

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 252 — What Exactly Is Spirit? - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 252 — What Exactly Is Spirit?

Chapter 252: What Exactly Is Spirit?

What Exactly Is Spirit?

Zi Che might have been confused by Su Ming's words, but he still obeyed. He watched with bewilderment appeared in his eyes how Su Ming walked out of his cave and turned into a long arc before flying off the mountain.

'The wooden slip looked ordinary and there was nothing special about it, so why did uncle master Su change his mind so quickly after he saw it? Could it be that the small wooden slip had something even more valuable than the golden stone coin, the God of Berserkers Transformation, and even Freezing Sky Sword?'

Zi Che simply could not understand it.

This was the first time Su Ming left the ninth summit ever since he battled against Si Ma Xin. To him, neither Freezing Sky Clan nor the Great Frozen Plains Sect were his home in the Land of South Morning. The only place he called home was the ninth summit.

Su Ming was walking forward in the air, and the seventh summit lay at the end of what his eyes could see.

Tian Lan Meng had invited him multiple times and had offered him gifts from the golden stone coin, to the God of Berserkers Transformation, and later to Freezing Sky Sword before eventually changing it to the wooden slip. There was a process hidden in her actions. It could be said to have been a test, but could also be said to have been a gradual change of heart.

If she had not given the wooden slip, Su Ming would not have ventured out of the ninth summit, neither would he have went to meet the person who was ranked first on the Great Frozen Plains ranking board, Tian Lan Meng.

Su Ming's expression was passive even as he held the wooden slip in his hands. As he moved forward, another long arc was struggling to keep up behind him. The person in that long arc was in fact the Chen Chan Er who had come forth to invite Su Ming all those multiple times.

Su Ming did not turn his head back. With the wooden slip in hand, he arrived in the sky above the seventh summit before long. The seventh summit seemed a little fuzzy in his eyes, as if there was a layer of mist around that mountain, yet if he took a closer look, he would find that there was actually no mist there.

He immediately discovered that the mountain was giving him this strange sensation due to the Rune that was naturally activated once all the halls within the mountain were in operation.

This was completely different from the ninth summit.

Su Ming gave it a brief glance before he averted his gaze and turned to look at the wooden slip in his hands. A glint appeared in his eyes, and his grip around the wooden slip tightened.

He stood in the air calmly without a hint of impatience or lethargy on his face. Chen Chan Er, who was behind him, only managed to catch up to him after a moment. It might have been because she was rushing over now, having been moving back and forth between the mountains multiple times that day, but her forehead was covered in sweat. She gave Su Ming a glare and flew past him without even a word.

Su Ming did not bother about the girl's actions. He followed behind Chen Chan Er calmly and the two of them turned into long arcs as they flew towards the top of the mountain.

The moment they got closer to the mountain, the barely discernible mist before Chen Chan Er suddenly disappeared and the mountain return to normal, allowing Chen Chan Er to enter smoothly. Su Ming followed behind.

It was as if he had walked through a membrane, but it also felt that he had just passed through a layer of water. When he stepped into the seventh summit, the wind that blew against him was no longer cold but held a hint of warmth, and as he breathed in, there was a sweet fragrance to it.

That fragrance did not come from flowers or plants, but was a unique scent that was formed because there were a lot of female disciples in this mountain.

Playful giggles reached his ears, and in each place Su Ming's eyes swept through, he saw women and girls. The female disciples on the summit were either playing around in groups or walking up the mountain stairs leisurely. They were so great in number that it was dazzling just looking at them.

Compared to the quiet ninth summit, the seventh summit was simply far too lively.

This liveliness that all came from women made Su Ming uncomfortable.

Almost at the very instant he arrived on the seventh summit, quite a number of female disciples also noticed his presence. His green robes, handsome figure, and the scar under his eyes made a lot of people able to identify him with just one glance.

"He's..."

"I remember him. He's Su Ming, the one who fought against fellow brother Si Ma. He's from the ninth summit."

"I remember too. He once told fellow brother Si Ma that he is his uncle master... Why is he here in the seventh summit?"

"That's right. Men seldom come to the seventh summit. Who did he come for?"

Chirruping sound reached his ears, forcing Su Ming to take a deep breath to calm himself down. This was the first time he was in a situation like this. He could not adapt to this quickly and could only walk forward swiftly to avoid all the gazes focused on him.

Zi Yan was walking down the mountain stairs, her back straight. Her lazy demeanor gave her a unique, charming air. She placed a hand on her mouth and yawned, and when she lifted her head, she also saw Su Ming, who was walking to the top of the mountain with Chen Chan Er.

"Hm?"

Zi Yan blinked. When she saw Chen Chan Er guiding Su Ming forward, a confused look appeared on her face. She fell silent for a moment before she immediately moved towards where Han Cang Zi was.

There was another girl who saw Su Ming's arrival on the seventh summit. The girl wore a purple robe and stood on a mountain rock. With the wind in her face, she looked into the distance, and her gaze was trained on the first summit.

The girl was incredibly beautiful and had a hint of wildness surrounding her. Her eyes were half-lidded and she was frowning, as if she was hesitating because of something.

When she saw Su Ming flying through the sky, towards the top of the mountain, disdain and contempt appeared within her eyes. However, that expression was quickly hidden away. She took a deep breath and cast a profound gaze towards the first summit before gritting her teeth.

Resolution appeared in her eyes.

"Bai Su, there's definitely someone who looks incredibly similar to you which he met before in his life. That's why if you go and approach him, he won't refuse to see you.

"But I can't let you do this. Even it's for the reason so that I can plant a Berserker Seed inside him which would definitely make me succeed in challenging Freezing Sky Cave, and even if I don't and the cave is dangerous for me.

"Still, even if it's risky, I want to try it!"

That girl was naturally Bai Su.

At the moment that determined look appeared in her eyes, she remembered Si Ma Xin's gentle words to her two months ago.

"Big brother Si Ma, I won't let anything happen to you in Freezing Sky Cave..." Bai Su mumbled and turned around. The wind picked up a few locks of her hair and, as they floated in the wind, Bai Su left, similarly charging towards the top of the mountain.

Su Ming floated down on the top of the seventh summit. This was the first time he met Tian Lan Meng.

She was a woman with long hair and was dressed in red robes, and she was sitting at the edge of a huge rock which stood at the top of the mountain. The woman was looking at Su Ming and her face was as beautiful as a picture. Her smile was warm, and it did not give others even the slightest feeling that she was a stranger. In fact, her smile gave others the impression that they were looking at an old friend.

"Sister Chan Er, you can go back first," the long haired woman said softly, and when the girl by her side heard her words, she nodded her head obediently and left the place.

However, when she passed by Su Ming, she did not forget to glare at him. Clearly, her multiple trips to the ninth summit had angered her due to Su Ming's multiple refusals.

Once the girl left, the long haired woman smiled at him gently and spoke to Su Ming softly. "Chan Er is still young, brother Su, please don't mind her."

There was a gentle air around her. This temperament, along with her natural grace and gentleness, gave her a noble air.

Su Ming's gaze swept across the woman. She was beautiful, but even though she was gentle, he still felt that there was a layer of mist before her, which caused others to have the feeling as if they were looking at her through the mist and could not see her clearly.

Su Ming walked forward silently, then with a lift of his robes, he sat down on the same rock right opposite the woman.

Once Su Ming sat down, he looked at the woman before her calmly and said languidly, "It's fine. In fact, I was fortunate to have been invited so many times."

Su Ming could not gauge the woman's level of cultivation.

"Congratulations, brother Su. You have improved once again. As expected, the people of the ninth summit are all extraordinary... I have overlooked this previously," Tian Lan Meng said with a smile. She trained her eyes on Su Ming, and their gazes met each other.

Su Ming did not speak. He simply met Tian Lan Meng's gaze squarely. After the span of a few breaths, wind blew past them and lifted a few locks of Tian Lan Meng's hair. These locks of hair broke their gazes.

After a long while, Tian Lan Meng broke the silence and asked softly, "Brother Su, how was the one copy I did?"

"You copied the spirit, and the form was also present. Both spirit and form are there... but there are still some details missing," Su Ming answered calmly.

"What exactly is spirit?" Tian Lan Meng suddenly asked.

"Spirit is the mind, it is your thoughts, your imagination. Spirit is when you remember as you dream in your heart. This is what we call thought, and it is also spirit."

Su Ming cast Tian Lan Meng a look before his gaze fell on the sky behind her.

"Brother Su, your understanding towards the word is different from mine."

Tian Lan Meng's gaze towards Su Ming changed slightly.

"Pray tell."

Su Ming averted his gaze from the sky and trained his eyes on the long-haired woman's face.

"Spirit is Dao," Tian Lan Meng stated calmly.

"It is not thought, because thought in itself is narrow, but Dao is endless. Dao is a realm that those from other realms seek. Every person has a different Dao. The great Dao is boundless, and those who obtain Dao will see through the world, and in turn, we can say that we have found and become the truth.

"I have to thank you, brother Su, your fight with Si Ma Xin has allowed me to reach an epiphany and understand the meaning behind a sentence.

"I read this sentence from an ancient scroll before. It is a sentence that is spoken in the other worlds... If you stay on your Dao but have no method of solving a particular problem now, that method will eventually come to you. If you have the skills and power,

but have strayed from your Dao, then you cannot use your skills, and your power will forever stay stagnant!"

Tian Lan Meng's voice gradually started drifting and echoed around them.

"Due to my epiphany, while I still might not know the true meaning behind the words, I can view my epiphany as my Dao. Because I have a Dao, I could draw that copy of the slash you did after just one glance.

"That is why the spirit is Dao, and not the thought, heart, and imagination you speak of. Brother Su, do you understand my words?"

Tian Lan Meng smiled softly.

Su Ming looked at the smile on her face. There was no hint of ridicule or scorn within her smile, only logic and persistence, and she seemed to be waiting for his answer.

"All things in the world differ in sizes. My understanding towards the word is narrow and small to you, and the Dao you speak is a huge thing that seeks to reach a state where you understand the world.

"It is like two spots, like two different directions, and like two different extremes."

Su Ming closed his eyes and continued, unhurried, "To me, the heart is aspiration, and the spirit is a realm. You are walking on the Dao of the heavens, and I'm walking through the narrow gate on the earth, but once I walk past that gate, what I'm searching for is just to merely open my eyes. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

The last sentence written in the beast skin scrolls suddenly surfaced in Su Ming's mind.

"You cannot see... the world that I see."

Chapter 253: That State!

Tian Lan Meng frowned. Su Ming's words threw her off slightly, but even if she pondered over them, she still found her understanding of his words to be slightly unclear; she did not quite understand what he had said.

Tian Lan Meng fell silent for a moment before she asked softly, "What do you mean by opening your eyes?"

Su Ming looked at the woman before him and lifted his right hand suddenly. With a wave, the air from his fingertips swept past the mountain rock lying by his side, and as ice shards flew into the air, a blooming flower appeared on the iced river underneath the rock.

Anyone who saw that flower could feel the overflowing vigor coming from it. In fact, they would find themselves hard-pressed to discern whether it was carved on the iced river, or whether the flower had been growing on the ice since the beginning.

"Copy it," Su Ming said calmly lowering his hand.

A sparkle appeared in Tian Lan Meng's eyes. She turned her gaze towards the flower on the iced river and pointed a finger at it. She drew a few strokes through the air, and another ice flower appeared on the ice river.

The two flowers looked completely the same and it was difficult to find any difference between them, whether it was their spirit or form.

"Do you understand now?"

Su Ming looked towards Tian Lan Meng.

The long haired woman frowned, and after a moment, she shook her head.

Su Ming lifted his right hand once again. This time he did something simple. He pointed towards the mountain rock by his side and jabbed a small hole in that mountain rock. Several cracks appeared on the edges of the hole, spreading outwards.

"Copy it."

Su Ming's voice still remained calm.

Tian Lan Meng looked at the small hole on the mountain rock that appeared once Su Ming lifted his finger and fell silent for a long time. When she eventually lifted her head to look at Su Ming, a complicated expression appeared in her eyes.

"You are always copying," Su Ming said slowly, lifting his head, "because you think that the spirit is Dao. You search for something abstruse, that's why you can copy many things, because you think that as you search for it, you will find your Dao eventually.

"I don't know what is the Dao you speak... but from what you said just now, I can understand that while the Dao is an abstruse concept, it exists. It exists within the world, perhaps all the plants, trees, flowers, and stones have a Dao within them.

"What I seek isn't a Dao, but to have my mind acting as my aspiration, to have my spirit as my realm, and when I open my eyes, I will draw out my heart's desires... This is the reason why I can draw, but you can only copy."

Tian Lan Meng remained silent. After a long while, she looked at Su Ming with an even more complicated gaze.

"If all the people in the world are drunk and you are the only one sober, then it means that all the people in the world are awake, and you are asleep..." Tian Lan Meng mumbled. She suddenly understood why the people in the ninth summit had all those weird eccentricities that normal people would not understand.

"Similarly, I drew out what existed in my heart with this one stroke, and that is my own stroke. You, however, only copied it. There are some things you can copy, and there are some that you cannot."

Su Ming stood up and flipped over the wooden slip he held in his hands, revealing its back.

"I came here and answered your questions because I wanted to ask something. But now, it seems that I don't have to ask you. You... don't understand."

Su Ming sighed softly and turned around to leave.

"Su Ming!"

At the same time he turned around, a vast and mighty presence suddenly rose behind him. Tian Lan Meng slowly stood up and a tenacious look appeared within her eyes as she looked at Su Ming.

"I cannot see the picture behind the wooden slip, but I can feel it. If you want to know where the wooden slip came from, I can tell you, but I want to know what exactly you mean by the things I cannot copy!"

"Do you truly want to know?"

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He did not turn his head back but asked calmly.

"If you can help me answer my question, then I'll give you the golden stone coin, the God of Berserkers Transformation, and Freezing Sky Sword!"

As Tian Lan Meng spoke, she lifted her right hand and waved it towards him. The three boxes instantly charged towards Su Ming and fell by his side.

Tian Lan Meng's expression returned to state of passiveness before she spoke flatly, "If you can only say it but cannot do it, then I won't trouble you. You can take the wooden

slip and leave, but in return, you have to promise me something, and you cannot refuse it."

Su Ming fell silent for a moment before he turned around and waved his hand. The three boxes were instantly taken, and as he looked at Tian Lan Meng, he lifted his right hand and slashed at the mountain rock by his side abruptly with one finger.

The mountain rock trembled, and a faint mark appeared on it. That mark looked like a line and a slash, a sorrowful feeling spreading out from within it.

Tian Lan Meng did not speak. She only gave it a look before lifting her hand and pointing towards it. A copied stroke that was the same in spirit and form as Su Ming's slash appeared on the mountain rock.

Su Ming moved his right hand once again. This time, he drew out ten strokes continuously. Each stroke seemed the same but were in truth completely different from each other. As they fell on the mountain rock, the rock rumbled.

Tian Lan Meng's expression was calm. Almost at the same moment Su Ming made those slashes, she copied him, and when his ten strokes fell on the rock, ten copied strikes that were the exact same as his own appeared beside them.

Su Ming pushed off the ground with his right foot and rose into the air. In midair, he closed his eyes and lifted his right hand before starting to draw on the seventh summit.

10, 100, 1,000... As Su Ming's right hand drew, the entire seventh summit started trembling, and long marks appeared on the surface of the mountain. Those long marks were all caused by Su Ming.

All of them seemed the same but were in reality entirely different from each other.

Tian Lan Meng too rose into the air and lifted her right hand by Su Ming's side. She started copying all of them, and even though each stroke was different, she still achieved the same results as she copied them.

As one of them drew and the other copied, the entire seventh summit trembled. The rumbling sounds made all the disciples within the mountain feel their hearts shake and they lifted their heads to look upwards.

At that moment, an old woman dressed in white robes looked at Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng with sparkling eyes from the seventh summit.

Su Ming did not stop even after he finished drawing those 1,000 strokes. He simply continued on drawing calmly. This was nothing difficult for him. The number of strokes he made on a regular basis far surpassed the number he had now. He was simply

drawing as he pleased and was using the mountain as his drawing board as he drew 1,000, 3,000, 5,000, 7,000 strokes...

All those strokes contained a different presence, and gradually, it made Tian Lan Meng's speed in copying them slow down. She began to slowly show signs that she could not catch up to Su Ming, because she was copying, and Su Ming was creating on his own.

One of them was drawing what he thought in his heart, and the other was merely copying it.

Time passed by, but even as Su Ming continued to close in on his 10,000th stroke, he still had not stopped. It was as if he was completely immersed in creating a picture, and it seemed like he was drawing out the world on the seventh summit with each stroke.

The many female disciples on the seventh summit began to experience a change in their expressions as the mountain trembled and as they watched the strange competition between Su Ming and Tian Lan Meng in the sky.

Bai Su stood at the top of the mountain and looked at Su Ming standing in the air before sucking in a deep breath. She suddenly realized that this Su Ming seemed to be slightly different from the abhorrent man in her memories.

When Su Ming was somewhere around his 13,000th stroke, Tian Lan Meng could no longer catch up. Sweat had started forming on her forehead. Her speed had started to slow down because those 10,000 something strokes that were completely different from each other had already become very difficult for her to copy for they had different feelings coming from within them.

Yet she still gritted her teeth and persevered in copying all those strokes, though her speed was also becoming increasingly slower. When she copied out the 15,000th stroke, Su Ming had already drawn his 20,000th stroke by her side.

The 20,000 different strokes made Tian Lan Meng turn pale. Her actions gradually slowed down until she eventually came to a halt. When she looked at Su Ming, she bit her bottom lip.

Su Ming still had his eyes closed and continued drawing. At the instant he made his 23,000th stroke, he opened his eyes and drew that last line across the sky.

The very instant he made that slash, the sky roared and a large crack appeared in the air for a brief moment. It might have only been for a brief moment, but it was precisely because it only appeared briefly, that once it appeared, it immediately disappeared without a trace!

"Can you copy that?"

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at Tian Lan Meng.

Tian Lan Meng trembled. As she looked at the final stroke, she found herself rendered speechless.

After a long while, Tian Lan Meng said in a hoarse voice, "This isn't Si Ma Xin's slash!"

"It isn't. This is mine," Su Ming said softly, then turned around and walked away.

He disappeared into the distance and just his voice floated through the air and landed into Tian Lan Meng's ears. "Your request is definitely for us to work together during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. If it is something related to the things you gave me, then I will work with you."

The old woman in white on the seventh summit watched Su Ming leave, then lifted her head to look at the sky. A brilliant light appeared in her eyes.

"Picture Creation..." she mumbled, then looked towards the ninth summit.

"It was not long since this child entered the ninth summit, and yet he has already reached this level of understanding... However, is the word Creation truly the underlying meaning lying within the Berserker Tribe... Uncle master Tian Xie Zi, due to his epiphany, your eldest disciple is forced into isolation and cannot leave.

"Due to his epiphany, your second disciple split into two different personalities..."

"Due to his epiphany, your third disciple has two different realities: his dreams and what is in the real world..."

"These three people have succeeded, but have also failed... perhaps they will once again succeed someday, but it is only a mere possibility... Right now, your fourth disciple is about to arrive at that state. What sort of change will happen to him...?"

"You went through four changes of heart and could not go through the fifth... but even if you eventually make it through, there will be more waiting for you. If you are already caught in this state, then can your disciples do it? Creation is difficult..."

The old woman shook her head and a complicated look appeared on her face.

"Meng Er is the most powerful among all those within the same generation in the Great Frozen Plains. For the training of her state of mind, I let her understand the Daos of the other worlds. This method is stable, but it is unrelated to the Berserkers..."

As the old woman mumbled with mixed feelings in her heart, Tian Xie Zi was sitting in his cave at the top of the ninth summit. At that moment, his face was twisted with mixed expressions that showed pain and struggle. His robes would sometimes be white,

sometimes black, occasionally red, and at times green, but most of the time, they would stay purple.

Chapter 254: Omen

On his way back to the ninth summit, Su Ming stopped twice.

The first time he stopped because he saw Han Fei Zi. This was the first time he met this woman ever since she entered Freezing Sky Clan. They met each other's gazes for a brief time in midair when they ran into each other.

Han Fei Zi was not alone. There was a man and woman following behind her. Su Ming was familiar with them. They were Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue. Right now, they were moving several steps behind Han Fei Zi. Judging by their respectful looks, it was clear that they had become her followers.

Han Fei Zi still looked as cold as ever. Her cold demeanor may seem alluring, but the cold attitude coming from within her spirit itself was not something that everyone could accept.

She wore a green dress and her hair fell around her shoulders. Her expression was indifferent, and nothing much changed within her when she saw Su Ming.

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

"Greetings, uncle master Su."

Behind Han Fei Zi, Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue's expressions immediately became complicated when they saw Su Ming. Yet it quickly turned into respect. They were clearly aware of the difference between themselves and Su Ming, and were shocked by how quickly Su Ming had risen up the ranks of Freezing Sky Clan during the past six months since he joined the school.

It could be said that Su Ming's battle against Si Ma Xin made his name sweep through the Great Frozen Plains like a typhoon. While his name might not have run through the entire land like thunder, it was close enough.

He nodded towards Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue before casting Han Fei Zi a glance. When he saw that the woman did not seem like she was in the mood to talk, he left.

Yet at the very moment Su Ming moved, Han Fei Zi's cold voice appeared languidly. When her words fell into his ears, he had the feeling that his entire body was covered in

ice. Her voice held no hint of emotion, and it was so cold that perhaps it could even make a sweltering hot day cool down in an instant.

The tone of her voice was enough to tell just how cold the woman's heart, body, and spirit were.

"Am I like a scorpion that you would avoid me as such?"

Su Ming turned back and cast a profound gaze towards Ha Fei Zi. Not only did the woman's power increase, her presence had also become drastically different from when she was still in Han Mountain City.

"Senior brother Chen, senior sister Xu."

Han Fei Zi did not bother about Su Ming's gaze but instead turned to look at the two people of the same discipleship and the same summit following behind her. Chen Yu Bing and Xu Ru Yue lowered their heads. It was clear that they had not just become Han Fei Zi's followers since they clearly knew the meaning behind Han Fei Zi's words, even though she had not even finished her sentence. They quickly moved back until they were 1,000 feet away before they stopped and waited at the spot.

"We are acquaintances, there's no need for you to speak like this," Su Ming said calmly as he looked at Han Fei Zi.

His initial meeting with this woman was when he entered the inn the first time he went to Han Mountain City and had just initially arrived in the Land of South Morning. At that time, she had seemed like she was shrouded by fog and Su Ming could only look at her silence. Her power and status were not things that he could compare himself to at that time.

Even their subsequent meetings had been as such, including the first time they battled against each other. Su Ming had been extremely careful at that time.

"When I went to the fourth summit and met my Master, I isolated myself. Sometimes, I would come out, but I never left the mountain..." Han Fei Zi turned her head around and looked at the mountain ranges in the distance as she spoke coldly.

Her voice may have been cold, but her words spoke of an intention to try and explain oneself.

Su Ming was silent and did not speak.

"I saw your battle against Si Ma Xin." Han Fei Zi's gaze fell upon Su Ming's body. "After that, I went into isolation once again so that the distance between us would not widen!"

Su Ming still remained silent.

Han Fei Zi's words faltered and she no longer spoke. The two of them remained silent for a while longer before Su Ming turned around and walked into the distance.

Han Fei Zi looked at Su Ming's back and when she spoke once again, her voice still did not contain any hint of emotion, it was still cold and indifferent. "Do you remember the matter we discussed when we were in Han Mountain's hidden grounds?"

"I remember." Su Ming did not turn back as he answered calmly.

"Starting from tomorrow, I will continue training in the skills my Master gave me in isolation. I will come out of isolation before the start of Sky Mist Shaman Hunt... During it, I would like you to come with me to a place."

Su Ming mulled over it for a moment and did not refuse her.

"Alright."

"You will be interested in the place. That place is related to the other worlds..."

Han Fei Zi spoke softly, and as she spoke, her gaze was trained on Su Ming's retreating back, but she could not see a hint of change in that back. He was still walking away calmly and gradually disappeared from her sight.

On his way back to the ninth summit, Su Ming stopped for the second time was small distance away from the ninth summit. Just as he was about to enter the mountain, his footsteps faltered.

"Just how long are you going to follow me?"

"This place doesn't belong to the ninth summit alone! What right do you have to say that I'm following you?!" a girl's voice came from behind Su Ming.

That voice was unlike Fang Cang Lan's gentleness, not alike to Tian Lan Meng's gracefulness, and neither was it like Han Fei Zi's coldness, but there was a melodious lilt and provocative tone within that voice that the other three lacked.

Su Ming frowned, turned around, and saw a girl in purple standing a few hundred feet away from him. That girl was incredibly beautiful and filled with a wild and untamed air, especially her eyes, which were trained on Su Ming at the moment. There was wariness and scorn within her eyes.

This person had a petite face that always appeared in Su Ming's memories. She also had a face that caused him to act on an impulse he did not want to suppress several months ago.

This person... was Bai Su.

Su Ming looked at her and at the face that had appeared multiple times in his memories. At this moment, he did not want to see her.

Su Ming turned around and moved his sight away from the girl. After pausing for a brief moment, he landed on the ninth summit. When he started walking on the mountain stairs, he could not help but frown once again.

He did not stop anymore though and charged back towards his cave abode instead. Zi Che was outside his cave abode. When he saw Su Ming closing in, he quickly stood up and bowed towards him respectfully. He was about to speak when his expression suddenly changed and he turned his gaze towards the direction behind Su Ming. Over there, he gradually saw a hint of purple appearing.

At the very instant he saw that dash of purple, a stunned expression appeared on his face.

Su Ming was frowning when he walked past Zi Che. Before he walked into his cave abode, he turned his head around and looked towards Bai Su coming towards them from afar.

Her purple robes, stubbornness, and the provocative look within her eyes made her wild beauty become even more distinct.

"This is the ninth summit," Su Ming stated calmly.

"I know," Bai Su lifted her chin and answered.

"Chase her out!"

A chilling look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. As he sent his command to Zi Che, he turned around and walked into his cave.

"You don't dare to see me because there's a girl in your memories that look exactly the same as me! If you don't dare to see me, then there will forever be an area in your heart that will hurt. If you don't get rid of that pain, then you will never be able to keep your mind calm. Even if you pretend to be, that is still fake!" Bai Su suddenly shouted out.

The moment her words left her mouth, Su Ming, who had already walked into his cave, sat down within and closed his eyes, as if he did not hear anything.

"Junior sister Bai, please don't make this hard for me."

Zi Che took a step forward and blocked Bai Su, who wanted to trespass into Su Ming's cave. He spoke with a cold and indifferent tone.

"You still don't dare to see me! I'm the seed planted in your heart, and even if you don't want to see me, I'll still be there! You won't even attack me, why else would you ask someone else to chase me out of the mountain?!"

"You can do it yourself! Your power is enough for you to fight against big brother Si Ma! I've only just Awakened, with your power, you can chase me away with just a wave of your hand! Why can't you do it?!" Bai Su shouted loudly and her gaze fell on Su Ming's cave abode located nearby. She did not even look at Zi Che standing by her side.

"And even if you chase me out of the ninth summit, so what?! I'll still come again, I'll come every day!"

Zi Che frowned. He moved the Qi within him slightly and a wave of force was instantly formed. It pushed against Bai Su and forced her to move back. When he saw the stubbornness on Bai Su's face, as if she was going to continue pestering them, he waved his hand and a large gust of wind lifted Bai Su's body instantly, sending her straight out of the ninth summit.

Su Ming closed his eyes in the cave abode, as if he hadn't heard anything that had happened outside. However, for some reason, a hint of anxiety appeared within his heart.

After a long while, he opened his eyes and looked at the blue sky outside his cave.

"So, Si Ma Xin, will you be using her to engage in another battle with me...?" Su Ming mumbled.

Accurately speaking, he had already fought against Si Ma Xin three times. The first time was in Han Mountain City. Si Ma Xin then took over Fang Mu's body with his spirit and fought against Su Ming. He won, but also lost at the same time.

It could be said that the battle ended with a draw.

The second battle was within Freezing Sky Clan, and it was the fight that shocked the sky and earth. It might have seemed like they tied in the end, but in truth, Su Ming had lost, though at the same time, he had also won.

This battle could also be said to have ended with a draw.

The third battle was the one where they used the rod snake's life as the hook, and the two of them had engaged in a battle of wits that while had neither changed the weather nor shook the earth was still incredibly dangerous.

This battle did not end in a draw. Su Ming had won hands down!

Right now, Bai Su's arrival made Su Ming understand that this girl was the stage for the fourth battle between Si Ma Xin and himself. If the prodigious Si Ma Xin made this hand, then it was clear that he had already made thorough preparations for this.

'Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed... This Art is incredibly mysterious. By linking all your actions together, your goal has been revealed to me clearly like an open book...

'You want to plant a Berserker Seed within me...'

Su Ming looked at the sky beyond his cave and his eyes sparkled.

'If I don't fight, then I will lose... unless I can forget her... If I fight, then I will fall into your plans and will find myself unable to escape...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. He lifted his right hand and started drawing slowly on the drawing board before him.

Gradually, a picture that only he could see clearly appeared. When Su Ming's final stroke was made and he opened his eyes, he saw that he had drawn out the faint figure of a person on the drawing board.

That person had his head lowered and was looking at the grass underneath his feet, but when he lifted his right foot, grass entangled that appendage of his...

That grass was very fragile and would shatter the moment he continued lifting his foot, but that person simply lowered his head and looked at it for a long, long time.

As Su Ming looked at the picture in his cave, Tian Xie Zi opened his eyes in his cave at the top of the mountain and looked in the direction of Su Ming.

"You're... about to experience your first change of heart..."

Worry appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face.

Chapter 255: Do You Know how to Fight with Arts?

Su Ming looked at the picture for a long time before he picked up the drawing board and turned it over to keep the picture with him.

Before the person in the picture lifted his foot and shattered the grass, Su Ming would no longer draw on the face of the drawing board but on its back.

He still did not have clear thoughts on how he would fight against Si Ma Xin in this battle, or how he would dissolve the threat, and how... he would win! This battle might perhaps be the final battle between him and Si Ma Xin in Freezing Sky Clan before he joined Sky Mist Shaman Hunt!

The quiet night went by slowly just like that. This night Su Ming did not draw. He sat within his cave with his eyes closed slightly. As he breathed, the person in the snow from his memories would appear in his head.

Gradually, Su Ming gained a vague form of understanding in his heart. He had a feeling that the battle with Si Ma Xin this time was not what was important here. The key lay within the girl called Bai Su, and the main point was that she had Bai Ling's wildness and her exact same face.

What was important was that if Su Ming did not prepare himself, then many a times he would mistake her for Bai Ling for a brief instant...

The main point was that his heart seemed to be about ready to experience a transformation. This transformation did not come suddenly. It would seem that it had been lying dormant since the beginning within him and was just building up, and now that it had accumulated enough power, that transformation needed to break through.

The morning sun scattered into the cave through the entrance and covered the area before Su Ming. Along with the sunlight was a girl's voice that traveled in from outside the cave.

"Even if you chase me away today, I'll still come, I'll come every day!"

Once the voice reached the cave, it quickly fell silent. Su Ming knew that Zi Che had once again chased her out of the ninth summit.

Yet it did not last long before Bai Su's voice appeared once again.

"Su Ming, if you don't dare face me, then there will be something that will be forever lacking in your heart!"

The entire day passed by slowly with incidents like this happening again and again, and it continued right up till the evening. When Bai Su was once again chased away by Zi Che, she found that she could barely withstand the attacks any longer and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Zi Che hesitated.

He never expected that there would be someone who would be so persistent. Throughout the day, Bai Su had come up the mountain 17 times!

Only when she coughed up blood and was injured was she forced to leave... Zi Che looked at the blood on the ice, then turned his gaze towards Su Ming's cave.

The cave was quiet, no sound coming from within. Zi Che remained silent for a moment and then sat down nearby.

The next day, Bai Su came once again.

On this day, she came up the mountain 19 times before she eventually coughed up blood and with a pale face found herself no longer be able to come up the mountain.

This continued right up to the evening of the third day. When Bai Su came to Su Ming's cave the 20th time and stood before Zi Che, he lifted his right hand, but found himself unable to wave it.

The girl before his eyes was incredibly pale and her body swayed, but the persistence in her eyes and the tenacity in her bones made Zi Che hesitate.

Although they stood on different sides, Zi Che had grown to respect the Bai Su standing before him. During these three days, she had come up the mountain more than 50 times and was chased out more than 50 times, but she still persisted.

The more she was chased away, the stronger the persistence in her eyes became. Zi Che did not doubt for even a moment that if he chased her away again and, while she might find herself to possess no more strength to climb up the mountain again on this day, she would still come on the next day even though she was injured.

If this continued for a long period of time, no matter how good this girl's body was, she would not be able to last. Besides, she was only at the Awakening Realm. By the looks of it, the girl had not even managed to draw her Awakened Berserker Mark yet.

Zi Che looked at Bai Su and asked with a bitter laugh, "Why...?"

"You can continue chasing me away, but I will persevere!"

Bai Su's voice was very weak when she spoke. She turned her head around and glanced towards the direction where the first summit lay.

"The more times you go there, the more anxious he will be, and the more injured you are, the more hurt he will feel... He cannot become merciless and forget, of this, I am certain!"

"But Bai Su, I don't want you to do this, because my heart will hurt even more..."

Si Ma Xin's gentle voice echoed within Bai Su's heart.

The determination and tenacity within her eyes became stronger.

Zi Che let out a long sigh and lifted his right hand. He was Su Ming's mountain guard and he had to obey Su Ming's orders, he... did not dare disobey his words.

He was just about to chase this stubborn girl away again when a calm voice came from within the cave.

"What is the purpose of you coming up the mountain so many times? Let us hear it."

Once Su Ming's words reached them, Zi Che let out a sigh of relief. He pitied this girl slightly. He might not know much, but he still knew that this girl must have come here because of Si Ma Xin.

Bai Su looked at the cave where Su Ming was and stated firmly, "I want to learn how to draw.

"If you don't teach me, then I will come here every day. Either I will die, or you will agree to it someday!"

Bai Su's voice may have been weak, but the determination in it did not leave room for doubt. She would do what she just said.

The cave was silent for a long time before Su Ming's voice came in a manner as if he was speaking while sighing. "Is it worth it...? This has nothing to do with you."

Bai Su did not speak, but the determination in her eyes did not decrease even one bit.

"There is indeed a girl in my memories that looks incredibly like you... You appear time and again and tear apart the wounds in my memories. Is this what you are doing to help Si Ma Xin...?" Su Ming's murmurs floated out of the cave.

Bai Su fell silent. The determined look within her eyes was tainted slightly by hesitance, but soon, that hesitation disappeared.

"You were the one who snatched big brother Si Ma's treasure away first..."

Bai Su gritted her teeth, but before she finished speaking, a huge gust of wind gushed out of the cave and swept her away from the mountain.

Su Ming stared at the drawing board before him in his cave and lowered his right hand calmly.

The sky outside gradually darkened until night came. During this night, the ninth summit was enveloped in silence. Perhaps Su Ming's second senior brother was walking

around the mountain like a ghost and looking for the person he thought was stealing his plants.

Perhaps his third senior brother was hiding in a corner with a mysterious grin as he peeped at something and thought of himself as the smartest person around.

Perhaps his eldest senior brother was still within the ice river, unable to tell whether it was day or night. In this quiet, he would silently meditate in isolation.

Su Ming closed his eyes and brought out the broken xun made of bone from the storage bag he kept in his bosom. This xun was very difficult to repair and could no longer form any sound. It was placed beside Su Ming's mouth and he quietly blew into it.

Silence.

Yet in his own ears, Su Ming could still hear that moaning melody. The sound surrounded his body and enveloped his heart, and lingered there for a long time.

He did not know how much time passed by. The moon beyond the cave shone with a gentle light, illuminating the ice mountain, and the mountain shone with a multitude of colors due to the refraction of light. In this quiet night, Su Ming blew into the soundless xun and silently let himself experience the peace that was different from drawing.

When he finished playing a song, an old voice reached his ears.

"Not bad."

The moment he heard the voice, Su Ming opened his eyes quickly and his heart instantly started racing against his chest. A person had entered his cave at some unknown point of time, and he had no knowledge about this!

This person wore a long purple robe and stood with his back facing Su Ming. Some rays of moonlight shone on him and seemed to be causing the purplish color on his robes to evaporate. It formed a strange sort of pressure that not only shrouded the entire cave, but also dyed Su Ming's pupils with that color.

Purple long robes, purple hair, a purple figure, but with a familiar voice!

"Greetings, Master."

Su Ming immediately stood up and bowed towards the person who still had his back turned towards him.

Su Ming may have acted like how he usually would and nothing unusual could be seen from his actions, but there was already a raging storm within his heart. That storm was

not due to Tian Xie Zi's sudden arrival, neither was it because Su Ming had not noticed him sooner.

Instead, it was because Tian Xie Zi was wearing purple robes!

Su Ming had never seen Tian Xie Zi in this state before. The words his second senior brother had said that day appeared in his head as if Su Ming was listening to him talk about Master in purple robes once again. He also remembered the grave expression on his second senior brother's face that day.

This was not the only thing that shocked Su Ming. There was also the matter of the xun. It was originally soundless, and that sound only existed within his memories, yet Tian Xie Zi's words from before came right at the instant the melody within Su Ming's heart and memories disappeared.

Was this a coincidence, or was it...

Su Ming looked at the back of his purple robed Master and instinctively took one step backwards.

"Are you afraid?"

The purple robed Tian Xie Zi still had not turned around. His voice sounded old, but at the same time, it held a bloody quality to it. Su Ming could instantly sense it clearly.

This bloodiness was that of a feeling of blood that had coagulated on the robes since a long time ago, but also... of blood that had just stained his robes!

There was a bloody stench coming from a spot at the hem of his Master's purple robes. This bloody stench was not a feeling. Su Ming could smell it from the start!

This was not Tian Xie Zi's blood. It was clear that before Tian Xie Zi came here, he... spilled someone's blood!

Su Ming was silent for a moment before he answered honestly, "Master, I've never seen you wear long purple robes before. I'm just a little unused to it..."

"Do not be afraid, you'll get used to it."

The bloodiness in Tian Xie Zi's voice became stronger abruptly. He turned around slowly and with eyes that looked like burning torches, he looked at Su Ming.

At the moment he turned around, Su Ming immediately saw clearly that Tian Xie Zi's originally kindly face now looked like ice. His expression was chilling and his face somber, but there was no ill will in his eyes.

Su Ming thought he saw an illusionary sea of blood behind his Master. Within that sea of blood was a stone statue. That stone statue had its arms wrapped around its chest. Its eyes were opened, and it was similarly looking at Su Ming without ill will.

"My fourth disciple, do you know how to fight against others with Arts?" Tian Xie Zi asked in a hoarse voice, looking at Su Ming. As he spoke, a hint of brutality appeared on the corners of his lips.

That brutality was not aimed towards Su Ming. It was as if that sentence affected Tian Xie Zi's heart and caused his emotions to fluctuate.

Chapter 256: Crack...

I do. I do not.

These two phrases had two completely different meanings. They were like two extremes, like the sky and the earth, and they made Su Ming feel as if his thoughts froze up in that instant. It was not as if he had not been prepared for this, even now, his second senior brother's words and advice were still ringing in his ears.

"You must say... you don't know!"

This was what his second senior brother had said with a grave expression.

Su Ming was silent. The two different answers were like two different doors standing before him. He did not know what lay behind those doors, and neither did he know which door he should choose to open to see the world that lay behind it.

Tian Xie Zi did not press him for an answer. He simply looked at him and waited for his decision.

Su Ming had a feeling that he should listen to his second senior brother's advice. After all, the grave expression on his face when he recounted that he had given the wrong answer was an expression that was rarely seen on his face.

However...

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his head to look at the purple robed Tian Xie Zi, who was watching him, and slowly said, "Master, I'd like to witness a battle of Arts."

This was Su Ming's answer. He went around the question of whether he knew or did not know and stepped out of that circle by voicing out his own thoughts. He did not bother about what would happen if he chose to answer yes or no. Instead, he spoke words that were clearly different from what his second senior brother had told him.

The very instant Tian Xie Zi heard those words, a brilliant glare appeared within his eyes. That glare instantly illuminated the entire cave and caused Su Ming to be unable to meet his gaze. There was also a sharp stab of pain in his eyes, and he took a few steps back instinctively.

"Looks like my fourth disciple... is quite ambitious!"

Tian Xie Zi's voice was hoarse and filled with a hint of ghastliness. As his voice echoed in the cave, a hint of brutality could be felt from within it.

"Your eldest senior brother answered with a 'no', and your second senior brother answered with a 'yes'. As for your third senior brother, he did not give me an answer, he simply pretended to be asleep.

"You're the only one who did not answer the question as it is and gave me another answer... I will fulfill your desire and let you see exactly what is called a battle of Arts!"

Tian Xie Zi waved his arm and a layer of purple fog instantly appeared out of nowhere. It charged towards Su Ming, and in the blink of an eye it enveloped him, and with an abrupt shrinking, the fog stuck to Su Ming's robes and body, turning his clothes purple. At the same time, all of his hair turned purple as well.

With that, the Master and disciple within the cave were dressed completely in purple!

That purple tint exuded a feeling of bloodiness that seemed to have gathered and sunk into the body. It was a feeling that made Su Ming's heart race and his body explode with an urge to kill that was difficult to suppress.

There was already a murderous aura within him to begin with. That murderous aura came from the blood moon from his Berserker Mark. Right then, under the impact of the purple tint, that murderous aura exploded forth with a much stronger intensity and filled the entire cave.

A surprised glint appeared in Tian Xie Zi eyes before he laughed boisterously and closed his right hand around the air in the direction towards Su Ming. Instantly, Su Ming was taken away and they disappeared from the cave.

Although the murderous aura coming from within them was shocking, Zi Che, who was sitting outside, did not notice anything. In fact, even Hu Zi and Su Ming's second senior brother did not notice anything.

Only Su Ming's eldest senior brother who had isolated himself under the ice river opened his eyes to small slits, but he soon closed them once again.

The air in the sky above the Land of South Morning distorted, and Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming appeared from within. Su Ming's right wrist was in Tian Xie Zi's hand and he was forcefully being dragged.

His entire body was in severe pain. Su Ming's face was slightly pale. When he appeared, he instantly turned his head around, and he saw that there was nothing behind him. The land seemed endless. It might be night, but he could still somewhat see that the land was covered in green grass. This place... was not Freezing Sky Clan!

Su Ming widened his eyes and shock could be seen within them.

"The Relocation Rune may be good, but before there were any Relocation Runes within the Berserker Tribe, how exactly did the powerful Berserkers move around...? Only those who respect those from the other realms will imitate, learn, and research foreign objects.

"It is an act where they discard their roots and place their attention on something not essential to them!"

Tian Xie Zi let out a cold snort.

"If a Berserker reaches the peak of the Berserker Soul Realm, then with just one step, they can relocate anywhere they want and travel through the world. As long as their bodies are not destroyed, they will never breathe their last!"

Su Ming felt shaken. He looked at Tian Xie Zi and found himself incapable of saying anything even after a long while.

"I cannot do it either, but with the Creation Arts, as long as the distance is not too far, I can travel to all the places I went to before if I take an item from the place!

"However, I must be dressed in purple to use this Art."

Tian Xie Zi spoke hoarsely and let go of his grip on Su Ming's wrist. A fierce and cruel look appeared within his eyes and he looked towards the land.

"Seventh junior brother, do you know how to battle with Arts?!"

With Tian Xie Zi's sudden words, Su Ming lowered his head and cast his gaze towards where Tian Xie Zi was looking.

That place was a grassy plains. There was wind blowing through it at the moment, causing rustling sounds to rise from the grass. Apart from that sound, everything else was silent.

After a long while, a sigh came from the depths of the land.

"You're early... fourth senior brother..."

The moment the sigh came, Su Ming saw the grass in the plains wither away and scatter into the wind in the form of dust. The land trembled, and with a boom, a giant crack opened up in the land as if it was ripped open by two invisible hands. The crack was deep, its end nowhere to be seen. It was dark within, but a brilliant gaze appeared within the crack and it looked towards the sky. That gaze fell on Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming.

When that gaze landed on him, Su Ming's entire body instantly fell cold, but soon, a bloody-red light shone from his right eye, and it fused together with the purple robes covering his body, turning into a murderous aura that seemed to be facing off with the gaze.

"Fourth senior brother, is that your new disciple...?" an ancient voice asked from the crack on the ground.

The moment his murderous aura met the gaze, a bang went off in Su Ming's head. His murderous aura seemed to be unable to withstand the pressure. However, that gaze did not harbor any ill will. It only swept through his body once before turning away. Su Ming's breathing immediately quickened and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing to the land.

"I am Su Ming. Greetings, seventh uncle master."

Tian Xie Zi let out a cold harrumph before he took a step forward and, in the blink of an eye, he appeared right outside the crack on the ground. He stomped there.

Immediately, an illusionary sea of blood appeared behind Tian Xie Zi. A brilliant glare formed in the eyes of the stone statue within the sea of blood. It slowly unfolded its arms, which had been wrapped around its chest.

At the same time, Su Ming saw the gaze within the crack on the ground disappearing. In its place, a frail looking person walked out of the crack. His footsteps were not quick, but with each step he took, Su Ming's vision would distort.

The man took five steps and arrived right under Tian Xie Zi's foot. He suddenly lifted his right hand, clenched his fist, and rammed it against Tian Xie Zi's right foot.

At the same time, a gigantic illusion appeared behind the man. Within that illusion were a countless number of people: men and women, the old and the young, and they were all kneeling on the ground worshipping this person.

"The Ghosts of the Land's power is not what we Berserkers practice. Seventh junior brother, you're still practicing the Arts of the other worlds. This is not Creation!"

The moment Tian Xie Zi's hoarse voice appeared, his right foot crashed into that frail person's fist with a bang.

As the bang reverberated in the air and shook the skies, Tian Xie Zi shuddered and staggered back a hundred something feet. However, the frail person within the crack staggered back a few hundred feet before he managed to stop.

"You were also chased out by our Master. The Creation you seek... has already left the ways of the Berserker Tribe. You are... the same as me!"

"What do you mean by the same?!"

Tian Xie Zi did not act again, but his eyes were filled with a piercing light.

"I practiced the skills from the other worlds and used them to create my own path. This is my Creation. What you practice is something that appeared after combining the skills from the Shaman Tribe, what difference is there between us?!"

"Our minds are different, our spirits are different, our realms are different, everything of us from inside out is different. We are completely different! Fifteen years ago, you could fight me to a draw while I was in my purple robed self. Now, fifteen years later, you can no longer win against the me in this state!

"Since we cannot differentiate clearly who is right or wrong, and what constitutes as Creation and what is not through words, then we will just see... who is stronger!"

"You... are wrong!"

Tian Xie Zi swung his arm out and turned to walk towards Su Ming.

Su Ming was breathing rapidly. This was the first time he saw Tian Xie Zi attack. The power from that one stomp just now gave him an indescribable feeling. It was as if the mysteriousness within that stomp had exceeded the limits of his understanding. He wanted to remember it, but the memory of the stomp in his head and when the frail person hurled his fist forward was slowly disappearing, and he could not control it.

When Tian Xie Zi went over to Su Ming's side and brought him away from the place, he was still caught in a daze.

When Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming left, peace returned to the plains, and the frail looking man lowered his head. He slowly floated back into the crack and sat down within its depths.

"Fourth senior brother... when you were excommunicated, Master once said that... you were wrong."

That ancient voice turned into a sigh and the crack gradually closed up. Once the earth returned to its original state, an endless sea of grass covered the entire plains again within an instant and began rustling in the wind.

Dark clouds covered the entire sky and rain fell as thunder rumbled. The sky twisted and Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi's bodies gradually appeared.

The instant the two of them appeared, lightning cracked in the sky viciously and thunder roared.

Tian Xie Zi had his back turned towards Su Ming and he looked at a fenced up tribe before him through the rain as he asked Su Ming languidly, "Do you understand now?"

Su Ming was silent and his expression baffled. He seemed to have understood it somewhat, but there was still a great cloud of confusion within him.

"Let's go."

Tian Xie Zi walked forward and then landed on the ground. He stepped on the puddles of water on the ground. With the rain falling on his body, he walked towards the quiet fenced up village in the rain.

Su Ming followed behind him silently. At that moment, the figure of Tian Xie Zi stomping on the ground had become very faint in his mind. He couldn't remember it, and neither could he retain it.

As they got closer to the village, Su Ming heard a faint sound.

"Crack..."

"Crack... Crack..."

It was as a sound that seemed to be made from bones rubbing against each other. That sound traveled forth through the rain and thunder from the ordinary village.

Chapter 257: The Song Ended, And They Left

Tian Xie Zi's expression was still dark. When he got closer to the gate in the village, he did not slow down. Right when he stepped next to it, Su Ming's pupils shrank as he continued walking behind him. He saw the village gate distorting, as if they had just been moved to another place in an instant without any warning. Tian Xie Zi walked in slowly.

Su Ming followed behind and walked into the village as well. When the two of them went in, Su Ming turned his head back and found that the village gate had returned to its original state.

It was clear that this was not the first time Tian Xie Zi had come to this place. At this time, most of the people in the tribe had fallen into deep sleep. Since it was raining, there were no bonfires around them. Besides the pattering rain and occasional rumble of thunder in this silence, the only other sound was that cracking sound that rang repeatedly.

It was as if that sound was guiding Tian Xie Zi's path as he walked through the village and stepped on the puddles of water. Once they gradually moved past the houses, Su Ming saw light shining through an ordinary beast skin tent before him.

This was a small tribe, a tribe that was almost similar in size to Su Ming's Dark Mountain Tribe. Small tribes like these numbered to too many in the Land of South Morning.

He looked around him, and when Su Ming's gaze fell upon the tent with light shining within, he could hear the cracking sounds that seemed like bones being rubbed against each other.

Tian Xie Zi walked up to the tent and lifted a flap before walking in. Su Ming followed behind him and also entered the tent. When he did so, the first thing that entered his gaze was the many bones that lay within the small tent.

Besides the bones, there were also some stones in the tent, and most of these items had been turned into xuns!

This was the first time Su Ming had seen so many xuns. It was also the first time he saw a xun in the Land of South Morning!

A shiver ran down his spine. Once he swept his gaze past those xuns, it fell on the old man in the tent.

The old man's hair was flecked with white and he was dressed in beast skins, though he did not cover the upper half of his body. Right now, he was sitting inside the tent with a beast bone in his hand and was rubbing it against a stone slab.

It seemed like the shape of this beast bone did not match with the bone xun he wanted to make, that was why he had to rub away the unnecessary parts.

With a dark expression, Tian Xie Zi looked at the old man and walked until he was right in front of him and sat down. His gaze shifted to the beast bone in the old man's hands, which he was still rubbing against the stone slab.

The old man looked calm. It was as if all his attention was trained on the bone in his hands and he did not notice Tian Xie Zi's arrival, nor did he notice Su Ming's presence.

He sat there calmly and continued rubbing the bone against the stone slab. Cracking sounds echoed within the tent. Some of the sounds even floated out and lingered in the air for a long time.

Time trickled by. Su Ming's eyes never left the bone in the old man's hands, and he saw that a corner of that bone gradually became round under that continuous rubbing.

Tian Xie Zi never spoke. He was also looking at the old man, and changes started to show on his face. Sometimes, he would appear sullen, at other times, he would look as if he understood something, and occasionally, there would be a complicated expression on his face.

Rain poured even harder outside the tent. Thunder would occasionally rumble in the sky, and sometimes, the sky would brighten up for a brief moment and leave the shadows of the three people on the skin of the tent, but they would flicker and quickly vanish.

The old man's concentration made Su Ming arrive at some form of understanding. He did not know at what point of time he eventually chose not to stand but sit by the side and watch the bone being rubbed against the stone slab while listening to the cracking sounds. At that moment, the calmness that had never appeared ever since Bai Su had come to the ninth summit overtook him.

At that moment, Su Ming sank into a state that felt as if he had forgotten about his self due to his calm gaze towards the bone. In his eyes, he could only see the bone that was being rubbed against the stone slab. He did not see that the clothes on Tian Xie Zi's body seemed to be changing as he sat right before the old man.

That change only happened for an instant before returning to its original state. If no one paid close attention to it, they would not be able to see it clearly.

Time trickled by. They had no idea how much time passed, but the old man eventually stopped in his act of rubbing the bone against the stone. When he stopped, Su Ming felt his mind jolting back and came back to his senses. He saw the old man looking at the beast stone and lifting it up as if he was inspecting it.

After a long while, he changed the beast bone's position and continued rubbing it against the stone slab.

The complicated look on Tian Xie Zi's face grew deeper. After a long while, he let out a long sigh and stood up.

The moment he stood, the old man stopped. When he lifted the bone in his hands once again, that bone had already turned into a xun. There were several small holes in it. Once he gave it a look, he lifted his head, but he did not look at Tian Xie Zi. Instead, he trained his gaze on Su Ming.

It was a gaze that was as tranquil as water. Those were a pair of eyes that seemed to contain endless knowledge, had seen through the truth behind life and death, understood all that lies within the world, and could contain everything within them.

Inside were kindness, peace, tranquility, and a light that made Su Ming fall into a state of serenity once he met his gaze.

The old man lifted his right hand and handed the bone xun to Su Ming.

Su Ming quietly stood up and took the ordinary looking bone xun in his hands respectfully. At the instant the old man handed the xun to Su Ming, he suddenly understood the meaning behind the old man's gaze towards him. He wanted him to play it.

Su Ming held the bone xun and wordlessly took a few steps back before he sat on the ground and stared at the xun in his hands blankly. The sound of rain falling outside became stronger and thunder started rumbling nonstop in the sky.

Su Ming closed his eyes and positioned the bone xun by his mouth before blowing into it gently.

He originally did not know how to play any songs on the xun, but over the years, the broken bone xun that could no longer make any sound had kept him company during the nights when he was alone and missing his home...

There were many nights where he would blow into the voiceless xun quietly alone and the melody of the songs in his ears would play inside his mind

Moaning sounds that held a hint of desolation traveled out from the bone xun by Su Ming's mouth and echoed around the tent before floating out and scattering into the air.

At that moment, it was as if the thunder outside also fell silent and the rain started falling more gently. They fused together with the moaning song of the xun and played out a song of yearning.

Su Ming was bringing out this particular xun's voice, but was also playing out the song in his memories. The one that was making the sounds was the breath from his mouth, moving within the xun, but similarly, his heart also moved.

That feeling was a form of remembrance of the things that moved through the passages of time.

That moaning sound did not seem to ever change. There was only one simple note, yet its rise and fall had a hint of desolation and age in it. In that quiet night, in the falling rain, and in this unfamiliar land, that sound was brought into existence.

It sounded like a lover crying softly, like tribe members calling out to someone as they wiped away the tears from their eyes, like a childhood friend roaring out in anger as he clenched his fists...

Tian Xie Zi closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the xun quietly. As he listened to the moaning sounds, the dark expression on his face faded away.

The old man also closed his eyes. His expression was calm.

This was a very long song. It might have had a name, but Su Ming did not know it. This song had been played multiple times in his memories, but this time, he truly played it out with a xun.

However... this was not his xun. The song played by this xun contained his soul and his memories, but it lacked a feeling - the feeling of home.

The song ended...

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the bone xun in his hands. Understanding appeared in his eyes and he stood up so that he could return the xun back to the old man respectfully.

A smile appeared on the old man's face. He looked at Su Ming kindly and nodded his head.

Tian Xie Zi also opened his eyes. He did not look at the old man but chose to stand and walk out.

Right up till the end, no words were exchanged between him and the old man, but Su Ming knew that the two of them had in truth spoken a thousand words to each other through Su Ming's song.

When Tian Xie Zi walked out, Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he followed after him. The two of them left the tent. Rain was pouring heavily from the sky, and it fell on their bodies and on the puddles of water that were formed from the holes on the ground.

When they were a dozen feet away from the tent, Su Ming's footsteps faltered. His gaze was no longer hesitant but filled with determination.

When he stopped, Tian Xie Zi also stopped with him, but he did not turn back to look at Su Ming.

Su Ming bowed towards Tian Xie Zi and went back towards the tent he had just left. He lifted the flap and went in.

When Su Ming walked into the tent, the old man sitting inside looked over calmly.

"Sir... can you repair this...?"

Su Ming brought out his bone xun from his bosom. This was the xun that held the feeling of home. It had many cracks and could no longer make any sound. Su Ming placed it before the old man.

The old man's gaze fell on the xun and he picked it up. Once he gave it closer inspection, he nodded.

Su Ming bowed towards him respectfully before turning around and leaving the tent. Then he left the village with Tian Xie Zi.

"Do you understand now...?" Tian Xie Zi asked calmly outside the village in the rain. At that moment, though he might still have been dressed in purple, his expression was no longer dark.

"The first battle was a confirmation with the Ways of your own cultivation, and the second..." Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi and fell silent for a moment before speaking up again, "It's a battle of hearts!"

"The first person who battled against me is my seventh fellow brother. The person who we saw in the second scene... I don't know his name, but I met him by pure coincidence many years ago and saw him creating a xun once..."

"After that, every single time I experience a change in my heart, I will look for him and battle against him using my heart... and my Realm..."

"You reached an epiphany regarding Picture Creation and used it to calm your mind. You do not train your physical body but only train your mind... Perhaps there are other people I do not know of who are walking down this road, but among the people I know, you and I, along with your fellow brothers, are the only ones doing so.

"I've come quite far, and your fellow brothers have also taken a few steps down the road. Right now, you are about to experience your first change of heart... The change in your heart is akin to another you appearing," Tian Xie Zi explained softly.

"There is no way for me to tell you how to do it. I can only tell you about my experiences regarding my changes of heart... Let's go, I'll bring you to kill Shamans in the Shaman Tribe... Once I'm dressed in purple, this state will not disappear until I've gathered 1,000 drops of blood from the heart."

Tian Xie Zi took a step into the air. Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and mumbled the words 'change of heart' softly under his breath before a glint appeared in his eyes and he followed behind Tian Xie Zi.

As the Master and disciple disappeared into the sky, Tian Xie Zi murmured to Su Ming faintly, "He is blind. Did you manage to see it...?"

"Blind...?" Su Ming was stunned.

...and they left.

Chapter 258: The Land of Shamans

There was a wall built on a mountain range shaped like a dragon's spine. It resembled a ring and split the Land of South Morning into two parts - the outer and inner parts.

That mountain range was known as Sky Mist Barrier.

Sky Mist City acted as the center of Sky Mist Barrier. The wall was divided into several equal sections and each section had a guard that would be stationed there all year long. No matter the four seasons, no matter how cold or hot the weather was, and no matter how harshly the rain fell, they would not step out of the area which they protected.

All the Shamans who wished to pass through the section of Sky Mist Barrier they protected to break into Sky Mist would have to walk over the corpses of these guards.

Uncle master Bai was one of the guards. He would always sit on the section of the wall he protected and look in the direction of where the Shaman Tribes were located. Sometimes, he would seem melancholic, and at other times, there would be a complicated look on his face.

The sky was starting to brighten up, but the land was still shrouded in darkness and fog. He could not see too far into the distance. Uncle master Bai lowered his head and closed his eyes, hiding away the emotions in his eyes.

Yet at the moment his eyelids fully closed down, he opened his eyes once again swiftly and a brilliant glint appeared briefly within them.

