

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 502 — Gap! - Read

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Chapter 502: Gap!

The instant the World Spirit woke up, the few remaining regions in the World of Nine Yin all shuddered and slowly fell apart, as if the ground never existed in the first place. As the ground disappeared, even the altar where Su Ming and the other Fated Kin stood fell apart.

The ground before the hundreds of Fated Kin started collapsing inch by inch, as if there was a gigantic invisible mouth that was devouring the ground, causing the Fated Kin to float in midair. They looked towards where Su Ming was, but they still couldn't find him in their field of vision. They could only see something blurry in the spot where Su Ming was previously, and there was also a strong distortion there that seemed like it was about to rip through their gazes.

The sky rumbled. The protruding face in the huge vortex had now opened all four of its eyes. Light that reached one hundred thousand feet shone before him, and the gigantic figure made of dried up wood charged towards the human face as if it wanted to fuse with it.

On Su Ming's side, under that extreme speed of his, he had surpassed all the illusions formed by the Rune. He felt a membrane stopping his body from moving forward in the Rune, but it could not block his gaze.

It pierced through that invisible membrane, and he saw... an endless expanse of black water!

The expanse of water was boundless. There were five huge continents floating on it. And at that moment, among the five continents, the continent at the center and two of the continents at the south were incredibly close to each other. If he did not look closely, he would think that they had fused together!

Yet when he took a closer look, he discovered that these continents were in no way connected to each other. It was clear that the continent to the east was ramming itself against the southern continent at an incredible speed.

'The world in the mirror...' A bang went off in Su Ming's head. He had a feeling as if he had come to understand something. He cast his gaze swiftly to the west, towards the continent on the west. However, he could not see that continent clearly. He could only

see the contour of the land, and after that, a huge force shot out from the membrane, and he was instantly ricocheted off.

Almost the instant Su Ming was bounced off, the membrane broke down. The altar which acted as the center of the Rune had collapsed. Su Ming took a few steps back consecutively, and with each step he took, he looked as if he was revealing himself under that extreme speed. When he took the tenth step back, he appeared once again in sight of all the Fated Kin in the area.

It was also at that moment that the human face that had opened his eyes in the vortex finished fusing with the body that was made of dried wood. At the instant they fused together, the vortex exploded abruptly and turned into a powerful wave of air that swept through the land and blew in all directions.

The strength of that wave of air was so great that it turned into a violent gust of wind as it rumbled in the air. As it charged forward, it spread out in a circular form, and it was so quick that it covered the entire region where the Fated Kin were in an instant. If that gust of wind was allowed to blow at will, then a large number of Fated Kin would be blown away and torn apart by the wave of air as if they were autumn leaves.

The faces of the hundreds of Fated Kin changed drastically. Without any hesitation, Nan Gong Hen rushed a few steps forward and stood before his tribesmen. Some of the people who had higher levels of cultivation also gritted their teeth and rushed out, wanting to resist the incoming wave of air and protect the safety of their tribesmen.

Almost the instant these people put up a stance to oppose that wave of air, it came towards them with loud, booming sounds. When it crashed into Nan Gong Hen, he coughed out a mouthful of blood, feeling as if a mountain had rammed into him.

The other Fated Kin beside him not only coughed up blood, but also felt as if their bodies were being torn apart. They moved back against their will, but right behind them were the Fated Kin, their tribesmen. Some of them were just children, and they could not fly on their own. They needed other tribesmen to carry them, and the slightest contact with this wave of air would definitely kill them!

Nan Gong Hen's eyes turned red. He wanted to stand against this wave of air, but he could not control his own body. As he was continuously forced back, the wave of air charged forward, and right at the instant it was about to flood his tribesmen, suddenly, a white figure arrived and stood right before Nan Gong Hen and all the other Fated Kin.

This person was dressed entirely in white, and he was Su Ming!

He had forced down the shock that arose within him because of the world he saw in the mirror and lifted his right hand to push against the incoming wave of air. As he pressed against it, golden light abruptly spread out from his body, and once the hundreds of Fated Kin behind him were bathed in it, he began resisting that alarming gust of wind.

It was just three breaths, and Su Ming felt himself struggling to endure them. He might have extraordinary power and his body might be incredibly sturdy due to most of his bones, flesh, and bone having turned into Berserker Bones, but it was still difficult for him to last for long in that wave of air.

In truth, the entire reason as to why he could last till now was because of the strength of his physical body. If anyone else had taken his place, they then would have also been like Nan Gong Hen, being pushed back the instant they came into contact with that wave of air, injured.

Fortunately, that massive wave of air was sweeping in all directions and was not directed at Su Ming. That was why after he persevered for three breaths, the wave swept past their region. Although it had pushed Su Ming and all the Fated Kin under his protection several thousands of feet backwards, like a lone boat swept up by a raging wave, no one died, and once the wave of air swept by them, everything returned to normal.

Su Ming panted harshly. He did not make the golden light on his body fade away, but instead lifted his head and looked towards the huge face that had fused with the body of dried wood in the distant sky after the vortex collapsed.

At the same moment Su Ming looked towards him, the four eyes on that face also looked towards him.

"The midsection of the fourth eye is where the Rune is... I will never forget the help you gave us..."

An ancient voice reverberated through the world and fused together with the booming sounds in the air. Soon after, the huge face swelled up swiftly right before Su Ming's eyes, and in the blink of an eye, he had become ten times, a hundred times, then one thousand times larger. Not only did he replace the entire sky, he also caused the dark shades of twilight from the sky to disappear as he covered the sky, replacing it with a bronze light.

It felt as if there was a veil that had covered the sky previously. That veil was in the color of the sky, which was why it had been in the shade of twilight whenever someone looked at it. Yet now, as the human face spread out and covered it, it was as if the veil was lifted and its true colors were revealed!

The sky was not even a sky!

Bronze light shone brilliantly. The entire sky looked like the surface of a huge Enchanted Vessel. People could sense an ancient and unsophisticated air coming from it, and Su Ming could even see the sky seemingly turning into a huge metal piece when that bronze hue started shining above. There were numerous densely packed small holes on that metal piece!

In fact, there were even a large amount of complex runic symbols shining on it!

Su Ming might have already had some form of mental preparation for this, but once he saw it truly happen, he was still shocked, and if he was behaving in this manner, it was even more so for Nan Gong Hen and the other Fated Kin.

Their shock was reflected clearly in their quickened breathing.

"What is that...?"

"By the looks of it, it seems like some sort of Enchanted Vessel..."

"This... is the true sky of the World of Nine Yin? Could it be that the sky we saw was fake, the ground we stood upon was also just an illusion, and this is the real thing?"

After the people recovered from their shock, a buzzing arose among hundreds of people. They were in disbelief of what they saw.

As the veil in the sky was lifted and as the true sky that looked like bronze was revealed, nine big runic symbols in the shape of moons emerged and caught Su Ming's attention!

The nine runic symbols were aligned with the others and were placed right above the surface of the bronze Enchanted Vessel. They flashed brilliantly, and when he looked at them, Su Ming was reminded of the nine moons in the World of Nine Yin!

At the moment his pupils shrank due to the shock that was brought by the change in the World of Nine Yin, suddenly, the fourth eye at the center of the gigantic human face's brows overlapped with a certain spot on the bronze sky.

The instant that happened, booming sounds immediately traveled forth from that spot, and as if the sky was moving, a gap appeared. Light spilled forth from that gap. It might not be big, but it gave off a feeling that it was in decline. The gap was right above Su Ming, and looked as if it had been torn open on purpose.

"I can only last for ten breaths with my power. Enter with haste!"

The ancient voice from the old Spirit of Nine Yin instantly reverberated through the air. At the moment it spoke, the swelled up gigantic face froze for a moment, looking as if its action of growing larger had been forcefully halted, causing the gap that had formed because the fourth eye had overlapped with the bronze sky to not disappear.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he charged straight towards the sky. The other Fated Kin behind him followed suit, but they were too slow and could not hope to compare with Su Ming. That was why when Su Ming took that first step, golden light

shone on his entire body once again and swept up all the hundreds of Fated Kin behind him, and they charged towards the sky with a loud whistle.

The gap that had been opened specifically for Su Ming was shining nonstop at the moment. Its appearance was due to the overlapping between the human face and the bronze sky. The gap should have disappeared in an instant when the face moved away from that spot in the sky, but the old Spirit of Nine Yin had forcefully halted its actions. Making it stop in this manner was akin to stopping the activation of this Enchanted Vessel that could move between True Worlds. The level of difficulty for this was incredibly high, and with the old man's abilities, he could only make this last for ten breaths.

Su Ming charged forth with the Fated Kin, and from the distance, they looked like a golden shooting star that was rushing closer and closer towards the sky. By the fourth breath, they had already closed in on the gap in the bronze sky.

Yet at that very moment, the gap started trembling viciously, and the tremors grew increasingly more intense with each passing moment. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and very clearly, right before Su Ming's eyes as he stood outside the gap, the human face that had originally been frozen started to move slowly and began expanding once more. The time... it was not even ten breaths yet!

"Hurry! I can no longer last..." The old Spirit of Nine Yin's voice gained an anxious edge.

The gap was about to close up because of the World Spirit's movements. The golden light on Su Ming's entire body grew exponentially brighter. All the Fated Kin behind him also charged forth with their fastest speed, rushing straight towards the gap. Due to the World Spirit recovering its movements, the face was also sweeping past that gap, but the instant the gap disappeared, Su Ming charged into it!

Most of the Fated Kin also entered with him, but there were nine Fated Kin who did not make it into the gap. Once the gap closed up, they were blocked off outside...

Among the nine was the man who had been taking care of Tie Mu for years and who had lost his right arm when Su Ming met him as a boy!

With a loud bang, the gap closed up. Su Ming and all the Fated Kin who had stepped into the gap would never know what happened to those that were left in the World of Nine Yin. As of then, they were in a huge tunnel.

Chapter 503: Right Side!

Su Ming swept his gaze across the area. The tunnel was dark. Its walls were not made of stone, but of bronze. Runic symbol after runic symbol could be found shining at a set distance from each other.

The shining symbols were the only source of light in the place.

The hundreds of Fated Kin all remained in silence. Some hints of sorrow could be found on their faces. They had lived together for fifteen years without any future ahead of them, and while they now had hope of leaving this place, nine of theirs had now been eternally separated from them.

Perhaps it would be death that awaited those nine tribesmen, but perhaps not. Yet no matter what, they would still never meet again.

A flicker of light appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he stopped observing his surroundings. He took a step forward to walk in the lead. As he dashed forward, the Fated Kin behind him followed suit.

No one spoke all along the way, and silence filled the air. Some of the Fated Kin would occasionally lift their heads and their gazes would fall on Su Ming's back. For some unknown reason, their hearts gradually calmed down. Su Ming had already brought them two miracles.

The first was when they had fallen into despair when facing the Sacred Bats that were slaughtering their men, and the second had happened not long after. They had originally thought that they would be facing a future of never leaving this place after fifteen years of being trapped here, but he told them to prepare to leave.

And they believed that there would be a third miracle. This third miracle would be that the respected senior Mo they worshiped would return them to South Morning!

This was not a thought of only one or two Fated Kin, but all of them harbored the same thoughts as they traveled through the tunnel. It could be said that Su Ming was their hope, and this feeling only became stronger after they witnessed the things that had happened in the World of Nine Yin.

Su Ming moved in front and spread his divine sense outwards, but he could not send it out too far. The walls around him were incredibly averse to his divine sense, and they were stopping it from spreading out.

As he moved forward, Su Ming suddenly came to a halt not too far into the tunnel. They had arrived at a fork, and there were three paths ahead of them, causing people to be unable to tell just which way led to the Relocation Rune.

Once Su Ming stopped, the other Fated Kin also paused in their footsteps. They looked around them in silence, and Nan Gong Hen took a few steps forward to stand beside Su

Ming. Once he cast a look around, he looked towards Su Ming. He was not the only one who did so. All the Fated Kin in the area had directed their gazes towards Su Ming.

Su Ming frowned. The old Spirit of Nine Yin had not mentioned that there would be a fork here. He knew that he could not choose the wrong path from among the three paths before him. Once he made the choice, he would be losing on precious time.

Almost the moment Su Ming and the others arrived at the fork and looked at the three paths, the entire tunnel suddenly trembled and shook viciously, causing the people there to almost be unable to stand properly.

Muffled booming sounds traveled forth from outside, as if the tunnel was about to collapse. The runic symbols around them started flashing more frequently, and it caused the people to begin feeling agitated and annoyed once they stayed here for a long period of time.

Su Ming took a few steps forward. He did not immediately make a decision under the gazes of the Fated Kin, but chose instead to sit down cross-legged on the floor. He closed his eyes and spread his divine sense swiftly outward, splitting them into three wisps and sending them charging down those three paths swiftly.

As his divine sense spread down, it was continuously weakened as it continued running into the force repelling it in the place. Before each part of his divine sense had even spread down one thousand feet into those tunnels, only three strands were left. And when even these looked as if they were about to disappear completely, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity left his body abruptly and fused with his divine sense.

By doing so, his divine sense instantly increased exponentially and continued spreading downwards. As it did so, he discovered that his divine sense in the tunnel right before him had strangely disappeared without a trace, and it vanished so abruptly that he had not even managed to notice it in time.

Right at the instant that divine sense that was exploring the path ahead disappeared, Su Ming saw a huge Relocation Rune on the path to his left. That Rune was coming into operation slowly, looking as if it was about to be activated at any moment!

Su Ming's eyes flew open swiftly. He did not have time to think about why his divine sense had disappeared in the path before him. Just as he was about to retrieve the divine sense that had traveled down the path to his right, his body suddenly lurched forward and he turned his head swiftly to look at the path to his right.

His pupils shrank, and a brilliant light appeared in his eyes. All of this was because he had seen a gigantic space with his divine sense when it had traveled ten thousand feet into the path to his right!

In that space were huge bubbles. Most of those bubbles had already burst, but they did not disappear. Some of them had in fact not a single hint of damage on them, and were kept in perfect condition!

Su Ming's breathing quickened, and he retrieved his divine sense with gritted teeth, no longer looking at the tunnel to his right. Instead, he stood up and brought all the Fated Kin following him to charge towards the tunnel to his left, where he had discovered the Rune.

As the crowd moved down the path at high speed, more tremors shook the area. Booming sounds traveled forth, and the entire tunnel started trembling furiously. Cracks had even appeared on the ground, and powerful light shot forth, making all of them think that the ground in the tunnel was about to collapse at any moment.

As the runic symbols on the walls sparkled, they lit up at the same time. Light illuminated the area, causing the entire tunnel to be lit up as bright as day at that moment.

As the crowd charged forth, an empty space soon appeared before them in the tunnel ahead. There were also cracks on that empty expanse of land, but at the same time, there was also a huge Rune that had come into operation with loud rumbling sounds on the ground.

That Rune was letting off a feeling that it was used for relocation. At that moment, it had already been fully activated, and the moment they stepped in, they would be instantly relocated away from this place.

When everyone saw this Rune and excitement appeared on their faces, suddenly, a vicious tremor shook the tunnel once again. The tunnel that was originally lying down horizontally seemed to have abruptly shot up straight, causing all the Fated Kin to fall back against their will, and they even began to feel as if they were falling.

"A crisis is looming above our heads! Bring forth all of your power and step into the Rune! It doesn't matter where we are relocated. If we arrive in the Land of South Morning but are separated, remember one thing, we are Fated Kin!"

"We are no longer Shamans! We will gather in South Morning's Sky River Mountain. If Sky River Mountain is no longer there, I will still wait around the area for all of you!"

"Let us Fated Kin shout our names in the Land of South Morning! Remember this, Sky River Mountain! Remember this, the person we worship is respected senior Mo!" Nan Gong Hen shouted at the top of his voice. It reverberated in the air and shot into the ears of all the Fated Kin, turning into determination and resolution in their eyes.

"Everyone, let us... meet in South Morning!" Su Ming's body floated up, and he wrapped his fist in his palm towards the Fated Kin in the now vertical tunnel.

"We Fated Kin will forever worship you, respected senior Mo! We... will meet in South Morning!" Their voices reverberated in the air, and one by one, they charged forward towards the Relocation Rune. Once they stepped inside, they instantly vanished.

The tunnel trembled even more viciously, and one of the spots in the distance had even started showing signs of collapse. The Fated Kin charged forward, and almost every single one of them would stop for a moment as they went past Su Ming. They would then call out to him as respected senior Mo, wrap their fists in their palms to salute him, and only then step into the Rune.

The voices calling him by his title showed their resolution. Perhaps this was no longer a title to them, but had truly become a symbol in their hearts. It was also a show of their disappointment towards the Shamans after fifteen years of waiting without any results.

Once they referred to Su Ming as 'respected senior Mo', all of this would turn into eternity and into the fiery ardor of the Fated Kin. The shouts of meeting up in South Morning were not a mere casual remark, but were shouts coming straight from the depths of their hearts.

After some time, when all of the Fated Kin besides Nan Gong Hen had bade their farewells and disappeared into the Rune, he turned his gaze towards Su Ming. He silently wrapped his fist in his palm towards him, then looked as if he wanted to say something, but chose to not do so in the end. Instead, he turned around and walked into the Relocation Rune. As the Rune flashed and his body was about to disappear, he suddenly turned to look at Su Ming.

"The words of the Fated Kin are not just a casual remark, and neither are my words thrown out offhandedly. Even if the world outside has experienced drastic changes, we will never forget the kindness you've bestowed upon us, respected senior Mo! We will worship you, and so will our children, and our children's children. We will worship you for all eternity!" Nan Gong Hen's words echoed in the air, and his body disappeared inside the Rune.

The Rune was still in operation. Su Ming stood in the tunnel. The tremors around him grew more intense. He looked at the Rune, and suddenly turned around. He did not step into the Rune, but instead walked back on the path he took to come to this place.

If he left just like this, he would be leaving with regrets. If he left just like this, he would have far too many unanswered questions!

The old Spirit of Nine Yin once mentioned that if Su Ming was brave enough and could last till the end, then at the risk of never being able to leave this place, he would be able to see the world as it truly was!

Su Ming had kept those words in mind, and he wanted to see it!

Also, besides the shock that had come when he saw the things in the right path, for some unknown reason, he had also felt a sense of familiarity from it...

The sense of familiarity was very vague. If he paid attention and tried searching for it, it would be difficult for him to find it. He would only have that sense of déjà vu when he was not paying any sort of attention to it.

This sort of feeling had appeared for an instant when he had used his divine sense to investigate the tunnel to his right.

He did not know what this sort of feeling was, neither did he know whether there were other people in the world who would have this sense of déjà vu when they arrived in a place by pure coincidence, or when they saw something by pure coincidence, or after they did something by pure coincidence.

Su Ming charged forth and went through the tunnel in the span of a breath. He shot past several stretches of roads that had collapsed and arrived at the fork. Then, without hesitating, he charged towards the tunnel to his right.

At that moment, the tunnel to the right had also stood up vertically. As if he was running up a path on a stone pillar, Su Ming shot upwards. The runic symbols on the path were shining brightly and were no longer flickering. More cracks appeared all around him, and strong rays of light shone through those cracks.

At the end of this tunnel was the edge of the empty expanse of land Su Ming had discovered previously with his divine sense. More cracks tore through the walls, and one of them was even as large as a fist.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the empty expanse of land, he first swept his gaze across that crack, and he saw... a dense layer of fog that was shining with brilliant light!

There were also waves of cold air gushing out of that crack along with that ray of strong light.

The tunnel shuddered violently once again when he looked towards it. Piercing whistles came from the area outside, and as the tunnel shook, Su Ming had the impression as if the bronze sky where the tunnel was and where he stood within was now spinning rapidly.

His breathing froze and he stepped into the empty expanse of land. Then, he saw all that his divine sense had seen previously!

Chapter 504: The Baby and the One Glance!

That place was a gigantic empty expanse of land, and there was an exit in the distance, leading to a tunnel that would stretch down even further.

There were nearly a hundred bubbles floating in midair in that empty expanse of land. Most of the bubbles had already burst, but they did not disappear. Instead, they existed around the area like egg shells. They might have burst, but the entirety of the bubble was still there.

As Su Ming looked at the bubbles, he walked past them slowly in silence until a complete bubble appeared before him. That bubble was thirty feet tall, and it floated in midair without moving.

In there... was a middle-aged man with scales growing on his chest. His eyes were shut, and there was a bloody hole at the center of his brows. It was the wound that had brought about his demise.

This was a corpse, a corpse that had died for an unknown number of years and had been preserved for an unknown amount of time...

Su Ming looked at the bubble before him, then walked past it, and he saw another complete bubble. There was another corpse contained within it. This one was a woman. She had black wings on her back and possessed breathtaking beauty. She looked to be at peace. On her body was a ferocious face of a malicious spirit formed by veins. Perhaps that was the cause of her death.

There were nearly a hundred bubbles in the place, but only eight were completely undamaged, and all of them contained a corpse inside...

"Under the orders of the Spirits of Nine Yin, we left the True Sacred Yin World and headed to the other three True Worlds in search for corpses that belonged to powerful warriors..." The old Spirit of Nine Yin's words echoed in Su Ming's head at that moment.

He walked through the empty expanse of land, then charged down the entrance of the tunnel located at the end of this place. After a moment, as the tunnel continued trembling, another empty expanse of land appeared before him.

There were less than fifty bubbles in this place. Four of them were in perfect condition, and the rest had all burst.

Su Ming continued walking downwards and went through multiple empty expanses of land like those before. He had already come to understand the structure of this place. This tunnel was like a tube, and there were several bumps in this tube. An empty expanse of land could be found at all these bumps.

In the seventh empty expanse of land, Su Ming saw a gigantic bubble floating in the middle. This bubble might have already burst, but when Su Ming looked at it, he could sense a feeling of endlessness coming from it. Perhaps this was just a figment of his imagination, but perhaps this bubble itself could be a dimension of its own.

His body shuddered slightly as he stood by the edge of the bubble. He sensed the presence of a Candle Dragon.

"We were tasked to search for powerful corpses in the universe..." The old man's voice rang once again in Su Ming's head. He looked at the huge bubble before him and came to an understanding.

"This bubble was originally prepared for the Candle Dragon's carcass... because of the damage to the Enchanted Vessel, many of these bubbles had burst..." Su Ming mumbled. He looked around him, and the sense of familiarity rose within him once again.

He charged forward silently once more and arrived at the eighth empty expanse of land. Over there, he saw three bubbles!

These three bubbles were incredibly large, but all of them had already burst. It was unknown what was contained within them in the past.

When Su Ming arrived at the ninth empty expanse of land, he found himself... at the final part of the tunnel. There were no longer any entrances leading to another tunnel around him anymore. This place was the end.

There was only one air bubble here...

It was the smallest of all the bubbles Su Ming had seen in all the empty expanses of land he had passed through!

It was only about the size of an arm's length, and if there was any sort of corpse contained within, that corpse could only possibly be... of an infant!

It was a pity, because the bubble had already burst. It was empty inside, and the remains of the bubble were floating silently in that huge and empty expanse of land, still and unmoving.

When Su Ming saw this bubble, he was stunned. He forgot everything, and even if the land trembled so hard it was about to collapse, he still did not care about it. His whole existence and his gaze were focused solely on that small bubble.

For some unknown reason, tears trickled down from his eyes. He slowly walked up to the bubble, lifted his right hand, and gently touched it. After a long while, he moved his

head upwards, cast a deep look at the bubble, then turned around and headed back through the path he had taken to come here.

There was no hint of reluctance to leave this place nor a single pause in his footsteps, only his forlorn back view betrayed his firm resolution, and an air of loneliness and sorrow. In the blink of an eye, he disappeared into the tunnel, leaving behind that bubble to continue staying in this place, after having been kept here for who knows how long...

Su Ming had tried breaking the undamaged bubbles before, but with his current level of cultivation, he could not even cause a tear in them. As he left, he no longer looked at those bubbles. As he charged forth, the tunnel finally started breaking down.

The tunnel collapsed behind him and buried the spaces within, along with everything in them.

The path before Su Ming continued breaking down, forcing him to increase his speed. When he arrived at the fork, roars traveled forth from the path in the middle as it was collapsing. There was a hint of madness in those roars.

As those sounds reverberated in the air, more signs of destruction appeared in the tunnel to the right. Then, with a loud boom, it completely collapsed. The endless fog in the world outside started moving backwards swiftly, causing it to be impossible to discern whether it was the fog or the bronze sky that was moving.

Yet at the instant that tunnel collapsed, a figure charged out. Su Ming did not stop. Even when he heard the roar from the tunnel in the middle, he did not cast even a single glance at it. He simply shot forth to the tunnel with the Relocation Rune.

Signs of collapse were obvious in many areas. Once Su Ming left, the tunnel in the middle completely collapsed and disappeared. Thick fog could be seen rolling from within. The destruction spread out, causing a large part of the tunnel to the left to also collapse and disappear.

This disappearance of the tunnel made it seem as if the World of Nine Yin was vanishing. It was like there was an eerie, invisible mouth that was devouring the tunnel nonstop. Su Ming charged forward, and after a moment, he came to a halt. The tunnel before him had collapsed, blocking off his path to the Relocation Rune with the fog.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He only paused for a brief moment before he strode forth quickly, making it seem like he had stepped into the fog. A powerful suction force pulled his body inside, and a cold wave of air also closed in on him, as if it wanted to drag him into the darkness of the fog.

Golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body, and banging sounds echoed within it. At the instant the suction force came sweeping towards him, he turned into a long arc and shot forward as the tunnel collapsed before him.

Once Su Ming went through that collapsing tunnel, his breathing became labored and his face was pale, but he did not stop. He continued charging forward, eventually reaching the Relocation Rune as the area continued breaking down!

There were now more cracks in this place, causing the Rune to seem as if it was about to be torn apart and destroyed. The light on the Rune had become much duller. Once the light was extinguished, the Rune would cease operations, and even if Su Ming wanted to leave by then, it would be impossible!

If he stepped onto the Rune right at that moment, he could still be relocated, but he remained standing at its edge. There was firm decisiveness in his eyes, and he did not step inside!

He turned around and looked at the tunnel before him. It was now completely destroyed. He watched the rolling fog before his eyes and abruptly spread his divine sense outward. This was a complete burst of his Nascent Divinity's power. He wanted to let himself see everything during that instant.

When he spread his divine sense outward, he saw endless fog. Shrill roars were coming from inside it. Besides these things, he saw or heard nothing else.

However, he could sense that the spot where he stood was moving rapidly and shooting through the fog.

After a moment, everything beside the Rune beside Su Ming broke down, and he immediately detected that the large layer of fog within his divine sense was tumbling about intensely. He saw the fog turn into a gigantic vortex, and then a powerful ray of light shoot through the center of that vortex. Right after, an ancient shuttle-shaped bronze sword that shone with a bronze light and was so large that its end could not be seen emerged from that ray of light!

With an indescribable speed, that sword seemed to be struggling to break free of the vortex made of thick fog. Light sparkled brilliantly on its body, and gradually, it flew out of the fog with a bang!

The instant it flew out, a black claw of fog shot out to grab that sword, but it did not manage to catch it. The ancient, shuttle-shaped, gigantic, bronze sword broke free of the vortex with its charge!

It was also right at that moment that Su Ming could clearly feel where he was. He was within the ancient bronze sword that had shot out of the fog, and this sword was clearly the Enchanted Vessel of the Sacred Yin World that could move through True Worlds!

The Relocation Rune behind Su Ming turned even duller as if all the power that was supporting its operations was being absorbed by the ancient gigantic bronze sword.

"Wait a little longer... just a little longer..." Su Ming mumbled. His eyes were blood-red. He had spread his divine sense to cover a large area, and he could see the ancient gigantic bronze sword. He also saw the entirety of the vortex in the fog as the sword continued flying into the distance!

This was a wide expanse of a galaxy, and in a spot of that galaxy was a vortex of fog rotating endlessly. As it rotated and as the ancient bronze sword left into the distance, the rotations in the fog gradually disappeared, just like how a black hole would slowly close up after a time of being open.

At the same time, Su Ming's face slowly started changing. A dense aura of death emerged from inside and outside his body. It was as if that aura of death had always existed in him, but Su Ming had never been able to see or sense it in the past.

Su Ming shuddered, but he ignored that aura of death, because he saw it. The vast galaxy, the brilliant stars, and the long arcs that could be seen among the stars. Those long arcs were clearly people. They wore gorgeous clothes, and at that moment, they came to a halt. Their faces could not be seen, but their hearts had to be filled with shock and amazement once they saw the ancient gigantic bronze sword.

Su Ming saw the galaxy, saw the round planets, and also the continents that floated in the galaxy...

"So... this is how it is..." Su Ming mumbled. His body became weaker, as if this was a place off limits to all forms of life, and was not a place that he could come at the moment. He staggered backwards, and as the light in the Rune disappeared, he stepped inside.

"You don't belong to this place... I will send you back to where you belong... But I believe that someday, you will be able to walk out from the other side of the mirror with your own strength..." The voice of the old Spirit of Nine Yin reverberated in the air, bringing with it words of parting.

Su Ming's body gradually disappeared, but the instant he completely vanished, he suddenly asked this question.

"You were tasked to search for corpses in the past. Did you... find a dead baby?"

"Hmm? You..." Shock suddenly seeped into the old Spirit of Nine Yin's voice, and as if he had remembered something, his remaining words turned into a sharp inhale caused by shock.

Before Su Ming disappeared, a brilliant light shone in his eyes.

"True Sacred Yin World... Spirits of Nine Yin, I will come find you..."

Chapter 505: Return

The Land of South Morning in front of Sky Mist City was visited by tumbling clouds, bolts of lightning cracking through the air, and rain pouring down from the sky. The appearance of the rain came very strangely. It started several months ago, and had never stopped ever since.

Everything in the world looked indistinct in the rain, causing the people to be unable to see too far into the distance. As rain poured down, a humid scent of the sea filled the entire region.

The magnificent Sky Mist City in the past had turned dead silent. Not a single sound could be heard coming from within, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to find that it was slightly different from the past. The walls on the mountain ranges had become much taller, and if anyone lifted their heads to look from under the city walls, they would be able to feel this clearly.

If they looked around, they would see that there was not a single living soul that could be seen on the land of the Shamans, which laid outside Sky Mist City. If anyone looked down to survey the entire South Morning from the highest point in the sky, they would find that raging waves that surged into the sky and vast amounts of rumbling seawater were continuously flooding the land from the edge of the land of the Shamans. The area that was submerged was already boundless, and by the looks of, it would not be long before the water reached Sky Mist City!

Behind the flooded land was a gigantic continent, mostly hidden by the rain pouring down on the Dead Sea. It was coming closer with the seawater. It looked as if it was traveling forth slowly, but in truth, if anyone went closer to the continent, they would find out that the continent was actually moving at an extreme speed.

That dark continent was naturally, the Eastern Wastelands. As it got closer, violent gusts of wind howled in the air, sweeping up the seawater to roar with them. The sounds filled the land of the Shamans and submerged the mountains located at the edge of South Morning, turning large amounts of flatland into an endless expanse of sea.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding at an intense pace. Before long, when the Eastern Wastelands crashed into South Morning, this catastrophe would unfold completely on the people in the Land of South Morning. The mountains would

crumble and the earth would shatter. The whole land would change. Even those with great power of cultivation would find it hard to fight against this disaster.

No one would be able to predict just how many people in the Land of South Morning would be left behind after the disaster was over...

All factions of power were thrown off balance. It did not matter whether it was the Berserkers or the Shamans, when these factions of power collapsed, everything would descend into chaos due to the absence of law, clans, and big tribes!

Chaos would begin after the catastrophe, and it would mark the age of powerful warriors rising up to rule...

There were eight people charging forward at the edge of the land of the Shamans, near the waves that surged into the sky. Among these eight were three women, and the rest were men. The elderly heads were filled with white, and the young were about eighteen or nineteen years old. The eight of them might have come from different tribes, but once they gathered together, all of them cared about the same thing...

Escape!

They were escaping, running away desperately. There were no powerful warriors chasing after them, but their faces were filled with agony and fear.

There might be no powerful warriors after their lives, but there were endless roars coming from the seawater and the surging waves, as well as low growls from the infinite amounts of powerful life forms within the black Dead Sea.

One thousand li behind them was a mountain. At that moment, that mountain collapsed with a bang. The reason for its destruction was a huge wave sweeping forth and crashing into it. As it shattered, the crushed stones as well as the mountain itself were all submerged by the seawater charging forward, turning into a part of this infinite expanse of sea.

As the clouds tumbled about in the sky and rain poured from the sky, birds could be seen closely packed to each other up in the air. These birds came from the Dead Sea. They were born in the Dead Sea and lived out their lives in the sky. If they had strength, they would return to the Dead Sea near the time of their deaths.

They formed teams, and they were so numerous their numbers could not be counted. It was impossible to count them as they flew in the sky. It was as if they had covered the entire heaven, and wherever they went to, not a single drop of rain would fall on the ground!

These birds completely ignored the ground and all the creatures in the sea. However, they were extremely aggressive towards all life forms in the air that were not of the

same species as they were. Once they ran into other types of birds, they would group together and fight these birds to the death!

However, there seemed to be no end to their numbers. Even if many of them died, there would still be a large amount of them rushing out of the sea!

This area was merely a part of the gigantic sea. As of then, areas as dangerous as this were scattered everywhere at the edge of the land of the Shamans in South Morning.

"We can't fly, onto to move as quickly as we can on the ground... but... how are we supposed to move faster than the Dead Sea behind us?!" a middle-aged man among the eight people charging across the land cried out in anguish.

"Even if we can't outrun it, we have to try, as long as we reach Lasting Hoop Mountain, we will have a chance at survival!"

