immediately struck out from around him. In the blink of an eye, they crashed into the eighteen figures. Booming sounds rang out in all directions, and the blood-red figure threw his head back and roared.

“Fourth style, Blood God’s Head!”

Not a single ray of blood-red light remained around the blood-red figure at that moment. His body was revealed, and he showed up to be a young man with a sickly pale face dressed in a red robe. He had long red hair, and in his eyes was madness as well as killing intent.

All the blood-red light, the blood ocean from the shattered vortex, and the eighteen statues who had tumbled backwards when they crashed against Su Ming’s sixth disaster fused together at that moment. As the blood ocean rotated, it suddenly stood up vertically and turned into a huge head!

Three of the statues turned into the left eye, and another three into the right eye. Three of them became its nose, another three became its mouth, six became its ears, and the Reincarnation in the Blood Ocean turned into its skull. The membrane of the blood-red World turned into the head’s skin to form... the head of the Blood God filled with monstrous evil air!

Almost the moment the head of the Blood God appeared, Su Ming narrowed his eyes slightly, but he did not give time for the head to act. For the first time ever, he felt threatened by the powerful warrior from the previous aeon. Without any hesitation, he took a step forward and brought his right hand up.

Thirty million Great Berserker souls gathered together to form a powerful right hand, and this was followed by thirty million Great Berserker souls gathering on his left hand, and then his body. At the moment he took a step forward, Su Ming’s... God of Berserkers Transformation was complete!

Su Ming’s power increased exponentially at that time. His body grew much larger, and when his foot landed, he appeared right in front of the head of the Blood God. Then, he brought up his right hand without the slightest bit of hesitation and threw a punch.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

In just a few short breaths, Su Ming threw thousands of punches in succession. Punch after punch, without stop. Each punch contained Su Ming's will and his power. This was what Su Ming had decided upon—shatter his opponent's killing move in the shortest amount of time possible.

In just a few breaths, an astonishing bang shot out, and the huge blood-red head shattered into pieces. Su Ming moved, and like an afterimage that was hard to see with the naked eye, he charged at the young man with the sickly pale face who no longer had blood red light about him.

The moment the head of the Blood God shattered, the young man coughed up a huge mouthful of blood. He staggered a few steps backwards. When he lifted his head, Su Ming's punch had already arrived at the center of his brow.

"You can't kill me!" As the young man roared madly, he lifted his hands and struck the spot between his eyebrows.

"A Blood Offering to the World!"

When he said those words, the expressions of the one million cultivators from the Emperor of Abyss' True World watching from below changed drastically. Their blood flowed in reverse, and in that instant, three hundred thousand cultivators exploded with loud bangs. Blood gushed out from their bodies and charged up to the young man.

Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. His punch landed at the center of the young man's brow, and with a loud bang, the young man's body was thrown off. Blood gushed out of him, but his body did not break down. Instead, while laughing ferociously, he shouted, "You can't kill me!"

With a bang, the seven hundred thousand cultivators on the ground broke down and exploded. With their deaths as the price, a large amount of blood gathered together to charge towards the young man in the sky. It instantly fused with him, causing blood-red light to appear around him again. Even his sickly pale face recovered quite a lot.

"I might not be able to kill you, but I can seal you!"

Strong murderous intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and the effect of the God of Berserkers Transformation instantly vanished. He lifted his right hand and pointed at the blood-red figure.

"Morning Dao's will!"

With a bang, the entire True World's will descended on the blood-red figure, causing his body to freeze, but his laughter sounded as conceited as ever.

"Immortal Sect's will!"

Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and pointed forward again. This time, the blood-red figure's laughter came to a halt. His body sank by one thousand feet, but that was all, just one thousand feet. He stopped sinking after that, and his conceited laughter reverberated through the air once more.

"You still don't have the right to seal me! Even if you are the strongest in this aeon and even have the advantage because of that, you still can't do this!"

"Sky Hill's will!"

Su Ming laughed coldly and pushed down with his right hand again. Rumbling sounds surged into the sky.

The blood-red figure's laughter came to a swift halt. Shock appeared on his face. His body sank tens of thousands of feet at that moment. In an instant, he was forced down to the surface of the ocean, but after reaching that point, he no longer continued sinking no matter what.

A cold and fierce glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. Without waiting for the blood-red figure to say anything, he lifted his right hand and made a tugging motion at the sky, as if he was yanking away a curtain.

"Change the rule of the Emperor of Abyss' True World!"

Su Ming's voice echoed in the planet and reverberated through the galaxy around him, resounding in all of the Emperor of Abyss' True World. At that moment, the weak struggles and resistance of the Emperor of Abyss' True World were instantly swept aside and suppressed before the will was wiped off. Su Ming's will occupied the True World, making the place... his Emperor of Abyss' True World!

It was just as Su Ming had said—the ruler of that place... had indeed been changed.

"Will of the Emperor of Abyss' True World!"

At the instant Su Ming said those words, he pushed down with his right hand, and a shrill scream of pain came from the blood-red figure.