At the same time, the sky behind him twisted and two purple clad people walked out from within the distortion. These two people were naturally Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming.

Uncle master Bai frowned, but he did not turn his head back. Instead, he closed his eyes once again and let the purple robed Tian Xie Zi approach him, then walk past him and out of Sky Mist Barrier.

Su Ming followed behind Tian Xie Zi and met his uncle master Bai once again on the wall. He did not know why, but he felt relieved when he saw the man. He still remembered that he had spoken to this uncle master Bai at this place, and this man, who gained his respect and gave him a sense of closeness, had later fought against a woman of the Shaman Tribe.

The two people had stirred up a vast and mighty presence as they fought, causing the Su Ming at that time to be unable to remain close. He had always been somewhat worried about the man. Now that he saw him again, when Su Ming walked past his uncle master Bai, he turned his head around and smiled at him.

When he did so, the man opened his eyes and cast a glance at him.

"You must be able to protect yourself if you follow that crazy old man."

As he spoke, he seized the air with his right hand. A white scale the size of a fingernail instantly appeared out of thin air and he pushed it towards Su Ming.

"Take this. It contains the power of an attack of mine. Use it to defend yourself."

Once uncle master Bai finished speaking, he closed his eyes.

When Su Ming held the white scale in his hands, it started gushing with life force and lifted his spirits. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards uncle master Bai. He might have only met the person before him twice, but that sense of cordiality he felt towards the man did not fade due to them not meeting up often. It became even stronger instead.

The moment Su Ming walked out of Sky Mist Barrier, he took a deep breath. The bloodiness and desolate feeling he had had when he first stood on Sky Mist Barrier and looked out appeared once again in his heart.

This land was an unfamiliar place to him. It contained the hatred between two different races that could not be wiped away. This hate had lingered in this place for a long time, and had eventually turned into a depressing and heavy feeling that pressed against all the hearts of the Berserkers who just walked into the land.

That depressing feeling would make their breathing quicken to the point they would feel as if they could not breathe and would suffocate at any moment. As Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi charged forward in an insolent manner, that feeling became stronger.

The further they got, the stronger the feeling became, until eventually Su Ming could even hear his heart racing and pounding against his chest.

The wind that was blowing against him from the distance seemed to contain a force that rejected all those unfamiliar to the land. It was as if it also contained the same hate from the land towards the two unwelcomed guests. It was a force that spoke of killing and slaughter until one side eventually died once the Berserkers met with the Shamans.

Compared to the depressing and oppressive feeling Su Ming had, the brutality on Tian Xie Zi's face became stronger. His ruthless smile, the blood-red glint in his eyes, and the hint of merciless aloofness that was deeply seated in his eyes turned Tian Xie Zi into a man that was incredibly unfamiliar to Su Ming.

As Su Ming continued watching him, Tian Xie Zi suddenly came to a halt and froze floating in midair. The sky was bleak and was starting to darken as if dark clouds were starting to gather together.

"Fourth!" Tian Xie Zi had his back turned towards Su Ming and was looking into the distance when he spoke in a ghastly tone. "Watch by the side and draw for me!"

Su Ming nodded quietly and took a few steps back. He looked at his surroundings and observed this strange and unfamiliar piece of land. His understanding of the hate between the Shamans and Berserkers was limited, and it was difficult for him to put himself in the shoes of the Berserkers in this land. It was also difficult for him to comprehend the frenzied slaughter between the Berserkers of the Land of South Morning and the Shamans.

He did not understand.

Tian Xie Zi had his hands behind his back and his purple robes fluttered in the wind. His long purple hair also danced along. From the distance, he looked like a purple ball of flames that was burning brilliantly in the land of the Shamans.

A piercing howl abruptly came from Tian Xie Zi's mouth, and at the moment he lifted his head and roared, Su Ming became visibly moved!

At that moment, Tian Xie Zi overflowed with an unbridled arrogance and a domineering air that seemed to ignore the might of the heavens. He stood in the sky and howled in a manner to make himself known. His voice traveled in all directions and rumbled as it spread even further into the distance.

A twisted ripple appeared in the air as if the sky itself was trembling. The fear within the trembles seeped into the ripples and spread outwards.

Su Ming took a deep breath. He knew that while this place might not be located deep within the land of Shamans and was in fact located just at the border near Sky Mist Barrier, this was still the territory of the Shamans. Almost all the tribes that existed within this place were Shaman!

If a person was alone, that person would have snuck into the Shaman Tribes and would have taken the 1,000 drops of blood from the heart in secret. That person would definitely not roar so arrogantly like his Master and tell the Shamans that he, Tian Xie Zi, was here.

Yet Tian Xie Zi did it!

With his body that looked like a ball of purple flames from the distance and with an incredibly arrogant manner, he announced his arrival to all the Shamans within the area!

Su Ming suddenly understood what uncle master Bai had meant when he called his Master a crazy old man. He also understood why he gave him the white scale...

It was clear that this was not the first time Tian Xie Zi did such a thing, neither was it his second time. There was a high possibility that this thing happened regularly once in a while!

'If a race or even a tribe has been attacked like this multiple times over the years in a manner that while their mortal enemy considers it arrogant, but to them is a form of humiliation...

'Then it would definitely attract a certain amount of attention. Once their attention is drawn, they would make thorough preparations towards their mortal enemy's actions...

'Master has come to this place multiple times, which could only mean that he must have experienced the Shamans' prepared attack, but he still chose to do it... and he even told the Shamans that... he's here...'

As Su Ming was thinking, something caught his attention. He immediately lifted his head and looked into the distance, and at the moment he saw it, his pupils shrank.

In the distance, he saw clouds rolling forth in the sky, and black spots were charging towards them rapidly. In the blink of an eye, those black spots became clear, and they were all ferocious beasts that mostly looked dissimilar to each other.

These creatures were not entirely big. They were only about a dozen feet in size, and all of them had a pair of wings which they used to charge towards them. Su Ming also saw

people standing on those beasts, and their faces were covered not in Berserker Marks, but totems that were carved onto their skins.

"Pay full attention to your drawing!"

The ruthlessness in the smile at the corner of Tian Xie Zi's lips reached its peak and a murderous aura that shook the skies erupted from his body. Right at the moment he finished speaking, Tian Xie Zi took a step forward.

Behind him, the sea of blood that originally looked like a mere illusion now seemed as if it was real. Light appeared within the eyes of the stone statue in the sea of blood, and it shone with an excited lust for slaughter.

With that lust for slaughter in Tian Xie Zi's eyes, Su Ming saw him storm straight towards the incoming mass of black spots. Waves rose in the sea of blood behind him and charged towards the black spots.

Roaring sounds reverberated in the air and Su Ming saw the same brutality and madness on the Shamans' faces who were standing on the ferocious beasts. They did not fear death and all of them bit their tongues to cough out blood. That blood turned into an innumerable amount of blood-red bugs that charged straight towards Tian Xie Zi.

Some brought out skulls. As they stroked them, black mist shot out and turned into hideous malicious ghosts. Some sat down, and as the beasts underneath them let out shrill cries of pain, their blood and flesh were ripped apart from their bones. That large mass of torn flesh grouped together to form large blood-red giants, and they howled as they charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

The creatures that lost their flesh and blood only had eerily white skeletal frames left. However, there was a ghostly fire within their eye sockets that burned with an indescribable ghastliness and coldness.

There were even dozens of Shamans who stomped on the ferocious beasts underneath them and bounded into the air. Their bodies instantly swelled up and a shocking power erupted from their bodies, turning their physical bodies into their strongest enchanted Vessels. They too charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

Su Ming looked at the sight. All these divine abilities were skills he had never seen before, especially the spell that created the giants formed from flesh and blood while still allowing the creatures to continue living even though they lost their bodies, only their skeletons remaining. It made Su Ming suck in a deep breath.

"You actually used the Spirit Medium of the Shaman Tribe. Looks like you've made even better preparations for my arrival today... You must have waited for many years. Today, I have finally come, and you... don't have to wait anymore!"

Tian Xie Zi's ghastly laughter rang in the skies.

Roaring sounds shook the sky. Multiple sights appeared at once within Su Ming's vision, and in them, Tian Xie Zi was slaughtering those Shamans arrogantly and without restraint!

The blood bugs that were formed from the coughed out blood stuck themselves on Tian Xie Zi's body, but they instantly turned purple and exploded.

Right at the moment the hideous malicious ghosts that came from the skulls closed in on Tian Xie Zi, the stone statue within the sea of blood opened its mouth wide, sucked in a deep breath, and the malicious ghosts tumbled into its mouth. Once the stone statue swallowed them all, the brutality and excitement in its eyes grew thicker.

Chapter 259: That Spoken Sentence... Golden Roc!

As the giants formed from the flesh and blood of the ferocious beasts charged towards Tian Xie Zi, he was also closing in on them with a savage look on his face. They crashed into each other with a bang, and those giants shattered, but Tian Xie Zi merely continued onward while laughing madly.

All the Shamans that stood in the area he passed by would find a bloody hole appearing on their chests, and there was emptiness inside the hole. Their hearts were gone.

Their hearts were dug out by Tian Xie Zi. Once he crushed them, the blood from their hearts fused into the air and appeared inside his sea of blood.

When he saw this sight, Su Ming sucked in a sharp breath. He looked towards the sea of blood behind Tian Xie Zi. That sea of blood...

"Could it have been created due to Master's slaughter...?" he mumbled.

The dozen Shamans who had swelled up, treating their physical bodies as their strongest weapon, with totems tattooed on their faces, hurled their fists forward with a force that made the air distort. Right at the moment these people attacked Tian Xie Zi together, he waved his arm and the purple long robe on his body instantly grew bigger. In the blink of an eye, the purple robe covered the entire area, including the dozen Shamans.

This scene only lasted for an instant. When Tian Xie Zi's purple robe reverted to its original size, bloody holes appeared on the chests of those men, and their hearts were all gone.

"The Spirit Medium of the Shamans, the Spirit Medium who only pities the dead but is cold towards the living... I killed one of you before, and I love fighting against people like you the most. Today, let me slaughter to my heart's content!"

When Tian Xie Zi let out an eerie bark of laughter, the sea of blood behind him turned into a giant mouth and opened it wide to swallow the Shamans.

The moment it swallowed the Shamans, many of these Shamans trembled, and as they did so, a fist appeared on their chests and started squirming there. Pain appeared on their faces and their chests exploded. Their hearts flew out of their chests and were crushed, then the blood from their hearts spilled out and was absorbed into the mouth formed from the sea of blood.

At that moment, a soft, cold snort appeared under the sky in the land belonging to the Shamans. Su Ming immediately turned his gaze over and saw an old man in a black and white long robe walking on the land. He had no idea when he had appeared.

The old man's hair was flecked in white, but his face was covered in a variety of colors and filled with tattoos. Su Ming looked at it and found himself unable to differentiate the totems on his face.

The man stood there and did not even look at Su Ming. His gaze was focused on Tian Xie Zi and he lifted his right hand to seize the sky.

The moment he did so, the entire sky turned murky, as if the sky had just turned into mud. An oppressive feeling gathered on Su Ming and made his breathing instantly quicken.

At the same time, Su Ming saw shadows appearing in the now turned murky sky. Those shadows all had pious expressions on their faces, and from their faces, Su Ming could tell that they were all the Shamans whom Tian Xie Zi had just killed by ripping out their hearts.

These hundreds of souls covered the murky sky, and as the Spirit Medium seized the air, they charged towards his right hand like rolling smoke. In an instant, as they gathered on the Spirit Medium's right hand, a transparent drop of water appeared!

That drop of water was crystal clear, yet the moment it appeared, a shocking chill spread in all directions.

Tian Xie Zi laughed coldly and turned around, stopping in his slaughter. The Shamans who were fortunate enough to not have died in this massacre quickly retreated and began surrounding the area until they sealed it up. Su Ming was also sealed within the area.

"I've waited for you here for 15 years."

The Spirit Medium spoke with a hoarse voice. He grabbed the transparent drop of water floating before him and swallowed it. Once he did so, his body started trembling viciously and pain appeared on his face.

"All you who died in sorrow... I, the Spirit Medium, have felt your resentment and sorrow. I am willing to use my body to shoulder your hate and anger. You died in this person's hands, now that you have died, come to my body..."

The moment the old man finished speaking, he started trembling even more viciously. As he started closing his eyes slowly, respect and fear appeared on the Shamans who surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi.

"Interesting, a Spirit Medium who can fuse souls actually came here..."

Tian Xie Zi licked his lips and ruthlessness appeared in his eyes.

Su Ming stood where he belonged. This slaughter had nothing to do with him, he did not need to take any action. With Tian Xie Zi over there, no one would pay attention to him.

After all, compared to Tian Xie Zi, Su Ming was so weak he would not attract any attention to himself.

At that moment, the Spirit Medium opened his eyes. His irises were grey, and at the very instant he opened his eyes, a roar that sounded like an innumerable amount of howls overlapping each other spilled out of his mouth.

"Give me back my heart!"

As he roared, countless bumps immediately rose up on the old man's body. These bumps were all faces. These faces were howling and screeching on his skin, causing the old man to become a terrifying sight to behold.

He stomped on the ground, and as it trembled, he flew up and charged towards Tian Xie Zi. At the moment he got closer to Tian Xie Zi. The old man lifted his arms, then pointed towards the sky with one arm while the other pointed towards the ground. He lifted his head to the sky and roared once again.

"Give me back my heart!"

The weather changed. At the edge of the murky sky, a gigantic hand of bone appeared out of thin air. It charged towards Tian Xie Zi with an air of decay.

At the same time, another bone hand broke out of the earth, and the ground trembled. It too charged towards Tian Xie Zi along with the bone hand from the sky.

The ruthless glare in Tian Xie Zi's eyes shone, and as the sea of blood behind him enveloped his body, the stone statue that had its arms folded around its chest within the sea of blood spread out its arms in a fashion that seemed slow but managed to clash into the two bone hands that were charging from the sky and earth with one palm facing upward and the other downward.

A deafening roar instantly shook the entire world. The bone hand from the sky crumbled and shattered into millions of pieces that disappeared into the air.

The bone hand from the ground also shuddered as if it could not withstand the palm strike from the stone statue. It shattered and fell like droplets of rain that scattered onto the ground.

With a glint in his eyes, the Spirit Medium spread out his arms at the same moment the bone hands shattered and let out a piercing howl towards the sky.

As he roared and his body trembled, the faces of the ghosts on his skin roared with him, and they charged out of the old man's body.

As those ghosts charged out, the old man shuddered and his physical body rapidly withered away. In the span of a few breaths, he turned into mere skin and bones and fell face down to the ground. The final soul within his body also charged out at that moment.

The sky was filled with the roars of these ghosts as they stormed towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi let out a cold snort and was about to counter when two soft sighs came faintly from the sky in the distance.

The sighs were very gentle as if they held no rage within them and were so tender that they sounded like a lover blowing a puff of air on your cheek and into your ear.

When it sounded, Su Ming turned his gaze in its direction and saw two men walking forth from the sky in the distance.

Those were two men who were so beautiful that women would sigh because they could not compare to their beauty. They wore long white robes, and all men and women who looked at them would be attracted by their beautiful looks.

Even more shocking was that the two of them came together with breathtaking smiles on their lips while holding hands, and they were walking forward with an air of intimacy as if they were lovers.

"Split Dawn!" For the first time, besides ruthlessness and excitement, seriousness appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes. "Even the rarely seen Split Dawn appeared here. Interesting... Choosing a pair of Split Dawns is not an easy thing..."

The two beautiful men in white came forth with their hands still held together as if they were lovers. They looked at Tian Xie Zi with eyes that shone with a beauty that did not seem to belong to this world.

One of them spoke up softly, "I suppose there is a person without a heart around you, one that is formed by the spirits of those who were wronged."

As his words traveled forth, the many ghosts charging towards Tian Xie Zi suddenly spread out when they were about to close in. Then with Tian Xie Zi serving as its chest, they turned into a gigantic figure.

That figure was created entirely from the ghosts. They howled continuously, their voices echoing through the sky.

"I suppose you can no longer move, no longer can cast any Arts. You have become this person's heart, and then... you will shatter..." The other beautiful man smiled and spoke softly.

Su Ming widened his eyes and his pupils shrank once again. It could be said that this was the first time he encountered Shamans. Here, he encountered the Spirit Medium who pitied the dead, but was cold towards the living.

Right now, he saw the Split Dawn, who seemed to be in control of an unimaginable power! He even saw his Master, Tian Xie Zi, coming to a complete halt at that instant, just like what the Split Dawn said. The sea of blood around him started disappearing.

A murderous look flashed through Su Ming's eyes and bell chimes reverberated within his body. The white scale appeared in his hands, and the green mark of the sword glowed at the center of his brows. His Berserker Mark appeared faintly on his body.

Because not only did he see his Master's body freeze, he also saw the figure formed by the ghosts that had surrounded Tian Xie Zi gain the form of a person, and his Master stood at the location where its heart should be. By the looks of it, it seemed like it wanted to bury Tian Xie Zi within it.

However, Su Ming also had his doubts. From what he understood about his Master, if Tian Xie Zi dared to make such a blatant show of his arrival, then he would definitely not act recklessly, but Su Ming just could not figure out what else his Master could do.

Su Ming was just about to take action during this crisis when a sound rang out. That sound made the expressions of the two beautiful Split Dawns drastically change, it made the old Spirit Medium who was lying on the ground in only skin and bones let out a cry of surprise, and made the Shamans who had surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi sink into disbelief. That sound came from Tian Xie Zi.

"My Shaman Beast... I summon you with my voice..."

As Tian Xie Zi's voice echoed in the air, a low growl that shook the sky came from the land in the distance. A huge gust of wind swept through the land, and in the land far away... a gigantic golden roc appeared... By the looks of it, its size was about 10,000 feet!

"This... This is our sacred beast, the Golden Roc! You... Who are you?! Why do you know the sacred Skill of the Shamans?!" The old Spirit Medium lying on the ground let slip a cry of surprise with an expression filled with horrified surprise.

Chapter 260: Three Days!

The old Spirit Medium let out a cry of surprise, and in the blink of an eye, that horrified surprise on his face changed to one of shock.

He never expected that the person the big Shaman tribes told him to kill with an army to... possess a sacred beast of the Shamans!

The shock that came from witnessing a Berserker summoning their sacred beast, the sacred beasts that rarely appeared even when the Shamans themselves summoned them, was like that of lightning crashing onto him. The shock made his head roar, and besides surprise, his mind was completely blank.

Besides the old Spirit Medium, the beautiful Split Dawns were also shocked. Their expressions instantly changed and disbelief colored their faces. This expression was incredibly rare on these two men.

The two of them were sent to this place 15 years ago along with the old Spirit Medium, and their goal was to wait for the person who would appear in this area once every few years and bring about genocide.

Everything was going smoothly when they ran into Tian Xie Zi this day, but at the critical moment that one sentence from Tian Xie Zi changed everything in a manner as if the world had been turned upside down.

"The sacred beast, Golden Roc... No wonder we never managed to gain its acknowledgement and could never summon it even though we've sent our tribe members to its resting place multiple times in the past. So the Golden Roc... already has an owner!

"But how... How is this possible?! He's from the Berserker Tribe and doesn't practice the Ways of the Shamans. How did he get the approval of the Golden Roc?!"

In the time the Split Dawns sucked in a sharp breath, the Golden Roc arrived from where it was in the distance. Along with its arrival came a huge gust of wind that made people feel as if an innumerable amount of invisible mountains were crashing into them.

The remaining Shamans, who had surrounded Su Ming and Tian Xie Zi, lost all will to fight when the Golden Roc appeared. Terror appeared in the midst of their confusion, and they did not dare attack.

"The Golden Roc!"

"Oh heavens... It's the Golden Roc!"

Uproars broke out at the sacred beast's appearance. The Shamans held a level of respect akin to meeting the might of heaven itself in the face of their sacred beasts. This creature was like the totems within the Shaman Tribe. There was in no way they could fight against it.

At that moment, as the Golden Roc swept past the land and brought with it a huge gust of wind, these people were like floating leaves in the sky and were thrown back. As booming sounds reverberated in the air, the wall of people crumbled down instantly.

Su Ming sucked in a breath when he saw the Golden Roc closing in. Its gigantic body that exceeded 10,000 feet formed an intimidating pressure that made morning sky turn dark in an instant. It was covered by the Golden Roc's body as if it had just covered the sun.

Compared to it, the people around him who were swept away by the huge gust of wind and Su Ming himself were so tiny that they could practically be disregarded. The Golden Roc forced its way into all their sights in an incredibly arrogant fashion.

The moment it closed in, the extraordinarily mighty Golden Roc shone with a golden light that made it look like a golden eagle. It made the people be unable to look at it, especially into its eyes. There was an aloof look within its eyes, and as it swept its gaze across the land, cracking sounds would appear in the air as if the air itself could not withstand that pressure.

The intelligence it had made Su Ming believe without a doubt that it had far surpassed the intellect of all the ferocious beasts he had ever seen. Even the rod snake could not compare with it in this.

However, the rod snake was still an infant, so it was only natural that it would have a hard time competing against the Golden Roc, which was a sacred beast that was famous within the Shaman Tribes.

When the Golden Roc's eyes fell on Su Ming as its gaze swept through the land, it paused for a moment to look at him, and at the moment it did so, the golden light within

its eyes instantly became stronger. It made Su Ming shudder, as if everything about him had just been seen through.

Any other ordinary Berserker would have lost all ability to think, but Su Ming did not just practice in the Ways of the Berserkers. He also trained in the Skills of Aura Refinement and turned it into his divine senses. The strength of his divine senses might perhaps be nothing to those in the other realms, but among his peers in the Berserker Tribe, he was second to none.

At that moment, while the divine sense in his mind still could not withstand the Golden Roc's gaze, Su Ming could at least still tell the reason behind the Golden Roc's interest in him.

Su Ming had a feeling that the Golden Roc was not looking at him, but at the Han Mountain Bell residing within his body!

More accurately speaking, there was something within Han Mountain Bell that the Golden Roc sensed, and it wanted to take a closer look!

Almost at the same instant the Golden Roc trained its gaze on Su Ming, the rod shaped insect snake hybrid that was recovering slowly in the Han Mountain Bell within Su Ming suddenly curled up from its sleeping, relaxed position within the Bell. It lifted its head instantly and its dull eyes immediately regained their cruel glare.

The glare seemed like the last rays of sunlight before the sky turned dark. It seemed strong, but was in reality rather scattered, and hidden within the depths of the glare was the rod snake's pride.

It was as if that pride existed within the blood and soul of the rod snake itself. That pride was passed down through generations and existed even now; it had never disappeared.

That pride that was hidden within its cruelty made it seem that if they took away the difference between their power, then the rod snake and Golden Roc did not even belong in the same category of creatures, because within the rod snake's pride was an air of dominance and supremacy!

Su Ming noticed that aura. He was shaken by this, and the light in the Golden Roc's eyes wavered for a brief moment, and Su Ming felt as if he saw hesitation within him, and he even saw the hint of fear lying underneath that hesitation.

At that moment, Su Ming had a sudden feeling that the rod snake was like a tiger cub. Although it was small and injured, even if the tiger cub ran into lone wolves, it would still lift up its head and show off its unique aura.

That feeling only appeared for an instant. As the Golden Roc turned its gaze away, that feeling also disappeared without a trace. No one around him noticed it, not even Tian Xie Zi.

After all, the Golden Roc's gaze only stayed on Su Ming for a moment. In Su Ming's eyes, it had happened slowly, but in reality, it only lasted for a moment.

When the Golden Roc's gaze swept through the entire land, a huge gust of wind swept through the land. The Golden Roc lifted its head and with its mouth wide-open, it let out a shriek towards the sky.

While the shriek might not have been deafening, it still reached its peak in an instant and turned into an indescribable sound wave that traveled in all directions.

When the Shamans who were swept away by the wind heard the shriek, they let out shrill cries of pain and blood gushed out of their eyes, mouth, nose, nose; they exploded and their flesh and blood scattered into the air.

The ferocious beasts under their feet had long since frozen, ever since the Golden Roc arrived. They were shivering in midair and did not dare move.

The sound wave contained a power that made booming sounds echo in Su Ming's head, and his mind instantly turned blank. When he regained his senses, he saw the old Spirit Medium's head exploding as he cried out in pain. His entire body was dyed in black blood as he fell to the side.

Besides the devastating deaths of the Shamans around him, Su Ming also saw the two beautiful Split Dawns bleeding from their eyes, noses, ears, and mouths. They looked pathetic as they ran away with their faces tainted with endless terror.

Yet as they ran, one of them could not endure the Golden Roc's voice and coughed out blood, trembling. As he ran, his body started shattering inch by inch, and before he could make it to 100 feet, he crumbled into a mass of blood and flesh, then disappeared. Only his right arm, which still held onto his lover's hand, remained.

The remaining man looked at the arm in his hand and let out a cry of despair, but he did not turn back. He charged forward in a mad dash instead, and a large amount of blood mist seeped out of his body and surrounded him. As the blood mist spread out, his beautiful face started decaying, and in an instant, his beauty turned into horrifying ugliness. However, he still managed to escape and disappear from Su Ming's sight.

At the same time, the body of the person that was formed from the ghosts which had Tian Xie Zi buried within crumbled and exploded under the Golden Roc's voice. It turned into the faces that were full of hate once again before they disappeared into thin air.

Tian Xie Zi opened his eyes.

He took in a breath of the bloody stench around him and asked calmly. "My fourth disciple, have you killed before?"

This was the first time Su Ming saw such a large scale massacre, the first time he saw Tian Xie Zi act, and the first time he saw the might of the Golden Roc.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he nodded his head. "I have..."

"Chase him down. I'll wait for you here."

Tian Xie Zi cast him a glance and walked onto the Golden Roc's back calmly. The Golden Roc closed its eyes and allowed Tian Xie Zi to climb onto its back to sit down cross-legged.

"The power of those two Split Dawns is equivalent to the Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm. One of them has died now, and there's only one left. He's also injured, so his power is now only around the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

"Split Dawns are rare among the Shamans. Finding a pair like this isn't easy, but he should be very quick, you also stayed around for too long. If you want to chase him down, then you will have to enter into the deep parts of the Shaman Tribe.

"Do you dare do it, my fourth disciple?" Tian Xie Zi asked languidly.

Su Ming lowered his head and a light flashed in his eyes. He did not speak, simply turned around and charged towards the direction of the only person who escaped in a long arc.

"I will wait for you for three days. If you don't come back three days later, then you won't be able to come back."

Tian Xie Zi's voice floated through the air and spread out, falling into Su Ming's ears. However, he did not falter for even a moment. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the distance.

Tian Xie Zi closed his eyes slowly and sat down on the Golden Roc to wait.

A bleak air covered the entire land of the Shamans. The moaning from the wind sounded like mournful human cries. As the sound traveled through the land and the wind blew past the sky, it brought about an unfamiliarity and a depressing feeling that pressed heavily against one's chest.

Su Ming charged through the sky belonging to the Shaman Tribe, yet after he flew for an hour, he frowned and lowered his head to look at the land beneath him. The land was covered in an endless sea of forest.

A glint appeared in his eyes and Su Ming flew towards the ground. After a moment, he stepped on the muddy floor in the forest and closed his eyes to spread out his divine senses. After a moment, he opened his eyes and disappeared from the spot. His body floated like smoke, and after a moment, he appeared by an old tree. Su Ming crouched down and touched the wet ground. There was a drop of blood there.

"He is afraid of being chased down, that's why he didn't fly in the air. Instead, he chose to use the forest as his cover and hide in familiar lands so that he can buy time to recover..." Su Ming mumbled and a smile appeared on his lips.

Forests were his home!

Chapter 261: Shaman Hunt!

'Master could have killed him himself... but he wanted me to do it...' Su Ming stood up and once he looked around, a light flashed through his eyes and he sped forward like a ghost.

'It's because he saw that I wanted to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. That's why instead of having me experience the terrors of the Shamans only at that time and fight against them without prior knowledge, he would rather give me this chance!

'He's allowing me to begin my very first... Shaman hunt!'

The light in Su Ming's eyes flickered. As he traveled through the forest, he would occasionally stop and observe the place before he continued onward. Sometimes, he would change his direction and continue the chase down another path.

As time passed by, Su Ming started speeding up. The number of times he stopped also became fewer. He had already determined the location where his target was running, and even when he closed his eyes while he continued running, he could somewhat feel the now hideous man escaping in the direction before him with a dark expression, his white robes stained with blood.

When a day passed by, Su Ming could feel that the distance between him and the other was rapidly closing up. Su Ming knew that this was the land of the Shamans. There might be other Shaman Tribes within the forest, that was why he had to catch up to this man as soon as possible, and he had to kill him quickly as well. Dragging the fight out was something to be avoided at all costs.

Else, not only would he be in danger, he might also face the risk of not being able to go back like his Master had said if he went back too late and three days had gone by.

Tian Xie Zi mentioned that he had three days, and hence Su Ming believed that he had three days and only three days. Perhaps the three days did not mean that Tian Xie Zi was not willing to wait, but instead meant that if three days went by, then someone who Tian Xie Zi might not be able to fight would appear!

That was why he told Su Ming that he would only wait three days! Even right up till the end, Tian Xie Zi never said anything about wanting Su Ming to retrieve the man's head. He only told Su Ming to chase him down.

Su Ming understood all of these. The meaning behind his Master's words was clear as day. He only wanted Su Ming to experience the process of hunting a Shaman. He did not ask him to be successful in it.

His only demand for Su Ming was that final sentence - three days!

Within three days, he must go back!

When half of the second day went past, Su Ming had already entered the deep parts of the forest. It might have been noon by then, but it was difficult for sunlight to break through the layers of leaves in the forest. The ground was filled with mud and it was letting out a rotten stench.

Su Ming continued moving before he came to a sudden halt. In the forest before him, he saw a small hill. That hill was not tall and was filled with plants, and Su Ming saw a person at the top of the hill.

That person was crouching down on the mountain, his hideous face filled with dreariness. He was staring at Su Ming.

Their gazes met and clashed with each other. Su Ming felt his mind go blank, but his divine senses were instantly activated and he regained his senses. As for the man on the small hill, a grave expression appeared in his tired eyes and his body swayed. With the momentum provided by that sway, he rushed down the back of the hill.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he charged towards the small hill. When he stood at the top of the mountain, the first thing that entered his vision was the man lifting his hands and pressing them against his chest at the hillside. He coughed out a large mouthful of black blood, and that black blood churned as it floated in midair before turning into black arrows that sliced through the air towards him.

Su Ming could tell that this person had already spent all of his strength, and he had also noticed him as Su Ming was chasing him down, that was why he could not heal his injuries. Now that he chose to attack, he was revealing the extent of his injuries.

With a cold snort, Su Ming took a step forward and did not even bother to dodge the arrows coming his way. With his speed, he could simply ignore them.

As he moved forward, green light flashed at the center of his brows. The sword mark flickered and the sword was about to fly out, but at that moment Su Ming's expression suddenly changed.

His legs were moving down the hill, but the moment he started moving down, he immediately noticed...

There was something off about the slope!

The man lifted his head swiftly and a tinge of cruelty appeared on his lips. He charged towards Su Ming with a single leap, and he moved so quickly that Su Ming could barely keep track of him with his naked eye. If the man had been preparing for this burst of shocking speed since a long time ago, then Su Ming would have definitely not been able to catch up!

Just as the man's speed suddenly increased, Su Ming also felt that his tempo as he went down the mountain suddenly decreased in a manner that completely went against all that he understood.

It was as if he had just exchanged places with this man and that he was going up the hill while the other person was going down. That was why this difference in speed appeared, even though this was clearly not the case.

All of this only lasted for an instant. The man's arrows closed in on Su Ming. Although he avoided them, the moment he did so, the man closed in on him with that shocking speed of his.

A sense of life-threatening danger immediately rose within Su Ming's body like a tidal wave. The hairs on his body rose. His body felt as if it was stuck on the mountain. Even if he wanted to fly, his greatly reduced speed and the man's shocking speed would not let him avoid the man's clearly prepared killing move.

It had been a long time since Su Ming last felt as if his life was being threatened. Now that it happened once again, it allowed the emotions in his eyes to quiet down in an instant and a calm that was akin to still water in an ancient spread through him.

His first act was to let his entire body be surrounded by black fog. A black armor that seethed with a murderous aura appeared on his descending body. It was his Divine General Armor!

The instant the armor appeared, Su Ming's second act was not to bring out Han Mountain Bell to defend himself. Instead, he activated the power of his divine sense. His body might have slowed down, but with his divine sense, he could still see the trajectory of his incoming opponent's line of attack.

He saw the man lifting his right hand as he was quickly closing in on him and his fingernails turning into sharp claws that were surrounded by black mist. They went straight for his chest and would arrive in an instant.

When he saw all of this clearly, Su Ming moved to the side slightly.

A loud bang rang through the air and he jolted. Unable to withstand the attack, his Divine General Armor started shattering. Yet even though it was shattering, it recovered within an instant, and this continued multiple times until the armor completely cancelled out the man's attack. However, sharp pain that came from the jolts shot through Su Ming's entire body because his Divine General Armor was just an illusion and did not have physical form.

Su Ming had not yet gone to the Great Yu Dynasty to retrieve his true armor.

That was why while the armor could resist the power of the five fingered claw, it could not withstand the shell knife that was formed after the five fingernails gathered together once the man brought all five of his fingers together!

That was a black shell that was about the size of a knife. If anyone took a closer look, they would see that it was tortoise shell, but if that shell was taken apart, it could be stored within the man's fingers. They looked like fingernails, but if they were gathered together, then its real form would appear!

That shell knife pierced through Su Ming's Divine General Armor and stabbed right into his chest!

The knife's target was originally Su Ming's heart, but due to Su Ming moving his body slightly once he activated his divine sense, the knife missed his heart. It might hurt immensely, but at least he was not heavily wounded.

All this happened in an instant. Once the shell knife in the man's hand pierced through Su Ming's right side of the chest, a stunned expression appeared on his face. Clearly, he did not expect that Su Ming could still avoid the attack when his speed had decreased while the man's speed increased! He was also shocked by the fact that Su Ming was one of the Divine Generals in the Berserker Tribe, and his desire to kill him grew stronger.

His shock quickly turned into a cold sneer. Just as the man was about to pull out his shell knife, he saw Su Ming lift his head and a monstrous killing aura appear within his eyes. That was not all. He also saw a brilliant red hue in Su Ming's right eye that made it clearly different from his left eye!

That enchanting brilliant red made his eye seem like a moon that was dyed in blood. When the man saw it at such close proximity, for some unknown reason, he was horrified!

"This knife is pretty good. I'll be taking it!" Su Ming spoke in a hoarse voice and grabbed the shell knife that had stabbed into his chest with his left hand with such a tight grip that the man could not pull it out.

At the same time, a bell chime spread out from within Su Ming's body. That bell chime boomed and reverberated in the air, causing layers of ripples to form around Su Ming and the man.

The bell chimes were filled with a sense of graveness, but when they fell into the man's ears, they sounded like the heavens themselves were howling in anger, and those howls turned into thunderous roars. It caused his body to shudder, and even if he had used the mysterious power residing within the hill to increase his own speed, he could not help but flinch.

The moment he flinched, with the shocking murderous aura spilling out from the red in his right eye, Su Ming crashed his head against the man's head before him.

A bang rang in the air, and it was followed by the man's shrill and pained screams. He wanted to move away, but Su Ming's right hand had already flown up to grab the man's shoulder. He lifted his head, took a step forward, and pushed the man's body before he crashed his head against the man's again.

He was forced back a dozen steps and his head suffered a similar amount of pain. The man's face was covered in blood and horror appeared in his eyes. He was already running on empty, and the amount of power he could use was only about the level of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Awakening Realm. If he had calmed and used the unique divine abilities of the Shaman Tribe, then he might have had a chance to escape.

However, he was first intimidated by Tian Xie Zi, then witnessed his lover killed before his eyes. As Split Dawns, once their other half died, then it would be very difficult for them to be of any threat to their enemies. The Split Dawns may be powerful, but their weaknesses were similarly great!

He originally wanted to kill Su Ming to take revenge while mid-escape, but he did not expect him to be so vicious. That blood-red light in his right eye especially made terror flood the man's heart.

In the midst of his terror, he saw green light flash at the center of Su Ming's brows, and since they were so close to each other, the small virescent sword swept through the man's neck with just one slight move.

Blood gushed out and his head fell to the ground.

Due to the strangeness of the hill, the gushing blood and blood on the ground did not flow down the hill, but flowed up...

As Su Ming let go of the man's hand, his corpse fell to the ground and Su Ming caught the man's head by its hair. Su Ming's face was pale and his breathing rapid. The shell knife remained buried deep in the right side of his chest.

Su Ming took a deep breath and was just about to leave the hill when he suddenly turned his head to look at the forest not too far away from him.

He saw a boy there. He was dressed in beast skins and his face was deathly pale as he stared at Su Ming with a stunned expression. There was a crude looking bow in his hands.

Su Ming saw... the Tattoos that belonged to the Shamans on his face!

This was a child of the Shaman Tribe!

Su Ming cast a glance at the boy in silence, then pressed a hand against his chest, turned around, and quickly walked down the hill...

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 262 — Boy - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 262 — Boy Chapter 262: Boy

The sky in the land of the Shamans was vast. At a place not too far from Sky Mist Barrier that could be considered to be at the borders of the land of the Shamans was a bloody stench that filled the entire land. Even if wind swept past the land, it still could not get rid of the bloody stench from the land.

A golden bird that was about 10,000 feet in size floated in the sky. There were hundreds of ferocious beasts prostrating themselves before it, unmoving, as if they were waiting for the Golden Roc's orders.

The Golden Roc had its eyes closed. There was an old man who also had his eyes closed sitting on its back. His purple robes looked like dried up blood as they swayed in the wind.

Tian Xie Zi had already sat in the spot for one and a half days. He would wait for another one and a half days for his fourth disciple, for Su Ming to return.

This was a test. It was also his first ever test to Su Ming.

"No matter whether you succeed in going through your first change in heart, you will still be my disciple. As long as you are alive, then you will still have chances to go through other changes in heart.

"But... Sky Mist Shaman Hunt usually ends with a person going in alive and coming out dead..." Tian Xie Zi mumbled and opened his eyes.

"I won't worry about your change in heart. I might not know what sort of past you have, but I am confident that you will succeed in going through your first change in heart... you should have found peace in your heart once you saw him creating xun.

"What I'm worried is that... while you are vicious, you don't have any sense of belonging to the Land of South Morning and don't have enough understanding of our hate towards the Shamans, and because of that, you will... have a moment of weakness."

There was no longer any brutality within Tian Xie Zi's eyes, only calm.

He looked at the distance silently.

If anyone followed Tian Xie Zi's gaze that seemed to be looking forward endlessly, they would find a small hill in a forest that seemed to span endlessly in a place that could only be reached if they traveled for a day and a half.

Su Ming stood on the small hill and did not turn his head back to look at the boy standing not too far from the foot of the mountain. The kid looked like someone who could fit right into his tribe, and if he was there, his power would be around the second or third level of the Blood Solidification Realm. He might be from the Shaman Tribe, but Su Ming could not bring himself to kill him.

Sharp pain spread out from Su Ming's chest as he continued remaining in silence. Blood flowed out from his wound. The shell knife had still brought harm to him.

If he had not avoided the attack, that knife would have stabbed his heart.

He pulled out the shell knife, and at the same time Su Ming left the small hill, he lifted his left hand and pointed towards the pale boy who had just snapped out of his terror and had turned around to run back quickly.

A gust of wind sliced through the air and closed in on the running boy in an instant. The moment it fell on him, the gust of wind suddenly split into two parts. One crashed into the big tree by the boy's side, and a green, poisonous snake that had charged out without the boy's knowledge fell to the ground once its head exploded.

The other gust of wind crashed into the boy. He shuddered and fell to the ground unconscious.

Only those who had mastered Awakening fine control could make the wind formed from the fingers split into two, and Su Ming's fine control had already arrived at an incredibly precise state.

"I won't kill you, but only if you don't go back and reveal my whereabouts."

Su Ming left the small hill and went back by the same path he'd taken forward.

He had already used more than a day's time for this chase. Now that it had ended, he did not stop to rest, but instead used the quickest speed to run so that he could get back within the three days, in the time limit his Master had given him.

Su Ming was extremely careful as he traveled through this unfamiliar land that belonged to the Shamans and was filled with all sorts of dangers. He knew that he should have killed the boy, but he... just chose to make him unconscious.

After the time it takes to burn half an incense stick after Su Ming left, the boy's body suddenly jolted. A mysterious energy had appeared out of nowhere and made the boy wake up beforehand!

The boy opened his eyes and first examined his body. Once he learned that he was uninjured, he saw the poisonous snake that had lost its head by his side, and he was momentarily stunned.

Yet it only lasted for a brief moment before it disappeared quickly. There was no longer any hint of shock on the boy's young face when he looked at the small hill. All traces of it were replaced by ruthlessness and hatred.

He got up and ran back to where his tribe was at full speed. He did not stop as he ran, and as he did so, he bit his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood, then closed his eyes. When he reopened them soon after, that blood of his had turned into a small blood-red bird.

The bird flapped its wings and charged into the distance at shocking speed before disappearing without a trace.

In a place that was not too far away, a village could be found on a spot where the forest was cleared. The mud on the ground was filled with sand so that it was firm. There was also a large plot of land in the distance that was planted with vegetables.

Laughter could be heard from the village. Men belonging to the Shaman Tribe with Tattoo filled faces could be seen occasionally roaming the village with wary expressions on their faces. Yet when an hour later they saw the red bird that suddenly flew out of the forest, their expressions immediately changed.

That small red bird flew into the village and straight away went into one of the houses in the village.

There was an old man sitting within the house. The old man was half naked and only had a beast skin wrapped around his waist. There was a small cauldron before him and it was burning with some herbs. Wisps of smoke seeped out of the cauldron and were sucked into the old man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth as he breathed in, before coming out of his pores, enveloping him in a hazy, distorted aura.

There were two beautiful girls from the Shaman Tribe behind him. They knelt by his side and fanned him gently with fans made of big leaves.

The breeze was very light and could not blow away the wisps of smoke. The entire house was silent.

Yet the moment the small red bird broke in, the old man suddenly opened his eyes, and within one of his eyes, four pupils could be seen!

The small red bird closed in and landed before him the moment the old man opened his eyes. With a bang, it turned into a layer of blood fog, and as the old man inhaled, the fog was taken into the old man's eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Once he did so, the light within his eyes immediately flickered as if pictures had just appeared out of nowhere before his eyes, allowing him to see everything clearly.

"A Berserker..."

A cruel and bloodthirsty smile appeared on the old man's face and he licked his lips. If any Berserker saw his tongue, they would definitely be taken aback, because the length the old man's tongue had clearly exceeded the normal length of a human's tongue. It looked like that of a snake, and it seemed as if the old man wanted to, he could lick his own hair.

With that bloodthirsty and cruel smile on his lips, the old man stood up, and once he walked out of his house, he spread out his arms and let out a low growl.

Once he growled, the entire tribe instantly fell silent. All the people turned their gazes towards the old man.

"Can you smell it?!" The old man's voice was hoarse, ghastly "This is the smell belonging to a Berserker. This smell is the sweet smell of a Berserker's blood... A Berserker has entered the forest where our Lizard God lives. He has walked on our land and killed a warrior of the Shaman Tribe!

"He has disturbed the Lizard God within the forest!

"Kill him. Take his head and hang it outside our tribe. Dig out his heart and squeeze the blood out. His blood will be drunk by the powerful Shamans of our tribe!

"Kill him, and pull out his teeth so that we can hang them off our necks as trophies!"

A short period of silence fell among the people before the entire tribe erupted in a maddening roar.

That roar came from all the Shamans within the tribe, and ruthless looks could even be seen on some of the children, women, and the elderly.

The old man took a step forward and turned into a long arc as he charged out of his tribe. Around twenty other people followed behind him, charging swiftly into the forest beyond the village.

Once they left the village, they split into two teams. The old man led a few men and flew into the sky. As for the rest, they started searching for clues within the forest with the skills passed down by their ancestors.

Su Ming was running through the forest at an extremely quick speed, not bothering to stop and take breaks. His chest was no longer bleeding, but the pain only became stronger as he continued with his mad dash.

He did consider flying, but that thought was immediately scrapped off. If he flew for a day and a half, then he might run into Shamans. To him, who was currently in the unfamiliar land, this act was one of foolishness.

Compared to the sky, the forest was more suitable for Su Ming to traverse.

Time trickled by as he continued running. When the second night arrived, he sat down cross-legged on a big tree and regulated his breathing.

'Judging from the distance, I'll reach my Master's side by tomorrow night...'

Su Ming touched his chest and a blood red hue appeared in his right eye. It had been a long while since he had suffered such a grievous injury. His trip to the Shaman Tribe this time allowed him to see the mysteriousness surrounding the Shaman Tribe.

This would prove extremely useful to him during the Sky Mist Shaman Hunt a few months later, because the experience he obtained from hunting the Shaman alone in their land was not an experience everyone could have.

As he breathed in the air of the forest that belonged to the Shamans, Su Ming felt as if the oppressive feeling pressing against his heart started to fade away.

'I didn't expect... Master to have the Shamans' sacred beast! I may not know what a sacred beast is, but with just one roar, he made the Spirit Medium crumble and killed one of the Split Dawns, while heavily injuring the other, and all the other Shamans around the area died.

'This power...'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He just remembered that he had seen a sacred beast like this before!

In his memories, he saw clouds tumble about in the sky like black fog, and it spread out to cover an area that was about thousands of li. Within that fog was a gigantic mackerel pike.

There was a girl standing on the mackerel pike.

'Uncle master Bai... could actually fight against a sacred beast?!'

Su Ming was stunned. As he saw and experienced more things, he gained a new understanding towards uncle master Bai's strength.

Just as Su Ming was pondering over his Master and uncle master Bai and was shocked by the might of the Shaman Tribe's sacred beasts, his eyes suddenly gained a serious look and the blood-red light in his right eye shone. His entire body tensed up like a strung bow and he leapt out of the big tree he sat on in an instant.

He could clearly sense a dozen Shamans within an area of 3,000 feet around him with his divine senses. Those Shamans were charging towards him with vicious cruelty and with an eager thirst for blood in a manner as if they were trying to surround him.

The first sight that entered his mind at that moment he sensed those Shamans was the boy he had knocked unconscious with the wind he'd summoned from his fingers!

Chapter 263: His Strongest Attack!

Su Ming fell silent. With one leap, he quietly went towards the male Shaman that was the closest to him in the area he could sense with his divine sense.

A serious expression settled on his face and blood-red light shone in his right eye, filled with a murderous aura. The moment he closed in on the cruel looking man, that murderous aura erupted all at once from within him. That man immediately stopped and slammed his lifted hands onto his face.

That strange sight made Su Ming's pupils shrink.

The very moment the man's hands struck his face and he coughed out a large mouthful of blood, a dozen teeth broke off in his mouth and spilled out with the blood.

They turned into a dozen sharp thorns that charged towards Su Ming at shocking speed.

Su Ming had never seen such a skill before, and he was just about to dodge it when those thorns changed direction and followed him closely as if they possessed a high amount of intelligence.

'What an incredible Shamanic divine ability!'

Su Ming knew that it was impossible for him to kill the man before him quietly now. Green light shone on the center of his brows and the small virescent sword charged out swiftly before clashing against the dozen thorns with a loud bang.

As the bang echoed in the air, those thorns shattered, and the small virescent sword charged towards the retreating male Shaman, penetrating through his forehead.

His pained cries before his death fused together with the bang and broke the silence in the forest at night. It was like a stone had been thrown suddenly into a well with only still water and it caused a large amount of ripples to appear on the water's surface.

Right when the scream rang out, Su Ming noticed the remaining Shamans in the area of his divine sense immediately changing direction and charging towards where he was. There was now only around 2,000 feet between them.

Su Ming knew that he could not escape from being surrounded and decided to charge towards one of the Shamans. He dashed forward at an extremely fast pace, and as green light shone beside him, a bang resounded in the sky. A corpse without his head fell down before Su Ming.

Right then, there was only 1,500 feet between the remaining people and Su Ming. He lifted his head and lightning swam through his entire body. Right at the instant crackling sounds reverberated in the air, a ball of lightning surrounded him. It spread outwards, and the sky and earth rumbled. If anyone was to look from above, they would see that the land had turned into a pool of lightning, and Su Ming stood in its center.

The swimming lightning spread outwards at a frenzied pace, and as lightning traveled through the land, mud would shatter, trees would wither, grass would turn into dust, and most of the people who were about 1,000 feet away from him shuddered.

However, two of these dozen people could not be held back. Their bodies faltered only for a moment before they charged towards Su Ming.

Right when these two people closed in and appeared within Su Ming's sight, bell chimes reverberated from within him. Those rumbling bell chimes turned into sound waves that crashed into the incoming duo. They forced one of them to slow down, but there was still one who did not slow down in the slightest and closed in on Su Ming!

That person was a middle-aged man with a long scar left behind by a knife on his face. That scar caused the Tattoo on his face to look as if it was split in half. There may have been ruthlessness reflecting off the light in his eyes, but under that ruthlessness was calmness.

This person's power would be equivalent to a Berserker between the later stage to the peak of the Awakening Realm, and he was only one step away from reaching the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

If Su Ming had been at full health, he could fight against this man and win. However, Su Ming was injured, and his knowledge regarding Shamanic Spells was terribly limited, that was why if he fought against him, he would not be able to end the fight quickly. Once the fight was dragged out, then the chance he created with lightning and the bell chimes would be wasted.

Once it was wasted and the people around him recovered, they would surround him. If Su Ming wanted to break through, he would have to pay a big price to succeed.

Besides, Su Ming had no doubt that there were other Shamans who had sealed off his path in the sky. If he dragged this out even further, then there would be more Shamans who would arrive on land as well.

Once a Shaman who was equivalent to a Berserker at the Bone Sacrifice Realm arrived, then Su Ming would not be able to fight back!

In the face of danger, calm surfaced in Su Ming's eyes. However, that calmness was almost akin to aloofness. The enchanting blood-red glow in his right eye flickered, and right at the moment the middle-aged Shaman closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and an ice piece appeared on his palm!

Within that ice... was fire!

Right when Su Ming crushed that ice, a sea of fire spread out furiously from his hand. However, that sea of fire was not hot. It spread out with a freezing chill.

This ice was naturally the gift Su Ming's eldest senior brother had given him!

That middle-aged Shaman's face instantly changed and many scales immediately appeared on his skin. By the looks of it, this person was rapidly changing from a human to some sort of ferocious beast.

However, the speed of his change could not catch up to the fire in the ice Su Ming had summoned. The fire exploded forth like a monstrous big mouth and swallowed the incoming middle-aged man. At the same time, the chill that was just spreading out a moment ago swiftly gathered around the middle-aged man.

Cracking sounds that made Su Ming suck in a sharp breath rang through the air, and a scene of icy fire that shocked even Su Ming appeared before his eyes.

The middle-aged man, caught in between the state of being human and beast, was sealed inside a large block of ice. His horrified expression was filled with disbelief.

Su Ming saw a ball of fire within his body. That fire did not seem to be burning, but Su Ming saw that frozen man's body turn black, and within the ice, he turned into a mass of black ash...

All of this happened in an instant. The power of that ice let Su Ming gain a new understanding towards his eldest senior brother's power. However, this was not the time for him to think too deeply into it. With one leap, he charged towards the Shaman who was forced to stop due to Han Mountain Bell.

That person was not a man but a woman!

The woman was already in the middle stage of her life and had an ordinary face. The Tattoo on her face flickered, and she had an equally vicious look on her face as the man had. However, when she saw Su Ming making one of the incredibly powerful Shamans in her tribe die in such a bizarre fashion, that viciousness turned into shock.

She was about to move back, but another bell chime rang through the air instantly, causing her mind to ring and her body to stop once again. This would also be the last time her body stopped moving like this ever again!

In the span of a breath, Su Ming went past the woman like lightning, and once he did so, he brought with him a head gushing with blood.

The woman's body fell to the ground twitching.

The moment her corpse fell to the ground, Su Ming panted harshly. His face was pale and the wound on his chest worsened. In the short amount of time, he had killed multiple people. Although he had killed the most powerful person among these people with his eldest senior brother's gift, the high speed movement exhausted his injured body.

Nonetheless, he did not stop. As the murderous aura in his right eye flickered, he charged towards the remaining people who were frozen from lightning continuing to swim around him.

Moonlight from the sky gathered behind Su Ming and formed a moonlight cloak reminiscent of the time when he was in Dark Mountain. As it floated behind him, the light turned into countless threads that danced behind Su Ming as he moved.

He went past all the Shamans who were stunned by his lightning, and their heads flew into the sky. Green light shone, and the small virescent sword let out piercing sword whistles as it was dyed in blood.

When Su Ming closed in on the final person, he waved his hand, and the moonlight threads behind him swarmed forward, wrapping up the Shaman swiftly, then right away they tore through him. The final Shaman of those that had surrounded Su Ming in the forest let out a piercing scream before his body was ripped into shreds. Blood gushed into the air.

However, the battle was far from finished. Su Ming did not even have time to calm his ragged breathing. Almost at the instant after the final Shaman was slaughtered by the moonlight threads, a furious roar came from the sky.

"How dare you, Berserker?!"

The voice was like thunder, and shook Su Ming. He lifted his head and saw eight people coming from the sky!

Among these seven to eight people was an old man. He was as thin as bones, but there was a mighty presence coming from him, and that presence made an incredibly grave expression appear on Su Ming's face.

The old man was not the one who spoke. Those words came instead from a man standing among the eight people. That man's power was at about the same level as the strongest Shaman Su Ming had killed just now!

There was something else that made Su Ming's pupils shrink. Besides the old man, all the people in the sky stood on ferocious beasts that looked like ligers, and all of them were roaring at him. The old man did not move, but the remaining seven people all charged towards Su Ming.

The ruthlessness in their eyes, their thirst for blood, and the mighty presences made the exhausted Su Ming feel as if he was caught between life and death.

Su Ming hadn't expected that the results of that one merciful act could be so terrible!

He had clearly saved the boy's life before he had knocked him out. He had clearly killed that poisonous snake... Su Ming closed his eyes. He knew that he... might have made a mistake.

"Perhaps... I really made a mistake..."

As Su Ming mumbled under his breath, he sat down cross-legged and lifted his right hand. In the face of death, right at the instant the seven people from the sky came charging towards him roaring, his mind became empty. There was no terror, no regret. He even forgot about life and death itself. The only thing in his heart was the one strike that had become his own after the tens of thousands of strokes he had practised.

He lifted his hand and closed his eyes, then sliced at the sky with a gentle swipe of his fingers.

That single slice caused the weather to change. It was as if some seal was broken, but it was also different from the time he had competed against Tian Lan Meng in the seventh summit!

Even if Si Ma Xin bore witness to that single slice right then, he would also find it difficult to find any sort of similarities between this attack and the first style of the God of Berserkers Transformation!

This one slice was Su Ming's...strongest attack!

The instant he drew that line, the aloof old man in the sky suddenly changed his expression and waved his arm. Wisps of smoke immediately spread from his body and turned into a gigantic lizard formed from smoke. It stuck out its tongue at Su Ming.

Its tongue charged towards him and crashed into the line he had drawn!

Chapter 264: Three Methods

That one stroke was Su Ming's strongest attack from all the divine abilities he had learned!

That one stroke came to being after he copied the first style from Si Ma Xin's God of Berserkers Transformation and drew it repeatedly day and night with a clear mind, allowing this one line to contain his own Creation!

That one line was no longer Si Ma Xin's sword slash, neither was it that stroke he had used that day when he competed against Tian Lan Meng. It was instead a combination of his life up to this point, all the difficulties he had went through in the Land of South Morning, his memories in Dark Mountain, and once all these things combined together into this one line, this one stroke became Creation itself!

This line that Su Ming drew couldn't be found in the world before this. This line seemed to have been born out of nothing, and because of this, it became Su Ming's... first ever Creation!

With that one line towards the sky, the weather changed, but the wind and clouds remained still. As that line sliced through the air, the tongue from the lizard that was formed from the old Shaman through the smoke that came out of his pores clashed into it.

A piercing cry and thunderous bang suddenly reverberated through the forest and the entire land of the Shamans. It was as if the sounds had pierced through the sky itself and spread in all directions.

The tongue from the gigantic smoke lizard shattered instantly, destroyed by the one line Su Ming had created with his fingers in the world.

Things were far from their end though. The moment the lizard's tongue exploded, the expressions on the seven Shamans who had pounced onto Su Ming changed. A light flashed briefly in their eyes, but that light did not come from within them. It was instead a reflection of the light caused by the line Su Ming had drawn.

And the instant the light shone, these seven people started trembling, and the person standing right at the front exploded, turning into a layer of blood fog that scattered in the air.

Vicious trembles wrecked the two people behind that man, and their right arms and right legs were separated from their bodies as if they had been cut off by a sword. Screaming in pain, they fell back.

As for the person behind them, a terrifying long mark had appeared on his chest. It was as if his chest had turned into a drawing board and that one line from Su Ming fell on his chest. He coughed out a large mouthful of blood and his face turned deathly pale. Horrified surprise appeared on his face.

The fourth person behind the man who exploded was a man in his twenties. He was handsome and did not have a lot of Tattoos on his face. However, there was now a line of blood tearing apart his face, stretching from his forehead right up to the right side of his chest. Blood flowed from the corner of his lips and he staggered back a few steps before he finally managed to stop.

The beast skins on the upper body of the fifth person disappeared like ashes in the wind. There was a faint bloody line where his heart was, but even though it was faint, it had still cut through his skin and made blood flow from that wound.

The sixth person's clothes were also torn apart, but there was no wound on his chest. Nonetheless, his face had gained a deathly pale hue.

The final person was completely uninjured, but he was also the one who was shaking the hardest. He had just witnessed one of his comrades killed, two mutilated, another one heavily wounded, while the rest of them sustained various degrees of injuries.

The source of it all was the Berserker before them, who had done all this with a seemingly effortless slash from his right hand!

That one slash captured his soul and stunned his heart. As this person fell into a state of shock, a feeling that he could not fight against Su Ming rose uncontrollably in his heart.

He was not the only one who felt this way. The other people beside him were the same. When Su Ming drew that line, he had his eyes closed and executed that attack in what seemed to be an effortless manner. It was as if he had just Created a Picture in the world with a wave of his hand. They were not just wounded in their bodies, their courage had also taken a heavy blow!

Including their hearts!

They became afraid, frightened. To Su Ming, he had limited experience fighting against the Shamans, but similarly, there were also a lot of Shamans who did not have much experience fighting against Berserkers.

While Su Ming thought that the Shaman Spells were strange and unpredictable, at the same time, the Shamans also felt that Su Ming's divine abilities were not just strange, but also filled with a power that they could not understand, and it horrified them.

It was just like how no one knew why lightning would appear in the sky, like how they did not understand why rain fell from the sky instead of rising from the land. There might be some people who understood those things, but most of the people in the Shaman Tribe, they did not.

Similarly, Su Ming's line was something they did not understand!

In their eyes, this was not a divine ability or an Art. They could not understand just how power that could even shock the sky and move the earth be contained in that one stroke which he drew when he lifted his hand.

They also did not know that this one line was rarely found within the land of the Berserkers, because this was indeed not an Art. It was Creation!