"Lasting Hoop Mountain is the closest rescue station to our current location. There is a short distance Relocation Rune in that mountain that will transport us to all other locations in the land of the Shamans. As long as the seawater hasn't flooded the mountain, we can use that Rune and leave this place, and only like that can we buy the time to leave the land of the Shamans for good!" The person who spoke was a woman among the eight people. Her face was pale as she spoke hastily.

"What's the point of leaving the land of the Shamans? My tribe is dissolved, and my remaining tribe members are scattered. Even if I go to the land of the Berserkers, I might never meet them again in my life..." There was a teenager who was about eighteen to nineteen years old in the group. He had remained silent till this point, and right then, he spoke with a bitter smile.

As the people conversed, a muffled boom traveled forth abruptly from behind them. The appearance of that sound immediately caused the expressions of the eight people to drastically change. All of them stopped speaking, choosing instead to grit their teeth and increase their speed.

At that moment, the sea was surging into the sky with a howl hundreds of li behind them. The waves rose high in the air, as if there was a powerful force pushing them from behind, and all the places they passed through would turn into a part of the sea.

There was a gigantic head popping its head up to reveal its eyes on the surface of the sea, and those eyes were coldly staring at the eight people hundreds of li away. The mercilessness and aloofness in those eyes sent chills running down the eight people's spines, even though not one person turned their head back.

"Dead Sea Giant!"

The eight people who were running away felt their hearts tremble. As they charged forward, the seawater behind them rushed towards them even more quickly. The head on the surface of the sea sank down slowly. It might have seemed to disappear, but soon, a hundred li away, right on the surface of the sea that was much closer to these eight people, the head emerged.

The spread of the seawater caused the sea to edge closer and closer to the eight people. It had been hundreds of li away previously, but after a while, the sea became only a hundred li away. The roars and the smell of the ocean made it seem as if the sea was right beside those eight people.

The instant another wave surged into the sky and fell down, causing the sea to spread even faster, the woman who mentioned Lasting Hoop Mountain previously gritted her teeth and leaped up, choosing to no longer remain at low altitude. Instead, once she flew up to midair, she coughed out a mouthful of blood, and her body immediately turned into blood fog that allowed her to charge into the distance.

In the midst of hesitation, the remaining seven people started doing the same. They turned into seven long arcs and charged through the sky. About hundreds of li away from them was a mountain towering into the sky.

That mountain was part of a mountain range, and as the mountains connected together, they formed a hoop. The top of the mountains were not sharp either, but were instead flat like platforms, and anyone who looked at either of the mountains would find that they were in the shape of a hoop as well. The front one was the Lasting Hoop Mountain the group had mentioned!

The eight people in the sky no longer cared about staying together. Each of them charged forth with their fastest speed towards the mountain. Yet almost the moment they flew up, numerous birds shot towards them with a sharp whistle and closed in on them from all directions.

The birds' speed far surpassed that of the escapees, and they looked as if they had turned into a huge hand sweeping past the air and charging straight towards the eight. Almost the instant these birds closed in, the eight activated their divine abilities. Rays of light of various colors flashed, and as rumbling sounds roared in the air, four among the eight broke out of the birds' circle, but the remaining four would forever remain among the bird mob. As shrill screams of pain rang in the air, they were ripped apart, and their torn remains sank into the numerous birds' stomachs.

The four people who had done everything they could to eventually charge out heard their companions' screams of pain. Their faces turned even paler, and in terror, they did not stop for even a single moment. They charged straight towards the mountain. They were not far away from the mountain to begin with, and soon were less than thousands of feet away from the mountain. At that moment, the seawater beneath them was less than ten thousand feet away!

At that moment, more birds charged forth once again. Soon, one from the surviving four was surrounded by the birds, unable to break free. When he died among the birds, the remaining three finally managed to land on the mountain.

The three of them were two men and one woman. The woman was the one who had previously mentioned Lasting Hoop Mountain. As for the two men, one of them was a middle-aged man, and the other an old man.

"I know how to activate this Rune, defend me!" The woman immediately took a few brisk steps forward and stepped into an area where a Rune was carved onto the ground at the top of the mountain.

Just as she was fiddling with the Rune, trying to activate it, the seawater closed in on the foot of the mountain. It crashed into the mountain with a bang, and all those standing at the top of the mountain could see that everything below an area less than a hundred something feet beneath them turned into part of the endless surface of the sea.

The mountain trembled and cracks tore through its walls, as if it could not withstand the sea ramming into it and was about to crumble. At that moment, that gigantic head popped out of the surface of the sea next to the mountain. As the sea charged forth, a huge black hand shot out from the depths of the sea to grab the three people on the mountain.

From the distance, it was as if there was a giant in the sea that was lifting his hand to destroy everything.

The woman was not affected, but shock appeared on the faces of the old man and the middle-aged man as their hearts were shaken to the core. The old man immediately took a step towards the middle-aged man and lifted his right hand to push the other towards the hand that was coming to seize them to dodge the disaster that was coming towards him. But just as he was about to do this, the middle-aged man took a step to the side, then lifted his right hand to seize the old man, thinking about doing the same thing to him as well.

The instant they started plotting against each other, a sinister sneer appeared on the woman's lips as she stood in the Rune. Bright light suddenly burst forth from under her feet, and a propelling force blasted outward. It pushed both the old man and the middle-aged man off the mountain, straight towards the giant hand that came to seize them.

"You b*tch! You..." The expressions of the old man and the middle-aged man changed drastically, but before they managed to say anything, their words turned into screams of pain. They were seized by the palm and crushed, turning into minced meat.

The hand then charged straight towards the Rune in the mountain while still in the form of a fist.

"Thank you, the both of you."

The woman smiled coldly. The Rune was already operating, and her body was disappearing quickly, but right at the instant her body vanished, she suddenly reappeared, and the cold sneer on her lips turned into a gasp of shock. She turned around swiftly, and the first thing she saw was another person appearing beside her as the Rune continued with its operations!

It was a person dressed in white with a full head of black hair framing a pale and downcast face. It... was Su Ming!

Chapter 506: Spread of the Dead Sea

Dense and thick waves of aura of death were contained in Su Ming's body right at that moment. That aura came from the World of Nine Yin, from when he persevered and finished watching the ancient bronze sword leaving. He saw the world outside the mirror, saw the spherical balls in the galaxy, along with the numerous continents floating there, and during that moment, because his body could not get used to the world out there, he had gradually began to rot, and dense waves of aura of death spread out from all over his body.

Perhaps this aura of death had always existed in his body, but had only revealed itself when he had been in the world out there.

Even after Su Ming was relocated, some of that aura of death still remained on him!

In the woman's eyes, Su Ming was like a half-dead person. He did not give off waves of ripples indicating incredibly strong power. Because of that, malice appeared in her eyes. By her plans, she should have already activated that Rune and left this place.

She should have already appeared in a place that was much further from here. Yet as the Rune spurred into action, this half-dead person sprung up for some unknown reason. This not only filled the woman with malice, it also made her hate him.

Yet due to her calculative nature, when she looked at Su Ming, she did not even bother about the fist of the Dead Sea Giant charging towards her from midair. Instead, she put on a frightened and delicate front, and an imploring gaze appeared in her eyes as well. She opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but her hand acted in a completely different manner from the expression on her face.

Her hand flew up rapidly to grab Su Ming, who still had a dispirited look on his face, and yanked him forward, wanting to throw him towards that fist. Then, using that chance, she would activate the Rune once again.

In her mind, this person was clearly half-dead due to the aura of death surrounding him. She was already a late stage Medial Shaman, so there was no way anything unexpected would happen. Besides, she had also put up a disguise with her expression which worked well to deceive others.

However, she did not expect that the instant she grabbed Su Ming's arm, she did not even manage to make him budge an inch, despite using her full strength to try and throw him out.

This left her stunned. Right then, Su Ming lifted his head, and without even looking at the woman, he took a step forward. The woman instinctively loosened her grip on his arm and watched him walk out of the Rune. She looked at him lifting his head and training his gaze towards the fist of the Dead Sea Giant falling down on them as the sea roared.

"Get lost!"

Su Ming's expression was as dark as thunderclouds. The scene in the ancient bronze sword had left him incredibly dejected. The numerous discoveries made him unable to calm down, and right when he had just returned to the Land of South Morning and walked out of the Rune, he saw a stupid woman and a fist from a giant in the sea hurling towards him.

Almost the moment Su Ming spoke, the Dead Sea Giant's fist came with loud banging sounds rumbling in the sky. Killing intent shone in Su Ming's eyes. His mood was horrible at that moment, which was why he chose to lift his right hand without furling it into a fist. Instead, he had his palm facing upwards and pushing against the sky as if to support it. Immediately, his palm clashed against the punch coming towards him.

A loud bang reverberated in the air. Su Ming stood there unmoving, but the Dead Sea Giant's huge fist, which had been pushed upwards, started vibrating viciously. Soon, its flesh was torn apart. The sea giant that had revealed half of his head from the sea let out a pained howl.

This scene caused the woman behind Su Ming to widen her eyes in disbelief. Her breathing instantly froze, and her mind turned blank.

The Dead Sea Giant completely revealed his head on the surface of the sea. Just as he was about to lift up his right hand, Su Ming smiled coldly and seized the sea giant's fist with his lifted right hand. He dug his fingers into the giant's fist, causing him to be unable to retrieve his hand, and at that instant, he swiftly flung his right hand outwards!

The sea roared, and a giant that was one thousand feet tall was dragged out of the sea. His body was thrown into the air in the shape of an arc. Right then, Su Ming let go of his right hand, and immediately, the giant was flung out like a kite in the wind with a broken string. However, almost the instant he was thrown out, Su Ming took a step forward and leaped into the air, catching up with him. He then jabbed the center of the giant's brows with his right index finger.

Booming sounds reverberated in the air, and the sea giant's head exploded. His body fell with a huge splash in the distant sea. Then, after a few spasms, his body gradually sank to the bottom of the sea.

The woman in the Rune in the mountain was trembling at that moment. Her gaze as she looked at Su Ming was filled with shock and fear. She knew that these Dead Sea Giants were incredibly powerful, and each of them had power that was equivalent to a Latter Shaman. They also had natural advantage when they were in the seawater. Power equivalent to a middle stage Latter Shaman was usually required to kill one single sea giant.

She had also seen her Patriarch, who was a middle stage Latter Shaman, attack a Dead Sea Giant. While he had managed to kill him, he had spent nearly an hour doing so, but now... this white-robed young man before her had practically just ran into the giant, and had managed to kill him with just one move, executed smoothly and cleanly. It was clear, he was far much stronger than her Patriarch!

"Senior..." The woman was just about to speak, but her words died in her throat, because she saw Su Ming casting a cold glance at her from midair. With just that one glance, a bang went off in the woman's head, and her thoughts instantly became muddled.

When her mind cleared up once again, she could no longer see Su Ming. All she could see was a huge wave that surged into the sky, and as it charged forward, it moved towards her. Before she even had time to activate the Rune beneath her again, it broke down with the contact of the huge wave, and both woman and Rune were swept into the Dead Sea and drowned...

Su Ming walked in midair and looked at the seawater beneath him, then at the raging waves surging into the sky, along with the huge heads emerging on the surface of the sea, as well as the numerous strange, ferocious beasts that popped up from the sea.

Everything was different from what he remembered.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding rapidly, and even though the final stage of the disaster was not on their heads as of yet, it was already not too far away.

"The Fire Ape..." Su Ming's pupils shrank. He remembered the Fire Ape, as well as his cave abode and the medicinal cauldron he had kept there!

Sharp whistling sounds traveled forth from all around Su Ming as he stood in midair. A large amount of birds closed in on him from all directions. Brutality and bloodthirstiness shone in their eyes, and they were getting closer to Su Ming.

'When the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands comes, even the land of the Berserkers will experience a great disaster. Everyone's in danger during that disaster, and it'll be as if the apocalypse had been unleashed on us... Now is not the time for me to return to the Berserkers. I can only go back when the disaster is over...

'Besides, I do have a place to hide from this disaster.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. More birds gathered around him and closed in on him in an instant, but right at the moment they closed in, Su Ming waved his arm, and the Poison Corpse appeared before him.

Ruthlessness shone in the Poison Corpse's eyes. He opened his mouth and breathed out a layer of black and green poison fog. That fog spread out swiftly, and right at the instant the incoming birds came into contact with it, they let out piercing screeches and began rapidly melting, turning into drops of poisonous liquid that fell into the sea.

Su Ming frowned and observed the area around him. The sea was rolling under him, causing him to be unable to discern his exact location, which made it difficult for him to search for his cave abode.

He did not bother about the birds around him dying, neither did he bother himself with the Poison Corpse killing those birds. As he fell into a pensive silence, he spread his divine sense outward, covering the entire region. However, most of what he saw in his divine sense was seawater. Even if he did managed to find land that was submerged further down, he did not find any of the more distinct mountain ranges.

Su Ming widened his eyes. In silence, the image of the mountain where the woman was just moments ago appeared in his head.

A flicker of light shone in his eyes, then he lifted his right hand and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a wooden slip appeared in his hand. This was the map of the land of the Shamans. Once he focused his attention and looked through it, he found a mountain range that looked like a hoop. After a brief moment of analysis, he put away the wooden slip and charged into the distance.

The Poison Corpse followed behind him while puffing out poison fog in delight, causing the long arc that was Su Ming to look as if he was surrounded by a layer of black and green fog. Wherever he went, the numerous birds in the sky that touched the fog would immediately turn into poison liquid.

After flying for about the time taken to burn an incense stick above the endless sea, Su Ming spread his divine sense outwards. Everything within thousands of li was ocean. There were also many ferocious beasts in the sea who seemed to have noticed his divine sense and whipped their heads around to look in his direction, especially the giants in the sea. They started to let out low roars.

In fact, Su Ming gradually noticed that some of the birds flying towards him in midair did not immediately melt after they came into contact with the poison fog like the others usually did. Instead, they would manage to rush out and travel some distance away before they gradually started melting.

This discovery made Su Ming's eyes sparkle. As he observed them, he slowly found that there was no end to these birds. No matter how many of them died, more would continuously fly out of the sea, and these birds that flew out of the sea had clearly started building a resistance towards the poison fog!

If that was the case, then before long, the Poison Corpse's poison fog would be incredibly weak to them!

'No wonder...' Su Ming waved his arm and put away his Poison Corpse, then lifted his right hand and swung it forward. Immediately, green light shone. The small virescent sword instantly appeared and grew larger before it started circling Su Ming.

With the small sword around, when a large amount of birds closed in on Su Ming as he traveled forth once again, green light would shine, and the sword would rotate around him with a whistle.

However, there were simply too many of these birds, and Su Ming could not kill all of them. The only thing he could do was warp. Once he attracted a large number of birds, he would warp and leave the spot in an instant.

After several hours, Su Ming came to an abrupt halt in midair, and a serious look appeared on his face. With his divine sense, he saw a vortex on the surface of the sea thousands of li away. A presence that sent alarm bells ringing in Su Ming's head spread out from that vortex.

He could sense that the presence had already surpassed that of an End Shaman!!

A gleam flashed in Su Ming's eyes, and he disappeared in an instant, avoiding that vortex by putting a large distance between them, then continued towards the spot where his cave abode was.

Several days later, in the land that originally belonged to the Shamans but had now turned into a part of the sea, a long arc could be seen charging through. There was a large flock of birds chasing behind it, and leading that flock of birds was a peacock-like bird that shone with a five-colored light!

It's eyes were aloof, and the bird itself was about several thousands of feet big. It was chasing after Su Ming relentlessly, following right on his heels!

A few days later, from the surface of the sea, huge tentacles started throwing themselves up from the depths of the sea with roaring sounds reverberated in the air. Wherever these tentacles passed through, cracks would tear through the air, and all of them charged towards Su Ming as he traveled in the sky...

'The Eastern Wastelands hasn't crashed into us yet, but these powerful existences from the Dead Sea are already such a pain to deal with...'

With a flash, Su Ming disappeared into thin air.

Chapter 507: Seven Colors...

There was a large flock of birds circling about in the air in an area of about one thousand li above the surface of the sea, and that area was where Su Ming had charged through previously. These birds looked slightly different from the ones Su Ming had encountered. They had three claws and were slightly bigger. Every single one of them was about five feet.

"Wa... Wa wa!"

Cries that sounded like those from infants echoed in the air. This was a unique sound that belonged solely to these birds. There were six Shamans who were surrounded by these birds, and all their faces were pale as they resisted madly against them.

However, the person with the highest level of cultivation among these six people was merely a Medial Shaman who had arrived at the peak of the stage.

It was difficult for the group to last long under the joint attack from these numerous birds. As the birds cried out and joined in the attack, the six gradually turned into five, and after a moment, there were only two left.

One of them was a boy whose face was deathly pale from terror. He looked to be about fifteen or sixteen, and he was incredibly handsome. The other person was a middle-aged woman. She was of average looks, but as she attacked, she would always protect the boy. By the looks of it, they seemed to be mother and son, but there was nothing similar about them in terms of their looks.

But before long, the woman's head was captured by a bird and she was dragged into the flock. As shrill screams of pain rang in the air, she was reduced to torn pieces of flesh.

"Honey!" The boy let out a cry of sorrow. Tears welled up in his eyes, and grief filled his face.

"You are my thirty-ninth wife, and now you have left me as well. How am I to survive without you...?" The boy's sorrow seemed to have reached its peak, and with bloodshot eyes, he roared towards the ruthless birds that lunged at him.

"Damn you all! We're the same kind! How could you be so rude?! I... I'm angry now!"

When the boy saw that the birds were drawing closer, he gritted his teeth and turned into a black fog with a bang. The sudden change caused the birds around him to freeze for a moment, and the instant they froze, the black fog immediately gathered up to turn... into a black crane!

The crane howled, then flapped its wings and flew a few rounds before these birds, as if it was telling these birds that it also had wings...

"Do you see? Do you see now? I'm also a bird, we're family..."

The brutal birds around the area just froze for a moment from the boy's sudden change before lunging at him without any hesitation, causing the black crane to immediately widen its eyes, great sorrow shining within them.

"You... You're all bullies!"

A bang came from within the black crane's body once again, and it turned into fog once more. Yet soon, that fog gathered together, and what appeared before those birds was a bird that was the exact same as them in appearance - a bird with three claws. Their kin.

This transformation left all the birds stunned. With their low level intelligence, they could not discern what was happening before them, and uncertainty could be seen flashing in their brutal eyes, making the black crane that had transformed into one of them to be extremely nervous.

"Wa... wa wa... wa wa wa..." In its nervousness, the black crane hastily opened its mouth and imitated these birds' cry, quickly throwing out some sounds.

Perhaps these few unique sounds brought about an effect, or perhaps it was due to the sudden appearance of a long arc in the distance that drew the birds' attention, but once the black crane let out those sounds, the birds in the area immediately turned their

heads around. As the arc charged forward, those birds rushed towards it while crying out with those shrill baby wails of theirs.

The black crane that had transformed into one of them originally wanted to leave, but the birds crowded around it, and it did not dare to leave alone, attracting attention to itself. That was why it decided to grit its teeth and charge towards the long arc with the birds.

As it flew, it heard the other birds letting out those piercing caws, and without any hesitation, it started cawing at the top of its lungs as well.

"Wa... wa wa... wa wa wa... wa wa wa wa..."

As the black crane continued cawing, it started feeling that the sounds were tumbling out of its mouth rather smoothly. When it remembered that it had escaped with its feathers intact because of this caw, the crane felt pleased with itself and started cawing even louder. Soon, the crane's voice stood out from the crowd's incredibly distinctly.

Su Ming had turned into a long arc moving through the air quickly, occasionally warping to avoid the dangers in the area as well as the pursuits he could not shake off. He also had in-depth experience with powerful existences in the air. It had just been a few days since he came back, and he already ran into several of them.

If his divine sense had not been powerful enough and he did not know how to warp, then it would have been difficult for him to avoid these creatures.

He continued rushing, and before long, something caught his attention. He saw a flock of birds he had never seen before right in front of him, and they were charging towards him with loud screeching. These birds were much larger than the ones he had seen before, and they were also much faster than the others.

They had also spread out to block his path. In just an instant, they filled the entire area and closed in on him. With an aloof expression, Su Ming continued onward without pause and charged straight towards those birds.

The moment both sides approached each other, green light immediately shone beside Su Ming, and wherever it went, the birds that happened to be in its path would be pierced through as they screeched shrilly. Su Ming's attacks were decisive and clean. Not a single bit of uncertainty could be found in his actions. By the looks of it, he wanted to force his way through, killing his way out of the bird mob.

Su Ming had done this multiple times over the past few days. He didn't need to kill all of them, just open up a gap and move through. That in itself was already enough for him to shake off all the birds and put a large distance between them. Unless he ran into the five-colored peacock from three days ago, then everything would be just fine.

Su Ming still felt fear pounding in his heart when he thought of that peacock. That bird's strength lay in its five-colored light. It actually possessed a power that could confuse minds!

As Su Ming moved forward, he lifted his right index finger, and each time his finger pointed in a direction, one of the birds would disintegrate and die. In about the span of ten breaths, Su Ming had already made his way into the deep parts of the flock of birds. Before long, he would be able to break through the blockade like an arrow.

Right at that moment, he saw a three clawed bird cawing and looking as if it wanted to move back, but had its path blocked off by all the other birds that were rushing forward, and was pushed towards Su Ming.

As Su Ming took a step forward, he lifted his right hand and pointed towards the frightened and cawing bird. But right when his finger was going to land in the direction of that bird, it stopped cawing and instead widened his eyes and let out a piercing sound.

"It's me! It's me... I'm not the same as them! I... I'm that crane!"

The bird that was really the black crane immediately started shouting loudly in its fear, and as if it was afraid Su Ming would not believe him, black fog instantaneously gathered on its face to reveal... a crane's head.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, and his right index finger immediately froze in action. But he did not have time to think, for there was a five-colored light flashing from the direction he had come. The five-colored peacock that had been chasing him a few days ago came charging forward incredibly quickly.

Su Ming's expression changed, and he ignored the black crane, turning around instead to take a step forward and charge straight towards the birds before him. As rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming broke through the bird mob, then charged at full speed towards the distance.

As the birds screeched, they pursued him. The five-colored peacock shot past the flock of birds with a flash and chased after Su Ming. There was hate burning in its eyes, and it looked as if it would absolutely not give up until it caught up to him.

Su Ming charged forward with the five-colored peacock right behind him and the large flock of birds at the very end of the line. After the span of a breath, this group had already disappeared in the distance, leaving behind the black crane that had revealed its head, who was still lingering around in midair. It blinked, then started laughing loudly and smugly. There was also an excited look on its face.

"Well, bullocks. If I want to change, I should at least change into that big five-colored bird. Only that thing suits my status! I'd like to see who would dare to bully me once I change into that big bird!"

"I'll scare the sheet out of whoever dares bully me again!"

Feeling smug, the black crane turned into a layer of black fog. Once it gradually gathered together, it immediately turned into a five-colored peacock in midair.

It looked at its current appearance excitedly, then lifted its head elegantly and flew slowly into the distance...

"If five colors are already so powerful, then wouldn't I be even scarier if I turned into a seven-colored bird?"

Before long, the eyes of the five-colored peacock that was really the black crane twinkled, and its body turned into black fog once again. After a moment, a beautiful seven-colored peacock appeared in the world. Then, with arrogance and pride, it flew into the distance.

On Su Ming's side, after a few warps in succession, he had finally managed to temporarily shake off the five-colored peacock's pursuit. When he first met this peacock a few days ago, he had fought against it, but not only could the five-colored light confuse his mind, it also contained a strange power that suppressed his power, preventing him from unleashing it completely.

The peacock's appearance would usually cause a large amount of birds to flock around it very soon, and because of that, it would be incredibly difficult to continue with the battle. Even Su Ming felt his skin crawl once he was surrounded by several hundreds of thousands, even millions, and perhaps even more of those birds.

When he shook off that peacock, he brought out the wooden slip and checked his location once again before he sucked in a deep breath and rushed forward. Several days later, after taking a detour and moving in several big circles to avoid several spots that felt threatening, he finally arrived at a spot where the waters were rolling furiously at the surface of the sea.

As Su Ming stood in midair, he lowered his head to look at the surface of the sea. There was a slight expression of regret on his face. According to his deductions based on the map, this place was where his cave abode had been located!

However, it was now deep under the sea...

The world had been turned upside down. As of right then, Su Ming could feel the meaning of this phrase deeply in his heart. He remained silent for a moment before he charged towards the surface of the sea, disappearing into the seawater and heading straight under.

Right after plunging in, Su Ming felt a powerful force coming from the sea pushing against him and sweeping his body, shoving him into the distance. This was the force that caused the seawater to continuously move toward the land of the Shamans.

Golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body and he withstood this force with raw power alone. With his divine sense spread outwards, he charged swiftly to the bottom of the sea. It was dark all around him, but fortunately, even though he could not spread his divine sense too far away, he could still feel his surroundings clearly.

The sea was not too deep either. After some time, once Su Ming avoided the ferocious creatures in the sea, he gradually began to see a mountain range that looked like a dragon's mouth at the depths of the sea... along with a huge crack outside the mountain range, as well as a dull screen of light...

The screen of light had been set up by Hong Luo in the past. Fifteen years had passed by since then, but it had actually managed to still stay around. However, it was clearly much weaker now, which was why it could no longer be used to hide the mountain, but it was still sufficient enough to be used for protection.

Su Ming charged towards the screen of light and closed in on it in the blink of an eye. He then lifted his right hand, pressed his palm against the screen, and his body passed through the screen of light.

Note: The black crane: The black, bald-headed crane that was so small it looked like a chick, which Su Ming had run into when he went to Black Crane Tribe after the Madam Ji incident.

Chapter 508: Crash!

There was no seawater.

When Su Ming disappeared into the screen of light located at the depths of the sea and stepped into the mountain range once again after fifteen years, though it actually felt like an eternity to Su Ming, he looked at his surroundings and found that the area still looked somewhat familiar to the scene in his memories. A sentimental look appeared on his face.

Due to the screen of light, the seawater outside still had not surged in, but by the looks of it, this screen would not be able to last for long before it shattered. This place then would be submerged, and it would truly become part of the sea.

The frozen gate at the foot of the mountain range was still around and was letting out waves of frozen air. Su Ming's gaze landed on it, and a glint appeared in his eyes. The spot he had thought to use to avoid the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands while heading here was the place this frozen gate lead to - the frozen world.

Based on Su Ming's deductions, the terrifying turtle from the past should no longer be waiting there. That was why that frozen world would be the best hiding place for him.

'It doesn't matter whether it's the Shamans or Berserkers, when the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, all of them will definitely do everything they can to search for shelter... I wonder how is Master doing now...?'

Su Ming fell silent. He had not wanted to think about his Master, eldest senior brother, second senior brother, Hu Zi, and Zi Che, as well as the ninth summit, which had been like home to him.

Because every single time he thought back on it, mixed feelings would rise in his heart. He had left the ninth summit to fight in the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers in the past, and he absolutely did not expect that they would be apart from each other for nearly twenty years.

'With Master's power, even if the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arrives, he shouldn't be in much trouble... Eldest senior brother might have already come out of isolation. Second senior brother... Is he still in the ninth summit? And Hu Zi as well...'

Su Ming closed his eyes. Ever since he came back from the World of Nine Yin and learned of many things that shocked him, then saw the world outside that belonged to the Immortals, a great wave of longing grew within him towards the ninth summit. He missed it, truly missed it...

The memories of the past gradually rose in his head. The grass and plants in the ninth summit, his eldest senior brother's silent concern, and his second senior brother lifting his head to let sunlight shine on the side of his face as he wore a smile on his face while saying "This is no good...". Those words echoed softly in Su Ming's ears.

Hu Zi's snores and his terrible fondness for peeking at others, as well as his Master's love for wearing all sorts of clothing... All of these things from the past had now... turned into mere memories.

"I'll hide from the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands here, and once the disaster is over, I'll go back to the ninth summit!" Su Ming declared and opened his eyes.

The Fire Ape did not come to him. Su Ming had noticed this when he stepped into the screen of light and spread his divine sense to cover the entire area just now.

The Fire Ape was no longer around.

Perhaps before the seawater flooded this place, the Fire Ape had gone off, and when it wanted to return, everything had been flooded in water.

Su Ming let out a light sigh, then charged towards the cave abode. Once he stepped into the stone chamber with the medicinal cauldron, his footsteps came to an abrupt halt. He could smell a faint medicinal fragrance in the air. His eyes sparkled, and his gaze immediately landed on the medicinal cauldron. Once he observed it carefully, he fell into a moment of pensive silence before waving his arm and putting it away.

He then went around his cave abode. Once he put away all the things he'd left behind before, he stood at the wall deep within the cave and fell into deep thought.

This wall was the spot connecting the whole mountain range together. Once it was opened, then the full power of the Execution of Three Evils in this place would erupt forth like a dragon's head rising from its slumber.

When Su Ming had finished structuring this place in the past, he had not opened up this place completely, because he had been worried about the dense power of the world surging in and attracting outside attention.

Yet he found it rather difficult to accept leaving just like this and simply allowing the seawater to flood and destroy this place. He did not want to waste his past efforts in laying out the structure of this place.

'Once I open up this place, the vast power of the world that will gather here will not just be good for my cultivation, which will further refine my Berserker Bones once I absorb it, it will... also speed up the development of the medicinal pill in the medicinal cauldron to the highest degree!'

Su Ming began pondering over the problem. When he had been in the process of putting away the medicinal cauldron, a faint medicinal fragrance had wafted in his nose. He had also made some simple observations and discovered that the medicinal pill inside was in the final stages of its development and was about to fully form.

A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. He lifted his right hand and waved it in the air. Immediately, the medicinal cauldron he had previously put away appeared once more. This time, he placed it right before the wall, and this spot was right at the center of where the power of the world would gather once he broke the wall!

It was also the spot where the densest amount of power of the world would gather, which would raise the possibility of the pill to fully form to the highest degree!

Once Su Ming placed the medicinal cauldron down, his body instantly turned indistinct and he disappeared without a trace. When he reappeared, he was already standing in the air outside the cave. He looked at the dull screen of light, and after a moment of deep thought, he abruptly spread his divine sense outward. At the same time, his

Nascent Divinity also manifested behind him and swiftly scattered outwards to gradually fuse with the dull screen of light.

Hong Luo had left that screen of light behind in the past, and once he died, it lost its connection to him, which was why it gradually started to dwindle in power. Even with Su Ming's power in the Immortals' Soul Formation stage, it was still difficult for him to stabilize this Rune. The only thing he could do was to have his Nascent Divinity fuse with it. With this method, he could slow down the Rune's destruction and also stabilize it a little bit.

Once he was done, he sucked in a deep breath and turned around to look at the dragon head like mountain range. He lifted his right hand and pressed down on the air in the direction of the mountain. Rumbling sounds instantly rose from the entire mountain range. The marks that Su Ming had hidden in the past to fulfill the requirements for the Execution of the Three Evils all came to light once more at that moment.

As those rumbles reverberated in the air, Su Ming appeared beside the medicinal cauldron in the cave abode, which was located by the wall. Without the slightest hesitation, he touched the wall with his right hand, and cracking sounds immediately echoed in the air. Fine cracks instantly appeared on the wall and grew in number with each passing moment. After just a few moments, those cracks had already covered the whole wall.

Boom!

A loud, muffled boom spread out, and the stone wall broke down completely, crumbling to pieces. As it collapsed, Su Ming opened up a gap in the deep parts of the cave, and it was as if the intersection point of the mountain range opened up, moving aside so that its walls would form a vertical gap that would make the sky seem as if it was just a straight line when light shone through and anyone looked out from within the cave.

Almost the instant the walls of the mountain collapsed, a howl that sounded as if it came from a dragon sliced through the air and echoed within the mountain range. Soon after, the whole place started trembling violently and wisps of power from the world were sucked into this place from all directions, causing it to turn into a giant vortex.

At the depths of the vortex was the medicinal cauldron. Su Ming sat right on top of it and meditated with his eyes closed. As the power of the world surged in from all around and was absorbed by him and the medicinal cauldron, the vortex became larger. After a moment, it covered the entire cave abode.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, three days had passed. During them, not only did the vortex cover the entire cave abode, it also enveloped the entire mountain. That vortex looked like a dragon's head that was devouring the area madly.

As it grew bigger, the power of the world surged towards the submerged part of the land with loud rumbling sounds, and gradually, a strange change also appeared in this portion of the Dead Sea.

This sort of change caught a lot of attention from the numerous life forms in the Dead Sea, but the screen of light surrounded this area. After Su Ming's Nascent Divinity fused with it, the Rune hid away the mountain range and cave abode inside it, causing the area to look empty from the outside.

This was also a peculiar time when the Eastern Wastelands was coming to South Morning and the Dead Sea was spreading to the continent. Since the force within the Dead Sea was increasing and pushing the water forward, even if the power of the world was gathering in this area strongly, most of the life forms would ignore it after noticing it. However, there were still some who came to this place by the signs they found in the water.

Time passed once more, and soon, seven days had gone by!

During these seven days, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, which had fused with the screen of light, could clearly feel that the force pushing the water in the Dead Sea forward had become much stronger than a few days ago. In fact, the Rune had also begun flickering violently under this force pushing against it.

At the same time, Su Ming's Nascent Divinity also saw eight huge Dead Sea Giants outside the Rune. In fact, an Aquatic Dragon that was several thousands of feet was also loitering nearby. There was quite a large number of other life forms from the Dead Sea swimming about in the area as well.

All of them had been attracted by the dense power of the world gathering in this place, but the strength of Hong Luo's Rune made them unable to see through temporarily, and they could only linger around in the area.

However, as the force pushing the water forward in the Dead Sea became stronger, it became increasingly harder for the life forms in the area to stay around much longer, and a large amount of them disappeared.

Yet the increasingly stronger force pushing the waters of the Dead Sea forward also affected Su Ming's Nascent Divinity in the Rune. As it flickered violently, it gradually started showing signs that it could no longer keep the mountain range out of view.