"It's impossible. This is absolutely impossible. You... You have the advantage of this aeon with you. You are a life from this aeon, that's why you are stronger than me, but once your aeon is also destroyed, you will no longer have that advantage, and at that time, I'd like to see whether you are still my opponent!"

"I... will wait for that day to arrive. I will wait for the day all the people around you die! When the next aeon comes, you will lose all your advantages... and at that time, we will fight again!"

With a bang, the blood-red figure was forced down to the bottom of the sea. He sank into the crack and was sealed once again.

## **Chapter 1300: The Distance of One Sword**

That scene caused the world to tremble. The Sovereign of Dawn sucked in a sharp breath, and when he looked at Su Ming, his expression was filled with great wariness and shock. He originally thought that Su Ming and the blood-red figure were equal in terms of strength, but in the end, the blood-red figure had been suppressed by Su Ming.

In Yan Pei's eyes, suppression was much harder when comparing it to destruction!

"He... He is indeed the strongest... in this aeon. There can be no one else but him," the Sovereign of Dawn mumbled.

Su Xuan Yi watched all of this with a pale face. His eyes sparkled, but his face became incredibly dark. The blood-red figure was his greatest secret, but right then, even if he had summoned that person, he proved to not be Su Ming's opponent, and this caused the dark emotions in Su Xuan Yi's heart to turn into broken laughter.

He did not care about the deaths of the one million cultivators. Even if all the people in the Emperor of Abyss' True World died, Su Xuan Yi would not feel even a single bit of compassion towards them.

He only felt anguish. The Su Ming before him... had become that strong at some unknown point of time...

When the wills of Su Ming's four Great True Worlds fused together, they turned into a power of a suppressive seal that was just slightly less powerful than that of Arid Triad. Because of that, there was no way the red figure would be able to fight against it. With a crazed roar and a curse as well as a heinous murderous aura and an unwillingness to admit defeat, he was sent back to the crack in the ground amid loud bangs.

Because of the suppression, he returned to the spot where he slept.

It was just as Su Ming had said—the time for him to wake up had not yet arrived. It did not matter what method he used to make himself wake up ahead of schedule... he could still not avoid the destiny of spending his time asleep.

Su Ming could not kill him. This was something he had sensed earlier. Regardless of whether it was the divine abilities he used or his wills, when they descended on the red figure, it felt like there was a membrane separating them, causing his power to be

diminished in an unseen manner. It was as if the membrane was time itself, the difference of the laws between aeons, which was why... as the strongest person in this aeon, he could seal the red figure, but he could not kill him.

‘Unless...’

Su Ming stared at the sea, and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes, but soon, that freezing look disappeared. He could sense that different passages of time existed between him and the powerful warrior from the previous aeon. It was as if they were in two different worlds. Only when the Expanse Cosmos where he was located was about to be destroyed by the disaster and the new aeon was born would the membrane between Su Ming and the red figure no longer exist. At that time, it would be incredibly easy for him to kill that person.

But Su Ming would rather not have that result.

In silence, he stared at the depths of the sea. He could only seal the red figure’s body. The crack on the ground was still around, and the blood from one million cultivators still turned the entire sky crimson.

Su Ming sighed softly. Even if the cultivators had been the Emperor of Abyss’ True World and had practically no connection to him, since he had occupied the Emperor of Abyss’ True World and become the will of the True World, the people in this True World were no longer unrelated to him. They were people of his True World.

With a shake of his head, Su Ming raised his right hand and swung his arm forward.

“Time...” he said faintly.

In Su Ming’s hands, one of the strongest inborn abilities of the Abyss Builders—the Art of Time Reversal—was second only to Arid Triad’s great will. He activated it, and when he did so, the Art in his hands was clearly much stronger than Su Xuan Yi’s.

When he swung his arm, countless threads appeared over the entire cultivation planet. Those threads were like ripples. They flowed slowly and looked as if they were the threads of life of all living beings. At that moment, most of them had shattered. They were connected together to form a rotating vortex, but at that moment, the vortex shuddered and started rotating backwards.

When it did so, the threads gradually connected together. Slowly, the blood that had been scattered away in the sky charged towards the ancient tree. On the tree crown, the crushed bodies of the one million cultivators started being assembled as time reversed.

When the one million cultivators’ bodies became complete, a large amount of blood charged towards them from the sky and returned to their bodies. The cultivators’

unfocused eyes instantly lit up with the shine of life. Their minds and bodies shuddered, and they looked like they had woken up from a nightmare.

The Art of Time could reverse life and death, and also create life...

When this Art was executed by Su Ming, the young man staring at the ancient tree lifted his head and cast a glance at the area above him calmly. It was as if his gaze was everywhere and he could see everything he wished to see.

“He resembles my past self somewhat...” the young man said softly.

When he averted his gaze, the scenes before their deaths appeared in the minds of the one million cultivators on the tree crown. Immediately after, the impact of the scenes turned into shock and surprise on their faces, and they stared at Su Ming with dumbfounded looks...

Su Ming’s expression was calm. He lowered his head and looked at the crack stretching from the sea below him to the land in the distance, and he lifted his right hand to push at it.