This was Su Ming's World Picture Creation!

This could be said to be the first time Su Ming truly let loose and revealed the complete form of his Creation! It was just like his eldest senior brother's Sound of Creation and

like his second senior brother's Hands of Creation. Right then, Su Ming was showing off his Pictures of Creation!

With the sky as the board and the people as paper, he drew one line through seven people... It was as if he had just drawn on rice paper with ink. That one line contained such powerful permeating abilities that it spread through several papers!

The first paper contained the biggest stain, and the power of that line was continuously weakened until it eventually faded away when it reached the final paper.

Su Ming opened his eyes and coughed out blood. The moment he did so, he gained an epiphany. Before this, he had only a fuzzy understanding towards the meaning of Creation. There were also things he did not understand about the Creation Arts that the other Berserkers casted.

Tian Xie Zi was a good Master, but at the same time, he was also a terrible Master. There were many things that he did not tell his disciples, leaving them to understand it on their own.

Once they gained complete comprehension towards the word, they would understand it.

At that instant, Su Ming understood what was meant by Creation.

Accurately speaking, that one line he drew just now could only be considered as One Creation. However, even though it was just One Creation, he had still truly Created something. It may seem the same as Si Ma Xin's Ten Creations or even any other Hundred Creations, but it was in reality completely different.

When Su Ming could draw ten such lines containing his strongest power, every single stroke containing the power of the world but being completely different from each other, then once he drew those ten lines, it would be known as ten Creations.

If he drew 100 of such lines, then it would be known as Hundred Creations. If he drew a thousand lines, then it would be known as Eternal Creation. If Su Ming could draw something incredibly and unimaginable at his 1,000th line, then he could step up his game and draw 10,000 lines. If they still contained a different form and a different spirit in each and every single one of them, then this final line would be known as the Eternal Creation that only belonged to the God of Berserkers!

This one line of his was different from the tens of thousands of lines he drew when he competed against Tian Lan Meng. The tens of thousands of lines that eventually gathered together and developed into his final and complete one line was what was required by the Eternal Creation Art. It was a line that could only be formed by integrating at least 10,000 different lines together.

Su Ming understood now.

Yet at the moment he understood this, he also realized that an incredibly powerful change had happened in his heart!

That change was the chaos that appeared in his heart. Two different girls appeared in his mind due to that one line he drew just now. One of the two girls was the white robed Bai Ling standing in the snow, and the other was the purple robed Bai Su who was looking at him with scorn, her head lifted in determination.

These two different people had the same face and the same wild beauty.

"Change of heart..." Su Ming had heard this phrase multiple times from Tian Xie Zi. He also knew that he was going through his first change of heart, but in reality, he had no idea what this change of heart was.

Tian Xie Zi did not explain in detail either. He still continued with his usual method of teaching and left his disciples to understand it on their own.

When Su Ming drew that line, it was as if his heart and spirit had fused into that line. As the line became connected with the world, his emotions surged out as if a dam had been broken. Once they were completely let out, his heart and spirit became empty.

During that instant his mind became blank, he understood the meaning behind Creation, and it was also because of the emptiness in his mind that he understood what 'change of heart' meant when the two girls appeared in his heart.

A person's emotions and desires were one of the sources that affected a person's life. They would make a person be unable to clear his mind and cause disorder within him. When that disorder appeared and the person did not deal with it properly, then it would be difficult for him to continue with his practice. If his heart was no longer calm, then it was impossible for him to immerse his mind in anything else.

This was what was meant by change of heart.

At that moment, the person must think of a way to remain in a tranquil state. One of the methods to do so... was to fight!

That person must fight against the source of that change of heart, thereby using the battle as proof! Just like when Tian Xie Zi brought Su Ming to fight against his seventh junior brother!

The second method... was to destroy!

That person must destroy the source of the change of heart! Just like how the purple robes would not disappear without 1,000 drops of blood from the hearts of Shamans!

The third method... was to forget... Once he forgot the source of the change of heart, then it would be gone.

It was just like the sentence Tian Xie Zi had told Su Ming once he brought him to see the old xun maker.

"He is blind. Did you manage to see it...?"

It did not matter whether the old man was blind or not. The meaning of the sentence itself was a form of telling him to forget, just like how Su Ming forgot to realize that the old man was blind.

At that moment, Su Ming understood the meaning behind the change of heart, and he also understood his Master's love for him. He did not tell Su Ming what a change of heart was through his words or expressions, but through his actions, and not just that, he also told him how to deal with those changes of heart!

Even more so, he understood why his Master told him to chase down that male Split Dawn.

'Perhaps in Master's mind, there's another meaning for him to do this besides telling me about the cruelty of the Shamans...' At that moment, Su Ming could tell just what Tian Xie Zi had not said to him at that time. 'Battle, destroy, forget... Master's choice for me is... to destroy my change of heart!

Destroy the source of the change of heart... By killing Bai Su, he could remove this change of heart within him. Without Bai Su, Su Ming's memories of Bai Ling in his heart would not be pulled out, and her shadow would not be left to affect his heart, which would in turn cause him to be unable to calm his mind.

If he could not, then he must forget. He must forget everything to get through this change of heart. If he could not, then he must fight, be it against Si Ma Xin or anyone else, then use that battle to find proof for his heart!

This was the road Tian Xie Zi pointed out for Su Ming.

The moment Su Ming understood everything, more questions arose within him.

'If a person is unfeeling and merciless, has no emotions and desires, then would he not experience changes of the heart...?'

All these thoughts appeared within Su Ming's head once he gained his epiphany when he opened his eyes after he finished drawing that line. It might have seemed slow, but in truth, it only lasted for the duration of his right hand drawing the line across the sky.

As blood flowed from the corners of his lips, Su Ming's body swayed, tumbled backwards, and he ran into the deeper parts of the forest.

His strongest attack could allow him to battle against those seven people, but he knew that he could not fight against the old man in the sky looking at him darkly. He could only use the shock brought to the Shamans after he drew that one line and turn it into a chance to escape!

Chapter 265: Life and Death Chase!

Su Ming could not see through the old man's power, but he gave him a feeling that he was extremely dangerous. In fact, when Su Ming had executed his strongest slash, instead of acting on his own, he had used a divine ability that Su Ming did not understand and gathered up smoke to create that giant lizard.

The slash might only have touched the lizard's tongue and caused it to crumble, but it also made Su Ming's strongest attack only kill one person!

More importantly, Su Ming had a strange feeling that besides using the smoke lizard's tongue to counter his slash and reduce its power, there was another meaning as to why he had summoned the creature.

That feeling was deeply rooted within Su Ming's mind. He had guessed that when his slash crashed into that tongue, countless pairs of invisible eyes appeared in the air and were all watching closely for the fine details when he drew that line.

It was... as if they were learning it!

That feeling turned into a sense of danger that made Su Ming run without hesitation. In the blink of an eye, he charged into the forest.

Su Ming knew that if he fought here and used all the attacks he had to keep that old man busy, due to the existence of other Shamans in this place, it would be difficult for him to survive the battle.

Instead of doing so, he would rather use the chance to escape. As he led them to chase after him, perhaps he could find a chance to counterattack.

Once Su Ming left, the remaining six people who had not died in the air turned towards their leader, their supreme Patriarch.

The old man's face was dark and he slowly closed his eyes. After a moment, he opened them once again, and right at the instant he did so, the gigantic lizard that had lost its tongue and was now floating behind him immediately lifted its head and howled towards the sky.

As it howled, wisps of smoke appeared out of thin air around it. Most of them came from the place where its tongue had crashed into Su Ming's slash just now. They gathered up and seeped into the gigantic lizard's body, and soon, the shattered tongue appeared once again in the lizard's mouth!

The moment its tongue appeared, the lizard stuck it out and drew out an arc at lightning speed. If Su Ming was there, he would recognize that the arc was incredibly familiar to the one line he had drawn previously.

However, it was simply similar to it.

"I didn't expect... that the Berserker who entered our land this time would have gained such an epiphany. That one style I saw just now was incredibly different from what I saw in other Berserkers..."

"I will capture this Berserker personally. I'll capture him alive and turn him into a Shaman Puppet. He will become the servant of our tribe's sacred spirit!"

As the old man spoke, another two pupils appeared in both of his eyes. It made him look bizarre, and at the same time, all those who looked at him would feel dazzled and not dare to look him in the eye.

A cruel smile appeared on his lips, as if this sort of chase excited him. With one leap, he charged into the forest, towards where Su Ming ran.

The people on the land looked at each other, and in their silence, they saw respect within the eyes of their comrades towards what had happened just now. After a long while, these people turned into long arcs and flew back to their tribe, supporting the wounded.

Su Ming's breathing was ragged as he ran. His body was like an illusion as he dashed through the forest filled with rotten leaves and mud. Sometimes he would leap up and jump from tree to tree. His feet would almost never touch the ground. It was as if he was flying at low altitude, and he was traveling so quickly it was difficult for anyone to catch him with the naked eye.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with the forest. Yet as he continued running, the apprehension he felt became stronger. He did not even need to cast out his divine sense to know that there was someone chasing after him.

'I wonder how many people came...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and a golden stone coin appeared in his hands. He hesitated for a moment before he changed it to a white stone coin. The stone coin quickly grew dull once he held it in his hands and turned into ashes after a moment. However, the area Su Ming could see with his divine sense increased by several fold, and as his head throbbed in pain, he directed that area behind him.

1,000 feet, 10,000 feet, several tens of thousands of feet... He swept through the area with his divine sense as far as he could.

After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, Su Ming's pupils shrank. Once the area he could expand with his divine sense reached its limit, he used a few more stone coins, and only then did he see a ghastly figure chasing after him from far behind him.

'He's alone...'

All of Su Ming's hair stood up on end and a wary look appeared on his face. He saw that the person chasing after him was that old man, and his familiarity with the forest far exceeded his own. This, however, was nothing. What really made Su Ming's heart sink was that the tracking skills he used were also incredibly difficult to understand.

As Su Ming was running away, he created several signs to throw his opponent off, but the old man did not change his direction at all. He merely continued with his pursuit. This not only made the sense of danger Su Ming felt become stronger, it also made him clearly sense the person's power once he swept through the area when his divine senses were stretched to the limit.

'This person's power must be equivalent to the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and by the looks of it, he's not any ordinary Bone Sacrifice Realm Shaman either... He might be in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm! But when I used my divine sense to scan the area, he didn't notice me. I wonder if that's true, or he's doing it intentionally...'

Su Ming was yet to reach the Bone Sacrifice Realm and it was difficult for him to be certain. He could only guess, and even though he had been prepared for this, his heart still sank.

Tens of thousands of feet away from Su Ming, the thin old man's lips curled up in a cruel smile as he continued walking through the forest. He had grown up in this forest since he was young, and even if he had become the Patriarch for his tribe, there were few who knew this forest better than he did in the tribe.

Using the clues provided by the forest to track down wild beasts was his favorite past time. Once in a while, he would personally lead his tribe to go through this activity.

Right now, he was hunting his prey alone, and this was nothing difficult to him.

'Looks like this little Berserker Child is also familiar with the forest. The tracks he set up are pretty good, but...he's still too naive.'

The old man licked his lips and with one leap, he traveled several hundreds of feet forward.

'Run. Run faster...'

The old man's smile became even crueler. However, it was clear that he did not notice Su Ming had used his divine sense to scan the area.

Su Ming's face turned pale and his chest continued bleeding as he ran through the forest. This ceaseless fleeing not only made him tired, it also made the murderous aura in his eyes grow stronger.

He had brought out a medicinal pill multiple times as he ran, but a glint would appear in his eyes and he would force himself to not use it.

"It's not time yet... I was originally weaker than he was to begin with. With my injuries now, I'll give an even weaker feeling to that old man," Su Ming muttered under his breath and he started slowing down.

As he slowed down, Su Ming's divine sense immediately noticed that the old man became faster. The distance between them was closing down at an alarming speed.

'If I turn my head back suddenly, he'll definitely think I'm going for a desperate attack, but the weaker I am, the more he won't be worried about me, since he's so powerful!'

The murderous aura made the light in Su Ming's eyes flicker, and his body came to a halt before he changed his direction. He no longer ran away but instead dashed towards where the old man was.

The two of them might not be able to see each other in the forest with their naked eye, but they could both sense the other person's Qi. The instant Su Ming turned around and ran towards him, the old man immediately noticed his actions and a cruel sneer appeared on his lips before his speed increased.

'A desperate attack, is it? I'll fulfill your wishes!'

The old man charged forward, and the distance between him and Su Ming started diminishing rapidly...

When there were only several thousands of feet, multiple trees, and an innumerable amount of leaves between them in the forest that welcomed no light, Su Ming jumped past a big tree and the murderous glint in his eyes shone as he lifted his right hand and slammed it down towards the ground, his body landing.

The instant he slammed his hand down, a beast skin appeared between his right hand and the ground. The beast skin spread outwards until it reached a circular area of 100 something feet, and that area instantly turned into a red meadow. The meadow was red in Su Ming's eyes, but to other people this area still looked no different to the forest around it.

The moment the meadow appeared, Su Ming shuddered and instantly sat down cross-legged while bringing out some medicinal pills that could heal him. He quickly swallowed them, and the medicinal pills turned into wisps of warmth that began nourishing his body.

Once he swallowed the pills, a freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and a white scale appeared in it.

This item was a gift from uncle master Bai. The scale contained some of his power, and this was Su Ming's final trump card.

The green sword mark shone in the center of his brows and lightning swam around his body. Black fog also appeared on his body and turned into his Divine General Armor, and at the same time, Han Mountain Bell's form began to form faintly within him!

Spirit Plunder was also brought out and placed by his side. The pearl floated in midair and shone with an enchanting glow, and like a vacuum that would endlessly suck in other things, it absorbed Su Ming's presence into its own body.

Dark clouds filled the sky and dusk was about to be over. The faint form of the moon appeared in the sky along with the setting sun. Not much light was shining on the land, and that little bit of light found it hard to penetrate through the big leaves in the forest. Only a little bit of moonlight fell through, but even so, besides the murderous light and calmness existing in Su Ming's eyes, there was a circle within his eyes that looked like the burning moon.

With a freezing glint in his eyes, Su Ming brought out another item - the golden stone coin Tian Lan Meng had given him. Once he held it in his left hand, a vast and seemingly endless amount of spiritual power surged into his body and traveled through the opened path within his body before granting incredible power to Su Ming's divine sense, and it was just waiting to attack!

Su Ming's breathing gradually evened out until it was eventually so quiet that it could practically not be heard. His eyes were extremely calm, and the murderous aura in his right eye had sunk down as if it was waiting for the critical moment to strike.

Su Ming stood up and stepped onto the red meadow, and the moment his presence disappeared, the old Patriarch that had closed in was taken aback.

However, there was already only 2,000 feet between him and Su Ming.

Right when the old man stopped, stunned, a powerful divine sense along with a shocking sword aura sliced through the air from the direction before him, and it did so in a manner that spoke of absolutely wanting to end him with a calmness dripping with killing intent.

Chapter 266: Battle against the Patriarch!

As the power of the divine sense swept outwards, a pressure that seemed like a gust of wind that could cause people to suffocate rose within the quiet forest and crashed into the old man in an instant. It caused the trees before the old Patriarch to shatter and explode into pieces. The leaves dancing in the air seemed to have turned into sharp blades that were flying in-between the sky and earth.

The mud on the ground also let out loud cracking sounds as if there was lightning hidden underneath. As it erupted, the mud flew into the sky and a rotten stench spread all over the place.

The sky was dark. The forest itself was originally dark, but when that divine sense suddenly struck, the trees in the area, including the leaves and everything else, were blasted into smithereens. They flew all over the place and allowed moonlight to descend upon the ground unhindered, though the light was still scattered by the shards from the trees and leaves.

The scattered moonlight made it seem as if the moon itself was killed!

The old Patriarch was stunned but quickly regained his wits. Yet since at the critical moment he was taken aback by the sudden loss of Su Ming's presence, it made him lose the initiative!

The invisible divine sense came charging and crashed onto the old man with a bang. He did not feel pain, but at that instant, his mind was thrown into disarray and chaos, and he let out a grunt as his eyes, ears, nose and mouth bled.

This attack with his divine sense was the strongest attack Su Ming could muster after he obtained the ways to train his divine sense, and to top it off, he had even used the golden stone coin Tian Lan Meng had given him.

The spiritual power contained within the golden hue of that stone had even tempted Su Ming when he first saw it.

This stone coin was definitely not a common object. When Su Ming held it in his hands, he used the power stored within without any hesitation to strengthen the power of his

divine sense up to a level that was similar to the feeling as if his divine sense was about to experience a transformation.

He was in a life threatening situation and the disparity between his power and the old man's was great. If Su Ming wanted to live, then he had to do whatever he could to arrive at the strongest state he could possibly be.

As he attacked, Su Ming's calmness reached a state he had never encountered before. He could remember that he was still by his Master's side two days ago, and three days ago, he was still in the ninth summit.

Yet now, he was outside Sky Mist Barrier, in the land of the Shamans. In this forest that housed a Shaman Tribe, he had killed dozens of Shamans, and he was now fighting against the strongest Shaman of that tribe!

When Su Ming's divine sense crashed into the old Shaman, the old man was pushed backwards and his mind roared in his head. His vision had also become clouded, and fear rose within his heart. As that fear appeared, an ancient legend that was buried deep within his heart surfaced along with deeply rooted shock and disbelief.

"This... This is..."

The old man's pupils shrank. As he moved back, his thoughts were interrupted by a piercing sword aura. It was a sword flashing with green light, and it had fused together with that divine sense as it sliced through the air, closing in on him in a green arc.

The sword was so sharp that as it passed through the air, the shards that were dancing in the air were blown into smithereens and a tunnel was ripped through the air. All the shards that once existed in the tunnel had turned into ashes in the blink of an eye.

When that sword and that green light closed in on the center of the old Shaman's brows and were about to pierce through his forehead, the old man's originally normal looking pupils turned into four as if they had been divided as he continued retreating quickly!

"Stop!"

The old Shaman let out a loud bark, and as he shouted, veins started popping out densely at the corners of his eyes, spreading all over his face, turning into a complex looking Tattoo!

The small virescent sword immediately came to a halt and let out a piercing screech as if it was rubbing against something, but it could not move forward!

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was sitting on the red meadow that concealed his presence and his body as he watched the old man fight against the small virescent sword.

This was the first time Su Ming saw someone using such a strange method to force that sword to stop as he stood right before it after he was attacked by the divine sense.

This was not any form of resistance. This was a power that was similar to his divine sense. Su Ming's mind trembled. He could clearly feel the divine sense gathered on the small virescent sword being attacked by a dark and chilling presence. That presence was filled with cruelty and malice, causing the divine sense Su Ming placed on the small sword to be destroyed.

At that moment, Su Ming felt as if he heard harsh panting from that chilling presence, though he was not sure whether it was just a figment of his imagination.

Those pants were very odd. They sounded as if they were mixed with chewing sounds.

Yet since Su Ming decided to act, then he would definitely not stop with just his divine sense and the small virescent sword. Almost at the instant the small sword was forced to stop and Su Ming's mind trembled, the calm killing glint in his eyes flickered and he lifted his right hand—Spirit Plunder instantly rushed out.

Once Spirit Plunder charged out, it was followed by bolts of lightning that appeared out of thin air. As they rumbled in the sky, the dark forest was filled with blinding light.

With a flash, those bolts of lightning charged towards the old Shaman.

At the same time, Su Ming bent his body like a drawn out bow and stared intently at the old man not too far away from him. His right hand was still tightly clenched.

With his face covered in veins, the old man lifted his head swiftly. He no longer looked at the trembling small sword but turned his gaze, his terrifying eyes that contained four pupils, towards the incoming bolts of lightning and Spirit Plunder.

The moment he looked over, Su Ming's body trembled. Once again, he felt the same cold and malicious presence he had sensed previously on his virescent sword coming from the Origin Lightning within his body.

Under that presence, he felt as if all his lightning was gathered together, and Su Ming heard that strange panting sound accompanied by chewing noises once again.

At that moment in the forest, thunder stopped rumbling, and bolts of lightning could be clearly seen frozen in midair before the old man, unable to move.

There was a vicious look on the old man's face as the four pupils in his eyes shone with an enchanting and alluring glow. Yet at that moment, something that could not be forced to stop shot out suddenly from among the frozen lightning, it broke through the bolts of lightning and charged towards the old man.

That old Shaman turned his gaze towards it, but the moment he saw it, the disbelief and shock that appeared when he saw Su Ming's divine sense just recently surfaced once again in his eyes.

"Soul Catcher Pearl!"

The moment these two words slipped out of the old Shaman's lips in shock, Spirit Plunder suddenly shone with a black light and floated in midair. As that light spread out, it caused the medicinal pill to turn into a vacuum in air. A surge of power that seemed to absorb the souls of humans itself spread out swiftly and surrounded the entire area, causing the old Shaman to feel as if he was being absorbed into the pill when he turned his four pupil eyes towards it. He could not move his head, neither could he move his eyes.

"Divine sense... Soul Catcher Pearl... This... This is... You're not a Berserker. Who are you? Why do you have the skills of the other world's Immortals and my people's supreme and sacred Core...?"

"And that slash of yours, it was built based on the structure of the Totem's power which we Shamans worship!"

The old man struggled, trying to tear his gaze away from Spirit Plunder. As he roared, Spirit Plunder trembled viciously, and a murky hue appeared within its black light. Gradually, besides the sealed thread of Si Ma Xin's Berserker Spirit contained within, an eye also appeared inside the medicinal pill, and two pupils within that eye.

However, the old Shaman was not any ordinary Shaman. As he struggled madly, thin cracks immediately started appearing on Su Ming's Spirit Plunder. A barely noticeable glint shone within the old man's eyes and a secret thought bloomed in his head as he continued struggling.

All of these things happened in an instant. Almost at the moment the old man's eyes were to be absorbed into Spirit Plunder and he looked as if he could not move away, Su Ming's bent body, which was curved as if he was a drawn out bow, shot out silently and abruptly like an arrow from where he was hidden within the red meadow!

The charging Su Ming was entirely surrounded by black fog, which turned into his Divine General Armor. Lightning swam through his entire body and weaved around in and out of the black fog, making him appear to be filled with an indescribable might.

His speed as he rushed out was so quick it seemed as if he had suddenly appeared out of thin air. With one step in the air, a loud bang rang through the area, causing the air to tremble. As the space distorted, a layer of ripples formed between the sky and earth and started spreading out under Su Ming's feet.

His second step was taken right after he took his first, and his body bounded right into the air. Once he left the ground, he immediately crossed over 1,000 feet in distance before he fell from the air, and the direction to which he fell was where the old Shaman was!

Su Ming lifted his right hand and a long sword made of ice appeared in his hand.

That sword was naturally Freezing Sky Sword! That sword exuded a chilling air when Su Ming held it in his right hand. That chill covered Su Ming's entire right hand and fused it together with the sword. At that moment, with the chilling freeze wrapped around the sword, Freezing Sky Sword's shape suddenly changed.

The sword suddenly became larger by one fold and looked like it was not a sword that could be lifted with just one hand but was instead a two-handed sword!

Su Ming's left hand gripped the sword as he dove down towards the old Shaman, and instantly, his left hand was covered in a layer of freezing ice. Once he held the sword with both hands, ice spread through his entire body at an indescribable speed and he was instantly covered in ice. His Divine General Armor gained an additional layer of armor, one that used the Armor itself to build its shape and used ice to give it physical form, turning his Armor into the Divine General Ice Armor!

Su Ming fell with a bang. He held the sword with both hands and charged towards the old Shaman with an air around him that screamed of wanting to cut him down. At that moment, crystalline light began shining in Freezing Sky Sword, and when it was beside Su Ming, an illusion that looked like the manifestation of a Berserker Mark appeared.

There was a powerful looking man within that illusion. That man also held a sword in both hands, and as he leapt up, he swung his sword towards the ground fiercely.

"The sword which I create only has one Style! Cut! Cut down everything!"

Su Ming's ears echoed with the arrogant words of the illusionary person formed by the Art, contained within this Freezing Sky Sword. All other things disappeared from his sight, and the only thing remaining was the person who was coming closer to him on the ground... the old Shaman!

With a swing of the sword, he slashed down!

Chapter 267: Bai Chang Zai!

That one slash contained all of Su Ming's power.

His body became as cold as an ice statue after that one slash. In his mind, there was only one thought - to kill the old Shaman.

Just as Su Ming's body charged down, and his sword going straight for the old man's head was only a few dozen feet away, the old man's eyes suddenly shone and a cruel sneer appeared on his lips once again. Along with it came the disappearance of all the panic he previously had on his face.

"So you're a Divine General of the Berserker Tribe! You're finally out! Looks like this sword attack is your final move!"

The old Shaman lifted his head and raised his right hand to point towards the incoming Su Ming.

He was indeed frozen in place by Spirit Plunder just now, and was indeed shocked by the appearance of the divine sense as well as that of Spirit Plunder, but his power was much stronger compared to Su Ming. Even if he froze, it only lasted for an instant. That was why he could recover his ability to move the instant Su Ming rushed out.

He had kept with his act of struggling because a hint of fear had appeared within his cunning mind from all the strange things done by Su Ming. He was not afraid of Su Ming himself, but of whether he had any other strange and shocking methods.

His words to Su Ming might have been filled with scorn, but in truth, right from the moment they started fighting, he had regarded Su Ming highly. With his age, there were many times when his expression was not reflective of what he truly thought. He might be showing scorn on his face, but his true thoughts reflected his high opinion of Su Ming. But he would not show them until when he attacked.

As the Patriarch and leader of a tribe, there was no way his head would be empty.

When he finally saw Su Ming reveal himself and try to cut him down, his worries were lifted. He believed that he hadn't exposed his true intentions, and that would mean he was giving his opponent a 'chance'. In a situation where the enemy could not move, anyone would use the chance to use their full strength and execute their strongest move to attack their much stronger opponent.

Because this might be their only chance. The old Shaman believed that if he was in Su Ming's place, he would do the same!

That was why when he saw Su Ming swinging that sword, the old Shaman's worries were set aside. With a dark smile, he pointed towards him. He moved his finger and a black scale covered it quickly. In an instant, that finger turned into something that no longer looked like a human finger but that of a beast's finger!

His black fingernail shot out, and the scales on his finger let out a dark and malicious presence. He tapped his finger at air, and it crashed into Su Ming's sword with a bang.

Rumbling and booming sounds reverberated through the air. Many cracks appeared on the ice enveloping Su Ming's Freezing Sky Sword. As those cracks spread out, they caused Freezing Sky Sword to instantly shatter to pieces. Only when it turned from a two-handed sword back to a normal sword did the cracks stop spreading. However, there was still a deep crack on the sword itself.

The layer of ice on Su Ming's hands exploded under the power of the old man's finger. As it did so, cracks appeared on the ice on the other parts of his body as well. Once they spread through his entire body, the layer of ice crumbled with a bang.

When it fell, Su Ming once again felt that cold and malicious presence surrounding him. It surged into his body, and as shudders wrecked his insides, he heard the strange, panting-and-chewing filled sound once again by his ears.

He opened his mouth and coughed out a large mouthful of blood. His face turned pale, and as his eyes became dull, that power forced itself into his body. He tumbled backwards in the air, and the Divine General Armor covering his body started crumbling and recovering rapidly but eventually fell apart, causing blood mist to surge out of his body. A wound on his chest was torn open and blood spilled into the air.

Su Ming fell to the ground with a bang. There was a tree behind him. When he fell down, due to the power of the shock, it made blood flow out of his mouth once again. His eyes lost their glow, and he struggled to lean against the tree as he glared at the old Shaman.

Su Ming's right hand was held loosely by his side. No one could see his palm; they could only see that seemingly powerless struggle of his.

The power contained within the old man's finger may have seemed ordinary, but in truth, that old man had gathered all of his power to his finger. If Su Ming could fight against that one strike from his finger, then he could fight against all the old man's other divine abilities as well!

It may have seemed like only one strike from his finger, but it was in truth everything he had!

The disparity between their power caused Su Ming to be powerless to resist against that one strike, especially when the old man had not been frozen by Spirit Plunder and was just baiting him.

The old Shaman lowered his right hand slowly. As he did so, his previously scale-covered finger started returning back to normal. Once he completely put it down, his finger had regained the form of a human's finger.

A thin wound appeared on his finger pad and a drop of blood fell down. The old man put his finger in his mouth and licked away his blood. With a cruel sneer, he walked towards Su Ming leaning against the tree.

"It's a pity that such a talent is wasted. How could your Master let you come alone to the Shaman Tribe... He just let me have something so good so easily. Or else, if you'd had more time and your level of cultivation was higher, then when I met you again, I wouldn't have been your match.

"If you had truly escaped, you would have taken with you the experience of fighting against the Shaman Tribe. The next time I met you, trying to capture you would have been difficult!

"Barren Core, divine sense, Divine General, and the power from that one slash that contains a similar structure to that of the Shaman Tribe... Just how many secrets do you hav...?"

The old Shaman slowly approached Su Ming. His gaze was like a knife that cut through Su Ming as he sized him up. Once he did so, he became certain that the youth had lost all ability to fight back.

"Oh, that's right. There's also the thing you did when you hid your presence and your body. All these will belong to me... Don't be afraid, I won't kill you, I couldn't bear to kill you... I'll turn you into a Shaman Puppet..."

The old man came to Su Ming's side and crouched down. He looked at Su Ming, and the smile on his face could not hide the ecstasy within his heart.

Su Ming's eyes were dull, but there was still an aloofness within them. He wiped away the blood from his mouth and met the old man's gaze.

"What a nice look you have in your eyes. Once I turn you into my Shaman Puppet, I'll make sure that look in your eyes remains."

"How did you discover me?" Su Ming asked hoarsely, and his voice came out incredibly weak.

"Once I bring you back to my tribe, you'll know."

The old man waved his right hand and a gust of wind instantly charged towards them. It lifted Su Ming's body into the air, and at the same time, the old man took a step towards the sky. He was just about to turn into a long arc and bring Su Ming back to his tribe...

Yet at that very moment, in the wind, a brilliant light suddenly burst forth within Su Ming's dull eyes. He had been waiting for this chance. He had taken his injuries for this chance as well.

A chance where his enemy had shed all defences around him and was completely relaxed in his presence!

This chance should not have existed. The old man was cunning and would not have given Su Ming this chance. He had to create this chance himself.

At the moment that light flashed in Su Ming's eyes, he clenched his right hand tightly, and the white scale he had kept in his palm all this while as he waited for this chance was crushed.

The instant the scale was crushed, the old Shaman's, who was about to fly back with Su Ming, expression suddenly changed. Before him, an illusionary hand covered in white armor appeared around Su Ming. That hand came out of nowhere as if it had come out of thin air itself and struck its palm against the completely defenceless old man's chest.

The old man let out a shrill and pained cry and coughed out a large mouthful of blood. There were even pieces of torn flesh from organs along with that blood. His chest crumbled and he tumbled backwards as he continued coughing out blood.

His face was filled with hatred and madness. As he fell back, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky, then raised his arms and pressed them against his ears. Once he did so, his crumbled chest started recovering at a bizarrely swift speed.

Yet the scale which uncle master Bai had given Su Ming containing some of his power was definitely not so simple and over so quickly. The right hand that stretched out in midair tore through space at its side and with a boom a crack was torn open in midair. Then from within, a man walked out covered entirely in white armor!

That man's face could not be seen clearly. The only thing that was clear about him was the aloof look in his eyes. He stared at the retreating old Shaman and killing intent appeared in his eyes. However, his body was not real and seemed to be an illusion. White mist floated out from the lines of his body.

"Bai Chang Zai!"

The old Shaman's pupils shrank. That white armor was like a nightmare in his memories. Practically no Shaman, especially those living near the borders, did not know that there was an incredibly terrifying entity stationed on Sky Mist Barrier.

That person was a Divine General and had a set of white armor with him. The Shamans who had died at his hands could not be counted. He was so terrifying that even his presence was more alarming than the Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm!

"You're just a Divine Clone! You won't be able to kill me when I'm here in the land of Shamans!"

The old Shaman's face was deathly pale, and as he continued retreating, a serious expression appeared on his face, one that had never appeared on him prior to this. He groaned in his heart. If he had not suffered that strike to his chest just now, then he would still have confidence that he could fight against Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone until it disappeared.

However, now... the old man's chest throbbed in pain. That strike had almost shattered his heart!

'So this is the little Berserker bastard's true final attack. Damn it, how could he be so cunning when he's so young?!

The old man did not have time to pay any attention to Su Ming, but his hate towards him had already reached an intensity that could burn the heavens.

With his experience, he had already understood that when he was plotting against Su Ming, he had also fallen into a trap. He had pretended to be frozen to lure him out and baited him to use his final attack.

Yet while Su Ming had fallen into his trap, he did not bring out his true final attack. Instead, he used his injuries to create a chance where the old man would shed all his guard around him!

'This child's level of cultivation isn't that high, but he has a lot of attacks. The Barren Core, divine sense, his identity as the Divine General, and he even has Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone protecting him. He must be a prodigy in the Berserker Tribe, revered by others.

'He's a person of such status and is already so cunning... If he has enough time to grow, then he'll end up a disaster to the Shaman Tribe!

'Even if I give it everything I've got, I have to make sure this Berserker Tribe prodigy dies here!'

The instant the thought formed in the old Shaman's head and he looked back, the person in white armor in the sky took a step towards the old man.

Chapter 268: Lizard Shaman Tribe!

The old Shaman knew that a prodigy like the young man before him would not have stepped onto the land of the Shamans so easily. Once a person like this died, it would deal a huge blow to the Berserker Tribe.

'I once heard a Shaman Follower of the Great Patriarch of the South say that there are some really excellent prodigies in the Berserker Tribe. They are trained with all the available resources provided and are known as the people who are the most likely to become the fourth God of Berserkers!

'I heard that Bai Chang Zai was one of these prodigies, but due to an accident he was excluded. A person like him, who was excluded, already contains such frightening power and battle prowess.

'Then the prodigies who are in the list of people trained to be the God of Berserkers must be much stronger. This young man must definitely be one of them!'

The old Shaman was absolutely certain of his judgment. He had seen some Berserkers before, and none of them had had as many divine abilities as Su Ming, much less the protection of Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone.

If someone told the old Shaman that a prodigy like this was not in the list of people trained to become the God of Berserkers, he would definitely not believe them!

'If I can turn him into the Shaman Puppet for Lizard Shaman Tribe and offer him to the Great Patriarch of the South, then my position in the God of Shamans Temple would surely increase exponentially!'

As these thoughts raced in the old Shaman's head, he continued retreating. His eyes shone brilliantly as he fixed them on the man in white armor walking towards him in midair.

A serious expression that had never appeared on the old man's face formed there. Bai Chang Zai was so famous it could be said that his name was known through the entire region. The rumors surrounding him had been circulating around the many Shaman Tribes near Sky Mist Barrier for many years.

Su Ming immediately sat down in midair and brought out many medicinal pills, swiftly putting them in his mouth. He watched the old Shaman with an aloof gaze, and the light in his eyes flickered.

He was thinking whether he should use this chance to immediately escape and buy time to avoid the old man's subsequent chase, or to stay back and see whether he might have a chance to deal a heavy blow to the old Shaman before his uncle master Bai's Divine Clone vanished.

'If uncle master Bai was here personally, then that old Shaman would definitely die, but if it's just his Divine Clone... Uncle master Bai told me that day that I could use this to protect myself when he gave me the scale.

'By the looks of it, when he said it could offer me protection, he meant that his Divine Clone could hold back powerful foes while giving me enough time to escape...'

The light in Su Ming's eyes flickered and a chilling glare appeared within.

'I... most likely won't be able to fulfill my promise with Master... There's still one day left. With my current injuries and with this person chasing after me, it'll be difficult for me to return back to my Master's side alive.

'If that's the case...'

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and determination along with firm resolution appeared on his face. He turned his head back to look at the sky in the distance. That place was where he came from. It was where Sky Mist Barrier was located, and in that direction, his Master was waiting for him.

Su Ming had never expected that the experiences he obtained with the appearance of his purple robed Master would end in separation. Things happened far too quickly, so quickly that he had no time to prepare for anything.

He Feng's fusion with the Wings of the Moon was still ongoing inside his cave abode in the ninth summit. If Su Ming did not return for a prolonged period of time, then there would be no one who could calm He Feng's agitation, and disaster would definitely occur.

There was also Zi Che who was still guarding his cave abode and waiting for his orders.

Then there was his second senior brother, who would lift his head to look at the sky so that sunlight would fall on his side profile as he smiled, and there was his third senior brother, who would grin foolishly as he bragged about how smart he thought himself to be.

There was also his eldest senior brother, who showed his love for him quietly and gave him a treasure to protect himself.

There was his Master as well... Perhaps he would never see them again. Perhaps it would take an unknown amount of years and months before he could be reunited with him...

There was also Bai Su, the girl who looked incredibly similar to Bai Ling. Su Ming did not even need her to stand in front of his face, and signs that his heart was changing appeared within him. He could choose to destroy her, fight against something, or choose to forget her.

All these things made Su Ming fall silent. Right before his eyes, he saw the boy who stared at him in a daze as he stood there stunned and panicked with a crude bow in his hands after Su Ming killed the white robed Split Dawn.

‘A moment of weakness, one mistake, and the price I have to pay... is so big.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he opened them once again, he saw that uncle master Bai’s Divine Clone had already closed in on the old Shaman and was now far away from him.

Wisps of white smoke seeped out of the white armor covering his body. It floated into the sky, and once the smoke completely dissipated, that person would also disappear.

Su Ming knew this, and the old Shaman too knew this. He was retreating to stall for time, but even though he was fast, the heavy blow on his chest that had nearly brought about his death not only made his speed as he ran back slow, it also allowed uncle master Bai’s Divine Clone to close in on him like lightning.

The distance between the two of them did not widen due to the old Shaman’s retreat. Instead, they just became closer to each other. The moment Su Ming opened his eyes to look, there was already less than 100 feet between Bai Chang Zai and the old Shaman.

With an aloof gaze shining through the armor, uncle master Bai’s Divine Clone lifted a palm and pushed it at the space separating them of about 100 feet.

The instant he struck, the old Shaman’s pupils shrank once again. A strong sense of danger rose abruptly within him. At that instant, he suddenly stopped, lifted his arms, then pushed them towards Bai Chang Zai’s Divine Clone with a roar.

Many scales rapidly spread through his body and covered him entirely in an instant. It made him look as if he had just gone through a Beast Transformation. The scales were completely black and a ghastly and malicious presence exploded from him.

His hands had turned into claws, and just as he was about to crash into Bai Chang Zai’s Divine Clone’s attack through the air, a glint appeared in Su Ming’s eyes, and he lifted his right hand to point at the Spirit Plunder that was still floating in midair!

With that one finger pointed towards it, that strange, dim light from Spirit Plunder erupted once again even though there were cracks on the medicinal pill. An eye that seemed to have two pupils also appeared within the pill. It could make those who looked at it become dazzled, and now it turned to look at the old Shaman.

As the dim light appeared, the power of the pill that sucked in human minds spread out, and when the eye with two pupils that had absorbed some of the old Shaman’s mind looked over, the old Shaman’s hands froze for an instant in the motion of raising.

This pause was not voluntary. Even if it was a pause that lasted only for an instant, even if this was a pause that Su Ming would be unable to use for a chance to launch a counterattack, but...

Bai Chang Zai could!

A loud rumble spread out abruptly, and as layers of ripples spread out, wind flowed backwards. Many trees and bushes on the ground were destroyed. Even the ground cracked.

Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone took a step back and the speed of the white smoke dissipating from his body became faster. However, compared to him, the old Shaman could only be described as a wreck.

His arms were torn to bloody ribbons and many scales crumbled and fell. His arms looked as if a layer of skin had been torn off, revealing his flesh, blood, and veins underneath. His chest, which had healed up, sank once again. Lots of blood spilled out from his mouth. He fell back and staggered a few hundred feet back before he finally stopped. When he lifted his head, blood could be seen flowing from his mouth. He looked pathetic, but his eyes were brimming with rage that could burn the heavens.

A roar towards the sky tumbled out of his lips. The old Shaman's shirt was instantly ripped to shreds; only a few pieces were left on him. His thin body looked as if a lot of power was stored within him. His furious expression and vicious roar was enough to make all those who looked at him feel terrified.

"You little Berserker bastard, once Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone disappears, just watch how I'll turn you into a Shaman Puppet!"

It was clear that the old Shaman's rage had reached its peak. If it was not due to Su Ming's sudden ambush, he would definitely not have been so heavily injured by this fight.

His hate for Su Ming had already reached a monstrous level, because this wasn't the first time this had happened but the second!

As the old man roared and raged, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone moved towards him quickly once again with an aloof expression. In an instant he closed in on the old Shaman. Su Ming watched everything that transpired from the distance in the sky with a calm gaze. Not a hint of emotion stirred within him.

He still had one last attack he had not brought out - the power of his Berserker Mark!

The power of his Berserker Mark might not be powerful to the old Shaman, but Su Ming believed that if he grasped the timing, then even if his Berserker Mark had the power

akin to slapping that old man with grass, perhaps he could still turn it into the last bit required to defeat him.

As Bai Chang Zai closed in once again, the old Shaman found himself unable to retreat anymore. Not only did he have to fight against the Divine Clone, he also had to pay attention to Su Ming's attacks. This made him let out a low growl with a fierce expression as he knelt on the ground.

The moment he knelt down, he slammed his bloodied hands onto the ground and lifted his head. His eyes were filled with sinister intent. He did not kneel on both knees but chose to go down on one knee. His left leg was stretched out straight behind him in a bizarre fashion that made him look as if he was trying to position his body to look like a beast.

Almost at the instant he positioned himself in that manner, the endless sea of forest in the vast land turned deadly silent. The leaves did not move, the wind became still, even the birds and beasts within the forest all turned quiet at that moment.

A ghastly and malicious presence that far exceeded the one coming from the old man surged forth from all directions, and along with it were panting sounds mixed with chewing noises.

Su Ming was shocked. He turned his attention towards the ground swiftly and his expression instantly turned serious. Once he spread his divine sense around the area, he sucked in a sharp breath. The ghastly and malicious presence was coming from every leaf on the trees, every inch of mud, every bird and beast, every single rotting carcass and beast bone buried under the mud, and from every corner of the forest.

At that instant, it was as if the entire forest had become one with the old Shaman!

"The Totem of Lizard Shaman Tribe, the sacred beast of Lizard Shaman Tribe. O Great Lizard God, I am your servant, and I ask you... to come upon your land and let loose your raging fire upon the enemies who offended you. Let them burn in the depths of hell..."

Chapter 269: God of Berserkers Song!

Once the old man finished speaking, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky. That roar did not sound like it came from a human but instead like the roar of a wild beast.

The instant he roared, streams of black fog charged forth from all directions in the forest. That black fog was so quick that it surpassed the speed at which Bai Chang Zai

moved. Almost in an instant, the entire sky, earth, and forest were covered by this endless mass of black fog.

In the old man's tribe located deep within the forest, almost all the members of the Shaman Tribe there were kneeling down. They linked their hands together and surrounded a black statue that was about 100 feet in size with devout expressions, worshipping it relentlessly.

That statue was not a person but a gigantic lizard. That lizard had a vicious expression on its face and exuded a cruel and malicious presence. It had its head lifted towards the sky, and within its gigantic mouth was a child. That child did not seem to be dead and was struggling as it cried.

That statue looked almost alive. When anyone looked over, they would find the child's pained expression was so clear that it would make them feel as if they could hear the child's wretched cries.

They could also see that the child's face was not filled with the Tattoos of the Shaman Tribe, but... a Berserker Mark!

Under the lizard's four legs were three people. They were an old man, a woman, and a young man. These three people who were carved on the statue were also crying out shrilly. Berserker Marks could be seen clearly on their faces.

Around the terrifying statue were hundreds and thousands of Shamans. They had the statue surrounded in multiple circles. Among them were old people, children, women, and even Shamans. Their voices blended together, and the instant the sky and earth was covered by that black fog, their voices reached out as well.

It made all those who heard those voices to feel as if they contained an endless amount of malice and ghastliness. When that sound fell into anyone's ears, they would feel their hearts racing, fear filling them up, and chills running down their spines.

At the same time, at the place where Su Ming was fighting against the old Shaman, the old man became the source that attracted all the black fog. As it continuously surrounded the old man and enveloped him, the fog turned into a gigantic lizard!

That lizard was lying on the ground and swinging its tail. Red light shone within its eyes and its tongue was stuck out its mouth when it lifted its head to roar at the sky. Its face was the exact same as the statue's that was being worshipped by the hundreds and thousands of members of the Shaman Tribe within the tribe in the forest!

The size of the lizard was about 100 feet, and it grew larger as the black fog continued surging. The presence that came from within it was filled with ghastliness and malice. As it roared and chewed something in its mouth, that panting sound Su Ming had heard multiple times appeared once again.

At that moment, Su Ming finally understood to whom that voice belonged to!

When the lizard roared, it turned its head and glared at the incoming Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone, and Su Ming immediately noticed that the lizard had two pupils in each of its eyes!

The instant the lizard looked at Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone, it swung its giant tail. With a shocking whistle, it struck the air, which caused a faint crack to appear in the air, and it charged straight towards Bai Chang Zai.

Bai Chang Zai did not even bother stopping. He had already mostly disappeared, and whatever remained of him looked almost transparent. The moment the lizard swung its tail, he lifted his right hand and hurled out his fist.

That punch may seem ordinary, but the moment the lizard's tail touched it, the lizard was forced to retreat a few steps. A few parts of the tail shattered and blood spilled into the air.

Yet at the same time, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone became even more faded out, as if he would disappear at any moment.

Right then, the giant lizard took a leap and a large amount of black fog from midair gathered around him. It allowed him to grow until he was nearly 1,000 feet in size, and with a body built like a small hill, it charged towards Bai Chang Zai.

"Your Divine Clone is about to disappear, let's see how you'll deal with the descent of my tribe's sacred beast!" a raspy voice shouted out from within the lizard's mouth. As that voice reverberated through the air, the lizard rapidly closed in with Bai Chang Zai.

Su Ming stood up. Blood-red light flashed in his right eye and he lifted his right hand. With a determined look on his face, Dark Mountain appeared behind him. A mighty pressure came from the five-peaked Dark Mountain, and as Su Ming pointed a finger at the giant lizard, the mountain charged towards it.

Almost the instant the giant lizard closed in, Bai Chang Zai's illusionary body lifted his head and a brilliant glare suddenly appeared in his eyes. Within that glare was an indescribable fighting spirit.

That was a feverish battle spirit that was so hot it could burn another person's eyes. The moment that glare appeared, on the endless Sky Mist Barrier which was located far from the battle, Bai Chang Zai's real body also lifted his head from his position where he had been sitting on the wall quietly meditating. The same glare appeared in his eyes, and his body instantly became thinner!

At the same time, back at the spot where the battle was ongoing in the forest of the land of the Shamans, Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone returned from the illusionary and almost

transparent state to the form of when he looked almost real. Right then, he clenched his right fist and charged towards the incoming lizard.

A shocking bang reverberated through the area. Bai Chang Zai's fist landed on the lizard. With that one punch, his body began to quickly dissipate, and in the span of a breath, he became almost invisible.

The lizard let out a piercing screech, and the spot where Bai Chang Zai's fist connected started to crumble. Its body began to be torn to shreds, which spread through his whole form. Its gigantic body also started falling backwards as if it could not withstand that punch.

Bai Chang Zai's almost dissipated body took one step forward and appeared right before the lizard. He lifted his right hand. This time, he did not use his palm or his fist. Instead, he used a finger and tapped it against the lizard's head.

Through the entire process where the finger was lifted and fell, Su Ming, who was not too far away, had the misconception that the dark sky had just suddenly turned brighter.

"This attack is my own creation. Its name... is White!"

As the calm voice sounded, Bai Chang Zai's right index finger turned into a white light that could chase away darkness. It became the brightest spot in the world, and at the moment it fell on the giant lizard's body, the lizard instantly turned white.

As it brightened up to a blinding degree, loud booming sounds reverberated through the world. The lizard let out a piercing screech that shook the sky and earth. Its body crumbled entirely, and its destruction did not start at the spot where Bai Chang Zai tapped with his finger but its tail. It started crumbling apart inch by inch and turned into black fog that scattered away, revealing the old Shaman's left leg within it.

The next thing that was destroyed was the lizard's body. As its body continued shattering and disappearing in the form of black fog, the old man's bent right leg that made him seem like he was kneeling and his body were revealed.

Soon after, the gigantic lizard's destruction spread to its front legs. Once they shattered with a bang, its head, where Bai Chang Zai's finger was, exploded. A large amount of black fog scattered away, revealing the old Shaman's head, and with a pale face, he coughed out a fresh, red blood.

With that tap, Bai Chang Zai let out a soft sigh as if he was regretting something. His illusionary body could no longer continue existing and disappeared from the world along with the black fog that appeared once the lizard started shattering.

When it happened, the Dark Mountain that was formed from Su Ming's Berserker Mark crashed into the old Shaman, who was still vomiting blood. At the same time, Su Ming

charged forward like lightning. The blood-red light shone in his right eye, and an illusionary tribe appeared around the old Shaman.

That tribe... was naturally Dark Mountain Tribe!

When it appeared, a blood red that seemed like it was burning rose in the world around the old man!

The Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!

Once the picture was completely revealed, the area within it seemed to have turned into another dimension, and the pressure formed within that dimension caused the injured old Shaman to cough out blood once more. His eyes became dull, but there was madness within them.

He might be heavily injured, but he was not about to breathe his last just yet. He was on the land of the Shamans, and especially in the forest where his Totem Beast rested. His life force was still aplenty. He would not die that easily.

Su Ming's quick charge made it seem like another line had been added to that Picture of Dark Mountain in the world. He rushed towards the old man, and when the old man came towards him with a roar, the two of them clashed into each other.

Loud booming sounds reverberated through the air. The five-peaked Dark Mountain's attack, the grief contained within the buildings in Dark Mountain Tribe, and the red glare shining from the blood moon in the sky fused together with Su Ming's body, causing another line to appear in the Picture of Dark Mountain. It made it seem almost complete.

The instant the two people closed in on each other, Su Ming lifted his right hand and drew a line at the old man!

Right when he did so, then entire Picture of Dark Mountain moved and twisted as if it had turned into ink. It was absorbed by Su Ming's line, and once it fused together with that one line, they sliced at the old Shaman!

At the same time, a grief filled with age radiated off Su Ming's line. That feeling had not been there even when he had drawn out his strongest line before. This presence had only existed when he instinctively drew that line when he fought against Si Ma Xin.

As that presence appeared, a faint voice that did not seem to exist but also seemed to have been in existence since the beginning of time spoke from within Su Ming's line.

"When I was born, everything was still..."

Su Ming raised his hand.

"After I was born... The Berserkers had weakened..."

The line was drawn.

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated..."

Su Ming lifted his head, and his eyes were filled with grief.

"The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die..."

That one line contained the entire Dark Mountain, contained Su Ming's everything, and slashed across the old Shaman's chest.

Once that line was finished, Su Ming knew that the first Style of his Picture Creation was finally complete. It contained the life he went through in the passage of time, contained his emotions, and contained his world...

If Si Ma Xin was there and saw Su Ming's line, he would definitely feel utterly shocked. If he heard the voice within that one line, that shock would reach a monstrous level.

Because within the four lines, besides the first line that would appear in a faint whisper when the first Style of the God of Berserkers Transformation was executed, the rest of the lines were completely different from the God of Berserkers Song.

Because the God of Berserkers Transformation was created based on a Berserker Tribe war song that was created by the first God of Berserkers when he had reached the peak, and it was also called... God of Berserkers Song!

Chapter 270: Master

Once the line was drawn, a crack that seemed to divide the sky and earth appeared in the air under the dark sky. Su Ming's right index finger was like the tip of a brush. When he drew past the old Shaman's chest, his body moved along with it. Like the falling of leaves in autumn, he drew an arc, then turned his back towards the old Shaman right in his face and walked away.

The old Shaman coughed out blood and staggered a few dozen steps backward before swiftly lifting his head. The moment he trained his gaze on Su Ming, a terrifying long line appeared on his chest and blood poured out of that line. His blood dropped on the ground, causing the place to be filled with a bloody stench.

The old Shaman's bones from the wound on his chest could be seen shattering inch by inch, and the organs under those bones had turned into a pool of blood...

The old man's face instantly turned pale. He lowered his head and looked at the long wound on his chest. Slowly, as if he could not stand straight, he knelt down on the ground, and blood poured out once again from his mouth.

Su Ming stood before him and closed his eyes. In his mind, the words that did not seem to have existed but had appeared during the process he drew the line reverberated in his head.

A raspy voice tumbled out of the old Shaman's mouth weakly, "Such a Style that beats even the makings of nature itself has proven my assumptions. You are definitely not an ordinary Berserker. In the Berserker Tribe, you're definitely one of the prodigies who are known to have the highest possibility of becoming the God of Berserkers..."

Su Ming did not speak. He still had his eyes closed, immersed in the experience of drawing that line.

"It's a pity, even if that Style of yours feels like an attack from nature itself, but... the difference between our power makes it so that even if I am heavily injured, you still won't be able to completely kill me that easily!"

The old man knelt on the ground and struggled to lift his head. A dim light appeared in his dull eyes and blackness immediately formed on his body, even though he was mortally wounded. That blackness came from the wound on his chest and spread around his entire body.

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the old Shaman calmly. He had to admit that the old man was right. Just as he said, he could not kill this person completely.

Because the instant he used that line to destroy the old man's life force, Su Ming sensed that ghostly and malicious presence once again. That presence had become one with the old man, and because of it, while he could destroy his body, Su Ming could not destroy his soul.

He had to have the same level of cultivation as Bai Chang Zai, or else he would not be able to cut down the connection between the old man and the Lizard Totem which he worshipped.

"Thirteen years later, when the sacred beast of Shaman Lizard Tribe remakes my body, I'll wait for you in the land of the Shamans... The fight between us has not ended!"

The old Shaman's voice grew increasingly weaker. His half kneeling body had already turned completely black, and every spot that was covered in black turned the old man's body into a statue. His body swiftly became rigid.

"When we meet again, I will..."

The old man's dull eyes shone with a cruel and deeply rooted hate. He glared at Su Ming. The moment he closed his eyes and opened his mouth, wanting to say his final words before this body of his died...

... Su Ming's aloof voice cut him off.

"You will find that your Lizard Shaman Tribe has been destroyed thirteen years ago," Su Ming stated calmly. His words held no hint of bloodiness, but when they fell in the old man's ears, his eyes flew open.

"You!"

The moment the old man opened his eyes, his breathing turned rapid as if he was struggling to escape from death. Blood flowed from his lips, but he found that he could not even form a complete sentence. He could only force out one single word, and as he struggled, his head became rigid and his entire body turned into a statue. He was rooted to the ground and soon enveloped by a ghastly and malicious presence. Unless one's power was greater than the sacred lizard's worshipped by Lizard Shaman Tribe, then no one could destroy this, much less take it away.

This statue had turned into a part of the forest.

Su Ming's cold eyes were fixed on the dead old man now turned statue. His heart was very calm. Once again, he gained a new understanding of the Shaman Tribe's strangeness.

If the old man was a Berserker, perhaps he would have truly died. Yet right now, his physical body might have been destroyed, but his soul was still around and had fused with the forest. With some time, his body would be remade.

Su Ming did not understand this mystical ability, but he could still sense that this skill truly existed.

He brought out some medicinal pills and placed them into his mouth. He took in a deep breath and lifted his head to look at the weather. The sky was no longer dark. Dawn was almost over and the first rays of sunlight were about to shine through. In fact, if he looked into the distance, he would find that the horizon had become bright.

"Shaman Tribe..." Su Ming mumbled.

His trip to the land of the Shamans had allowed Su Ming to gain first hand understanding of the Shaman Tribe. That understanding was much more impactful and useful than if he had listened about the Shamans from other people or read about them in ancient scrolls.

If his eldest senior fellow disciple had not given him the treasure to protect himself, then he would have died during the day. When he was surrounded by that dozen Shamans, if he had been held back and made a single mistake, he would have been unable to come back.

If it had not been for the scale that turned into his uncle master Bai's Divine Clone, Su Ming knew that he would be the one lying on the ground right now.

He stared at the old Shaman who had turned into a statue. His expression was the one he'd had in his final moments of life - a rage filled face that seemed to want to say something. This person could be considered to be the strongest enemy Su Ming had ever run into!

Su Ming touched his chest. The injury over there had become even worse, but after he used many medicinal pills to recover, he could control it somewhat.

'There's still one day... with my speed, I won't be able to go back in time...'

Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the direction his Master was waiting for him. He fell silent for a moment.

'I'll be late by about half a day. Master said he'd wait for three days...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. Right now, he had to make a choice.

One of the choices was for him to leave this forest as quickly as possible. Even if he could not make it in time, perhaps his Master would still be waiting for him.

As for the second choice, it would be...

Su Ming opened his eyes, and within them was determination and viciousness. He turned his head around and looked towards the deeper parts of the forest.

'If I go back now, I'll definitely question my decision for doing so!'

He turned around calmly and put away all the things he had brought out in this place before turning into a long arc and charging into the forest. In his dash, he disappeared from the place. His direction was clear. It was the place where Lizard Shaman Tribe was located deep within the forest!

Su Ming might not know the exact location of where the Lizard Shaman Tribe was located, but he had lived in a forest since he was young. If there was a part in a forest where a tribe of more than a hundred people lived, then there would definitely be tracks and clues that showed where they were in the forest.

It might be a little difficult for other people to look for a tribe hidden within a forest based on those clues, but to Su Ming, this was not difficult, especially when he had his divine sense helping him. With that, the search became even easier.

'This tribe is definitely not a big tribe and there aren't a lot of powerful Shamans in there. Since I killed quite a number of them and the old Shaman from their tribe died... If I don't bring an end to this, I'll regret it!'

Killing intent flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He had harbored no hostility and grudge toward the tribe, but because of one moment of weakness, he had fallen into a situation where he almost died.

Not long after Su Ming left, at the place that had just been a battleground moments ago, rustling suddenly could be heard in the midst of the silence right beside the old Shaman that had turned into a statue.

That sound was of someone walking slowly from the distance. Before long, a person came out from the forest.

That person was dressed in purple robes. Naturally, he was Tian Xie Zi!

Tian Xie Zi walked towards the old Shaman now turned statue and stood beside him with a calm look. Once he lifted his eyes and cast a look in the direction Su Ming had left, his gaze fell on the old Shaman's statue, and at that instant, his eyes were filled with a powerful killing intent.

"How dare you try to hunt down my disciple...! Since you provided a chance to sharpen his skills, I'll grant you death."

Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand and slapped the statue gently.

With that slap, the statue trembled, and with a loud bang, numerous cracks appeared on its body before it shattered into pieces that scattered in the air. A faint sound that sounded like a pained cry echoed in the air.

The moment Tian Xie Zi's palm struck the statue, he broke the connection between the old Shaman and the sacred lizard in the forest, which in turn destroyed his soul and brought about his true death!

"And you, you little reptile... You are merely a thing that gained sentience after a small Shaman Tribe worshipped you. Do you really think you are a sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe?!" Tian Xie Zi said to the air unhurriedly and lifted his right leg before stomping on the ground.