Eventually, when three more days went by, the Rune slowly revealed itself, and the instant its light shone in the area, several powerful presences locked onto it from all around the place. Roars reverberated in the Dead Sea, and the three Dead Sea Giants that remained in the place took huge strides towards it.

The other life forms in the Dead Sea lingering around the area also charged forward and closed in on the Rune, which had now revealed itself in the Dead Sea!

At that moment, Su Ming and the medicinal cauldron had yet to completely absorb the power of the world in the area. Su Ming was still fine, but the medicinal cauldron was caught in a critical period. The pill was just halfway through to being fully formed.

When Su Ming sensed the life forms from the Dead Sea closing in from all around the area, his eyes flew open where he sat on the medicinal cauldron. Killing intent shone in his gaze, and with one single move, he charged forth from the vast vortex around him. When he reappeared, he was already in the Dead Sea, right outside the screen of light.

The instant he appeared, a Dead Sea Giant closed in on him rapidly and lifted his fist. Just as he hurled it forward, wanting to rip apart the Rune, a cold sneer curled up on Su Ming's lips and he lifted his right hand, then pointed at the incoming Dead Sea Giant. Immediately, lightning sparks shot into the water with huge rumbling sounds, and in the span of a breath, surrounded the giant creature.

Immediately after, a freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes as he stood in the Dead Sea. He furled his right hand into a fist, then hurled it straight into another Dead Sea Giant that was moving towards the screen of light. However, before his fist landed, the force pushing the water in the Dead Sea suddenly increased so exponentially that it could not be described with words. As the waters roared, it seemed as if that power could even tear the sea. Under this force, all the Dead Sea Giants in the area were swept away.

In fact, during that instant, the land started trembling at an unimaginable rate. Cracks tore through the land with cracking sounds, and several places shattered straight away!

Su Ming too, could not control his own body from being swept away. That force was simply not something a human could stand up to. His expression drastically changed, and a shocking thought appeared in his head.

'It crashed...'

Chapter 509: South Morning's Calamity!

The thought had just appeared in Su Ming's head when his body was swept ten thousand feet away due to the shocking force pushing the water forward. When he saw that he was about to be shoved even farther, golden light shone brilliantly on his body and rumbling sounds came from within him. He then forced his body to remain still for an instant under the force propelling him forward.

Right when his body stopped moving, his Nascent Divinity appeared behind him, and with a warp, he disappeared with Su Ming from the mad flow of the Dead Sea.

When Su Ming reappeared, he was already inside the Rune. At that moment, it was flashing intensely. Fine marks emerged on the surface of the screen, and it looked like it could no longer last for a very long time.

"The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands... is starting..."

While having his Nascent Divinity fortify the Rune, Su Ming stood by the side and looked at the strong flow of water sweeping by the area outside as he mumbled under his breath.

He could hear muffled booms coming from the area outside. The seabed was experiencing a violent collapse. The waters rolled about, and numerous lives in the sea were dragged away by the flow.

Su Ming paled slightly. That strong propelling force just now had given him a feeling that he could not hope to fight against it even with his current power, which was already outstanding enough on its own. The strength in his physical body had also reached an unimaginable level, and even among the Berserkers and Shamans, he could already be considered a powerful warrior!

Yet... even in his current condition, he had still felt fear when he came face to face with the force pushing the waters forward in the sea!

In silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pressed his palm flat against the screen of light that had fused with his Nascent Divinity. His divine sense swiftly spread out through the surface of the screen of light, and Su Ming executed the full power of his divine sense. Before long, it shot out to the surface of the sea and he saw the world outside!

Clouds tumbled about in the sky and thunder roared in the air. Bolts of lightning sliced through the clouds, and some even fell into the sea. The rainstorm raged against the world with a mad fury, and high wind howled in the air. The strength of that wind stirred up waves that surged into the sky. In this violent gust of wind, Su Ming's divine sense had even begun showing signs of not being able to remain stable!

Su Ming could not detect areas that were too far with his divine sense. The edges of the territory belonging to the Shamans in the Land of South Morning could no longer be seen. Only endless seawater could be detected splashing there, as well as the boundless continent of the Eastern Wastelands floating on the surface of the sea!

The first part that came into contact with the Land of South Morning was the edge of the Eastern Wastelands. That contact lasted for just a moment, and it brought a tremor so

large to all of South Morning that it felt as if the world was about to be turned upside down. Even Su Ming could feel it, and it caused his heart to pound in fear.

As the entire Land of South Morning trembled, numerous mountains collapsed. The walls of Sky Mist City also started shuddering violently. Seawater had taken over the land of the Shamans and was now under the city walls, continuously crashing into Sky Mist City as if it wanted to destroy the walls and rush into the land of the Berserkers!

When the Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent, a muffled boom that shook the sky and earth and traveled through the entire South Morning rose into the air. The instant this sound appeared, the Land of South Morning and the Eastern Wastelands crashed into each other violently again. This time, the edges of Eastern Wastelands rammed completely into South Morning. As deafening, booming sounds tore through the air, the tremors wracking through the Land of South Morning grew much more intense.

If anyone looked from an incredibly high spot above South Morning, they would be able to see clearly that a large crack was ripping through the continent at an extreme speed, with rumbling sounds and shocking booms right at the spot where the Eastern Wastelands came in contact with South Morning. That crack was stretching right to the deeper parts of South Morning, and in the blink of an eye, it had already reached a distance of nearly one million li!

This was not the only crack. There were a whole lot more of them similar to that one. The entire South Morning looked as if it had been torn into pieces. One of those cracks had even closed in on Sky Mist City. The instant it touched the mountain ranges there, booming sounds tore through the air, and the mountain range collapsed, opening up a gap that allowed the crack to continue spreading into the land of the Berserkers!

It had penetrated through the mountain ranges of Sky Mist and became the first crack that entered into the land of the Berserkers!

Once the gap appeared, a large amount of seawater surged in through it. Under the vicious assault and the never-ending high wind in the sky, Sky Mist Barrier fell to pieces!

The barrier that had protected the Berserkers for ages was destroyed at that moment!

Rumbling sounds continued shaking the sky in South Morning, and they did not stop for even a single moment. An immeasurable amount of land at the edge of South Morning when it crashed into the Eastern Wastelands collapsed, shattered to pieces. The destruction seemed to be spreading to other parts of the land slowly, but was actually stretching towards them at an incredibly quick speed.

As the cracks spread out, some of them intersected with each other, and many areas broke off from the Land of South Morning. While tremors wracked these separated parts and the Dead Sea crashed into them, they turned... into dust that sank into the sea!

This was just the beginning!

The two continents were still crashing into each other. Compared to the damage suffered by South Morning, the Eastern Wastelands, which was a lot larger, was in a much better condition. However, a large amount of cracks and damage also appeared on it, and these parts were also submerged as the sea roared and charged towards them.

This was a disaster to the people in the Eastern Wastelands, but to the people of South Morning, this was a calamity!

The violent clash between the two continents had stirred up a great change in the world and a limitless amount of power. This was definitely not something that a person could stand up against, and only those with incredibly high levels of cultivation could even hope to change this!

However, it was clear that no one among the Shamans and the Berserkers had this sort of power. That was why they could only struggle strenuously under this calamity!

The sea roared and the land was torn apart. Numerous tribes were drowned, and an endless amount of people had their lives halted for eternity as they screamed in terror... including the Berserkers. The moment Sky Mist Barrier collapsed, their fates were also sealed. The mark of death was branded on them also!

As violent gusts of wind sliced through the air in the sky above the land of the Shamans, flying ferocious beasts that belonged to the Shamans that were escaping in a mad dash would either have the wind tear apart their bodies or have the birds in the wind swarm against them. And when the wind or the birds left them, not a single drop of blood would be left of these flying beasts.

There was a gigantic beast near the region close to the land of the Berserkers. It looked like a mackerel pike, and it should have been swimming about elegantly in the sky, but at that moment, it was charging through the sky in a mad dash. However, there were numerous birds covering its body, and there were also violent gusts of wind tearing at its body nonstop.

It managed to reach the land of the Berserkers in the end, and once it did so, the mackerel pike let out the final cry of its life before its body was swiftly torn apart by the violent gusts of wind. Its body was turned into endless pieces of flesh and blood that scattered everywhere, but before that flesh and blood fell into the sea, it was devoured by the innumerable birds that charged towards it...

At that moment in Han Mountain City, the first city that Su Ming had visited when he first arrived in South Morning, there were few people. Only some elderly folk remained sitting within the city or in the mountains of their tribes. They stared at the change in the world in silence.

They did not want to leave. They were already old, and did not have the courage to leave their homes behind. The only thing they had was the steadfast resolution to die with their tribe, their mountain, and their homes!

What awaited them was a vast expanse of seawater and the mountains that started collapsing as the ground shuddered. After a moment, the entire Han Mountain City turned into rubble and was drowned by the roaring Dead Sea, becoming a relic of the past...

The land trembled, and the entire South Morning was pushed to the west. The ground swayed, and the mountains would either collapse or drown, the sky would either be visited by violent gusts of wind or rainstorms. Bolts of lightning covered every single part of the land, causing the entire South Morning to turn into a forbidden area for all forms of life!

However, there were still people who struggled, who fought back, who descended into madness, unwilling to resign themselves to their fate, but in the end... besides death, besides giving up, they had no other choice.

When a lot of cracks appeared, the land that belonged to the Shamans located at the edge of South Morning shattered completely. Numerous small pieces of land floated on the sea, and the cracks that filled the entire South Morning had extended so deep into the ground that they reached straight down to the bottom of the continent. Usually, when these cracks intersected with each other, the land would break up!

This was the true calamity. No one knew how long it would last. Neither did anyone know just how this change would develop. Yet clearly, all of this was just the start of the calamity!

Su Ming could not see the changes in the entire continent. He could only see the things happening in a circular area of thousands of li around where he was. He saw the land shattering, saw the mountains collapsing, saw the earth breaking apart and separating from each other, and saw a gigantic crack rushing towards his cave abode from thousands of li away.

His heart trembled, and he instantly retrieved his divine sense. From a violent gust of wind, a large part of his divine sense had also scattered away. When Su Ming retrieved it, his face turned pale. He quickly retreated, and in the blink of an eye, he appeared at the spot where his medicinal cauldron rested. At that moment, the medicinal pill in the cauldron had still not fully formed, but there was only a bit left until it was!

It was also right at that moment that the screen of light that had fused with Su Ming's Nascent Divinity collapsed, unable to bear with the tremors and shoves anymore. As it shattered and the Nascent Divinity tumbled back towards Su Ming, a large amount of seawater gushed into the area madly. The powerful force propelling the water forward also came charging in swiftly.

Almost the same instant, the entire cave abode and the mountain range were submerged beneath the Dead Sea. When the place was flooded, golden light shone around Su Ming's entire body, and it covered the medicinal cauldron as well.

With Su Ming resisting the power of the Dead Sea, he had the medicinal cauldron last several more breaths, and when a medicinal fragrance spread to a large area in the air, the medicinal pill was fully formed!

Su Ming's face was sickly pale and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Without a single bit of hesitation, he immediately put away the medicinal cauldron. He did not even have time to check the medicinal pill inside as he warped to the world outside the cave. When he reappeared, he was right beside the frozen Gate that was submerged by the water.

Almost the instant he arrived, a crack that was several thousands of feet wide came charging swiftly from a thousand feet away with booming sounds reverberating in the air. It shot straight past the land under Su Ming's feet, causing his feet to step on nothing, and the frozen Gate to fall into the depths of the crack!

It was dark in there. This was the bottom of the Land of South Morning. Perhaps it could even be considered to truly be the deepest part of the Dead Sea!

Without any hesitation, Su Ming warped several times, and once he coughed out a mouthful of blood, he caught up to the sinking frozen gate. He pushed his palm against the gate, and the instant the ice shattered, he rushed inside. A flash of dark light flickered in the darkness, and Su Ming disappeared.

The Frozen Gate continued sinking downward until it disappeared into the darkness, sinking into some unknown part of the sea.

The Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands was unfolding viciously. All those still alive were resisting and struggling against it... Numerous tribes had been submerged and sunk to the bottom of the Dead Sea. Among these innumerable tribes were large amounts of broken houses, and within these houses were people who had not managed to leave in time or had not wanted to leave. Their eyes were wide open, and they turned into corpses that would stay forever in the depths of the Dead Sea.

Chapter 510: Fifteen Years of Waiting

There was a frozen world in the dark and quiet world. There was no powerful wind propelling anything forward, neither was there trembling under anyone's feet on the ground that would make people uneasy.

There was only dead silence in that place.

The ice statues and ice mountains everywhere were a scene that would never change in the frozen world, besides... a gigantic turtle. It had its eyes wide open and was glaring hatefully at an ice mountain with labored breathing. If gazes could kill, then Su Ming, who was in the ice mountain, would have died several times.

Su Ming smiled wryly, and besides doing that, he simply had no other way to express the gloominess in his heart.

He did not expect that this turtle would still be holding onto his grudge even after fifteen years. It laid there, staring at the ice mountain for fifteen years... Then, two hours ago, that turtle saw his quarry.

Right when Su Ming arrived to this place, the turtle was the first thing he saw, and he was completely stunned. As for the turtle, its eyes started glowing with a brilliant light, and it kept its glare trained on Su Ming.

The human and turtle were separated by the ice mountain, and they simply looked at each other like that. The turtle had left a deep impression on Su Ming in the past. The memory of its strength remained clear in his head, and because his power had become so much more different than before, Su Ming could tell even clearer now just how powerful this turtle was.

This was a strength that had surpassed those of End Shamans. Based on Su Ming's analysis, the turtle might already be equivalent to those who were walking down the path of Life Cultivation!

He fell into a moment of pensive silence, unsure of what to do, then he lifted his right hand slowly, but right at the moment he did so, the turtle lifted its head swiftly and let out a roar towards him. Its roar shot through the glacier, and Su Ming's ears rang in sharp pain.

A glint appeared in his eyes. He did not stop moving his right hand, but instead continued lifting it into the air, then pushed forward. Immediately, the layer of ice before him let out cracking sounds, and cracks appeared on its surface.

When the turtle saw that its roar did not intimidate Su Ming, it roared again while lifting its tail swiftly, lashing it against the ice mountain. A howl sliced through the water. When the tail almost touched the ice mountain, the turtle retrieved its tail swiftly and started letting out agitated and annoyed roars.

Su Ming let out a sigh of relief in his heart. He remembered that this creature had seemed like it did not want to destroy the ice mountain all those years ago. Once he tested it, he found that it indeed was still the truth.

'Then I just won't go out!'

Su Ming gritted his teeth and no longer bothered himself with the turtle glaring fiercely at him outside the ice mountain. Instead, he lifted his hand and broke the layers of ice around to open up an area for him to sit down and meditate while also serving as an area that could accommodate a few other things.

'I wonder where the gate in South Morning has sunk to. I won't be able to go back so soon. This Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands might last for several years before it ends.

'Oh well, I won't be able to go out with the turtle outside through here either. I might as well go into isolation for several years. Besides, I have some items with me that I need to refine and develop...'

As Su Ming gathered his thoughts, he looked around himself. This ice mountain was not big, so it was not convenient for him to make it too thin. If he did so, things would become incredibly bothersome for him.

He lowered his head and sank into deep thought. After a moment, his eyes sparkled, and he looked towards the layer of ice beneath him.

'If I can't go out, then I can dig out a tunnel here and build my own cave abode under the layer of ice...'

Su Ming's eyes shone brilliantly. He lifted his head to cast a glance at the turtle, who was glaring at him, and he brought up his right hand before hurling his fist against the ground under his feet. With his power in the past, he would have been unable to open up an area deep into the ice. However, the current Su Ming was no longer his past self.

The instant his punch landed on the ice, cracks immediately formed on its surface. The turtle outside was clearly taken aback, and then it started roaring even louder. It swung its tail back and forth, as if Su Ming's actions were fueling its anger even more.

Su Ming ignored the turtle outside, then after throwing out a dozen something punches in succession, the layer of ice under his feet shattered, and his body immediately sank down. As booming sounds reverberated in the air nonstop, a simple cave abode under the ice mountain in the glacier where the turtle laid was formed.

The cave abode was still incredibly crude and could only be considered a big cave. Su Ming stood inside and looked at the turtle roaring at him outside the glacier with its head lowered. A faint grin appeared on his lips, and he started making himself busy with the cave.

Soon, the cave in this place became a little bigger, and once it turned into a large expanse of empty land, Su Ming sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes, immersing

himself in meditation while spreading out his divine sense. He looked as if he was ignoring the turtle, but if that turtle made any moves indicating it wanted to break through the layer of ice, Su Ming would immediately notice.

Time trickled by. A month later, Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his head to look at the turtle. During this month, he had been getting along quite well with the turtle...

Besides glaring, the turtle did nothing else.

Su Ming looked away. His injuries had already recovered, and the power of his Berserker Bones, as well as everything else, had returned to their peak condition.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his right hand and flipped it over. Immediately, the medicinal cauldron appeared on the ice before him. Whiffs of medicinal fragrance instantly spread out and filled the entire cave abode in the glacier. Some even penetrated through the layer of ice and spread to the area outside.

Almost the instant the medicinal fragrance spread out, Su Ming's senses tingled, and he saw the small snake flying out of his storage bag. It stared at the medicinal cauldron and hissed at Su Ming.

The turtle on the glacier also widened its eyes, and for the first time, it shifted its gaze from Su Ming's body to look at the cauldron.

While looking at the medicinal cauldron, Su Ming felt a wave of sentiment welling in him. This item had been with him for many years since he bought it from the auction all those years ago. It had received fifteen years of nourishment and even had the power of the world surge into it in the end. The development of the pill had finally been completed, and the medicinal pill inside had regained its medicinal properties. Right then, it had arrived at a nearly completed state from its previous half-made state.

'This medicinal fragrance... It doesn't seem like those I've finished making myself. It's scattering too much. Looks like I didn't manage to make it perfect in the end, but there's nothing else I can do about it.'

Su Ming shook his head, then stood up and went beside the cauldron.

He focused his attention on it for a moment before he lifted his right hand resolutely and pressed his palm against it. The medicinal cauldron started trembling viciously, and banging sounds came from the lid. A large amount of white smoke spread out from beneath the lid, and the medicinal fragrance instantly turned thicker, causing the small snake by the side to immediately start hissing excitedly. The turtle on the layer of ice also stood up and widened its eyes to look, seemingly very curious.

As the white smoke spread out, a frown gradually appeared between Su Ming's brows. This was not a good sign. Before he opened the lid, he could have still said that the

medicinal fragrance in the air was merely some of the scent escaping from the pill itself. However, if such a thick fragrance appeared after he opened the lid, then it could only mean that the medicinal pill inside had melted and did not turn into a pill!

As white smoke spread out, the lid lifted itself slowly after several breaths. Once it moved away completely, the inside of the cauldron was revealed. When Su Ming looked inside, his pupils shrank.

There was only one medicinal pill inside the cauldron, but there was a pool of black liquid beside it. The thick medicinal fragrance came from this pool of black liquid.

Su Ming sank into his thoughts for a moment, then brought out two small bottles. He first took out the complete medicinal pill and scrutinized it as he held it in his hand, but he could not tell just what were its effects.

He did not eat it in a fit of recklessness. Instead he put it into a bottle, then brought out the other bottle and placed the black liquid in it. The small snake immediately let out a hiss and wrapped itself around Su Ming's head, lifting its small head to look at the bottle, then at Su Ming, looking like it really wanted to take a bite out of the pill.

"This pill is something that is at least several thousands of years old, and we don't even know its effects. Are you sure you want to eat it?" Su Ming tapped the small snake's lifted head, then his gaze automatically wandered to the turtle staring curiously at that small bottle with wide eyes.

A faint smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips. He brought the bottle up and swayed it slightly before he returned to the ice mountain that had received him when he first arrived. He lifted his right hand, then tapped the ice mountain. Immediately, a crack appeared, and once it penetrated through the ice, a small hole was formed in the mountain!

The turtle roared, then turned around and glared at Su Ming.

Su Ming first shook the medicinal bottle in his hands right before the turtle with the glacier between them, then poured out one drop and flicked it through the small hole. That drop of black medicinal liquid appeared before the turtle in the span of breath, then floated before it without moving.

That turtle hesitated for a moment, then took a few sniffs of it. An intoxicated look appeared on its face. It did not look at Su Ming staring at it. The small snake on Su Ming's arm also looked at the turtle with a rather nervous gaze. Clearly, it knew exactly what its master's intentions were.

The turtle seemed to be rather hesitant, but eventually, breathed out two puffs of air from its nostrils, then turned its head around in disdain, no longer looking at the black liquid that was spreading out whiffs of medicinal fragrance.

Su Ming averted his gaze and no longer looked at the turtle. He returned to his cave abode under the layer of ice and observed the medicinal bottle in his hands closely before putting it away. Since the turtle refused to eat it, he could not see its effects for the time being. The only thing he could do was to search for its effects once he left this place.

The small snake looked at Su Ming putting away the medicinal bottle with a great reluctance to part with that bottle shining in its eyes. That medicinal fragrance was incredibly attractive to it, but since Su Ming refused to give any of it, the snake could do nothing about it either.

Su Ming no longer bothered himself with the ancient medicine and sat down and patted his storage bag. Immediately, a ray of purple light shot out of the bag. That purple light instantly caught the turtle's attention as it continued lying on the ice.

However, Su Ming was no longer concerned about the turtle that was clearly curious about everything. He looked at the purple armor before him and sank into deep thought.

He had obtained this armor from the single person in the Candle Dragon's body. This was also the person who had mentioned the third God of Berserkers.

'This is definitely not the Armor for Divine Generals of Bone Sacrifice. This should be the Armor for Divine Generals of Berserker Soul... And it's not an illusion, like the one I have. This is the real Divine General Armor!'

Su Ming stared at the purple armor before him, and as his eyes sparkled, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of Berserker Blood. Right at the instant that blood touched the armor, it immediately fused in, and a ray of light flashed on the armor, but it soon became dull once again.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever, as if he knew since a long time ago that this would happen. A pensive look appeared in his eyes, and after some time, he opened his mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of the armor. That armor instantly turned into a ray of purple light. As it shrank, it went into Su Ming's mouth, and he swallowed it.

He closed his eyes, and golden light shone within his body. All his Berserker Bones were activated, and their power enveloped that purple armor, seeping into it inch by inch. He wanted to forcefully refine it and turn it into his own armor!

Ever since he obtained it, he did not have much time to do this thing. However, now that he was under the layer of ice, Su Ming had all the time in the world, which was why he decided to make this armor his personal property.

As Su Ming closed his eyes and refined this armor, the turtle on the layer of ice cast a sideways glance at the black liquid floating beside it. Its face was filled with disdain, but

before long, it looked towards that drop of liquid again, and after a moment of internal struggle, it opened its mouth hesitantly and swallowed that drop of liquid.

It even licked its lips...

Chapter 511: Undertaker of Evil's Armor!

Su Ming did not see this, but the small snake witnessed everything clearly. It stared at the turtle with an expectant look.

The turtle looked incredibly intoxicated, as if it was elated. It continued licking its own lips, looking like it wanted to taste more of that liquid. When the snake saw that expression, it regarded the turtle with slight animosity.

Two months passed by, but Su Ming had yet to finish refining the armor, and this lasted till the third day of the second month. On that day, purple light suddenly enveloped his entire body, and as that purple light filled the area, a pair of gauntlets first appeared on his hands, then a pair of vambraces appeared to cover his arms before the armor stretched to his shoulders to turn into two ferocious, violet beast heads. After that, the armor covered his entire upper torso.

There was a pair of violet eyes on his chest that turned into a wolf's head. When that armor eventually stretched to Su Ming's head and encased it in the form of a helmet, Su Ming's eyes flew open.

His gaze was calm, but the violet armor on his body changed his presence entirely, making him seem to be filled with a strange and evil air.

Once that armor covered Su Ming's entire upper torso, it started stretching to his legs. When he was eventually covered head to toe in armor, Su Ming stood up.

As he did so, an unbridled wave of killing intent erupted from his body. That killing intent did not come from Su Ming, but from his armor!

The killing intent then turned into a murderous aura and surrounded Su Ming's body in the form of violet smoke, causing the small snake to lift its head swiftly upwards and move far, far away. It also made the turtle to widen its eyes. It started roaring at Su Ming once again with a grave expression on its face, as if it had come face to face with a powerful enemy!

Su Ming stood on the spot with his hair outside the armor. It was originally black, but under the violet armor's light, it seemed to have gained a faint violet tint!

He closed his eyes slowly and did not move, but a huge storm had started raging in his heart, and it pounded so loudly that it felt as if thunder was roaring within him.

"This armor isn't for Divine Generals... It was made from Tian Xie Sheng's skin, which the first God of Berserkers had ripped off when he killed that outsider. Then with starlight, the first God of Berserkers had refined his skin into armor...

"The first God of Berserkers had only made one set of such armor, and he spent five hundred years doing so... It was buried in the depths of the Great Yu Dynasty for ten thousand years for nourishment, and it is used to suppress Xie Sheng's descendants! All the people who wore this armor in the past would not be appointed as Divine Generals, but as Undertakers of Evil! And their duty was to keep watch over the abyss!

"There are no defensive properties whatsoever in this armor. It will only kill. With blood, it becomes stronger. With killing, the bearer of the armor will become a saint! I am the third master of this armor. If any of my Berserker tribesmen find this armor and can wear it, then before I die, I tell you this, fuse your will into the armor and become its fourth master!

"If you are unwilling to become its master, then you can worship its will. Once you release the armor's blood lust, send it back to the abyss beneath Great Yu Dynasty, so that... the descendants of the evil spirit will not bring chaos to us Berserkers!

"Those who possess this armor may possess the Undertaker's of Evil Spear. The first God of Berserkers had obtained the true spear from the World of Nine Yin. It is of unknown origins, and even the God of Berserkers was unable to use it, despite his power. It was left beneath the abyss under Great Yu for the purpose of suppressing the evil spirits... But with his great wisdom, the God of Berserkers had copied the Undertaker's of Evil Spear with a stone from another world and created a legacy item for us Undertakers of Evil!"

Su Ming's eyes flew open. The calmness in his eyes gradually disappeared and was replaced by a violet glare. His entire being was filled with cold malice. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. The transparent jade slip he had obtained from the Candle Dragon's body along with this purple armor all those years ago appeared in his hands.

With a squeeze, due to its transparency, that jade slip started shining with purple light flowing through Su Ming's body. With a bright flash, that purple light turned into a long purple spear in Su Ming's hand!

That spear was thirty feet long and much taller than Su Ming, but when he held it in his fully armored state, he did not feel even the slightest bit off balance. Instead, a frenzied wave of murderous aura came charging forth, causing fear to appear on the small snake's face as it continued retreating.

Even the turtle outside started to back off gradually, still roaring.

Su Ming stood there and dipped his head down to look at the long spear in his hands. The murderous aura on his body became thicker. He lifted his head slowly and fixed his stare on the turtle outside the layer of ice. A crazed, unbridled presence instantly shot up, as if it was on the verge of exploding forth.

An evil spirit gradually appeared behind him. Its appearance could not be seen clearly, but its malicious intent could be felt clearly. It was filled with madness, and it lifted its right hand to point at the turtle outside the ice, as if it wanted to control Su Ming to kill it.

However, even after it lifted its right hand, Su Ming continued standing there and did not move. He let out a cold harrumph instead, and with it, disbelief surged through the illusory evil spirit behind him. It immediately shattered and disappeared.

"You're just a will. How dare you appear before me?!"

The violent glare in Su Ming's eyes gradually disappeared and serenity reappeared in his eyes. The long spear in his hands vanished and turned back to the invisible jade slip before falling out of Su Ming's hands to float in front of him. Then, it fused into his armor.

After that, the light on Su Ming's armor gradually faded away, and eventually, as if it had melted, the armor seeped into Su Ming's body and disappeared.

"But this will isn't too bad. It actually managed to get me caught and immersed in an illusion where I was killing others... It's a pity, compared to the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, this sort of illusion is nothing," Su Ming stated flatly.

The instant he had finished refining this armor, he had sensed the armor's will. If the one who wore the armor had been him before he entered the Candle Dragon's Undying and Imperishable World, he would have definitely caved under the furious attack by that will.

But right then, it was just as Su Ming had said: This illusion was truly insignificant. Not only did he manage to keep his mind clear as the illusion of slaughter came to be after he wore the armor, he could also completely suppress the armor's will, and even dispel it.

This was something that he, Su Ming, had his eyes for, there was no way he would let any sort of will control him!

Su Ming was not the strongest in the Land of South Morning, but the strength of his will was so great that no Berserker or Immortal could weaken it. Besides his own personality forming the strength of his will, the infinite incarnations in the Undying and Imperishable World had also played a crucial part in forging his will.

Once he put away the armor, the small snake's expression gradually became gentler, and it swiftly flew to the spot beside Su Ming while hissing. The turtle's expression also relaxed as it remained behind the layer of ice. However, when it looked at Su Ming, its gaze was still filled with wariness.

Su Ming caressed the snake's head. He might not be able to understand the meaning behind its hisses, but with the connection between them, he could still sense its emotions slightly.

At that moment, he lifted his head and cast a look at the turtle. Once he discovered that the drop of black liquid had disappeared, Su Ming fell into a moment of silence. When he saw the small snake looking at him expectantly, he broke into a light chuckle, then brought out the small bottle that was filled with black liquid and poured out one drop.

Right at the moment this drop of liquid appeared, the wariness in the turtle's eyes disappeared completely and was replaced with desire. It even dipped its head down and stared at the black liquid intently.

When it saw the small snake that had been regarding it with hostility over the past few days swallowing that drop, the turtle immediately started roaring in anger. Then, it started pawing at the layer of ice with its large claws, just like how a little puppy would.

Its breathing became labored in its anger, and a strong wave of desire gradually appeared on its face. However... when it saw the small snake making a face saying that it wanted more once it swallowed that one drop, then found out that the horrible and despicable Su Ming actually brought out another drop, the turtle was utterly vexed.

It slapped the ice with its gigantic body and roared in anger as it swished its tail back and forth.

When Su Ming saw this, a thought formed in his head. He sent a divine thought to his snake, and the small snake, who had swallowed two drops of the black liquid, immediately flew into Su Ming's storage bag in high spirits. After a moment, when it flew out once again, it charged straight to the edge of the cave abode. This strange action immediately caught the turtle's attention.

Right before its eyes, it saw the snake spinning in circles in the ice cave, then with some unknown method, a small sword appeared in its mouth, and it handed the sword to Su Ming.

The turtle also saw this person it hated with a burning passion patting the snake's head and bringing out another drop of black liquid. The turtle roared angrily and glared at the small snake as well as that black liquid. It then turned around and charged into the distance. In the blink of an eye, it disappeared from the ice mountain Su Ming was encased in.

Su Ming blinked. He waited for a moment, but the turtle did not come back, and he started wondering whether this highly inquisitive and obviously intelligent turtle had not managed to understand what he was trying to say...

He waited another day, and when he still did not find any signs of the turtle returning, he decided not to think about this matter any longer. Instead, once he sat down, he brought out a ring-shaped Enchanted Vessel.

It was incredibly big and occupied about half of his cave abode. This thing was the item that was used to cut into Crimson Stones!

"God Sealing Nectar... Just what sort of incredible serendipity could it be...?" Su Ming mumbled. When he lifted his right hand, a Crimson Stone appeared right before him!

This Crimson Stone was the stone that contained the purple poisonous wasp within!

There were many Crimson Stones in Su Ming's storage bag. He never had enough time to open them all one by one. Yet now, as he was hiding from the change in South Morning in this frozen world, he had ample time on his hands to open all of the Crimson Stones.

There was no one here who would be lying in wait to snatch his things if he uncovered any precious herbs or items!

The Crimson Stone Su Ming wanted to break the most laid right before him at that moment. He wanted to know whether the God Sealing Nectar existed within the poisonous wasp's body!

'This wasp still has a small hint of life left, and it's not dead yet...'

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then stood up and waved his arm. Immediately, the Crimson Stone flew towards the Enchanted ring. He stood beside the Enchanted Vessel and pressed his right hand against it. After using a small amount of time to get used to it, he regained the sense of when he had when he had cut into the stones in the past and started cutting into the stone slowly.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air as Su Ming cut into this Crimson Stone that he had not managed to cut completely during the auction, and whose contents had not been truly revealed before the people. It started shrinking rapidly, and eventually, as the Enchanted ring scraped against it, the stone was reduced to merely the size of a human head. Then, with a grim face, Su Ming continued cutting it slowly.

When he eventually saw a purple poisonous wasp under the faint layer of stone, a glint appeared in his eyes. The wasp looked incredibly ferocious. Although it was sealed in stone, anyone who saw it would feel that it was still alive, which it was, because it still had a thread of life force remaining within.

As Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp in the now semi-transparent Crimson Stone, he took a deep breath, brought his right hand up, and flung it before him. Immediately, the Poison Corpse appeared beside him. The small snake also brought its guard up.

Once Su Ming made full preparations to handle all accidents, he made a move to cut into the stone, but suddenly, a vicious tremor shook through the layer of ice. Su Ming frowned, then lifted his head to look up, and what he saw immediately made his jaw fall slack. For a brief instant, he was completely stunned.

He saw the turtle swimming over, and...

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 512 — Small Black Humanoid - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 512 — Small Black Humanoid

Chapter 512: Small Black Humanoid

There were various tattered metal swords, damaged shields, and other broken items trailing behind the turtle as if it was dragging them along. In fact, there were even some of items whose original form could no longer be seen. There were so many of them that it was dazzling at first glance...

Yet when Su Ming took a second glance, he did not know whether he wanted to laugh or cry, because all of these items were useless. Some of them still had shards of ice behind them. Clearly, this turtle had just dug everything out from ice.