Su Ming activated the Art of Time again, and as the power of time filled and enveloped the planet, the crack closed up at an extremely fast speed. The earth became one. The mountains that had crumbled because of the appearance of the crack and everything else that had shattered returned to their original states, as if the crack had never appeared.

All the people could tell the difference in strength between Su Ming and Su Xuan Yi’s divine abilities to manipulate time based on what Su Xuan Yi had cast previously, because the difference was too distinct.

Even when the earth was healed and there was no longer any crack on the ground, Su Ming’s Art of Time did not end. Instead, it continued moving in reverse, and eventually, it affected Su Xuan Yi, causing time to return to the moment Su Xuan Yi had coughed up blood and moved back before he summoned the blood-red figure.

When time returned to that moment, Su Ming turned around swiftly. The purple light from the End of Wills Sword in his hand surged into the sky. It let out a piercing light while it was in Su Ming’s hand, and it looked like the two of them had fused. When Su Ming took a step forward, he looked like a purple long arc slicing through the sky.

Su Xuan Yi moved back with a pale face. There was anguish on his face, but not any unwillingness to admit defeat. He was left with only anguish and regret.

He watched Su Ming coming towards and death falling on his head. He sighed softly, and his expression gradually became calm.

He remembered his wife in the fifth kiln, Su Zhan, and the baby whose soul and body he had gathered together in the shattered empty space in the Fifth True World.

It felt like everything from that time was a dream. When he looked back on it right then, for some unknown reason, mixed feelings appeared in Su Xuan Yi's heart. Perhaps they had always been in him, but due to his mad desire to make the Abyss Builders rise to power, he ignored and forced them down. He thought that he did not have those complicated feelings, but only at that moment did he realize... that they had always been in him.

"My wife is in deep sleep. My son holds a grudge against me in silence. My best friend died in battle... and his son became a Saint..." Su Xuan Yi mumbled. All his thoughts had fused into a sigh that echoed in his heart.

'Was I wrong?'

It was not the first time Su Xuan Yi said those words, but it was the only time that he truly asked himself this question.

'I'm not wrong!'

The calm expression on Su Xuan Yi's face was replaced by one of determination. The complicated feelings and the confusion disappeared as well.

'I wasn't wrong. I, Su Xuan Yi, have never been wrong. I didn't walk down this path for myself, but for Abyss Builders to rise to power! It was for the Fifth True World to appear once more!

'It's... impossible for me to have been wrong! Even if I'm truly wrong, it's because there are no righteous men when walking down the path to do great things. I sacrificed my wife, sacrificed my best friend, and used Su Ming. All of that... were your destinies... because I am not wrong!

'Even if I die because of this disaster, I, Su Xuan Yi, have never been wrong!'

Su Xuan Yi's thoughts raced in his mind until resolve appeared on his face. The entire process might have seemed to have lasted for a long period of time, but in truth, it was only for an instant. When Su Ming's sword approached Su Xuan Yi, he recovered from his temporary confusion.

He stared at the purple light of Su Ming's sword, and it seemed to have become everything in Su Xuan Yi's eyes, but in the end... it could not replace everything in his vision, because ambition burned in his eyes, along with the untamable fire and his pride of a fierce and ambitious person!

Even if he was going to die, he would die standing. He had the confidence to never believe he was wrong. It was the most brilliant light that shone in his life after he had reached his level of cultivation.

While looking at Su Xuan Yi, Su Ming suddenly made his sword stop when it was about to close in on its target... because at the tip of his sword, the third prince... or rather, Lei Chen suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He blocked Su Ming's sword and stood in front of Su Xuan Yi to protect him.

Lei Chen was silent, and Su Ming was silent as well. The two of them stared at each other with a sword between them as if an aeon separated them. It seemed like everything from their childhood had turned into that one sword separating them.

"Thank you," Su Ming said softly after a long while.

Lei Chen looked at Su Ming and sighed softly before he spoke. "She is your woman. I knew you would come."

"Thank you," Su Ming said again.

"He is also my elder. You don't need to thank me."

In silence, he shook his head. Others would not understand Su Ming's two different 'thank you's, but Lei Chen could. His first thanks expressed his gratitude to Lei Chen for letting their elder take Yu Xuan away.

His second thanks was for Lei Chen fusing a wisp of his divine sense in the threads of time that bound their elder. He would not let their elder run into any danger, even if the cause of that danger was the Sovereign of Dawn.

Others would not have been able to see it, but the moment Su Ming saw his elder, he sensed Lei Chen's divine sense on his body.

Su Ming was silent for a moment. He stared at Lei Chen, and a complicated look appeared on his face. He then spoke again. "Thank you."

This time, Lei Chen did not answer him. Instead, he fell silent. He knew that Su Ming was thanking him for not telling other people that he had met him in Harmonious Morus Alba Expanse Cosmos.

The two people mentioned by the red figure previously referred to Su Ming... and Lei Chen. He had also fused with his other self from the other Expanse Cosmos and possessed the right to move through two Expanse Cosmoses while being indestructible even in the face of disaster.