The instant his foot landed, a violent gust of wind passed through the forest. The earth trembled, and many piercing, moaning sounds rang out. Su Ming, who was running

through the forest, could not hear it. Only the cause of that sound, Tian Xie Zi, could notice it.

As his foot landed and the piercing moan echoed in the air, a lot of black fog began forming in the air before him. Right before Tian Xie Zi's face, the black fog gathered together and turned into a gigantic lizard.

The lizard was indistinct. Its originally cruel eyes now showed panic, terror, and a plea for mercy as it looked at Tian Xie Zi. It trembled, and right on the spot where it was, it bowed its head and worshipped Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi remained silent for a moment before he let out a cold harrumph.

"Looks like the Lizard Shaman Tribe has worshipped you quite a lot. Not only have you gained a form because of it, you also have intelligence... I can grant you mercy. Stay here, and when you meet my disciple again, you must follow him and protect him with your life!

"If you disobey my words, then I will send you back from whence you came!"

Tian Xie Zi's voice was serene, but when his words fell into the illusionary lizard's ears, it made the creature shudder, and within its eyes, gratitude and obedience appeared.

"Begone!"

Tian Xie Zi waved his arm, then walked towards the direction Su Ming had left.

The illusionary lizard turned into black fog once again and disappeared into the ground.

While running through the forest, Su Ming would occasionally stop to observe the signs around him, then change his direction according to what he discovered. The sky gradually brightened, and when the sun reached its brightest point at noon, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had already discovered the location of Lizard Shaman Tribe. That tribe... was somewhere before him!

Su Ming's body floated forward like an apparition, but when there was still about tens of thousands of feet between him and Lizard Shaman Tribe, he suddenly came to a halt. He saw a person standing before him!

"Mas... Master!"

Chapter 271: This is My Creation

The person standing before him was dressed in purple. That familiar robe and familiar presence shocked Su Ming. A feeling of having found his family instantly spread through his heart and body.

As the word 'Master' spilled out of his mouth, Tian Xie Zi turned around. His expression might still have been dark, but there was a smile curling up at the corner of his lips.

"You went through a lot," Tian Xie Zi said softly, praise evident in his eyes.

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He had originally thought that it would take years before he found his Master again, or even worse, perhaps he would never be able to see him again. He did not expect that Tian Xie Zi would appear outside Lizard Shaman Tribe.

"Master..."

Su Ming touched the wound on his chest and shook his head.

"Go, do what you should do. I'll wait for you, then... let's go home together."

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming, and the praise in his eyes grew stronger.

Su Ming fell silent for a moment, then wrapped his fist in his hand and bowed towards Tian Xie Zi. Without stopping, he charged towards the Lizard Shaman Tribe behind his Master.

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming's back and an eager look appeared on his face.

"My fourth disciple, what will you choose...?" he mumbled.

As Su Ming ran forward, a big village appeared before him. Large amounts of wood had been used to build a fence around the village, and bubbling laughter could be heard coming from within. Those voices belonged to the elderly, the children, the women, and the fighting men, Shamans.

That sound made Su Ming slow down. He looked at the village, and even though he was still a bit of a distance away, he could feel the happiness that was shared by the tribe members within the village.

"If I was captured by the old Shaman, then that laughter might have even increased when he returned to the village..."

Su Ming sighed. He did not know whether what he was about to do next was correct, but he understood that he had paid the price for a moment of weakness in a world where only the strong survived.

He walked towards the village silently. The moment he was only thousands of feet away from the village, a piercing whistle pierced the air.

That sound worked as an alarm. The moment it reverberated through the village, four people shot out from within. Right when those four people saw Su Ming, their expressions immediately changed.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with these four people. They were the few who had survived his strongest attack because they were saved by the old Shaman!

The instant he saw those four people, killing intent rose in Su Ming's eyes. He leaped up and the small virescent sword at the center of his brows shone before shooting out in a green arc, flying as quickly as lightning. Then the moment the four people closed in, a bell chime suddenly echoed from within Su Ming's body.

That bell chime was like a funeral bell. When the rippling sound spread out, a green light flashed in the sky. The small sword penetrated through one of the people's chest with a speed of lightning, bringing with it fresh blood and screams of devastation. The curtains for the massacre were lifted.

After a moment, four corpses lay on the ground before the village. There was blood on Su Ming's body as he walked calmly forward. The instant the deathly silence fell within the village, the small virescent sword cut down the village's gate.

A loud bang cut the air and the gate instantly shattered. It shattered into countless shards and tumbled to the ground. With a great cloud of dust shooting up into the sky from the destroyed gate, Su Ming walked into the village.

The moment he entered, five people charged towards him and fought against him amidst the flying dust.

Rumbling sounds continued echoing in the air. Su Ming did not stop in the slightest. The moment he was engaged with his enemies, black fog surrounded him and the Divine General Armor materialized on his body. It blocked his enemies' attacks. At the same time, green light shone and thunder spread out. When Su Ming walked away from the dust that had rose up because of the destruction of the village gate, five corpses lay behind him.

Almost the moment the five people died and Su Ming walked into the village, nearly one hundred arrows sliced through the air towards him, but they froze a few feet away from him and exploded into smithereens.

These arrows were not shot by Shamans but from the normal tribe members within the village. The normal tribe members glared at Su Ming with bloodshot eyes filled with hatred. Even if their arrows were destroyed, more of them whisked through the air once again.

Su Ming saw not only hatred in their eyes, but also a determination that said they would not stop unless they died.

At that moment, a low growl rang through the air, and a man walked out from one of the tents in the village. That man was half-naked, and with a stomp on the ground, he leaped towards Su Ming. Soon, a dozen more Shamans stormed towards him from various corners of the village.

Su Ming closed his eyes in silence. With his right hand lifted, he drew a line. That line was like the might of heaven itself. The instant he finished drawing the line, the man in the lead shuddered and his body was instantly torn to shreds. His head flew into the air.

The remaining people all let out shrill, pained screams the moment Su Ming finished drawing the line with his eyes closed. They fell from the sky, and once their bodies crashed onto the ground, they breathed their last and died.

Su Ming opened his eyes and swept his gaze through the village. This was not a big village. There were many tents, and there were hundreds of men and women staring at him darkly. Their eyes were filled with burning hatred, and those gazes made Su Ming's heart hurt.

Those gazes belonged to the elderly, the children, and the women...

There were some who were still shooting arrows at him even though they knew it was impossible. Those arrows kept getting destroyed, but that still did not stop them.

Su Ming walked calmly forward and spread his divine sense around the entire tribe. Once he scanned the area, he lifted his right hand, and the small virescent sword charged out with a whistle towards some tents. It shot through them and brought back blood on its blade.

All the places which the sword went to were where the Shamans lay. However, those people were unconscious due to heavy injuries and could not get out.

When the small virescent sword returned to Su Ming's side, there were no longer any warriors left in the entire Lizard Shaman Tribe. The remaining hundreds of people were all normal tribe members.

Yet even though they were normal people, the hate filled gazes and arrows exuded a frenzied rage of Su Ming.

Sobbing sounds came from within the village. They contained the weeping of the women, the fear of the children, and most of all, the tears that fell soundlessly from the eyes of the people who they stood on the ground covered by the corpses of their dead Shamans.

Su Ming stared at these people quietly. He understood the hate within these people's eyes. However, if he did not come here in this manner but was instead captured back by the old Shaman, stepped on, and turned into a Shaman Puppet, none of them would have shown any pity to him. They would instead have been cheering with cruel excitement.

This was the sorrow of a person who did not belong in a battle between two different populations.

He could either not enter the fight, or... shoulder the burden brought by this sorrow.

The arrows that flew towards him did not stop, especially those from a certain boy. His eyes were red and his left hand had already been cut by the bow string. Blood flowed down his hand, but he did not seem to know pain. He gritted his teeth and drew his bow again and again to shoot, even though he knew that his arrows could not injure the enemy he wanted to kill.

Su Ming's eyes finally fell on the boy.

He looked at him and walked closer. When the boy saw Su Ming walking towards him, he let out a loud roar and charged forward with his bow and arrows. There was a look on his face that said he was prepared to die; it held a madness that said even if he died, he still had to go up and bite his enemy.

Yet after he rushed up, he could not help but stop under Su Ming's gaze. There was an authority within that gaze that made the boy unable to control his own body. He could only stop before him.

Tears fell from his eyes. Within those tears were madness and hate...

Su Ming looked at the boy, then lifted his right hand to wipe away the tears on his face.

"It... shouldn't have been this way..." Su Ming said softly. "I saved you. I killed that snake... There was no hate between us..."

The boy glared at Su Ming, and the hate in his eyes turned into loathing.

"Why did you tell them...? Was it just because I am from the Berserker Tribe and you are from the Shaman Tribe...?" Su Ming looked at the boy and wiped away the tears from a corner of his eye.

"For that one show of mercy, I paid a very huge price... This is my mistake, and I must remember this mistake.

"You are the same, because you were also wrong," Su Ming stated calmly.

The boy shuddered and a lost look appeared in his eyes. More tears fell down his cheeks, and Su Ming saw a hint of regret in his eyes.

"It shouldn't have been this way..."

Su Ming looked at the boy and turned around to walk towards the destroyed village gate. Once he walked out, he heard a wretched scream from the boy behind him.

Within that scream were hatred, madness, and deep regret...

Su Ming did not turn his head back. He walked out of the village, into the forest, then back to Tian Xie Zi's side.

"Master, let's go home..." Su Ming's voice was filled with fatigue.

"I thought you chose to come back here because you wanted to destroy the village." Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming calmly.

Su Ming was silent for a moment. He did not look at Tian Xie Zi but chose to look in the direction of where Sky Mist Barrier was located and spoke in an exhausted voice, "I felt your presence on him."

"I was the one who woke him up. This is the Shaman Tribe. They have a deep seated hatred with us Berserkers. If you still don't understand, you will have to pay the price with your life during Sky Mist Battle," Tian Xie Zi said, his eyes closed.

Su Ming was silent.

"Killing the Split Dawn alone and beheading him is worthy of praise!

"Not panicking while getting attacked by dozens of Shamans in the forest and killing them one by one after you calmed down is worthy of praise!

"Running into people who are more powerful than you and using your strongest attack to rip apart the sky, then not staying in battle and escaping because you knew your limits is worthy of praise!

"Knowing not to blindly escape using brute force, then turning back to fight after assessing the situation and not being afraid of the people more powerful than you is worthy of praise!

"Working together with Bai Chang Zai's Divine Clone and reaching an epiphany towards your first Style is worthy of huge praise!

"However, showing kindness and sparing the boy the first time was a mistake!

"And yet after knowing all these and returning to the place, you still chose to spare the boy. That is... a huge mistake! As your Master, I will right your wrong!"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and started walking towards the Shaman Tribe.

"Master!" Su Ming looked at Tian Xie Zi. He might appear exhausted, but his eyes were calm. "This is my Creation..."

Tian Xie Zi's footsteps faltered.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 272 — A Game - Read

Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 272 — A Game

Chapter 272: A Game

"Your Creation?"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and with brightly shining eyes, he looked at Su Ming, who may have been tired, but whose eyes were as calm as still water.

He looked at his fourth disciple and waited for his answer.

"Master, this is my Creation," Su Ming looked towards the direction of Lizard Shaman Tribe and stated slowly.

"I don't really understand eldest senior brother's Creation, but I can tell that the skill he is training with is the fusion of ice and fire. Ice is cold, and fire is hot. They are like two complete opposites, and the fusion of these two defies common sense, making it difficult for others to understand it.

"Yet if he is successful in fusing two elements that contradict each other, then he'll be able to clear his mind. This is eldest senior brother's Creation." Su Ming averted his gaze from Lizard Shaman Tribe and looked at Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi remained silent for a moment before he met Su Ming's gaze.

"Your eldest senior brother's Creation is the Sound of Creation."

"Sound is noise, and isolation is silence. It is still combining two complete opposites. Isolation is ice, and noise is fire, it is the same," Su Ming said calmly.

"Let's talk about second senior brother next. He possesses a pair of Hands of Creation. During the day, he creates life for the plants, and during night, he destroys the plants' lives by pulling them out from their roots..."

Su Ming's murmurs echoed in the forest.

"These are also two opposites and defy common sense. Creating and destroying is like life and death. Second senior brother's Creation is the fusion of life and death, the combination of creation and destruction."

Tian Xie Zi's face was calm, but his heart was shaken. He did not expect that Su Ming, who had not been long in the ninth summit, would have made such discoveries and arrived at such conclusions.

"Continue!" he said.

"Third senior brother trains with two complete opposites as well. His is a mindset that defies common sense, a fusion between truths and lies. The truth is reality, and the lie is his dream.

"He is trying to fuse reality and dreams together. By being constantly drunk, he can linger in a state between being awake and being asleep. If the day comes that he truly wakes up... then his Creation will be complete."

Su Ming's gaze fell upon Tian Xie Zi once again and he asked softly, "Master, am I right?"

"That is indeed the road your third senior brother is taking." A praising look appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes and he nodded his head.

"It's not." Su Ming's voice was weightless, but his words were filled with determination.

Tian Xie Zi frowned.

"This is the road you want them to take..." Su Ming shook his head. "Because they cannot be understood, because they have to fuse those two opposites, that's why people think that all those within the ninth summit are weird. Eldest senior brother is always in isolation, so he seems slightly more normal than us, because he rarely ventures out and the people don't really understand him.

"Second senior brother plants flowers during day and destroys them at night. Using 'weird' to describe his actions is no longer sufficient.

"Third senior brother is constantly drunk and always talks about bringing people into his dreams. When those who don't understand hear him, they might think he's crazy. Because these things defy common sense, because they are different from other

people, because they are not understood by others, that is why they are praise worthy to you. They have become the vice that is the meaning of your middle name, the Xie in Tian Xie Zi!"

When Su Ming reached this point of his speech, he stopped talking.

Tian Xie Zi was silent.

Both Master and disciple remained silent in the forest for a moment until Su Ming whispered, "Master, this is your path... not mine."

"Then what is it that you pursue?" Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming and a complicated look appeared in his eyes.

"I don't know..." Su Ming shook his head. He cast a glance towards Lizard Shaman Tribe once more before he turned his gaze towards the sky. "If there really is one, then I think it should be... to open my eyes."

Su Ming closed his eyes.

"What do you want to see when you open your eyes?"

As Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming, the look in his eyes became even more complicated. He looked at Su Ming and found himself seemingly looking at his past self, at the time when he talked to his own Master. Their words might be different, but they had the same expression on their faces.

"Perhaps it is to see the world that others can't see."

Su Ming opened his eyes, and a brilliant light could be shining within them. There was a firm resolution within that light, along with determination and aspiration.

"Why do you want to see a world that others can't see?" Tian Xie Zi asked calmly. His voice was laced with curiosity and echoed in the surroundings.

Su Ming was silent. After a long while, he looked back at Tian Xie Zi.

"To see myself... my true self," he mumbled.

A smile appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face, then it gradually grew wider before it escalated to a full blown laughter. His laughter reverberated through the forest and floated into the skies.

"Good. What you pursue is not the vice I want either. You want to open your eyes to look at a world that no one can see, and that means that the entire world is drunk, and you are the only one sober!"

"This is not a vice, this is a state that has far surpassed a vice. This is... a life which I don't even know the name of! Su Ming, if you eventually manage to do it someday, then you must be prepared. You might find yourself unable to tolerate this drunken world anymore!

"Because you... will be awake!"

Su Ming shuddered. He looked at Tian Xie Zi and nodded.

"Come. I'll take you home now..."

Tian Xie Zi patted Su Ming's shoulder and waved his arm. A huge gust of wind appeared out of nowhere and lifted both Master and disciple into the air before they disappeared into the vast sky belonging to the Shaman Tribe.

"But before we go back, I want to bring you to some places. Once you see these places, you will gain a deeper understanding of the blood feud between the Shaman Tribe and the Berserker Tribe... It will also prepare you for when you open your eyes and see a bigger world."

Tian Xie Zi's voice echoed in the air before they gradually disappeared.

Within Sky Mist Barrier, at the borders of the Land of South Morning belonging to the Berserker Tribe was a mountain range. The sky above that mountain range distorted, and from within the distorted ripples, Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming walked out.

"Take a close look at the ground below you and tell me what you see." Tian Xie Zi looked at the mountain range below him and his voice fell into Su Ming's ears.

Su Ming's fatigue remained, but his wounds were already under control. He looked at the place where Tian Xie Zi pointed. That place was filled with mountain ranges, and at first glance there was nothing strange about it. The only thing that stood out was perhaps the few mountains that were rather desolate and barren. There were absolutely no plants growing on them.

Su Ming frowned. He descended from midair and stood on one of the barren mountains. Then he crouched down and grabbed a handful of sand from its surface. When he placed it by his mouth, a bright glint appeared in his eyes.

"There's a faint stench of blood..."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked around. The instant he swept his gaze across the place, he suddenly focused his eyes on a certain spot.

That was a mountain ridge, and it was filled with a desolate air. Even the sand was bleak.

He walked towards the mountain ridge with uncertainty in his heart. Gradually, a grave look appeared on Su Ming's face. He lifted his right hand and pushed his palm towards the ground through the air. A large gust of wind instantly roared through the air and lifted the sand around the area, turning into a vortex. The wind rose and blew away the sand layer by layer.

Some broken wood and shattered stone bowls were revealed buried under the sand. There were also... human bones that had turned brown due to time.

The entire place was filled with broken bones...

Su Ming swept his gaze across the broken bones. Some of the bones were rather thin, some thick. Eventually, Su Ming's eyes fell on a rather complete skeleton.

It was a child's skeleton. Only the upper half of it remained, but he could see that many the bones were broken. The child's hands suggested that he or she had been holding onto something before death, but that thing was no longer around.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body and he lifted his head swiftly to look at Tian Xie Zi standing in the sky.

"This was once a tribe..."

"It was a rather big small-sized tribe. There were about 700 people in it, though they had less than forty Berserkers in their tribe. The others were either normal tribe members or toddlers.

"300 years ago, we failed to defend a part of Sky Mist Barrier and some Shamans entered our land. This tribe was one of the tribes they destroyed.

"The men, women, old, and young were all killed brutally!"

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the child's bones. He fell silent.

"If you go east from here, you will find more than 40 of such tribes that were destroyed in this fashion... There are tribes here that were destroyed 300 years ago, and there are also those that were destroyed far earlier in the passage of time."

Su Ming took a step forward. Instantly, he started charging towards the east. Tian Xie Zi followed behind him, no longer speaking. He simply watched as Su Ming moved through the ruined tribes.

As time passed by, Su Ming's face became darker with each ruin he passed. Once an entire day went by, Su Ming stood on a plain of grass with dark clouds covering the sky. Lush grass grew underneath his feet on the plains, but it could not hide the blood and slaughter that had occurred in this place before.

Tian Xie Zi moved to Su Ming's side and said calmly, "This is just a part of it..."

"In the Sky Mist Barrier, entire tribes that were massacred like this amount to too many. Thousands of years have passed by since then, and this has turned into the hate between us and the Shaman Tribe. Unless one of us dies, we will never stop fighting against each other..."

Su Ming closed his eyes and only whispered his thoughts after a long time had passed, "The Shamans... are very strong."

"That is true." Tian Xie Zi turned his gaze to the sky in the distance.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment, then started, "Then the so called Sky Mist Shaman Hunt..."

The one who answered Su Ming's question was Tian Xie Zi, who was standing by his side. "To the Shaman Tribe, this once in a decade activity is known as the Berserker Hunt."

Su Ming's pupils shrank. The bloodiness within those two simple words could not be formed by killing just 10, or 100, or 1000, or even 10,000 people. This was a mass slaughter that had happened throughout the ages. As people spoke and listened to these two words, they would feel a murderous aura spilling out from within them.

"This is just like an agreement made by both sides, a massacre that occurs once a decade..." A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes and he looked towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi looked at Su Ming. After a long while, he nodded his head.

"This... is a game."

"A game?" Su Ming looked at the grass plains under his feet and let out a chuckle.

"The game is played by both sides. The reason why it has lasted for thousands of years is because both sides have their own goals. As for what the goals are... well, you have to find the answer yourself.

"Now, tell me. Do you... still want to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt?"

Tian Xie Zi turned around and walked towards the sky.

Su Ming stood there for a while before he turned into a long arc and flew back to his Master's side, who was waiting for him in midair.

"I will join Sky Mist Battle... As a member of the Land of South Morning, I will take part... in this game."

Su Ming's voice was calm. He and Tian Xie Zi turned into two long arcs, moving in the direction of Freezing Sky Clan. They gradually flew into the distance and disappeared.

Chapter 273: A Request

To all the people within the nine summits on the Great Frozen Plains in Freezing Sky Clan, five normal days had gone by. Nothing especially big happened during those five days and everything simply went on as it usually did.

The sun continued with its usual routine of rising and setting, night was still graced with the presence of the moon, and the freezing wind still blew as usual. There was no differences whatsoever, no changes.

Even if someone had isolated themselves to train for five days, their power would not have increased by much. To almost everyone, these five days were practically the same as the other days in a year.

The seventh summit's Tian Lan Meng sat on a big rock near the top of the mountain. Wind lifted her hair. To her, these five days were just one meditation session.

Zi Yan and Han Cang Zi had their own things to do. These five days passed by quickly for them and nothing had changed.

The fourth summit's Han Fei Zi was in isolation and was making the final preparations for Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. With her Master's help, she was already near Awakening and would reach that Realm within a few days.

The first summit's Si Ma Xin still sat in his cave abode as he usually did. Occasionally, when he woke up, his eyes would be cold and dark. There was nothing different about him.

Most of the people were as such, and it was the same for the ninth summit. Hu Zi remained drunk and did his usual things during those five days. He would drink, dream, and snore like war drums. Happily waking up and happily falling asleep again.

Su Ming's second senior brother continued planting flowers during day and floating around like an apparition during night. These five days passed by very quickly to him.

To the eldest senior brother, these five days passed by like the blink of an eye. Within the silence of isolation, if he did not pay even the slightest amount of attention to his surroundings, it would not be just five days that had passed by.

However, there were a handful of people to whom these days passed like years.

Zi Che was one of them. During the first day, he was very calm, but this calmness had turned into doubt after three days had gone by. It was already three days since he saw Su Ming.

More importantly, he could not feel any presence from the cave. It was as if Su Ming was no longer there.

That feeling became clearer when the fourth day arrived. He had a vague feeling that something was not right. Su Ming rarely isolated him. Even if he was meditating, he would occasionally walk out and stand on the platform to look at the horizon.

Yet four days had already passed by and Su Ming had not appeared. This made Zi Che think that there was something off.

Especially since Zi Che was not the only one waiting for Su Ming outside his cave during these five days; there was also... Bai Su!

She had already waited there for several days, not leaving. If it was not for Zi Che stopping her, she would have entered Su Ming's cave a long time ago.

During the fifth night, Zi Che sat outside and frowned as he looked at Su Ming's cave with his heart filled with uncertainty, but he did not dare enter the cave.

As Zi Che remained hesitant, a voice that made him feel resigned fell into his ears.

"Just how long are you going to stand in my way? I want to see Su Ming!"

That was from Bai Su. She was dressed in purple and was sitting right in front of Zi Che with determination showing through her wild beauty.

"Su Ming, it's already been five days and you still refuse to see me? Is seeing my face really that shocking to you?!"

"Even if you don't see me, are you going to stay in your cave forever?!"

"Unless I die, then I won't give up!"

The dark cave was quiet, like always. Not a hint of sound reached them from within. This silence made Bai Su's determination grow stronger.

Zi Che did not even bother talking to Bai Su anymore. To him, this girl was unreasonable and her constant badgering was annoying.

Bai Su felt bitter. She had naturally seen Zi Che's expression and knew that her constant badgering had caused him to hate her, but... she had to do this.

At that moment, a freezing wind whistled by and lifted a large amount of snow to blow against their faces. When the wind passed, the area returned to silence, neither Zi Che nor Bai Su notice that a person had walked into the cave with the wind and sat down inside.

Tian Xie Zi also walked back to the top of the ninth summit. He chose to reenter isolation and the color of his clothes slowly changed.

Tian Xie Zi and Su Ming's return went unnoticed by Hu Zi. He continued snoring in his sleep. His second senior brother floated in the air like an apparition, lifting his head a moment before resuming his search for his other self that represented destruction.

A gentle gaze came from within the ice where the eldest senior brother had isolated himself before he closed his eyes once again, and that gaze disappeared without a trace.

Su Ming sat down in the cave, and the dark cave gave off such a feeling of familiarity it reminded him of home. He took a deep breath and looked at his surroundings. To the others, these five ordinary days might have passed by quickly, but Su Ming, he had gone through an earth-shattering change, an experience that a normal person would rarely have to go through, and a life threatening crisis.

To Su Ming, those five days had been like five years, even longer...

Within those five days, he saw Master's junior brother, witnessed the shocking fight, although that fight had become a blur in his mind and he could no longer remember it clearly.

Five days ago, he saw the old xun maker and played a song. He gained an epiphany and an understanding towards the change of heart, which led to him making his own decision.

In those five days, he went to the land of the Shamans, saw his Master's incredible power, saw the Spirit Medium, saw the strange Split Dawn, and also the gigantic sacred beast that was about 10,000 feet in size - the Golden Roc!

In those five days, he killed one of the Split Dawn and went through a series of pursuits for his life.

In those five days, he completed the first Style of his Picture Creation and heard his very own God of Berserkers Song.

In those five days, he went through... a complete transformation!

'Battle, destroy, forget...'

Su Ming lifted his head in the darkness and looked at the world outside his cave. There seemed to be a girl's figure in the gentle moonlight.

'Among the three methods to deal with the changes of heart... the easiest would be to destroy it! Kill her and everything will end. The hardest would be to forget. Forget Bai Ling, and Bai Su won't be able to affect me.'

'As for fighting... It won't solve my problems.' Bai Su's voice from beyond the cave reached Su Ming's ears. Her voice was very clear in the silent night.

'These are Master's methods, not mine...'

Su Ming's eyes were calm as he looked at the moonlight beyond the cave.

"The change of heart is triggered by a person or event. A person can choose to destroy, fight, or forget... These three methods are all a form of escapism... Since it had already existed since the beginning, then I might as well let it continue existing... I'll face it head on," Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

"If a person's heart can change due to persistently holding onto something, then why can't that persistence grant me peace?"

Su Ming closed his eyes, and after a moment, he slowly opened them. He brought out his drawing board and flipped it to its front. Ever since he drew that piece on the front, he had never looked at it. The drawing board was empty, but in his eyes, his own body had appeared on the drawing board, and his foot, which he wanted to lift up, was tangled by grass.

A smile appeared on his face. He looked at the grass, then slowly lifted his head.

"Zi Che, let her come in."

Zi Che had sunken into a state of hesitation and doubt outside the cave. He had a feeling that something was off in Su Ming's cave. Just as his ears rang with Bai Su's constant badgering, Su Ming's words suddenly floated out of the cave.

As his voice left the cave, Zi Che's heart trembled and the mixed feelings within his heart immediately disappeared without a trace. He got up, bowed towards the cave, and obeyed.

A glint appeared in Bai Su's eyes. With one single move, she walked past Zi Che and immediately stormed towards the cave. He followed behind her and the two of them entered Su Ming's cave.

Due to the darkness outside, the cave was tossed into an even darker shade of black. Once they entered, they could only see a faint outline of Su Ming's body. Anything beyond where he sat was practically impossible to see clearly.

Yet even so, when Zi Che entered the cave and saw Su Ming, he still felt his heart rumbling when he saw Su Ming's gaze. That gaze seemed the same as it did five days ago, but Zi Che felt a new, powerful pressure. He could tell that the Su Ming before him was completely different from the him five days ago!

He could not tell what was different, but this pressure was similar to that when Zi Che was facing Su Ming's second senior brother, and even similar to that when Zi Che stood before his own Master.

If the Su Ming five days ago still had a sort of naivety to him, then the him now no longer had that naivety. This was a gaze that belonged to a ferocious beast that walked out of death's door after going through a series of hardships.

Zi Che felt his heart tremble and he quickly lowered his head to bow towards Su Ming.

"Greetings... Master." Zi Che's breathing quickened slightly. His heart pounded against his chest and that intimidating feeling became stronger.

'Just what had happened to him during these five days...?'

Zi Che did not dare lift his head. Shock rose in his heart, along with bafflement.

Zi Che was not the only one who felt this way, Bai Su was the same. The moment she saw Su Ming's gaze, she was shocked. She could not help but slow down her originally overbearing walk and eventually come to a stop.

"I, Bai Su... greet... greet uncle master Su..."

Bai Su's heart raced against her chest. Su Ming's calm gaze made a dazed look appear in her eyes for an instant. It was as if the person sitting over there was not Su Ming, but Si Ma Xin, Tian Lan Meng, or perhaps not even the both of them, but people who were as strong as her father.

That gaze seemed to contain a power that could attract a person's mind and make even the angriest people calm down.

Su Ming looked at Bai Su, at that face that was the exact same as Bai Ling's, and nodded.

"From tomorrow onwards, you can come here and I'll teach you how to draw... Zi Che won't stop you anymore."

Bai Su's mind was in turmoil. She lifted her head and stared at Su Ming blankly. She could not understand why he suddenly changed his mind.

"However, I have a request," he stated flatly.

Bai Su's breathing froze and a wary look appeared on her face. The impression of Su Ming within her mind was extremely bad, and if it was not for Si Ma Xin, she would not have approached him.

Bai Su had already been dubious when Su Ming suddenly agreed to it, so when she heard him talking about a request, her eyes gradually grew cold.

"Say it. As long as I can do it, I will."

"When you come to see me, wear a long white robe. Don't let your hair down and tie it up with a red string made of straw. Leave two small braids by your ears, and have all your remaining hair tied behind your head.

"Put some glittering crystals on your forehead. Then when the light from the snow on the ground will reflect off the crystals, they will shine with a piercing light.

"When you smile, show your canines."

Bai Su frowned.

"Since you want to turn into the person in my memories, then dress yourself this way," Su Ming told her slowly and closed his eyes.

Bai Su was silent for a while before she let out a cold snort and left.

Chapter 274: Daze

Once Bai Su left, Zi Che bowed towards Su Ming respectfully and quickly left the cave. Only when he was about 100 feet away from the cave did he let out a huge breath. He turned his head back and cast a glance at the cave where Su Ming was. His eyes were filled with respect.

'He's... no longer the same.'

Zi Che could not pinpoint the details. This was merely a feeling of his.

Under the dark sky and within the cave abode, Su Ming breathed calmly and silently meditated. The injuries on his person were already controlled, and as he recovered his breathing, his wounds began to heal.

When dawn arrived, Su Ming opened his eyes. There was no shining light within them, only clarity. He looked at the darkness beyond his cave. A chilling gust of wind blew in and lifted a few locks of his hair to float before his face.

‘The battle in the land of the Shamans...’

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at his hands. A contemplative look appeared on his face. In his mind, the scenes that had happened right from the moment he chased down and killed the remaining half of the Split Dawn alone to the moment he walked out of Lizard Shaman Tribe slowly appeared.

"I made a few mistakes in this fight," Su Ming mumbled. He lifted his left hand and picked up the drawing board before he began drawing on its back with his right hand. Gradually, pictures appeared on his drawing board.

The first thing that appeared was a small hill in a dense forest. His body stood on the hill and was charging down. Below the hill, the remaining half of the Split Dawn was similarly approaching him.

‘Even though I had paid a high amount of attention to the enemy... At the critical moment of the battle, I neglected checking the terrain of the place. Even if I didn’t know of the strangeness there, when I saw my target suddenly pausing, I should have been cautious.’

Su Ming looked at the drawing board and the very first scene of the fight appeared clearly in his head.

‘I could have not been injured by this fight... There was also the boy. I also could have not made any mistakes when I met him. Even if I didn’t kill him, I could have brought him with me and let him go when I was save.’

Su Ming closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he flicked the drawing board with his right hand and a thin layer of dust flew up. Once the previous drawing was erased, he continued drawing on the board with his right hand.

It was still a forest that appeared on the drawing board this time, and within that forest, a dozen Shamans were charging to the tree where Su Ming was sitting from all around him.

‘I was not vigilant enough. My actions were not careful enough. I was in Shaman territory. If I had set up traps before I started resting... If I had brought out the red meadow before I started resting... then I wouldn’t have needed to use the treasure

eldest senior brother gave me. I could also not have suffered so many wounds and killed all these people!

Su Ming waved his right hand and continued drawing on the board. Soon, the scene of him being chased by the old Shaman in the forest and his subsequent counterattack appeared on the drawing board.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he looked at the picture.

'I didn't make any mistakes in this battle... If I hadn't made the previous two mistakes, then perhaps this battle wouldn't have occurred. Even if it had, winning this battle wouldn't have been so difficult for me since I'd have bought enough time for myself.'

'My trip to the land of the Shamans this time showed me just how much I'm lacking in real battle... I need to be careful, more careful!'

Firm resolution appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Finding out and summing up all his mistakes in his battle while figuring out all his inadequacies was one of the ways Su Ming made himself stronger.

This life and death crisis did not just bring him the joy of narrowly escaping death. If that was the case, then perhaps he would never have a second chance to narrowly escape death again.

To Su Ming, a life and death crisis should bring about transformation and growth so that he could continue improving himself. He could continue rectifying his mistakes and how he dealt with things, then when he was in the face of danger again, he could have more chances to survive.

'I have to make each move carefully. I have to remain alert for danger that might appear at any time before I take any action. Only by doing so can I become stronger, as well as survive during Shaman Hunt.'

Su Ming closed his eyes and engraved the lesson from the trip this time in his head.

'Besides the inadequacies in my actions, there's also something else that I need to be careful of and rectify as well.'

Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his right hand to draw a line across the air before him. Once he drew it, Su Ming looked at the spot where he just drew with brilliantly shining eyes.

'This line may be complete. Perhaps it's not perfect, but with my current power and understanding, this is my limit... but besides this line, I have nothing else I can use to fight against strong enemies...'

He frowned. Before he entered the ninth summit, he had not had this worry.

Yet since he joined the ninth summit and searched for the method to clear his mind according to Tian Xie Zi's teachings, he had not had any chances to learn any other Arts.

The battle against the Shaman Tribe let Su Ming learn of his weakness and inadequacy.

'I don't have enough divine abilities... I was good with my speed to begin with, but it wasn't enough when I fought against the old Shaman! It's not just my divine abilities and speed, my defenses were the same.

'The Divine General Armor can still resist the attacks dealt by those around the same level of cultivation as me, but when I meet those stronger than I am, then the Armor isn't able to repair itself in time. Because I didn't go to the Great Yu Dynasty to get my real Armor, that's why it's not sturdy.

'Thank goodness I have Han Mountain Bell, but I mainly use it to stun my enemies with the bell chimes, not defense. Using it for defense is a last resort.

'Besides these, I don't have a lot of enchanted Vessels either. The ice fire eldest senior brother gave me has already disappeared, the Divine Clone uncle master Bai gave me also disappeared... I must prepare a large amount of these things before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt begins.'

Su Ming frowned.

'There aren't many medicinal pills left either. I need to make them again. The power of Spirit Plunder far surpassed my expectations. While it might have only absorbed the old Shaman's spirit for an instant and I still can't exploit that one moment of weakness, but if I become fast enough, if I had two or three or even more Spirit Plunders to freeze my enemies, then... I would have a chance!'

In his silence, Su Ming touched the black stone hanging off his neck. Gradually, the medicinal pill called the Welcoming of Deities appeared in his mind.

'That old Shaman said that my Spirit Plunder was actually the Barren Core of the Shaman Tribe when he saw it... Could it be that this stone fragment actually came from the Shaman Tribe?'

Su Ming frowned. He had a feeling that it was not so.

As he continued thinking in silence, the darkness in the sky outside was slowly chased away and the surroundings gradually turned brighter. When it was completely bright, morning arrived.

When the morning sun shone into the cave, Su Ming took a deep breath. With a direction for what he wanted to do for his subsequent preparations in his heart, he got up and walked out of his cave.

It had been six days since he was taken away by Tian Xie Zi. It had been six full days since he stood on the platform outside his cave during morning while breathing in the chilling wind and looking at the sky, clouds, sea beyond the mountain, and the occasional falling or flying snow.

He stood there and looked at the horizon. He might not be able to see it clearly, but he could still feel just how the land of Shamans looked like in this morning beyond the Sky Mist Barrier that obscured the view.

"Youngest junior brother, morning."

A gentle voice that sounded like spring wind came from behind Su Ming. When he turned around, he saw his second senior brother walking towards him with his usual gentle smile while dressed in long robes.

"Second senior brother, you're up early today."

Su Ming was curious. He seldom saw his second senior brother waking up so early. Most of the time, he only woke up when it was noon. After all, wandering about during night would leave him needing sleep when the morning sun rose.

Second senior brother let out a few fake coughs and turned his face to the side slightly so that the sun could shine on his side profile.

"Youngest junior brother, there's one sentence that I finally understood, waking up early is good for you." Second senior brother swayed his head slightly.

Su Ming smiled and did not speak.

"Hmm?"

Second senior brother was about to say something when his gaze suddenly focused. He took a few scrutinizing looks at Su Ming, patted his body with his right hand, then walked around him once before suddenly speaking in a low voice.

"Fourth, tell me, did Master come to you at night when he was dressed in purple? How did you answer him?"

"I told him... I wanted to see it." Su Ming smiled.

"That's... no good..." Second senior brother was momentarily taken aback before a faint smile appeared on his lips. That smile grew wider until he finally burst out laughing. "Why didn't I think of that? That's... really no good..."

A hint of eagerness appeared in second senior brother's eyes and he patted Su Ming's shoulders. "And then? What did Master do?"

"He brought me to see a battle, we watched a person making a xun, then went to the Shaman Tribe and killed a whole bunch of Shamans..." Su Ming said softly.

Second senior brother widened his eyes and an expression that said he was looking forward to it appeared. Resolution gradually formed in his eyes.

"Next time, when Master comes to me in purple, I'll answer that way as well!"

Second senior brother was about to continue, but he suddenly lifted his head and quickly straightened up his robes before turning his body to the side to make sure the sun shone on the side of his face. A gentle smile appeared on his lips.

Two long arcs charged out from the seventh summit in the sky. Those two arcs traveled one after another. The person in the long arc in front was a woman. That woman was beautiful but had a frown on her face, as if she did not want to come. It was Zi Yan.

Once she was close to the ninth summit, she glared at Zi Che. Zi Che did not dare look at her and quickly lowered his head. Su Ming's second senior brother moved forward and with the sun still shining on his side profile, he spoke gently to Zi Yan.

"Miss Zi Yan, let's go."

As he spoke, he took a step in the air and walked towards Zi Yan. They turned into two long arcs and went into the distance, reluctance evident on Zi Yan.

Su Ming did not look at his second senior brother and Zi Yan leaving. Instead, he looked at the girl who came in the second long arc. She was dressed in white, had her hair tied up with a red string made of straw, had two small braids by her ears, and had a few glittering crystals on her forehead.

At that moment, a dazed look appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Chapter 275: They Do Not Have Honor

"Su Ming."

The girl in white walked towards Su Ming through the sky with a smile that revealed her canines. There was a ribbon underneath her feet. That ribbon floated about, causing the girl to look as if she was walking on thin air as she walked towards the platform before Su Ming.

Her gentle voice sounded as if it had traveled through the passages of time when it fell into Su Ming's ears. It awakened the sorrow that was hidden deep within his memories and the promise he did not manage to fulfill that year.

At that moment, because of the wind, the snow from the sky was lifted and flew in between Su Ming and the girl. The snow covered their sight as if it wanted to obscure their vision, but as the snow blew past them, their vision was cleared up once again.

"Su Ming, do you remember me...?"

The girl in white bit down on her lower lip, and there was wildness within her bright eyes. She approached him with light footsteps and slowly came to stand before him. The faint and refreshing fragrance from her body was carried by the wind to Su Ming and wafted into his nose, then right into the deepest parts of the memories in his soul.

Under the illumination of sunlight, the crystals on the girl's forehead let out a brilliant light. It shone into Su Ming's eyes and similarly seeped into that spot where he had buried all his memories.

She had her hair tied up with two braids by her ears. The few locks of hair that were lifted up when she approached him touched Su Ming's face.

"Why didn't you come find me...?" the girl asked softly. Her gentle voice echoed in his ears.

Su Ming trembled and stared blankly at the girl. Grief appeared in his eyes.

"Su Ming, do you remember me? Do you remember my name...? Do you remember how we first met...?" The girl's soft words cut into Su Ming's heart.

"I remember..." he mumbled.

He lifted his right hand, touched the girl's black locks, removed the red string and tied it up for her again, then put the braids by her ears behind her shoulders before taking off the crystals on her forehead and changing the location where they were placed.

Once he was done, calmness appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he spoke slowly, "You only look more like her this way."

When Su Ming finished speaking, the girl immediately frowned. The disgust on her face was difficult to hide away. She took a few steps back, as if the act of Su Ming touching her hair itself was difficult for her to accept.

"If you can become her and make me look at you like her... then when you leave, you will have completed the task Si Ma Xin arranged for you," Su Ming said calmly.

He cast a glance at the girl and turned around to walk towards Zi Che, who was looking at them from the distance.

Bai Su stomped her feet. It could be said that she had made detailed preparations all for the sake of shocking Su Ming this morning. In fact, she had also practiced all the ambiguous words, including her expressions when she spoke, multiple times carefully.

Before she came this morning, she had even practiced before the ice mirror. Back then, the moment she started practicing, she had a feeling that she had turned into another person. It was as if a stranger's soul had gathered in her body and changed all her actions.

She knew deeply that the instant she first appeared as the person in his memories and stood for the first time before Su Ming with this look was her best chance.

In fact, if she caught this chance, then there was a high possibility that there would no longer be any need for her to do anything else.

When she saw Su Ming's dazed look, she had been pleased with herself, and when she noticed the grief in his eyes, it caused her to be even more pleased with the detailed preparations she had done the night before.

Yet things did not go according to her plans. Su Ming's last words and actions made Bai Su understand that all her preparations to meet him in this appearance had failed.

Su Ming walked up to Zi Che. As Zi Che looked at him respectfully, Su Ming gave him an order.

"I need an object that is not too big but is very heavy. The heavier, the better. Can you find something like this for me?"

Zi Che was silent for a moment before he nodded his head.

"Master, I know a type of ice. It's called Drowned Ice. It's said that this ice will never melt and each piece of it is about the size of a fist. It weighs the same as a mountain rock about the size of a human."

"Bring back as many as you can, the more the better."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and threw a plate into Zi Che's hand.

Zi Che looked at the plate and a strange look appeared on his face. The plate was considered to be a sacred item to him before he came to the ninth summit. Yet the more he knew, especially when he learned that this item was something Su Ming had borrowed from Hu Zi, the more he became perturbed.

He took the plate and wrapped his fist in his palm toward Su Ming before turning into a long arc and going off.

Once Zi Che left, Su Ming walked down the mountain path that led to Hu Zi's cave. Bai Su stomped her feet once again. When she saw Su Ming ignoring her, she took a few brisk steps forward and caught up to him.

"Hey, didn't you say you'll teach me how to draw!"

"What do you want to draw?" Su Ming did not stop and his voice came out at a moderate pace.

"Slow down! I want to draw myself!"

Bai Su took another few quick steps forward and only then did she manage to walk beside Su Ming. It was clear that she did not want to walk behind him. Even if the ice on the mountain stairs was slippery, she still wanted to walk at the same pace as Su Ming.

"It's easy drawing yourself. Position yourself before the ice and draw yourself while looking at the reflection on the ice." Su Ming's voice still retained its mild tone and did not surge with any sort of emotion.

"Then... Then what's the point of me looking for you?!"

Bai Su was momentarily taken aback before her face colored red with rage. Yet Su Ming was walking very quickly and most of the steps he took were about several feet each. She could barely catch up to him.

"I didn't ask you to look for me."

Su Ming did not even turn his head back. The distance between him and Bai Su was gradually widening.

Bai Su gritted her teeth and ran once again.

Su Ming heard Bai Su's voice coming from behind him, "I don't want to draw myself anymore. I want to draw you!"

He stopped and turned his head back to cast a glance at the running Bai Su.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming stopping, she quickly ran to his side and satisfaction rose within her heart as she thought that there was no way Su Ming could get out of it. If she needed to look at ice to draw herself, then if she wanted to draw someone else, she would naturally need that someone to stand before her so that she could draw them.

"You want to draw me?" Su Ming looked at Bai Su.

The pride in Bai Su's heart was reflected on her face. She lifted her chin and as the sun shone on the crystals on her forehead, they glittered. Her tied up hair moved along with the wind.

"That's right. I want to draw you."

Bai Su let out a snort. That prideful look on her face overlapped for a moment with the person buried deep within Su Ming's memories.

He lifted his right hand and drew a few lines on the ice rock beside her. Once he was done and numerous ice shards flew into the air, a person appeared on that ice rock. That person was naturally Su Ming.

"Draw according to that."

Once Su Ming finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Bai Su was stunned for a moment. She looked at the person Su Ming had drawn on the mountain rock, then at Su Ming himself, who had already walked into the distance, and once again stomped her feet on the ground.

"Su Ming, you jerk!"

Bai Su's current appearance, expressions, and her words were completely different from how she was when she was with Si Ma Xin. When she was with him, Bai Su would always look naive. She would always look at him with a gentle and adoring gaze along with a docile expression.

Yet when she was before Su Ming in the ninth summit, it was as if she had turned into someone else. If Si Ma Xin was here, he would definitely be stunned, because the Bai Su now was greatly different from the usual Bai Su before him.

Bai Su was seething and her glare made her eyes shine. Once she stomped her feet on the ground, she saw that Su Ming had already walked away and could no longer be seen. She glared at his portrait on the mountain rock and lifted her foot to kick it.

"I'll kick you! Su Ming, you jerk!"

Only when Bai Su gave a few repeated kicks to the portrait did she feel her rage subside slightly. She looked at Su Ming's portrait on the ice. Suddenly, the light in her eyes flickered and that prideful expression appeared on her face once again.

She took a few steps forward and brought a black cylinder from her bosom before starting to paint on Su Ming's portrait. As she continued painting on it, she started giggling in gleeful pride.

Su Ming arrived before long outside Hu Zi's cave. He did not hear any snores but instead some strange chuckles coming from within. Su Ming did not stop and walked in.

The moment he entered Hu Zi's cave, he immediately noticed Hu Zi crouching on the ground with numerous round, wooden pictures scattered all over the floor. There was also the picture of a mountain among these circles. They surrounded each other as if there was a path lying within them.

Hu Zi had a knife in his hands and was carving on the pictures repeatedly. As he did so, he would let out that strange laughter. If Su Ming saw Bai Su's expression now, he would definitely think that she looked quite similar to the Hu Zi before his eyes right now.

"Heh heh, your Grandpa Hu is the smartest person of all, the smartest!"

"So what if you changed the Rune? Darn you, just you watch, I'll definitely break it!"

"Your Grandpa Hu has never found a place that he couldn't enter. No matter how hard this thing is, I still managed to solve it after I went to sleep."

Hu Zi was far too engrossed in his thoughts and did not notice Su Ming entering his cave. In fact, he did not even notice Su Ming standing behind him looking at the pictures he had carved on the ground.

"I used ten days for this, and I only drank thirty something pots of wine during these ten days. It's all your fault that I drank so little. Damn it, why did you people in the seventh summit suddenly change your Mountain Protection Rune? Just watch me break this!"

Hu Zi brought up his knife and carved a few lines on the ground before excited glee appeared on his face and he lifted his head to howl in laughter.

Yet the moment he lifted his head and started laughing, he caught sight of Su Ming from the corner of his eye. Stunned, his laughter died away.

"Fourth, when did you come here?"

"A long time ago..." There was an odd expression on Su Ming's face as he looked at the messy-haired and bloodshot-eyed Hu Zi.

"You heard everything?" A stern look appeared on Hu Zi's face.

"I heard... a part of it." Su Ming's expression turned even weirder.

Hu Zi lowered his head before lifting it swiftly once again. He grabbed Su Ming and his voice reverberated through the cave like a tidal wave.

"Fourth, you're truly my dearest, closest youngest junior brother. You knew that your senior brother Hu Zi was going to succeed today, that's why you came to congratulate me. You're great. You're an awesome junior brother. I won't hide from you, so be my judge. Say, that darn, damning, shameless, perverted, outrageous seventh summit, aren't they really unfair? Aren't they really heartless? Aren't they really without honor? They... they actually changed their Mountain Protection Rune!"

Chapter 276: I Win the First Day

"It's the Mountain Protection Rune. Fourth, did you know that changing the Rune is very bothersome? It's seriously very bothersome! Who would change that thing so easily?! But that damn seventh summit, they... they're just bullies!" Hu Zi held onto Su Ming tightly with a face full of rage.

Su Ming wrestled himself out of Hu Zi's grasp, then looked at the livid man and found himself speechless.

"They went too far this time! I won't tolerate it!" Hu Zi shouted out, lifting his hands along with his voice.

"Fourth, what's with that expression of yours?"

It was a feat that Hu Zi could still see the odd expression on Su Ming's face when he was so angry and ask curiously.

"Uh... No... It's nothing."

Su Ming let out a few fake coughs. He had a feeling that now was not a good time to talk about the things he wanted with Hu Zi. Just as he was about to find a chance to leave as quickly as possible, Hu Zi's furious roar reverberated through the cave once again.

"They're humiliating me! This is a blatant challenge thrown in my face, isn't that right, youngest junior brother?! Isn't it horrible that they did something like this? Isn't it heartless? Isn't it without honor? Isn't it utterly shameless?!"

Hu Zi began pacing in his cave, and his messy hair made him look like a maniac as he continued shouting.

"They're horrible! It's a complete waste for me to have gone over to take care of their Rune in the past! They're heartless! I repaired their previous Rune multiple times in the past, you know! They're seriously without honor, how could they not tell me that they changed their Rune?!"

"Third senior brother... I still have some things to do, I'm just... going to go now..." Su Ming quickly took a few steps back in an attempt to leave the place.

"Youngest junior brother, don't go..." Hu Zi ran forward and blocked Su Ming's path. He was burning with rage, but underneath that rage was excitement.

"Youngest junior brother, you have to be my judge. Say, I haven't been here for long, but did you know? That seventh summit has already changed their Mountain Protection Rune six times!

"Six times, this is the seventh time! Aren't they just bullies? Every single time they change it, the new one is much more complex than the last. I have to mull over it long and hard before I find the way to break through it!

"Especially this time, they just went overboard. They went way overboard! I used a total of ten days to calculate and find the equations for it! It's been ten days since I went out to peek at someone else! Ten days!"

Su Ming let out a wry smile. He was just about to speak when an excited expression lying underneath Hu Zi's rage replaced the look of fury.

"But!" Hu Zi waved his arm and his bloodshot eyes were filled with brilliant light. "I still broke it. What's a Mountain Protection Rune before me? I'm the smartest person around! Youngest junior brother, look!" Hu Zi dragged Su Ming to the carved ground and pointed at the dazzling pictures covering it.

"Solving a Rune is easy. What is hard is how I'm supposed to make the Rune open up for me without it being noticed. Look, this line is me!"

Hu Zi grew increasingly more excited as he continued speaking. He took up his knife and drew a zigzagging line on the ground. That line twisted often as it went towards the deepest parts, never touching any of the other carved pictures. It was as if a path had been opened up out of thin air.

"Tonight, I'm going to let that seventh summit know that their Grandpa Hu... has come back!" Hu Zi patted his chest and laughed loudly.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he crouched down to inspect the pictures on the ground. After a long while, he lifted his head with a smile on his face to look at the pleased Hu Zi.

"Third senior brother, you're indeed the smartest."

Once Hu Zi heard it, he became even more pleased with himself and slapped Su Ming's shoulders hard.

"You're my bosom buddy, youngest junior brother, there's no doubt about that. Tonight, I'll bring you out to broaden your view of the world. I know a few good places on the seventh summit. I never told anyone about them before, you know. I even gritted my teeth and didn't tell Master when he came to me in flowery robes.

"I've decided. How about I bring you to see Tian Lan Meng?" Hu Zi was talking excitedly when he saw Su Ming's eyes on the pictures on the ground again. He blinked and fell silent.

"Third senior brother, would the same effects appear if I carved these Runes on armor...?" Su Ming asked in a mumble, a brilliant light shining in his eyes as he stared at the Runes on the ground.

He had come to Hu Zi for this to begin with. That thought had originally been indistinct, originating from when he had seen Hu Zi create the ice that could show reflections of the seventh summit. He had once mumbled something that Zi Che couldn't hear—he planned to make his next creation sturdier.

This gave Su Ming an inspiration and an incredibly bold thought formed in his heart. This thought might be ridiculous, but Su Ming could not give up on the temptation of success.

That was why he had thought of coming to talk to Hu Zi. Now, when he saw the pictures on the ground, that thought became clearer in his mind.

"Carve it on armor?" Hu Zi was stunned and scratched his head. He mulled over it for a long while before he shook his head. "No can do. There aren't any materials for it. Besides..." Hu Zi frowned and left his sentence hanging midway as he sank into deep thought.

"Third senior brother." Su Ming stood up and shifted his gaze from the pictures on the ground to Hu Zi. "I need some pictures of Mountain Protection Runes just like these from the simple ones to the complex ones. I'll have to trouble you for that."

Hu Zi was still frowning. When he heard it, he nodded and patted his chest, saying, "Sure. I'll get it done in a few days. But youngest junior brother, it might be a bit difficult for you to do this. There aren't any materials to do so. Besides, Mountain Protection

Runes change all the time, they aren't immobile objects... Even if you manage to carve it down, they won't change anymore."

Su Ming smiled softly before he wrapped his fist in his palm towards Hu Zi and walked out of his cave, leaving his third senior brother in a state of confusion.

Hu Zi thought for a little while longer inside his cave and still found that the thing Su Ming asked for was incredibly difficult to achieve, but since it was his youngest junior brother's request, he would definitely pour out his heart and soul to finish it.

Yet when his gaze fell on the pictures on the ground, his eyes immediately started shining. He no longer thought about how Su Ming was going to carve the Runes on his armor, but instead rubbed his hands together excitedly.

"I'll let that seventh summit know that I've come back tonight! They went too far this time! They're just heartless!"

Hu Zi picked up his wine gourd and took a big swig, then started imagining what he would be doing that night before he started giggling in a silly manner.

Su Ming left Hu Zi's cave and continued working on the idea that made his heart pound in excitement. The more he thought about it, the more he thought that it was plausible.

'I might need to use extremely precise fine control to do this...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he suddenly stopped walking. His eyes were trained on Bai Su standing on the mountain path in the distance with a pleased look on her face.

"Su Ming, I finished my drawing!"

Bai Su had been waiting there for a long time. When she finally saw Su Ming, she immediately pointed to the ice rock beside her and spoke in a melodious voice.

Su Ming turned his gaze over and saw the picture of him on the ice rock having been altered. It was smeared to the point that it was a hideous mess. There was a giant shell on his back. Bai Su had also copied that picture on the ice rock by the side. She had drawn a turtle with its neck stretched out.

That turtle looked lifelike, especially its eyes. They even resembled Su Ming's own eyes somewhat.

Su Ming's expression remained passive and he walked over to take a closer look before nodding.

"Not bad. Continue." Once he finished speaking, he calmly walked past Bai Su and left.

Bai Su was momentarily stunned. Su Ming's calmness made her fly into a rage once again and she ran up to him once more.

"Hey, I drew you!"

"I know." Su Ming did not even slow down. He simply continued walking forward, up the stairs.

"Don't you think it's alike?!" Bai Su continued pestering him.

"No," Su Ming replied flatly.

"If it's not alike, then why did you say it wasn't bad? I think it's very like you." Bai Su jogged towards Su Ming and struggled to keep up with him.

"That's why I told you to continue drawing."

Su Ming returned to the platform outside his cave. Just as he was about to return to his cave, Bai Su's livid voice came from behind him.

"Su Ming, what's the meaning of this? I already dressed myself up as per your request and you agreed to teach me how to draw, but the day has gone by and you taught me nothing." Bai Su stood on the platform and glared at Su Ming.

Su Ming turned around and looked at Bai Su. "You don't act like her."

"How so?" Bai Su immediately asked.

"Your expression. She's not as noisy as you are," Su Ming said coldly.

Bai Su stared at him, then closed her eyes after a moment. When she opened them again, she turned her back towards Su Ming. She looked at the sky in the distance and lifted her hand to tie up her hair once again before tearing her collar and dragging out the fur over there so that she looked as if she had a ball of soft fur wrapped around her neck.

Once she was done, she lowered her head and tore away a large portion of her long dress. When the dress was torn to shreds and they flew into the wind, the skin-tight long trousers underneath it were revealed, along with the fur boots on her feet.

After that, she turned around and pursed her lips while looking at Su Ming. The disgust in her eyes was no longer there, replaced by a gentle look. The two braids in front of her shoulders moved as she turned around, and it led to the a few locks floating before her eyes.

A wild and untamed feeling seeped out of Bai Su's expressions, her clothes, and her appearance. As snow was brought down by the wind, some of it landed on her hair.

Yet it could not hide the gentleness lying underneath her wild gaze. Her eyes dazed Su Ming once again.

The snowstorm grew bigger, and when it blew between her and Su Ming, everything seemingly turned silent. Only snow remained falling from the sky and only they remained staring into each other's eyes.

"Su Ming, you're back... do you remember me...?" Her gentle voice echoed in the surroundings, as if it had fused with the snow; it silenced Su Ming.

A smile appeared on Bai Su's face. That smile was very pure, beautiful, happy. When she looked at Su Ming, her laughter rang like silver bells. She took a step back and her whole body left the platform. Without the power of Awakening and anything to support her feet, she fell rapidly down the canyons of the ninth summit.

"Su Ming, you're back... but I... left..."

Bai Su continued falling, and a wild glare appeared in her eyes. She did not want to take defeat lying down, she wanted to take the risk! As she fell, she kept her eyes trained on the platform of the ninth summit that was growing further away until she fell on something soft and wind lifted her up, allowing the speed of her falling body to gradually slow down. A pleased expression appeared on Bai Su's face once again.

"I won the first day!"

Su Ming turned around silently and walked to his cave abode. The moment he turned though, he mumbled softly, "She's also similar to you when she was being unreasonable..."

Chapter 277: Cause

The first true contact between Bai Su and Su Ming ended when the sky became dark and the moon showed up. Bai Su thought she won that day. She thought that she had done her best and successfully made Su Ming notice her, planting a faint mark in his heart.

If she did not win, then why would he look dazed when she met him initially? If she did not win, then why would he use that gentle wind when they parted ways?

Bai Su thought that she had completely won. Her act when she left had even unfolded all the unreasonableness and boldness within her.

When she thought about it, Bai Su could still feel her heart pounding against her chest. She sat down within her cave in the seventh summit and looked at the bronze mirror before her. She looked at her own reflection in the mirror. Gradually, a prideful look appeared on her face.

"Su Ming, you must have not expected me to do this, heh heh."

When Bai Su thought of what had happened, besides her heart starting to race in her chest, a hint of lingering fear also rose within her.

She had no idea what had come over her to do something so crazy. It was as if at that moment she was no longer herself but had turned into someone else entirely.

She looked into the bronze mirror and that person in the mirror became strange and unfamiliar to her. That person had her hair tied by a red string. Her braids fell on her shoulders, and there were crystals stuck on her forehead. This appearance was one Bai Su had never put on before this day.