The turtle ran on the ice towards him like a puppy. Once it returned to the spot right above Su Ming's cave abode, it came to an abrupt halt, but the scraps behind him did not stop. They fell on the ice in front with a loud clattering sound. Once they landed into a small hill, the turtle cast a smug look at the small snake, then looked at Su Ming eagerly. It even licked its lips.

Su Ming looked at the scraps, then at the smug turtle that now actually seemed rather simple and honest, and lifted his right hand with a wry smile. He flicked his wrist, and the medicinal bottle with the black liquid appeared in his hand.

Right after Su Ming brought that bottle out, the small snake lifted its head. A longing look appeared on its face. The turtle outside the layer of ice widened its eyes and puffs of air started rolling out of its nostrils. It even started pawing at the ice instinctively.

After a brief moment of pensive silence, Su Ming decided that he did not want to dismiss the turtle's hard work. He poured out a drop of black liquid, cast a glance at the turtle, then took away a large part of the black liquid, leaving behind only a small part of it. He frowned and put on a dissatisfied look, then with that small drop of black liquid in his hand, he went to the ice mountain, opened up a small hole once again, and flicked the liquid out.

The turtle opened its mouth wide and immediately lunged forward to swallow that small drop of black liquid. An intoxicated look appeared on its face, but after waiting for some time, it saw that Su Ming returning to the ice cave underneath instead of giving it anymore of the black liquid. It let out a few roars of displeasure, even moving forward to fiddle with the small hill of trash it had built up.

When it saw Su Ming still ignoring it, the turtle became even angrier, and then started walking in circles on the ice. After a time, it seemingly thought of something and flew off the ice and disappeared into the darkness again.

When the turtle moved away, Su Ming calmed himself down and stood beside the Enchanted ring to look at the poisonous wasp in the semi-transparent mountain stone. After some time, a resolute look appeared on his face, and he lifted his right hand to press his palm against the Enchanted Vessel. Immediately, the light ring started humming and scraping at the stone. As fragments of the stone fell off, gradually, the semi-transparent mountain rock became smaller and thinner!

After a moment, it shattered with a crack. The instant it turned into dust, Su Ming's right hand shot out like lightning, golden light shining on his fingertips. His movements brought up a cyclone that fused with the golden light, and once it surrounded the poisonous wasp in several layers, he caught it between two fingers.

Su Ming's heart pounded against his chest. Did the poisonous wasp have any nectar in it? If it did not, then all his expectations would fall flat. If there was indeed nectar in the wasp's body, then would the nectar be from the God Sealing Flower? If it was not, then everything would still fall flat!

Once he remembered just how wild the people in Shaman City had been for this God Sealing Nectar and remembered their comments about it, remembered that this mysterious and practically extinct God Sealing Flower might not be from this world, not from the True Morning Dao World, but instead came from the True Sacred Yin World or perhaps even from the universe itself, when he remembered its shocking effects, Su Ming found that it was simply impossible for him to not be nervous!

As he became anxious over the prospect of possibly gaining the nectar but also worried that he might not, he looked at the poisonous wasp sealed with the golden vortex between his fingers with an electrifying gaze!

The God Sealing Flower was a legendary item, and its rarity could not be described with words. In fact, it could be said that currently not a single leaf of it could be found in all the continents of the Berserkers!

The nectar was even rarer. After all, the flower itself must first exist, and the nectar would only come when it bloomed. As of then, the God Sealing Flower was practically a legend, and by mere association, it was also impossible to get its nectar!

As Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp between his fingers, he spread his divine sense outward and fused it into its body. Yet the moment his divine sense touched the wasp, he immediately had a strong hunch about how long this poisonous wasp had slept. It might have a hint of life left within it, but if Su Ming forcefully fused his divine sense in it to examine it, then this wasp would immediately die!

Once it died, then would the God Sealing Nectar that could be possibly be contained inside be affected? Would it disappear along with the wasp? Su Ming was unwilling to take this sort of risk.

'The easiest way for me to process it is to swallow the poisonous wasp and have it melt in me... But this wasp is an insect that can collect God Sealing Nectar. Its poison is definitely not weak. If I swallow it just like this...' Su Ming's eyes sparkled as he stared at the poison needle on the wasp's butt.

After a moment of pensive silence, he decided not to act rashly. Instead, he simply carried on with his original plan and turned his divine sense into a Brand before slowly fusing it into the poisonous wasp's body.

'The only thing I can do is to turn this thing into my pet. Only by doing so can I make it throw up the nectar obediently. This is the safest way for me to obtain the nectar, and also the only way I'll be able to get all of the nectar!'

The God Sealing Nectar was simply too rare, and Su Ming did not have room to make even a single mistake. He stared at the sleeping wasp and slowly left his Brand on it.

However, getting the nectar was not something that could be done so soon. After a moment, Su Ming placed the wasp into a jade box and put it away into his storage bag. He then took a wisp of his divine sense to surround the entirety of the jade box so it would continue applying his Brand within the wasp.

'If the wasp really has the God Sealing Nectar, then once I finish branding it and turn it into my pet, I will have my answer.'

Su Ming forced down his excitement and brought out another Crimson Stone, going on to break this stone on the frozen ground located at the bottom of the sea. This process of cutting into stone was incredibly dry and boring, but Su Ming was already used to being alone.

Was there a loneliness that could compare to the endless incarnations he had to suffer in the Undying and Imperishable World? Just like that, Su Ming continued staying in the frozen world.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, a year went by!

During that year, the turtle had returned several times, and each time it came back, it would bring over quite a large number of things. However, none of those items were complete or in working condition. They were all broken items, and these items formed numerous small hills on the ice mountain.

Su Ming's cave abode under the layer of ice had also become much larger over the year. This was thanks to the Poison Corpse and the small snake who had managed to gradually make the cave not look so simple as they continued cutting out blocks of ice without stopping. The abode became much larger, and several ice chambers could even be found in there.

Besides the small snake and the Poison Corpse, there were also two floating souls in the freezing cave. One of them was a woman. That soul was, naturally, the Celestial Maiden. Su Ming had taken her out half a year ago, and she had been constantly snuggling up to him while keeping her gaze trained on him.

The other drifting soul was Ahu. He floated about at a loss in the cave, simply continuing to wander about...

Su Ming had cut open all the Crimson Stones over the year. He had picked them out personally in the past, and all of them contained medicinal herbs and other items within, causing his storage bag to be filled with a countless number of items.

Bringing out any of these items would very possibly cause a stir and people might start fighting for them. In fact, Su Ming didn't even know some of the names of these items, but he had already prepared himself to search for these herbs' effects once he got out.

This was how that one year went by. Su Ming would occasionally open his eyes and snap out of his meditation to look outside the layer of ice. He did not know what had come to be of South Morning after the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands had unleashed havoc on it.

After a long while, he turned his gaze away silently. The period of time he had spent meditating had allowed his power to reach its peak, and he was now prepared to do something else, something he had waited for for a long time, and for whose creation he had finally managed to gather all the needed materials!

"The Welcoming of Deities..."

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He cast a glance at the medicinal cauldron situated not too far away from him. This cauldron was now exuding a freezing air, and there were layers of ice covering it, making it seem as if it was sealed.

He lifted his right hand, and the medicinal cauldron's lid immediately flew open. With a wave of his arm, a black shadow immediately flew out of his storage bag. Right at the moment that black shadow flew out, Su Ming's eyes sparkled with a sharp light, and with his right hand still out in the air, he stretched out a finger and tapped that black shadow.

The true form of the shadow was revealed, and it was the spider's leg! Once Su Ming's finger touched it, it immediately shattered into dust. During that time, Su Ming opened his mouth and bit the tip of his tongue to cough out a mouthful of Berserker Blood.

The blood swept away the dust that had been the spider's leg and flew into the medicinal cauldron. Then, with a grim expression, Su Ming patted his storage bag. Immediately, another item flew out of it. Right at the moment this item appeared, the small snake immediately lifted its head beside Su Ming, and a complicated look appeared on its face.

This item was the Candle Dragon's scale!

As Su Ming looked at this scale, he flicked his wrist, and the item flew into the medicinal cauldron.

'The last main ingredient is...'

Su Ming dipped his head down, and a dim light spread out of the storage bag. Gradually, a semi-transparent mountain rock appeared before it.

There was a small black humanoid sitting in the mountain rock. It had its eyes closed and did not move.

Su Ming stared at it before his gaze landed on the small humanoid's third right finger. After staying silent for some time, he suddenly spoke.

"I know you possess intelligence and understand what I'm saying..."

The small black humanoid in the mountain rock remained still as if it was deep asleep. It did not seem to have heard Su Ming's words.

"You might possess several secrets, and even if your arrival has nothing to do with the True Sacred Yin World, you are definitely somewhat connected to the Spirits' of Nine Yin mission.

"I'm not interested in knowing about it. Since you've helped me reap a large amount of rewards from the Crimson Stones, I will only ask you for your third right finger, and I won't bother you anymore," Su Ming stated calmly.

However, the small black humanoid in the mountain rock remained deep asleep, as if it did not hear Su Ming's words.

"I will give you ten breaths to think. If you still can't provide me an answer after ten breaths, then I will forcefully wrench that finger out of your body!"

Once Su Ming finished saying those words, he closed his mouth. Time trickled by, and when the ninth breath arrived, the small black humanoid's eyelashes fluttered in the mountain rock. It opened its eyes slowly and looked at Su Ming with mixed feelings.

"If I give you my third finger, will you let me go?" The small black humanoid looked at Su Ming, and asked hoarsely after a long while. There was a somewhat sharp quality to its voice as it shot through the mountain rock and echoed in Su Ming's ears.

"No," Su Ming stated flatly with a cool expression on his face, looking straight at the small black humanoid.

Chapter 513: Great Yu Sky Palace!

"If you won't, then why should I voluntarily give you my third right finger?!" The small black humanoid stared at Su Ming and his voice became increasingly sharper.

"Because after you started following me, you were able to wake up fifteen years ago!" Su Ming's expression was as flat as ever, and he spoke languidly as he stared at the small black humanoid.

Fifteen years ago, with the small black humanoid's aid, Su Ming had been able to sense the items in the Crimson Stones. He had been rather uncertain of it in the past, but due to his low level of cultivation at that time, he had been unable to see through it.

This had lasted until fifteen years later. When Su Ming walked out of the Undying and Imperishable World, he had obtained the Candle Dragon's blessing, and his level of cultivation had increased exponentially after that. Some time later, he chose to examine the small black humanoid again, and during that time, he had discovered some clues.

There might still be wisps of aura of death remaining in the small humanoid's body, but that aura was used to hide the extra wisp of life within!

It knew how to hide the presence of life that had appeared within it. When Su Ming remembered the scene fifteen years ago, he was an eight out of ten confident that this small black humanoid had been asleep when he first obtained it, and perhaps it was due to the stimulation of the Crimson Stones that it had woken up back then!

If it had been awake much earlier, it would not have allowed itself to be put on auction!

With just a brief analysis, Su Ming could guess that even though the small humanoid had woken up, when Su Ming was turned into stone in the Candle Dragon's body, it could not escape. When he was released from his petrification, his power had increased exponentially, and the black humanoid must have lost its courage to escape after making a swift judgment.

Perhaps it had originally been searching for a chance, but that chance never appeared.

In the face of Su Ming's calm words, the small black humanoid fell silent, but Su Ming had ample patience. He sat down cross-legged in his spot and did not say another word.

After a moment, a glint appeared in the small black humanoid's eyes as he looked towards Su Ming.

"Perhaps we can make a deal... Do you want to leave this place? And by that, I mean... Yin Death's Region!"

"Your third finger." There was not a single change of emotion on Su Ming's face when he spoke unhurriedly.

The small black humanoid hesitated for a moment before it lifted its right hand in the mountain stone. A complicated array of emotions flickered through its face before they eventually settled on firm resolution. It opened its mouth and bit through its third finger. Once it spit it out, it held it in its hand, then after casting some unknown divine ability, it swung its arm outward, and the third finger instantly flew out of the mountain stone to fall before Su Ming.

The instant Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized that finger, it immediately turned into a layer of black fog with a bang. An eerie, large mouth appeared within the fog and snapped its jaws towards Su Ming's right hand.

Su Ming remained as composed as ever. He did not even bother dodging it and simply allowed the black fog turned mouth to devour his hand. Yet the moment the mouth touched his hand, it immediately withered away until it looked like an old man's arm. It was as if his flesh and blood had instantly sunk into his bones.

The black fog was immediately ricocheted off by a powerful rebounding force and exploded with a bang. Su Ming seized the air with his right hand, and the exploded black fog tumbled towards him to gather in his hand. It then turned into a black finger.

At the same time, Su Ming's arm returned to normal, and the withered flesh recovered to its original state.

With the black finger in hand, Su Ming cast a glance in the direction before him.

Shock appeared on the small black humanoid's face. It stared at Su Ming's right hand blankly, and a dumbfounded expression gradually appeared in its eyes.

"You... This is the Curse! You actually managed to master the Candle Dragon's Curse?! This is..."

"Ever since I obtained the Candle Dragon's blessing, I discovered the life force you were hiding away. You might have been able to monitor my words and actions after I left the Candle Dragon's body, but that was because I allowed you to see them," Su Ming said blandly, picking up the third finger.

Without waiting for the small black humanoid to continue speaking, he waved his left arm, and immediately, the transparent mountain rock was surrounded by golden light. Once it was enveloped by golden light, Su Ming put it away into his storage bag.

With the small black humanoid's third finger in hand, Su Ming no longer bothered himself with that small humanoid. He walked towards the medicinal cauldron and placed the black finger inside according to the method to create the Welcoming of Deities in his memories. Once he did so, he sat down cross-legged beside the cauldron and pressed a palm on it to begin the creation of the pill.

'According to the procedures, I will need 997 days to refine the Welcoming of Deities, and there will be two days where Heavenly Judgment will appear. If I make it through them, then the days of creation for the pill will reach a full 999 days, and it will turn into the Welcoming of Deities!' Su Ming looked at the medicinal cauldron before him and gradually closed his eyes.

Time passed by without his knowledge. Days trickled away. In this frozen world at the bottom of the sea, there was only eternal silence. There was not a single thing bothering him, no change between the moon and sun in the sky. There was only limitless darkness around him.

Su Ming would occasionally wake up and feed some black liquid to the small snake as well as reward the turtle that always dropped by to wait after bringing some items over.

Perhaps it was because Su Ming had been here for a long time and perhaps it was because of the black liquid, but the hate the turtle had towards him in the beginning was

clearly gone. In fact, it would even occasionally put on a look of flattery so that it could obtain that black liquid.

Two years passed by quietly, just like that. If Su Ming added the year that had gone by previously, then he would have been in this frozen world for three years.

The Welcoming of Deities was not yet complete.

Days went by without a single change. When the Welcoming of Deities entered its 998th day of refinement, Heavenly Judgment did not arrive, though perhaps it was because this place was isolated from the world.

When the 999th day arrived, booming sounds came from the medicinal cauldron before Su Ming. Numerous mumbling sounds also spread out from within it.

At the instant Su Ming opened his eyes, the medicinal cauldron's lid flew off and a strange ray of light instantly shot out. Su Ming's eyes sparkled, and he warped to the layer of ice right above the cave abode's ceiling. He then took a step forward, lifted his right hand, and went on to catch the incoming strange ray of light.

The strange ray of light tried to dodge, but after Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, a wave of ripples appeared in the air in the cave abode. Those ripples spread out and seemed to freeze up the air, causing the light to freeze for a moment as well.

The instant it froze, Su Ming caught it with his right hand. Right when he touched that light, it faded away, and a purplish red medicinal pill appeared in his hand!

A human face that was the exact same as Su Ming's emerged on the medicinal pill, and it was staring at Su Ming while growling.

"The Welcoming of Deities has the power to destroy the sky and earth. It can turn into millions of things. It can contain wills and minds within, and it can also absorb all the spirits in the world and make them descend on it so that it can be used for creation!

"Devour the pill, and you can turn into the soul which you had absorbed. You can make the winds and clouds flow backwards, and can even shake the heavens!"

This was the description of the effects of the medicinal pill Su Ming had obtained when he initially received the method to create the Welcoming of Deities.

The meaning of the description had been rather unclear to him in the past, but now, Su Ming could see the true use of the medicinal pill clearly! It was just as it was described. This Welcoming of Deities had two uses, it could be used internally and externally! Its internal function was that it could contain his Nascent Divinity and change into various forms, just like a clone!

As for its external function, it could sense the souls in this world and forcefully absorb them. Su Ming could swallow that pill afterwards and turn into that soul. Then, with his will, he could bring out the power of the soul, and the strength of that power would depend on the soul that the pill had absorbed!

If it had absorbed the remnants of the Candle Dragon's soul... Su Ming held onto the one and only Welcoming of Deities he had created and looked at it while light flickered in his eyes.

'Transformations that are based on the spirits it absorbed...'

As Su Ming fell into his thoughts, a gleam appeared in his eyes, and the Immortal's Nascent Divinity came out of his body to charge straight towards the Welcoming of Deities. In an instant, it fused into the pill, and the Welcoming of Deities flew out of Su Ming's hand. Dim light shone in midair, and the pill gradually turned into a teenage boy.

That boy was Su Ming from the past.

'I still need to search for the remnants of souls from powerful spirits. It's a pity that I didn't have this pill when I met the Candle Dragon, or else... If I had placed the Candle Dragon's soul in the pill and swallowed it, then according to its effects, I could turn into a Candle Dragon...'

Su Ming's eyes shone brilliantly and his heart raced against his chest.

'But I wonder, is it possible that the descriptions for this pill were exaggerated...?'

Su Ming cast a glance at his past self, then with a single thought, dim light immediately started shining around the boy. His Nascent Divinity returned to his body, and as that dim light gathered together, it turned into the medicinal pill once more. Su Ming put it away into his storage bag, then lifted his head to look at the darkness outside the layer of ice.

'It's been almost four years now. I've also increased the amount of Berserker Bones in my body during this time. Now almost a seventh of all my bones have turned into Berserker Bones!

'The time has come for me to leave. The clash between South Morning and the Eastern Wastelands should have ended...'

The ninth summit appeared in Su Ming's head. After a long while, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them, he started clearing up the cave abode he had stayed in for nearly four years. He put away the medicinal cauldron and the Poison Corpse, as well as the Celestial Maiden and Ahu's souls, while the small snake lay sprawled across his shoulders.

Su Ming arrived at the entrance of the cave abode and went to the ice mountain, then looked at the gate. Just as he was about to leave, a low roar suddenly traveled from outside the layer of ice.

When Su Ming turned his head over to look, a faint smile appeared at the corners of his lips. The turtle was rushing towards him from the black seawater. It had a giant object in its mouth. That thing was hundreds of feet in size and could not be seen clearly. It brought that thing to the layer of ice, and once it saw Su Ming, the turtle immediately let its jaws fall slack and looked at him with eager and expectant eyes. It even used its claws to push the thing it had dragged over closer.

Su Ming looked at the turtle and turned around with a smile. He pressed his right hand against the layer of ice, and as rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, the turtle blinked. The layer of freezing ice that had separated them over these four years shattered, and Su Ming walked out.

The turtle did not put on the ferocious expression it had in the past. Instead, its face grew even more expectant. It even took a few steps forward to approach Su Ming.

Su Ming did not dodge and simply allowed the turtle to get closer. He looked at this creature, and his smile reached his eyes. He did not look at the thing it dragged over, but instead brought out the small bottle containing the black liquid and poured eight drops from it.

"I'll give you eight drops. I don't have much left now. I still have to keep some for my snake... I'll be leaving this place today. I wonder if the gate can still last long enough to bring me here again..."

Su Ming lifted his right hand and patted the turtle's head. That creature moved back slightly, but when it cast a glance at the eight drops of black liquid again, it allowed Su Ming to pat its head.

"I'll be leaving now."

Su Ming looked at the turtle and averted his gaze. Just as he was about to leave, the turtle stuck out its tongue and swallowed all eight drops of that black liquid into its mouth right under the small snake's jealous gaze. An intoxicated look appeared on its face. When it saw that Su Ming wanted to leave, it quickly used its claw and pushed the thing it dragged back several times.

Su Ming instinctively looked over. It was still a broken item, and it looked like the remaining part of a tablet's corner from a palace that had shattered. Shattered ice filled the surface of that tablet, and there were even some faded words on it.

Su Ming crouched down and wiped away the ice on that broken tablet to look at the rather faded words carved on it. Yet the instant he saw those words, he shuddered and a bang went off in his head. A dazed look appeared on his face.

"Great Yu Sky Palace..."

These four words were carved on that broken tablet!

Chapter 514: The Old Man on the Altar

"Great Yu Sky Palace."

There was an ancient feel to the words, making all those who saw them feel as if the air of an age's decline was crashing right into their faces!

Su Ming crouched there, stunned for a long time.

'Great Yu.'

These two words were incredibly important to any Berserker, because the Great Yu Dynasty was the Berserkers' holy land and the core of their race. The country was created by the first God of Berserkers, and it was the symbol for all Berserkers!

It was especially so after the continents were separated. The Dead Sea cut off the connections between other continents, causing the Great Yu Dynasty to slowly turn into a mere legend in the minds of the Berserkers as generations passed.

Su Ming's knowledge towards the Great Yu Dynasty had slowly increased after he became the Divine General of Awakening, and once he became a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice. The country left an increasingly deeper impression in his mind as his experiences increased.

There might be a lot of rumors saying that Great Yu was no longer around, but those were just rumors. The existence of the three great deity statues caused the people to not believe in those rumors. To many Berserkers, the Great Yu Dynasty still existed deep within their hearts. It was located at the center of the land of the Berserkers, among the other four continents. It had always protected the Berserkers, and it was waiting for the arrival of the fourth God of Berserkers.

Su Ming stared at the broken palace tablet blankly as a storm raged in his mind, and it would not die down even after a long time had passed. When the time it takes for an

incense stick to burn was over, he lifted his head with much difficulty and looked at the pleased turtle.

"Where... did you get this?" Su Ming asked with an array of mixed feelings in his heart.

The turtle tossed its huge head to one side and became even more pleased with itself.

"Bring me there..." Su Ming requested calmly.

The turtle hesitated for a moment before it lowered its body slowly. Su Ming went to the turtle's back without hesitation, and when he stood on its back, the turtle lifted its head and let out a low roar before it swiftly charged into the distance.

It was dark all around. Su Ming could not see too far ahead. Seawater surrounded him from all directions, building a pressure that he would not have been able to bear in the past, but now could.

He had been in this frozen world for many years. Besides taking that spiked club in the past, he had not ventured out to explore the place. He had not even been able to cast his divine sense too far into the distance. And it was not that he did not want to. There was simply something in this place that rejected divine senses, making it difficult for him to spread his divine sense far and wide. Besides, Su Ming had spent most of his time training, and the turtle also lingered outside. That was why he had not gone out to find out just where he was.

He had a hunch in his heart that he should be in the Dead Sea, but he simply did not know where the sea above him was located.

At that moment, as the turtle moved forward, Su Ming left the cave abode that had acted as his lodgings for four years and swam towards the distance.

He started to slowly spread his divine sense outwards. Although he still could not cast it far away, but as he persevered, he managed to cover a small area around himself. As the turtle charged forward, he saw his cave abode behind him, and it was... located in a mountain!

His cave abode was located right at the top of that mountain!

Further down ahead, Su Ming saw a huge palace. That palace was completely encased in ice, and only a corner was exposed in water... As the turtle continued moving forward, Su Ming felt his heart trembling in anticipation.

Gradually, he saw palaces upon palaces located before him... as well as people in strange clothing frozen in ice... He also saw huge ferocious beasts, savage looking giant snakes, as well as an uncountable number of people attacking and killing each other...

All of these people had become part of the ice, and they all looked as if they were still alive... In fact, as the turtle continued charging forward, Su Ming saw an old man with a head full of white hair above him. He was dressed in a purple robe and looked incredibly mighty and heroic. His right hand was lifted, and there was a round plate floating above his palm. Under his feet was an enormous Dark Turtle. However, both of them had turned into ice statues and were connected to the ice pillars on the ground.

Right before was a middle-aged man in an Emperor's robe. There was a picture on the man's face that looked like a Berserker Mark, and his expression was one of sorrow. In his right hand he held a flag, and he looked as if he was about to swing it, but he had also become an ice statue, part of the frozen land.

Between them were frozen snowflakes... It was as if it had been snowing and a gust of desolate wind had been blowing in the air when this land and everything in it was encased in ice.

Su Ming could just imagine desolate wind moaning as it passed through the land at some point during the passage of time, making the snow dance in the air, causing the heavens to be separated from the earth before the snow fell on the ground.

Su Ming saw this with his divine sense, and it shook his heart to the core. As the turtle swam forward, he gradually saw more of the place. The great halls and towers that filled the land were so numerous that no end could be seen. There were also an infinite amount of houses surrounding them, as well as halls, and each one of them looked incredibly ancient...

In fact, Su Ming could still see people in attacking positions outside the houses, frozen as they fought madly against the people in strange clothing!

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that style of dressing. He had seen the Celestial Maiden dressed in that clothing before. He had seen the Immortals in the land of the Shamans in those clothes before. He had seen Di Tian in them before!

This was a city!

Perhaps more accurately speaking...

"Great Yu Imperial City..." Su Ming mumbled.

He saw a towering palace as he stood on the turtle's back. That palace was the biggest one among all that was here. However, it was already broken and tattered. In fact, the spot where tablets were supposed to hang had also collapsed.

They went past it... The turtle was clearly already used to everything in this place. As it swam forth, it brought Su Ming away from where he'd been buried under the Dead Sea.

When they eventually swam towards the center of the frozen city, Su Ming saw a mountain!

More accurately speaking, it was an altar!

It was heptagonal in shape and entirely black. It stood erect and still in the frozen city, and under the altar, Su Ming saw more than one hundred thousand people standing as if they were worshiping it... He saw an old man sitting cross-legged right on top of the altar.

The old man wore a purple robe and was frozen along with the altar.

Su Ming stared at this scene blankly. The turtle beneath him let out a delighted roar as it charged forward, then brought him towards the altar. It swam above it, and right at the instant Su Ming lowered his head, he saw the old man in purple robes on the altar beneath him.

The old man's face was full of wrinkles and brown spots. He had his eyes opened, but there was not a hint of light in them. There was a complete spine before him. In his right hand he held a stone piece, and it stayed above the thirtieth vertebrae.

The old man had lifted his head as if staring at the sky, but when Su Ming looked towards him, a bang went off in his head, and the feeling that the old man on the altar was looking at him appeared in his heart...

That gaze seemed to have come through the passage of time, and no one could have a clue of how long it had existed. It was as if the old man had indeed seen something before he died. Perhaps he had seen what was happening right at that moment.

This was an indefinable feeling. As Su Ming's mind shuddered, he began to feel as if there was an indescribable air of strangeness in this frozen world.

Right at that moment, a low roar traveled forth from the frozen city. That roar was muffled, and it seemed to have come from under the endless layers of ice. It shook the ice and reverberated in the water, as if it had come from a very far off place.

When it rang out, it made the turtle under Su Ming's body let out a shrill, pained cry. It quickly left, and while Su Ming was shocked by that roar, his vision blurred, and he coughed out a mouthful of blood. His cultivation base within his body almost broke down.

It was just a roar, and it had even passed through endless layers of ice before it reached him through the water, but it still possessed such shocking power. Su Ming's pupils shrank. The turtle beneath him fled at a rapid speed in the midst of its fear. In the blink of an eye, it was already far away from the place.

As the turtle escaped, the altar gradually faded from sight, and the roar slowly vanished. Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his lips. With fear lingering in his heart, he saw frozen Immortals further down the frozen land... Their numbers could not even be counted, and the ones in Su Ming's senses alone numbered to several hundreds of thousands...

There was still an endless amount of Immortals right behind those he'd sensed... It was difficult for him to count just how many of them there were.

Su Ming was silent and simply allowed the turtle to bring him around the place in all directions. Eventually, they left the frozen city, and when they reached a flat piece of land at the bottom of the sea, the turtle let out a few roars beneath itself.

Su Ming lowered his head to look, and he saw palace rubble littering all the land. There were even some pieces of debris floating upwards.

Similarly, as the turtle brought him around in a big circle, he saw debris sinking down from above. Clearly, a great tremor or accident had caused the walls in the palace to shake, and in the process, made the walls loose, making debris fall.

Some of it floated to the surface before sinking down once again...

Su Ming could already guess that this change was due to the clash between the Eastern Wastelands and South Morning, which had caused the entire Dead Sea to shake.

With a wave of melancholy and a dejectedness he could not describe, he had the turtle bring him back to his cave abode. Due the fear towards the roar, the turtle swam in a big circle to avoid the city. As Su Ming stood on the turtle's back, he saw the altar as well as the old man in purple robes sitting on top once again from the distance.

'In the face of the Immortals' mass invasion, just what did he see over there when he lifted his head...?' Su Ming looked at the old man on the altar for a long, long time, until he eventually saw only darkness because he had been brought away.

The turtle brought Su Ming back to the mountain where his cave abode was.

He walked off the turtle's back and stood beside the ice mountain leading to his cave. Even after a long time had passed, it was still difficult for him to calm the turmoil in his heart. He looked at the place with mixed feelings, and after some time, he closed his eyes. When he reopened them, calmness had returned to his eyes.

"Do you want to leave with me?" Su Ming asked softly, stroking the turtle's huge head.

The turtle hesitated for a moment before it eventually shook its head. When Su Ming saw the turtle's answer, he did not try to persuade it. He turned around instead, and with

firm resolution, he walked towards the ice mountain. He knew that with his current self, he could still not further explore this place. He could not find the reason that caused this place to be buried in the depths of the Dead Sea, and could not find what caused this place to be frozen.

Su Ming believed that eventually, he would come to fully understand everything here. However, while his power might be strong as of then, it was still not enough.

The mysteries in this place, the oddities in this land, and the spots that Su Ming had noticed the turtle intentionally avoiding by a wide berth as they traveled through the land told him clearly that this place... was definitely not as deathly still as it seemed!

The roar that had caused Su Ming to be shocked to the core had also added another layer of mystery to the place.

With these thoughts, Su Ming walked into the ice mountain, straight towards the relocation gate. He turned his head back and looked at the frozen world once more, as well as the words on the tablet lying outside the ice mountain.

"Great Yu Sky Palace..." he mumbled. And when the relocation gate shone, his body disappeared within.

When the turtle saw that Su Ming had disappeared, it let out a few sad cries, born out of unwillingness to part. It then laid down on the spot and begun to wait for him to come back once more.

Chapter 515: World Outside

Clear sky was forever gone from the rain riddled world. Heavy, dark clouds pressed down above the endless sea, making all those who saw them feel a sort of oppressive feeling weighing down on their chests. Most of normal people might have died, while some of them might have been lucky enough to survive through the calamity, but they would never be able to see clear blue sky again. All they could see... was this foggy darkness.

If anyone wanted to see the blue sky, they would need to possess a certain level of cultivation. Only then could they fly through the layers of tumbling clouds and arrive above the clouds to see the sky that had been hidden away.

However, while flying near the ground was easy, it was certainly not an easy thing to move through the layers of clouds that were filled with the power of lightning that aimed to rip apart flesh. Not only was there an incredibly high requirement for the physical

body to be able to move through the clouds, if that person had yet to reach the Berserker Soul Realm, it was simply too difficult to last for long in the clouds as the bolts of lightning crackled around.

Those thick layers of clouds covered the land that belonged to the Shamans and the Berserkers in the past...

Seawater stretched far and wide into the distance, and nothing else could be seen on the land... Nothing but for a faint, large, and black shadow in the rain. That shadow seemed like the Eastern Wastelands... and there was only emptiness further down ahead.

It was as if South Morning had disappeared.

At that moment, under this dark sky and the rolling clouds, three figures could be found charging through the rain. They had turned into three long arcs and were shooting forward.

The three people were dashing into the distance at full speed with panic on their faces. They were two men and one woman, and they were dressed in normal clothing. There was nothing outstanding about their appearance, and their levels of cultivation were the only things that were somewhat presentable about them. The strongest among them was a man, and he seemed to be halfway through to becoming a Latter Shaman. The other man was around the late stage of a Medial Shaman.

But curiously, the woman among the three of them was a Berserker, and she did nothing to hide her identity. The waves of ripples belonging to a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm spread from her body clearly. By the looks of it, she should be around the later stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm.

With their power, if the group ran into a normal powerful Shaman that had just recently become a Latter Shaman, they would still be able to put up a fight, albeit with a struggle. They would still lose, but if they worked together, one of them could still escape.

This trio were charging forth above the sea extremely quickly. However, from their panicked expressions and extreme speed, all those who saw them would be able to tell that they were running for their lives!

There were two long arcs that were chasing the trio down, and they were an old man and a young teenager. The old man's face was indifferent. His body did not move, and his feet merely swept through the air as he traveled forth. The boy behind him had a prideful expression on his face, and he was regarding the three people escaping with scorn on his face.

"Master, are these three people idiots? They know clearly that they don't have any chance to survive, so why are they still escaping so desperately? If it were me, I would fight to the death!" The boy cast a glance at the old man beside him when he spoke.

"Because I gave them hope," the old man stated blandly. He looked calm and at ease, just like a person would when the sky cleared up after rain. It was as if there were few things in the world that could make his expression change.

"With your power, killing these three people is as easy as flipping over your hand..." The boy frowned.

"These three people are just bait. This wouldn't have happened if I wasn't out. But since I came out, and I brought you with me for the hunt, then we might as well hunt more. They will continue calling for help as they escape, and they will lure out more of those from South Morning. With that, we will also be able to get enough battle achievements for you during the Scour Sieve Festival and get you into Scour Sieve Temple." The old man still looked calm, as if he had everything completely under control.

"Are we fishing now?" A brutal smile appeared on the boy's face. He looked at the three people escaping in front, and his smile grew wider.