She looked at herself, and simply continued looking...

"This appearance isn't so bad..."

Bai Su smiled with pursed lips and slowly closed her eyes before immersing herself in her meditation. That day, she did not look for Si Ma Xin. In fact, Si Ma Xin's name never crossed her mind, which was an event that had never happened before.

With a joy that she did not even realize she was experiencing and a smug smile on her lips, she eagerly waited for the next day.

During that night, it was silent on the ninth summit. Zi Che stood respectfully outside Su Ming's cave abode. Before him were a dozen ice rocks the size of fists.

Freezing air seeped out of the ice rocks, and when wind blew past, the freezing air blew into Su Ming's face, causing his eyes to flicker.

"This stone won't melt even when burned, but it's not sturdy. You can use cold air and mold the stone into all sorts of shapes. Master, I didn't have much time, that's why I could only find this number of stones... but don't worry, I will continue searching. Give me a month and I'll be able to gather much more," Zi Che said respectfully. When he saw Su Ming nodding, he retreated a few hundred feet away before sitting down and waiting for new orders.

Su Ming looked at the dozen ice rocks and picked one up. Immediately, he felt the rock weighing down his hand. It was only the size of a fist, but it felt like he was holding onto a mountain that was the height of a human.

"It's such a strange stone, but it has such fatal weakness."

Su Ming clenched his right hand. Cracks immediately appeared on the ice rock and, with a bang, it shattered into several pieces, each piece still weighing far more than their actual size.

Once Su Ming picked up the shattered pieces, he brought out an item from his storage bag with his left hand. Once that item appeared, Zi Che's pupils instantly shrank.

It was a spherical pearl - Spirit Plunder!

Once that pill was brought out, it absorbed all the light in the surroundings and the area became dark, making it seem like there was a void floating before Su Ming.

If a person could see through the dim light outside the pill and into the pill itself, they could clearly see that there were wisps of smoke within that were moving about slowly. At the center of the wisps was an ice flower. There was an enchanting eye floating above the ice flower, and that eye had two pupils!

Su Ming had no access to any cold air that would allow him to change the ice rocks into the shape he wanted, even if most of the people in Freezing Sky Clan trained using cold.

However, Su Ming had Spirit Plunder. A thread of the prodigy Si Ma Xin's Berserker Mark was in the pill. As Su Ming pointed at Spirit Plunder with his left hand, the dim light on the pill instantly vanished and was replaced with the seemingly sealed ice that flowed on top of the wisps of smoke.

The chilling air from the flower wound up Su Ming's left hand. When he pressed his hand on the ice rocks, that cold air spread out and surrounded them.

As the cold air seeped into the stones and gradually fused with the dozen ice rocks, the rocks started shrinking. After the time taken to burn an incense stick, when Su Ming lifted his hand and the cold air dissipated, two hoops made from those dozen ice rocks appeared before him.

The two hoops were of normal size and were very fragile. They could be destroyed if he used the slightest strength, but the weight added together of the two hoops was equal to a small hill.

Su Ming took up the hoops and a grave look appeared on his face. The two were very heavy, but not to the point that he could not lift them up. Yet if he had more pairs of

these things, then unless he circulated his Qi, then he would be unable to move them with his physical body.

'I hope you'll be able to help me increase my speed.'

A light flickered in Su Ming's eyes and he placed the two ice hoops on his feet before standing up and taking a step forward.

The moment he took a step forward, the platform shuddered.

'It's still not enough.'

Su Ming walked around back and forth on the platform. Once he found that he was not in too much discomfort, he no longer thought about it and sat down once again. With the moonlight shining on his face, he looked at the moon in the sky and a contemplative look appeared in his eyes.

'I can use ice rocks to increase my speed, but that's only to increase my physical body's speed. It won't help me increase my speed when I fly...

'That's already not part of my physical abilities, but an Art...'

Su Ming looked at the moon in the sky, and a scene gradually appeared in his eyes.

There was a golden light shining in the horizon within that scene. That golden light stirred up a huge gust of wind and traveled 10,000 lis in distance in the span of a breath, approaching the place at a shocking speed before turning into the Golden Roc that was about 10,000 feet in size.

"This is the fastest speed I've ever witnessed!" Su Ming mumbled and closed his eyes.

After a moment, he opened them and brought out the drawing board. He drew a few lines with his right hand and immediately, a Golden Roc appeared on the drawing board before his eyes.

'In regards to my speed, I can use the ice rocks to train my body so it'll be able to resist the pressure brought by faster speeds, which will in turn increase my physical speed!

'Similarly, I can copy the instant the Golden Roc flapped its wings and use it as the second Style in my Picture Creation. By doing so, I'll be able to increase my speed more completely.'

Determination appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

'As for my defense... I have to wait for third senior brother to bring me those Runes before I can begin the tests.'

Su Ming sank into his thoughts once again for a while before he focused his attention and started drawing on the drawing board once again.

He was so absorbed in it that he ignored everything else around him. His entire mind was on the drawing board, and as he drew, multiple flying Golden Rocs appeared on it.

Every single time the Golden Rocs flapped its wings, their feathers would change, their bodies would transform, and under Su Ming's hand, the differences of each individual bird gradually became clearer.

It was the same as when he had copied Si Ma Xin's sword attack. He would continuously copy it to search for his own Creation.

When morning arrived and the morning sun rose in the horizon, Bai Su came once again to the ninth summit.

She was still dressed in that manner and was still smiling while showing her canines. With a proud expression on her face, she walked past Zi Che and stood before Su Ming. She looked at him sitting there with the morning sun shining on him as he drew on the drawing board.

Bai Su stood by the side and watched for a moment but could only see Su Ming moving his finger on the drawing board. She could not see what he drew. In her eyes, that drawing board was empty.

After a moment, she grew impatient.

"Hey, I've been waiting for half a day! Stop pretending I'm not here!"

It was as if Su Ming did not hear her and simply continued drawing. When Zi Che saw this in the distance, he smiled wryly and turned his head around to not watch them anymore. He could not understand Su Ming's actions. If he hated the girl, then why did he let her come here, but if he did not hate the girl, then why did he not choose to see her from the very beginning?

Zi Che could not see through the secrets behind this.

When Bai Su saw that Su Ming still pretended to not have heard her, she let out a harrumph and went forward to snatch his drawing board, yet the moment she wanted to act, for some unknown reason, when she saw the concentrated look on Su Ming's face, her outstretched hand froze.

It was as if she hesitated for a moment, but her hand still seized the drawing board. The instant she touched the drawing board, her hair suddenly floated up and the red string tying up her hair immediately broke, causing her long hair to fall down. Her clothes started flapping viciously as if a violent gust of wind was blowing against her.

Bai Su's face instantly turned pale and a dazed look appeared in her eyes, as if she had lost her soul and it was sucked into the drawing board. Right before her eyes, an unfamiliar world appeared.

She saw a golden light passing by through a dark sky. Once that golden light passed by, another appeared.

She had no idea how long it lasted, but Bai Su saw countless golden lights.

The moment she felt as if she forgot herself and her mind turned blank, an aloof voice seemed to echo within the clouded and indistinct world.

"This is a lesson for you, don't interrupt my training."

After the words, Bai Su felt as if her soul returned and she regained control of her own body. She trembled, and the world before her shattered. Once her vision reassembled itself, she saw Su Ming's eyes.

There was calmness within his eyes, but within that calmness was a might that made her heart tremble. That imposing might in his eyes was one that Si Ma Xin did not possess.

Under his gaze, an indescribable fatigue and weakness spread through her whole body. She staggered a few steps back and her vision blurred. She fell unconscious to the ground.

She fainted because she did not have the divine sense Su Ming had that had surpassed most of those in the Berserker Tribe. With her weak mind, she could not handle the Golden Roc's light that was formed by Su Ming's repeated drawings.

"Send her down. We'll have a few days of peace," Su Ming said slowly, then continued immersing himself in copying the Golden Roc.

Zi Che quickly walked forward. With one wave of his arm, he took Bai Su away from the ninth summit.

Chapter 278: Dream

Dream

There was a legend that had been around for a long time among the people in the Berserker Tribe. It was said that this legend had been circulating about since the era of the first God of Berserkers.

The legend spoke about the land of the Berserker Tribe before it was divided into five continents a long time ago. In the land far south was a butterfly called Harmonious Morus Alba¹. That butterfly was not big, only the size of a palm. She had all the colors in the world and all of them were different.

She flew in the sky but could not be seen by normal people, because she belonged to the world placed even higher than the ninth heaven, a world that was filled with hurricanes.

In the legends, it was said that even though she was a butterfly and had beautiful wings, she could only flap her wings three times in her life. Besides these three times, she would otherwise float in the wind.

The first time she flapped her wings it would be to fly into the place above the ninth heaven once she was born.

The second time she would flap her wings at the peak of her life. It would be to show off those magnificent colors in search of her companions, but she would be unable to find them.

The last time she would flap her wings at the point when her life ended. To leave a mark in the world, she would use all her strength, and the moment she would finish flapping her wings, her body would turn into sparkles of light and scatter to the ground in wind like seeds. These seeds would turn into cocoons, but only one of them would turn into a butterfly.

This legend spoke of the three times the Harmonious Morus Alba flapped her wings. There were also a series of other legends attached to this. It was said that when she flapped her wings the first time, an earth shattering change would happen to the southern lands.

The second flap of her wings would cause a mass of corpses with grey eyes to appear on the eastern lands.

Her third flap would cause the snow in the northern lands to bring about a long lasting night that would last for ten years.

That was the legend.

That was a legend that Su Ming had never heard of before, but Bai Su had.

At night, the unconscious Bai Su woke up in her dreams. She looked at the unfamiliar world before her with a dazed look and stood alone, a lost expression on her face.

She knew that she was dreaming and that everything she saw was an illusion, none of this existed in reality.

Yet she could not truly wake up from the dream and make it disappear.

She could see snow on the ground and more snow falling from the dark sky. It was quiet all around her. There was only one mountain range located in one direction in the distance. Everywhere else was flatland.

That one spot with the mountain range had a mountain that could not be seen clearly because it was covered by the snowstorm. She had a feeling that she had seen that mountain somewhere before. It was a mountain that shot into the clouds like a person's hands stretching out from the ground and wanting to lift the curtain in the sky!

"Where... is this...?" Bai Su mumbled, and she looked more lost than ever before.

In the midst of her confusion, she walked slowly forward. The snow trail under her feet seemed to be time itself, causing her to feel as if she was walking through all four seasons of the world with each step she took. As she continued walking, she arrived at a forest. She had no idea how long she had been in there, but at some point in time, she suddenly heard excited chatter by her ears.

That voice came from afar and caused Bai Su to stop. Instinctively, she moved to the direction of the voices.

Gradually, she passed through the mountain forest and saw something...

It was a large mass of land that did not have any forest. There were a lot of skin tents over there, along with many powerful Berserkers patrolling the area with aloof gazes. There were quite a number of people weaving in and out of the skin tents. That place was a small market.

There were a lot of squares like these in the Land of South Morning so that small tribes could trade with each other.

Bai Su looked at the unfamiliar faces. The chatter she heard sounded real, but when she looked at these people, they could not see her. One of the patrolling Berserkers even passed through Bai Su's body.

"This is..."

She was even more lost.

Yet right when she started feeling lost, she suddenly shuddered. She saw two people running quickly from the forest located not too far away.

One of the two looked very strong and had an honest face. The other person running beside him was also a teenager, but he looked frail. He had a handsome face and his eyes shone with a clear light.

He wore clothes made of beast skins and his features still showed his naivety, but the moment Bai Su saw the boy, she was shaken.

"Su... Su Ming!"

Bai Su's breathing quickened. She had never expected that she would see Su Ming in her dreams!

The Su Ming before her eyes was still a naive boy. That frail looking person bore similarities to the Su Ming in her memories, but there were many more differences, so many that they seemed completely different people.

Yet at that moment, a delicate voice shouting in anger rang out.

"Lei Chen!"

Bai Su instinctively looked over. When she saw the young girl speaking, a roar echoed through her mind. She saw a young girl, and she was dressed in a shirt made of mink fur. Her long hair was tied up with a red string made of straw and there were small braids falling down her shoulders while glittering crystals decorating her forehead. With anger in her eyes and a frown on her face, she looked at Su Ming's companion, who was standing by his side.

Her appearance made Bai Su fall into a trance.

That was a young girl... with the exact same appearance as Bai Su.

It was the end. The sights froze in Bai Su's eyes and gradually disappeared. She opened her eyes swiftly and sweat beaded on her forehead. She looked around herself and found that she was back in her cave abode.

It was quiet outside. Not a hint of sound could be heard.

Bai Su stared blankly forward, her eyes unfocused. Her mind was still stuck seeing the things in her dream.

After a long while, Bai Su draped a robe over her shoulders and pushed open the door to her abode. The sky was dark, and a gust of cold wind made her feel slightly cold.

She stood outside her cave abode and looked at the dark sky. Under the moonlight, her gaze eventually fell on the ninth summit. As she looked at it, a befuddled and complicated look appeared in her eyes.

"Why did I have that dream...? Are the things in the dream real... or fake...?" Bai Su mumbled.

That same night, as Su Ming repeatedly copied the Golden Roc, at one point, when he drew one particular line, his finger froze and a dreamlike scene surfaced in his mind.

It contained a land where wind and snow continuously blew. The wind was strong and snow floated in the air, obscuring his vision. He could not see too far ahead, but he could still see a young girl about seven to eight years old crying as she ran ahead.

Walking in front of the young girl was a woman who had her back turned towards the young girl and was slowly disappearing into the distance.

"Mama, don't go... Mama, don't you want me anymore...?"

The woman stopped for a moment, but she did not turn back, and then simply continuing walking forward at a brisk pace. Among the snow, the young girl's crying voice was the only sound that could be heard.

When she could no longer run and fell to the ground, she still struggled to get up and tried to continue running forward with tears streaming down her face. She wanted to hold her mother's hand. She wanted to make her mother stay.

Yet that woman continued walking away until her figure could no longer be seen in the snowstorm. The young girl continued crying until she seemed to have used up all the strength in her fragile body and fell onto the snow, unmoving.

The wind blew strongly against her body, causing the young girl to curl into herself. She closed her eyes, and while she continued calling out to her mother in faint whispers, she lost consciousness.

Her right pinky gradually became green—that was the color of flesh being frozen...

Su Ming looked at all of this and did not speak.

Eventually, a man walked out into the snowstorm. The man appeared indistinct in Su Ming's eyes and he could not see his face clearly. He walked to the girl's side and crouched down before gently taking her up and walking into the distance.

"Su Su, come home with papa..."

The scene froze here for Su Ming. As it gradually disappeared, his body shuddered and woke up. He looked at his right index finger which remained frozen on the drawing board. After a short period of bewilderment, he looked at a corner of the drawing board swiftly.

That was the spot Bai Su had touched.

Su Ming let his mind wander for a moment before he brushed the corner Bai Su had touched with his right hand, and a pensive look appeared in his eyes.

'Why did that happen...? Ever since I Awakened, I never dreamed. That voice in my dreams never appeared either... But when I was copying the Golden Roc just now, I fell into a trance.'

Su Ming frowned.

'That dream did not seem fake, and there's no way it appeared out of nowhere. There must be a reason to this!'

Su Ming stayed silent and thought for a long time. When dawn was almost over and the first rays of sunlight started showing signs of appearing, a thought suddenly struck him like lightning.

'Could it be... when Bai Su touched the drawing board yesterday and had that brief instant of contact with my divine sense when I was fully concentrated in my task, it also meant that our memories were connected for a short moment of time...?'

'And because of that I had that dream just now!'

'The divine sense also has the power to look into other people's memories?'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. His eyes flashed, and before the sky was fully bright, he turned into a long arc and left the ninth summit. He charged to the foot of the mountain.

There were plenty of creatures who loved the cold, lurking around the endless ice outside Freezing Sky Clan. Due to the climate of the place, most of these creatures were aggressive.

Su Ming stayed in one particular ice plains for nearly two hours. The sky was already bright by that time, and eight Ice Wolf carcasses lay beside him.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and placed it on the head of one of the living Ice Wolves and closed his own eyes. After a moment, he opened them once again, and the instant he did so, that Ice Wolf shuddered, fell to the side, and died.

Su Ming's eyes shone with curiosity. After a moment of silence, he turned into a long arc and left the place to return to the ninth summit.

Yet the moment he arrived at the ninth summit and stood on the platform outside his cave, he saw Bai Su coming once again. When he saw her, the feeling of familiarity coming from her appearance and expression surpassed that of the previous day.

The beast skin boots, black mink fur coat, straight posture, hair tied up with a red string, and the anger in her eyes along with the frown between her brows...

Under the deliberate disguise, this Bai Su had become exactly the same as the girl she had seen in her dream, no matter her clothes or her appearance!

桑相 is the legendary butterfly. 桑 (sang) is mulberry, and that's the only name for it.

相 (xiang) has a lot of meanings:

- 1) Appearance
- 2) Bearing
- 3) Phase
- 4) Photo
- 5) Observe
- 6) Help
- 7) Mutual
- 8) Get along
- 9) Harmonious relationship (archaic).

After a heck load of thought, Harmonious Morus Alba was chosen, because no matter how I went with word + mulberry, it still sounded ridiculous, so I went for the Latin version of mulberry, which is morus alba, and came up with Harmonious Morus Alba. I mean, imagine Harmonious Mulberry, and then everyone freaking out about Harmonious Mulberry. I can't take it seriously, and it's supposed to be something that can destroy the world once it flaps its wings.

I really, really wanted to go for pinyin, but 1) I wanted to restrict it to strictly human names, 2) unless the word itself only means a surname, like Puqiang Tribe, where Qiang is a surname, 3) or the word means a province and it doesn't make sense in English, like Han Mountain City, which would have been Province Mountain City, I

wanted to keep everything in English as much as possible, no matter how ridiculous it sounded.

So... Harmonious Morus Alba it is.

Chapter 279: The Howling Wind before the Storm

As Su Ming looked at Bai Su, Bai Su too was looking at Su Ming. That morning, the two of them stared at each other on the platform outside his cave.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming hypnotized and bewildered for an instant, she no longer felt pleased with herself. There was only an indescribable feeling within her.

She knew that her dream... might very well have been real.

That frail looking boy in her dream gradually overlapped with the Su Ming before her.

Su Ming looked at Bai Su and walked towards her until he stood right before her. He looked at that familiar face, and after a long while, he lifted his hand and grabbed her right hand, lowering his head to look at it.

This was the first time he touched Bai Su's skin. She shuddered and instinctively struggled, but she could not escape Su Ming's grasp.

Most of the time, Su Ming only took note of Bai Su's face, which was the exact same as Bai Ling's. He had never observed any other part of her body, until now. He looked at Bai Su's right pinky. It might be as white as a pearl, but it was curled up. It... could not straighten out.

Bai Su broke free from his grasp and took a few steps back before she looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings in her heart.

"You... You saw it?"

Su Ming nodded.

Bai Su was silent for a moment, then asked, "Why did this happen?"

When she lifted her head, that complicated look could still be seen in her heart. That finger was her secret. She did not want anyone knowing about it. It was her most vulnerable part, and she had not even told Si Ma Xin about it.

"You should not have interrupted my training..."

Su Ming shook his head and walked past Bai Su before sitting down on the stone outside his cave abode and bringing out his drawing board to resume drawing.

Bai Su stood still for a long while, then for the first time, she turned around quietly. Without making any noise, without becoming proud of herself, without any hint of fury, she left the ninth summit, bringing with her mixed feelings in her heart.

When she left, Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the direction she had left before sighing softly.

'This is your destiny, and also my Creation... This is the path you chose, I didn't force you to... When you can no longer tell who you are, Si Ma Xin will lose.'

Time trickled by without anyone noticing it, and in the blink of an eye, another three months passed by.

There were less than six months left till Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. During those six months, an increasing number of people in Freezing Sky Clan entered their final isolation, begun their final preparations, and occasionally, some Freezing Sky Clan disciples would travel together to go to the affiliated tribes located at the borders of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, which were located not too far away from the school itself.

There were quite a number of squares over there, and the disciples could buy some of the things they needed. Some people would even bring a lot of things that were unique to the other parts of the Land of South Morning to trade in those squares.

The Sky Mist Battle that only happened once a decade would also bring about a many new trading squares. They would not only be formed by the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky itself, but would of many outsiders as well.

This was even more so for the Great Sky Mist Battle that only happened once a century. That was why during this period of time, there were two incredibly lively spots in the entire Land of South Morning. One of them was the trading square outside Western Sea Clan, and the other was the trading square outside Freezing Sky Clan.

Almost every day, there would be Freezing Sky Clan disciples going to these trading squares to get the items they needed. And since the amount of people going to them increased, auctions would also be occasionally held. The items that were brought out during these auctions would usually incite a large amount of interest from the crowd.

During the last three months, besides copying the actions of the Golden Roc in flight, Su Ming also trained his body by adding more weight onto himself after a set amount of time. Right now, there were already eight ice hoops on his legs.

The eight hoops were hidden underneath Su Ming's robes and no one knew about them besides him and Zi Che. Every single time the latter watched Su Ming walking as if he was the wind itself, he would feel shocked. He knew clearly just how heavy those eight hoops were. They were as heavy as hills, and under that weight, Su Ming would need to exert a great amount of effort to take a step.

Zi Che could be said to have witnessed everything that had happened to Su Ming after he wore those ice hoops. He had started relaxed, then whenever he added more ice hoops to each leg, he would be unable to take even a step forward. His body would tremble, and he would need to stand still for an entire day before he could marginally get used to it.

When he could walk around with ease with those three ice hoops on each leg, he added a fourth hoop and began a new round of getting used to that new weight. Gradually, those four ice hoops did not feel as if they weighed anything to Su Ming on his legs. It did not matter whether he walked or flew, he could do so at his normal speed.

Yet only Zi Che knew that Su Ming had poured in a large amount of effort to be able to do this. During these three months, he had practically not slept. Besides copying, having black fog surrounding his body and that Divine General Armor of his appearing, Su Ming used all the rest of his time getting used to the additional weights.

During these three months, Su Ming's Divine General Armor would frequently appear. Sometimes, it would gather up and turn into Armor, and at other times, it would scatter around him. Every single time the black fog from his Armor appeared, Su Ming would pour all his attention into using fine control along with his divine sense to start making a series of combinations for his Armor.

These combinations were made according to the dozens of Runes Hu Zi had sent to him two months ago, and the changes were made according to the transformations within those Runes itself. This was that absurd idea Su Ming had had.

If he could not increase the methods he had to defend himself, then he would have to create them himself. The best way was to control the black fog he obtained when he was Awakening was to turn it into various Runes as the black fog was in the process of manifesting into his Armor.

In theory, it was simple, but when it really came down to it, it was difficult. Su Ming had no knowledge whatsoever regarding Runes, so it was hard to make them with the black fog without making any mistakes.

Besides, Hu Zi mostly relied on his natural talent in this area and could not explain the concepts clearly to Su Ming. Su Ming had to rely on himself to understand everything. Fortunately, his Picture Creation allowed him to copy everything in the world, and after spending a large amount of time on it, he had managed to form a Rune as the black fog turned into Armor after a dozen tries since he started.

However, not only was this Rune the most basic of all Runes, the transformations within it were also limited. After the few times it transformed, Su Ming could no longer control it. He would need more precise fine control and a far stronger divine sense before he could perhaps do it.

Nonetheless, Su Ming did not give up. Even if he had only succeeded once out of those dozens of times, and that success was not perfect, once he tested it out, he could clearly feel that the illusionary Divine General Armor's defense had increased by a large amount.

This was a direction for him. When the day came that he could control it perfectly, then his Divine General Armor's defense would be incredibly powerful, even though it had no physical form and was just a mere illusion.

Su Ming had been continuously training and making preparations during these three months. But besides training, Bai Su had also been coming every single day during those three months.

The complicated look in her eyes only appeared for the first few days. Once half a month went by, she seemed to have come around to her thoughts and returned to her unreasonable self. She maintained that particular appearance, and the outside of Su Ming's cave abode would be noisy every single day.

"Su Ming, what exactly are you drawing? I've been watching you draw for several months, but nothing ever comes out!"

"Su Ming, see whether this looks similar, I drew a mountain!"

"Su Ming, can you just lift up your head and talk to me? Has anyone ever told you that you're like a mute?!"

Snow floated down from the sky above the ninth summit. Bai Su sat beside Su Ming and glared at him in rage. There was a piece of black charcoal in her hands and a drawing board that was identical to the one Su Ming had in his hands. She drew on it angrily a few times.

Su Ming did not open his mouth to speak. He remained seated with his legs crossed and his eyes closed. Black fog surrounded his body and turned into several strange shapes, but they would disappear soon because they could not maintain their shape.

When she saw that Su Ming was not reacting, Bai Su picked up her drawing board and threw it at Su Ming angrily, but the moment that drawing board got close to him, it stopped in midair.

Bai Su stood up and threw the piece of charcoal in her hand at Su Ming as well.

That charcoal also stopped before Su Ming.

Bai Su seemed to be used to this sort of thing happening. She was not at all surprised and took a few quick steps towards Su Ming. She lifted her foot and was just about to kick him, but the moment she lifted her foot, she forced it down once again and glared at Su Ming, who still had his eyes closed, in anger.

She had tried to kick him like this before, but the consequences were horrible.

Yet when Su Ming continued sitting there with his eyes closed as if he did not hear her words, Bai Su could not control her temper. She gritted her teeth and lifted her foot to kick him.

"I'll kick you, you stupid mute. I'll kick you..."

She kicked, but before her foot touched Su Ming, she immediately let out a cry of surprise. As if she was caught by an invisible hand, she floated beside Su Ming with her head downwards... along with her drawing board and charcoal.

"Su Ming, you... you jerk!" Bai Su yelled out, and fury once again burned in her eyes. She tried twisting herself, but she still continued floating with her head pointing downwards.

As she continued yelling, Bai Su could not help but grow tired. As time passed by, she became dizzy and her cheeks became flushed. She decided to shut up, but the anger in her eyes did not go away. In her mind, she continued thinking of ways to deal with Su Ming.

At that moment, a long arc approached the place and turned into Zi Che on the platform. He took a few brisk steps forward to Su Ming's side, and he also saw Bai Su, who was floating upside down.

When Bai Su saw Zi Che looking over, she started yelling again, "What are you looking at?! What's so nice about it?! Haven't you seen this before?!"

Zi Che straight up ignored Bai Su's words. During these three months, he had already gotten used to her tantrums and Su Ming's subsequent punishments for her.

"Master, there are no more ice rocks. I've searched through many places, but I couldn't find them. The trading square at the borders of Freezing Sky Clan have been really lively lately, though. Many of the sect members go there regularly, so there must be ice rocks around.

"Please grant me permission to leave the ninth summit temporarily to go to the square in your place."

"Trading square?" Su Ming opened his eyes. The black fog around him seeped into his body and disappeared.

"The closer Sky Mist Battle gets, the more trading squares like these will appear at the borders between the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky and Freezing Sky Clan. Don't worry, Master, I'll only need half a month to return," Zi Che quickly replied.

"Be careful," Su Ming muttered softly.

He had gained some understanding towards controlling his Divine General Armor's black fog lately and did not want his training to stop because he had to go out. He nodded his head, lifted his right hand, and tapped Zi Che's body, temporarily lifting his restraints.

Chapter 280: Ignorant

Zi Che shuddered slightly and closed his eyes for a moment. When he opened them, a brilliant light shone within his eyes. The freedom that returned to him after a long period of time made him suck in a deep breath. When he looked at Su Ming and saw the calm gaze level at him, Zi Che quickly straightened his thoughts and wrapped his fist around his palm to bow.

"Master..."

"Just call me uncle master. I released your seal for ten days. Within ten days, you must come back," Su Ming interrupted Zi Che's words. He did not know when it started, but Zi Che had gradually started to refer to him as his owner.

When he heard Su Ming's words, Zi Che fell silent for a moment. "Uncle master, I won't need ten days, just three to five days are sufficient for me. I'll take my leave now."

Zi Che took a few steps back and flew up in a long arc. He took a leap in the sky before charging towards the horizon.

After Zi Che left, Su Ming's gaze fell on Bai Su, who was still hanging upside down. With a wave of his right hand, her body was instantly flipped over and placed on the ground. At the same time, the drawing board and charcoal flew towards her and floated beside her.

"Su Ming, you..."

Bai Su might have been suspended in the air for most of the day, but her anger was still burning strongly, making her look like an angry lion cub. She might not be baring her teeth and showing her claws, but her expression was quite close to that of a lion cub.

"If you continue making noise, I'll chase you out of the mountain today! And I'll never tell you what I drew."

The ghost of a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. His tone was not high, but it made Bai Su glare angrily at him for a while. She then turned her head sideways and let out a harrumph.

During these three months, Su Ming had discovered one of Bai Su's weaknesses. This girl's curiosity far exceeded a normal person's and she really wanted to know what Su Ming had been drawing the past few months. Once he caught onto it, Su Ming gained the upper hand most of the times when he spoke to Bai Su.

When he saw that she was no longer bothering him, Su Ming no longer continued trying to bring about any transformation to his Divine General Armor but brought out his drawing board and began copying the Golden Roc's flight with full attention.

Time passed by, and soon the sun set, though the last rays of light still shone in the sky, creating a beautiful scene. At that moment, Bai Su found herself unable to quell her curiosity once again and walked to Su Ming's side with a frown, then watched him sketching on the drawing board that remained empty in her eyes.

No matter how long she watched it, she could not see anything, just like how she usually could not.

'Hmph, you're just pretending to be mysterious!' Bai Su mumbled in her heart and cast a glance at Su Ming. He looked incredibly focused on his task, and that attentive look made him even more horrible in Bai Su's eyes for some unknown reason.

However, she simply thought he was horrible, the disdain and scorn of a few months ago was no longer there.

Bai Su did not notice this unconscious change that had happened to her.

When dusk was over and the sky gradually became dark, she averted her gaze and let out a few fake coughs by the side.

"I know what you're drawing."

"So you're drawing this, huh...?"

"Not bad. It's marginally acceptable, but there's something wrong with this part."

As Bai Su spoke, she quickly pointed at a spot on Su Ming's drawing board with her right hand.

"But there's something lacking in this drawing, so the entire feel for the portrait is gone... If you change the brush strokes here, then it'll be better."

"This part too isn't really that good."

Bai Su put on an air as if she had seen through what Su Ming was drawing and started giving directions as if she was an old expert in this.

Yet Su Ming continued to be like a block of wood, as if he did not hear her.

Though she might be slightly used to Su Ming ignoring her this way, Bai Su still felt herself burning with rage. She had a feeling that all her anger of this life had been forcefully dragged out of her during the course of these three months. This was something that was rarely seen in her life.

"You self-conceited, egotistical jerk! You're just pretending to be mysterious, pretending to be deaf. You jerk! Jerk!" Bai Su stomped her feet and turned around to walk to the side.

She was just about to leave, but after taking a few steps, she found herself not wanting to take defeat lying down. She turned her head back and looked at Su Ming, who was still sitting on the platform with his usual calm expression, fully absorbed in drawing.

Bai Su glared at him angrily for a long while before grabbing her drawing board and sitting down. Once she scribbled on it with her charcoal, the anger on her face turned into a smile, though she still occasionally glared at Su Ming.

Eventually, when it was completely dark, she placed her drawing board before Su Ming, let out a snort again, and left the mountain.

When she left, a pleased expression appeared on her face once again. Her lips would occasionally curl up in a happy smile as she was on her way back to the seventh summit, looking forward to tomorrow.

"It's his fault for bullying me. I'll ask him whether he saw my drawing tomorrow and how it looks like to him."

Bai Su placed her hands behind her back and walked up the mountain happily. Her hair, which were tied with a red string, danced in the air. The two braids by her ears swayed as she moved, making her look incredibly adorable.

The smile on her lips and the smug expression on her face made Bai Su possess a completely different beauty compared to a few months prior.

"Ah, isn't that sister Su Su? Come, let your older sister look at you. Just what exactly made you so happy?"

A delicate laughter came from behind Bai Su as she walked up the seventh summit's stairs. Soon, girl who was about the same age as Bai Su came out as well.

The girl was also very pretty, and as she laughed, a teasing look appeared on her face.

Bai Su quickly turned her head back. When she saw the girl, a light flush appeared on her cheeks, but she soon glared at her.

"Chen Chan Er, you're younger than me by a few days, how dare you call yourself my 'older sister'? I'm older than you, and I entered the school earlier than you did. I'm the senior sister here." As Bai Su spoke, she also started laughing and started playing with Chen Chan Er once she walked up to her.

"Alright, alright, you're the senior brother... Ah, stop it, I'm ticklish..."

"It's your fault for talking so weirdly to me just now."

Playful sounds along with laughter that sounded like silver bells echoing with joy traveled down the stairs leading up to the seventh summit. The two girls played and chased each other up the mountain.

"Su Su, I have to stop talking to you now. I have to go to eldest senior sister." Chen Chan Er patted her chest when they were at the mountainside, calmed her breathing, and spoke to Bai Su with a smile.

"Alright, I have to go back to my cave abode too." Bai Su's cheeks were flushed due to her frolicking around just now. She nodded her head with a smile.

Chen Chan Er was just about to leave when she hesitated for a moment and looked at Bai Su.

"Su Su... I heard that you've been... going to the ninth summit for the past few months?"

Bai Su was taken aback. She cast a glance at Chen Chan Er and did not speak.

"I just saw you going to the ninth summit again to look for that horrid Su Ming." When Chen Chan Er mentioned Su Ming's name, a look of distaste appeared on her face. "Su Su, that Su Ming is very annoying and egotistical. He thinks he can strut around like he's some hotshot just because he came to a tie with senior brother Si Ma. Who the heck does he think he is? I hate that type of people the most."

"Don't be fooled by his flattery. I understand that type of person the most, he..." When Chen Chan Er saw Bai Su not making a sound, she continued speaking.

Yet before she could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Bai Su.

"That's enough. He's not as hateful as you said he is."

Bai Su's words tumbled out of her mouth instinctively, and when she finished speaking, she was stunned.

In her mind, she was the only one who could call him egotistical, pretentious, and arrogant. If anyone else said those things, she would feel uncomfortable.

"Su Su, you have to believe me. I understand him more than you do. I went to summon him over on behalf of eldest senior sister before, but I had to go there multiple times. I know exactly how he is!

"He definitely showers you with flatter and butters you up. He's absolutely nothing compared to big brother Si Ma. Big brother Si Ma is the one who's truly nice to you."

Chen Chan Er sighed lightly and looked at Bai Su.

Bai Su remained silent. When she heard Si Ma Xin's name, a dazed look appeared in her eyes. He appeared faintly in her head, but she could not see him clearly.

Over the past few months, while she had initially wanted to see Si Ma Xin practically every single time, gradually, she would only think about him once every few days, and now, it had been a month or so that Si Ma Xin's name had not appeared in her head.

"Su Su, wake up, Su Ming isn't a good person. He's too arrogant. He doesn't even respect eldest senior sister, and it's only been a few months since he entered the school. He won't be able to last long with this attitude. Sky Mist Shaman Hunt is about to begin, with his attitude and with how he does things, he'll definitely die!"

The moment Chen Chan Er said those words, she suddenly stopped speaking, because Bai Su had lifted her head to look at her, and her gaze was cold.

"First off, I have my reasons to go to the ninth summit. The arrogant and haughty person you said who will surely die has never spoken a nice word to me. When we're together, most of the time, I'm the one talking and he's usually silent.

"There are plenty of times where he's immersed in his own world and other people cannot enter it. On the other hand, Si Ma... big brother Si Ma is completely different from him."

When she came to the latter half of her sentence, a mixed set of emotions filled her heart, causing her to be unable to continue. Instead, she turned around and left Chen Chan Er with an open mouth, as if she was about to speak.

Not long after Bai Su left the ninth summit, Su Ming slowly lowered his right hand. He lifted his head and looked at the sky. A frown gradually formed between his brows.

‘Something’s missing... I’ve been copying for three months, but I still can’t gain a deeper understanding towards this. It’s as if there’s a layer I can’t break through that’s covering the secret of the Golden Roc’s flight...

‘What am I lacking...?’

As Su Ming mulled over his thoughts, his gaze naturally fell on the drawing board Bai Su had left behind before she left.

The spot she placed the drawing board was ingenious. Su Ming would be able to see it the moment he lifted his head.

When he saw the drawing board, Su Ming smiled.

Bai Su had no talent for drawing. Most of the time, people would need to guess just what it was she had drawn, but this time, her drawing was simple. There was a girl with her hands on her hips on the drawing board. She stood on a cliff with her foot lifted and a smug expression on her face. She was kicking towards a huge pig that had its eyes closed and its head lowered.

By the looks of it, she wanted to kick the huge pig down the cliff.

There was Su Ming’s name scrawled on the pig’s forehead.

Su Ming shook his head and was about to avert his gaze when a bright glint appeared in his eyes. He stared at Bai Su’s drawing board and the light in his eyes grew brighter. Thunderous rumbles echoed in his head.

‘Could it be... it’s lacking...’

Chapter 281: Roc!

Su Ming stood up, and his gaze fell on Bai Su’s picture. Slowly, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them a moment later, he took a few steps forward and stood at the edge of the platform outside his cave abode.

The sky had already become completely dark, but the snow and ice underneath still shone with a white light, causing the land to not be shrouded in darkness.

The platform Su Ming was standing on was near the top of the ninth summit. It could be said that there were hundreds upon thousands of feet from where he was to the ground. If a normal person lowered his or her head to look down, they would find it hard to not have his or her heart start racing while also feeling dizzy.

Su Ming stood there and looked down as the light in his eyes flickered.

'The Golden Roc rode the winds in the world and flew above the ninth heaven. It won't be easy trying to copy the movements of the sacred beast of the Shaman Tribe, then Creating it for my own...

'If I don't have the Golden Roc's heart and don't feel the Roc's will, then it will be difficult to understand its spirit... then... just what are the Golden Roc's heart and will...?'

Su Ming stood there, silent for a long while before he closed his eyes. He lifted his right foot, then stepped off the border of the platform, and plunged straight down the canyon.

With that one step, his body was in the air. Without circulating his power of the Awakening Realm and using any enchanted treasure, his body started falling down the mountain like a rock.

His speed as he fell was very quick, so quick that whistling sounds sliced through the air as his body scraped against air. Su Ming closed his eyes and spread his arms open. As he continued falling, the image of the Golden Roc soaring through the clouds formed in his head.

'The Golden Roc's heart and its will are reflected as it flies through the world. Within its eyes, there is nothing in the world that can stop its path. It can fly endlessly in this vast sky.'

Su Ming fell even faster, and the sounds of wind moaning rose in his ears. The wind seemed to be able to tear through everything, and when it appeared, it was as if there was a strange sound mixed within it.

10,000 feet, 20,000 feet, 30,000 feet... Su Ming's eyes remained closed as he continued falling. Besides the Golden Roc, he had nothing else in his mind.

40,000 feet, 50,000 feet... When he had fallen 80,000 feet down and was very close to the foot of the mountain, when his body was charging towards the ground like a comet, all the blood in Su Ming's body started circulating backwards and surged towards his head, causing his head to buzz.

The buzzing sounds grew stronger, and gradually, Su Ming's will began to cloud over. Gradually, the Golden Roc also started fading away from his head.

The instant it turned into a mere illusion, Su Ming opened his eyes. When he did so, the buzzing sounds in his head turned into roars that could shake the sky and earth. The Golden Roc in his head lifted its head and let out a howl towards the sky.

'The Golden Roc's heart represents freedom. Its will is to be unrestrained, which is what is pursued in seeking freedom! That's why it's incredibly hard to tame it, because once the Roc is tamed, then it won't be free anymore. It would be the same as losing its spirit!

'Master's Golden Roc clearly did not have its freedom limited by Master. It could fly at will in the land of the Shamans. Only when Master needs it, then it will appear... There must be some other reasons to this, or else, just having to listen to Master's orders without any other reason would make it very miserable.'

Understanding appeared in Su Ming's eyes. His body continued plunging down, but he did nothing to stop himself. Instead, he simply let his body get rapidly closer to the ice on the ground, only lifting his right hand to draw two lines towards the sky!

The two lines contained all of Su Ming's strength, his understanding, and his perception towards the Golden Roc's will. The instant he drew the two lines, he was already less than 1,000 feet away from the ground. A sense of danger enveloped Su Ming's mind and body, but he did not try resist it. When he was only a few dozen feet away from the ground, he drew a perfect arc.

...And he shot into the air, straight into the skies. Su Ming traveled so quickly that he felt like he was crashing against mountain ranges, even though what lay before him was the endless sky.

This feeling was incredibly strong, and it could even be said that it was not just a mere figment of his imagination. It was real pain he sensed of when his body crashed against the wind.

While Su Ming was feeling as if he was crashing against mountains, the distance between the earth and sky shortened by several fold in his eyes. It was as if the two spots and two lines existing between the sky and earth fused together, and once they did, an abrupt change in their positions happened.

All of those things were what Su Ming felt in that instant. His body immediately turned into a black dot in the sky. Excitement appeared in his eyes, but there was sharp pain shooting up his body. During that instant, he had shot up into the sky from the ground at a terrifying speed. His body could not withstand that speed. Su Ming could tell that with his body's current tolerance, if he used that speed again, his body would be torn apart.

'Is... this the Golden Roc's speed...? No, this wasn't as fast as the Roc. I'm still slightly slower... but this is already astonishing!'

Su Ming quelled his excitement and did not dare use that speed anymore. He walked onto his platform on the ninth summit and immediately sat down. A mouthful of blood spilled out from his mouth.

Yet Su Ming thought that this spilling of blood was worth it. By coughing out blood once, he understood the will of the Golden Roc as it spread its wings, and placed it into his drawing. That was enough!

'My body is not strong enough. If I'm strong enough, then I can last longer, and with that speed... even the virescent sword won't be able to catch up!'

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. It could be said that it was by pure coincidence that he understood the Golden Roc's speed. If it was not for what Bai Su drew on her drawing board, Su Ming would not have been able to think about this.

His eyes swept past Bai Su's drawing board before he slowly closed his eyes. In his mind, he continuously replayed the speed at which he had traveled just now and the two lines he had drawn.

When the night went by and light appeared in the horizon, Su Ming opened his eyes. There was still excitement in them. He dipped his head down and looked at his own body. Once he did so, a glint appeared in his eyes.

"If I wore the Divine General Armor, equipped it with Runes to increase its defense, and at the same time removed all the ice rocks... and used the Golden Roc's speed, then how fast could I travel?"

As Su Ming mumbled to himself, the desire to try it grew within him. However, the chances of him forming Runes within the Divine General Armor were still not high.

He was just about to try when his expression suddenly changed and he charged into the cave abode. Once he was in, he did not hesitate and walked to where He Feng was fusing with the Wings of the Moon.

In the cave, He Feng was slowly opening his eyes, and they were bloody red. He lifted his head and howled, and cracks rapidly tore his skin open, but no blood flowed out. Instead, black mist spread out from those cracks.

There was a pair of wings that belonged to the Wings of the Moon on him. With one flap of those wings, he looked as if he wanted to rush out of the cave, but when Su Ming walked in, he lifted his right hand and drew a line down with his finger.

At the same time, Han Mountain Bell appeared above He Feng. Bell chimes echoed in the air and turned into a mighty pressure in the form of a sound wave. It shook He Feng and caused him to freeze, then he seemed to regain his senses, and pain appeared on his face.

"Master... I'm almost there... I can tell... If I make it through this and make it through another fusion, I'll succeed..." He Feng's voice rose and then fell, and when it reached Su Ming's ears, his finger had already touched the center of He Feng's brows.

The moment he did so, Su Ming's robes flapped about violently and his hair was lifted. A grim expression appeared in Su Ming's eyes. A presence that could rival that of those in the great completion of the Awakening Realm, even the powerful Berserkers who had just arrived at the early stages of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, abruptly erupted forth from his body and his finger, surging into He Feng's body that was still fusing with the Wings of the Moon.

He Feng shuddered and slowly sat down.

"Master... I... When I was fusing with them... I saw... their... memories... I..."

As He Feng spoke, his teeth suddenly grew longer. They instantly shot out of his mouth, causing his unfinished sentence to turn into a howl.

"Fire..."

That one world was contained within He Feng's howl. As he howled, fire abruptly burst forth from within his body. It was as if that fire wanted to burn down Su Ming's cave abode on the ninth summit.

Yet the moment it appeared, the blood moon in Su Ming's right eye shone. He lifted his left hand and tapped He Feng's forehead with his finger. He pressed his finger down, and it caused the fire from He Feng's body to freeze for a moment before flowing back inside.

Time trickled by. The time Su Ming took in this attempt to help He Feng fuse with the Wings of the Moon far surpassed all his previous ones. Even when one day had passed by, it had yet to end.

Bai Su had arrived at the ninth summit a long time ago. She waited for a while before entering Su Ming's cave abode. Yet the moment she entered, she was immediately pushed out by an invisible force. After several attempts, she sat down by the side with a huff and only left unwillingly when night came.

The entire process lasted seven days. When the seventh evening was over and night fell, Su Ming opened his eyes. He Feng had once again turned into a gigantic black ball

of light before him. It was silent all around him, but there was a mighty pressure spreading from the ball of light.

A feeling as if their blood was connected appeared in Su Ming's heart when he looked at that ball of light. There was a slight hint of fatigue on his face. He looked at it for a little while longer before walking out of the room, sitting down cross-legged in his cave, and meditating to recover.

It was also at that moment that an unwelcomed guest appeared outside Bai Su's cave abode in the seventh summit. That person was also a woman and lived in the seventh summit. However, her level of cultivation was not high and she usually kept to herself, that was why it was easy for people to overlook her.

The woman came to give a Bai Su a bamboo slip.

The name Si Ma Xin was written beautifully on it.

Once the woman handed the bamboo slip, she stated coolly, "Senior brother Si Ma wants to see you." She then turned around and left.

Bai Su looked at the bamboo slip with a blank expression, and her thoughts became chaotic. This was the first time she experienced such an emotion when she heard that Si Ma Xin wanted to see her.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 282 — Murderous! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 282 — Murderous! Chapter 282: Murderous!

After the time takes to burn an incense stick, Bai Su quietly walked out of her house. Her hair was still tied by the red string, and she still had two braids by her ears. She still wore a blouse with its fur overturned, and there were still crystals stuck to her forehead.

She could not describe what she felt, but she could tell that it was different from before. In the past, when she went to see Si Ma Xin, she would be filled with warmth. Whether she was just talking or playing chess with him, every single gaze of his would make her heart pound as if there was a horde of deer running rampart within her.

Yet now, while the feeling was not gone per se, it had become much weaker. This brought about a mix of emotion in her heart, along with great confusion.

She quietly left the seventh summit and walked on the familiar path leading up to the first summit. Yet as she walked on this path this day, she felt that the trail had become much shorter.

Bai Su was not overly familiar with the first summit. She might have come here several times, but she only knew the road leading to Si Ma Xin's cave abode. When she arrived outside it, she saw Si Ma Xin sitting by a stone table dressed in a long robe and looking as handsome as ever.

There was a gentle look on Si Ma Xin's face, and his smile was very captivating. His eyes shone like stars when he looked at Bai Su.

"Su Su, you haven't come here to see me for more than a month, is there something wrong?"

"Big brother Si Ma..."

Bai Su's paused in her footsteps. She did not know what to say. The wildness of her disposition disappeared without a trace at that moment and was replaced with docility, obedience, and that complicated feeling that still remained within her.

"Come, sit before me."

Si Ma Xin looked at Bai Su. The moonlight made his smile even more captivating; this was Si Ma Xin's unique charm.

Bai Su walked quietly forward, sat down before him, and dipped her head down. She looked like a completely different person compared to when she was in the ninth summit. It was as if they were from two separate worlds.

Bai Su's thoughts were a little messy. She had no idea why, but ever since she came here, her heart had been racing. However, she still knew at the very least that the reason for it was not because of Si Ma Xin but that hint of uneasiness lying deep within her heart.

She could not find the source of the uneasiness. She just had a feeling that she should not be here.

"Su Su, what's wrong? Why do you look so troubled?"

There was worry on Si Ma Xin's face, and he lifted his right hand to grab Bai Su's hand.

Yet before he could even touch her, she pulled her hand back as if shocked by lightning. She lifted her head to look at Si Ma Xin with nervousness and a short moment of bewilderment.

"It's... It's nothing... Big brother Si Ma, I'm fine."

Bai Su forced out a smile. She saw the worry in Si Ma Xin's eyes, but for a reason she did not even know, when she saw him, a person sitting cross-legged and allowing her to throw her tantrums suddenly appeared in her head.

"Su Su, have you talked to your father about Freezing Sky Cave?"

Si Ma Xin was not bothered by Bai Su's expression or actions. He still looked calm when he spoke gently. Even his voice felt like the spring wind. In the freezing weather, his smiles could make people's hearts feel warm. That tone, smile, and expression were something Si Ma Xin could put on with ease. He was already used to it, used to all the girls looking at him differently when he spoke to them in that voice.

He believed that Bai Su was the same.

'What's wrong with him? I haven't seen him in seven days. What is he doing in his cave...? Did something happen to him...? No, it shouldn't have...'

Bai Su's mind wandered. There was a single thought that had been lingering in her mind for the past few days, and it was about why Su Ming had not come out of his cave for seven days.

She had a lot of questions about it, but as time passed by, those questions were also tinted with a hint of slight worry.

"Su Su!" Si Ma Xin frowned.

Bai Su was stunned and snapped out of her stupor. Immediately, she returned to her docile self with a hint of nervousness.

"Big brother Si Ma... I..."

"Su Su, if something happened to you, you must tell me. Don't be like this. It'll just make my heart ache for you when I see it..." Si Ma Xin said softly. "If you're troubled because of me going into Freezing Sky Clan, then I can give it up. For you, I can give it up." Gentleness appeared in Si Ma Xin's eyes.

"If you're troubled because I told you to get closer to Su Ming, then I can also give it up. I told you, for you, I can give up on everything."

Si Ma Xin's voice was laced with a strange attractive quality that made it very pleasant to the ears.

Bai Su looked at Si Ma Xin, at the man before her, and Su Ming's face appeared faintly in her mind once again. These two completely different people treated her in absolutely different ways, and the way she acted before them was also different.

"Su Su..." Si Ma Xin looked intently at Bai Su.

"Big brother Si Ma, don't worry. I'm fine... I already told my father, and he has agreed to let you go into Freezing Sky Cave," Bai Su said softly, biting her lip.

Joy blossomed in Si Ma Xin's heart, but on his face was only a look of worry.

"I don't care about that, I only care about..."

"Big brother Si Ma, I'm tired..."

This was the first time Bai Su had interrupted Si Ma Xin's words. Fatigue and confusion fused together on her face. She stood up gently, left her seat, and walked away.

When Bai Su disappeared in the distance, Si Ma Xin calmly picked up the wine cup on the table, took a sip, then placed it down slowly. He closed his eyes and immersed himself in his thoughts for a moment before standing up and walking to his cave abode. His expression remained calm and not a hint of change due to Bai Su's expressions and actions could be seen on him.

Yet after he left the table, the stone chair he had sat on shuddered and cracks appeared on it. In an instant, it turned to dust and scattered into the wind.

The eighth morning arrived with the sun rising into the sky. When the first rays of sunlight shone on the land, Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the light outside his cave. Gradually, a dark expression appeared on his face.

'It's been eight days... and Zi Che isn't back yet.'

Su Ming got up, walked out of the cave onto the platform, and frowned.

Zi Che had said before he left that he would need at most three to five days before he could return, and he also said that most of the trading squares were courteous towards those of Freezing Sky Clan. Most of them were also fair towards those who came to trade.

After all, that place belonged to Freezing Sky Clan, and there were few who would dare to offend Freezing Sky Clan in the Land of South Morning!

Freezing Sky Clan was also very close to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. The tribe and Freezing Sky Clan complemented each other. Although the two of them seemed like two completely different forces, they came from the same root.

All the disciples in Freezing Sky Clan would go to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky to be given a title once they reached a certain level of cultivation. They would treat the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky as they would their own Master. The area around this place might not be impenetrable, but accidents rarely happened in the area near where Freezing Sky Clan disciples regularly went to.

While Zi Che might not have reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he was one of the best among those who had reached the later stage of the Awakening Realm. He was also ranked within the top ten in the Great Frozen Plains ranking boards. He might not be as prodigious as Si Ma Xin, but it was still enough for people to look up to him.

This sort of person did not lack experience venturing out either. He understood the area around the place very well, that was why Su Ming let him go alone so that he could save up more time for his own training.

Yet now, eight days had gone by, and there were no news from Zi Che. Su Ming did not believe for one second that Zi Che would leave without a reason. This brought nothing beneficial to Zi Che, unless he betrayed his own Master because of this and never returned to Freezing Sky Clan, for as long as his power could not surpass the ninth summit's and as long as his Master could not surpass Tian Xie Zi, then the only thing left waiting for him was the punishment for not fulfilling his promise.

Su Ming and Zi Che had been around each other for quite some time. He could tell that Zi Che was not someone so foolish. He was a person who knew how to act accordingly, and most importantly, the seal on his person was only lifted for ten days.

Besides, while Su Ming was not very good, he was not bad to him either. In this sort of situation, Su Ming could not find reason for Zi Che to not return.

'Unless something happened to him...'

A freezing glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and a murderous aura accumulated within his body. After the experiences he gained during those few days he was in the Shaman Tribe, the murderous aura within his body was no longer empty inside but was now filled with bloodiness.

Almost at the instant the murderous aura within him gathered together, Su Ming lifted his head and looked in the horizon. Over there, a long, dim arc was flying crookedly towards the ninth summit.

The person within the long arc was Zi Che. His face was pale, and there was fresh blood flowing out of his mouth. When he arrived at the ninth summit and the long arc disappeared to reveal his body, Zi Che coughed out a large mouthful of blood.

Within his blood were black bugs that were densely packed together. They squirmed around and devoured each other in a crazed fashion. Just the sight of it was terrifying to behold.

Zi Che's face was bloodless. There was a wound on his chest so deep that his bones could be seen. There was also black arrow on his right leg. Black mist seeped out of it, turning into ghosts that were laughing hideously.

"Uncle master..."

Zi Che shuddered and fell to his knees with a bang. His eyes were dull, and with a broken laugh, blood spilled out of his mouth once again. Those black bugs could still be seen in his blood. There was only a thread of life left within him, and that small thread was clearly because his enemy did not want to kill him. That small hint of life was left on purpose.

"Zhuo Ge, the Black Arrow Berserker of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's Northern Frontier Tribe..."

The moment Zi Che uttered his last word, he fell to the side, unable to cope with his injuries any longer.

Su Ming stood by the side, his expression growing terrifyingly dark. The murderous aura in his right eye surged like raging clouds, but his left eye was as calm as the water in an ancient well. His hair danced in the air. Wind blew past, but it could not blow away the murderous aura coming from within him.

A cry of surprise came from the mountain stairs ahead of Su Ming. That sound came from Bai Su, who would come every day around this time. She stood there and stared at Su Ming with wide eyes. This was the first time she saw Su Ming acting this way!

The killing intent in his right eye and calmness in his left eye created a powerful contrast that made her breathing freeze for a moment.

Chapter 283: Phantom!

Bai Su's heart pounded against her chest, and it was due to the powerful impact of Su Ming's change. Not only did Bai Su's breathing freeze because of it, she also felt a freezing chill that seemed to be much colder than the cold from the sky and world surging out from the area around him. She shuddered.

This was the first time Bai Su saw this Su Ming.

He terrified her.

She suddenly felt that she did not understand the person before her. Before this day, she never knew that when this man was burning with silent anger, such a powerful murderous aura would come from him.

Su Ming was no longer a boy, no longer a rash child who would do things recklessly. He had learned how to be calm and got used to being cool-headed. He might be angry, but besides the killing intent in his right eye, he did not let anything else show. Instead, he lifted his right hand and tapped a finger against the center of Zi Che's brows.

With that one tap, Zi Che instantly started trembling. Su Ming crouched down, brought out some medicinal pills, and placed them into Zi Che's mouth. He picked him up and raised him to a sitting position. He placed his right hand on Zi Che's jugular notch, and the moment the power of Awakening surged into his body, Zi Che trembled even more violently. He coughed out another mouthful of blood, and it was still filled with those black, squirming bugs.

Su Ming frowned. He noticed that once his power surged into Zi Che's body, it immediately turned into thousands upon thousands of threads that disappeared into all parts of Zi Che's body. It was as if his power was swallowed.

This was something normal and to be expected, and it was what Su Ming had wanted to do. He wanted to use his power of the Awakening Realm along with the medicinal pills Zi Che swallowed to nourish Zi Che's body. Only then would he be able to wake him up as quickly as possible and begin healing him, though he would only be able to cure him a little.

Yet now, even though Su Ming's power was continuously disappearing into Zi Che's body, the man wasn't getting better. In fact, he grew worse. He had a single thread of life left previously, and now that thread was rapidly disappearing.

Once it completely disappeared, Zi Che would definitely die.

Su Ming let out a cold snort. The killing intent in his right eye grew stronger. He might have never treated Zi Che as one of the ninth summit, but ever since Zi Che came to the ninth summit, besides the disobedience at the start, he had always listened to Su Ming's orders.

Over the past months, Su Ming had found no reason to complain about Zi Che. More importantly, Zi Che had gradually begun to refer to Su Ming as 'Master' instead of 'uncle master' entirely of his own will. Su Ming had not asked him to do it.

Deep in his heart, Su Ming had always thought his eldest senior brother could hurt Zi Che as much as he wanted to. His second senior brother could do it too, and it was the same for his third senior brother. Of course, it was the same for his Master. However,

besides these people, if anyone else harmed his follower, then they would need to pay for it.

With a cold harrumph, the green sword mark at the center of Su Ming's brows flashed, and instantly, his divine sense spread out to gather on Zi Che's body. After it scanned it, it surged inside and began looking in detail through each and every inch of the body.

After a moment, a sharp look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He could clearly sense a cocoon like thing in Zi Che's stomach with his divine sense. That thing was about the size of a fist, but there seemed to be an endless space within it for black bugs were incessantly crawled out of it.

These bugs stayed inside Zi Che's body and continuously absorbed his life force to strengthen themselves. That act was incredibly vicious and cruel.

Su Ming lifted his right hand from Zi Che's jugular notch and drew a slash across Zi Che's robes covering his chest, then pressed his palm on his abdomen. Once he did so, he fused the power of Awakening with his divine sense and swept it across the cocoon like thing in Zi Che's stomach.

Zi Che lay with eyes closed, unconscious, but right then he let out a piercing scream. As he screamed, Su Ming's right hand turned into a claw and pierced his abdomen. Once the fingers sank into his flesh, Su Ming seized the cocoon and yanked it out, forcefully bringing it out of Zi Che's body.

The instant the cocoon was brought out, Zi Che's eyes flew open, revealing an extremely exhausted look in his eyes. At the same time, Su Ming pressed his left hand against the wound on Zi Che's abdomen. The power of Awakening surged in with Su Ming's command to clear up the body, and caused the wound to quickly close up and numerous black bugs to crawl out of Zi Che's eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. They struggled for a moment before falling to the ground, lifeless.

A hint of red gradually appeared on Zi Che's face, and his life force slowly stopped fading away. He panted harshly and sat down cross-legged to meditate, slowly showing signs of recovery. However, there were still wisps of black mist surrounding the black arrow that was protruding from his right leg. That black mist would occasionally gather up to turn into ghosts that howled without sound.