"Scour Sieve Festival..." Anticipation appeared on the boy's face. It was as if the meaning behind those three words was incredibly attractive to him.

"A large amount of our tribesmen will come to South Morning's Barren Swampland to harvest the souls here half a year before the Scour Sieve Festival. That's why we have to avoid them and come here earlier."

As the Master and disciple spoke to each other, a large area of seawater under the three escapees suddenly exploded. As seawater sprayed into the air, four figures shot up into the air. Those four people were incredibly quick as they charged into the sky. Once they appeared, those figures turned into four people.

All four of them were middle-aged people. Three of them were Berserkers, and the last was a Shaman. The instant these four people appeared, the full power of their cultivation exploded forth from their bodies. Right away, the three people fleeing in front also came to an abrupt halt. Without any hesitation, they moved back and charged towards the old man and the boy with the other four people.

"You are merely Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm and Medial Shamans. How dare you try to ambush me?" the old man stated flatly, disdain appearing in his eyes. He lifted his right hand and pressed his palm against the sea beneath him.

That sea immediately erupted and a huge wave shot up. That wave surged into the sky and instantly covered the entire area. Booming sounds and screams of pain echoed in the air, and when the wave disappeared, five of the seven exploded, turning into flesh

and blood that spilled down. The remaining man and woman coughed up blood, and with grief on their faces, they quickly retreated, fleeing at full speed once more.

The old man remained standing in his original spot and shook his head.

"The people of South Morning are so weak, they can't even put up a fight. Let's go. We'll kill another three hundred of them, and then you'll have obtained enough battle credit," the old man stated flatly and continued chasing the two people in front leisurely.

The boy looked at his Master with adoration and idolization in his eyes and quickly followed behind.

.....

Some distance away from that spot in the dark depths of the Dead Sea was a strong ray of light that appeared for an instant in the darkness before it disappeared. The light had appeared from the bottom of the sea, and it came from a gate that was filled with an air of decline.

That gate was near complete collapse, and when the light disappeared, a person took form.

That person was Su Ming!

He was submerged at the very bottom of the Dead Sea.

He turned his head around and cast a glance at the gate. After some time, he charged towards the surface. There was not much light in the Dead Sea, and there were many ferocious beasts that laid within. However, the instant Su Ming flew out, a ray of violet light spread out from his body, and it made all the ferocious beasts around him shudder and quickly move away. It was as if he had become an incredibly terrifying existence to them.

Su Ming dashed forth quietly through the Dead Sea, and he moved so quickly that he stirred up a vortex at the depths of the sea. That vortex moved with loud booming sounds, causing the surface of the sea to start churning slowly as well. After some time, the surface of the sea exploded, and as it reverberated in the air, Su Ming shot out from the bottom of the sea.

Seawater shot up and fused with the rain from the sky before it fell to the sea again. Su Ming stood on the surface of the sea and looked around him. There was only an endless expanse of emptiness, and it made him fall silent for a long period of time.

'South Morning... should no longer be around.'

Su Ming cast his eyes to the south. That was where the land of the Berserkers was. That was also where the ninth summit was located.

As he continued looking, a deep, longing look surfaced in his eyes. He missed the ninth summit, missed his Master, missed his eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and also Hu Zi.

"Twenty years..." Su Ming mumbled. He had left the ninth summit for twenty years, and at this moment, he, who had returned from the frozen world, yearned deeply to go to the land of the Berserkers, back to the ninth summit, and to see the things that had once existed in the past.

With that yearning lingering in his heart, Su Ming turned into a long arc and charged forth in the air, straight towards the direction where the land of the Berserkers was located.

He did not hide his power. The presence that surged into the sky, the astonishing speed, and the freezing aura that had accumulated in Su Ming's body over several years caused all the people who noticed him as he flew to feel shocked to the core.

Even those who had reached the Berserker Soul Realm or had become Latter Shamans would feel a sort of intimidating pressure once they sensed the presence of Su Ming's body, and that feeling could make their hearts pound in fear!

Su Ming charged forth without stop. His gaze landed on the surface of the sea beneath him, and he saw islands floating about!

'South Morning was torn apart in the clash... The land either sank to the bottom of the sea or turned into numerous islands. South Morning's entire terrain has changed completely.'

Su Ming shook his head. Then with a flash, he instantly disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already far into the distance, heading towards where the land of the Berserkers was located in the past. Just as he was about to continue onward, he suddenly stopped, and turned his head sideways to cast a glance at the surface of the sea in the distance.

"That's..." Su Ming was taken aback for a moment, then he changed his direction.

.....

There was an island on the Dead Sea. It looked small and was filled with mountain rocks. There were no plants on the island, and it looked incredibly empty.

There had been originally no island there. In fact, there had never been islands around South Morning in the past. However, after the disaster, many islands had gradually appeared.

There were less than twenty people staying on the island, and there was a faint screen of light covering that island, serving as a simple protection. These dozen something people had formed a few simple cave abodes and stayed there.

Their cave abodes were located on a part of the island that looked like a valley. It was at the top of the hill, and on top of it was a statue. That statue was roughly carved, but anyone who saw it could vaguely tell that it was a man with long hair.

That man had his head lifted and was looking into the distance. He held a large bow in his right hand, but his appearance was indistinct, and his facial features could not be seen clearly.

There were two old men sitting on the mountain rocks underneath the man's statue. These two men were dressed in rags and looked ancient. They currently had their eyes closed and were meditating. Wisps of chimney smoke spread from the cave abodes due to the members of the tribe preparing food underneath.

Ever since this group of nearly twenty people had gathered together on this island and formed their tiny tribe, they had been living their lives day by day this way.

Soon, the islanders walked out from their cave abodes. There were men and women, elderly and young among them, and they all moved to gather atop the hill. Once they did so, they knelt down before the statue and started worshipping it while mumbling under their breaths.

"We Fated Kin were born in a barren and undeveloped world. We originally did not have a future, because we needed to create our own future... We will worship Respected Senior Mo until Fated Kin vanishes from the world..."

"The Respected Senior Mo is our heaven. We are the souls living in that heaven, and our words of worship will never change..."

"We will gather under Sky River Mountain. We of the Fated Kin must remember this. We must search... for Sky River Mountain..."

This worship that would occur every day had not ceased for even a single day for the past few years, no matter rain nor shine. Nothing could stop them from their sincere ritual.

Notes: Respected Senior Mo and respected senior Mo: I thought that since the Fated Kin practically worship Su Ming as their god, it would make no sense if they referred to him as 'respected senior Mo', sounds kind of disrespectful. So when the Fated Kin refer

to Su Ming, it will be Respected Senior Mo, with the big caps, and when other people refer to him with that title, it will be respected senior Mo.

Chapter 516: Fated Kin!

Su Ming appeared in the air above the island. He looked at the people in the island, and found the faces somewhat familiar. These people were, naturally, the Fated Kin from the World of Nine Yin.

When Su Ming saw them, a smile appeared on his lips. With a single move, he passed through the screen of light as if it did not exist and walked into the island.

His arrival did not catch the attention of the people who were busy worshipping the statue in the valley. Su Ming stood on a mountain rock in the island and stared at the statue being worshiped by the people in the valley not too far away.

That statue's appearance might be indistinct, but he could still tell with at a single glance that the person was himself.

'Fated Kin...'

Once again, this race that was born in the World of Nine Yin left a deep impression in his heart. It would have been easy for them to hold onto this attitude when they were in the World of Nine Yin. After all, at that time, Su Ming was incredibly important to them.

In truth, Su Ming had not cared whether they would keep to their promise after they left the world. However, when he saw these dozen something Fated Kin keeping to their promise and worshipping him, not only did his impression of this race become deeper, a slightly different sort of feeling towards them welled up in his heart.

The words of worship, the voices referring to him as 'Respected Senior Mo', and the promises of never forgetting to gather at Sky River Mountain made Su Ming sentimental. His gaze fell on his own statue, and just as he was about to walk forth and appear before them, a crease suddenly appeared between his brows.

He leapt past these Fated Kin who were still worshipping his statue and looked towards the sky in the distance.

At that moment, the fleeing man and woman who were being chased down by the people from the Eastern Wastelands could be found in the sky several hundreds of li away from the small island. Their faces were filled with grief, and the hatred that existed between them in the past as Shamans and Berserkers could no longer be found.

"Ya Mu, what should we do...? The Remains of the Barren Isles is right in front of us..." The female Berserker bit her lower lip. Her face was ashen pale, and blood could even be seen trickling down the corners of her lips.

"Sir Zong Ze and Sir Yun Lai are still in isolation, or else how would a stupid Eastern Wastelander in the Berserker Soul Realm would dare to be so outrageous in our land?! If this person had dared come here before the calamity, he would have definitely died!" The face of that man named Ya Mu was filled with grief, and he was the Ya Mu who had been acquainted with Su Ming in the past when they were in Autumn Sea Tribe!

However, he had now become a middle-aged man, and there were even flecks of white at his temples.

"The Eastern Wastelanders have always been conceited and arrogant. He has been chasing us all this way but has never tried ending our lives. He must be thinking of using us to lure our people..."

"We can't return to our island. We can't let the Eastern Wastelanders know where we are... If the Remains of the Barren Isles lie before us, then we will go there!" A determined look appeared on Ya Mu's face.

"But there are some of those Fated Kin staying in the Remains of the Barren Isles... We..."

"We can't be bothered by that anymore!" With one move, Ya Mu changed his direction, charging straight towards the direction where he remembered the Remains of the Barren Isles lying.

The old man and the boy remained several hundreds of li behind them, and since they had the heart to not persecute them too tightly, Ya Mu and the woman approached the Remains of the Barren Isles swiftly. After the time taken for an incense stick to burn, empty islands slowly appeared in their field of vision on the surface of the sea before them.

They closed in swiftly, and when they arrived in the air above the island, they saw the dozen something Fated Kin beneath a screen of light underneath, worshipping the statue.

The two were not unfamiliar with that statue. In truth, they had come to this place two years ago and tried to persuade the Shamans in this place to come with them to Southern Swamp Island. That was the biggest island in the region after the calamity.

However, these people had been aloof towards them, causing their persuasion to fall flat. In Ya Mu's eyes, these Shamans were incredibly strange. They called themselves the Fated Kin and worshiped this 'Respected Senior Mo'. And that 'Respected Senior Mo' of theirs was the statue.

What surprised Ya Mu even more was that the statue felt somewhat familiar to him, but since it was crudely made and because its appearance was indistinct, he could not tell why that statue felt familiar to him.

Ya Mu and the woman arrived at the island, and neither of them noticed Su Ming standing on a mountain rock and watching the two of them.

"Ya Mu..."

The man outside the screen of light felt somewhat familiar to Su Ming. Once he thought about it, he recognized him. He had also noticed the old man, who was the source for Ya Mu's hidden panic, chasing leisurely after.

'A Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.'

Su Ming decided at that point that he would not walk out. Instead, he sat down on the mountain rock and started watching in silence.

"Fated Kin, our fellow friends in the Land of South Morning, I am Ya Mu, originally a part of Autumn Sea Tribe, currently a third level guard of Southern Swamp Island Alliance. I came here two years ago."

As Ya Mu stood outside the screen of light, he forced down the panic in his heart and wrapped his fist in a palm before bowing towards the dozen something people in the valley.

The female Berserker beside him also wrapped her fist in her palm and bowed.

"We are now being pursued by a powerful enemy, and he is right behind us. My fellow friends, please open your screen of light and let us avoid danger..."

When Ya Mu said these words, he too felt that he had gone overboard. This practically meant that he was luring the enemy to the island, but he did not have a choice. They either had to die or use the Fated Kin here. And perhaps they would gain a chance of survival in this place.

The thought of returning to Southern Swamp Island did not even cross his mind. He knew that the Eastern Wastelanders had been searching for inhabited islands during the two years after the calamity, and every single time they found one, a bloody massacre would rain down on it.

Since Southern Swamp Island was one of the big islands in the region, the powerful Shamans and Berserkers had done their best to hide it, and that was the reason why it could remain untouched. There was no way outsiders could learn about the island's existence, and a seal was placed inside the bodies of all those who left the island. If

anyone tried searching their memories forcefully, then their memories of the island would be instantly destroyed.

"Our pursuer came from Eastern Wastelands, and he is the mortal enemy of us from South Morning. If he runs into any of us from South Morning, he will kill them and take their souls... We were forced to a corner and are in a desperate situation. My fellow friends, please help us. Even if we leave now, the island will be exposed..." Ya Mu spoke in anguish, and the crowd within the valley behind the screen of light lifted their heads and looked at both of them aloofly.

There was not a hint of fear or terror on the Fated Kin. Compared to the things they had to suffer through during those fifteen years in the World of Nine Yin, all of this was really just a speck of dust in their eyes.

After all, the enemy they had to face now was still human, not a Sacred Bat, or a Drifting Roamer, or a Spirit of Nine Yin...

An old man walked out from among the dozen something Fated Kin. His gaze was as sharp as lightning, and his level of cultivation was the same as that of Ya Mu. They were both Medial Shamans who had reached the peak of that stage, and were both halfway through to becoming Latter Shamans.

He first cast an aloof glance at Ya Mu and the woman, then waved his arm. Immediately, a crack opened up in the screen of light beneath them.

Ya Mu and the woman did not hesitate and quickly crawled into the crack to step into the island. When the crack in the screen of light closed up, an old man with a boy in tow could be seen in the sky far away, walking leisurely in the air.

Ya Mu swept his gaze across all the Fated Kin as he stood in the valley. All their expressions were incredibly aloof, and when they looked at the both of them, he had a feeling they were treating them as air.

This sort of gaze made the woman beside Ya Mu instinctively take a few steps back.

Ya Mu did not have a lot of knowledge regarding the Fated Kin, but he still knew a little more than the woman. He knew that this strange race was entirely composed of Shamans. They worshiped this Respected Senior Mo and did not want to have any form of contact with outsiders. They were a very closed off group.

He knew nothing else besides this.

Under the Fated Kin's aloof gazes, Ya Mu immediately took a step forward and wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed deeply towards the gigantic statue before him.

"I am Ya Mu, from Southern Swamp Island. Greetings, statue of respected senior Mo. I hope that you will last forever and your spirit will never die!"

The woman beside Ya Mu also instantly took a few steps forward and bowed to the statue as well.

When the Fated Kin saw these two people acting this way, they gradually warmed up slightly, but their expressions were still rather cold.

"Respected Senior Mo is not a spirit, he is even stronger than a spirit. He is our people's God. You will only find yourself in good hands if you worship him. Nothing bad will come to you," the old man stated languidly at that moment. He was also the leader of the Fated Kin on this island.

Ya Mu did not agree to the old man's words in his heart, but his expression was solemn, nonetheless. Just as he was about to speak, he saw the old Fated Kin lifting his right hand, and immediately, a large black bow manifested in his hand with a flash.

A middle-aged man walked out from the Fated Kin gathered around them at that moment, and banging sounds appeared all over his hand. When he lifted his right hand, a similarly large bow appeared in his grasp.

The next instant, four people immediately walked out from among the crowd gathered around the two who had never seen the Fated Kin attack before. Their presences spread out from their bodies, and the duo found, to their amazement, that they were all Soul Catchers!

Moreover, they were all Medial Soul Catchers who had reached the later stage. While they might not have reached great completion, but Soul Catchers were powerful to begin with, and they were few and rare in-between!

Then, when Ya Mu still had not recovered from his shock, another four people walked out from among the dozen something people. They stopped beside the old man and the middle-aged man with the large bows, and the instant their presences spread out from their bodies, he found that they were Spirit Mediums!

'They have nineteen people, and three of them are teenagers. Among the remaining sixteen, four are Soul Catchers, four are Spirit Mediums, and two are Battle Shamans...'

Ya Mu sucked in a sharp breath. Even before the calamity, only a middle-sized tribe could bring out a group like this, and what was more, they were all Medial Shamans.

Yet before he finished sucking in that breath, he found himself widening his eyes immediately, because he saw four other people walking out once again from among the few left in the group!

These four people closed their eyes before the crowd and lifted their hands. Then the power of Thought Soothsayers abruptly spread forth from their bodies.

'Thought Soothsayers!' Ya Mu instinctively took a step back, finding himself in disbelief towards what he saw.

'Four Thought Soothsayers, four Soul Catchers, four Spirit Mediums, and two Battle Shamans... They are only nineteen people, and such powerful warriors exist among them?!

Ya Mu knew full well just how powerful Thought Soothsayers were. When he saw these four were Medial Thought Soothsayers who had arrived at the later stage of their Realm, he could not help but be stunned.

What pushed him into further disbelief was that a thick wave of murderous aura that rose from beneath their still aloof demeanor. That murderous aura was absolutely not something that could be born overnight. This was a murderous aura that could only manifest through continuous slaughter and nonstop waves of heated frenzy, a murderous aura that could only be born after prolonged exposure to a unique situation!

When Ya Mu saw the same thick wave of murderous aura around the three children, he suddenly became incredibly wary of these mysterious Fated Kin that had suddenly appeared during the past few years.

'Just... where did they come from?'

Note:

Ya Mu: The only guy from Autumn Sea Tribe who had been nice to Su Ming when he traveled with their tribe, and was not a total jerk, even though he had tested Su Ming slightly. He also gave Su Ming the map of the land of the Shamans before Su Ming left.

Chapter 517: Fated Kin's Glory!

When Su Ming saw these Fated Kin from the distance, a smile curled up on his lips. This group of people had gone through trials and tribulations that put them constantly at death's door during those fifteen years in the World of Nine Yin. All those who could survive would definitely be outstanding people who stood out in a crowd.

These people might not be Latter Shamans, but their unique experiences had made resolution and the murderous aura within them to surpass all those around them. The

two of them could have them surge into the sky and make them stand firmly against powerful existences and fight for their own fates!

Because they were the Fated Kin!

Because they had their fates in their own hands. They would not beg for outsiders to save them. They would save themselves!

Because they wanted to let all the people in the world see how the Fated Kin born within the World of Nine Yin would shape their own future, after they had been abandoned and lost it!

Their aloofness was born because the world had abandoned them, and so they were distant towards all those in the world. They would only give their warmth to their own kinsmen, and they would only spill their warm blood in battles to protect their own fates!

As time passed and years went by, when these Fated Kin eventually managed to take that one step and become Latter Shamans, they would stir up an indescribable storm in this land and the world!

This storm would come from their resolve, their desire to control their own fates after they had been abandoned!

As Su Ming looked at them, he found a vague shadow of himself on them, and he gave up on the thought of helping them. He wanted to see just how much power these Fated Kin could bring out. The time had still not come for him to interfere with the Fated Kin's battle.

Moreover, since he was around, he would definitely not let any of the Fated Kin be caught in a life threatening crisis!

Four Thought Soothsayers, four Soul Catchers, four Spirit Mediums, two Battle Shamans. These fourteen people stood in the valley. Waves of murderous aura spread out from their bodies and surged into the sky, causing the old man who had arrived outside the screen of light to pause in his footsteps.

A grim look appeared on his face at that moment as he stared at the small island thousands of feet away and the dozen something people who were looking at him from the valley.

"I didn't expect such radiant souls to exist in the Land of South Morning after the calamity... Just one of their souls alone is already equivalent to several dozens of those other in this continent!" the old man mumbled. A flicker of light flashed in his eyes, and he took a step towards the island.

The instant he took that one step, the old man swung his right arm forward, and immediately, the seawater beneath him charged forth with a roar and surrounded the entire island. It turned into a large amount of waves that surged forward with the intention of flooding the land.

At the same time as the old man swung his arm forward, a Dead Sea Giant of one thousand feet appeared from the depths. Its eyes were dull and lifeless, as if it had been enslaved by the old man. It let out a roar and leapt up to charge straight towards the island.

Ya Mu's heart lurched forward. He had seen this Dead Sea Giant before. This was the ferocious beast that had killed most of the people in the team he'd led.

Just as he was about to shout out a warning to these Fated Kin, the four Thought Soothsayers closed their eyes, and the power that belonged to their kind burst forth swiftly, surrounding them, turning into wisps of aura that could not be seen with the naked eye and rushed straight towards the two Battle Shamans.

Right when the two lifted the large weapons in their hands. The instant they drew those bows wide apart, the eyes of the four Soul Catchers shone with a dark light, and the clouds in the sky started tumbling about even more furiously. Even the rain that was falling from the sky seemed to have gathered in midair for the Soul Catchers.

Soon after, the four Spirit Mediums spread their arms wide open. As mumbling sounds echoed in the air, wisps of dead souls surged up from the Dead Sea around the island with a sharp howl and charged towards the large bows in the Battle Shamans' hands.

With a hum, the middle-aged Battle Shaman became the first to let go of the bowstring in his hand. A ray of dark light sliced through the air and shot out of the screen of light, charging straight towards the Dead Sea Giant.

It was so quick that it broke through space in an instant, ripping up a crack in the air. There was also an indescribable madness and murderous aura contained within that ray of light, so strong that it caused some of the layers of clouds in the sky to roll backwards. In a moment, the ray of light crashed into the Dead Sea Giant that was roaring as it closed in on them.

"The power to tear apart space?!" Ya Mu's jaw fell slack in shock, and he cried out in surprise. The breathing of the female Berserker beside him also quickened, and she was filled with disbelief.

Booming sounds instantly reverberated in the air and spread in all directions. The Dead Sea Giant let out a scream of pain, and with one loud bang, most of its body was blasted off by the arrow. The creature then fell to the surface of the sea.

"What's with that arrow?!" The same words tumbled out of Ya Mu, the female Berserker, and the old Eastern Wastelander's mouths at the same time.

Ya Mu was completely stunned. He could not imagine that the previously unremarkable Fated Kin living on this island would possess such great strength!

The old Eastern Wastelander was shocked. After all, a Dead Sea Giant was as strong as a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but that arrow had managed to destroy it. The creature might not have died, but that sort of power was still enough to shock him.

"This is the Fated Kin's Arrow, created after fifteen years of fighting against the Sacred Bats and the Drifting Roamers, and a countless number of their own kinsmen dying!" Su Ming said in a soft voice.

"We Fated Kin will not fight against outsiders, be they from South Morning or Eastern Wasteland. This place belongs to us Fated Kin, do not trespass!" The person who spoke was the old man who had yet to let go of the big bow in his hand. He looked at the old Eastern Wastelander in the sky and declared sternly.

"Fated Kin..." The old Eastern Wastelander's pupils shrank. This was the first time he'd heard of this name. The boy behind him had already turned ashen pale. That arrow just now had already struck him dumb with shock.

'Thank goodness these Fated Kin only number to a dozen something. If there were several hundreds of them... Then they would become a terrifying force!'

The old Eastern Wastelander sucked in a sharp breath. He could already imagine it. If there were nearly a hundred of those arrows just now, then the destructive force behind them would have been on par with a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm striking at full power.

The old man stared at the people holding the bows on the island, then with a gleam in his eyes, he took a step forward and closed in on the island as his lips curled up in a cold sneer.

"That arrow of yours might be strong, but I'd like to see what other secrets you Fated Kin still have!" As he said those words, he closed in on the island and swiftly lifted his right hand. Immediately, booming sounds reverberated in the sky above him. An incredibly real looking mountain with flowing rivers manifested above him, and it plunged right down towards the island.

The old Fated Kin with the bow narrowed his eyes. Without a single bit of delay, he let go of his hand, and buzzing sounds echoed in the air once again. As the world rumbled, a dark ray of light flashed and moved through the air. It ignored the illusion of the mountain and river to charge straight towards the old Eastern Wastelander.

The ray of light closed in on the old Eastern Wastelander in an instant, and his pupils shrank. He lifted his right hand, and a strong blast of light suddenly burst forth from a ring on one of his fingers. That light illuminated the whole region in an instant, causing everyone to not be able to see clearly.

The light disappeared in an instant, but it made the dark arrow disappear. The old man took three steps back, and his face turned slightly pale.

"What a powerful shot... If you were a Latter Shaman, you could have injured me badly, but now..." Killing intent flashed in the old man's eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the illusion of the mountain and river rammed itself onto the screen of light surrounding the island.

That screen of light shattered and turned into an innumerable amount of shards that tumbled backwards, causing the island to lose all form of protection in an instant. Ya Mu's face turned pale, and the woman beside him had the same reaction. Despair appeared in their eyes.

As they saw it, while the Fated Kin were strong, they had a limit to their strength. They could not hope to even put up a fight against the old Eastern Wastelander, who was already in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

Yet soon, the both of them quickly realized that the Fated Kin's expressions had not changed even a single bit. They were still as aloof and detached as ever, and right at that moment, the old man who had fired the arrow lifted his right leg and stomped on the ground.

The island started trembling with loud, booming sounds. The instant that illusion of the mountain and river broke the screen of light and started plunging towards them, the Spirit Mediums and Soul Catchers in the group knelt down below Su Ming's statue. Dense waves of aura of death gathered up and shot up swiftly from the valley before they exploded in the sky with a bang.

"Aura of Death's Assault!" the old Fated Kin declared slowly. The Fated Kin would always gather at places where there were thick waves of aura of death. This was a tradition of theirs that had never disappeared over the fifteen years of resistances and slaughters in the World of Nine Yin.

That was why they chose this small island, because they had noticed that it contained the aura of death. It might be unable to compare to the aura in the World of Nine Yin's valley, but if they released some of it, they could still bring out two charges!

This change was a unique method that belonged to the Fated Kin, and they had tested it out through numerous trials and errors in the midst of life and death situations.

The aura of death charged out with a bang and went towards the illusion that was sinking down on the island. The instant they clashed, booming sounds reverberated in the air violently. The mountain and river were destroyed, and the aura of death disappeared. Disbelief could be seen clearly on the old Eastern Wastelander in the sky.

The boy's, who stood next to him, eyes went wide, revealing his shock.

"Yin Death Waves...? You... Just where did you Fated Kin come from?! This island could have only been formed at most four years ago. It's impossible to change this place to bring out the power of Yin Death Waves in just four years! Even the Great Tribe of Yin Agents can only do it in ten years!" The old man took a few steps back as he exclaimed.

Su Ming looked at the aura of death erupting forth from the valley. When he heard the old Eastern Wastelander's words in the air, he suddenly came to understand how the Fated Kin worked. During the fifteen years they had stayed in the World of Nine Yin's valley, they had relied on the valley to struggle and fight back. This sort of experience had caused them to be incredibly good at using geographical advantages.

Perhaps more accurately speaking, they were good at using the aura of death!

Ever since Ya Mu came to this island, he was repeatedly shocked, and the shock this time was the strongest. He stared at the valley with a blank expression, and he felt his skin crawl.

The strength of the Fated Kin had once again exceeded his expectations.

He would not be able to imagine at the moment either, that in the distant future, when the Fated Kin truly rose up and became unrivaled in the entire land of the Berserkers and even Yin Death's Region, they would have a few distinct characteristics unique to their existence!

The valleys would forever be the location where they would built their tribes!

That astonishing big bow would forever be a part of their selection of weapons!

That dense aura of death would forever exist beneath their tribes!

Similarly, their deceased tribesmen would forever be buried under an altar built behind the valley, and they would become a part of the aura of death that kept their people safe, becoming an existence that could be truly said to be the ancestors of the race protecting their descendants!

"Do you still want to fight? If you want to, then we will fight you till the end! But even if we die, you should be prepared and remain on constant alert, because the other Kinsfolk of Death will come for your life, and they will not stop until you die!

"Because the souls of us Fated Kin are tied together. If you kill one of us, all our people can sense it. Our Respected Senior Mo will also let you know what exactly is hell and what exactly is purgatory!" the old Fated Kin declared coldly, lifting his head.

Then all of them, including the children, looked over coldly.

Chapter 518: That Call of Disciple Niece...

Ya Mu stared at the Fated Kin, dumbstruck. His mind was blank at that moment. Suddenly, he had a feeling that he had made the correct decision to escape to the Fated Kin's island.

The old man's face was as dark as thunderclouds at that moment as he stood in the sky. He was a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and could be considered a powerful warrior in the Eastern Wastelands. However, in the face of these dozen something weaklings on the island, a hint of wariness had actually risen within him!

That wariness shot up in his heart incredibly swiftly and he could feel it very clearly!

That wariness was due to the murderous aura and the aloofness from the dozen something people on the island. Even the children were as aloof and detached as the adults. He had indeed seen this sort of people before, but he had never run into an entire race like this!

"Fated Kin. I'll remember you." After some time, the old man spoke languidly.

"Once I kill all of you, I will tell all the tribes in Eastern Wasteland that there is a race called Fated Kin in the Land of South Morning, and if any of us run into you, we will slaughter all of you!!" The old man's eerie words were filled with killing intent and a freezing chill, but not a single hint of change of emotion could be found on the faces of the dozen something Fated Kin.

Even the children were fearless, and their expressions remained as aloof as ever.

Even Ya Mu felt chills crawling through his entire body when he saw that aloofness. As for the old Eastern Wastelander who was their enemy, he had begun to detest those gazes. With a cold harrumph, he lifted his right hand and swung his arm forward. Immediately, the world thundered and a large amount of clouds tumbled about. Then a gigantic statue of three hundred something feet descended slowly from the sky.

Right when this statue started sinking down, a mighty pressure descended on the entire world!!

The appearance of the statue meant that the old man had brought out his full power, because he wanted to kill all the people on the island!

Remaining aloof, the dozen something Fated Kin sat down cross-legged and gathered together around Su Mig's statue. They closed their eyes and no longer bothered themselves with the old man and his statue of the God of Berserkers. Instead, they started mumbling under their breaths, and their voices echoed in the air.

"We Fated Kin were born in a barren and undeveloped world. We, our children, and our children's children will worship Respected Senior Mo for all eternity..."

"Respected Senior Mo is our God. We fight for our fate, because we want to control our own fates..."

"The gods have no eyes, the earth has no tears, the heavens have no love for us, that is why we Fated Kin have been abandoned. We lost our future, but it has made us Fated Kin and gathered us together and from then on... we rose for our fates!"

Ya Mu and the female Berserker looked at the Fated Kin with a dumbfounded expression. In their eyes, these people were mad, and their strangeness made the duo's faces pale.

The old Eastern Wastelander smiled coldly, then lifted his right hand to point towards the island. Immediately, a piercing dark light spread out from the statue, and under that dark light, the statue melted to turn into hundreds of dark rays that charged straight towards the ground.

The dark rays of light charged forth and turned into a ferocious face of a ghost that rushed towards all the living souls on the island.

'This is the Fated Kin's final strike... They will offer up their lives and fuse it with the aura of death to release the final shout of their lives and struggle against fate.'

Su Ming stood up and walked towards the dozen something Fated Kin sitting around his statue.

He did not seem to be walking very quickly, but with just one step, he managed to stand on top the statue surrounded by all the Fated Kin. The instant he stopped there, a gentle wave of ripples spread out, cutting off the Fated Kin's offering. The moment they opened their eyes, they saw only one person.

Su Ming who was standing on the stone statue!

His long hair danced in the sea breeze, his white robes fluttered in the wind, his gaze seemed to contain the abyss itself, and he exuded a presence that could practically replace the sky.

"Respected Senior Mo!!" All the Fated Kin were taken aback for a moment, and the aloofness on their faces that looked as if it would never change immediately melted, to be replaced by a sort of zeal that would shock all those who saw it!

This zeal was a stark contrast to the aloofness from moments ago!

Su Ming swept his gaze across these Fated Kin, then nodded his head. At that moment, the malicious ghost face that was formed from the hundreds of dark rays was behind him, and it had opened its mouth while charging forward.

"It's over." Su Ming turned around, and right at the instant he looked towards the sky, golden light shone in his eyes, and he lifted his right hand before throwing a punch at the sky.

With Su Ming as its center, a huge gust of wind surged up from the ground when his fist landed. It then rushed towards the sky along with the movement of the fist. That wind had come too suddenly and moaning sounds spread through the place. The gust of wind charged towards the sky, and wherever it went, rumbling sounds would immediately reverberate when it touched the dark rays of light. And then, without any form of resistance, those rays of light were destroyed.

In an instant, the gust of wind that appeared when Su Ming lifted his arm destroyed all the rays of dark light, and immediately after, it surged into the clouds in the sky. When they touched the thick layers of them, loud booms roared in the sky. The clouds scattered, shaking, and started rolling in all directions.

The old Eastern Wastelander's expression changed drastically. He stared fixedly at Su Ming, who had appeared suddenly, and a huge storm raged in his heart. He was shocked. He had not noticed anyone else on the island.

It was as if Su Ming had forced himself into his line of sight, and that presence that had stirred up when he attacked had also made his heart clench in fear.

All of these things meant only one thing. This young man had already surpassed him in terms of strength!

The Fated Kin had already brought him enough shock, and now, another person who stunned him appeared. Without a hint of hesitation, the old man grabbed the boy beside him and quickly retreated. He was going to escape without a single word!

With a calm face, Su Ming took a step from the stone statue. Once his foot landed, he disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already before the retreating old man.

Without another word, Su Ming lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of the old man's brows. That finger immediately made the old man feel as if it was the Law of the world. It made him feel as if his soul was about to disappear, and he could not fight against it. His eyes went wide and he let out a low roar. He had no time to bother about looking like a pathetic mess. His Berserker Mark instantly emerged on his whole body and turned into a gigantic mountain before him.

That image seemed to have enveloped Su Ming within and sealed him up inside.

"Break!" the old man roared out as he retreated, and at the same time, light shone at the center of his brows. Immediately, his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared once again. This time, the statue looked much more corporeal than the last!

Even so, the old man still felt that he could not relax. When he lifted his left hand, a huge cauldron immediately appeared in it. There were four strange beasts carved on top of the vessel. At that moment, the four beasts woke up and roared so loudly that they actually managed to make the cauldron move.

Yet a breath before the old man could say that one word, the mountain before Su Ming exploded abruptly, and right then, without slowing down for even a single bit, Su Ming pressed his finger on the old man's statue of the God of Berserkers.

Roaring sounds echoed in the air, and the statue shuddered before immediately breaking into pieces. When it turned into fragments that were stained with ribbons of blood, the retreating old man coughed out blood. Then, as his face filled with shock, he saw the black-haired young man touching the square cauldron before him with a finger.

That cauldron rumbled, and huge cracks appeared on it before it collapsed right from the center. It split into two parts that bounced off from each other, causing there to no longer be anything between the old man and his enemy.

It caused Su Ming's finger to reach the center of the old man's brows with lightning speed as an aloof expression filled Su Ming's face.

The old man shuddered violently. The instant Su Ming's finger landed, he bit the tip of his tongue, coughed out a mouthful of blood, and the boy whose wrist he held immediately started withering away rapidly, before he could even let out a scream of pain. In the end, he exploded in pieces of flesh and blood.

At the same time, the old man moved his body quickly backwards, and he actually managed to stay alive under Su Ming's jab! However, his survival was because he had cast a secret art that would cause him endless problems later on, and he was alive only because he had made his disciple take his place and die!

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! You've already reached great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

The old Eastern Wastelander looked incredibly pathetic at that moment, but he was caught in a life and death crisis and had no time to bother with these things. His eyes went wide, and disbelief appeared within them.

During that instant, he had sensed death looming right above his head, and it was coming right towards him with incredible power. He had also felt fear bubbling within him, because he realized that there was no way he could fight against this. In his eyes, a mere Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm could not possibly bring about this feeling to him with just one finger. Only... those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could!

His fear was like a surging wave that drowned him within. He might be a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but he was still a human being. He was not a soul that could not think on its own. He could also be afraid and terrified. He would also lose his cool, though it was rarely seen. However, when he ran into this person and made the judgment that he was a Berserker that had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he could not help but be shocked.

After all... there were only six in the entire Eastern Wastelands who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! All of them were well-renowned, and they were all unrivaled!

As he retreated, his mind was thrown into turmoil. In his bitterness, he could not help but remember himself talking about 'fishing' to his disciple. Well, he had indeed managed to 'catch' a 'fish', but that 'fish' was not something he could fight against.

He knew that it was impossible for him to escape from a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. That was why he decided to stop running, and instead, like a madman, he lifted his right hand and jabbed the center of his brows harshly.

Immediately, his Berserker Mark appeared on his whole body, and in the next instant, it looked as if it was burning up. This was a unique divine ability to those in the Berserker Soul Realm - burning their own Berserker Marks! His aura started rising rapidly, and with bloodshot eyes, just as he was about to cast his divine abilities in a desperate attack...

An aloof voice spoke beside his ears. That voice turned into a phrase that would last for eternity in his life.

"My left hand represents the past. When time flows back, it marks the arrival of Destiny..."

The instant the old man heard that voice, he felt the world around him instantly becoming different. The fire burning his Berserker Mark was instantly extinguished, and

he started moving in reverse. As confusion appeared in his eyes, he saw Su Ming and felt the sharp pain from when that finger had tapped the center of his brows.

After that, everything turned back... The only sound that was left behind in his ears was the clear sound of his soul shattering to pieces.

Right before the Fated Kin, Ya Mu, and the female Berserker's eyes, they saw the originally retreating old Eastern Wastelander suddenly take a few steps forward as if he was voluntarily placing his head before Su Ming's lifted finger. Then his head exploded and his body fell to the ground. The old man's storage bag flew out on its own and was seized by Su Ming.

"The Fated Kin greet Respected Senior Mo!" The dozen something Fated Kin beside Ya Mu knelt down on the ground and looked at Su Ming with fervent zeal burning in their eyes.

Ya Mu stared at Su Ming blankly. For some reason, he had a feeling that this respected senior Mo was incredibly familiar...

At that moment, disbelief appeared in the female Berserker's eyes.

"Su... Su Ming!"

"Disciple niece Zi Yan, it's been a while... Is my second senior brother alright?"

As Su Ming stood in midair, his gaze fell on the female Berserker, and once again, he felt that a long time had passed.

Twenty years...

Note:

Zi Yan: Zi Che's sister had been under the same Master as Fang Cang Lan/Han Cang Zi. Second senior brother liked her.

Chapter 519: Concubine

The instant Zi Yan recognized Su Ming to be that fellow clan member of hers from the ninth summit, her eyes went fine, and she found herself unable to believe what she was seeing. In truth, she was still somewhat uncertain moments ago, but the moment he called her his disciple niece, Zi Yan froze, stunned, as if she had been struck by lightning.

"You... Are you really Su Ming?"

Zi Yan looked at Su Ming. Even then, she still found it hard to relate the person from the ninth summit in her memories with this person who, with just a wave of his hand, could make a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm die as he retreated in shock.

"You should be calling me uncle master."

As Su Ming looked at Zi Yan, a smile appeared on his face. To him, the woman before his eyes was not just Zi Che's older sister, but also the person his second senior brother had somewhat fancied.

"Uncle master... Su." Zi Yan hesitated for a moment, then instinctively wrapped her fist in her palm to bow towards him. There was still shock lingering in her eyes.

"I haven't been back to the land of the Berserkers for many years. How is the ninth summit?"

Su Ming looked at the woman standing before him. She had already lost the glory of her youth. The graceful teenage girl in the past was now a middle-aged woman. The wrinkles at the corners of her eyes might not be very clear, but he could still see some of them.

Time had been gentle on this woman. It had not taken away too much of her youth, while giving her an ancient look and an air of maturity. The girl of the past had now become a married woman full of grace and charm.

She was beautiful in the past, and even though she had aged, she still looked attractive enough to stir the hearts of men. There was a charm about her that was different compared to those of young girls. However... when Su Ming saw the distance between her and Ya Mu, he had a feeling that their relationship was not an ordinary one.

When Zi Yan heard Su Ming's question, she forced down the shock in her heart, and it was replaced with a wave of mixed feelings. She would never have expected that the Su Ming who had disappeared twenty years ago would one day be standing so strong before her. This sort of strength was something that she would not even dare to dream of possessing.

As of then, he was truly worthy of being her uncle master, and without her even realizing it herself, a respectful expression that intertwined with the complicated emotions within her came to her face.

"Freezing Sky Clan... has split up since five years ago. Heaven Gate left, and they brought with them many outstanding disciples so that they could resist the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands up above the nine heavens with the power of Heaven Gate.

"The mountains on the ground are still around, but have been abandoned... All our clan members from the other summits are mostly scattered. I left with some of my sisters under the same Master... We experienced many things on the way, and this lasted until... we met senior Yun Lai..." When Zi Yan said those words, her expression turned a little gloomy, and she seemed to be finding it hard to articulate her words.

"The clan was in a mess at that time. I... I didn't pay too much attention to the ninth summit." When Zi Yan said those words, she saw Su Ming's brows crinkle slightly.

"But I do remember second uncle master leaving a few years before the chaos, and he seemed to have yet to come back," Zi Yan quickly said.

Su Ming fell silent. After a long while, he lifted his head to look in the direction of the land of the Berserkers, which laid in the distance.

"What about my Master?"

"I... I'm not too sure about granduncle master Tian Xie Zi. But I do know that your eldest senior brother came out of isolation five years after the great battle between the Shamans and Berserkers. I wonder whether he made it back after he left."

Zi Yan thought about it for a moment, then quickly offered her answer. She looked at Su Ming. They might not have seen each other for twenty years, but the memories of the past still remained in her head. The ninth summit's second uncle master had liked her, there was no way she would have been unable to see it.

However, when she remembered this, besides anguish, there was also a feeling that times had changed greatly in Zi Yan's heart.

'If I had been together with his second senior brother, then now...' Zi Yan felt a slight stab of pain in her heart, and she fell silent.

Ya Mu was in a daze as he stood by the side. As he listened to Zi Yan and Su Ming's conversation, his eyes gradually went wide. He stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and his breathing quickened abruptly.

'Mo Su... Mo Su... Su Ming...'

Ya Mu looked at Su Ming, and his mind fell into a state of chaos. He had recognized Su Ming, had recognized him as the person who had talked to him for a long time by the bonfire when they were both in Autumn Sea Tribe.

He also managed to recognize...

"Greetings, senior. I am Ya Mu. I will never forget how you gave me a chance to remold myself!" Ya Mu took a few steps back and wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing deeply towards Su Ming.

He was bowing towards Hong Luo, who had appeared before him in the past, showing his gratitude towards Hong Luo giving all the life force of the Latter Shaman in Autumn Sea Tribe to Ya Mu after he killed her. This was the reason why Ya Mu was halfway through to become a Latter Shaman.

As time passed by, the things that had happened in the past were gradually made known to the people who had set their minds to learn about them, especially for those who'd seen Su Ming before and were acquainted with him.

"I didn't expect that senior Mo would be from the same clan as my lover. You both came from the Berserkers' Freezing Sky Clan..." There was a rather respectful look on Ya Mu's face, and when he stood up, he was filled with a rather sentimental feeling.

"Lover?"

A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had not been acquainted with Ya Mu for long, and they could not even be considered friends. At most, they could only be considered acquaintances. Their relationship was completely different compared to the relationship he had with Zi Yan.

To other people, that glint in Su Ming's eyes was skin to looking at a flashing golden light. A mighty pressure that pressed against the hearts and souls of all the living abruptly shot out from his eyes, causing Ya Mu to feel as if his mind was about to shatter. He moved back once again, and rumbling sounds roared in his head. He felt as if he had turned into a lone ship caught in a raging sea, and he was about to break down at any moment.

This mighty pressure felt like the awe-inspiring and dignified air of a leader. It made Ya Mu's expression change drastically, and his breathing almost stopped. Right at that moment, Su Ming occupied his entire vision, as well as his entire soul. It was as if Su Ming just needed a single thought and Ya Mu's life would be destroyed.

Zi Yan quickly took a step forward and blocked off Su Ming's gaze towards Ya Mu. There was a complicated look on her face that had been marked by time. She opened her mouth, looking as if she wanted to say something.

"This is your personal affair, and it has nothing to do with me. I just don't understand. What part of my second senior brother is not worthy of you?" Su Ming frowned and looked at Zi Yan before he shook his head.

"Go."

Zi Yan's face turned pale. In silence, she wrapped her fist in a palm towards Su Ming as a form of respect, then dragged Ya Mu away, who still looked a little dazed. As both of them were just about to leave, Zi Yan hesitated for a moment before she turned her head around and looked towards Su Ming.

"Uncle... master Su, do you still remember Han Cang Zi? When that change happened to the clan, she came with me to this place. If you still remember her, then I'm begging you, please help her..." Zi Yan looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

"On behalf of us as members of the same clan, on behalf of her... being so devoted in her love for you in the past, please help her, uncle master Su..."

"Han Cang Zi..."

When Su Ming heard this name, a beautiful woman appeared in his mind. That woman's gentle gaze, her meek personality, her determined eyes, the things that happened in Han Mountain City, and all his conflicts with Si Ma Xins.

These memories were originally rather murky in his head, but were becoming clearer with each passing moment.

"Fang Cang Lan," Su Ming stated calmly.

"Yes! It's junior sister Fang!" When Zi Yan heard Su Ming mentioning Han Cang Zi's name, excitement grew in her eyes.

"Four years ago, senior Yun Lai wanted to make junior sister Fang his concubine, but this thing was put on hold because junior sister Fang wanted to practice her cultivation. It was still the same two years ago. But now, junior sister Fang is about to complete her training. It'll be difficult for her to continue pushing this aside. Once senior Yun Lai comes out of his isolation and makes this request again, junior sister Fang won't be able to reject him..." Zi Yan looked at Su Ming and immediately spoke quickly.

Su Ming remained silent. The appearance of the woman in his memories grew clearer. Usually, when he remembered all the things that had happened to him in the past, he would always feel as if there was a veil covering his memories. Twenty years was not long, but Su Ming had died and reincarnated for an endless amount of times in the Undying and Imperishable World, and it had caused an ancient air to constantly linger about his face, though other people would not be able to see it.

Zi Yan waited for Su Ming's answer. Time passed. However, even when Ya Mu had regained his senses and started regarding Su Ming in fear, Su Ming still had yet to speak. He simply stood there and looked into the distance, immersed in his thoughts.

Zi Yan's face turned paler. In the end, she started laughing brokenly as she looked at Su Ming, and her eyes gradually grew wet with tears.

"Forget it. This has nothing to do with you. There is no reason for you to help. I know that your second senior brother liked me in the past. If we could turn back time and I could return to the past, then I would choose to accept his feelings..."

"But that's impossible, isn't it...?"

"Ya Mu is right. I am his companion for dual cultivation¹. I'm no longer my youthful self either. Not only am I his companion for dual cultivation, I was even senior Yun Lai's concubine, and he gave me to Ya Mu as if I was some sort of object!"

Zi Yan's face was ashen pale. Her broken laughter sounded rather desolate. Tears flowed down her cheeks. It was as if she had been suppressing her emotions for many years, and now, she could no longer hold them back anymore. Her emotions burst forth from within her.

"You can look down on me as much as you want, but you are not me. You will never be able to understand what a girl has to do to survive after she was abandoned by her own clan and has to come face to face with the chaos in the land of the Berserkers as well as having to face the possibility of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands arriving at any moment!"

"Cang Lan has always been rather meek and gentle. How were the two of us supposed to survive in the chaos before the calamity, when the world had lost all order and the only law that remained was the law of the jungle?!"

"This lasted until we met senior Yun Lai. He took a fancy to Cang Lan, but there is also a toughness that exists under Cang Lan's meek personality. She would rather die than submit to him. I was the one who took her place and became senior Yun Lai's concubine. I tried to please him in every manner that I could, and that is the only reason why we were both able to survive during the calamity and arrive to the land of the Shamans.

"Everyone has a right to choose how they survive. Even if it's wrong, at least we are still alive. Even if the decision is right... You can choose not to help Cang Lan. It's simply her fault for keeping the wrong person in her heart from twenty years ago!"

Zi Yan wiped away her tears, and resolution appeared in her eyes. She no longer looked at Su Ming, but chose instead to turn into a long arc and fly into the sky. Ya Mu followed behind her silently. His gaze as he looked at Zi Yan was filled with great gentleness and deep compassion, a caring hidden in his eyes.

He loved Zi Yan. When he first saw her several years ago, he had fallen in love this woman, who hid her sorrow with her usually charming demeanor.

This adoration had turned into a love that would last for eternity and would not be weakened in Ya Mu's heart, once he saw her standing alone by a reef as she looked at

the seawater in the world. Tears had shone in her eyes, as well as deeply rooted fatigue.

That was why he begged the End Shaman Zong Ze to help him and paid a huge price to buy Zi Yan from Yun Lai, who had grown bored of her by then.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at Zi Yan leaving with Ya Mu. He might look calm, but his heart had been moved by Zi Yan's words.

"Where is she?" he asked languidly. He had never considered rejecting her favor to begin with, but had simply become absent minded due to his memories, and it had caused Zi Yan to misunderstand him.

Chapter 520: Southern Swamp Island

"Southern Swamp Island!" Zi Yan's body came to an abrupt halt in midair and she immediately turned her head around to look at Su Ming.

"Wait here for me for a few days, then come with me to Southern Swamp Island." Su Ming's voice was cool as ice, but it made Zi Yan's heart beat with joy, though that joy was mixed with the agony she had felt moments ago. She looked at Su Ming and nodded her head.

Ya Mu had never gone against Zi Yan's decisions during the occasional moments she decided to make some. Instead, he quietly allowed her to invite Su Ming and speak freely. He did not leave either, but stayed on the island.

The zealous gazes in the eyes of the Fated Kin when they saw Su Ming seemed to be able to shake the world. It was as if Su Ming just needed to say one word, and they would give up everything for him.

This was not something born overnight. This was born over the years from the impression Su Ming had left in their hearts, along with how they had worshipped him when he had brought them out of the World of Nine Yin, as well as everything that he had done for them.

Fated Kin were different, making it difficult for them to mingle with outsiders for an extended period of time. Their aloofness and abandonment caused them to not believe in outsiders. They only trusted themselves and their own tribesmen.

They did not harbor much selfish desires in their lives. Their fifteen years of life in the World of Nine Yin had changed them too much, including their attitude towards

practicing cultivation. Almost every single one of the Fated Kin who survived through the fifteen years would spend most of their time in training.

Only when they were stronger, only when they could endure the loneliness that other people couldn't bear could they survive and control their own fate!

That was why they refused Ya Mu's invitation in the past once they gathered a dozen something people together, choosing instead to live on this island, cut off from the rest of the world. They changed the island and turned it into a place suitable for living.

This was the reason why Su Ming did not choose to persuade the Fated Kin to leave with him. Instead, he used three days to make some detailed fixes and arrangements to the island.

He had first fortified the protective Rune in this place. With Su Ming's current power, he had spread out all the Runes Hu Zi had given to him in the past on the island, turning it into the first layer of defense.

Then, he dived into the depths of the Dead Sea.

When he returned, eight Dead Sea Giants surrounded the island at the depths of the Dead Sea. They were all sitting down cross-legged, empty. Their souls had been taken away by Su Ming's Spirit Plunder.

He gave that Spirit Plunder to the Fated Kin. If the island ran into any other dangers, then these eight Dead Sea Giants would turn into the island's second layer of defense!

Once Su Ming finished doing all this, he took the two large bows in his hands and smoothed out the force in them with all his power of Bone Sacrifice, causing the might of the bows to be even sharper when they were drawn. This was the third layer of defense.

It did not end there. Su Ming might not understand the waves that belonged to the aura of death, but the Fated Kin understood it. He started rearranging the island according to their opinions and ideas, which in turn made the waves of aura of death become even stronger than before. This was their fourth layer of defense.

Su Ming still did not feel at ease with just these. After all, this was the Dead Sea. Not only did they have to face the disasters from the Eastern Wastelands, the ferocious beasts from the Dead Sea would also attack them. That was why he left behind a wisp of his divine sense and gathered it on his statue. Once the power of the statue fused with his divine sense, it could have three charges that would attack the minds of others, and the power of those charges would be akin to the embodiment of his power of cultivation.

This was the fifth layer of defense!

The Poison Corpse was left behind, and this was the sixth layer of defense Su Ming gave to the Fated Kin on this island! With the Poison Corpse and all the other means they had in their disposal, if another Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm came again, the numerous defenses would be able to force that person away, and there would be no need for Su Ming to act at all!

Unless, of course, someone decided to launch a mass invasion on the island. However, Su Ming was also prepared for this. With the skills he had inherited from Hong Luo, he laid out a simple Relocation Rune. This Rune was activated by Su Ming's spirit stones, and if they were in grave danger, the Fated Kin could leave through it.

The island was so massively fortified by Su Ming's arrangements that it had practically become an impregnable fortress. It also gave the Fated Kin a chance to venture out without worry. This would allow them to search for more of their tribesmen.

This place was not just a tribe for the Fated Kin, it was also a temporary training grounds for Su Ming among the many islands on the Dead Sea. Over here, his heart would find boundless peace, because in this place, he was their God!

Once he finished those arrangements, he, Zi Yan, and Ya Mu left the island, sent off by the Fated Kin who knelt down on one knee as they worshipped in the direction of the sky, with loud shouts calling his title while looking at him with fervent zeal.

Even after Ya Mu left, he still felt as if he was in a dream. The Fated Kin's strength, their mysteriousness, their aloofness, and the zeal that appeared once they saw Su Ming were all deeply embedded in to his memories, and he would never forget it for the rest of his life. The impression the Fated Kin left in his mind would never disappear.

When they left, Su Ming remained silent. However, due to the matter in Southern Swamp Island, his silence seemed to cause the air around them to feel slightly stifling. In the midst of this suffocating atmosphere, Zi Yan and Ya Mu led Su Ming along the way at full speed.

Several days later, the trio stopped above a vast region of sea about tens of thousands of li away from the Fated Kin's island.

"Senior Su, that is Southern Swamp Island," said Ya Mu respectfully as he stood by the side.

Su Ming cast his gaze downwards. The place seemed empty, and there was not a single island that could be found. Even if he spread his divine sense outwards to check, he still found nothing.

A glint appeared in his eyes and he lifted his head to look at the dark clouds in the sky. When he dipped his head down once more, his divine sense swept out swiftly. But this

time he sent it charging down to the depths of the sea. Gradually, a sharp gleam appeared in his eyes.

The bottom of the sea was murky, and there was a power that repelled divine senses. However, Su Ming could still sense something different about the bottom of the sea in this region.

However, it was difficult to figure out just what made it different. If he did not look into it carefully, it would be hard for him to see through it.

"Southern Swamp Island does indeed have its own intriguing parts to be able to become one of the few gathering spots for the people of South Morning in such a big region and not be discovered by the Cultivators from the Eastern Wastelands after the calamity," Su Ming commented languidly and retrieved his divine sense.

Ya Mu wrapped his fist in his palm towards Su Ming respectfully, then took a few steps forward. As he lifted his right hand, a normal looking jade slip appeared on his palm, and holding it in a firm grip, he threw it out.

Immediately, that jade slip turned into a long arc and charged downwards, towards the empty looking sea. Without making a single sound, it fell into the sea.

Ya Mu calculated silently in his heart. Ten breaths after the jade slip fell into the water, he suddenly lifted his right hand, and after making some strange seals in succession, he pointed towards the air beneath him.

Immediately, booming sounds appeared from the seawater underneath and it started churning. At the same time, in the air above the seawater, two indistinct figures abruptly appeared, and their bodies started gaining form rapidly as they walked out.

These were two middle-aged men. They both wore simple robes, but their gazes were electrifying. One of them was a Shaman, and the other a Berserker. The Shaman was a Medial Shaman, and the Berserker was in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The instant these two people appeared, their gazes fell on Ya Mu and Zi Yan, then when they looked towards Su Ming, a freezing glare shining in their eyes.

They could not see through Su Ming's level of cultivation, and his face was incredibly unfamiliar to them.

"Messenger Ya Mu, who is this?" the middle-aged Medial Shaman asked coldly.

"I owe my life to senior Su. Don't be rude, you two. I can be his guarantor, open the tunnel!" A stern expression appeared on Ya Mu's face.

The two people who were clearly guards hesitated for a moment, then the Berserker wrapped his fist in his palm towards Ya Mu and Zi Yan.

"Southern Swamp Temple just sent an order the day before yesterday that we are not allowed to let any outsiders into Southern Swamp Island during this period of time. We have our duties. Messenger Ya Mu, you can enter the place with messenger Zi Yan first. Once you receive your letter of guarantee, we will allow this person to enter."

Ya Mu was momentarily stunned. Southern Swamp Temple was the faction that had been responsible for all the affairs of Southern Swamp Island after the two protectors of their island, Zong Ze and Yun Lai, decided to enter isolation. They would usually not issue this sort of order, unless...

"Could it be that Sir Zong Ze or Sir Yun Lai is about to come out of isolation?" Ya Mu immediately asked.

"We don't know about this. But without a letter of guarantee, this person cannot enter," the male Shaman said coldly.

Ya Mu was a little hesitant. He cast his gaze towards Zi Yan. She frowned, and just as she was about to speak, Su Ming walked past her calmly.

When he moved forward, the two middle-aged guards immediately raised their guard. Yet the instant they did so, they looked into Su Ming's eyes, and a dazed look instantaneously appeared there.

They stood stunned in the air, and simply allowed Su Ming to walk past them. Ya Mu's heart shuddered, and Su Ming became even more mysterious to him. The old Eastern Wastelander calling him a Berserker who had attained great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm before his death appeared in his mind once again.

He quickly moved forward and personally opened the defense on the island. As booming sounds echoed in the air, a thick light screen suddenly manifested on the empty sea. It covered about several hundreds of li and looked like a huge bowl that was turned upside down.

The same thoughts as Ya Mu's also appeared in Zi Yan's heart when she saw Su Ming's strange actions. She followed behind him, and the three of them walked into the light screen.

When they disappeared, the light screen gradually faded away as well. The dazed look in the eyes of the two middle-aged men in the air only scattered away after some time. In their memories, they only remembered that Ya Mu and Zi Yan had returned to the island. There was not a single memory left of Su Ming in their heads.

This was the power of a Soul Catcher, and it was part of the Candle Dragon's Curse. Right then, if anyone looked through all the Shamans to try and find anyone else who could use the power of a Soul Catcher to this extent, they would find that there was no one else besides Su Ming who could do so!

Even the End Soul Catcher Zong Ze would find it impossible to perform such a task, unless he used other methods to do so.

The instant Su Ming stepped into the light screen, he immediately noticed a Relocation power surrounding him. Once that power disappeared, what appeared before him was a huge Rune. There were eight people sitting around it, and all of them looked towards them.

There was a mountain range rising and falling outside the Rune. Numerous towers could be seen on its mountains, and all of them looked incredibly elegant from the distance. In fact, he could even see several cave abodes built there.

He could even see the basic outline of a city moat surrounding that mountain range.

The entire area was brightly lit. There were no clouds in the sky. It was just a clear blue sky, and a sun that was shining brightly.

All of this was like paradise, and it was completely different from the world outside!

Chapter 521: That's Not Real...

Ya Mu would naturally go up to speak to those people who were looking towards them. Su Ming walked out of the Rune calmly and looked at the sun in the sky. He narrowed his eyes, and the sun in his field of vision gradually turned transparent, and a Rune that was made of nearly a hundred spirit stones could be seen inside.

The effect of that Rune was to shine and let out heat, giving the false impression that people were looking at the sun.

The blue sky was also peeled off layer by layer before Su Ming's eyes, revealing the black seawater behind it. The sky was actually a protective screen of light. Perhaps it had concealing abilities when seen from the outside, but from within, it turned into an expanse of blue sky.

This was an island that had sunk to the depths of the sea. Perhaps it did not sink in the beginning, but someone had forced it to do so with an Art, causing this place to be isolated from the world, and no matter how hard the Eastern Wastelanders searched, it would still be difficult for them to find where Southern Swamp lay.

Su Ming spread his divine sense outward and swept through the entire Southern Swamp Island. Once he did so, he immediately noticed strong waves of ripples coming from two spots.

He was familiar with one of these ripples. That one naturally belonged to Zong Ze. As for the other one, it was slightly jumbled up, but it was still powerful. Judging by the presence in those ripples, he could tell that to whoever those ripples belonged to had already reached the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he seemed to only be one step away from entering the later stage!

Perhaps more accurately speaking, he already had moved one step into the gates of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

The instant Su Ming noticed the two ripples, they also noticed him. Those two ripples instantly spread out, but before they could locate him, he had already made his divine sense disappear without a trace. They could not find him.

There was a cave abode located to the left of one of the two tallest mountains in this mountain range. At that moment, the long-haired Zong Ze swiftly opened his eyes in there. A brilliant flash flickered in his eyes and he stood up. With one step, he appeared outside his cave abode and stood on the mountain. His long robes fluttered in the wind and he had his hands placed behind his back with a grave expression on his face as he cast his gaze towards the ground.

"What a powerful presence... Looks like we have a visitor," Zong Ze mumbled. He did not look too different from how he had been all those years ago, but he did seem slightly older. He also had a wave of aura of death in him, but he had hidden it away.

To the right of the mountain was another cave abode. It was incredibly luxurious, filled with jewels and treasures. There were also panting and moaning sounds echoing from inside it.

A naked man sat in the main chamber of the cave abode. His skin was the color of bronze. He did not have any hair, and his expression was cold. There was not a hint of emotion on his face.

There were seven women who were completely uncovered around him. These women hugged his body and their eyes were misted with lust. With lascivious expressions on their faces, they shifted their bodies about, as if they were asking for sex. Panting sounds echoed in the air, and all those who heard it would find it hard to control themselves.

These seven women were incredibly beautiful, they flushed red skin was especially filled with an appealing charm that would steal breaths away.

The instant Su Ming swept his divine sense across the place, the bald man who had been meditating with his eyes closed opened his eyes swiftly. His expression visibly changed, and almost the instant Zong Ze walked out, he appeared in midair, and a long white robe was already covering his body.

He stood in midair, and once he met gazes with Zong Ze, he, too, cast his eyes to the land below.

"I can't find him. Is he a powerful Shaman?"

"His presence vanished almost the moment he spread it out. It's difficult for me to tell," Zong Ze stated languidly with a calm face as he stood further in the distance.

The bald man fell into a moment of pensive silence, then declared coldly, "Seal off the Rune leading outside. No matter who he is, he will eventually appear!" .

Almost the instant Zong Ze and the bald man started searching for the stranger, Su Ming, who stood just outside the Rune, seemed to have ceased to exist, causing Zong Ze and the bald middle-aged not to notice him.

'The Immortals' Restraining Presence Seal is really ingenious.'

Su Ming slowly loosened his right hand, which had been kept in the position of the seal.

Neither Ya Mu nor Zi Yan had noticed what had happened just now. Once they finished providing their explanations to the eight people, they appeared beside Su Ming.

"Senior Su, I'll take you to junior sister Fang right now," Zi Yan said softly.

"No need, I'll go there myself," Su Ming said lightly. He took a step forward, and he instantly disappeared from his original spot.

Zi Yan was momentarily stunned, then a rather melancholic look appeared on her face. She looked at the mountain range in the distance and started mumbling in a voice that only she could hear.

"Cang Lan, he's here... Compared to me, you are lucky, but I will never regret the decision I made in the past. If we wanted to survive, then one of us had to give up more..."

As slight hints of pain, melancholy, and complicated feelings rose in her heart, she remembered that person who had loved turning his head to the side so that the sun would shine on his face when he saw her, the person who thought that by doing so he would be very elegant...

As she was immersed in her own thoughts, a pair of arms appeared behind her and pulled her into a warm embrace.

"Zi Yan..." Ya Mu's voice traveled gently into her ears.

That voice and the embrace snapped her out of her thoughts. Even though this embrace was not the one she wanted, it still managed to produce a warmth that she had never had before in her heart. This warmth was not love though, just mere feelings of being moved.

Tears fell from the corners of Zi Yan's eyes. Once she wiped them away, she turned towards Ya Mu and put on an attractive smile.

'Zi Yan, I will protect you. Even if the world is no longer here, even if my life ends, my soul will stay by your side. I will use every fiber of my being to protect you...

'I know that you simply aren't repulsed by me. You don't like me... but I believe that someday, you will change.' Ya Mu hugged Zi Yan and mumbled softly in his heart. He was serious.

Yet even though Zi Yan was smiling in his embrace, the tears at the corners of her eyes were filled with mixed emotions. They might no longer be flowing down, but they had landed in her heart, turning into the figure that had constantly stood under the sun all those years ago.

'There are no 'what ifs' in this world... just as there are no longer any 'what ifs' left for my defiled body...'

Zi Yan closed her eyes, but due to Su Ming's appearance, it had now become too difficult for her to once again bury the memories she had once sealed away.

.....

The man-made sun in the sky gradually turned dark and gained a red hue, becoming a setting sun. If Su Ming had not used his divine sense and just looked with his naked eye, he would have been unable to tell that this was fake.

Under this setting sun, the shadows of the mountain range started appearing on the green grass. Among one of the mountains in that mountain range was a tower.

This tower was simple but elegant. There were not many ornaments decorating it. As the setting sun cast its last remaining rays of light over the land, it dyed everything in a shade of reddish orange. There were originally two people living in that tower, but two years ago, after Zi Yan was given to Ya Mu, there was only one woman left there.

She was a woman who looked around thirty years old. Not many signs of age could be seen on her face, and she looked to be at the prime of her life. Perhaps she was no longer young based on her true age, but even time seemed to have been moved by her quiet nature and did not want to visit her too often.

She sat there quietly and looked at the setting sun in the sky. She simply sat there, quietly looking at the sun's hue and the blue sky. Sunlight fell on her face, and she turned into an incredibly beautiful sight.

In fact, the fine hairs on her face could be seen under the sunlight. The gentleness that existed within her quietness made all those who saw it to instinctively want to protect her.

"Master, why must you do this...?"

"Sir Yun Lai has been good to you over the years, and he is kind to me as well. What's wrong with agreeing with him?"

"Besides, Sir Yun Lai already said that if you agree, he will help you break through your current level of cultivation to reach the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. I can also become his foster son.

"My status in Southern Swamp Island will also rise considerably. If I can get Sir Yun Lai's direct legacy, then I will have a chance to reach the Berserker Soul Realm. Master, stop being so stubborn."

As the woman watched the sunset in the tower, a discordant sound that did not fit into the tranquil atmosphere echoed in the air constantly. There was an anxious and agitated edge to that voice, and the person who spoke was a boy of about seventeen or eighteen years, and he was standing right beside her.

"Let me be alone for a while." As the boy continued pestering the gentle woman, she frowned and spoke softly. Even her words were incredibly soft and meek, and it was as if not even a single bit of temper could be found in her.

"Master! I just don't understand what you're thinking. We've suffered so much before and after the calamity, and after so much trouble, we got to meet Sir Yun Lai, and he likes you, why are you refusing him?"

"Aunt master Zi Yan didn't refuse him in the past and took to his offer immediately. I know, she did it to protect you, but don't you want to repay her for the suffering she had to endure over the years?" The boy's words held an agitated edge, and his voice started sounding piercing to the ears.

The woman shuddered and bit her bottom lip.

"With Sir Yun Lai's power, he can get whatever woman he wants, but he's an upright man. He doesn't like to use force and would rather have the person submit to him willingly. If that wasn't the case, with your current level of cultivation, do you think you could have refused him?!" The boy continued speaking, and his voice grew sharper.

Trembling, the woman turned her head slowly to look at the boy.

"Sir Yun Lai is also Southern Swamp Island's guardian. He let us have a safe place to live. What sort of right do you have to refuse a person like this? What's so bad about becoming a concu..."

Before the boy could finish speaking, the woman lifted her hand and slapped him.

The boy staggered backwards, then lifted his head to glare at his Master and started shouting loudly.