Su Ming pulled his left hand back and was about to draw that black arrow out, but he stopped himself. He stared at the arrow and frowned. He had a feeling that the arrow was not something that he could take out easily.

"The arrow of the Black Arrow Berserker... The ones who are shot will find their life force continuously disappearing, as if they were poisoned... Without the proper method, if you pull out the arrow, Zi Che will die in his weakened state..." Bai Su's said in a weak voice from nearby.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he averted his gaze from Zi Che's body to look at the cocoon he held in his right hand. That cocoon was entirely black and looked like a stone. When Su Ming brought it out of Zi Che's body, it had been soft to touch, but when it was exposed to wind, it hardened up rapidly.

There was a crack on its corner, and black bugs were crawling out of it. However, that crack was quickly closing up. The bugs that had crawled out all fell to the ground under the cold wind.

Su Ming stared at the cocoon in his hand and a light of curiosity alighted in his eyes.

"This isn't something from Freezing Sky Clan..." a weak voice laden with fear said from the direction before Su Ming.

When he lifted his head, he saw Bai Su walking onto the platform with a hesitant look on her face.

"All the things in Freezing Sky Clan can withstand the cold, but this thing hardens up once it's exposed to cold wind. It doesn't belong to Freezing Sky Clan," Bai Su stated softly.

Su Ming did not speak. He lowered his head and continued looking at the cocoon in his hand. A frown gradually formed on his brows. His eyes seemed calm, but no one could know the storm raging in his heart when he saw the bugs Zi Che vomited out and when he held the cocoon in his hand.

Bai Su hesitated for a moment before continuing, "Even in the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, it's rather impossible for something like this to appear, because the climate is not suitable for these things to survive... See, they're already dead. The cocoon in your hands will also die before long..."

"What's the relationship between Northern Frontier Tribe and the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky?" Su Ming slowly asked.

"There are four branches under the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky. Northern Frontier is one of them. As for Zhuo Ge... I've heard of him before. He's not a disciple of Freezing Sky Clan but is the son of Zhuo Ya, Northern Frontier Tribe's Chief of War..."

Bai Su hesitated for moment, but still chose to tell what she knew in the end. However, there was one thing that she did not tell Su Ming after her hesitation. Zhuo Ge... was someone who was closely acquainted with Si Ma Xin.

"What does Black Arrow Berserker mean?"

As Su Ming asked, he averted his gaze from the cocoon in his hand and turned to look at Zi Che's, who still remained sitting cross-legged, right leg.

The ghosts formed from the black mist around the arrow were floating around hideously.

"The Berserkers in Northern Frontier Tribe train in ways that are largely different from what we do here in Freezing Sky Clan. They refine their blood, but don't Awaken, neither do they sacrifice their bones. They choose instead to walk down the path of training which stimulates the power of the blood in their veins, turning their bodies invincible.

"This cultivation method is unique to Northern Frontier Tribe and they seldom share it with outsiders. When Northern Frontier Tribe surrendered to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, they also gained the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's respect. That's why they could retain that unique cultivation method of theirs.

"Black Arrow is just one of their titles. They are divided into Blue, Black, Green, and Purple. Black Arrow Berserkers are around the same level as a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm... Besides the cultivation method which Northern Frontier Tribe keeps secret to themselves, they also keep the method they use to create their arrows a secret.

"Their arrows can only be shot by the tribe members who practice their secret cultivation method. They have the power to absorb life and cannot be drawn out lightly. The black mist on it has to be refined, and then enough life force has to be offered for it to be possible to take the arrow out," Bai Su explained softly, telling almost everything she knew in detail.

Su Ming stared at the arrow in Zi Che's right leg and the murderous aura in his right eye became stronger.

"What is that black mist?" he asked calmly.

"A Phantom... This is the name Northern Frontier Tribe gave it. Every single year, the Berserkers who have become adults will be sent to a secret place in the Northern Frontier to search for their own Phantom.

"Once the person finds it, the arrow he or she shoots out will have the power of the Phantom. The more people the person kills, the stronger the Phantom will become. Eventually, the Phantom's power will reach a shocking level.

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky suffered quite a lot before they subdued this tribe in the past and named it Northern Frontier.

Su Ming was silent for a moment before looking at Bai Su. The knowledge she possessed of these things shocked him. "What was the name of the tribe before Freezing Sky subdued it?"

"Phantom Dais..." Bai Su answered in a low voice. Once she finished speaking, she hesitated and cast a glance at Su Ming. "Perhaps... I can try getting rid of the Phantom Aura on the arrow..."

Su Ming looked towards her.

"My... My power may not be great, but I've always liked reading ancient scrolls since I was young. I know a lot of things other people don't know... I also learned a lot of Arts from some strange tribes from my father..." Bai Su said softly.

She did not tell Su Ming that her father had done everything he could to get all sorts of valuable ancient scrolls and Arts that could be casted without relying on the caster's level of cultivation to foster this one and only interest of hers because of what had happened to her when she was young.

"How confident are you?" Su Ming asked calmly.

Bai Su hesitated for a moment before she answered softly, "Three tenths... two tenths... maybe even less..."

"If you fail, then Zi Che will die?" Su Ming asked after a moment of silence.

Bai Su did not speak for some time. After a long while, she nodded her head with a grim look on her face.

Chapter 284: Ninth Summit's Call to Assemble!

"If you don't cure him, he won't be able to live for long either. First, his power will fade away, and once he loses his power, his body will be the next to be go, and eventually his life force will also fade away. When he is truly and completely dead, he will turn into a Phantom and return to his Master's side," Bai Su stated softly.

"Northern Frontier Tribe also belongs to Freezing Sky. If Zhuo Ge kills Zi Che, won't Freezing Sky Clan take action?"

Su Ming looked at the cocoon in his hand. The cocoon had completely hardened up by then and felt like an ice rock in his hand.

"Don't... Don't you know?"

Bai Su was taken aback, she looked if she just understood something. She cast a look at Zi Che and a complicated look appeared in her eyes.

"What?" Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Bai Su.

"Three months ago, Zi Che's Master notified the Mountain Gate and chased him out of the second summit... He's no longer a Freezing Sky Clan disciple..."

Su Ming's eyes flashed with a dark light and he looked towards Zi Che, who was sitting on the platform with a pale but determined face; he could not hear Su Ming and Bai Su's words. Right now, he had to make sure to keep curing himself, or else he would not be able to fight against the power of the arrow.

"Three months ago..."

Su Ming understood it then. This thing had happened during the five days he was gone from Freezing Sky Clan. Yet he had seen nothing out of place from Zi Che.

However, it was clear that this was not something unimportant to Zi Che.

"If that's not the case, then there would've been no need for him to lower his head in shame every time he saw his sister..." Bai Su sighed softly.

Su Ming stayed silent, looking at the cocoon in his hand. After a long while, he gave it a squeeze.

"You said that this bug isn't something from Freezing Sky and that it dies when it's exposed to the cold?"

Su Ming's voice was calm. Not a hint of emotion could be heard from his tone.

Bai Su nodded.

Su Ming crouched down and picked up a bug that was so stiff that it seemed dead. Once he held it in his hand, a powerful ball of fire abruptly appeared on Su Ming's palm and enveloped that bug.

That bug's rigid body suddenly trembled within the fire, then flipped over energetically. It screeched and started moving as if it wanted to crawl into Su Ming's body through his palm.

Yet before it could enter, the fire on Su Ming's palm was snuffed out. As chilling wind blew past, Su Ming clenched his fist. Cracking sound rang out, and Su Ming relaxed his grip.

Bai Su sucked in a sharp breath when she saw that the black bug in Su Ming's palm had turned to pieces.

"This bug wasn't dead, it just went into slumber. It'll wake up once again when it becomes hot!" Su Ming flicked his wrist, and the pieces in his palm scattered into the wind. "That is the case for the bug, and it is the same for the cocoon."

Su Ming's voice was freezing cold. A scene from his memories rose before his eyes. He saw a chain, and on that chain was an illusionary figure of a person. There were numerous wounds covering that person's entire body, and within those wounds were countless black bugs that were identical to the bug he just held!

'Lei Chen...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. He hadn't known whether what he saw on the Chains of Han Mountain was real or fake, and he still couldn't tell even now. Yet the appearance of these black bugs shook him.

He had never seen them before he challenged the Chains of Han Mountain, so there had been the possibility of it just being a figment of his imagination or that it was a mere illusion, but now that he saw the exact same bug, there was no way Su Ming would believe that he had imagined it.

'If it's real, then why is the truth different from my memories...? If it's fake, then how could something of my imagination exist in the real world, and in the exact same form too!

'This is a clue!'

Su Ming opened his eyes and Bai Su's soft whispers fell into his ears.

"Let me try for Zi Che..." she whispered, looking straight at Su Ming.

"Don't need to. There's a method with which I can cure Zi Che completely without any risk," Su Ming stated calmly. His voice was cold, and a red glare shone from his right eye.

"What method is that?"

Bai Su was taken aback. She did not understand the meaning behind Su Ming's words.

"Kill Zhuo Ge and destroy his Phantom, then the Phantom Aura on the arrow sticking out of Zi Che's leg will disappear naturally." Once Su Ming finished speaking, he looked at Bai Su. "You know this area better than I do. Bring me to Northern Frontier Tribe!"

Bai Su bit her bottom lip and stared at Su Ming with wide-eyed astonishment, but she still shook her head firmly.

"With your power, if you go to Northern Frontier Tribe alone, you'll definitely die. I won't take you there!"

"I'm not alone."

Su Ming turned and let out a piercing howl towards the sky. That howl echoed through the entire ninth summit, causing the glaciers to tremble and rumble loudly.

When that howl started, Hu Zi was drinking in his cave with his eyes closed and a silly grin on his face. He was just about to hug his wine gourd and go to sleep so that he would have enough energy for his nightly activities.

Yet the moment he was about to close his eyes and begin snoring, Su Ming's piercing howl shot into his cave. That howl was like a rumbling thunder, causing Hu Zi's cave to tremble, and Hu Zi to open his eyes. He rubbed them hard and a surprised look appeared within them.

"What's wrong with fourth?"

But he did not hesitate, Hu Zi immediately picked up his pot of wine and rushed out of his cave before running towards Su Ming's cave abode.

At the same time, around the middle of the ninth summit was a spot where a large amount of flowers bloomed. Green leaves covered the entire area and created a scene on the ice that looked as if time had traveled back.

Su Ming's second senior brother sat cross-legged among the flowers, maintaining a position in which the sun would always shine on the side of his face. There was a gentle smile on his face, and before him, many of the plants were swaying even though there was no wind. Some of those plants were growing rapidly and intertwining with each other as if they were trying to knit something.

There was an intense look of concentration on the second senior brother's face. Yet at that moment, Su Ming's howl reverberated through the ninth summit. There was a shocking amount of killing intent within that howl. The plants that were knitting something before the second senior brother froze momentarily under that killing intent.

Surprise appeared on the second senior brother's face. He lifted his head and looked at where Su Ming's cave was located in the distance.

"Who offended youngest junior brother now?"

Second senior brother stood up at a moderate pace and patted his robes before placing his hands behind his back and walking towards Su Ming's cave abode with the sun shining on the side of his face.

His feet may have seemed to be stepping on the ground, but in truth, every single time his feet landed, they would stay an inch away from the ground!

Similarly, as Su Ming's howl traveled through the ninth summit, at the ice located at the position downwind of the ninth summit, a gaze appeared in the darkness in the place that was always used as an isolation grounds.

Faint mumbling sounds came from within the silent glacier.

"Such killing intent... If he doesn't release it, it'll be difficult for him to clear his mind... Youngest junior brother, you may want to go release it, but I still can't go out..."

Yet suddenly, an ice rock that was about the height of a person suddenly cracked. Fire spread out from within that crack, looking as if it was burning that ice rock. In an instant, more cracks appeared on the ice rock, and it eventually exploded.

The moment it exploded, a black hand stretched out from within the ice rock!

A powerful gust of freezing wind spread from that black hand. Once it stretched out, it pressed against the ice floor by its side, and gradually, as if someone was crawling out, a man whose skin was completely black appeared.

That man was half naked. When he crawled out, he closed his eyes and knelt down on one knee in the direction of the gaze.

"All 300 of my slaves stopped the slaughter at the same time as I did in the past and joined me when I isolated myself here... Now, I've awakened you, one of the 300 slaves. Go and do something for me."

"Your instructions, Young Master!"

The man opened his grey eyes. Within those grey eyes were madness and mercilessness. While those could cause people to feel a chill creeping into their hearts, they would also be able to clearly sense the bloodthirst coming from within the man.

"Protect my junior brothers and listen to them. If necessary... I will allow you to cast the Forbidden Curses!"

The gaze within the ice glaciers gradually disappeared. Only the words remained floating in the air, and as they echoed calmly, they radiated with bloodlust.

That man grinned and licked his lips. He bowed and stood up. The moment he took a step forward, his body immediately turned into a layer of black mist that crawled into the ice walls around him before disappearing.

At the same time, at the top of the ninth summit, Tian Xie Zi yawned and stretched his back as he walked out from his cave. As he walked, mumbling sounds could be heard spilling out from his lips as well.

Once he reached the top of the mountain, he took a deep breath, laid down facing the ground with both hands supporting his entire body and started doing pushups. Once he did a few of them, he stood up, and a contented smile appeared on his lips.

"I did ten today. That's one more than last year! That's great! That's wonderful! That's marvelous! Tian Xie Zi, you're just too amazing. You're the strongest person I've ever met in my life!

"Tian Xie Zi, you awesome bugger, I'm proud of you!"

With a pleased smile on his face, Tian Xie Zi mumbled to himself for a moment before lifting his head. He was just about to let out a roar towards the sky like how he usually did every day before he flew in a certain direction to train his body in the morning when he stopped.

The moment he opened his mouth to roar, someone did it before him and let out a piercing howl. That howl rumbled like thunder and traveled in all directions, stunning Tian Xie Zi.

"Hmm? I haven't even shouted, why's there sound?"

Tian Xie Zi blinked and lifted his hand to cover his mouth. When he heard that the sound was still echoing in the air, he quickly crouched down and looked down the edge of the peak with his neck outstretched.

"Fourth's cry is really unpleasant. Hmm? Third is rushing over... Ah! Second is also going over! Well, I'll be damned! That eldest disciple of mine in isolation is also joining in?!"

"Are they going to fight? Haha, this is going to be fun!"

An excited glimmer appeared in Tian Xie Zi's eyes. He quickly rolled up his sleeves with a look as if he wanted to join in.

As Su Ming's howl echoed in the air, Hu Zi was the first to appear on the platform outside Su Ming's cave abode. The moment he came to the platform, he saw the wretched state Zi Che was in and an angry glare immediately appeared in his eyes.

"Bloody hell, who hurt my kitten?!"

Soon, second senior brother walked towards them with his hands behind his back and a gentle smile on his face, but the moment he saw Zi Che's condition, that smile on his face disappeared.

"Youngest junior brother, who did this?!"

Su Ming looked at Zi Che and stated calmly, "Zhuo Ge, Black Arrow Berserker of Northern Frontier Tribe. He's the son of Zhuo Ya, Northern Frontier's Chief of War."

"Bloody hell, I'm going to f*ck his birdie up! How dare he touch my kitten?!" Hu Zi roared.

"This... is not good..." Second senior brother shook his head and a faint smile appeared once again on his lips, but this time, there was a frightening quality to that smile.

"We won't f*ck his birdie up. We'll cut his birdie off and eat it!"

The smile on the second senior brother's lips grew wider.

As Bai Su continued listening to them, her face turned red and she clicked her tongue in distaste.

Chapter 285: The Legend of the Phantom Equal

"Cut off his birdie and eat it?" Hu Zi was stunned when he heard those words and instinctively lifted his hand to scratch his head, but thought that it was not an act suitable for him.

He immediately lowered his hand, which was already partly lifted. He had always believed that he was the smartest person in the ninth summit, and he absolutely did not want anyone knowing that he did not seem to have fully understood the meaning behind those words.

"That's right! That's what I meant, we'll cut off his birdie and eat it! That bugger... I'll eat it once I cut it off!" Hu Zi patted his chest and grinned foolishly as he looked at his second senior brother with a look that screamed he understood it.

Second senior brother blinked and smiled in a gentle manner at his spot. Once he heard Hu Zi's words, surprise, disbelief, hesitation, admiration, anticipation, and all sorts of other emotions appeared in his eyes. The changes on his face would have been indiscernible if the people looking at him did not know him well.

Hu Zi saw it and had a feeling that something was off, but he knew that he absolutely must not reveal that he did not understand what his second senior brother had just said. He repeatedly told himself that he was the smartest on the ninth summit and understood everything. That was why he lifted his chin and puffed out his chest before nodding at his second senior brother sternly.

A serious look soon appeared on second senior brother's face. He patted Hu Zi's shoulders as if he was about to say something to him but eventually chose to let out a long sigh before a respectful replaced the seriousness on his face.

That uneasiness in Hu Zi's heart grew stronger, but he kept the nonchalant look on his face.

Zi Che remained sitting cross-legged on the platform. He was still. The Phantom Aura from the black arrow surrounded his right leg, causing the slight red flush on his face to quickly fade away.

As second senior brother patted Hu Zi's shoulders, Su Ming turned around to look at Bai Su.

"Now, will you lead the way for the three of us to Northern Frontier Tribe?"

Su Ming's voice was calm, but the murderous aura in his right eye and the calmness in his left eye created a strange feeling that made it seem that both things had fused together, causing those who saw it to feel shaken to the core.

Bai Su dipped her head down and fell silent for a moment before lifting her head and looking at Su Ming. She nodded gently.

The moment she did so, Su Ming walked over and wrapped his arm around her waist, eliciting a cry of surprise from her. He turned into a long arc and flew into the sky while holding her tightly.

Bai Su's vision blurred and her view turned indistinct. Her heart pounded and raced against her chest. The strong presence that belonged to a man wafted into her nose. Not only did she hear her own heartbeat, she also felt Su Ming's.

That strange feeling made her cheeks turn redder. Even if she was with Si Ma Xin, they would at most only hold hands. Due to Si Ma Xin's worries and Bai Su's nervousness, they did nothing more than holding hands, which was why things like her being held had never happened before.

When Su Ming took hold of Bai Su and flew into the sky, Hu Zi took a big swig from his pot of wine and followed after with a vicious sneer on his face.

Second senior brother's face remained gentle and, with a smile on his lips, he placed his hands behind his back and walked into the sky. Every single time his feet landed, a faint light would flash in the air. As his speed increased, it looked like a green arc was slicing through the sky.

Behind those three, an indistinct wisp of black smoke followed behind. That black smoke drifted about and could not be discovered easily, but if anyone did manage to notice it and observed it closely, they would discover a shocking bloodlust within.

That faint black smoke was naturally that one slave from the 300 the eldest senior brother owned!

He was following the orders of his Young Master to protect his junior brothers. When the time came, he would cast the strongest skill from their tribe - the Forbidden Curse!

Behind that wisp of black smoke, in the smoke that even the eldest senior brother's slave did not notice, was an old man dressed in white. That old man had an excited look on his face and continuously rubbed his hands together. Sometimes, he would roll up his sleeves to reveal thin and dried up arms while a brilliant light shone in his eyes as he followed behind them cautiously.

"Are they going to fight? This is going to be fun! Fourth isn't dumb. At least he knows to not fight alone. Group fights are the only exciting fights! I can't let them know I'm following behind them. If I do this, it'll be more exciting!"

"But these brats just can't match up to me when I was young. If they knew to go fight in a group, then why didn't they know they should also wear masks?"

The old man was, of course, Tian Xie Zi. Besides the excited look on his face, there was also enthusiasm simmering within him. However, dissatisfaction soon appeared on his face.

This was the first time since many years that the entire ninth summit ventured out together!

Together, they charged towards Northern Frontier!

If Zhuo Ge, the Black Arrow Berserker of Northern Frontier knew beforehand that injuring Zi Che would bring about such a result - bringing out the monsters of the ninth summit that happened to be connected to each other by a Master and disciple relationship, then perhaps he would have immediately turned back when he saw Zi Che and would not have bothered him.

"It takes about a day to reach Northern Frontier Tribe from Freezing Sky Clan. They're both on the ice plains, but they're quite different. Their tribe isn't built on ice mountains or frozen rivers, but on a snow plain."

Bai Su felt the cold from the wind seeping into her bones as they continued flying in the air while Su Ming held her. She shuddered, then immediately felt warmth traveling from Su Ming's body to hers.

With that warmth around, the chilling wind also seemed gentler to the skin. Bai Su's cheeks were flushed red, and she spoke in a low voice after remaining silent for a while. It could be said that she was recalling everything she remembered about Northern Frontier Tribe so that she could help Su Ming and the others to make detailed preparations.

"Northern Frontier Tribe is very big and looks like a city, but there aren't any walls surrounding it. They only use ice to make their houses... To the people of Northern Frontier Tribe, ice and snow are part of their lives, they cannot put up a wall and separate it from their lives.

"There are two giant statues right before Northern Frontier Tribe. The two statues are carved in the image of two ferocious and malicious spirits fighting against each other. Their big bodies form the gate to Northern Frontier Tribe."

Bai Su's voice echoed in the howling wind, her words falling not only into Su Ming's ears, but Hu Zi and his second senior brother's too.

"In the past, it was said that there were three Green Arrow Berserkers who were as strong as those within the Berserker Soul Realm. One of them was even halfway to the Purple Arrow.

"This powerful tribe might not have been a big tribe, but it was strong enough to make big tribes fear them. The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky paid a great price in subduing them as well. They managed to kill the Elder of Northern Frontier Tribe, who was the person who was halfway through to becoming a Purple Arrow Berserker, and also killed another Green Arrow Berserker before managing to conquer Phantom Dais and changing their name to Northern Frontier.

"The only remaining powerful Berserker who was at the level of the Berserker Soul Realm in Northern Frontier was the tribe's Chief of War in the past. That person escaped death by a hair's breadth, but before long, due to his largely reduced life force, he died... The Northern Frontier Tribe now may no longer be as great as they were in the past, but they still cannot be underestimated.

"As one of the four great branches of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky, Northern Frontier Tribe definitely has powerful Berserkers at the Berserker Soul Realm defending them, because the Elders of these branches in the past had to go to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky to train when they attained great completion in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Only when they reached the Berserker Soul Realm would they be given the title of Elder.

"There was a period of time where Northern Frontier Tribe had no Elder leading them for more than 2,000 years, but I remember reading in one of the ancient scrolls that a 100 something years ago, an Elder that Freezing Sky approved of appeared in Northern Frontier Tribe!

"That person's name is Mo Shan..." Bai Su quickly explained.

Half a day passed by as the four of them continued dashing forward. The land was filled with a vast expanse of white, the end of which could not be seen at first glance. All they could see was the sky and earth that were filled with ice and snow.

They seldom saw anyone moving towards them as they flew in the sky. It was as if there were no longer any living souls within the world, and the only ones left were their group.

There were no tracks of anyone walking on the ground either. If a normal person trudged upon this land filled with ice, snow, mountain ranges, and plains, they would definitely die.

The wind moaned like ghosts crying and wolves howling. Snow hurricanes would occasionally appear on the land and blow in all directions while moving the snow on the ground, creating a shocking sight to behold.

This was a white world. It was a world of ice and snow, a world where no other color could be seen.

"Besides the Elder Mo Shan, there are four other leaders in Northern Frontier Tribe. They're the Chief of War, Chief of the Hunters, Phantom Equal, and Spirit Chief. The power of these four people is so great it cannot be discerned. Even if they're not at the Berserker Soul Realm, they should not be too far from it... We have to be especially careful of the Phantom Equal among them.

"There is a rumor about him that people seldom hear. I only read about this legend in an ancient, broken scroll. It said that up till now, no one has ever seen the face of the Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe, ever since the tribe appeared in the Land of South Morning. Neither have they seen his clothes, his voice, or his actions.

"Over the years, he has created a presence among others, which is what led to this rumor. The Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais will never die and will never be destroyed. The Phantom Equal will only be one person for all eternity!"

Bai Su's voice gained a hushed quality as it echoed in the other three people's ears. In the moaning wind, a mysterious quality was added to her words when she uttered them.

"Youngest junior brother, this lass knows a lot of things. This... is good!"

A smile appeared on second senior brother's lips, and he cast an approving look at Bai Su.

Bai Su quickly returned a smile to second senior brother from Su Ming's embrace.

"Thank you... for your praise, uncle master. I just like reading."

"You can refer to me as second senior brother like my youngest junior brother does," second senior brother said with a smile.

A red flush colored Bai Su's face once again. She had no idea why, but she was blushing quite frequently this day.

"Why is there no tribe leader?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

This was exactly what second senior brother was about to ask too. As for Hu Zi, he continued drinking as he kept his gaze in front of them while occasionally licking his lips, revealing a hint of ruthlessness. He did not listen to Bai Su's words. In his mind, he would just beat up all those he met, and there would be people naturally reminding him how to fight these people when the time came.

To him, that was what smart people should do.

"Northern Frontier Tribe still retains the customs left behind by their ancestors when they were still Phantom Dais Tribe. They don't have a tribe leader. Their tribe leader is something without substance. I heard that he's a malicious spirit in the world, but it's just a mere symbolism," Bai Su answered softly.

A thought flitted through Su Ming's mind. Once he heard of the things related to Northern Frontier Tribe, especially about the tribe leader, the first thing that appeared in his head was the old man from Lizard Shaman Tribe summoning the giant lizard Totem!

That giant lizard was also just a symbol and a mere Totem.

"Northern Frontier... Phantom Dais..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

Time slowly passed by in this manner. Their speed increased, and when dusk arrived, Bai Su's breathing suddenly quickened.

"We're here..."

Chapter 286: Northern Frontier Tribe!

Su Ming came to a halt, while Hu Zi took a few steps forward by his side. With his wine gourd in hand, his eyes were gradually tainted with bloodlust. As for the second senior brother, he had his hands behind his back and stood nearby in a relaxed manner. It was a pity that the sun was covered by the clouds. But even if the land was still bright, it was not hot.

About 10,000 feet ahead of Su Ming and the rest of them were many big buildings built on a large expanse of snow. As wind blew past, the snow would be lifted from the ground.

Right before Su Ming were two giant statues. These two statues were carved in the image of malicious Phantoms fighting against each other. A heinous, murderous aura spread from within the two statues without restraint, and filled the entire area with it.

Behind the two giant malicious Phantom statues were rows upon rows of neatly arranged houses. These houses were all made from ice and connected in a long, unbroken line. With just one glance, it was hard to find the end of that line.

This was a tribe bigger than a city. The enormous size of the tribe was not due to how grand it looked, but due to its length. It seemed endless, stretching far into the distant land.

If anyone stood in the sky high above the tribe and looked at the ground, then they would be able to see that the buildings within Northern Frontier Tribe were positioned in a manner that they formed the shape of an arrow on the vast and endless plain of snow!

It was like the mark of a gigantic arrow that was branded on the land belonging to Northern Frontier Tribe!

Beneath the snow plains were layers upon layers of snow that continued sinking into the snow plains. The bottom most layer, which touched the earth buried under the snow plains, had the least amount of snow.

If a person could see far ahead, beyond the snow plains, they would find hints of green growing on the ground, which was also located much lower than the snow plains itself. If that person could see even farther ahead, they would find birds flying about and flowers blooming.

This snow plain was like a ravine that separated winter and summer!

Northern Frontier Tribe existed within this land, a land that made it seem as if the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky was located south, but was in truth a place that was located to the north in the maps detailing the topography of the Land of South Morning. The tribe stayed here defending the northern gate of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky.

"This is just one part of Northern Frontier Tribe on the Great Frozen Plains. There's another part of the tribe underneath the snow plains..." Bai Su said softly.

"Northern Frontier Tribe has retained the customs of Phantom Dais. All their Berserkers have very long hair. If they fight against outsiders, those who die will lose their heads. If they fight among themselves, the person who loses will have a choice. He can choose to cut off his own head or cut off his hair.

"That is why if a person has very long hair, it means he seldom loses. It might also be that... he has never lost before," Bai Su whispered, looking at Su Ming. Once she finished speaking, she hesitated for a moment.

"Su Ming, I would suggest all of you to wear hoods... If you do that, I think it might be easier for all of you."

The moment Bai Su finished speaking but before Su Ming could manage to say anything in return, second senior brother gave the girl an approving look. He then turned to Su Ming.

"Youngest junior disciple, this lass is very good! But lass, I've already made preparations for this a long time ago." Second senior brother smiled gently and lifted his right hand to bring out a number of black hoods from his bosom.

"Ahem, as disciples of the ninth summit, we have no need to hide our faces, in fact, it's below our dignity to hide our faces, but..." A stern look appeared on second senior brother's face when he looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"We have to be considerate of our Master. He's already old, and his mind can't react fast enough for him to formulate lies, so we have to find an excuse for him, no?"

"We're not worried about showing our faces, but for our Master, for our old man, we have to bear with this shame and wear the hood."

Hu Zi blinked, then nodded his head firmly in understanding.

"You're right. Ah... this is for Master. We're doing this for Master. Second senior brother, I can bear with this. I will bear with it!" As he spoke, he snatched a hood and covered his head, which left only his eyes to be seen. He snickered.

"Third senior brother, I'm sorry you have to go through this..." Second senior brother patted Hu Zi's shoulder with a touched expression on his face.

"Second senior brother, we're doing this for Master, this insult is nothing!" Hu Zi stopped snickering and a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

"We're all Master's good disciples. Youngest junior brother, what about you?" Second senior brother handed a hood to Su Ming.

Su Ming took it with an odd expression on his face, but he still covered his head with it without a word.

Bai Su widened her eyes where she stood by the side. She had a sudden feeling that she had never come to understand the ninth summit as clearly as she did at that moment...

'Just what are these people...?'

Bai Su rubbed the center of her brows. She had thought that convincing these people to wear a hood would be difficult, but the strange development made her suddenly think that she was far too young and inexperienced compared to these people.

"Master, for you, we will suffer through this injustice, but we're doing this willingly because we're your good disciples. We love you..."

Second senior brother lifted his head and puffed out his chest before putting on the hood. He winked at Su Ming and Hu Zi, then threw the leftover hood down as if he did not just do it intentionally and charged towards Northern Frontier Tribe in a long arc.

Hu Zi stomped the ground with his right foot, and as snow scattered in the air, he dashed after his second senior brother.

"Find a safe place and wait for me!"

Su Ming cast a glance at Bai Su and leaped into the air to chase after his second senior brother and Hu Zi. The three of them were like shooting stars traveling in the sky, and their destination... was Northern Frontier Tribe!

Bai Su stood there and watched the three of them. She remained silent for a moment before she sat down cross-legged. There were hints of worry along with a complicated look on her face.

In the sky, the three disciples of the ninth summit closed in rapidly on Northern Frontier Tribe, side by side.

"Second senior brother, is Master really behind us?" An excited and savage look appeared in Hu Zi's eyes when he asked softly.

"Of course, Master is even faster than we are. Besides, when we left the ninth summit, I saw him peeking at us in white with my own eyes," second senior brother whispered in a hushed tone.

"...I saw him too..." Su Ming offered in a whisper.

"Ha ha! Then there's no mistake about it. I left a hood for Master. We can kill as much as we want today. We'll kill that little birdie, and even if it's a serious matter, the Master is there to hold the line! There's nothing for us to be afraid of!"

Second senior brother had clearly become excited as well. His eyes sparkled.

"How will we kill them?" Hu Zi pulled the hood back and licked his lips.

"Third, Fourth, I'll tell you the rule of the ninth summit today. This is what our eldest senior brother told me in the past!" Second senior brother looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"Kill those who have harmed even a single plant of ninth summit!"

"Kill those who have harmed even a single follower of ninth summit!"

"Kill all the Berserkers of the tribe of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!"

"The ninth summit will never cause trouble, but if someone provokes us, then we will use murder to tell them that the ninth summit is not someone they can offend! That is why we will look for Zhuo Ge, and if anyone stops us, they'll die!" There was a murderous aura within second senior brother's words, and his voice was as cold as ice.

Hu Zi sucked in a deep breath, then pulled the hood back on his head. A blood-red light appeared in his eyes. However, after a moment of hesitation, he turned to look at his second senior brother while flying forward.

"Second senior brother, why didn't you help me when I was bullied last time? That doesn't fit the rules of the ninth summit." Hu Zi was very dissatisfied.

"If you didn't peek at me every single night, I'd help you as well!" Second senior brother shook his head and sighed deeply.

Su Ming did not speak. Green light shone at the center of his brows and the murderous aura in his right eye spread through his entire body, causing him to look like an arrow filled with killing intent. With one single charge, he flew to the forefront of the three of them.

As they charged forward, the distance between them and Northern Frontier Tribe grew shorter!

At the same time, at the spot where Bai Su had sat down behind them, she had cast some unknown Art and her body gradually faded away until she looked almost invisible and was as unnoticeable as a spectral.

Yet right then, Bai Su's eyes flew open and she nearly cried out in surprise.

A layer of black smoke had appeared before her. That black smoke filled the air and was charging forward through the snow plains. In the span of a breath, it had traveled 10,000 feet and was already far away from her.

"Lass, don't make a sound..."

The cause for Bai Su's held back scream was the old voice that fell into her ears. Soon, she saw an old man dressed in white robes walking forth from the snow plains on her side.

That old man had his back bent and was walking towards her with light footsteps. When he was before Bai Su, he placed his index finger to his mouth and made a shushing sound.

A strange expression immediately appeared on Bai Su's face. She had seen this old man before and knew that he was Su Ming's Master, Tian Xie Zi!

Tian Xie Zi lowered his head and picked up the hood second senior brother had thrown down while mumbling under his breath.

"Those brats sure are sly, at least they knew to bring hoods with them. Looks like they're not dumb, after all. They even left one for me... Shoot! Did they see me?"

The white-robed Tian Xie Zi pulled the hood over his head as he continued mumbling, then turned around to look at the stunned Bai Su. A smile appeared on his face.

"Hey, you must be that young companion of my fourth disciple. So... do I look good?"

Bai Su was stunned. She instinctively nodded her head.

A pleased look immediately appeared on the white-robed Tian Xie Zi's face. He turned around and walked in the direction Su Ming and the other two had taken to Northern Frontier Tribe.

The instant Su Ming and the other two arrived 10,000 feet away from Northern Frontier Tribe, the people within it noticed them. However, the treatment given to Su Ming and the other two by this tribe was completely different compared to the other tribes Su Ming had run into in the past.

If it was any other tribe, someone would have flown out a long time ago to stop them.

Yet Northern Frontier Tribe was not so. When they noticed Su Ming and the other two approaching, only a few of the tribe members stopped whatever they were doing and lifted their heads to look at the sky coldly. Most of the rest chose to ignore them.

In an instant, Su Ming and his brothers arrived at the gate formed by the two statues. With a smile, second senior brother took one step forward and wrapped his fist in his palm to bow towards the Northern Frontier tribe members who were looking at them coldly but were not saying a single word.

"I am Gong Sun Hu of Freezing Sky Clan's third summit, I would like to meet brother Zhuo Ge. Please tell him on my behalf."

The people who were looking at them coldly from behind Northern Frontier Tribe's gate continued remaining silent.

Second senior brother shook his head.

"You are all far too rude. This... is not good..."

While speaking, he took one step forward. The moment his foot landed, the earth suddenly trembled and a large amount of snow shot into the air. It blotted out the entire sky and earth, causing the Northern Frontier tribe members who had been looking at them coldly to change their expressions drastically.

"Give us Zhuo Ge! Anyone who try to stop us, die!" Hu Zi lifted his arms, and a gigantic battle axe materialized in his left hand. He took a big swig from the gourd in his right hand and charged forth.

Chapter 287: The Ninth Summit Broke into Northern Frontier!

Hu Zi was like a tiger jumping down a mountain. Once his feet landed on the ground, the snow there flew into the air, causing the area to look clouded, but from that indistinct view, he charged abruptly out with the giant axe now in his right hand. Su Ming had never seen that axe before. The blade was rusted in several places, but the axe's handle was made with a beast bone.

When Hu Zi stormed out, a faint tiger's howl that shook the skies broke through Northern Frontier Tribe's gate!

Second senior brother held himself in an imposing manner that made him seem like a tidal wave. That one step he took had caused the earth to tremble, and as snow shot into the air, green appeared under his foot. Grass had completely covered the area over there in a bizarre fashion.

"You are far too rude. I was courteous towards you, and yet you treated me like this? You went too far this time!"

Second senior brother's face was flushed with rage and his smile was no longer present. Moving forward, he lifted his right hand and waved it towards the people who came to stop them from entering.

When he waved his arm, green appeared on the white snow and fell on the hair and shoulders of the three people charging towards second senior brother. Snow spread through the bodies of these ferocious looking Northern Frontier tribe members.

Almost at the same moment, green grass shot out from underneath the feet of these three Northern Frontier tribe members who had rushed out, covering their bodies at a monstrous speed. When the three arrived before second senior brother, their whole bodies had already been covered by green grass and their faces were as pale as death itself. They struggled but could not move.

"Second senior brother, it's not that they're rude, it's because we're wearing hoods. No matter how polite you are to them, anyone who sees us coming will know what we want to do, so why would they bother being f*cking courteous to you?!" Hu Zi was swinging his axe not too far away, but he still did not forget to turn his head back to shout at his second senior brother.

Second senior brother was momentarily stunned and touched the hood covering his face instinctively before he shook his head and sighed deeply.

"I didn't manage to frame Gong Sun Hu. That bugger should consider himself lucky."

Su Ming had a calm expression on his face, and only the murderous aura in his right eye was revealed. He moved forward, but without the shocking, imposing manner of his second senior brother or the domineering pressure of Hu Zi. Yet as he moved, he held a green sword in his hand, and lightning sparked at the tip of the sword.

Right before him, there were three people storming toward him. Su Ming let them. The moment he was about to cross paths with them, he suddenly increased his speed and moved away from them so quickly that he seemed to have overlapped his body with theirs for an instant when he moved past them. Immediately, blood gushed out from the three people's necks and their heads fell to the ground.

Su Ming calmly held the sword in his hand and moved forward.

The three brothers were within Northern Frontier Tribe's gate, right under the two giant, malicious Phantom statues. Behind them was the vast snow plain where freezing wind moaned in the air.

Before them was the large Northern Frontier Tribe whose end could not be seen. The sounds of war drums being hit reverberated through the air and traveled forth from deep within Northern Frontier Tribe. The war drums were deep and exuded an oppressive

presence. It spread through the air, telling the entire tribe that they were attacked by strong enemies.

People charged out from within the tribe and stormed towards where the three brothers were. There were also quite a number of normal Northern Frontier tribe members around Su Ming and the other two.

They looked different from the normal people Su Ming had seen before. Not much fear could be seen on their faces. In fact, very few of them left in panic. At most, they retreated a little, making enough space between themselves and the attackers, before stopping still and watching the three of them coldly.

There were many people who had charged out from the tribe. With just one glance, Su Ming counted at least a few dozen of them. As they closed in, they split into three parts and stormed towards Su Ming, Hu Zi, and second senior brother.

Hu Zi grinned, took a big swig of alcohol, then took an unstable step forward. He placed the axe by his side, spread out his arms, and shouted towards the sky.

"Enter... Dream..."

His shout shook the sky and earth, and the Northern Frontier tribe members who had split into three parts were all stunned, but they were only taken aback for a moment. Snoring sounds echoed in the air, and Hu Zi fell to the side just like when Su Ming fought against Si Ma Xin, deep in sleep.

A strange look appeared on Su Ming's face. Second senior brother sighed and moved to where Hu Zi was to kick him.

With that one kick, Hu Zi immediately opened his eyes and picked up the axe beside him with embarrassment on his face.

"Third, don't always... enter your dreams..."

Second senior brother shook his head and walked towards the dozens of Northern Frontier people. He lifted his arms, and immediately, green appeared on his hands. He slammed them on the ground.

The snow on the ground rapidly melted and green grass rose before it started growing in a bizarre manner, turning the entire area into a plain of grass. The moment the Northern Frontier tribe members charging towards second senior brother arrived, the grass on the ground broke off from its roots and charged towards those people like arrows.

Hu Zi was angered by what had happened just now and picked up his axe to engage the dozen people charging towards him. This was the first time Su Ming witnessed Hu

Zi's valor. He did not care about pain or getting injured at all. With a terrifying force, he rushed into the crowd like a fierce tiger and started slaughtering those people.

There was one thing that caught Su Ming's attention. Every single time Hu Zi was attacked, a light would flash and he would appear to be completely unharmed. It was as if there was a layer of invisible armor around him, causing the blows that landed on him to be painless.

Hu Zi threw his back and laughed. As he continued with his slaughter, his eyes filled with red. Eventually, he spread his arms and made the gesture as if he was about to Enter his Dream again, but right then, second senior brother let out a fake cough. Only then did Hu Zi stop.

Su Ming moved to his side. The Northern Frontier tribe members all had different levels of cultivation, but the instant they got close, lightning shot out from around Su Ming and spread swiftly in all directions. The lightning appeared too suddenly, and all the people who were enveloped in it froze momentarily.

The second they did so, Su Ming charged forth. Green light swept through his foes, and a dozen heads flew into the air in the midst of blood.

After Su Ming killed these dozen people, he lifted his head and shouted towards the deeper parts of Northern Frontier Tribe, "Zhuo Ge, come out!"

Before the echoes of his shout faded away, cracking sounds came from around Hu Zi, and a loud rumbling shot into the sky. An invisible, mirror-like thing shattered around Hu Zi's body. The numerous invisible shards shot out in all directions from around him, causing the people who had surrounded him to fall back screaming as their bodies were shot full of holes.

"Hey, a**holes, this is your Grandpa Hu's latest invention, the invincible armor!" Hu Zi shouted towards the sky proudly. "Zhuo Ge, come out!"

It was also at that moment that second senior brother swept away the snow on his clothes. Before him were a dozen corpses that had been pierced by grass. He lifted his head and looked towards the deeper part of Northern Frontier Tribe with a faint smile. He, too, shouted those four words.

"Zhuo Ge, come out!"

Their voices fused together and turned into a powerful sound wave that rumbled through the entire area.

The normal Northern Frontier tribe members could no longer remain unperturbed. Their expressions drastically changed.

"Bone Sacrifice! That person who used grass to kill is a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!"

"Just what is going on with that man with the axe? How could he resist so many hits? It may have seemed to explode at the end, but the ones who were injured were our tribe members!"

"There's also the one with the green light flashing and lightning swimming around his body. His power may not be great, but he's incredibly fast. Yet by the looks of it, he should be the weakest among the three of them!"

About 100,000 feet away from Su Ming was the middle part of Northern Frontier Tribe. There were a large amount of ice buildings over there. The faint sounds of fighting from the tribe's gate had become much weaker when they reached that particular section.

There were numerous Northern Frontier tribe members over there, and their expressions were all aloof, as if they were unconcerned with the battle at the front of the tribe.

There was a house that was clearly much taller than the other ice houses in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, and outside that house was a bonfire. Three men sat beside it.

They were three middle-aged men, and all of them had hair that reached their waists. Their hair was braided so that it would not look messy. They sat by the fire with calm expressions as their followers standing by their side roasted a small beast. At times, they would wipe some spices on the food.

"I bet they won't be able to come here," one of the three men said calmly.

"That won't do. Of course they won't be able to come here. We talked about gambling time, right? I bet that within an hour, their heads will be hanging at the gate," another person said, smiling.

"Alright then. I'll bet two hours. That person who's good at using grass doesn't seem too bad. He should be able to live a little longer."

"If that's the case, I'll bet on the time for one incense stick. Don't forget, while the front section is occupied by those who are only affiliated to us and they don't have any warriors from Phantom Dais Tribe, but... the one who led the team out to patrol today is You Lin.

"His power is around the same level as mine. I even heard that he already has a black thread in his Arrow Aura. His Phantom is about to go through the second transformation as well."

The three of them spoke as if they were completely unbothered by what was happening in front of their tribe. Instead, they decided to turn it into their entertainment and started betting against each other.

Yet as the three of them spoke, a dark voice traveled out from the house behind them that was clearly different from the other ice houses in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

"I bet that they can come here, and I will drink their blood and tear off their hair to give it to that useless little brother of mine, Zhuo Ge."

When that voice spoke, the bonfire in the middle of the three people dimmed a little, as if it no longer dared burn too wantonly. The three men immediately stood up and bowed towards the ice house with devout expressions tainted with zealousness.

If things were quiet in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, then it was much more so for those living at the later section on the snow plains. The tribe members who could stay there were all of much higher status. Besides the sound of war drums echoing there, it was completely silent. No sound of battle reached that place.

There were hundreds of houses there, and in each of those houses, a strong presence resided.

Chapter 288: Enter Dream!

Right at the end of the hundreds of houses was the end of the snow plains, a cliff with an abyss underneath, stretching hundreds of thousands of feet downwards. The cliff was dyed white by snow, and at the edge of it was an ice house. There was a big white tree with black leaves next to it. There were cracks on the tree trunk that grouped together to form a human face with his eyes closed.

Underneath the cliff was the other part of Northern Frontier Tribe!

If anyone stood at the edge of the cliff and looked down, they would see that the other part of Northern Frontier Tribe below the cliff was actually a city!

In truth, while the people staying at the front section may be Northern Frontier tribe members, they were not part of Phantom Dais Tribe! This was something not even Bai Su knew!

The ones staying there were other tribes that were forced to surrender to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky when the tribe became powerful in the past. They merged with Phantom Dais, and that was how Northern Frontier was formed.

In truth, there were blood descendents from several tribes within Northern Frontier Tribe. Among them, Phantom Dais was the strongest, that was why Phantom Dais was in control of the tribe. Since the past, all the Elders who were chosen also came from Phantom Dais.

Even if the distinction between the different blood lines have faded, but under the might of Phantom Dais Tribe, those who were not from Phantom Dais Tribe could only stay at the front of the tribe. This was related to the customs of Phantom Dais. They believed that those who stayed in front were subordinates, and only those who stayed at the back were the masters.

At that moment, at the forefront of Northern Frontier Tribe, the tribal land that stretched out hundreds of thousands of feet, stood a middle-aged man with a ghastly expression and hair that reached his waist. He wore clothes made of beast skins and held a bow made of bone. Blue aura surrounded that bow, and a faint black thread could be seen within that blue aura.

Behind him were nearly 100 Northern Frontier tribe members standing in silence. However, these people did not have bows in their hands because they were not from Phantom Dais Tribe!

Yet they still listened to the man with the bow. Within Northern Frontier Tribe, those who could obtain bows were worthy of respect.

The middle-aged man's gaze was like lightning when he looked at Su Ming and the other two fighting with another batch of dozens of Northern Frontier Berserkers tens of thousands of feet away. A scornful and condescending sneer appeared on his lips.

"If it wasn't because the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky used a despicable method to win, then Freezing Sky Clan would be known as Phantom Dais Clan right now," the man said in a chilling voice. The blue aura in the bow in his hands coiled up as if it was responding to his words.

"Sir You Lin, they're looking for Zhuo Ge..." a man from Northern Frontier Tribe standing beside the middle-aged man said in a low voice.

"Are you saying that since they're looking for people of Phantom Dais Tribe, that's why your people don't have to fight against them?" the middle aged man asked coldly as he turned around and stared at the man.

It was clear that the man's status was also quite high, yet under You Lin's gaze, especially when he saw the blue aura around the bow in his hand turning into a

Phantom Shadow and opening its mouth to howl soundlessly, sweat gradually beaded on the man's forehead.

He lowered his head.

"I wouldn't dare..."

"If you don't dare, then shut up!" You Lin's gaze turned colder.

"But... sir!" The man gritted his teeth, then lifted his head swiftly and looked at You Lin.

"With your power and your Phantom, if you act now, then fewer of my tribesmen will have to die! And these aren't just my thoughts alone, the other tribes have the same thoughts."

The man's heart pounded against his chest. If it was not because he saw many of his tribe's Berserkers dying and he felt his heart aching in pain for them, he would definitely not have said that.

You Lin stared at the man. After a long while, a cold sneer appeared on his lips. He lifted his right hand and patted the man's shoulders.

"You're right! It's about time this farce ended!" With his right hand raised, You Lin pointed at Su Ming and the others.

"All warriors of the tribes in Northern Frontier Tribe's front get together and take the heads of those three people there. Anyone who doesn't go will be considered a traitor and be punished accordingly!"

"Sir!" The man froze momentarily, then frowned.

"Do it, or die." You Lin narrowed his eyes and killing intent appeared within them.

The man fell silent, then gritted his teeth and let out a low growl before he bounded forward and charged towards the battleground tens of thousands of feet away. Behind him, the other Northern Frontier tribe members that numbered to nearly a hundred rushed out in silence. These people charged towards Su Ming and the others like a billowing tidal wave.

At the same time, low growls echoed in the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

More Berserkers turned into mere shadows and stormed towards Su Ming and the other two!

When almost all of the Berserkers within the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe rushed out, You Lin licked his lips and watched the sight.

"Kill as much as you want. This is a rare chance. This time, perhaps my Phantom will get enough blood and complete the second transformation..."

At the Northern Frontier Gate, Su Ming, Hu Zi, and second senior brother traveled about like three long arcs. All those who tried to stop them in their path died. Behind them, the ground was covered in grass. Besides blood, there were also dozens of corpses lying on the grass.

Hu Zi had already killed until he went into a frenzy. As he drank, he swung his axe. On his body, there seemed to be an unknown number of layers of invisible armor. Right then, as he fought right in front of the three of them, he howled, and completely ignored the blows landing on his body.

Second senior brother employed a more gentle method. He did not do something as gruesome as Hu Zi, but there was also practically no need for him to act. Most of the time, before anyone could even get close to him, they would turn into human plants and die.

Over at Su Ming's side, the murderous aura in his right eye was thick, and a layer of lightning swam around him. Anyone who touched that lightning would find themselves freezing for a moment, and what awaited those people would be their heads flying in the air.

The small virescent sword in Su Ming's hand continued dripping with fresh blood. Even if Su Ming had his eyes closed, he could still sense what was happening around him with his divine sense. Even as he moved forward, he could still observe what was happening to Hu Zi and his second senior brother. There was a relaxed air coming from his calm demeanor.

"Second senior brother, the people here aren't from Phantom Dais Tribe..." Su Ming said languidly, walking forward.

"If the people of Phantom Dais Tribe refuse to come out, then we will slaughter until they come out." Second senior brother smiled and moved forward.

Su Ming and his two senior brothers continued with the slaughter and almost entered the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe when, suddenly, roars traveled forth, and more than one hundred Berserkers charged towards them from up ahead.

There were seven people leading the charge, and all of them held power that would not lose to Zi Che. When they got closer, they looked like a swarm that had covered the sky and earth under the light from the dark sky.

With his divine sense, Su Ming immediately noticed a person looking towards them from several tens of thousands of feet behind the incoming people. That person had a cruel

smirk on his face and held a big bow in his hand. His hair was so long that it reached his waist!

Right at the instant these one hundred or so Berserkers charged towards them, a glare appeared in second senior brother's eyes. He was just about to move forward when Su Ming also lifted his foot and Han Mountain Bell began faintly forming behind him.

Far too many things happened at that instant.

The Berserkers charged forward madly, and in the distance, anticipation and eagerness appeared in You Lin's eyes. The blue aura around the bow in his hand started swaying fiercely, and turned into the Phantom Shadow. Within its eyes were greed and bloodlust.

The seven people at the front of the charging Berserkers had unwilling looks on their faces, but they had to attack.

In the land behind Su Ming, a wisp of black smoke was charging forth, and behind that black smoke was a thin old man walking forth with his hands behind his back.

All these things froze in an instant due to one thing!

Hu Zi stood before his two brothers. Right at the moment those one hundred something Berserkers closed in, he loosened his grip on the axe. It landed with a thud on the snow. The wine gourd in his left hand no longer had any wine left, but he still placed it to his lips and seemingly drank a huge mouthful from it before he let go.

The wine gourd fell to the ground, and as it fell, Hu Zi spread his arms wide and looked at the sky.

"Enter... Dream..."

His soft first syllable soon turned into a shocking roar. That roar reverberated through the air and covered an area of 10,000 feet of the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe. As his voice echoed in the air, that wine gourd crashed into the ground with a bang.

As if it was a coincidence, when that sound rang out, Hu Zi's eyes fell shut. Right then, an indescribable pressure swept out with his body acting as the center. A thick alcoholic scent filled the air, along with snoring sounds.

The places where the sound and alcoholic scent passed through made Su Ming widen his eyes and suck in a sharp breath. Those charging Berserkers suddenly froze, and with confused looks on their faces, they shut their eyes and fell to the ground.

At that instant, the area of 10,000 feet at the front section of Northern Frontier Tribe turned into a land where everyone was in deep sleep. Besides Su Ming and his second senior brother, all the living souls closed their eyes and fell unconscious.

"Enter... Dream..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked at Hu Zi. At that moment, Hu Zi stood on the ground with his eyes closed as if he was in deep sleep.

Second senior brother was momentarily stunned before an ecstatic look appeared on his face and he laughed heartily. "Third made it!"

Yet the moment second senior brother's laughter left his lips, a sharp whistle that shocked the skies traveled forth from tens of thousands of feet away, bringing with it an indescribable killing intent. It was an arrow!

It was an arrow surrounded by blue aura, and as the aura floated through the air, it turned into a malicious Phantom. That malicious Phantom surrounded the arrow, and with a nigh indescribable speed, charged... towards Hu Zi!!

Every single inch of earth that the arrow passed through started cracking. All those within its path, be it the buildings or the Northern Frontier tribe members, would be destroyed abruptly. The buildings would crumble, and the living would have their flesh and skin disappear, turning into skeletons. They were all absorbed by that arrow. Like thunder, it turned into the one and only sound in the sky.

Tens of thousands of feet away, You Lin still had his hand lifted up. The bowstring he let loose was still trembling and humming. There was anger lying underneath his ferocious expression.

At that moment, everything in Su Ming's sight became blurry. The only thing he saw was Hu Zi, who had his eyes closed, and the charging arrow. There was no communication between him and his second senior brother beside him, but the two of them seemed to have known what the other was thinking and the both of them did two completely different things!

Su Ming took one step forward, and as if piercing through air itself, he rushed towards Hu Zi.

Second senior brother also took one step forward, but he did not move towards Hu Zi. Instead... he charged towards You Lin, whose bow was still humming in the distance!

Chapter 289: The Wind from the Cold Sky...

Su Ming's speed reached an unbelievable pace in an instant. You Lin had always thought that while his arrow might not be the fastest in his tribe, but it was definitely much faster than a Berserker.

If the person he wanted to kill had the ability to dodge the arrow himself, then he would have a possibility of dodging the arrow during the entire process the arrow was shot from the bow.

However, if the person did not have the ability to do so and required outside assistance, then when he shot that arrow, he was confident no one would be able to save him at that instant!

When he saw Su Ming's actions, besides the thought that appeared in You Lin's head, there was only derision and condescendence.

Yet just as he started mocking Su Ming in his head, that derision instantly froze and was replaced by disbelief and shock!

In You Lin's eyes, when Su Ming took that one step forward, two figures appeared. One of them maintained the action of when Su Ming took that one step, while the other shockingly appeared right before Hu Zi, and the moment that figure appeared, the arrow also closed in!

With his own eyes, You Lin saw that young man with the monstrous murderous aura in his right eye and the calmness in his left eye lifting his right hand and drawing a line. He did it as if he was drawing a picture in the direction of the approaching arrow and the ferocious Phantom Shadow formed by the blue aura.

With that one stroke, it was as if the entire world disappeared in You Lin's eyes. The only thing left was that one line, its trajectory, and the arc formed when the youth's finger drew that line.

It was as if that trajectory had opened the gate connecting the sky and earth. During that instant, the sky and earth fused together. During that instant, the weather changed, and that one single instant turned into a moment that seemed like it would exist for eternity!

With that one line, Su Ming's finger slashed through the approaching arrow, and that arrow turned into two halves without a sound. The moment it split, cracks started appearing on those two halves inch by inch before they turned into dust!

As that finger fell, grief spread out and filled the hearts of all those watching! It made You Lin's eyes turn blank and vacant. His body trembled and he started crying tears of blood. Blood flowed out of the corners of his lips and a roar rang in his mind. That grief, that sorrow which seemed to have come from the depths of his heart seemed to have

surpassed the limits of what his body could take. It was as if he was being crushed by the world, being rejected by the world itself.

The moment Su Ming's finger fell, the faint voice he'd heard when he was in the land of the Shamans spoke once again. This time, it did not stay in his heart but spread out. The aged voice spoke to everyone in the endless land.

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe..."

"When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened..."

"If the heavens are heartless, then we will all be separated..."

"The earth was heartless, and it made my Dark Mountain die..."

"When war begins, the moon will shatter into millions of pieces..."

"The roads leading to our homes will become unfamiliar to us, and we will grieve..."

Su Ming lifted his head. His body was within the second shadow in the distance. As that shadow disappeared and he lifted his head, that one line of his destroyed the arrow as it slashed through the blue Phantom Shadow.

The Phantom Shadow let out a piercing scream as if it was letting out a cry of despair before it died, as if it had just discovered something that threw it into disbelief. It struggled as if it wanted to retreat, and as it did so, a pleading look for mercy, panic, and absolute terror could be seen on its face!

However, when Su Ming's finger slashed past the Phantom Shadow, those expressions disappeared and scattered into the wind along with its body...

The Phantom died!

Almost the moment Su Ming drew that line and in turn crushed the arrow and destroyed the Phantom, one man walked swiftly past the three people kneeling in the ice house in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

That person was short and looked like a child, but his face had a boorish quality to it. Perhaps it was due to his height, but his hair was so long that it dragged on the floor.

"God of Berserkers Transformation!" A serious look appeared on the person's face.

"Bring me my bow," the short man stated languidly.

At the same time, in the quiet later section of Northern Frontier Tribe, some of the auras in the ice houses suddenly started moving with a rumble. It was as if they were drawn out by Su Ming's line and moved like a gigantic wave that appeared on calm water.

You Lin's face was pale where he stood on the battlefield. He staggered backwards and coughed out a mouthful of blood. His hand which held the bow trembled viciously. Blood lines also appeared in his eyes, yet the appearance of those blood lines could not give him the anger he needed to motivate him. They could only hold an endless amount of terror and shock.

Almost at the instant he staggered backwards, he saw Su Ming lifting his head to look at him. That gaze radiated mercilessness, and... a chill that could freeze bones!

This was the final gaze and the final scene You Lin ever saw in his life. A green figure walked out from behind him and swept his cold hands across his neck gently; then those hands brought with them... a human head gushing with blood!

Second senior brother carried You Lin's head in his hand, and with a gentle expression, he looked towards Su Ming. As he did so, a smile curled up on his lips and admiration appeared on his face.

"Let him sleep. He won't be harmed over here." While speaking, second senior brother averted his gaze from Hu Zi's body and turned to look at the deeper parts of Northern Frontier. "Youngest junior brother, have you given a name for that line of yours?"

"Not yet," Su Ming replied softly.

"Then call it Berserker Obliteration..."

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then nodded his head.

"I look forward to the day you complete Berserker Obliteration and play the full piece with the xun..."