"Even if you don't think for yourself, you should think for me! I want to become Sir Yun Lai's foster son! I want to learn his cultivation methods!"

The woman stared at the boy, at his face, currently twisted in ferociousness. Sharp stabs of pain struck her heart. She had heard such words from this disciple of hers for many years, but that sharp voice of his sounded extremely unfamiliar to her at that moment.

She looked at the boy. His face was so incredibly familiar to her, because his face was similar to that person's from her memories. It was why she had accepted this person as her disciple all those years ago.

"I'll fulfill your request. I'll agree to it. Once you become Yun Lai's foster son, you will no longer be my disciple." The woman closed her eyes, and fatigue filled her face.

The boy was momentarily stunned, then with a face filled with delighted surprise, he immediately rushed out of the tower. Clearly, he was off to tell his future foster father, Yun Lai, that piece of news.

The sound of the boy's retreating footsteps made the woman's heart clench in even more pain. She slowly opened her eyes and stared at the setting sun in the sky for a long, long time...

"This is not real."

Right at that moment, a voice sounding like a sigh filled with deep emotion came from behind her.

Translator's Thoughts

Mogumoguchan Mogumoguchan

Preview to next chapter: Fang Cang Lan!

Fang Cang Lan thinks Su Ming is an imposter.

And they fight.

Yes, they fight.

And it's quite impressive.

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 522 — Fang Cang Lan! - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 522 — Fang Cang Lan!

Chapter 522: Fang Cang Lan!

The instant the woman heard that voice, she shuddered. She swiftly turned around and saw another person standing at the spot where the boy had previously been behind her.

That person was dressed in white and looked around twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age. He looked incredibly handsome, but the scar under his eye added a slight devilish air to his face. The ancient look in his eyes also made him look as if he was submerged in the passage of time.

He stood there and looked at her silently.

His appearance was about a sixth similar to the boy's who had left just now, causing the woman to be caught in a daze for an instant.

The two of them looked each other in the eyes. Time trickled by. The room was quiet. After a long while, the dazed expression on the woman's face disappeared, and a smile appeared on her lips as her eyes twinkled.

"I know that it's not real," she said gently. She lifted her pearly white hand and tugged a lock of her hair. Then, she abruptly lifted her right hand, and immediately, several rays of dark light shot straight towards Su Ming like lightning.

The rays of dark light shone with a chilling presence and closed in on Su Ming in an instant. The woman's attack had caused Su Ming to be momentarily stunned, but an Art of this level was simply nothing to him.

He did not dodge. A faint golden light simply flashed briefly on his person, and banging sounds immediately reverberated in the air. Right before him, three strands of hair gathered together in midair before shattering to pieces.

The woman had stood up at that point and now took a few steps backwards. Her eyes were filled with murderous aura and anger as she glared at him.

"Just who are you?!"

"I am Su Ming." Su Ming cast a glance at the woman, then suddenly started smiling.

"There's no way Su Ming would have your level of cultivation." The woman frowned and took a couple more steps back.

"This is Southern Swamp Island. There are plenty of powerful warriors standing guard in this place. Even if you're good with illusions and I have no idea how you came to know how Su Ming looks like, but this sort of trick is simply despicable!" the woman bit out with a chilling voice.

Su Ming looked at the woman before him and smiled even wider. They had not seen each other for twenty years, and she had changed quite a lot. She might seem as if she was a calm person, but in truth, all those who managed to survive through the calamity would be incredibly alert. They would not believe in others so easily. After all, the things a person heard and the things a person saw might contain some degree of falsehood at times.

Clearly, this awareness existed in the woman's mind.

"Then why do you think I would need to transform into another person to appear before you?" Su Ming smiled and took a step forward.

When he did so, the woman immediately moved back, looking as if she was about to cross over to the exit, but she did not leave. Instead, she glared at Su Ming, and the anger in her eyes burned even stronger.

"If you can transform into him, then you must know him well. Either you met me early on in my life, or this is connected to senior sister Zi Yan." As the woman spoke, she took another step backwards. However, right when she took that one step, Rune light immediately appeared on the ground around Su Ming.

That Rune was filled with a fierce air that instantly turned into nine ice blades which appeared out of nowhere, as the Rune started rotating rapidly. Those ice blades charged towards Su Ming as they spun.

He took a step forward and simply allowed those ice blades to close in on him. Once they exploded with huge banging sounds around him, the inside of the tower was immediately filled with a freezing air.

Yet the instant Su Ming took that step forward, Runes appeared on the ground under his feet once more. And this time it was not one single Rune, but nine Runes that had him completely surrounded!

As their light flashed, the freezing air around the area suddenly tumbled backwards. Once it was swiftly absorbed by the Runes, it abruptly shot out, and the denseness of the freezing air actually managed to make Su Ming feel as if his flesh and blood were turning cold, like he was about to be instantly frozen. That was the power of that freezing air!

Su Ming let out a faint gasp of surprise, then golden light shone from his whole body. He took a step and walked straight out of the freezing air, but right at the moment he walked out, cracking sounds echoed behind him, and a gigantic ice block gathered where he'd been.

The woman's face was incredibly grave, but her heart was filled with shock. She had prepared the Runes in this tower for Yun Lai, and she had been preparing them for years, all for the sake of killing him at the final moment!

In everyone's eyes, killing a powerful Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was impossible for a weak woman like her. However, she believed that it was not impossible!

Yet when she saw the person who had turned into Su Ming dodging the first two of her killing Runes without even having a single strand of his hair harmed, her confidence was shaken. By her calculations, while the first two Runes would not be able to kill Yun Lai, they could still cause him to freeze for a moment, and she would have time to execute her next moves.

But the things that happened now filled her heart with shock. Still, she lifted her right hand without any hesitation and pointed forward. Immediately, Runes appeared once again around Su Ming, and this time, there were thirty-six of them, and they practically covered the entire floor in the tower. Freezing air abruptly exploded, and the woman used that momentum as it swept her away to swiftly back away until she left the tower. She seemed to have made precise calculations in her retreat, exactly thirteen steps had been taken.

The instant she took her thirteenth step, she felt a bump under her foot. Once she stepped on it, light circled around the tower's courtyard, causing the entire area outside the tower to become a gigantic Rune!

It started rotating with loud rumbling sounds and turned into numerous black flames. They surrounded the tower and gathered together to turn into a black fire dragon that charged straight inside.

The moment the freezing air in the tower erupted, it turned into a humongous ice block. When it touched the fire dragon, cold and heat crashed into each other, and an astonishing power was born. A loud bang shot into the air. It should have echoed in all directions, but was strangely contained within the mountain and did not spread out.

The tower crumbled and the ice block exploded. The black flames had devoured everything, but the woman had still yet to let down her guard. As the ice tower exploded, she retreated once again until she was a hundred something feet away, as if she was swept away by the impact. She lifted her hand, and a jade skull appeared in her hand. She sat down cross-legged, pressed her palms on the skull, and a dark light appeared in her eyes.

The instant it started shining, the color of the jade skull she had her hands on instantly changed from white to black. At the same time, the entire mountain shuddered with a boom.

From ninety-nine spots in the mountain, ninety-nine rays of black light shot up. Bringing with them a powerful presence, they charged towards where the tower had been. Each of those ninety-nine rays of black light contained power equivalent to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. When they got closer, the dark light on the skull in the woman's hands shone once again, and immediately, the imposing presence of the rays of black light instantly increased exponentially, becoming equivalent to the power of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. They then instantly charged to the spot to the center of the previous explosion.

Su Ming had just walked out of the ice as it collapsed around him with a resigned expression on his face, when a serious look appeared on his face. The ninety-nine rays of black light were not strong in his eyes, but their speed and the spot where they were charging towards had sealed off all the possible spots where he could dodge.

However, that was not what made Su Ming serious. The reason behind that expression was because he had sensed a threat... from the sky!

Almost the instant Su Ming discovered that threat, killing intent shone in the woman's eyes, and she softly said a word.

"Su!"

The instant that word tumbled out of her lips, the setting sun in the sky that she had been watching serenely just moments ago and the one she had been looking at for most of her time every single day, gazing at it as if she could never get enough of it, suddenly grew much brighter!

The hundreds of spirit stones in the setting sun instantly shattered, and a powerful blast of light abruptly shot out right after the sun darkened. It shook the world, causing all the Southern Swamp Islanders go slack-jawed in shock!

That strong light seemed to have absorbed all the rays of the sun. It charged down swiftly, and with an incredibly fast speed, it rushed towards the mountain where the woman was, straight towards... Su Ming, who was in the Rune and among the ninety-nine black rays of light!

An intense bang caused the entire mountain to tremble. Thick fog surrounded where the tower had previously been, and people could only see a big sunken hole there. Everything else was unclear.

This was Han Cang Zi's true killing move. Everything beforehand was simply for the use of confusing her enemy, even the ninety-nine black rays of light had been used to achieve the same effect!

Perhaps this strong ray of light could still not kill a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but the woman still had other tricks up her sleeve. At that moment, she formed a seal with both her hands, and just as she was about to bite the tip of her tongue, suddenly, the jade skull under her right hand started shining with a dark light. Her body disappeared instantly and she appeared a hundred something feet away from where she had been previously. Perhaps it was just a coincidence, but she appeared right where Su Ming had previously traversed.

Su Ming took a step forward, right to where she had moved. There was a wry smile on his lips, but his gaze as he looked at the woman was filled with praise.

He did not expect that the meek woman from the past could lay out such a shocking murder plan while being only in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. If a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm stepped in here, then the slightest mistake could cause them to be grievously injured. Even a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find some trouble with this.

Every single one of her moves were calculated precisely and were all connected to each other. Su Ming could even imagine that if this woman continued executing her moves, then perhaps the entire Southern Swamp Island would be used as part of her plan, and an unimaginable change might happen to the island.

When he saw the woman standing a hundred something feet away and looking as if she was about to continue, Su Ming took a step forward, thinking of closing in on her, but right at the instant he was about to move, that woman gave up on casting her Art and instead brought out a black knife, placing it directly against her neck.

"Take one more step and I will kill myself! There's venom on this knife!" Han Cang Zi glared at Su Ming coldly as she declared coolly.

"Your level of cultivation has exceeded my expectations. I can't kill you, but since you turned into him, then you must be thinking of capturing me alive. If I died, then you will gain nothing!"

"I'm really Su Ming..."

Su Ming laughed wryly, but before he could finish speaking, the knife in Han Cang Zi's hands fell to the ground where she sat on the ground. Tears spilled from her eyes and she looked at Su Ming, stupefied. The aloofness in her eyes turned to gentleness.

"Su Ming... it's really you..." Su Ming saw pictures flashing in her pupils, and those pictures contained all of Su Ming's memories from the past twenty years!

This was Han Cang Zi's unique Art. As long as someone had touched an item or walked past a place before, she could use these to see everything in the person's past.

"Of course it's me. We haven't seen each other for twenty years, and you seriously left a deep impression on me this time. Are you really not scared that you'll die of poison?" Su Ming laughed wryly.

"If you aren't Su Ming, then I'd rather die. If you are Su Ming, you will naturally not let me die." Fang Cang Lan winked at him and smiled happily as she spoke.

Translator's Thoughts

Mogumoguchan Mogumoguchan

Preview to next chapter: She Said She Doesn't Want To

Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan have a bittersweet talk.

Yun Lai comes.

Badass moment for Fang Cang Lan.

Chapter 523: She Said She Doesn't Want To

As the sky darkened and the sun lost its rays, even the blue sky turned dark. Only starlight flickered in the sky, causing the land to also fuse into the obscure darkness.

This change along with the powerful ripples spreading out from Fang Cang Lan's mountain was like a bright flame burning in the darkness. All the people in Southern Swamp Island could feel it clearly.

The tower was no longer around at the top of the mountain, having turned into rubble. There was a deep pit on the ground. In fact, there were also faint and indistinct waves of freezing air around the area that were spreading in all directions.

Fang Cang Lan was sitting cross-legged on the ground and looking at Su Ming with a delighted smile on her face.

Su Ming took a few steps forward and sat down before her. His gaze fell on the woman's face. He had a vague feeling that he had returned to the past, it was just that the darkness around them caused his memories to also be faded and unclear.

"It's been a while." After a long time, Su Ming spoke softly.

"It hasn't been that long." Fang Cang Lan smiled softly and twirled a lock of hair. She put away the jade skull in her hand.

Su Ming looked at Fang Cang Lan. As he looked at the joy in her eyes and the face that existed in his memories, he suddenly did not know what he wanted to say. In this darkness, on this Southern Swamp Island that existed in the depths of the sea, the things that had happened in the past appeared before his eyes.

Time trickled by, and a long time seemed to have passed by. The smile on Fang Cang Lan's face gradually disappeared and turned into serenity. She sighed in her heart and gradually lowered her head. Just like Su Ming, she stayed silent.

"How is Han Mountain City?" Su Ming asked softly.

Fang Cang Lan closed her eyes and mumbled, "It's no longer there."

"Your tribe..."

"Has dispersed." Fang Cang Lan opened her eyes and looked at Su Ming, at the face she had never been able to forget for the past twenty years. This amount of time might not be long, but it was not short either. Besides, far too many things had happened during these twenty years.

The two of them fell silent once more in the darkness, as if they had nothing to say to each other.

After some time, Su Ming broke the silence. "Zi Yan told me the things the two of you went through during the past few years..."

Fang Cang Lan bit her bottom lip and whispered softly, "Senior sister Zi Yan has given up a lot for me, but I can't repay her."

"That's why you set up the murder plan just now to kill this person called Yun Lai?" Su Ming looked at the seemingly meek and gentle woman before him. She was just as he had seen her in the past. There was a tough attitude hidden under that meek demeanor of hers.

"It's a pity it's all wasted. I can't use it anymore." Fang Cang Lan lowered her head and looked at her hand. She suddenly lifted her head, and her glittering eyes fell on Su Ming's face.

"If I didn't have the divine ability that allows me to see other people's pasts and I didn't know the things that had happened to you over the past twenty years, would we have more to say to each other?"

Su Ming opened his mouth, as if he wanted to say something, but in the end chose to remain silent. This woman before him had loved him in the past, and she still loved him now, but he did not know how to respond to her. In fact, his impression of her in his heart was frozen as well, to that image of the past.

"We got to know each other when we were in Han Mountain City.

"We went to Freezing Sky Clan together.

"The seed of love Si Ma Xin planted in me was destroyed all those years ago thanks to you. You... don't owe me anything," Fang Cang Lan said softly. Her gentle voice echoed in the air around them, and it gave off the same feeling as the woman herself—they were both meek and delicate.

"We're friends." When Su Ming heard Fang Cang Lan's words, he spoke softly.

"Friends...? We're friends," Fang Cang Lan mumbled, and a smile appeared on her face once again, but that smile was a whole lot different compared to the smile she had showed him when she recognized him just then.

That smile was not one of joy but held a hint of anguish.

"I already know why you came here...

"Either you will take me away, or... don't bother about me." Fang Cang Lan closed her eyes again.

Su Ming fell silent.

"Since you won't take me away, then why did you come here? Isn't it better to just let me immerse myself in the world of my memories? Su Ming... go!" Fang Cang Lan still had her eyes closed, but there was a firm edge to her soft voice.

"I can't take you away from this place, but I can kill the person who is forcing you against your will." Su Ming looked at Fang Cang Lan and spoke with a low voice.

"I don't need it. Why would I be unwilling? If you're not taking me away, then I'll need to choose how I will survive." Fang Cang Lan's face was calm and her words were still as gentle as ever, but within that gentleness was grief. Su Ming could sense it.

He remained silent for a moment, then cast a complicated glance at Fang Cang Lan and stood up silently, walking away into the distance.

He could not accept Fang Cang Lan. It was not that this woman was not good enough. The problem lay with Su Ming himself. He did not want to have too many concerns tying him down. Love was something he had buried in Dark Mountain all those years ago. The women's words and actions during treasure gambling event in the World of Nine Yin had also let him see through even more things in the world.

"I'm really envious of Bai Su... I want to know, Su Ming, during all these years, which woman was the hardest for you to erase from your heart?" Fang Cang Lan's soft and gentle voice traveled from behind Su Ming.

His footstep halted for a moment, and the faces he had seen appeared in his eyes. There were some which were clear and some faint, but eventually, all of them faded away, none remained... If he had to say that there was one, then perhaps the girl called Bai Ling who had made his heart flutter when he was still a boy was the one who was still difficult for him to forget even to this date.

But that was already in the past.

"You are a heartless man... Su Ming..." Fang Cang Lan seemed to have already guessed what was in Su Ming's mind, and she spoke softly behind him.

'Perhaps,' Su Ming answered quietly in his heart. Besides Bai Ling, there were two other women who had left the deepest impression in his heart. One of them was Bai Su, and the other Tian Lan Meng.

However, Bai Su had not taken the path of return Su Ming had provided for her. While Tian Lan Meng's avoidance of his gaze and her subsequent silence in the World of Nine Yin had also caused that deep impression to gradually turn back to something normal.

When Su Ming left and Fang Cang Lan was the only one on the mountain, she quietly opened her eyes while sitting there. Tears fell down her face, causing the world in her sight to turn blurry.

"I can see other people's past, but not my own future..."

She whispered softly, and in her anguish, more tears fell from her eyes. When the person who she had always found hard to forget even during these twenty years appeared before her once again, their end was the same as before. Nothing much had changed.

'Perhaps forgetting is the best choice.' Fang Cang Lan lowered her head, but at the instant she dipped her head down, another person appeared on the mountain some distance away from her.

It was a man in a large robe. He was bald and his eyes shone with a dark light. He was filled with a devilish air, and he seemed to have fused together with the mountain under his feet.

He stared at Fang Cang Lan and the wreckage around her coldly before walking towards her.

His body was like an illusion. When he walked closer, the air around him started distorting, and it continued twisting until the man was a hundred feet away from Fang Cang Lan.

"This was prepared for me, right?" The man was naturally the person Zi Yan had spoken of, Yun Lai. Once he swept his gaze through the area, he cast a glance at the spot where the sun should have been, and his pupils shrank.

Fang Cang Lan lifted her head and looked at Yun Lai with a detached expression. She did not speak.

"The tower here before and the waves of ripples from the Runes within it should have been able to make me freeze for a moment when I was caught in them," Yun Lai stated calmly, and his gaze landed at the pit.

"After I walked out of the tower, I would step into another Rune. This Rune could freeze me, and even with my level of cultivation, I would be sealed for a moment." A hint of admiration appeared on Yun Lai's face, and he took another few steps closer.

"And then would come the ninety-nine sword aura from the mountain. Once it covered the entire area, it would make me be unable to find your true killing move falling from the sky." Yun Lai stood thirty feet away from Fang Cang Lan, and his gaze landed on her body.

"You must have other methods that you would continue executing until you killed me, too. Not bad! Not bad indeed! As expected of the woman I fancy. You have a calculative heart and a forbearing soul. But that b*tch Zi Yan should be involved in this as well, no?" Yun Lai suddenly laughed.

"I don't understand. Where does your hate towards me come from? If it wasn't for me, you would have met a miserable fate, and that b*tch Zi Yan would have been the same as well. If it wasn't for me, you would have become a ghost by now.

"The both of you just needed to pay a price for this. You'll simply become my concubine, that's all. This is a trade, why would you hate it? The strong prey on the weak, this is the law set by heaven itself. If you want to survive, if you want to obtain the protection from those who are powerful, then how could you not give up something in return?

"And I have been different to you compared to all the other women. If you are unwilling, I won't force you. Several years have passed since then, have I ever forced you into anything?" Yun Lai shook his head and asked slowly.

"Why are you asking when you already know the answer? The thing that you value in me is my skills and my divine abilities. I have also seen your memories, all those involved when you seemingly ran into me and my senior sister by pure coincidence.

"I've already helped you many times in the past. I won't even mention your ulterior motives and your schemes, but the times I've helped you are already enough for me to have repaid for your protection," Fang Cang Lan retorted calmly.

"It's not enough. I can't bear killing you like this. But I've changed my mind about that b*tch Zi Yan, I will take her back... As for you, I can forgive you, but you have no choice. You must come and become my concubine!" A glint appeared in Yun Lai's eyes. He took one step forward again, and there was now less than twenty feet between them.

"He has already left, you don't need to waste your time testing and explaining yourself." A hint of derision appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes.

"Also, the word 'must' does not exist in my dictionary. If I, Fang Cang Lan, am unwilling to do something, then I would rather die. And. I. Do. Not. Want. To. Be. Your. Concubine!"

Yun Lai narrowed his eyes and let out a cold harrumph. He lifted his foot and took another step forward, thinking of closing in on Fang Cang Lan.

But right at the instant he lifted his foot, suddenly, an incredibly aloof voice so cold that it felt like biting, freezing wind sweeping past his skin came from behind him.

"She said she doesn't want to, didn't you hear her?"

The instant that voice spoke up, Yun Lai turned around swiftly, and the first thing he saw was a person who had appeared behind him at some unknown point of time. He was dressed in long robes with a head full of black hair. He had a handsome face, but his expression was as cold as winter.

Yun Lai narrowed his eyes and circulated his power as a middle stage Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm through his entire body, causing the air around him to start distorting so violently that it seemed like it was about to be ripped apart. He stood there and stared at Su Ming, then suddenly smiled.

"It's rare to find a fellow powerful Berserker. If you like this woman, then I'm afraid I have been rude towards her."

Chapter 524: Unreasonable

As Yun Lai smiled, he even moved back a little and left the spot where Fang Cang Lan was to avoid any misunderstandings. In truth, he had already made preparations before he came to this place.

After all, he had already sensed the presence that swept through the entire Southern Swamp Island before seeing the change in the mountain where Fang Cang Lan was. Once he made the connections, he could guess what had happened pretty easily.

When he saw the layouts of the Runes and felt the remaining ripples in the air once he came over, he became wary of the mysterious person who had suddenly come to Southern Swamp Island.

Yun Lai had always been a cautious man and would not attack easily, especially in the face of an enemy he could not see through. Su Ming, who was standing before his eyes right then, was one such person.

Even if he thought that Fang Cang Lan was very important, the woman was too fierce and her divine abilities were strange. She might not have a high level of cultivation, but it was still enough to make it difficult for Yun Lai to make her submit to him. That was why he had chosen to be kind to her to win her heart. However, compared to offending the person before him, his cautious nature had made him choose to put this on hold.

In his mind, he had already humbled himself despite his level of cultivation, then this person should not choose to stir conflict with him. Then Yun Lai would have enough time to understand him. He had plenty of time in his hands for that.

This decisive surrender was why he could become the chief of an area before and after the calamity, and also the main reason why he could survive till now. If he came face to face with a fight he had no confidence in winning, he would try his best to not engage in battle.

It was just that he ran into Su Ming...

Su Ming's expression remained aloof. Almost at the instant Yun Lai spoke with a smile, he took a step forward, then like an arrow that left the bow, he arrived before him.

He was so quick that he closed in on the man in the blink of an eye. Yun Lai's expression changed, and he immediately took a few steps backwards, then lifted his right hand and waved his arm. Immediately, the distortions around him spread forward, charging straight towards Su Ming and crashing into the finger Su Ming had extended as he closed in on Yun Lai.

A loud bang echoed in the air. Su Ming's expression remained calm and golden light flashed around his entire body. In the midst of the rumbling sounds, his body did not move back even a single inch, and he simply bore through the rebounding waves with raw power before he continued moving forward.

As for Yun Lai, he felt a huge power tumbling backwards and crashing into him, and his body shook. It made him retreat a hundred something feet as rumbling sounds reverberated in the air. His face turned stark white, and he immediately lifted his head to glare at Su Ming, who was walking over.

"You're going overboard. I've already given up and handed over the woman to you! There are no grudges nor any form of enmity between us, why do you do this?!"

"I do not need a reason to kill," Su Ming said calmly. In his eyes, this Yun Lai had to die. Even if it was not for Fang Cang Lai, Zi Yan's words alone had already convinced Su Ming to kill this person.

If he really had to provide a reason, then it was because he wanted to be able to say that he had not turned a blind eye towards Zi Yan to his second senior brother. He believed that if his second senior brother was here, he would do the same.

With one move, he lifted his right hand and swiftly hurled his fist forward. That punch landed in the air, and shocking booms immediately rang out. Yun Lai let out a low growl and lifted his hands to form a seal. A layer of red fog immediately appeared before him.

The fog tumbled about and turned into numerous shadows. Each and every single one of them were women, and with piercing screeches, they pounced on Su Ming from all sides.

Once they were struck by Su Ming's fist in midair, the entire Southern Swamp Island trembled furiously, and all the shadows crumbled. Yun Lai's expression changed continuously, and he started charging back.

Su Ming walked out of the crumbling red fog and looked towards Yun Lai, who was already in midair and leaving this place. He lifted his right hand and seized the air. A gigantic vortex immediately appeared in the fake sky. That vortex rotated and charged

towards Su Ming's right hand with loud, rumbling sounds. In the blink of an eye, it arrived in his right hand as if he had caught hold of it, and he swung it towards the sky.

The instant he swung his hand, it was as if the vortex of wind exploded and turned into a violent gust of wind that lashed out in all directions. It caught up with the fleeing Yun Lai, and the moment it swept past him, light spilled out from Yun Lai's whole body. Once he bore through it with raw power, blood trickled down from the corners of his lips, and he paused for a moment.

At the same moment, Su Ming took a step forward with an expressionless face and disappeared. When he reappeared, he was already standing right before Yun Lai. Terror appeared in the man's eyes. When he had attacked just then, Yun Lai had immediately felt a strong offensive power erupting forth from Su Ming's body. It was such that he could not hope to stand against it. In fact, when he had thrown that one punch and one jab, Yun Lai had the impression that he had come face to face with the calamity that had fallen on South Morning all those years ago.

In his eyes, this person was completely unreasonable. He had already humbled himself, but this person still attacked. This made Yun Lai seethe in anger, but he could do nothing about it.

'Damn it. This person's level of cultivation is so high, and he's being completely unreasonable. This is...' When he saw Su Ming getting closer to him, a life-and-death sense of danger filled Yun Lai's heart and body. As he retreated hastily, he quickly spoke once again.

"Sir, let me speak! I may have protected this Fang Cang Lan for many years, but I've never touched even a single strand of hair on her head!

"As for that Zi Yan, if it wasn't for me, she would have died a long time ago in the chaos of the calamity. This is a trade, I didn't do anything wrong!"

Yun Lai's words did not make Su Ming stop for even a single moment. He simply continued calmly moving forward, and when he closed in once again, he waved his right hand, and bolts of lightning instantly swam in the air as thunder roared, and a dozen something balls of lightning appeared in the air. As they swam about, they fused together with the balls of lightning and charged straight towards Yun Lai.

"Sir, how could you be so unreasonable?! Do you really think that I'm afraid of you?!"

When Yun Lai saw that Su Ming had completely ignored his words, his pupils shrank. With a low roar, he stretched his arms apart, and immediately, his statue of the God of Berserkers appeared behind him. That statue had nine arms and three eyes at the center of its brows. Once it manifested itself, it swiftly grew larger. Dark light started flashing on its body, and it lifted all nine of its arms at the same time to press down on Su Ming.

At the same time, Yun Lai bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. It immediately exploded and turned into a layer of blood fog. Yun Lai stretched his right hand inside and seized at something. Then, an impressive, long, and blood-red blade was pulled out of the fog.

Once Yun Lai lifted it up, he sat down in the air and a string of incantations spilled out from his mouth. The long, blood-red blade hummed and murderous aura shot into the sky before spreading out. About a hundred souls of women surrounded that long blade, and it sliced down toward Su Ming.

Su Ming's expression was as calm as usual. The instant the statue closed in on him, he lifted his right hand and seized the air in its direction. The seemingly simple grasp immediately caused booming sounds to come from the entirety of the incoming statue. Cracks appeared on it, and the instant they spread out, Su Ming closed his hand into a fist, looking as if he had gripped something.

The statue immediately exploded with a loud bang, and red threads of aura spilled out from its body, charging towards Su Ming's right hand. That seize and grip was one of the divine abilities born of a binary opposite, which Su Ming had mastered in the Undying and Imperishable World.

At that moment, red aura surrounded Su Ming's arm. It looked like fog, and it was formed when Yun Lai's statue of the God of Berserkers shattered. There was also a large layer of red fog tumbling about before him. Within it was a long, blood-red blade, and it was charging straight towards him.

"Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice!" Su Ming said calmly.

His Nascent Divinity spread out abruptly and enveloped him before turning into his own Nascent Divinity's body. This Nascent Divinity stared at the long blade and a brilliant flash appeared in its eyes. The shadow of the incoming blade gradually appeared in his eyes. At the same time, the red aura tumbled about around Su Ming's right arm and also turned into a long red blade!

This was the Immortal's divine ability which Su Ming had obtained - Hong Luo's Nine Transformations Art, which was a part of the Nine Transformations, Ten Transfigurations, One Voice Art.

This Art was activated in an instant and turned into the long red blade in Su Ming's right hand. He lifted it up and sliced up towards the same long red blade that was coming down from the sky.

Rumbling sounds spread out, and the two long blades shattered completely together, but before the shards disappeared, Su Ming let out a breath, and that breath turned into a violent gust of wind that swept up the blood-red blade fragments to charge towards Yun Lai.

"Zong Ze! If I die, Southern Swamp Island will return to the surface of the sea! Are you still going to standby and do nothing?!"

Shock and terror appeared on Yun Lai's face. Su Ming's strength had far exceeded his expectations, and he was also shocked by the divine abilities Su Ming possessed. When he saw the blood-red blade fragments charging towards him with a sharp whistle, he hastily fled and immediately started shouting.

Almost the instant he let out that roar, a sigh echoed in the world, and Zong Ze took a step out of the air beside the retreating Yun Lai. The instant he walked out, he looked at Su Ming with a complicated gaze. Yun Lai continued fleeing behind him, charging straight towards his cave abode as his heart roared madly. He still had one killing move left, but he had to return to his cave abode before he could execute it with the help of the offerings there.

Zong Ze stood face to face against the incoming shard storm in the midst of all his mixed feelings. He lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and pushed forward. His body instantly touched the shard storm that was sweeping towards him, and booming sounds reverberated in the air.

Another person appeared behind Zong Ze. That person looked a little old, and judging by his looks, he was Zong Ze as well. Immediately after, another person appeared, and that person was also Zong Ze, but he looked even older.

Eight of these increasingly older figures appeared and stood in a line to resist the wind before they eventually fused together, turning back into Zong Ze. He spread his arms wide open, and a presence belonging to an End Shaman instantly turned into a screen of light that separated Su Ming and the rapidly fleeing Yun Lai.

"If my friend Yun Lai dies, then Southern Swamp will face a great change. There are thousands of Shamans and Berserkers on this island, please..."

Before Zong Ze could finish speaking, his pupils shrank and he immediately took a few steps backwards. His presence as an End Shaman shot up in his body once again, and at the same moment, he formed a seal with both his hands and tapped a few spots on his body before a dark light flickered in his eyes.

The reason behind his actions was because violet light had started flashing on Su Ming's body as he continued walking towards him. That violet light was like flowing water. Once it covered Su Ming's entire body, it turned into a set of violet armor. At the same time, Su Ming lifted his right hand, and during that process, that violet light spread out, and a long violet spear of several dozens of feet appeared in a stunning manner right before Zong Ze's eyes.

Power. Madness. Slaughter. These sensations ripped into Zong Ze's heart, causing a dazed expression to appear briefly in his eyes. It felt as if his heart and soul had been dragged into a vortex called the abyss.

The instant clarity returned to his eyes, he found himself facing a sight that he would never forget - a violet hue that filled the entire sky. He saw Su Ming rising his hand and tossing that long spear swiftly outwards. With a hum, it shot through the isolation light screen Zong Ze had placed up, and the light screen could not fight back even for a single moment. It exploded into pieces, and during that instant, the long spear turned into a purple shadow that surged into the sky and charged straight towards the clouds. It was so quick that it seemed like it had sliced through the world to pierce through the utterly shocked and terrified Yun Lai.

As he let out screams of pain, he exploded, and that long spear stabbed into an empty mountain in the distance with a bang. That mountain shuddered and was reduced to ashes...

Su Ming stood in midair. The violet light covering his entire body quickly faded away, and the armor changed to fine threads that seeped into his body. The long spear he had thrown out just now into the distance also turned into a ray of violet light that returned to Su Ming's hand. In the span of a breath, he returned to his normal self, and he wrapped his hand in his fist towards Zong Ze in an apology.

"Sorry, my hand slipped."

Translator's Thoughts

Mogumoguchan Mogumoguchan

Preview to next chapter: I'll Do One Thing

Zong Ze tells Su Ming about Scour Sieve Island

Chapter 525: I'll Do One Thing

Zong Ze sighed, and his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming became even more complicated. When they had first met in the past, Su Ming was still very weak, but even then, he had managed to attract his attention.

When they met again, that shocking power of cultivation and the strength that could seal the whole world with just a wave of his arm had shocked Zong Ze, but he had been able to tell vaguely that Su Ming was not himself when he was in that state!

Then there was their encounter this time. He met Su Ming once again, but this time, the shock Su Ming had brought to him had surpassed those two previous times. That was not because Su Ming's level of cultivation had surpassed Hong Luo's, but because Zong Ze could tell that this Su Ming who was standing before him was the real man himself!

They had met three times, and each time, he was different. Among all the people Zong Ze had met in his life, only Su Ming had been able to give him such intense feelings.

"Your carelessness this time has caused Southern Swamp Island to no longer know peace... From now on, the islanders who have survived through the calamity will have to face life threatening dangers once again and be hunted by Eastern Wastelanders..." Zong Ze did not look at the torn pieces of flesh left behind him, but let out a sigh instead.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak. Almost the instant he killed Yun Lai, he sensed a faint tremor traveling through the ground of the entire Southern Swamp Island.