As second senior brother spoke with Su Ming, the two of them turned into long arcs and charged into the deeper parts of Northern Frontier Tribe. No one dared to stop them as they passed through. Even the remaining Berserkers scattered here and there retreated, allowing Su Ming and his second senior brother to be able to travel faster.

After a moment, they arrived at the border between the front and middle sections of Northern Frontier Tribe. Over there, they saw the middle section lying just 10,000 feet away, and that section belonged to Phantom Dais Tribe!

They also saw three middle-aged men looking at them coldly from one particular ice house within the tribe. They lifted the bows in their hands and blue aura surrounded them as Phantom howls echoed in the air. Behind the three men was a short man who held a bow that was about half his size!

That man stabbed that bow onto the ground and grabbed the bowstring. As he drew it out, thick black aura grew from the string, and in the blink of an eye, it turned into a savage, malicious Phantom in midair, roaring at Su Ming.

Before it finished roaring, a dozen people appeared from within the middle section of the tribe. All of them had different lengths of hair, and with their hands, they began drawing out the bows they held!

A fierce killing intent gathered swiftly in the air!

"Second senior brother, I have a second Style after Berserker Obliteration... Please help me name it as well." While speaking, Su Ming took a step forward.

The moment he took that one step, his body appeared 500 feet away from where he was previously. His speed was so quick it was indescribable. The instant he did so, one of the eight ice hoops on his legs exploded with a bang!

His speed increased explosively!

The explosion of the ice hoop made shock appear on second senior brother's face.

"Youngest junior brother was actually... wearing those things?!"

The breaking of the first ice hoop made Su Ming's entire body instantly feel as if a large weight had been lifted. The moment he felt as if his body had abruptly become lighter, he crossed another 1,000 feet in the time he had previously taken to cross 500 feet.

When he crossed that distance, the others could no longer see Su Ming, they could only see an afterimage warping to the end of those 1,000 feet.

By that time, most of the Phantom Dais tribe members in the middle section had only started drawing their bows. Su Ming's astonishing speed made Zhuo Ge's short older brother's pupils shrink. Shock appeared on the faces of the three people before him.

"This speed..."

Before the short man could finish uttering his words, which had come out of lips instinctively, banging sounds rang once again around Su Ming's body. Almost the second he crossed those 1,000 feet, another two ice hoops on his legs exploded.

There were only five ice hoops left on his person. His speed became even quicker, and in an instant, he crossed a few hundred feet and rushed towards the short man with the big bow.

The short man widened his eyes and let out a low roar. "Shoot him!"

In the wake of that roar, arrows sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming!

But just as the arrows left the bowstrings and flew into the air at incredible speeds, banging sounds once again came from Su Ming's feet. Three more ice hoops exploded simultaneously!

At that moment, he only had two ice hoops on his person. Yet even so, his speed had reached a terrifying level. In just an instant, Su Ming crossed 5,000 feet as if he flew through time itself, as if he passed through space, and as if he had just turned those 5,000 feet into an inch!

Right then, the world before Su Ming's eyes seemed to have slowed down. Those arrows also slowed down to a pace that was even slower than an arrow shot by a normal person. Those arrows may have seemed to have passed through Su Ming, but in truth, they only shot through his afterimage!

Not only did the arrows slow down, even the actions of the three middle-aged men before him letting go of the bowstrings in their hands also slowed down. In fact, even though Su Ming was already standing before these three people, their eyes did not seem to have seen him. It was as if Su Ming was invisible and the three of them were still looking into the distance...

...Right until the moment Su Ming lifted his right hand and pushed forward!

When he pressed forward, his palm seemed to have struck air, but the skin of the three people before him sank down, their hair flew up slowly, and their bodies started trembling.

Su Ming did not stop. He hurled another punch towards the air!

That one punch caused the three people to cough fresh blood and let go of the bowstrings, causing the three arrows to change direction and lose their accuracy.

Finally, Su Ming lifted his right hand, unfurled his fist, then tapped at the air with one finger!

When his finger landed in the air, the heads of the three middle-aged men who were gambling just now exploded. Only at the moment of their deaths did Su Ming's reflection appear in their eyes, and that was the end of their lives.

'So uncle master Bai's palm strike, punch, and tap... can be done at extreme speeds...'
Su Ming understood then.

At the instant those three people died and the world's speed returned to normal, a black arrow suddenly appeared right in Su Ming's line of vision, then once it sent the three people's flesh and blood flying into the sky, it shot through and charged towards him!

There were ferocious and malicious Phantoms howling on the black arrow. Coming from behind that arrow was the short man's killing intent, and hidden underneath that killing intent was his shock and alarm. Still caught in his shock, the short man felt a faint gust of wind blowing towards him from the cold sky above him...

Chapter 290: It's Dark Now

Where did the wind come from?

The wind started from this place itself!

Su Ming's expression was calm besides the murderous aura in his right eye. At the moment the black arrow and the ferocious Phantom Shadow on it closed in on him, the final two ice hoops on his body exploded!

Six of the eight ice hoops had shattered while he was on the way there. Every single time one of them was destroyed, Su Ming's speed would exceed his previous state's and would raise once again in an inconceivable fashion. At that moment, when the final two ice hoops broke in succession, in Su Ming's eyes, be it the black arrow or the Phantom Shadow formed by the black aura, or even the Phantom Dais tribe members that appeared around him in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, all of these things seemed to have come to a standstill.

The black arrow seemed to have frozen in the sky and looked as if it did not even move. The only thing that seemed to be moving in the entire world was Su Ming's body. He moved forward and walked past the black arrow, past the ferocious Phantom Shadow, and arrived before Zhuo Ge's older brother.

This was a powerful Berserker with power equal to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Even if he was not in the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, judging by how thick the black aura was on the arrow he shot, it could be determined that his power was around the peak of the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. If he wanted to, he could arrive at the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm any time he wanted.

However, this person was not the strongest person Su Ming had ever defeated!

He walked past this person and the Virescent Light Sword in his right hand glowed before it sliced through the short man's neck.

When Su Ming delivered that slash and stood behind the short man, at that moment, it was as if the world returned to normal. It changed abruptly back from that frozen state, and a shrill cry came from behind Su Ming, followed by the sound of a corpse falling to

the ground and an arrow shooting into the sky. Within the whistle of that arrow was also the wretched shriek of the malicious Phantom who also died because its Host passing away.

There were many other sounds mixed within, and they all came from the Phantom Dais tribe members in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe. Those were the sounds of them drawing their bows and shooting their arrows. At that moment, those arrows let out whistling sounds as they sliced through the air and fell to the ground.

Su Ming was so quick that he managed to kill three people in a go, followed by another kill, and all of this happened in the span of an arrow being shot. When the arrows flew into the sky, he took his first step, and they only fell to the ground when he had stopped.

Su Ming's face was slightly pale, but his expression was calm, save the glint from the murderous aura in his right eye. He looked around his surroundings and at all the Phantom Dais tribe members who were looking at him with shock and horrified surprise on their faces.

When these Phantom Dais tribe members looked at Su Ming, disbelief and shock could be seen in their eyes. They did not see just how Su Ming had managed to kill those four people.

They only saw him taking one step 10,000 feet away. When that step landed, he was already standing at the spot he was now, and lying closest to his back were those three people whose bodies were completely mangled, and their arrows were broken while their Phantoms destroyed!

Then slightly further away was the brother of Zhuo Ge. That Black Arrow Berserker seemed as if he could not even resist before his head flew into the air and his Phantom Shadow died with a wretched screech!

Su Ming's speed had surpassed everyone's imagination, causing them to be unable to believe what they just saw. Only their hearts remained pounding increasingly faster against their chest, which then turned into nervousness and fear. At that moment, silence fell upon the area.

Ten thousand feet away, second senior brother also widened his eyes. He took a deep breath after a long while, and when he looked at Su Ming, his gaze was filled with praise and shock. He had watched Su Ming move during the entire process, but even so, when Su Ming killed the short man at the end, he too had lost sight of him for an instant.

This could only mean that Su Ming's speed at that instant had surpassed second senior brother's senses. If his speed was quicker and he could disappear for a long time from a powerful warrior's sight, then he would also become a powerful warrior!

He was a gust of wind. A gust of wind that people could only feel blowing against their faces but could not see!

When Su Ming's gaze swept through all the Phantom Dais tribe members around him in the middle section of Northern Frontier Tribe, all the faces of those who had fallen into his line of vision were instantly drained of blood, and rumbling sounds echoed in their heads.

It was as if Su Ming's gaze contained numerous sharp swords that could pierce through their eyes and crash into their souls, leaving behind a deep brand. That brand was a feeling of powerlessness that made them feel as if they could not resist, as if the person before them was someone they could not hope to win against.

With this feeling in their hearts, under Su Ming's gaze, and as their hearts raced even more quickly in their chests, those whom had fallen into Su Ming's line of vision as he swept his gaze through the area instinctively knelt down before him. They placed the bows in their hands next to their legs, wrapped their arms around their chests, and lowered their heads.

When Su Ming's gaze swept past all the people in the area, all of them, no matter the length of their hair or whether they were a Berserker or a normal person, knelt down and worshipped him.

"The second Style is like a moment that only lasts for an instant, and during that moment, all ghosts and phantoms are destroyed. It is a power that is incomparable... How about naming it Phantom Flash?" second senior brother asked gently as he walked towards Su Ming.

"Phantom Flash... Alright!"

Su Ming nodded his head, his face growing somewhat pale. The speed just now was already his limit. When the final two ice hoops exploded, he sensed that the speed had slightly surpassed what his body could bear. If it was not because he had been training his physical body for the past few months, then it was highly likely that he would have been torn to shreds under that astonishing speed.

"However, youngest junior brother... that Style may be stunning, but... it's still lacking." Second senior brother walked towards Su Ming slowly, and when he was behind him, he cast a glance at the ground, specifically at the short man's corpse, who had his head separated from his body.

"It might not be accurate for me to say that it's lacking. After all, you're the one who Created it... but I think, when you're traveling in that speed, your observational skills fall." As second senior brother spoke, a glint appeared in his eyes, and instantly, a large amount of grass appeared out of nowhere around the short man's corpse.

"You're recovering, I see..."

The instant second senior brother's words were said, the short man's head started melting and turned into an innumerable amount of black bugs that spread out on the ground. The corpse did the same thing and turned into numerous black bugs. As they filled the entire ground, these black bugs let out a piercing screech and flew into the sky simultaneously.

Yet the moment they flew up, the grass on the ground also shot up and ensnared them. The black bugs moved about incessantly, trying to escape from the grass, but it was clear they would not succeed.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the black bugs in the sky. His gaze turned cold.

"My Creation is unlike Third's when he Enters Dream. It's also largely different from the Pictures you Draw... My Creation is that of seeking Death when walking the path of Life... just like how day searches for night..."

While speaking, second senior brother lowered his head to look at his left hand before he slowly lifted it and seized the air in the direction of the bugs that were trying to escape from the grass in the sky.

The moment he did so, the grass that had ensnared the bugs turned brown as if having lost all its life force, as if it was a flower in spring that rapidly withered away under autumn wind.

Yet the moment it withered away, that loss of life seemed to spread and covered the black bugs. When second senior brother lowered his hand, those black bugs fell from the sky and crashed into a mangled heap of flesh on the ground. When all the bugs fell, they did not remain as the carcasses of those bugs but transformed back into the short man's corpse.

"When you use Phantom Flash next time, don't cast your attention on your surroundings. Focus on the enemy you want to kill and observe his life... See whether it is still there or whether it is hidden... If you're not certain, then remember one thing: Always treat it as if he is still alive and kill him again, maybe twice, or even more." As second senior brother spoke, he moved to the side of the mass of flesh, lifted his foot, and started stomping on it.

His expression was still gentle, and it was a huge contrast to what he was doing at the moment.

"Now, he's truly dead. Absolutely, and without a doubt, dead!" second senior brother said softly, lifting his head with a smile towards Su Ming.

His actions made the Phantom Dais tribe members who were gathered around them feel an endless chill creeping up their hearts. Right then, to them, this man who had been smiling all this while was even more terrifying than Su Ming.

This terror did not come from his power but from his actions!

Su Ming was silent for a moment, then nodded deeply.

"Let's go and see just how many people will come out to stop us in the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe." Second senior brother smiled and patted Su Ming's shoulder. There was still a look of praise in his eyes.

Su Ming was just about to follow him, but the moment he lifted his foot, his body trembled, and he lifted his head to look towards his second senior brother standing by his side. He saw a hint of paleness appearing on his second senior brother's smiling face.

"Second senior brother ..." Su Ming opened his mouth, about to say something more.

"It's fine. I'm your senior brother, this is what I should do. Let's go." Second senior brother shook his head and smiled before he moved forward.

Su Ming stared at his second senior brother blankly, and warm affection appeared in his eyes. Just now, when his second senior brother patted his shoulder, he clearly felt a surge of warmth traveling from second senior brother's hand into his body. That warmth circulated through him once and turned into an abundance of life force. This life force was like a powerful medicinal pill that almost entirely healed the injuries Su Ming's body had sustained due to that unbelievable speed.

Yet it was clear that this was not an easy task for second senior brother to do either!

The kindness of the Sect was carved into Su Ming's heart. For all eternity, he would never forget... the ninth summit!

As the two of them moved forward, no one tried to stop them anymore. The Phantom Dais tribe members around them simply watched Su Ming and second senior brother walking further into the distance. Gradually, they arrived at the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe built on the snow plain.

What was revealed before Su Ming and second senior brother were the quiet ice houses located at the very end of the tribe, along with the black leaved tree at the edge of the snow plains, and the house underneath that tree.

"Phantom Dais Tribe... lives up to its name. Youngest junior brother, there are about a hundred people living within the ice houses in this area, and there are about a dozen of them whose power is equivalent to those in the Bone Sacrifice Realm." Second senior

brother swept his gaze across those ice houses, then smiled at Su Ming before he lifted his head to look at the weather.

"Youngest junior brother, it's dark now..." The moment those words left second senior brother's lips, his previously gentle demeanor changed so drastically it was as if heaven was overturned!

Chapter 291: Second Senior Brother's Secret!

"It's dark now."

The moment those words came out of second senior brother's mouth, a freezing cold aura spread out from within his body. That cold aura was like the darkness in the sky, like the cold and merciless night. At that moment, it was as if second senior brother had turned into a completely different person!

Although he was standing beside Su Ming, Su Ming could clearly feel that his second senior brother had become different! Yet he was not unfamiliar with this second senior brother because he had seen him before!

Second senior brother's feet slowly rose into the air and he hovered several inches above the ground. His long hair fluttered slowly in the wind, and that aloof expression on his face made him look incredibly stern.

At that moment, as the sky turned dark and night came, he turned into the darkness that would only appear at night, the one his day personality searched for!

All that which entered Su Ming's line of vision was darkness appearing on the ground below where his second senior brother floated like a ghost. That darkness was not from snow but from the black grass that grew on it.

"The grass at night is black... Did you know that...?"

Second senior brother's voice echoed in the air. As his voice traveled forth, the black grass behind him rustled. In that silent night, those rustling sounds were like people talking about something in soft mumbles.

The moment second senior brother approached the ice house closest to him, a sharp whistling sound came, and along with it came a black arrow. That arrow charged out of that ice house and towards second senior brother.

A ferocious Phantom Shadow materialized on the arrow. It howled as if it wanted to tear apart second senior brother alive and devour his flesh.

"I cannot find the darkness during night... Because I... am night itself..."

Second senior brother's voice was cold. As he spoke, he turned towards the arrow and did not even bother dodging it. He simply let the arrow pierce his body, but as if his body had turned into a mere illusion, that arrow passed through him before it fell onto the black grass on the ground, humming as it did so.

Second senior brother's footsteps did not show any signs of stopping. He continued moving forward, and what happened to him made Su Ming's pupils shrink. Su Ming saw the Phantom Shadow that was formed by the black aura on the arrow around second senior brother's body as if it had fused with him, and it was letting out shrill cries.

That cry shook the skies, and it was so shrill it sounded as if the Phantom Shadow was going through an unbearable pain. Yet in Su Ming's eyes, he could only see the Phantom Shadow revolving around second senior brother and gradually becoming smaller, looking as if it could disappear at any time.

"Great Phantom Devourer Art! Why do you know Phantom Dais Tribe's Secret Art?!" A voice filled with shock came from within the ice house the arrow had come from. At the same time, a person walked out from it.

It was a man dressed in a long white robe. His eyes sparkled, but they were currently shining with surprise and shock.

The moment the man walked out, sharp whistling sounds abruptly tore through the air, and more than a dozen sharp arrows shot out from the ice houses in the later section of Northern Frontier Tribe.

Most of these arrows were blue, but there were some which were black. There was even one of them whose black aura was so thick that the Phantom Shadow forming above the arrow was about 1,000 feet tall under the dark sky.

That sight was like Phantoms rushing out together and charging towards second senior brother in the form of arrows as they roared.

Su Ming's expression changed. Without any hesitation, he took a step forward. Green light shone by his side and the small virescent sword sliced through the air towards the sky. Yet at that moment, second senior brother stopped moving and stretched out his arms. He then lifted his right and seized the air in the direction of the sky.

With that one move, Su Ming was thrown into disbelief. In his second senior brother's hands, a large bow appeared!

That bow was entirely black. The body of the bow was made of black wood, and the bowstring was made of black grass. Second senior brother held it in his hand and drew the bow.

"I don't only know Phantom Devourer, I also know your Phantom Bow Art."

As second senior brother's aloof voice echoed in the air, he drew the bow fully. There was no arrow in his hand, but as he released the bowstring, Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. With his own eyes, he saw his second senior brother's body turning into a wisp of black aura the moment the bowstring was released. Just like an arrow that left the bowstring, it charged towards the arrows raining down from the sky!

It was difficult to describe this scene. In Su Ming's eyes, it was as if his second senior brother lost his physical body and turned into an arrow!

Yet this arrow was shot out the moment he released the bowstring. All of this happened in an instant. Su Ming saw his second senior brother turning into a black arrow, and in the black light of the arrow, he even saw a lock of hair!

At that moment, Su Ming suddenly gained a deeper understanding towards his second senior brother's Creation.

He wandered about in-between life and death, like day-searching for the darkness at night, but this did not mean that he was only searching for darkness when it was day.

This was him searching for darkness at night.

Because he existed within night itself, that was why even if he found it, he would still forever be unable to see it... Su Ming looked at the arrow which was his second senior brother. The black aura on that arrow was very thick, and he could even see the faint Phantom Shadow gathering on it.

And... that Phantom Shadow's appearance was exactly like his second senior brother's face. Su Ming's heart trembled. He understood then.

Understood why his second senior brother's Creation was life and death, why his second senior brother liked flowers, why his second senior brother loved having sunlight fall on the side of his face...

...and also why his second senior brother was always searching during night...

"Phantom Shadow?!"

"He actually turned into a Phantom Shadow?! Who is he?! This can't be possible!"

"There is no Host, only the Phantom Shadow. This... This is... Could the Host be him?!" The Phantom Dais tribe members' faces were filled with disbelief. Some of them even looked towards Su Ming.

At that moment, the arrow which was the transformed second senior brother in the sky and his Phantom Shadow crashed into the dozen arrows shot by the Phantom Dias Tribe.

A booming sound that shook the sky and earth, echoed far through the air. As that sound spread at a maddening pace, all the arrows flying towards second senior brother shattered and turned into millions of shards that tumbled backwards.

The many malicious Phantoms on the arrows and that Phantom that was 1,000 feet tall and surrounded by black aura let out terrified, shrill shrieks. Second senior brother's body was like a vacuum that sucked in everything. All the malicious Phantoms were pulled towards him and revolved around him, causing second senior brother to look blurry as he stared at the ground underneath him coldly.

The vague shape of a horn could be seen faintly on second senior brother's head. The color of that horn was black, but with a hint of green! The malicious Phantoms on his body quickly shrank, shrieking. It was as if they were all devoured by this second senior brother that only appeared during night.

"Phantom King! He's the Phantom King!"

"This is impossible... It's impossible!"

"He doesn't have a host... How... How is he still alive?!"

Uproars reverberated through the surroundings, and the Phantom Dais tribe members present instinctively retreated. Their gazes when they looked at second senior brother in the sky were filled with terror and disbelief.

Behind them, balls of illusionary shadows appeared against their wills. These illusionary shadows were their Phantoms. When these Phantoms appeared, they looked towards second senior brother in the sky and their faces were also filled with the same horrified surprise, but there was still a difference. Within that horrified surprise was also a hint of zealous respect.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother's back and a complicated look appeared on his face. He understood then why Hu Zi chose to Enter his Dream so many times here. It was because this was a rare chance. They had their Master protecting them in the dark, and that was why he could Enter his Dream without worry.

It was just like the initial time he Entered his Dream when he was by Su Ming's side. It was because he knew that Su Ming was by his side. Even if Su Ming had just joined the ninth summit, he could still tell that Hu Zi had truly regarded him as his junior brother.

A junior brother that could be protected and would offer his own protection at the same time.

It was just like how second senior brother acted now. This was clearly second senior brother's secret, yet he did not choose to hide anything before Su Ming. He simply stood there and revealed his deepest secret.

Because second senior brother knew that his junior brother was there. Because he knew that his Master was there. Because he knew that even if he showed all this and something happened to him, he would still be safe. Because there were people who would protect him here, and several years later, perhaps another person he wanted to protect with his life would appear again.

"The rules of the ninth summit... aren't made for killin but for protecting each other..." Su Ming mumbled. He understood.

He looked at his second senior brother's back and the complicated look in his eyes vanished, replaced by steadfast resolution. This was not the first time that a determined gaze had appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and this gaze did not just appear because his sense of belonging to the ninth summit had been wavering previously. This time, the steadfast resolution that appeared within his eyes was born of a desire to protect his home and his family!

This protective desire reminded Su Ming of Dark Mountain.

Dark Mountain was what he wanted to protect, but he did not succeed in the end... Right then, the ninth summit gave him the desire to protect something once again. He did not know whether he would succeed, but he knew that this was his home, and over here, he had a family.

Even if the family members within this home were different from others, even if one of the family members, his second senior brother... was not human!

He was a Phantom, one that had somehow escaped fate. He was a Phantom that longed for light even though he was of darkness. He loved plants because the life force within those flowers was similar to his...

His Creation was that of life and death, because he, he did not walk from life to death, but from death to life!

Su Ming understood now.

At the moment he gained the epiphany, suddenly, a cold harrumph came from the house underneath that lonely big tree at the edge of the snow plains of Phantom Dais Tribe.

When the harrumph sounded, Su Ming's body trembled and his Divine General Armor materialized on his body while Han Mountain Bell rang to resist it. Yet no matter what, blood still trickled down from his mouth.

There was a cold chill seeping out of that voice, and once it appeared, all the tribe members of Phantom Dais Tribe shuddered and knelt in the direction of that house.

Second senior brother's body trembled in midair when that cold harrumph sounded. Rumbling sounds came from nearby, and before second senior brother, a gigantic Phantom Claw shot out from the dark sky, moving to catch him!

When that gigantic Phantom Claw appeared, a cold and old voice followed suit. "Are you done fooling around?!"

Once that voice spoke, suddenly... another voice answered back with the exact same words, "Are you done fooling around?" However, this voice was not cold. Instead, it held a hint of playfulness.

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Chapter 292: I'm Not Tian Xie Zi!

The first voice came from within the house under the big tree at the edge of the snow plains and from the Phantom Claw that was extending from the sky.

The second voice... came from Tian Xie Zi.

"You're exactly right. Bloody hell, are you brats done fooling around?" Tian Xie Zi was wearing a long white robe and a black hood covering his head which only revealed his eyes and mouth, making him look... very odd.

When his words were said, not only did it not make the Phantom Claw from the sky that was working on catching second senior brother stop, it made him move even faster. In an instant, it closed on second senior brother. Yet the moment it got closer, second senior brother did not move. A black bundle of smoke suddenly appeared out of nowhere before him.

That black smoke's presence seemed similar to second senior brother's, but in truth, it was completely different. As the black smoke gathered together, a man walked out from within it.

That man's skin was completely black, and he was 20 feet tall. Like a giant, he stood before second senior brother, and with a ferocious sneer on his lips, he hurled a punch towards the incoming Phantom Claw.

That person was one of the 300 slaves that eldest senior brother owned!

He was constantly lusting for blood and held a crazed desire for slaughter. When he attacked, his fist immediately crashed against the Phantom Claw. A shocking boom reverberated in the air, and the Phantom Claw was forced back several dozens of feet, but the man also trembled and coughed out a mouthful of blood.

Yet even though he had just vomited blood, he was not weakened, instead, he became even more excited. He lifted his head and roared before charging towards that Phantom Claw. As he moved forward, that person lifted his right hand and slammed it against his chest.

"Nine Li Tribe1 relic, Forbidden Curse: Blood Swamp!"

When he slammed his palm against his chest, his body... was bizarrely torn apart!

His arms, legs, head, and body were all instantly split up from each other and turned into wisps of black smoke. As those wisps moved forward, they merged together and turned into a black vortex. Low growls could be heard coming from within it.

That sound seemed to have come from the depths of hell itself and was filled with a desire to slaughter the living and exuded an air of madness. When it got close to the Phantom Claw, a blood-red hand stretched out from within the depths of the vortex. That hand had no skin, only flesh and bone, and there were numerous runic symbols marking its flesh. That hand seized the Phantom Claw and pulled.

The two different hands clashed together in midair and both used the strongest power they could muster against each other. With a loud boom in the sky, a shrill cry echoed in the air, and the Phantom Claw was ripped apart. The ripped portion of the Claw was then dragged into the vortex.

At the same time, the vortex trembled and chewing sounds could be heard from within. Soon, the vortex dissolved into black smoke once again, and when they merged together, they turned into the man once more.

The man coughed out a huge mouthful of blood, then laughed maniacally towards the sky as he wiped off the blood from the corners of his lips and smeared it on his chest.

The Phantom Arm that had lost its hand swiftly vanished into the dark sky. At the same time, an angry voice came from the ice house located at the edge of the snow plains. "Tian Xie Zi, what is the meaning of this?!"

The hooded Tian Xie Zi lifted his head and cast a glance at Su Ming's second senior brother. "Second, get down here!"

Second senior brother's expression was calm and he slowly descended onto the ground to stand beside Su Ming. Once he did so, he bowed respectfully towards Tian Xie Zi.

"And you, the eldest told you to come, right? Get down here!"

The dark skinned man glared at Tian Xie Zi and looked as if he was just about to go against his words when he seemed to remember something. That rebelliousness instantly turned into obedience and he moved to stand beside Tian Xie Zi.

Su Ming hesitated for a moment before said softly, "Master..."

"Shut up!" Tian Xie Zi glared at Su Ming and pointed at him, at his second senior brother, then at the dark skinned man as well. Anger appeared on his face, and it did not seem fake. Tian Xie Zi was truly and absolutely livid. "Look at what you've done. Have you grown a pair now, hah?! Are you done fooling around?!"

Just as Tian Xie Zi was giving his disciples a piece of his mind, that old voice once again came from the house at the edge of the snow plains.

"Tian Xie Zi, you must be held accountable for what happened to Phantom Dais Tribe this time!"

Tian Xie Zi did not even glance back to acknowledge the voice. He simply continued glaring at Su Ming and the others. That enraged expression of his made Su Ming instinctively look at second senior brother by his side.

Second senior brother lowered his head and did not speak.

"What are you doing? Tell me, exactly what are you doing?! You ran to other peoples' tribe and started fighting and killing them, is it fun? Come on, tell me! Are you done fooling around?!"

"Bloody hell, I've been following you brats all the way, and I can't watch this anymore!" Tian Xie Zi roared loudly.

"Are you people even stirring up trouble? Are you even killing? Is this what you call breaking into someone else's tribe? Do people even break into other tribes like this?! There's not even an ounce of grandness in what you just did! You piss me off! Watch,

I'll teach you right now exactly what it means to break into a tribe and what it means to be arrogant!"

Tian Xie Zi's anger did not fade, but instead, his voice grew louder as he continued speaking, and he looked absolutely disappointed that they did not live up to his expectations. The only thing missing was him pounding his chest in exasperation.

A voice burning with anger almost at the same intensity as Tian Xie Zi's rage shot out from within the ice house at the edge of the snow plains. "Tian Xie Zi!"

"Who? What did you just call me? I'm definitely not that brilliant, handsome, extraordinary, powerful, strapping, and what else is there... wise, valiant and all the other things you can think of Tian Xie Zi!" Tian Xie Zi immediately turned his head around and looked at the house in the distance before he patted his chest with a proud look on his face.

"Just how in the world could you mistake me for Tian Xie Zi? It's a pity, but I'm not him!" Tian Xie Zi blinked and quickly retorted.

"That's enough, Tian Xie Zi. You and your disciples trespassed into my tribe..."

Before that old voice even finished speaking, a piercing shout that was much louder than it spilled out from Tian Xie Zi's mouth.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi! I'm really not Tian Xie Zi!" Tian Xie Zi shouted out with a nervous expression on his face before taking a step forward and grabbing one of the Phantom Dais tribe members who was kneeling down and worshipping in the direction of the house. He lifted him up as if he was lifting up a small creature, and with bloodshot eyes, he stared fixedly at the person who was so scared he was stunned.

"Tell me, am I Tian Xie Zi?!"

That Phantom Dais tribe member shook his head rapidly, his body trembled.

A smile instantly appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he tossed the Phantom Dais tribe member to the side.

"Tian Xie Zi, you've gone overboard!"

A furious howl came from within the house, and the big tree beside the house suddenly started twisting and moving bizarrely. The black leaves on its branches fell off, and as they floated down, they turned into eighteen Phantom Shadows that looked like young boys. With savage looks on their faces, those boys opened their mouths so wide they looked as if they were about to split their heads open and turned into thick black smoke that charged towards Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi widened his eyes, rage burning within them.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi, damn it! I'm not Tian Xie Zi!"

As he spoke, he took a step forward and was just about to rush towards the eighteen Phantoms when he suddenly stopped, turned his head back, and glared at Su Ming and the others.

"What are you doing? We're going together! Are you actually thinking of letting me attack alone?!"

Second senior brother's eyes sparkled and he was the first to rush out. In the blink of an eye, he passed Tian Xie Zi. A dark smile appeared on his lips and an aloof look settled in his eyes.

The second person to rush out was the dark skinned man. With a bloodthirsty look on his face, the man let out bizarre cries and charged forward like a gust of black wind.

Su Ming may have been the last to move, but with his speed, he only needed one step before he arrived in front of the others. With the Divine General Armor covering his body, the chimes from Han Mountain Bell, and his Origin Lightning, the dark sky started rumbling thunderously.

His Origin Vessel, the strange fragment that was formed within Su Ming's body after he refined lightning in the past, was letting out lightning sparks that no one could see. They spread all over Su Ming's body, causing rumbling bolts of lightning to shoot out in all directions.

Tian Xie Zi grinned, then lifted his right hand and waved it before him. Instantly, a layer of fog appeared before him. That fog rolled about as if it was a gigantic wave and rushed forward. All the ice houses in its path exploded, and the people who did not manage to evade were swept into the white fog, screaming in terror. As the white fog moved forward, it turned into a gigantic ball about hundreds of feet in size.

It charged towards that house by the edge of the snow plains with loud booming sounds.

The instant that gigantic ball of fog got close to the house, an old man with white hair walked out from within and pressed his hand against the ball of fog. Right then, Tian Xie Zi's body suddenly vanished. When he reappeared, he was within that fog, and he hurled a punch towards that old man.

"I'm not Tian Xie Zi!" One punch!

"I'm really not Tian Xie Zi!" Another punch!

"Damn you! Even if I die, I won't admit it!" And another one!

Booming sounds reverberated in the air. The white-haired old man resisted the blows with an angry face, but he was repeatedly forced back until eventually, Tian Xie Zi hurled out a punch that caused that house to burst into pieces.

The white-haired old man was pushed to the cliff of the snow plains under Tian Xie Zi's relentless punches. Then with a low growl and one final punch, the old man was sent flying off the snow plains!

"Third, Fourth, do you see it now? If you kill someone but don't destroy their houses, can you still call it breaking into a tribe? What you did was fooling around! This is the real deal!"

A proud look appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he turned his head back to look at Su Ming and the others, who were fighting against the eighteen Phantom Shadows.

"Tian Xie Zi, you lunatic!"

The white-haired old man was floating in the air beyond the snow plains, and he was in a sorry state. His clothes were torn, his hair was messy, and blood was running down his mouth.

A vicious look appeared on his face.

Tian Xie Zi was stunned for a moment when he heard the old man's words before his expression instantly changed to one of agitation. His eyes even became bloodshot.

"Lunatic? I'm not a lunatic! I'm not!"

Tian Xie Zi took one step forward and started shouting at the old man, "I'm really not a lunatic! I'm not... I'm not crazy!"

There was a hurt look on his face, along with agitation, and even terror, which seemed to have come from having someone discover his secret.

"I'm not a lunatic! I'm already cured! I'm really not crazy!"

As if he had sunk into hysteria, Tian Xie Zi rushed towards the old man in one step. By the looks of it, he wanted to catch that old man to prove something.

The old man's eyes widened, and terror appeared within them.

Su Ming stood in the distance laughing wryly, and he could only laugh wryly...

Chapter 293: Compromise

As Su Ming continued laughing wryly, in the distance, Tian Xie Zi took one step, and a distorted wave of ripples appeared in the air. Just like when Su Ming used that extreme speed, he disappeared in a flash. When he reappeared, he was already standing before the white-haired old man.

The old man's pupils shrank and he was about to retreat when Tian Xie Zi's thin left hand grabbed his shirt.

"I'm not a lunatic! I'm really not! I'm cured! I'm completely cured... Why do you say I'm crazy!"

With bloodshot eyes, Tian Xie Zi started roaring at the white-haired old man. No matter who it was that saw his expression then could tell that he was nervous and frightened, as if his secret was just discovered and he was trying hard to explain himself to hide something.

This scene fell into the eyes of Phantom Dais tribe members, and all their gazes when they looked at Tian Xie Zi were filled with deep terror.

The white-haired old man was shaken to the core. This was not the first time he had met Tian Xie Zi, and he also knew some of the rumors regarding the man.

He originally didn't pay too much heart to it, yet when he was seized by Tian Xie Zi at that moment, he suddenly discovered that this Tian Xie Zi instilled a terror within him that made even his heart tremble in fear.

"Damn it, I already told you I'm not crazy! You don't believe me? You don't?" As Tian Xie Zi shouted, some of his spit flew out out of his mouth.

The white-haired old man who was really close to him wanted to struggle and get away, but clearly... it was not possible. "Tian Xie Zi, you lunatic! What are you doing?! This is Phantom Dais Tribe! This is the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky's Northern Frontier Tribe! I'm Phantom Dais' Chief of the Hunters!"

"If you dare hurt me, I'll make sure your entire ninth summit dies with me!"

The white-haired old man growled as he struggled. His face was filled with rage, but underneath that rage was well-hidden terror.

"Y-you..."

Tian Xie Zi was so agitated that tears started welling up in his eyes, looking as if they were about to fall at any moment, and then... he started shouting madly.

"Why do you insist that I'm a lunatic?! I'm not! I'm not a lunatic! I'm really cured now! If you don't believe me... If you don't believe me, then look at this!"

It was as if Tian Xie Zi remembered something, and with one hand still holding onto the white-haired old man, he stuck his right hand into his bosom and brought out a small wooden slip.

Once he brought it out, Tian Xie Zi threw it behind him, and that wooden slip turned into a dim ray of light that flew towards Su Ming, who was standing not too far away.

"Fourth, read the words on the slip for me. Let them hear it!"

A smug expression appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face, but he still continued glaring at the white-haired old man before him.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, but still caught the wooden slip. When he lowered his head to look at it, his expression immediately turned odd.

"Read it!" Tian Xie Zi yelled at him, displeased.

"Er..." Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he spoke in a voice that echoed in the area.

"Western Region Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky... admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

Su Ming blinked, then laughed wryly as he lifted his head to look at Tian Xie Zi.

Tian Xie Zi's face was filled with smug pride. He glared at the white-haired old man, then with an arrogant demeanor yelled at him, "So? That's the proof. Did you see the proof Western Freezing Sky gave me?!"

"Fourth, flip it over. There's still some at the back. Continue reading."

Su Ming flipped the wooden slip over. When he saw the words written on the back, he laughed wryly once again and shook his head before his voice echoed through the air once again.

"Eastern District Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

"The Barren Southern Tribe of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic and that he has been cured..."

"The Great Tribe of Freezing Sky admits that Tian Xie Zi is absolutely not a lunatic..."

When Su Ming finished reading all the words, the smug expression on Tian Xie Zi's face became even more prominent.

He grabbed the stunned white-haired old man and yelled at him, "Did you hear that? I'm not crazy, I'm already cured! That's my proof. If you don't believe me, I have more!" This time, Tian Xie Zi brought out a large amount of wooden slips from his bosom and threw them all to Su Ming.

"Silver Grass Meadow Tribe admits that Sir Tian Xie Zi is not a lunatic..."

"Promised Lattice Tribe admits that Sir Tian Xie Zi... has been cured..."

"Sky Mist City admits that Tian Xie Zi is no longer a lunatic. He is normal..."

"The Great Tribe of Western Sea admits that Tian Xie Zi is not crazy..."

As Su Ming continued reading the words out, he was shocked. All the handwritings on the wooden slips were different, and it was clear that they were from different people. It was as if the wooden slips were telling the truth and they all came from different tribes. Then Tian Xie Zi...

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. He just saw Sky Mist City and the Great Tribe of Western Sea...

As he continued reading the words, not only was he shocked, all the people around the area who heard it were also stunned. They all looked towards the smug looking Tian Xie Zi floating in midair.

"I said it before, I'm not a lunatic! Now you believe me, right?!"

Tian Xie Zi had a deeply wounded look on his face. Even if he was still wearing the hood, all of them could still see it through his words, and from his eyes and his mouth, which were not covered by the hood.

The white-haired old man, who was captured by Tian Xie Zi, had his eyes as wide as saucers and found himself completely speechless. He no longer dared say anything, because he was already very certain that Tian Xie Zi was absolutely and without a doubt a lunatic. If he insisted on his words, then there was a high possibility that he would make him angry.

There was no predicting what a lunatic would do.

'He's crazy... He's a lunatic. If those wooden slips are real, he's still a lunatic. A normal person wouldn't go to so many places just to get proof that he isn't crazy...

'If those are fake, then he's definitely a lunatic...'

The white-haired old man, Phantom Dais Tribe's Chief of the Hunters, kept his lips sealed tight.

"Huh? Why aren't you speaking? You're looking down on me!" Tian Xie Zi glared at him, and the moment those words came out, even Su Ming began to pity that white-haired old man.

"How dare you look down on me, you... why are you looking down on me?! You still think I'm crazy, right?!" Tian Xie Zi flew into a rage, and as he grew even more agitated, a glow appeared in his eyes, one that said he wanted to kill the man to silence him.

Perhaps the others could not tell the meaning behind that glow, but the white-haired old man who was captured in his hands could see it clearly.

"You're horrible! I respected you and brought out all my proof for you, and yet you still think I'm a lunatic?!" With his face burning with anger, Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand. Judging by the looks of it, it seemed like he wanted to strangle the white-haired old man to death.

The old man's eyes grew even wider, and he began struggling desperately. Yet he had already noticed something before this happened - all the circulation of power within his body was cut off when Tian Xie Zi grabbed his throat. It was as if he had lost his power and could not summon even the tiniest bit of it.

As Tian Xie Zi lifted his right hand, a terror of death filled the white-haired old man's heart and mind, making fear appear on his face. He opened his mouth, looking as if he wanted to say something, but Tian Xie Zi did not give him the chance. He seized his throat and started squeezing with both hands. The white-haired old man's face instantly turned red.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He knew that if the white-haired old man died, then this would instantly turn into a big problem, but he was not afraid. Killing intent appeared in his eyes instead. The moment the white-haired old man died in his Master's hands, Su Ming would immediately act. Before anyone could strike back, he would kill them all first.

Nearby, second senior brother and the dark skinned man had already crushed the eighteen young Phantom Shadows. Quite a number of them were even swallowed by second senior brother. Right then, he was still in his night appearance. His entire body gave off a chilling aura and his expression was aloof, but within his aloof gaze, there was killing intent.

However, just as the white-haired old man was about to be strangled to death by Tian Xie Zi and the Phantom Dais tribe members on the ground began to show expressions

of madness driven by fear and were about to throw everything to the wind and fight back...

...An old voice spoke in a resigned voice, "You're not a lunatic, you're already cured... I, Mo Shan, can be your witness."

Once that voice spoke and spread through the land, the white-haired old man in Tian Xie Zi's hands suddenly shuddered and immediately turned into countless black bugs as if he had just shattered into them. Those bugs quickly fell back and flew several thousands of feet away while crammed closely together before they turned back into the white-haired old man.

There was still terror lingering on his face from having experienced the fear of having narrowly escaped death and knelt in the air.

"Greetings, Elder. Thank you for saving my life..."

Ripples appeared in the spot where the white-haired old man was kneeling, and an old man dressed in a black robe gradually walked out. That old man ignored the Phantom Dais Chief of the Hunters and looked towards Tian Xie Zi.

"Tian Xie Zi..."

His words had just left his mouth when Tian Xie Zi let out a cold harrumph. He too, did not look at Phantom Dais' Chief of the Hunters. He glared at the black robed old man instead. "I'm not Tian Xie Zi!"

The moment Phantom Dais's Elder appeared, Su Ming trembled. He felt a faint pressure coming from the old man, and it made his entire body's Qi freeze. A grim expression appeared on his face, yet when he heard his Master's words, that pressure vanished in an instant.

Su Ming smiled. He had a feeling that if Phantom Dais' Elder continued speaking, he would perhaps be brought back to the previous topic as his Master continued talking in circles.

"Then I must have mistaken you for someone else. How should I address you?" The black robed Phantom Dais Elder smiled softly. There was not a hint of emotion on his face when he spoke slowly and looked at Tian Xie Zi.

"I'm Tian Xie Zi! Blood hell, don't you recognize me?! I even held you in my arms when you were young! How could you not recognize me?! How could you ask me who I am?!" Tian Xie Zi glared at him with a face burning with anger.

A resigned look appeared on the face of the Phantom Dais Elder before he shook his head and wrapped his fist in his palm towards Tian Xie Zi.

"Uncle master, please stop joking around... I only learned of what had happened just now. It's my tribe member's fault... I already brought that accursed spawn here," he said with a wry smile and waved his right arm.

Immediately, a person staggered out from the air beside him, and with a thud, he was forced to kneel in the air.

It was man at the prime of his life. He was half-naked, and his hair encircled his neck several times. There was anger and great unwillingness on his face, along with terror.

Chapter 294: Phantom Equal!

"Zhuo Ge was mixing around with some questionable company and was used by others... but since he was the person who did it, he has to be responsible for his actions!

"Henceforth, Zhuo Ge is no longer a member of Phantom Dais Tribe. Whether he lives or dies will be decided by you, uncle master!" Phantom Dais' Elder stated calmly.

Once he finished speaking, he cast a glance at Zhuo Ge, and a chilling glint appeared in his eyes. With one wave of his arm, Zhuo Ge was instantly swept away by wind and blown towards Su Ming and the others. When he crashed onto the ground before them, the dark skinned man laughed viciously and lifted him up.

A pleased look appeared on Tian Xie Zi's face and he stroked his beard before letting out a fake cough.

"Eldest disciple nephew, look. Your uncle master and junior brothers didn't manage to control ourselves and destroyed a lot of your houses..."

"It's fine. Those are physical objects and can be rebuilt. I was just thinking that these houses looked rather old lately. I'd have to thank you for clearing them out for me, uncle master." Mo Shan continued smiling and not much change could be seen from his expression.

"Is that so? Then I don't have to worry about it anymore. But eldest disciple nephew, your junior brothers injured quite a number of people and even killed some of them..." Tian Xie Zi put on a troubled face.

"It's fine. That just means their power was not great enough. It has nothing to do with others. Even if they didn't die today, once we fought against the Shamans, they would have still died there. They can consider this a lesson." Phantom Dais' Elder's face

continued looking as passive as ever as he spoke with a smile. It was as if anger could never be found on him.

Yet no matter how well this sort of person presented himself, he could still not hide the sinister nature in himself. Su Ming stared at Phantom Dais' Elder, standing not too far away. He knew clearly that with this person's power, he must have known when he and his second senior brother had come to this place. He must also have known who they were looking for.

Yet at that time, he pretended not to have known. He had even simply allowed his tribe members to attack, and was only forced to come forth when Su Ming and the others walked up to this place and Tian Xie Zi appeared.

He even let them have Zhuo Ge. All of this was clearly because he was incredibly wary of Master. Perhaps it could even be said that this wariness manifested in the form of hesitation and observation, yet now, when this person appeared before them, judging by his current attitude, it was clear that he had made his decision.

"Uncle master, I have something to give you. Consider this Phantom Dais Tribe's apology for this matter."

Phantom Dais' Elder smiled when he spoke and brought out an item from his bosom. That thing was a wooden slip, and as he held it in his hand, he drew a few lines on it with his right hand to write a few words. Once he did so, he held it out respectfully to Tian Xie Zi.

When Tian Xie Zi took it and lowered his head to look at it, he started grinning from ear to ear.

"Not bad, not bad at all. Next time, if anyone says I'm a lunatic again, I'll have one more proof I can show them."

Mo Shan smiled and wrapped his fist in his palm to salute Tian Xie Zi.

"I still have some matters to deal with in the tribe, so I won't be able to send you off, uncle master. If you have the time, feel free to come to my tribe and be our guest."

Right up till the end, he did not spare even a single glance to Su Ming or the others, neither did he mention them at all in his words. It was as if Su Ming and the others did not exist in his eyes, or perhaps more accurately speaking, they did not have the right for him to take note of them. The only person that deserved his attention here was Tian Xie Zi.

"You're far too courteous. It's fine, you can go back now. I'll also be leaving."

Tian Xie Zi quickly and carefully put away the wooden slip before he patted his chest, looking completely contented. He was just about to turn around and walk towards Su Ming and the others to leave when a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

He took a step forward.

"Master, I have something to say."

"Hmm? Fourth, what is it?" Tian Xie Zi looked towards Su Ming.

Phantom Dais' Elder continued smiling and still continued ignoring all the people around him. Even if Su Ming had just spoken, he still did not look at him and only continued looking at Tian Xie Zi.

"When I was fighting just now, I lost a bag. There was about 500 golden stone coins in there. I also had some enchanted Vessels stored inside. At that time, I saw a Phantom Dais tribe member taking it away.

"Could you please get it back for me?"

The moment Su Ming's words were voiced, before Tian Xie Zi even spoke, Phantom Dais' Elder swiftly turned his gaze towards Su Ming. This was the first time he looked at him properly. The smile on his face vanished for an instant, but it soon returned.

Yet the freezing glare that appeared in his eyes for that one instant could be clearly felt by Su Ming, who had been watching his expression all this while.

"Huh? Something like this happened? You lost 500 something golden stone coins? That's a lot!" Tian Xie Zi widened his eyes. He turned his head around to look at Phantom Dais' Elder and a stern look appeared on his face. "Eldest disciple nephew, that's your fault, isn't it? Come on now, hurry up and bring back that bag my disciple lost."

Phantom Dais' Elder fell silent for a moment, then quickly brought out a bag from his bosom and took out 600 golden stone coins from within. Those stone coins might not be as striking as the one Tian Lan Meng had given Su Ming, but they were about the same, and the large amount of those coins along with their value was something Su Ming had never seen before.

"There's no need for that. There are 600 golden stone coins here. Junior brother, will you accept it?" A smile appeared on Phantom Dais' Elder when he looked at Su Ming.

"The stone coins are good, but this entire area is under Northern Frontier's jurisdiction. We're now almost to Sky Mist Shaman Hunt now, so it's only natural that we will go out shopping. If anything happens to us..." The one who spoke was not Su Ming, but his second senior brother standing nearby.

His voice was no longer cold and aloof, but gentle like spring wind. The moment he uttered his words, Su Ming immediately turned to look at his second senior brother.

He saw that the aloof look on second senior brother's face was gone and he had returned to the gentle man who loved having sun shine on his body while he positioned himself so that the side of his face was turned towards it.

With a gentle smile on his lips, he nodded to Su Ming. That handsome face, the brilliant smile, and the gentle demeanor made it hard for Su Ming to associate his second senior brother to how he was just moments ago, and also made it difficult for him to truly believe that this second senior brother of his had truly come back.

The instant he spoke, Phantom Dais' Elder cast his gaze towards second senior brother. There was a brief moment where his expression turned dark before he spoke languidly.

"That's easy. If anything happens to any of you outside Freezing Sky Clan before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, Phantom Dais Tribe will be held accountable for it!"

"Is that so? Now I have the courage to say it. Master, in truth, I also lost some stone coins..." Second senior brother smiled gently.

"Huh? You lost it too? Bloody hell, why do you people bring all your money with you when you come out to fight? That's... good! That's very good! Er... Second, make sure you write that down under ninth summit's rules as well!" Tian Xie Zi nodded his head in a very satisfied manner.

Second senior brother looked quite abashed as he turned towards Phantom Dais' Elder, whose face had turned completely dark.

"About that... I didn't lose too many things. It's also 500 golden stone coins, and a Phantom Fork, and 10 other enchanted Vessels, and also 100 something medicinal liquid used to heal injuries... It's not much, it's really not much. I won't bother about the other items, I'm not that nitpicky, I can give them up.

"Fourth, what else did you lose?" second senior brother smiled and asked softly as he looked at Su Ming.

Mo Shan's face grew increasingly darker.

Su Ming had originally thought he was asking for a lot, but once he heard his second senior brother speak, only then did he know exactly what it meant by demanding an insane amount of things...

"Er... I remember I lost around 100 ice rocks, um... and also Merging Bone Grass, Three Scented Branches, Dust Orchid Leaves..." Su Ming mentioned dozens of herbs of the top of his head.

"And also seven bones from beasts equivalent to that of the Awakening Realm, and eight puppet bodies with power equal to that of the Awakening Realm, and..." Su Ming continued speaking until he did not know what else he wanted.

Phantom Dais' Elder's face was so dark that it had practically turned murderous by then. He glared at Su Ming and the others coldly. The other Phantom Dais tribe members were also seething in rage.

"Ahem, Fourth, your memory is really horrid. I remember you had a Phantom Fork in your bag as well." Second senior brother let out a few fake coughs by his side.

"That's right. I just remembered. I also lost a Phantom Fork." Su Ming blinked and quickly spoke.

The Phantom Dais Elder became so angry he started laughing, but once he took a few deep breaths, he closed his eyes. Once he reopened them, his eyes had already calmed down and he nodded his head with a smile.

"But I'm curious, how did you manage to store those eight puppets in your bag...? And how exactly did you have our tribe's unique treasure, the Phantom Fork, in your bag as well...?"

"But since you lost them in Phantom Dais Tribe, then we will return it to you!" The moment Phantom Dais' Elder finished speaking, he suddenly lifted his head and looked into the distance.

From the distance, a man holding a big axe could be seen running rapidly towards them. As he ran, he started shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Wait! Wait...! I also lost some things!"

Second senior brother smiled. The grass in his palm shattered and turned into dust. There was in no way he would forget to tell his own junior brothers in the same Sect when there were good things to get. In Hu Zi's case, he woke him up and told him...

"I lost a pot of wine! That's all I lost, nothing else! Give me back my wine!" Hu Zi panted harshly as he ran to stand beside Su Ming, then yelled at Phantom Dais' Elder. There was great eagerness and thirst in his eyes.

The Phantom Dais Elder clenched his hands instinctively. He remained silent for a moment before he waved his arm and turned around to walk towards where Phantom Dais Tribe's city was located beyond the snow plains.

"Give it to them!" His words echoed in the air, and anger could be heard within his voice.

Yet the moment he finished speaking but before he managed to take a few steps forward, a thought struck Tian Xie Zi's head. He let out a few fake coughs and spoke to Phantom Dais' Elder.

"Er... eldest disciple nephew? Look, I'm old now, and I don't remember things that well. I just remembered that I also lost quite a few things..."

The Phantom Dias Elder's footsteps came to an abrupt halt. Although his face was turned towards the crowd and could not be seen, they could still feel that he was seething with an anger that could burn the skies, as if he could no longer tolerate them.

Yet the moment that anger appeared, suddenly, crunching sounds as if someone was stepping on snow came from beyond the snow plains, and they were soon followed by a person dressed in a purple robe that covered even his head, walking slowly forward until he stepped onto the snow plains.

"We'll give you everything you lost... but I want to talk to him... alone..." That person lifted his right arm, which was as dried up as a bone. His fingers had incredibly long fingernails. The person he pointed at... was Su Ming!

His voice was hoarse, as if it traveled through the passages of time, and it drifted in the air...

"Phantom Equal!" Tian Xie Zi's face instantly became stern, and the white hue on his robes started showing signs of change.

Chapter 295: Lei Chen!

Su Ming looked at the purple-robed person walking from beyond the snow plains with a look of concentration. That person gave him absolutely no feeling of familiarity, but the instant he lifted his right hand and pointed towards him, Su Ming felt his heart lurch. He could not explain it, but at that moment, that originally unfamiliar feeling suddenly became one of familiarity, as if Su Ming had seen this person somewhere before.

The moment the purple-robed person appeared, Phantom Dais' Elder, who was about ready to fly off into a rage, felt his anger draining away instantly. His expression calmed down and he turned around in midair. His gaze also fell on Su Ming.

Tian Xie Zi had a stern look on his face and his robes were showing signs of changing color. They no longer looked white but were changing into a grey hue. That grey shade was not the end of the change. Purple flecks of color gradually began showing on his robes.

"Sir Tian Xie Zi, with all due respect, I harbor no ill-will towards your disciple. I only have a few questions I need to ask him." The purple-robed person's face still could not be seen even as he spoke once again.

"Phantom Dais' Phantom Equal... It has been rumored that ever since the tribe was formed, there has been no second Phantom Equal since... In fact, it is also said in the rumors that when the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky subjugated Phantom Dais Tribe, the Phantom Equal did not fight back either..."

"I'd like to see just how strong you are, Phantom Equal!" Tian Xie Zi's gaze was chilling. At that moment, he no longer looked crazy but, instead, murderous!

"Sir Tian Xie Zi, why don't you ask your disciple whether he is willing to talk to me? If he isn't willing, I won't force him, but if he is willing, I hope you won't stop us." The purple-robed man's voice was raspy, but his tone remained calm.

Tian Xie Zi looked at the purple-robed man and the grave look in his eyes grew stronger. That expression rarely appeared on him, and as that grave look in his eyes grew stronger, a faint will to fight appeared as well.

He licked his lips but did not speak. Instead, he gradually lifted his right hand, and during that process, his robes started rapidly changing to a purple shade.

By Su Ming's side, a grave look also appeared on second senior brother's face. Even the dark skinned man, who was one of the 300 slaves belonging to the eldest senior brother, had the same reaction.

"You can ask, but you also have to answer my questions." Su Ming looked at the Phantom Equal and spoke suddenly.

"Alright," the purple-robed person agreed calmly.

"Master, I'd like to talk to him."

When Su Ming's started speaking, Tian Xie Zi's lifted hand came to a stop while he was in midair. He turned around to look at Su Ming, then after remaining silent for a moment, he lowered his right hand.

"Come with me." The purple-robed Phantom Dais Tribe's Phantom Equal spoke hoarsely before he turned around and walked towards the borders of the snow plains that were previously behind him.

Su Ming did not hesitate and moved forward. The purple-robed person walked in front, and Su Ming walked behind him. Soon, the both of them arrived at the border of the snow plains. Standing there, they could clearly see the city belonging to Phantom Dais Tribe and the land that was gradually being invaded by green grass behind the city underneath the cliff.

Silence fell among them. Neither of them spoke.

There were several dozens of feet between the purple-robed person and Su Ming. After a long while, he spoke languidly. "That is the Southern lands..."

Su Ming looked at the faint hints of green on the land lying at the very end of his sight. He remained silent.

"What is your name?" The purple-robed person turned around and, with his eyes still hidden underneath his robes, he looked at Su Ming.

"Su Ming. What is your name?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment and decided not to hide anything. Instead, once he finished answering, he threw out a question of his own.

The purple-robed person looked as if he had to mull over the question for a moment before he shook his head and answered hoarsely. "Mine...? I have already forgotten it... Phantom Equal is my name.

"I can sense a unique presence from you. You... are not from the Land of South Morning." The purple-robed person spoke in a whisper, but when his words fell into Su Ming's ears, it made his heart lurch.

That was not a question. That was a statement that did not require any feedback from Su Ming.

"What is this?" Su Ming avoided the topic and brought out a black stone from his bosom. The stone may seem hard, but in truth, when Su Ming first held it in his hand, it was very soft. That stone was the cocoon that had kept spitting out black bugs previously.

"This is a sacred item of Phantom Dais Tribe. Through it, a member of Phantom Dais Tribe can communicate with a unique world filled with countless Phantoms... You're not from the Land of the South Morning, and neither am I..." the purple-robed person mumbled under his breath.

Su Ming cast that person a glance but remained silent.

"I can feel a unique presence from you, and there's something familiar about you as well. It's as if... we met before.

"Or perhaps I should say, you met the next Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe..." The purple-robed person turned around abruptly and gazed into Su Ming's eyes.

"The Phantom Equal in Phantom Dais Tribe hasn't always been the same person. When one dies, the next will awaken. But I've searched through the entire Land of South Morning and I still haven't found the next Phantom Equal!

"I should have died many times in the past, but every single time, I persevered and survived, and I've kept searching... Tell me, where did you find that person..."

"You know who I am talking about. Right at the moment you brought out our sacred item, I knew that you already had an answer in your heart, and you have questions as well. Tell me about the person who was the source of those questions. Where is he? What is his name? He is the next Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe!"

Su Ming felt shaken to the core. He looked at the purple-robed person and remained silent for a long moment before he shook his head.

"He's not in the Land of South Morning."

"It doesn't matter. Tell me where he is and his name. I will repay you with this!" The purple-robed person spoke in a raspy voice, then lifted his dried up right hand. In his palm, a purple bug appeared!

That bug was covered from head to toe in purple, and it was lying quietly on the purple-robed person's dried up palm. A faint fragrance came from its body, and when that fragrance wafted into someone's nose, uncontrollable hunger would arise within them.

"This creature is called Purple Harmony... Any ferocious beast that eats this bug will revert to their ancestral form. If they succeed, then their combat strength will increase by leaps and bounds, if they fail, they will die.

"Take this with you. If you run into danger during Sky Mist Shaman Hunt, with this bug, you can let any Shaman Tribe go mad for you... Refine this bug into your heart. If you do so, you can kill this bug with just one single thought. Unless you're willing, others won't be able to take it away from you. You can form a deal with anyone you like and not be framed for crimes you didn't commit simply because you're carrying this."

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. He had originally not believed the purple-robed person's words, but the moment the purple bug appeared, he could clearly sense that unknown rod insect-snake hybrid resting within Han Mountain Bell becoming restless as if it wanted to rush outside. It was as if the insect-snake hybrid's attraction towards the bug had reached a level Su Ming could not imagine.

Su Ming stayed silent and shook his head. He could not tell whether the purple-robed person's words were true or false. After all, this was a serious matter. He would not tell so easily.

"I'll be taking my leave now." Su Ming turned around and quelled the insect-snake hybrid's almost hysterical restlessness within Han Mountain Bell. He started walking towards Tian Xie Zi, who was standing far in the distance.

"I harbor no ill will. I just want to know where the next Phantom Equal is and what his name is. I cannot possibly walk out of the Land of South Morning to search for him..."

"I just want to know his name and where he is, then tell him of that strange Phantom Realm and the Phantom Art of my tribe. This will be good for his growth. The Phantoms in this world will search for him and protect him..."

"Please help me..." The purple-robed person's voice was hoarse, but Su Ming could hear his sincerity.

"I know that I can't make you believe my words, but I truly harbor no ill will... I swear with the legacy of Phantom Dais Tribe that if my words hold even a hint of untruth and if I want to hurt the person in your mind, then Phantom Dais Tribe's legacy will end and my tribe will forever cease to exist in this world!"

The purple-robed old man took a few steps forward and his raspy voice was tainted with a hint of distress.

Su Ming's footsteps faltered. He could hear the unwavering resolution in the person's words. In silence, Su Ming hesitated for a moment.

"This is my vow, and I swear using the God of Phantom Dais as my witness!" The purple-robed person knelt on one knee, raised both his hands, then lowered his head towards Su Ming.

When he knelt down, all those who saw it in the distance had a change in expression. Phantom Dais' Elder even focused his gaze on them, but he did not get closer.

Tian Xie Zi frowned as he looked at the purple-robed person. He seemed to have understood what was going on.

Su Ming turned his head back to look at the purple-robed person kneeling on the ground for a long while. This person's vow and his actions did not seem fake. He had even used his tribe to give his oath, and that act alone was enough to describe how severe the problem was.

"Alliance of the Western Region, Lei Chen..." Su Ming whispered.

Once he finished speaking, he turned around and walked towards Tian Xie Zi. The moment he did so, the purple-robed person lifted his head, and his hidden eyes shone with gratitude. With a flick of his right wrist, that purple bug flew towards Su Ming. He caught it.

"Thank you. Don't worry, there were no lies in my words!" After saying this, he bowed deeply towards Su Ming, then turned around and charged towards the depths of the snow plains.

Su Ming left with his second senior brother, Hu Zi, Tian Xie Zi, and that dark skinned man. They left Northern Frontier Tribe, found Bai Su, and flew back to the ninth summit, bringing with them Zhuo Ge and all their rewards.

Once they left, the face of Phantom Dais' Elder turned incredibly dark. He turned around and charged down the snow plains. His wariness towards Tian Xie Zi was not the only reason why he conceded so many times. There was one more reason - it was the Phantom Equal's request.

He was going to ask the Phantom Equal the reason behind it.

There was a tall tower within Phantom Dais City, which was located underneath the snow plains. That tower was entirely purple, and the purple-robed person was currently sitting at the top of the tower. There was a purple bowl before him, and within it was some purple blood.

"Alliance of the Western Region... Lei Chen, I, as the current Phantom Equal of Phantom Dais Tribe, call unto you... My successor... Awaken... Lei Chen... Lei Chen..."

As he spoke, he lifted his right hand swiftly and his right index fingernail shattered, revealing the torn flesh underneath. He pressed his index finger into the purple blood in the stone bowl before him.

"Lei Chen, let me see you!"

The purple-robed person let out a huge shout. As his voice started echoing in the air, the purple-robed person started trembling viciously. His robes were instantly torn apart, revealing an old but normal looking face. His eyes bulged out, and with a look of disbelief, he saw...

Chapter 296: Invitation

At that moment, the stone bowl shattered. The few drops of blood within also disappeared. The old man trembled and coughed out a huge mouthful of blood before he was thrown into the wall beside him by a powerful and invisible force.

It was also at that moment that the door leading to the top of the tower was pushed open. Phantom Dais' Elder walked in with a sullen expression on his face, but when he saw the mess in the place, he was stunned.

"How could this be...? This... This is..." The old man had a bewildered look on his face as he leaned against the wall. There was terror in his voice as he continued mumbling under his breath.

Phantom Dais' Elder reached him in a step, and once he helped the bewildered old man to his feet, he immediately asked, "What happened?!"

"I was looking for the next Phantom Equal... There was nothing wrong with the ritual, and I also saw him... but... but what I saw was..."

The old man shuddered, then lifted his head swiftly to grab the shoulders of Phantom Dais' Elder. His breathing quickened, and the bewildered look on his face was no longer present; it was instead replaced by lucidity.

"I understand now! Remember this. Do not provoke that person called Su Ming. Absolutely do not provoke him... I saw something I shouldn't have, I saw..." The old man held Phantom Dais' Elder in a tight grip and his breathing grew increasingly faster as he spoke with huge difficulty.

"I can't tell you what I saw, but you must remember this. Don't... provoke... him... He... He is..." The old man's body started convulsing viciously. He pushed away the stunned Phantom Dais' Elder and seized his own throat. Madness appeared in his eyes.

A presence that made Phantom Dais' Elder tremble gathered in the house. The strength of that presence made the Elder's skin crawl, and he found himself frozen to the ground. His pupils shrank, because the things he saw far surpassed what he knew and exceeded his wildest imaginations. It even made him forget how to breathe.

He saw a semi-transparent hand before the old Phantom Equal, and that hand held the Phantom Equal's neck in a tight grip. It lifted his body from the ground, and gradually, as the Phantom Equal struggled, he lost all his power. Like a normal old man, he lost all his power to fight back.

Yet Mo Shan knew that he himself was not the strongest person within Phantom Dais Tribe. The strongest was the Phantom Equal! Even if the Phantom Equal was already at the last days of his life, the power needed to kill such a person slowly like how one would a normal person was unimaginable to Mo Shan.

He was shaken to the core as he watched everything unfurl before him dumbstruck. He gradually saw a semi-transparent person wearing the Emperor's robe appearing before the Phantom Equal. That person's appearance did not bring about the rise of wind or surging of clouds, neither did it cause the weather to change, but a terror that made Mo Shan feel as if he was suffocating.

It was as if he had turned into an ant, and with just one glance from that semi-transparent person wearing the Emperor's robe and crown, his body would be torn to shreds.

It only lasted for the span of a few breaths, but that time felt like an eternity to Mo Shan. He saw that semi-transparent person break the Phantom Equal's neck, and once he let go, he cast a glance at him.

When he looked over, booming sounds rang in Mo Shan's head and his vision turned white. He did not know just how much time had passed, but when he regained consciousness, the house was silent. There was not a hint of sound within. The only proof that told him that all that had happened was real was the rigid corpse lying on the ground.

Mo Shan trembled as he looked at the Phantom Equal's corpse, and the old man's last words echoed in his head.

"I saw something I shouldn't have... Remember this. Absolutely do not provoke the person called Su Ming... Do not... provoke him..."

Mo Shan shuddered and cold sweat beaded on his forehead. He knew that he would never be able to forget what had happened before the Phantom Equal died and when that crowned semi-transparent person looked at him.

"Just what did he see...? Who is he...?" The two 'he's represented two different people. Mo Shan stayed silent.

In his silence, he did not notice a faint gust of wind blowing outside the tall tower and within Phantom Dais City... That wind came from Freezing Sky.

There were plenty of rumors in the world, and there were also a large amount of them that never faded away even through time. The rumor about the entire ninth summit moving out together to attack Northern Frontier Tribe gradually spread out in a short span of time.

Some were shocked, some were furious, some did not believe it, and some just scoffed at it.

Yet no matter what, another rumor was added to the pile of rumors that had emerged over the years regarding the ninth summit.

Those living within the ninth summit continued with their lives. Eldest senior brother continued isolating himself, second senior brother continued planting flowers, letting the sun shine on the side of his face with a gentle smile on his face during day, while he searched for darkness during night-time like a ghost.

As for Hu Zi, since he got himself a good pot of wine, he had been grinning happily everyday like an idiot while drinking himself into oblivion. He had even skipped a few days on his favorite past time - peeking at others.

Su Ming continued copying the second Style that granted him extreme speed, controlled the arrangement of his Divine General Armor, trained his body, and made the final preparations for Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

Zi Che's injuries had become better. As for Zhuo Ge, Su Ming had told Zi Che to deliver his head to the first summit, to Si Ma Xin's cave abode.

In truth, there was something bothering Su Ming, but that question did not involve Si Ma Xin. It was meant for his second senior brother instead, but he did not ask him. Perhaps second senior brother had his own secrets, that was why he could not cure Zi Che beforehand.

Ever since Bai Su came back, she did not look for Su Ming for the past half a month, which was a rarity. It was as if she had run into something that threw her into doubt and she needed time to think about it carefully.

Half a month later, when she arrived once more, Su Ming saw more of what reminded him of Bai Ling on her.

The returned Bai Su had returned to her usual self - spoiled and wilful. She would occasionally try to disturb Su Ming, but the price she had to pay every single time was her having to hang upside down in the air, which was something she was already used to.

Time passed by this way slowly, until there were only less than two months until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt! During those final two months, even Su Ming, who never went down the mountain, could feel an oppressive air enveloping Freezing Sky Clan, just like the calm before a storm.

One day, when Zi Che returned, he brought an invitation card for Su Ming.

That invitation belonged to the biggest trading square nearby and was given to him by the auction committee. The auction this time would be the biggest within Freezing Sky Clan's territory before the battle!

The committee was not composed of people from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky but from Western Sea Clan! This was a custom, a custom that would only happen during

the great war that only happened once a century. There would also be quite a number of people from Western Sea Clan who would also receive invitations from Freezing Sky Clan to join their own large-scale auction.

Su Ming was originally not too interested in this sort of auction, right until the moment he saw something that would be auctioned among the list of items on the invitation card, something that made his heart pound heavily against his chest!

It was an undamaged cauldron to create medicinal pills!

Chapter 297: Phantom Fork Puppet

The auction would be held five days later. It was a large auction that would not just be attended by those within Freezing Sky Clan, but even the wealthy people from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky would also send representatives to take part.

The people from nearby tribes and even some tribes located further away also knew about large auctions that would only be held once a century like this one. These people would usually leave before the date of the auction itself, and they were most probably on the way to the auction at the moment.

Most of the people who were going to the auction were going as buyers, but there were also quite a number who were coming from all over the place to sell their personal belongings to the auction committee.

With the invitation card in hand, Su Ming's gaze swept past that cauldron. He quelled the excitement racing in his heart, closed his eyes, and pondered over it for a moment before handing the invitation card back to Zi Che.

"We'll depart three days later."

Zi Che quickly agreed to it and took back the invitation card respectfully before placing it away in his bosom. His injuries were already healed, and he had also learned of what the ninth summit had done for him after he was injured from Hu Zi. He was deeply moved by their actions, especially since he was excommunicated from the second summit.

The ninth summit's actions made Zi Che feel warmth in his heart, and he no longer cared about his status of a servant. To him, the ninth summit was already a place he could settle in.

Besides, the seals on his body had also been removed ever since he was cured. Zi Che could be said to have been freed, but by his own free will, he still continued staying in the ninth summit and by Su Ming's side.

He was already used to this sort of life, and he did not feel uncomfortable with it.

He had a deep understanding of Su Ming's strength. The little bits of contact they had with each other made Zi Che harbor a deep respect towards Su Ming. Once he put away the invitation card, Zi Che hesitated for a moment.

"Uncle master... you already have sixteen ice hoops on yourself... I believe that if you put too much external weight on yourself and it becomes difficult for your body to handle it, it won't be good for you."

Su Ming cast Zi Che a glance before a smile appeared on his face.

"It's fine."

Zi Che nodded. He was not in a position to say it in a straightforward manner, but since he saw that Su Ming understood what he was trying to convey, he bowed and moved back.

Su Ming was sitting on the platform outside his cave and had already been sitting for a long time without getting up; the sun had risen and set multiple times. It was not that he did not want to get up, but because the weight of those sixteen ice hoops added together on his legs were like that of a mountain added to Su Ming's body.

In the beginning, he had felt as if his legs and upper body were about to be torn apart, and he was only starting to get used to it during these past few days, but standing up was still a gargantuan task to him.

Still sitting, Su Ming lifted his right hand. With a flick of his wrist, a black fork of only three inches appeared on his palm.

That fork was like a three-pronged trident. It was entirely black, and at the top of the fork, a faint, ghastly glow could be seen. If he looked at it for a prolonged period of time, he could hear faint screams of ghosts.

Su Ming stared at the thing and mumbled under his breath, "Phantom Fork..."

This item was one of the things he had 'lost' in Phantom Dais Tribe that second senior brother had reminded him of. As of now, he had 'gotten' it back. Originally, if Su Ming had gone on to examine it himself, he would have needed quite some time to do so.

Yet with second senior brother's help, this fork had become connected with Su Ming as if they had fused together. He could use his thoughts alone to control it, and with Su

Ming adding another layer on it with his divine sense in the form of a Brand, his skills with the Phantom Fork became as good as of those from Phantom Dais Tribe.

"Di, Ta, Che!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he uttered those three strange sounds. The moment those three syllables left his mouth, the Phantom Fork in his hand started letting off black smoke.

In an instant, that black smoke grew incredibly thick and gathered on Su Ming's palm. That ball of smoke grew in size and eventually spread to an area of a few hundred feet. As it floated in midair, the black smoke tumbled about and gradually merged together to form a gigantic figure of a person.

That person seemed to contain an immeasurable amount of power. His face was blurred out and could not be seen. His entire body was formed by that black smoke and he looked like a malicious spirit, but in truth, that thing was not a ghost. In fact, it did not even have life.

It was just a puppet, a Phantom Puppet that was made with a spirit using a unique method created by Phantom Dais Tribe! That puppet could transform into all sorts of things and there were no limits to it. Anything it imitated, it could do so down to every detail, and it could even imitate the particular object's presence.

Right then, that gigantic puppet landed on the platform. It lifted its muscular arms and grabbed Su Ming, then tensing up the muscles in its arms, it lifted Su Ming's body, which he himself could not move, before placing him on its shoulder.

Since the start, Su Ming did not say anything. That thing was under his control, and he only needed to focus his divine sense on it for him to be able to move it like he was moving his own body.

The giant puppet carried Su Ming over its shoulder and walked forward with huge steps. Every single time it took a step, the ice on the platform would let out low rumbling sounds, a clear sign that Su Ming's weight at the moment was abnormal.

The puppet moved forward and gradually brought Su Ming back into his cave abode. That puppet could change its form as much as it wanted, and as it moved forward, its body gradually shrank, causing it to be able to enter the house door even though it was carrying Su Ming.

The puppet carried Su Ming until he was in the room specially made for He Feng. When he was there, Su Ming's eyes flashed. He Feng's fusion with the Wings of the Moon had reached its final stage. If he succeeded this time, then when He Feng reappeared before him, he would be of a great help when Su Ming ventured into the land of the Shamans.

At this moment, He Feng's entire body was surrounded by a layer of blood mist, preventing it from being seen clearly. That blood mist would occasionally tumble about, making it seem exceptionally bizarre.

Su Ming looked at it for a moment before the puppet under him took a few steps back while still carrying him. They went into another room within the cave. The moment they arrived, a medicinal scent wafted into Su Ming's nose. This particular room was huge, and the floor in the room was not made of ice, but was instead covered in a layer of dirt.

That dirt was brought back by Zi Che from a faraway place under Su Ming's orders. Once they placed it inside, it allowed Su Ming to be able to plant most of the herbs he had 'lost' in Phantom Dais Tribe.

Originally, these herbs could not survive in this place, but with second senior brother's help, who had used a mysterious method, he had managed to make those herbs grow on this patch of dirt.

However, there was a condition to it. He had to bury a large amount of golden stone coins filled with spirit power under the soil.

'I'll need to make ample preparations for the trip to the land of the Shamans, because this is definitely not going to be a short venture...'

A contemplative look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had gone to the land of the Shamans before. While it had only lasted for a few days, the hardships he faced during those few days was something that would be very difficult for him to forget.

Once he went into the land of the Shamans and got himself in a dangerous situation like that one before, the preparations he made now would become the source for him to protect his life.

As he continued thinking in silence, the puppet under him took one huge step forward. With rumbling sounds echoing in the air, he moved to another room. Within that room were seven different beast bones, and an incredible might could be sensed from each of those bones. These bones came from ferocious beasts that were at the level of Berserkers in the Awakening Realm when they were still alive.

Right then, their bones were covered in herbs that Su Ming had planted on them quite some time ago.

There were seven bodies right beside those bones, and there were no signs of decay to be found on them. Even if they looked like dead people, if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to sense a faint life force coming from their bodies.

These seven people did not have Berserker Marks!

There were numerous rather complex looking Totems carved on their faces. If Su Ming had not seen the Shamans before, he would have thought that these seven people belonged to some unique tribe in the land of Berserkers.

Yet when Su Ming brought these seven bodies away from Phantom Dais Tribe, he could tell with just one glance that they were Shamans, though he had no idea how they were captured by Phantom Dais Tribe.

'I just need one more month and then I'll be able to create Spirit Plunder again... If I can create three Spirit Plunders in a go, then I'll be able to open another door in that strange dimension and gain a new recipe for another medicinal pill.

'It's a pity that I still don't have enough materials to create the Welcoming of Deities. From what I understand of that dimension, opening the doors is akin to me offering sacrifices. The more of a type of pill I have to offer, the quality and usefulness for that type of pill will be lower, but if I have to offer less of something, the quality will be higher.

'The numbers of all the offerings required were different, but only the Welcoming of Deities required no offerings.'

The memory of him entering the mysterious dimension when he was in Dark Mountain and obtaining the method to create the Welcoming of Deities surfaced in Su Ming's head.

'The spider's ninth leg, the tail fin of the deviant snake, the small black figure... Right now, I only have one of them.'

Su Ming frowned. The puppet under him walked out of the cave and returned to the platform. Once it placed him down, Su Ming returned to sitting cross-legged.

With a glint in his eyes, he lifted his right hand, and a purple bug appeared on his palm. That bug's name was Purple Harmony, and it was the same thing Phantom Dais' Phantom Equal had given him.

'I wonder what will happen once my snake swallows this Purple Harmony...'

Su Ming hesitated for a moment but did not try it. He remembered the Phantom Equal mentioning that if he failed, then the creature that swallowed Purple Harmony will die.

Unless it was completely necessary, then Su Ming was not willing to try something as risky as this, and it also was that he did not have too much confidence in succeeding.

Three days passed by quickly as Su Ming continued observing He Feng's condition and preparing the materials to make Spirit Plunder.

The auction that was about to be held had garnered a lot of attention from all the nine summits in Freezing Sky Clan's Great Frozen Plains. Quite a lot of people had already left for the auction in teams, though some had also chosen to leave alone.

As for the ninth summit, Hu Zi was still living his life, happily getting drunk, and did not pay the slightest attention to the auction. Second senior brother continued planting his flowers and occasionally going to bother Zi Yan during the day.

Eldes senior brother was still in isolation. Su Ming only learned that the black man was one of eldest senior brother's slaves later. From that one clue, he formed a guess regarding his eldest senior brother's identity.

Tian Xie Zi was rarely seen. Even if Su Ming spotted him, he would be flying off in different directions in the morning after letting out a loud roar while wearing different colored robes.

On the fourth morning, the puppet from the Phantom Fork turned into a gigantic black beast with Su Ming sitting on its back. Zi Che followed beside him respectfully. They were just about to leave the ninth summit when Bai Su came.

With Bai Su's appearance, their trip this time became a trip in a party of three instead of two.

The three of them sat on the puppet's body and turned into a black long arc that shot out of the ninth summit. They flew towards the place where the auction would be held.

As they traveled forward, they met many other Freezing Sky Clan disciples who were also going to the place. All of them turned to look at the black beast that was about 300 feet in size, but when they saw Zi Che and Su Ming sitting on the puppet, they quickly moved out of the way.

Chapter 298: Su Ming of the Ninth Summit!

The puppet beast was entirely black and did not have any fur on its body. It looked like a giant on all fours that was running forward like the wild beasts on land. It was precisely because of its bizarre appearance that most of those who saw them on the way would turn their gazes aside and avoid them.

During these days, the incident of the ninth summit fighting against Northern Frontier Tribe had become one of the many rumors circulating about the ninth summit. There were still plenty who did not believe it, but since this matter was related to the reputation

of Northern Frontier Tribe and the tribe had still not come up to say anything about it, gradually, the believability of this rumor increased.

It was especially so when some of those who knew people from Northern Frontier Tribe asked about it and obtained an answer that struck them dumb. It did not matter whether that incident was real, their attitude towards the ninth summit had changed because of it.

That change was not of them wanting to get in touch with the ninth summit, but of them avoiding the ninth summit like the plague.

When they saw Zi Che, even if there were those who had never seen Su Ming would be able to tell at first glance that the young man with a scar on his face sitting beside Zi Che was the ninth summit's Su Ming!

The Su Ming who could fight against Si Ma Xin and who emerged unscathed even though he went to fight against Northern Frontier Tribe in a fit of rage!

Su Ming sat calmly on the puppet beast's back with his eyes closed. He did not want to waste even a single moment of time, using all the time available to let his body get used to the weight of the sixteen ice hoops.

He had the confidence that when he could move and fly around like how he usually did, then once he took off those ice hoops, his speed would become even greater.

He had been thinking lately that he should not put all those ice hoops on his legs, because if he did that, it would be difficult for him to control his body efficiently. He was thinking that once he started getting used to this weight, he would add ice hoops to the other parts of his body so that he could find some form of balance so that he could stay in control of his body movement.

'It's a pity that there's too little time left until Sky Mist Shaman Hunt. There's only less than two months left...'

While Su Ming was immersed in his thoughts with his eyes closed, Zi Che sat beside him calmly. He was completely unperturbed by the people they met on the way avoiding them while also paying attention to them. Neither was he bothered by the faint sounds of discussions occasionally falling into his ears.

Yet he remained constantly alert and would occasionally scan his surroundings. If anything that would pose a threat to Su Ming appeared, he would rush out as soon as he discovered that danger and stand before Su Ming.

There was a hint of excitement on Bai Su's face. It had been a long time since she was avoided by others as she traveled, while having them occasionally looking over at her to

observe her as well. This sort of thing had only happened when she was traveling with Si Ma Xin.

She did not expect that something like this would also happen when she was by Su Ming's side.

The treatment may seem the same, but in truth, it was two different experiences for her. When she was with Si Ma Xin, the gazes directed towards him were filled with respect, admiration, and reverence.

Even if they moved out of the way for them, they usually did so in respect. Si Ma Xin would also smile and nod towards those people in thanks.

As for her, she would also need to smile beside Si Ma Xin and maintain the same poise as him by smiling and facing all those people. She had originally thought this to be rather good, but once she had something to compare it with...

The situation right now was different. The gazes directed towards them were doubtful and held hints of them not wanting to have anything to do with Su Ming and the others. Most of the time, when they moved away, it was not out of respect, but due to the rumors that had been going around about the ninth summit lately.

Bai Su did not need to force herself to maintain her smile. She could glare at those people who avoided them on the way as much as she wanted. If she was unhappy, she could even spit in their direction. It allowed her to feel relaxed, and compared to when she was with Si Ma Xin, she preferred this a whole lot more.

Bai Su's gaze fell on Su Ming. As she watched him sitting with his eyes closed, a smile appeared on her face. However, that smile was mischievous, and no one could have any idea what she just cooked up in her head.

The puppet beast was not slow. When dusk arrived on the fourth day, they could see a tribe formed from a large amount of temporarily set up tents on the vast plain of snow before them.

The tribe was huge, and right in its middle was a stage built with a large amount of wood. There were around a thousand people sitting around it. It was a grand sight. Just by looking at it, people could feel a mighty presence coming from that spot.

As of then, there were a lot of Berserkers within that tribe, traveling in and out of those tents. There were also quite a number of men with extraordinary power decked in armor patrolling the area with aloof expressions on their faces.

Their clothes were distinctly different from those who went to the square to trade. There was a symbol of a sun rising from the sea horizon on their clothes. It was a unique symbol, and if anyone saw it, they would definitely be able to remember it.

Because that sun rising from the sea was bloody red, as if there was a murderous aura coming right at those looking at it.

There were also some strange looking buildings around the tribe which looked like swords that were stuck in the ground. However, those swords were the size of ships that were about one thousand feet tall. They stood tall in the area, and there were quite a large number of them around. If anyone bothered to count, they would find eighteen such buildings in the square.

Due to the puppet beast, Su Ming, Zi Che, and Bai Su's arrival instantly caught the attention of the people in the area. Three people immediately flew up from among the patrolling team and charged towards the incoming puppet beast.

"Stop!"

The three patrolling guards arrived quickly and stopped before the puppet beast. Their eyes as they looked at Su Ming and the others were cold, with hints of animosity shining through. Their gazes continuously landed on the puppet beast as if they were observing it.

One of them turned his gaze towards Zi Che right from the get go, and soon, he brought out a beast skin scroll from his bosom, opened it up, and cast a few glances at it.

"Western Sea Clan Auction Committee welcomes Zi Che of Freezing Sky Clan's second summit, and also seventh summit's Miss Bai Su."

The person checking the beast skin scroll lifted his head and a smile appeared on his face. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards Zi Che and Bai Su, and as he spoke, his gaze swept past Su Ming, who was still sitting on the puppet beast with his eyes closed. A hint of uncertainty appeared on his face.

Zi Che narrowed his eyes. He was not surprised by Western Sea Clan knowing his name. The exchange of auction locations this time by the two big clans was not just to sell items, it was also to provide both tribes a chance to observe the other.

Before they came here, they must have made detailed investigations. Recognizing Zi Che and Bai Su was only to be expected.

"You flatter me. How may I address you?" Zi Che wrapped his fist in his palm to return the greeting and spoke in a low voice.

He could tell with just one glance that the person holding the beast skin was the leader among the three people who came to them. This person was not weak. He should be around the middle stage of the Awakening Realm.

The other two were at the initial stage of the Awakening Realm.

"I am not that famous within Western Sea Clan. You won't be too interested in knowing my name. The auction will be held tomorrow, please come with me and I'll bring you to your lodgings to rest."

The man holding the beast skin smiled. When he spoke as he shook his head to deny giving his name, a glint appeared in his eyes and he looked towards Su Ming.

"Brother, you look quite unfamiliar. If you don't have an invitation card, you aren't allowed to enter this place." As he spoke, the expressions of the two other people beside him turned colder and they looked towards Su Ming.

Zi Che frowned. He took one step, and just as he was about to speak, Su Ming opened his eyes.

His gaze was calm as he looked towards the three people standing before the puppet beast. With a wave of his right arm, his invitation card immediately flew out in the form of a long arc towards the man with the beast skin.

That invitation card flew out so quickly that it whistled in the air, flung out by Su Ming, sounding as if it had just broken through space itself. It made the man holding the beast skin change his expression and quickly retreat, but before he could take even a few more steps backwards, the invitation card had already arrived at the center of his brows, and it was not showing any signs of slowing down. By the looks of it, it was going to pierce through the center of the man's brows.

The man's pupils shrank. As he retreated, a strong presence exploded from within him. Black mist also surrounded his body and turned into a set of armor that was similar to Su Ming's but was still different in terms of its details.

Even so, that armor was still a true set of Divine General Armor. The moment it appeared, a mighty pressure spread out from him, causing the man's hair to move without wind, though shock could still be seen on his face.

The invitation card suddenly came to a halt when it was three inches away from the center of the man's brows. It floated there unmoving, causing all the preparations made by the man holding the beast skin to turn completely useless. Even if he had not done anything and remained still, that invitation card would still not have caused any damage to him.

With a dark expression, he looked at Su Ming, who was looking at him with a calm gaze from on top of the puppet beast. The moment their gazes met in midair, a booming sound resounded in the head of the man holding the beast skin. He staggered a few steps back.

All of this happened within an instant, and it happened so quickly that the man's two companions did not manage to react to it. Only once it was over did anger appear on their faces, but they were also inwardly shocked by the invitation card's speed.

Zi Che was also shocked. He did not expect that this ordinary looking person would turn out to be a Divine General. Either he truly was not famous within Western Seal Clan, or... he was hiding his identity on purpose and was secretly observing all the Freezing Sky Clan disciples as he hid himself in the patrol team.

But a pity, because he ran into Su Ming!

"That's the invitation card," Su Ming said calmly, and his words were uttered at a moderate pace.

The face of the man holding the beast skin turned pale. He remained silent for a moment, but in the end, he did not touch the invitation card. Instead, he walked towards Su Ming and wrapped his fist in his palm to greet him.

"I am Western Sea Clan's Ao Chen Tai. How may I address you?"

"Su Ming, of the ninth summit." Su Ming did not choose to hide his identity. He simply answered unhurriedly.

Ao Chen Tai's expression changed. He looked at Su Ming closely and was just about to speak when out of the many tents, adorned with golden pictures, on the ground, a middle-aged man walked out. That man wore a purple robe, had fair skin, and his eyes were as bright as lightning. He took one step into the air, and before he even arrived, his laughter had already reached their ears.

"So it's a guest from the ninth summit. Chen Tai, stand down, I have to personally receive those from the ninth summit."

Chapter 299: Pardon Me

Ao Chen Tai took a few steps back and bowed respectfully towards the purple-robed man who was walking over.

"Greetings, Clan Elder."

His two companions standing by his side put on respectful expressions on their faces and bowed towards the purple-robed man as a greeting.

A smile appeared on the purple-robed man's face as he walked in the air and came up to the puppet beast. He did not look at Zi Che or Bai Su, but instead kept his gaze trained on Su Ming as he smiled at him and nodded his head.

"You're senior Tian Xie Zi's new disciple?"

Su Ming looked calm as his gaze fell on the purple-robed man. With just one glance, he could tell that this person was not in the Awakening Realm but was a powerful Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

Su Ming had always acted as such - if the other party was courteous towards him, then he would rarely act in an overbearing manner. Even if he could not move as of then, he still made the puppet beast under him shrink rapidly with one thought before it turned into a ball of black mist that surrounded the area under Su Ming's waist. That black mist rapidly merged together, and in the span of a few breaths, the puppet beast disappeared.

Su Ming stood in the sky, and nothing out of ordinary could be seen, but in truth, he was still sitting down cross-legged. The legs that the others saw were formed by the Phantom Fork, which meant that the Phantom Fork Puppet had turned into Su Ming's legs and was supporting him so that he could walk around like a normal person.

"My Master is indeed Tian Xie Zi." Su Ming wrapped his fist in his palm and greeted the purple-robed man.

A look of curiosity appeared in the purple-robed man's eyes once he saw the puppet beast shrinking under Su Ming.

"Looks like the rumors I heard lately about the ninth summit and Northern Frontier Tribe are true. The Phantom Fork Puppet is unique only to Phantom Dais Tribe. Outsiders can seldom get their hands on it."

Su Ming smiled faintly and did not speak.

"Brother Su, since you're under Tian Xie Zi, you must be of the same seniority as me. Brother Su, I am Chang Yi. This way, please!" the purple-robed man said with a smile, then turned his body to the side in an invitation.

"Brother Chang, please lead the way!" Su Ming smiled and wrapped his fist in his palm.

The both of them moved at the same time. With just one step, the purple-robed man traveled approximately 400 feet away. He did not need to turn his head back to know that Su Ming was about 200 feet behind him. Chang Yi's expression was calm, but he had already formulated a guess, which he believed was accurate, within his heart regarding Su Ming's power.

With his power, he could tell that Su Ming was not hiding his speed but was truly slower than him. He could also tell that the black mist formed by Phantom Dais Tribe's puppet surrounding Su Ming's legs had the purpose of increasing his speed.

'He sure is arrogant to turn the puppet into his legs while he continues sitting down.'

The purple-robed man smiled, not too bothered by it. Instead, he slowed down and waited for Su Ming for a while. Once Su Ming came up to his side, he started walking once again.

"Brother Su, your hobby is rather unique. I haven't even experienced such a luxurious act before." As they moved forward, the purple-robed man smiled towards Su Ming and his gaze swept past Su Ming's legs.

"It seems like I have made a fool of myself before you, brother Chang. I can't stand up. I hope you will forgive me for this," Su Ming said with a smile, shaking his head.

Zi Che calmly followed beside Su Ming. Bai Su was originally the same, and she had been looking around the area curiously, but the moment she heard the purple-robed man's words, she frowned. Yet when she saw that Su Ming did not mind his words, she remained silent.

"Oh? You can't get up? Could it be that your cultivation method has caused your legs to be impaired?" The purple-robed man put on a surprised face.

"You can say that." Su Ming nodded his head.

"A pity, such a pity. But Western Sea Clan's sacred medicine is among the list of items to be auctioned off this time. It might be able to help you." As he spoke, the purple-robed man descended from the sky to the snow in the tribe. Before him was a small tent, and it was clearly the temporary lodgings prepared for Su Ming and the others.

"This is your..."

He was still smiling as he spoke, but before he could finish his sentence, a sudden loud boom rang from beside him. That booming sound was so loud that it even caused the earth to tremble and the snow on the ground to fly at least ten feet into the air. It was as if there was a force that just impacted the ground, and that force was sweeping outwards with this area acting as its center.

The tents in the area were torn off the ground. Almost all the people in the tribe swiftly turned their gazes toward them.

The purple-robed man's expression drastically changed and disbelief shone in his eyes. As he looked at Su Ming, he was momentarily stunned.

He saw the loud rumbling sound start the instant the legs formed by Su Ming's puppet landed on the ground. It was as if a tall mountain fell from the sky and crashed on the ground, causing the earth to tremble and huge gusts of wind to spread out.

The instant the legs landed on the ground, he also saw the legs being unable to withstand that strong force and turning into a thick layer of black mist. As the mist spread outwards, Su Ming, who had been sitting within, was also exposed, and it caused him to fall down with another bang on the ground.

The purple-robed man took a deep breath. He had clearly felt the earth's tremors and sensed that the source of it all was Su Ming!

'Just... just what did this person bring with him?! How could it be so heavy?!'

The pupils of the purple-robed man shrank. He just remembered Su Ming's speed just now and his previous assumptions. Yet by the looks of it now, his assumptions were like a joke. This person was only slightly behind him when he was carrying a weight akin to a mountain on him. If he took that weight away, then his speed...

When the purple-robed man reached that particular train of thought, he could not help but be stunned.

"Su Ming! He's Su Ming!"

The people around them had gathered their gazes on them due to the two booming sounds and the earth's tremors just now. When they saw Su Ming sitting on the ground, someone instantly recognized him.

"That's Su Ming? The fourth disciple of the ninth summit?"

"That's right. I saw him fighting against Si Ma Xin before. Look, there's Zi Che standing beside him as well."

"He actually came here...? Interesting. I heard that eldest senior sister Tian Lan Meng, senior brother Si Ma Xin, and a lot of other powerful Berserkers who have a spot on Great Frozen Plain's ranking board have also come. The auction this time is definitely going to be interesting."

"It's the auction hosted by Western Sea Clan that is only held once a century, of course it'll attract these sorts of people. I heard that this is only a normal auction too. Once this auction is over, they will be hosting another, smaller auction. But to attend that, the person must at least have attained great completion for the Bone Sacrifice realm, and most of them will be those old men in the Berserker Soul Realm."

Within the temporary tribe built by Western Sea Clan for the auction was another tent located not too far away from Su Ming. Inside that tent was a handsome man sitting

cross-legged. Right then, that man opened his eyes, and he looked as if he could see through the tent and look at the world outside.

"Su Ming..." the man said calmly, and a murderous glint appeared briefly in his eyes. That man was Si Ma Xin! There were quite a number of temporarily set up tents surrounding Si Ma Xin's own. These tents were all filled with Freezing Sky Clan disciples, and they all treated him as their leader. They would only listen to his orders.

In another direction of the tribe was a rather remote area with only eight tents. Right in the center of that area was a white tent, and within that tent was a woman. There was a white wooden chip placed before her. She brushed her index finger across that piece of wood with a frown on her face.

Behind her was a pretty girl who was combing the woman's dark locks. Occasionally, she would peek over the woman's shoulders to look at the wooden chip.

"Eldest senior sister, you've been drawing for a long time. What exactly are you drawing?"

The woman sitting in the tent was incredibly beautiful. When she heard the question, she lifted her head and was just about to speak, but she suddenly frowned, then turned her head towards the direction where Su Ming was at the moment in the tribe.

"He's also here..." That woman was, naturally, Tian Lan Meng.

At the same time, the people sitting within the eighteen sword-ship like objects sticking out of the ground opened their eyes and looked towards the spot where Su Ming was.

Most of the people sitting inside the eighteen sword-ship hybrids were old men. When they looked over to that spot, shock appeared on their faces.

The two bangs had attracted the entire tribe's attention. Su Ming frowned, then using his divine sense, he had the black mist that was formed from the puppet gather once again to cover the area below his waist. Then, slowly, he had those legs stand up, making it seem as if he was the one standing up from a seated position.

"Pardon me, there is something wrong with my body, so it's a little hard for me to control myself right now. I suppose this is my lodging?" Su Ming put on an apologetic look to the purple-robed man staring at him with a dumbfounded expression not too far away.

The purple-robed man sucked in a deep breath, and his gaze, as he looked towards Su Ming, immediately became different. He wrapped his fist in his palm towards him.

"Brother Su, you are mistaken. This is definitely not a place for someone like you to stay. Not only is this place shabby, it's also noisy. Brother Su, this way. There is an

empty spot to the north. It's much quieter there, and it's definitely a suitable spot for you to train.

"After all, this auction will last for several days. Brother Su, this way, please!"

A warm look of welcome appeared on the purple-robed man's face. That was an attitude used only when giving respect to the strong and when treating someone else as an equal. It might seem similar, but anyone with a discerning eye could see the small differences in his actions.

"Then... I will have to trouble you, brother Chang." Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he smiled and nodded.

Under the purple-robed man's lead, they weaved their way through the tribe. On the way, all the Freezing Sky Clan members, who saw them, would mostly smile and nod towards him, though they still looked quite uncertain about him.

This lasted until they reached the northern section of the tribe. The place was indeed much quieter. There were not many tents around the place, and the few that were around were spaced out far in-between.

"This place will be suitable for you as a training place, brother Su. If you have anything you need, you can tell me now. If you don't have any now but think of something later, you can search for a patrolling Western Sea Clan disciple. We'll try our best to fulfil your request up to your satisfaction." The purple-robed man smiled and wrapped his fist around his palm to Su Ming.

"Thank you, brother Chang. I'm fine with everything as of now," Su Ming said with a smile.

"If that is the case, then I will take my leave for now. I'll have someone send you the pictures of the items that will be auctioned this time. You can take a look at them beforehand.

"Of course, the items listed here are just a part of the items we will auction off later. There are some that were only recently added to the list by other people, and we haven't found the time to update the list." The purple-robed man smiled and nodded towards Su Ming before he wrapped his fist in his palm to bid farewell.

As of then, Zi Che had already brought out some skin tents from his storage bag and set them up in an empty spot. There were two tents, and they were for Su Ming and Bai Su. He had not felt the need to prepare one for himself. The entrance to Su Ming's tent would be the spot where he would meditate and stand guard.

Chapter 300: Su (1)

To the north of the tribe was a rather spacious snow plain. In that snow plain was a tent, and within that tent, Su Ming sat on a beast skin spread on top of the snow. The beast skin cut off the cold from the snow, causing the person sitting on it to not feel too cold.

There was a brazier that was roasted to a red shade in the tent. Due to the heat coming from the brazier, the snow on the ground was rapidly melting away. Once the snow inside the tent completely melted, the tent would be filled with warmth.

Besides the crackling sounds from the fire burning within the brazier, the entire area was silent. As Su Ming remained seated, a glint appeared in his eyes and the faint traces of a cold smirk could be seen on his lips.

He had made the puppet shatter on purpose so that his body, which weighed like a mountain at the moment, would fall on the ground and let out a huge bang. With this method, he could instil fear among the people of Western Sea Clan, which would make them not dare treat him poorly, which was the reason that led to the change of lodging.

It was not because Su Ming was being petty and fussing about this matter right down to the smallest detail. Instead, it was because he was no longer just representing himself this time. Most of the time, when he introduced himself, the ninth summit would be mentioned before his name.

He was one of the ninth summit. His reputation was the ninth summit's reputation. If he truly stayed in the densely packed and noisy tribe, people would look down on the ninth summit.

This was something Su Ming refused to accept, especially when there was simply not much need for him to keep too much of a low profile within Freezing Sky Clan territory.

Besides, there was another reason as to why Su Ming acted this way. He wanted to stun those who harbored animosity towards him, and especially... Si Ma Xin and Tian Lan Meng!

During the few days he had been in a contemplative silence after he received the invitation, he came to understand what exactly was going on with this auction. Due to his lack of experience, he still did not possess a monstrous amount of cunning that allowed him to understand things quickly, but if he could not understand what was going on within two hours, he could use four hours to do so. If four hours were not enough, then he would use a day. Hence, after several days went by, Su Ming had come to understand clearly what was going on.

Si Ma Xin might not have played a big part in Su Ming receiving the invitation card, because Su Ming did not think that Si Ma Xin had the ability to ask Western Sea Clan to help him.

Besides, the invitation card asked for the people of the ninth summit to participate in this auction. After some thinking, Su Ming did not think that there were any traps within the invitation itself.

However, if the ninth summit could receive the invitation, then with Si Ma Xin's fame, he would definitely attend the auction as well. Tian Lan Meng and the others would undoubtedly come too.

That was why Su Ming decided to give up on keeping a low profile. Instead, the moment he stepped into the temporary tribe built by the auction committee, in his own way, he chose to arrogantly announce his arrival as Su Ming of the ninth summit to all the people there!

Surprising Si Ma Xin was to make sure he did not make any reckless moves, because Su Ming did not want to fight in this place. Compared to Si Ma Xin, he was much more concerned about Sky Mist Shaman Hunt.

However, on the off chance that Si Ma Xin would ignore his expression of goodwill, Su Ming had also provided him with a response right after his act of stomping on the ground.

"Pardon me..."

As for Tian Lan Meng, Su Ming also wanted to surprise her, but it was for a completely different purpose compared to Si Ma Xin. Tian Lan Meng had a request to ask of him, hence the stronger Su Ming presented himself before her, the more complicated their relationship would be.

By doing so, he could turn that woman into his temporary ally, which would make things easier for Su Ming during this auction. It did not matter whether he ran into danger or was buying things, that woman would become a great help to him.

'After all, I don't have a lot of stone coins on me...'

Su Ming stroked his chin and a smile appeared on his face. This was something he did not notice doing. Living in the ninth summit had caused his personality to change slightly without his knowledge. For example this scheme, before he came to Freezing Sky Clan, he would have never thought of it.

For another example, one has to remember the 'loss' of his things in Phantom Dais Tribe. This was also something Su Ming would have never managed to come up with in

the past. All of this happened because he was slowly changed by second senior brother, Hu Zi, and... by Tian Xie Zi when he came to the ninth summit.

As Su Ming continued mulling over what was to come, he suddenly lifted his head. The heat from the brazier in the tent had melted all the snow on the ground. The ground beneath the beast skin was already toasted until it was pleasantly warm, making seem like it belonged to another world compared to the snow covered ground outside the tent.

Not long after Su Ming lifted his head, someone tapped on the tent, which was followed soon by Zi Che's voice traveling into the tent.

"Uncle master, Western Sea Clan has sent the illustrated list of auctioned items."

Su Ming waved his right hand, and immediately, the tent flaps were lifted. A cold gust of wind charged into the tent. It was already dark outside, but due to the contrast of the white shade of the snow on the ground, the world outside did not seem too dark, and he could still see snow floating down the ground due to the wind.

It was snowing outside.

Zi Che stood at the entrance respectfully. His hair was covered by snow and he was wearing a long robe. In his hands he held the illustrated list for the auctioned items, which was really a book made of several thick beast skins bound together.

Once the tent flaps were lifted, Zi Che walked in and placed the illustrated list respectfully before Su Ming. Then he took a few steps backwards. Once he saw that Su Ming did not have any further orders, he turned around and was about to leave...

"It's cold outside. I should have asked you to come in and keep warm inside the tent, but your cultivation method is related to the cold. This sort of weather is suitable for your training. I've been observing your power for a long time, and I think there's something lacking in it. I suggest you try listening... to the sound of snow."

Su Ming did not lift his head up. He simply spoke calmly as he flipped through the pages of the illustrated list made of beast skins.

Zi Che's footsteps came to an abrupt halt. He stood there for a moment as if he had just reached an understanding, then bowed deeply towards Su Ming before he left the tent.

A bright light appeared in Su Ming's eyes after he flipped through a few pages on the illustrated list. On that particular page was a cauldron, and some wisps of smoke were drawn above the cauldron.

"The Nameless Barren Cauldron..." Su Ming mumbled. Those four words were written right on that particular page.

There were a few words written by the cauldron's name as a simple description of its origins. The detailed descriptions of its functions were not written down, however.

"As the Barren Cauldron is a tribal item from the Great Yu Dynasty, that is why all items shaped in the form of a cauldron will contain incredible power, though they are also very rare. This cauldron was taken from a tribe in the land of Shamans and was regarded as a sacred item in that tribe. It was later brought to the Berserker Tribe and offered to Western Sea Clan."

Su Ming stared at the cauldron for a moment before he flipped through the remaining pages in the list. His main target was the cauldron, that was why he did not pay too much attention to the other items, especially since this list did not contain all the items that were going to be auctioned off. There were still some that were not recorded.

When Su Ming reached the last page and his eyes fell on it a look of concentration suddenly appeared in his eyes and he brought that list up to look at that particular page closely. The more he studied it, the more brightly his eyes shone.

'This thing is...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He was almost certain that this thing was exactly what he thought it to be!

That thing was a mountain rock that was taller than a person. It was colorless and transparent. Yet within the rock was a human shaped thing that was completely black and looked as if it was sitting inside.

That humanoid shape thing looked like a real person. It had all four limbs, five fingers on each hand, a head, and everything else that was characteristic of a human.

Su Ming stared at the humanoid shaped thing's hands which were placed above its knees. The illustration was a little crude and he could not see too clearly. The details were not that accurately depicted either.

"It should be that thing," Su Ming mumbled.

He already had the ninth leg of the Nine-Legged Spider for the Welcoming of Deities but was missing two more materials. If this thing was truly one of them, then he would only need one more item before he could create the Welcoming of Deities - the scale from a python's tail.

However, Su Ming remembered that the particular scale was different from a normal python tail's scale. There were three corners on that scale.

Yet no matter what, if that small person in that mountain rock was what Su Ming needed, then it would be very important for him to get it, especially when he

remembered that the Welcoming of Deities was the only medicinal pill out of all the ones he had obtained currently that did not need any offerings on the gates of the strange dimension.

This could only mean that it would be incredibly difficult to make this pill. Yet similarly, this also meant that the might of this medicinal pill would reach an unimaginable level, perhaps even surpassing that of Spirit Plunder's!

Su Ming stared at the beast skin page and slowly closed the book.

'This auction is very interesting...'

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and entered into deep thought.

Before long, while Su Ming was still immersed in his thoughts, someone suddenly lifted the tent flaps, causing cold air to rush into the tent. Su Ming did not even need to lift up his head to know who it was. There was only person who could come in without Zi Che blocking their way.

"Su Ming, I can't sleep." Bai Su wore a white beast skin blouse with her hair falling down her shoulders. She yawned and moved to Su Ming's side.

Su Ming ignored her and continued staying with his eyes half closed as he thought about the things regarding the auction.

"Su Ming, you deaf and mute jerk. You're always like this. I can't sleep. You have to talk to me, or else I won't let you have your peace." Bai Su glared at him and moved to stand before him.

"You're the one who insisted on coming." Su Ming cast a glance at Bai Su calmly.

A thought struck Bai Su's head and she said, "I don't care. I can't sleep, and I want to go out and look at the snow."

Su Ming looked at Bai Su and asked after a moment of being silent, "You want to look at the snow?"

"That's right. I want to look at the snow. Come with me." Bai Su twirled a few locks of her hair with a finger and smiled at Su Ming.

"Sky Mist Shaman Hunt is around the corner... It's about time we end this," Su Ming mumbled. Bai Su could not hear his voice, and he was the only one who knew clearly that he needed to make a decision.

"Alright."

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the entrance of the tent. Once he lifted the flap, he saw the silver land under the night sky. The silver light reflecting off the snow not only made him be unable to see the end of the land, it also gave him a sensation of familiarity.

"Let's go," Su Ming said softly. He waved his hand, signalling Zi Che, who was about to get up, to not follow him, then walked out with the wind, and snow falling on him.

Bai Su followed quickly behind him with a smug expression on her face. During these past few months, she had entered that strange dream multiple times. Yet those dreams were blurred out and most of them could not be seen clearly. She really wanted to know the story of the girl who looked exactly the same as her and who Su Ming had met in the past.

At that moment, she did not know that her unconscious act had caused the Berserker Seed's battle between Su Ming and Si Ma Xin reach a new height.

Si Ma Xin wanted to leave Bai Su's image in Su Ming's heart and use that familiarity of hers to make a thought blossom in Su Ming's heart, then he could use his relationship with Bai Su and turn that thought into his Berserker Seed.

Su Ming wanted to do the exact opposite. He wanted to turn Bai Su completely into Bai Ling. He would also pour his entire heart and soul into doing so, and the moment he walked out of this, he would leave no traces of himself behind, just like the wind as it blew past a place.

Chapter 301: Su (2)

To some people, the wind in the snowstorm sounded like a mournful song echoing through the vastness of the plains. It was so for Bai Su. She pulled the fur around her collar tighter, and her breath came out in white puffs.

There were also some who did not register the sound of the wind as if it was mourning. Instead, for them it sounded like someone sighing. That was how Su Ming heard it. He walked on the ground and stepped on the snow. As he listened to the sound of the wind along with the crunching sounds coming underneath his feet, he continued walking forward.

The two of them did not walk at a fast pace, neither did they talk to each other. They simply welcomed the snow and wind in their faces as they gradually walked into the distance.

The wind was strong and the snow fell heavily. A lot of it fell from the sky and fell on their shoulders, their clothes, and their hair.

"You... you also walked like this in the snowstorm with her in the past, right?" After a long while, Bai Su's soft voice reached Su Ming's ears.

"You still ask about it." Su Ming did not stop. He simply continued walking, and when he spoke, it sounded as if he was sighing.

"Shouldn't I have?" Bai Su took a few brisk steps forward to walk beside Su Ming before turning her head sideways to look at him.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he spoke in a soft voice. Nostalgia appeared in his eyes. "She and I walked in this manner many years ago."

Bai Su lowered her head and asked in a whisper, "Are we really that alike, she and I?"

"Very, except for a few details." Su Ming's voice drifted in the wind.

"Is it this thing?" Bai Su stopped and brought out two items from her bosom. Then right before Su Ming, she placed them on her earlobes. A smile appeared on her lips when she looked at Su Ming, who had turned around to look at her.

The moment Su Ming saw the pair of earrings hanging off Bai Su's ears, he shuddered and a dazed look appeared in his eyes. That pair of earrings was something that belonged solely to Bai Ling in his memories.

Bai Su, standing under the night filled with snow and wind while wearing the earrings as snow floated down between them, threw Su Ming into an absentminded state. It made him feel as if he had returned to that particular moment at the foot of Dark Mountain, the moment part of those beautiful years in his life.

"Su Ming, didn't you say that you'll walk in circles with me...?"

A bashful look appeared on Bai Su's face, but she kept her head straight and did not lower it. Instead, she kept her gaze on Su Ming as she spoke softly.

The moment she said those words, Bai Su clearly felt that Su Ming had frozen up in the snowstorm, even his gaze too, seemed to have frosted over.

When she saw him acting this way, Bai Su became exceedingly pleased with herself. She had been preparing for this day for a very long time.

'Just a bit more...'

Just as Bai Su was feeling pleased with herself, Su Ming closed his eyes and sighed softly. When he opened them once again, his eyes were calm, and he turned around to walk forward.

Bai Su widened her eyes, then stomped her feet in a fit of discontentment before quickly catching up with him.

At that very moment, in a corner of the temporary tribe built by Western Sea clan for the auction was a clearly much more extravagant tent among the dozens of tents set up there, and within that tent, Si Ma Xin suddenly opened his eyes as he sat inside. A hint of surprise shone briefly in his eyes.

'There's no mistaking this... Just now, for a moment, I felt a Berserker Seed showing signs of blooming! That Berserker Seed is located on the snow plains beyond the tribe... The fluctuations from that Berserker Seed were so strong that it surpassed those from all my previous Berserker Children. That person is definitely Su Ming!!

'Bai Su, whether I succeed or fail now depends entirely on you...'

Si Ma Xin had originally given up on using Bai Su to plant a Berserker Seed in Su Ming. He had thought that it would be very difficult to succeed, that was why he had instigated the incident with Zi Che and wanted to use Northern Frontier to kill Su Ming. However, he did not expect that the matter would end that way.

Towards Bai Su, he only felt deep regret and hate, but he did not dare offend her. After all, he still needed her help to enter Freezing Sky Cave. Quite some time had passed by and he had still received no news about it, but no news was also a form of hope for him.

He had originally made up his mind that if he still had not obtained the right to enter Freezing Sky Cave before Sky Mist Shaman Hunt and Su Ming had also not become his Berserker Child, then he would need to join Sky Mist Shaman Hunt and obtain those Shaman heads first.

Yet if he could just manage to achieve one of those things, then he would not need to join the battle. He could instead focus all his attention on making preparations to enter Heaven Gate. The sudden signs of the blossoming Seed this night made Si Ma Xin's heart instantly jump in joy.

He stood up and lifted the tent flaps. As he looked at the world in the distance, excitement and anticipation appeared in his eyes.

"Bai Su, you are my destined wife. If you help me make this happen, then I will swear right now that I will marry you!" Si Ma Xin mumbled and clenched his fists. Once he took a few deep breaths, he forced himself to calm down before he once again sat down on the snow.

Su Ming continued walking on the plain of snow in the snowstorm. Once Bai Su caught up to him, still feeling discontented, she would occasionally glare at him, fuming as various thoughts raced in her head.

At that moment, she did not know that Si Ma Xin was gazing at that particular spot from the tribe not too far away, waiting anxiously.

Time trickled by, and it was soon midnight. The moonlight was scattered due to the snow floating down from the sky, yet in an instant, the light would merge together once again, making others feel like their eyes were playing tricks on them.

"It's late. If you have nothing else to do, go back." Su Ming's footsteps faltered and he turned around to look at Bai Su.

Bai Su was silent. She did not speak.

Su Ming returned to the path he originally came from and walked down that way as the wind and snow blew in the air.

"Su Ming!" Bai Su suddenly called out as she stood there.

The instant Su Ming turned around to look, Bai Su quickly walked forward and hugged him, burying her head in his chest. Su Ming was silent for a while before he lifted his arms and held Bai Su's shoulders.

She lifted her head and looked at him. There was a complicated look and a hidden meaning that could not be described in her eyes as she stared at him.

"If we continue walking in the snow like this, will we walk... until our heads turn white...?" Bai Su mumbled softly, and her voice sounded as if it had traveled through time. When it fell into Su Ming's ears, grief appeared in his eyes.

At the same time, Si Ma Xin trembled where he was seated in his tent at the corner of the tribe. Excitement shone in his eyes, and it was so bright it could rival the light from the moon.

His heart raced against his chest. He could feel that the aura of the Berserker Seed was growing stronger in the snow plains in the distance. Just a little more and it would be complete.

That feeling not only made him excited, it also made him feel like throwing his head and laughing towards the sky.

'Su Ming, Su Ming, you might be getting stronger day by day, but you're just too confident in yourself. Bai Su's heart will always lie with me. She will fulfil my desires just as I have asked her to!

'You are still going to end up becoming my Berserker Child!' Si Ma Xin stared at the snow plains in the distance with excitement and waited.

On the snow plains, Su Ming stared at Bai Su as her voice echoed in his ears. The grief in his eyes became stronger and he closed his eyes quietly.

The complicated look on Bai Su's face became more prominent. As she stared at him, hesitation and uncertainty rose within her.

"Let this end, Bai Su. You are not her. Don't make things difficult for yourself anymore." Su Ming's hoarse voice fell into her ears.

He opened his eyes, and grief could be seen along with pity within them. He lifted his right hand, and in his palm was a fistful of snow.

"Place it in your hand and let it melt. When the snow turns into water, you will still be you, and you will not be her."

Bai Su stared at the snow in Su Ming's palm blankly. After a long while, for a reason she did not even know herself, and as if she was controlled by some supernatural force, she whispered softly.

"Su Ming, do you still remember our promise...?"

The moment she said those words, Su Ming's hand visibly trembled.

"But you... didn't fulfill our promise..." Bai Su mumbled, then took a few steps away and looked at Su Ming.

The snow in Su Ming's palm had melted into water. He stared at Bai Su, and with a bitter smile, he nodded his head.

When Bai Su saw Su Ming acting this way, she suddenly felt a sharp stab of pain in her heart and found herself unable to face him. She staggered backwards and moved further and further away, right until she could no longer see him in her eyes.

Within the tribe, Si Ma Xin's laughter rose into the air. He stood in his tent with an ecstatic look that could not be hidden away under his excitement. He could distinctly sense that the Berserker Seed in the snow plains had successfully formed. He could even feel a faint connection between him and that Seed. That connection gave him a feeling that with just one thought, he could determine whether that Berserker Seed lived or died!

'Su Ming, Su Ming, in the end you still ended up as my Berserker Seed!' As Si Ma Xin laughed loudly, he walked out of his tent and moved towards the snow plains. He wanted to see how Su Ming looked right now with his own eyes!

While on the way there, Si Ma Xin suddenly stopped, because he saw Bai Su staggering forward on that snow plain as if she had just lost her soul. With joy flowing within him, Si Ma Xin walked towards Bai Su.

"Su Er, I'm sorry to have made you suffer!" Si Ma Xin was just about to hug Bai Su, but she instinctively moved away from his embrace. There was a complicated expression on her face, and she remained silent.

"I originally wanted to go and meet my new Berserker Child, Su Ming, but you're more important than him. I'll stay by your side and have him come greet us."

Si Ma Xin was far too excited and hence did not bother with how Bai Su looked right then. Instead, in his mind, he gave the order for that Berserker Seed to come to them.

Yet the moment he gave that order, Si Ma Xin's expression started changing gradually, from that joyful excitement to uncertainty, then from uncertainty to puzzlement, and suddenly, his expression changed drastically.

Su Ming was sitting on the snow plain as he looked at the snow falling from the sky. There was not a hint of grief on his face, only a calmness that seemed like the still water in an ancient well. He shook his head gently.

"Bai Ling, I gave her a chance, and this was her choice... From now onwards, no matter how much she looks like you, even if she's so much like you that she has turned into you, she will not be able to affect my heart..."

"It has ended, along with my very first... change of heart."

Su Ming lowered his head, and with a wave of his right hand, the drawing board appeared. A long time had passed since the change had begun, and now, for the first time ever since, he turned that board over, then looked at the figure of himself and the grass he had drawn under his feet. In Su Ming's eyes, the picture on the drawing board... changed.

The picture of himself in the drawing lifted his foot, and the grass ensnaring his foot was shaken free as he did so. Then he walked over it, just like a gust of wind that left no traces behind...

As the picture changed, an aura characteristic of a transformation abruptly spread out from within Su Ming. His hair floated in the wind, and an aged look that seemed to have seen through something in the world appeared in his eyes. At that moment, the snow around him also seemed to be moving towards him.

For the first time ever, in the Picture of the Blood Moon and Dark Mountain on his body, snow started falling down...

The Picture of the snow covered Blood Moon and Dark Mountain!