Those tremors did not start off strong, but quickly turned into booming sounds. The man-made sky started flickering non-stop, flashes of brightness followed quickly by darkness. When Su Ming lifted his head to look, the man-made darkness let out a brilliant flash, and then the entire Southern Swamp Island was instantly illuminated. However, that light was like a flash of lightning that sliced through the sky before it disappeared without a trace.

Banging sounds came from above, and as the light faded away, the stars in the man-made sky started dimming in a manner as if they were all connected together. Eventually, they became dark once again, but the darkness at this moment and the darkness just moments ago were different in their very nature!

The darkness just moments ago was due to the man-made sky that had lost all the spiritual Qi needed for its operations, but the darkness right now was because of the change that had appeared in Southern Swamp Island. The man-made sky exploded. Although the protective screen still existed, the screen had become transparent, and the intense darkness that fell into Su Ming's eyes was... the color of the Dead Sea outside!

As he saw the darkness of the Dead Sea, Zong Ze too saw it, and Fang Cang Lan, who was standing on the mountain on the ground, did as well. All the Shamans and Berserkers living in Southern Swamp Island, too, saw it clearly.

Some of the people who had survived through the calamity had been lucky, but a lot more of them had experienced different trials and tribulations. These experiences varied, but there was one shocking similarity between all of them, and that was the unswerving determination that was born out of these experiences!

If they did not have determination, then it would be difficult for them to struggle and survive in this chaotic world. If they did not have determination, then it would be difficult for them to crawl out of death. If they did not have determination, it would be difficult for them to still be able to open their eyes after countless people had died in the Land of South Morning!

That was why even though this change had appeared in Southern Swamp Island, even though more than a few people had seen Yun Lai's death and Su Ming's appearance, they only had shock on their expressions. There was little panic evident in them, much less any form of commotion traveling out of their mouths.

Instead, they looked at the sky quietly and silently felt the tremors shaking the ground beneath their feet as Southern Swamp Island slowly rose to the surface of the sea.

Zi Yan looked at all of this with a stupefied expression as she stood in the crowd. The things that had happened were entirely within her expectations, but she did not expect that it would end up this way. She might have been Yun Lai's concubine before and believed that she knew a lot about him, but she still did not know that Southern Swamp Island's Rune was linked to his life!

Fang Cang Lan remained silent. She knew about the Rune being linked to Yun Lai's life. This was also the reason why she was confident she could kill or heavily injure Yun Lai through her multiple preparations. She also knew that the Rune in Southern Swamp Island would crumble after Yun Lai died, along with the fact that the island would once again appear on the surface of the sea after his death.

But... Firm resolution appeared in her eyes.

'Zi Yan has already suffered for me for many years. She might be together with Ya Mu now, but she doesn't know that she still has Yun Lai's seal in her body. She might look as if she has regained the freedom to live and die as she wishes, but in truth, her life is still in Yun Lai's hands.

'Zong Ze would not interfere much in this matter either, unless Ya Mu became a Latter Shaman... This is what I saw in Yun Lai's memories...

'If Zi Yan could suffer for me, then I could also bear living in infamy and being ridiculed for the rest of my life for her. Even if the entire Southern Swamp Island had to pay for this, as long as Zi Yan could obtain true freedom, it's worth it!'

This was what Fang Cang Lan had told herself in her heart when she set her plan to kill Yun Lai all those years ago.

There was a second stage to her plans, and she had already made detailed preparations for it. Once she killed or heavily injured Yun Lai, she would leave quietly with Zi Yan and head to other islands to begin a new life.

However, Su Ming's appearance had thrown all her plans into chaos...

Su Ming could feel the tremors in the island becoming more intense under his feet. Booming sounds rolled into the air from beneath him. He noticed Southern Swamp Island rising up, and in silence, he noticed the seawater at the depths of the Dead Sea looking as if it had been split apart. A massive area on the surface of the sea also sank down, and waves started rolling towards the edges of the pit.

In just a moment, with a shocking boom that shook the sky and earth, an island emerged from the very depths of the sea on the originally empty surface. The instant it appeared, a large amount of seawater rolled about, causing booming sounds to reverberate in the air. The people could see an arc shaped screen of light covering this island, and as it appeared on the sea, the light from the world outside instantly shot through and fell on the island!

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the clouds in the sky outside the screen of light, then listened to the roaring waves of the sea around him. Zong Ze's voice reached his ears.

"The crash of the Eastern Wastelands in our land caused South Morning to be split into pieces... turning into three much smaller continents and the numerous islands around the edges of these continents... The three much smaller continents are protected by Runes, prohibiting all outsiders from entering, as if they are sealed off.

"Besides the three much smaller continents there are numerous islands that vary in sizes. Most of these islands are uninhabited, and only some of them serve as a home for those who survived through the calamity, just like us.

"Compared to the three sealed off continents, those who live on the islands face a whole lot more dangers, and many of these dangers come from Eastern Wastelands instead of from the Dead Sea...

"Once South Morning shattered because of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands, a disaster also fell on the latter. Their continent also collapsed and many islands appeared, but since there were a lot more powerful warriors in Eastern Wastelands compared to South Morning, that was why the damage to their land was much smaller compared to ours, and their continent was not torn to pieces.

"There were too many casualties in South Morning, and Eastern Wastelands did not suffer much damage. This caused a huge disparity between our strengths. The Eastern Wastelanders hunt those of us from South Morning for entertainment. To them, all of us from South Morning are inferior, be it who are Shamans or Berserkers. Take for example, that Scour Sieve Festival of theirs. It is a bloody festival hosted by Scour Sieve Island, the biggest island located outside the Eastern Wastelands, and their aim is to hunt those of us from South Morning.

"This Scour Sieve Festival is hosted once every two years, and now... it's almost here. If Southern Swamp Island appears on the surface of the sea now, we'll definitely catch the attention of the Cultivators from Eastern Wasteland. Su Ming... you really shouldn't have killed Yun Lai." Zong Ze looked at the sky outside the screen of light, then at the sea around him, and there was a sense of age in his voice when he spoke.

"Sir Zong Ze, do you happen to have a map of the islands surrounding Eastern Wastelands, especially of Scour Sieve Island?" Su Ming turned his gaze away from the sky to look at Zong Ze as he asked calmly.

A brilliant sparkle appeared in Zong Ze's eyes and he looked at Su Ming with a stern expression on his face.

"Do you know that Scour Sieve Island is the biggest island outside Eastern Wastelands and that old Mo Luo¹ on the island has already reached the peak of the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and he is already halfway to attaining great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm? I fought against him once, and I lost. This person's divine abilities are unpredictable, and he also has the power of Great Yu Sky Palace. Based on your race's words, he is someone who has gone to Great Yu Dynasty before.

"Once this sort of person attains great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, then it would be the same as him reaching the pinnacle of being an End Shaman. That stage belongs to those who have the right to explore becoming Hollow Shamans.

"You do indeed have extraordinary power, but do you have confidence to be able to fight against him?" Zong Ze asked solemnly.

"I once heard from someone that among your Medial, Latter, and End Shamans, the End Shamans have power that is equivalent to the Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. Is that true?" Su Ming did not answer Zong Ze's question, but instead threw out his question lightly.

"In theory, that is true. But in truth, the Berserkers' constitution has a long history and serves the main cultivation system for Berserkers after the first God of Berserkers created it, but the Shamans' constitution was created by our Lord of Nine Li after he discarded his identity as a Berserker all those years ago.

"Due to the strangeness of our divine abilities, all our Realms that are below End are stronger than the Berserkers', but... if we compare the Berserkers who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm to End Shamans, then End Shamans... are not their opponents.

"If I truly go and fight against them, then with my experience, I can tell that I will be able to fight against a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but I cannot win against those who have attained great completion. In fact, even if the old Mo Luo is

halfway through attaining great completion, since he has mastered the power of Great Yu, I still cannot hope to be his opponent.

"Unless, that is... a Hollow Shaman like the Great Patriarch appeared among us Shamans again!"

Su Ming nodded his head. He did not speak.

"From what I know, besides the old Mo Luo, this Scour Sieve Island also has an End Shaman, Bao Shan, the traitor of our people... and there are also three Berserkers in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm who are as powerful as Yun Lai. There are also quite a number of Berserkers in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm and Latter Shamans who are still affiliated with our precious mountain.

"This sort of strength is simply not something we can stand up against. That is why most of the islands around this area, including Southern Swamp Island, have decided to hide," Zong Ze stated in a low voice.

"Senior Zong Ze, how many years do you have left?" Su Ming suddenly asked.

Zong Ze fell silent, and after a long while, he closed his eyes. The aura of death he had hidden in his body became a little more distinct.

"Less than ten years."

"I am a Berserker. I have lived in the land of Shamans for many years. Now, after the calamity that fell on South Morning, the Shamans and Berserkers have fused together..."

Su Ming's gaze landed on Zong Ze, and he slowly shifted his eyes away. He looked towards Fang Cang Lan, whose expression was filled with a complicated array of emotions, then at the Shamans and Berserkers who had walked out of their own cave abodes.

"I have not done anything for the Berserkers before... Now, let me do one thing for all of you." Su Ming looked at all these people, who were dressed in ragged clothing, looked at them needing to hide themselves even though they had survived through the calamity, and all of this... was because of Eastern Wastelands...

Chapter 526: Eldest Senior Brother's Whereabouts!

As Southern Swamp Island appeared on the surface of the sea, seawater started churning in all directions. The Shamans and Berserkers behind the screen of light in the island stared wordlessly at Su Ming and Zong Ze, who were both standing in the sky.

Zong Ze lifted his right hand, and a jade slip immediately appeared on his palm. He flung it towards Su Ming, and the jade slip turned into a long arc that instantly appeared before Su Ming. Once he caught it in his hands, he looked at it carefully.

It was a simple map, and where South Morning originally was were three smaller continents. Each of them was separated by the Dead Sea. They might be called continents, but were really just slightly larger islands.

Around the area near Eastern Wastelands was an endless amount of islands. There was also quite a number of them located at the edge of continent as well. One of them was an island that was several times the size of Southern Swamp. The words 'Scour Sieve' were written on top of it.

"It's difficult for me to leave this land, so I can't go with you. I can only... give you a bow as a plea for you to do this and as a sign of gratitude for this matter." Zong Ze looked at Su Ming, and the complicated look in his eyes gradually turned to a regretful one as he wrapped his fist in the palm and bowed towards Su Ming.

"Sir Zong Ze, please tell me, did my eldest senior brother come to the land of the Shamans in the past?" Su Ming averted his gaze from the jade slip and looked at Zong Ze before he suddenly threw this question out of the blue.

"The Young Lord came to Autumn Sea Tribe before the calamity, but he didn't go to the God of Shamans Temple. Instead... when the calamity fell on our heads, he went to Eastern Wastelands..." Zong Ze said deeply.

Su Ming frowned.

"From what I know, the Young Lord went to Eastern Wastelands because of his Master, who went there many years ago and never returned. It seems like something had happened there." Zong Ze fell silent for a moment, but in the end, he still said those words.

He knew about the relationship between Nine Li's Young Lord and Su Ming. He couldn't hide this from him.

Su Ming lifted his head swiftly and looked towards Zong Ze.

"Please tell me in detail, senior Zong Ze."

"I didn't learn the details because the Shamans and Berserkers were at war at that time, but from what I understand, senior Tian Xie Zi passed through the Dead Sea alone and

went to Eastern Wastelands. It seems like he wanted to try and prevent this calamity, but... he never returned. But the date of the calamity falling on us had indeed been pushed back considerably.

"I remember that the Young Lord stood on a mountain for the entire night before he went to Eastern Wastelands. He held a broken wooden plate in his hands, and his face was filled with sorrow..." Zong Ze looked at Su Ming and spoke softly.

A shudder ran through Su Ming's body, and a bang instantly went off in his head. He could tell that Zong Ze was not lying, and there was no need for him to lie about this either. A picture appeared in his head.

In that picture, he saw the waves in the vast sea surging into the sky. On a mountain towering into the clouds, he saw his eldest senior brother standing silently, looking at the roaring Dead Sea as it came rushing forth from the distance and at the gigantic Eastern Wastelands charging forward to this place from far, far away. His face was filled with sorrow, and in his hands he held a wooden plate. On that wooden plate were three words - Tian Xie Zi!

There were cracks on that wooden plate, and it looked as if it were about to shatter at any moment...

As the seawater roared and Eastern Wastelands crashed into the continent, by his lonesome, eldest senior brother stepped into the air, and with his sorrow, he flew towards Eastern Wastelands!

"Master! Eldest senior brother!" Su Ming turned his head around and looked towards the direction where Eastern Wastelands laid. A crazed killing intent burned in his eyes.

He did not want to think about this too much. He was afraid that the more he thought about it, the more answers he would get, and the more he would feel that he had lost.

He suddenly understood what Zi Yan had meant when she said that his second senior brother had left the ninth summit and never returned. He had been slightly puzzled when he first heard it, because his second senior brother loved the ninth summit. The ninth summit was his home, and unless something as serious as the world collapsing happened, he would definitely not leave it!

But he still left, and... he never returned. Su Ming had originally been wondering where he went, but now, he was absolutely certain that his second senior brother... had gone to Eastern Wastelands!

He went to search for his Master!

His eldest senior brother also left for the same reason, to search for their Master. Perhaps he had even gone off to search for his second junior brother as well!

"What about Hu Zi...? Is he still in the ninth summit...?" Su Ming mumbled under his breath.

He suddenly had a great urge to return to the ninth summit. He wanted to see whether Hu Zi was still around, then he would go to Eastern Wastelands. Over there, he would search for his eldest senior brother and his second senior brother's traces, and he would find them. Then, they would look for their Master together!

Zong Ze looked at Su Ming. This young man who had given him three different kinds of feelings during the three times they had met reminded him of the Young Lord of Nine Li. He remembered the person who had left for Eastern Wastelands, and also remembered his very own Autumn Sea Tribe, now dispersed. Most of his tribe members were scattered as well. Then he remembered his few remaining years of life, and remembered how great and awe-inspiring he had been when he was younger.

Gradually, Zong Ze turned around and left with a melancholic expression.

The sky slowly darkened. Waves upon waves of water crashed onto the surface of the sea, creating splashing sounds. Su Ming sat on a mountain and looked towards the darkness in the distance without a single word.

At some point in time, Fang Cang Lan walked out from the darkness and approached him from behind. She looked at Su Ming gently, but did not speak, simply sat down next to him.

The seawater created rushing sounds. The world was covered in darkness. There were no words, no exchange of gazes between the two people. Fang Cang Lan simply stayed beside Su Ming quietly on the mountain throughout the entire night.

When light started shining through the gray clouds in the sky, Su Ming, who had immersed himself in his many thoughts, with the ninth summit constantly appearing in his mind, closed his eyes.

"Thank you," he whispered softly.

Fang Cang Lan did not speak. She simply looked in the distance. It might still be dim, but the sky was still much brighter than complete darkness. She shook her head.

"If you don't want to stay on Southern Swamp Island, you can leave with Zi Yan to the Fated Kin's island. She knows where it is." Su Ming opened his eyes and looked at the woman who had stayed with him for the entire night. He looked at her side profile; her face was breathtakingly beautiful.

"You don't need to worry about me. My level of cultivation might not be high, but I've prepared a lot of backup plans, and they're all laid out in great detail. I won't run into any dangers that I can't solve.

"But you, though... That Scour Sieve Island..." Fang Cang Lan turned her head around, and she fixed her beautiful eyes on Su Ming.

"I know that Yun Lai had been refining an Enchanted Treasure. He needed my divine ability to be able to activate it fully. The origin of this treasure is unknown, but if you bring it over here..." Fang Cang Lan immediately said, and Su Ming could see the concern as well as worry clearly on her face.

"I won't need it. Since it needs your divine ability to be activated fully, then you can also use it."

"But..." Anxiety rushed through Fang Cang Lan's system, and just as she was about to continue, a smile appeared on Su Ming's lips. It was very faint, but there was a wave of confidence contained within.

"The twenty years of memories you saw were only fragments. You didn't see everything." He looked at her and the smile stayed on his lips.

Fang Cang Lan was taken aback, but she quickly remembered how Yun Lai had been completely unable to fight back against Su Ming despite his strength. That sort of power had already surpassed Fang Cang Lan's understanding.

"You... What is your level of cultivation now?" Fang Cang Lan remained silent for a while before she asked softly.

"Bone Sacrifice." Su Ming looked towards her.

"That's impossible..." Fang Cang Lan eyes went wide. A dark light shone in them, and as she lifted her right hand, the jade skull appeared on her palm. Once she pressed her hand against it, she lifted her left hand and held Su Ming's hand, then closed her eyes.

Su Ming did not shake her off. After a moment, Fang Cang Lan trembled, and her eyes flew open.

"The Candle Dragon's blessing... Sacrificing all the bones in your body..." she mumbled, then looked at Su Ming with disbelieving eyes.

Su Ming did not speak. He simply nodded.

Fang Cang Lan only recovered from her shock after some time. She looked at him, and her eyes shone increasingly brighter, but she seemed slightly hesitant. She bit her lip, and after a moment, a grim expression appeared on her face and she spoke softly.

"Su Ming, do you remember when we first met? At that time, after you left my brother's place, I... saw your memories."

Su Ming remained calm. How could he have forgotten about this? That had been the first time he began suspecting his own identity, and all of this was due to Fang Cang Lan's compassion as well as her muttering those words that he could not understand back then.

"Destiny, huh...?" he said lightly.

"You... already know?" The pity that had appeared in her eyes all those years ago gradually surfaced once again as she asked softly.

"I saw you living through fifty years of your life in a void... I also saw you chained up, up till the moment of your death..." After keeping that secret for twenty odd years in her heart, Fang Cang Lan finally told Su Ming about it.

"I saw them calling you Destiny... I saw you dying hundreds of times... I also saw a place called Dark Mountain. But when I wanted to continue looking, a power from another world destroyed my ability.

"That power was too strong, and there was no way I could hope to fight back against it. I could feel the power trying to destroy it, because I saw something I shouldn't have.

"But for some unknown reason, when that power wanted to wipe out my existence, it disappeared..." Fang Cang Lan muttered. Still holding Su Ming's hand, she closed her eyes once more.

The instant she did so, a bang went off in Su Ming's head, and flowing pictures appeared in his mind. Those pictures were everything that Fang Cang Lan had seen in the past.

"Over these twenty years, my level of cultivation rose incredibly quickly, and the main reason for it was because of that power that tried to destroy me when I was reading through your memories. I slowly discovered that it did not disappear, but remained within me...

"I want to help you. I want to let you know just what you lost, and just how many of your true memories have been changed or sealed. That's why I've been training so diligently to fuse with that power... I want to practice this unique divine ability of mine until I reach perfection. I always believed that someday, I would definitely be able to help you.

"If you trust me, then let me try looking one more time... into your past memories..."

Fang Cang Lan's mutters echoed in Su Ming's ears. In silence, he gradually relaxed his mind, and under Fang Cang Lan's guidance, they both began going back to the past that had returned to the passage of time.

Right before Su Ming's eyes, the void appeared, the him that was shackled by chains, the gigantic head, the person sitting on top of the head, as well as that one sentence...

"You... truly disappoint me..."

He did not know how much time had passed, but at some point, Su Ming's eyes flew open, and Fang Cang Lan shuddered before him. A mouthful of blood spilled out of her mouth.

Su Ming stretched out his left hand and dragged her behind himself before lifting his right hand and throwing a punch towards the spot where she had sat moments ago without any hesitation.

That one punch immediately caused the air to begin distorting, and a cold harrumph that seemed to come from a place far away abruptly traveled forth!

Chapter 527: Elder, Who... Are You?

The instant Su Ming threw that punch forward, a cold harrumph from the air shot up. A violent bang reverberated in the air. An intense shudder ran through Su Ming's entire body, and rumbling sounds made it seem as if he was about to shatter and collapse came from his entire person. With Fang Cang Lan in his grip, he tumbled backwards without any hesitation and disappeared instantly. When they reappeared, they were already thousands of feet away.

Fang Cang Lan's face turned pale, but determination could be seen on her face. When Su Ming pulled her away, she lifted her hand without any hint of panic and pointed forward with one finger.

The protective screen of light outside Southern Swamp Island started shining with a brilliant light that spilled out in all directions before gathering to one point and turning to a powerful ray of light that went charging towards the illusory figure before Su Ming.

They crashed into each other in an instant, and as booming sounds reverberated in the air, Su Ming let go of Fang Cang Lan's hand with a grim face. All his power of Bone Sacrifice erupted forth from his body, and he took a step towards the illusory figure.

Almost the instant he took that step, Fang Cang Lan immediately sat down by the side without caring about how dangerous the place was, neither was she worried about Su Ming being distracted. Instead, she closed her eyes, and after casting some unknown divine ability, she suddenly cried out.

"Thirty-two feet to his left. Seventy-nine feet to his right. Two hundred forty-eight feet to his front. These are his dimensional realm loci!"

The instant Fang Cang Lan said those words, the eyes of the semi-transparent figure charging towards Su Ming flashed and he looked straight towards her. When that illusory figure closed in, golden light shone about Su Ming's body, and he pointed towards the spot thirty-two feet away from the figure's left. A cracking sound immediately rang in the air, and the transparent figure froze momentarily.

The instant it froze up, Su Ming laid out his right palm straight and pressed towards his right. A strong force moved to the spot seventy-nine feet away from the figure's right. Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and the cracking sounds rang out once again. The transparent figure let out a low growl and lifted his arms as if he was about to form a seal. He did not go on to attack Su Ming, but pushed his palms in Fang Cang Lan's direction!

Right at that moment, Su Ming formed his left hand into a fist and hurled a punch straight towards the third dimensional realm locus, exactly Two hundred forty-eight feet before that figure. The instant his punch landed, the area around the semi-transparent figure distorted, and as if space itself was collapsing, a large suction force appeared, causing the figure to be instantly sucked inside, disappearing without a trace.

Yet even though it disappeared, the killing intent within the palm strike aimed towards Fang Cang Lan after it formed that seal still remained, and it was about to touch her.

With Fang Cang Lan's power, there was no way she could possibly dodge that strike. She lifted her head and looked towards Su Ming. There was a look in her eyes saying that she did not want to part with him, but she was smiling.

When everything seemed to have been set in stone and could not be changed, a sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes and he lifted his left hand to point towards the sky while pushing his right hand in the direction of the ground.

"The past... the future..."

As Su Ming whispered, shadows of himself overlapped and intersected with each other. Time seemed to be flowing backwards around them, and the entire world froze at that instant. The palm strike closing in on Fang Cang Lan also froze, and even began showing signs of reversing.

Su Ming did not hesitate. He took a step forward and warped, appearing right before Fang Cang Lan. When he lifted his right hand, time was restored, and during that instant, the movement for everything around them increased, as if these things wanted to catch up to for the time they had lost.

The palm strike crashed into Su Ming's right hand. With a shocking boom rising into the air, the palm strike shattered. A trickle of blood flowed out of Su Ming's mouth, but he continued standing there and did not move, because right behind him was Fang Cang Lan, a woman who had been exposed to a life-threatening crisis because of him.

Fang Cang Lan stared at the figure before her with a dazed expression, and the gentleness in her eyes grew stronger with each passing moment.

The disappearance of that palm strike caused the air around them to return to normal. Yet strangely, even though there was such a strong ripple of power in this place and such a loud bang in the air, no one in Southern Swamp Island caught on. It was as if they did not hear or feel anything.

"This is that power I was talking about. But it has a bit more intelligence compared to last time..." Fang Cang Lan spoke softly and stood up, walking up to Su Ming and wiping away the blood at the corners of his mouth.

But the instant her hands touched Su Ming's blood, that blood on her finger started rotting away and turning black in the blink of an eye. Soon, it turned into a wave of aura of death that spread out, causing both Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan to be stunned by the sight.

Her eyes went wide. She did not know what had happened. When she lifted her head to look towards Su Ming, she saw a hint of grief in his eyes.

Her heart lurched in her chest, but just as she was about to ask, Su Ming closed his eyes.

Su Ming was not unfamiliar with that semi-transparent figure. He felt a hint of Di Tian's presence on that figure just now, but that presence had been incredibly faint, and it felt as if it had come forth through an endless amount of dimensions.

When Fang Cang Lan activated her divine ability in an attempt to help Su Ming probe deeper into his memories, they failed, and had even attracted Di Tian's presence over. If Su Ming had still been the same as he was before, then Fang Cang Lan would have definitely died.

"Dimensional realm locus... Is that the name for the three spots that were connected to the space here just now that allowed that semi-transparent figure to come here?" Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards Fang Cang Lan.

"How did you learn about them?" he asked calmly.

"I... I don't know either. The instant I sensed that presence coming, I saw those three spots around him. He seemed to have also used those three spots to arrive to this place.

"The distance between him and those three spots would never change."

Confusion appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes as she whispered. She was still caught in the sight of witnessing Su Ming's blood turn black before changing into the aura of death on her finger.

Su Ming's expression grew more complicated. The sight of his blood turning into the aura of death kept repeating itself in his head, along with the three spots Fang Cang Lan had mentioned just now.

After a long while, Fang Cang Lan looked towards Su Ming and bit her bottom lip.

"Why did your blood turn that way on my hand?"

"I'm tired, Cang Lan." Su Ming then fell silent and sat down cross-legged on the ground and slowly closed his eyes.

Fang Cang Lan stood by the side quietly for a long while before she discovered, in her anguish, that this Su Ming was different from the Su Ming she knew in the past. Right now, his emotions changed constantly, and he swung between moments of friendliness and aloofness.

'All of this must be related to his blood turning into the aura of death on my finger. I will definitely find the reason behind this!' Determination appeared in Fang Cang Lan's eyes. She cast Su Ming a glance before turning around and leaving.

As she was leaving, she did not hear him mumble his next words.

"Thank you, Cang Lan."

Su Ming had originally planned to ask Fang Cang Lan to use her unique abilities to look into the memories of Di Tian's servant, whom he had captured, but the sight just now made him temporarily give up on this idea.

It was far too easy for unforeseen circumstances to happen in this matter. Su Ming knew that if they attracted that semi-transparent figure containing a hint of Di Tian's presence here again, it would be difficult for him to protect Fang Cang Lan with his current level of cultivation, especially when it would definitely come prepared this time.

He sat quietly and looked at the sky turning dark, then at the darkness gradually disappearing to welcome a new day. During these few days, the islanders had been repeatedly fortifying the Rune under Zong Ze's arrangements. They tried to make the island sink into the bottom of the sea once again. It was not impossible, but they needed time to be able to do so.

Su Ming was not worried about Fang Cang Lan. This woman had changed greatly, and his impression of her changed a lot from what it was in the past. It did not matter whether it was her intelligence or her decisiveness, with these things along with her strange divine abilities, they were enough to ensure her safety, despite her low level of cultivation.

After all, this was a woman who would dare to try to kill a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm even though she was only in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. Su Ming would not dare to underestimate this sort of person.

Besides...

"This is the first time I've seen such a person like you. I wonder how many are there in the land of the Berserkers who are like you...?" Su Ming mumbled to himself.

The instant his blood turned into the aura of death on Fang Cang Lan's finger, he was reminded of the moment he flew out of the vortex with the ancient bronze sword from the True Sacred Yin Realm, and how he had felt as if he was nearly drowned by a thick wave of aura of death the moment he saw the stars and the galaxy.

If he minimized that feeling several times and turned it into a drop of blood, then it would be exactly like what he saw on Fang Cang Lan's finger just now.

"32, 79, 248..."

Su Ming looked at the horizon connecting the sky and the sea in the distance and mumbled under his breath. His expression grew more complicated with each passing moment, and a nostalgic look appeared in his eyes as he uttered those three so called dimensional realm loci.

When Fang Cang Lan had first mentioned those three spots, Su Ming had not thought much about them, but once his blood turned into the aura of death, he had been stunned, and those three numbers began appearing in his head nonstop.

He had a vague feeling that these three numbers were familiar. Very familiar... That sense of familiarity was the sort that was carved into his soul, engraved into his bones. It was a sort of familiarity that he would never forget.

"If there is a fourth dimensional realm locus, then would it be located 371 feet away...? If there is a fifth, would it be located 563 feet away...? If there is a sixth dimensional realm locus, would that be a spot 781 feet away...?" he whispered to himself softly in agony. How could he forget these six numbers? How could he not be familiar with them?!

'32, 79, 248, 371, 563, 781... Elder, what were you trying to tell me...? You gave me these six numbers when we were in Wind Stream Tribe before I went to climb those

stairs on their sacred mountain. You asked me to remember them well, and I originally thought they were just locations for me to rest, but now... only now do I know that they aren't...' Su Ming closed his eyes, and tears fell down his cheeks.

'Elder... are you... really my elder...? Are you really Dark Mountain Tribe's elder...? Are you really the elder who taught me how to be a person since I was young, taught me how to exercise caution, taught me how to reason, taught me how to fight...?'

'Elder, who... are you?' More tears fell from Su Ming's tightly shut eyes. 'Elder, is Dark Mountain real? Are Bei Ling, Lei Chen, Wu La, Bai Ling... Are all of them real?'

Su Ming opened his eyes and looked towards the sky and the sea. He looked into the distance just like that until his tears became dry, until a thick wave of sorrow appeared and found permanent residence in his body, until he stood up and did not even cast a glance at the woman who had been watching him over these past few days from another mountain far away.

He took a step into the sky.

Chapter 528: Why Should I Cherish this Life and not Defy the World?!

"The place where I was born still did things according to the laws of the universe. When I was born, the Berserkers had weakened..." Su Ming took a step forward and walked onto air. Sorrow could be seen on his face, and loneliness could be felt coming from his body as he mumbled under his breath.

"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 world is broken and torn to shreds. When a person is lost, his path home grieves for him..."

"If the heavens have eyes, then why do they never see that my world is plunged into eternal darkness? If the deities have souls, then why did they divide the sky and seas to the south and north?"

"I kept my duty to the heavens, so why did they not let me see the darkness of night? I kept my duty to the deities, so why did they tear me into pieces and scatter my memories?!"

"I yearn for my home all day and night, I am forced to wander and cannot see the pain of the heavens... I yearn for my family and friends, but where are they? Their souls yearn for me, but we are separated by death!

"Reality and fantasy cannot be differentiated, and Dark Mountain is too far away! We live and we die in this world, but where is my place in all of it?! I cry tears of blood when I lift my head, and tell me, why should I cherish this life and not defy the world?!"

Su Ming lifted his head and roared. His voice sounded like thunder rumbling, causing the clouds in the sky to tumble backwards, and a slim ray of sunlight shot through the thinned out layers of clouds.

When the sunlight descended, Su Ming took a huge step forward and charged towards Scour Sieve Island.

Killing intent and murderous aura filled his entire body. The sorrow brought by the six numbers, the confusion behind whether Dark Mountain was real or simply a fake, and the aura of death that had transformed from his drop of blood on Fang Cang Lan's fingertips, all of these things made Su Ming begin laughing loudly as he continued moving forward.

His laughter rang through the air, but it was filled with a freezing chill!

He laughed at the heavens, laughed at the world, laughed at his own life, laughed at Di Tian's intentions!

'I cry tears of blood when I lift my head, and tell me, why should I cherish this life and not defy the world?'

"Who am I? It doesn't matter whether I am Su Ming or Destiny. I don't know who I am, but I know that no matter how big this world is, I will be the one who will control my own fate!

"Who am I? Is that really important...?"

Su Ming threw up his head and laughed. He understood now. All the life and death experiences he had gone through had allowed him to grow. He had even come to understand the secrets of Dark Mountain on Southern Swamp Island, had seen how different Fang Cang Lan had become, and all of this had allowed him to understand!

"It's not important. What is important is that I exist! What is important is that I will exist forever! What is important is that I will tear apart this mystery with all my power! What is important is that I will crush all of these things under my heel!

"I am not me!

"I am me!"

There was a wave of wild arrogance in Su Ming's laughter, along with a wave of sorrow that was hidden beneath. When a person found that the things he treasured the most might possibly be fake time and again, how would he end up...?

Either he would give up, or... he would rise!

"What is reality, and what is fantasy? So what if it's reality? So what if it's fantasy?!"

Su Ming charged forth, and wherever he went, the world would rumble. Under his extreme speed, the giants in the sea dared not lift their heads, the birds in the sky dared not get closer, and all the living beings around him did not dare look at him!

"Since you call me Destiny, then I, Su Ming, will be your Destiny!"

"And if you call me Su Ming, then from now on, I will still be Su Ming!"

Su Ming let out a long string of laughter towards the sky. His killing intent and murderous aura became even thicker as he laughed, surging towards the sky and pushing the layers of clouds to charge straight towards Eastern Wasteland's Scour Sieve Island!

As he rushed forward under that extreme speed, he did not see that woman who still remained on the now distant Southern Swamp Island, did not see the Fated Kin worship his statue on their island, neither did he see Hu Zi roaring towards the sky in fury and in endless suffering on the ninth summit in the land of the Berserkers.

Nor did he see the relocation gate deep in the depths of the ground that would lead him to another place. In that place was a frozen world, and in that frozen world was the buried Great Yu Imperial City. In that city was a tall altar, and on that altar was the frozen Court Diviner of Great Yu. Right before him was a ferocious beast's spine, and on it... were a line of words that were carved into the spine before the old man died!

"When you learn who you are, you... are no longer you!"

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

Besides these sentences, the things Great Yu's Court Diviner had seen in the past with those gray eyes that could no longer see the world had all turned into a faint, loving smile filled with compassion and expectation.

Su Ming had not seen that smile clearly when he came, but if he had been able to see it, then he would have definitely been shocked to the core and his mind would have definitely gone blank with loud rumbles occupying his thoughts... and tears would have

absolutely fallen from his eyes as he stood before Great Yu's Court Diviner on the frozen altar.

Because Su Ming would never forget that smile, that loving smile...

He did not think about who he was. It did not matter whether he was a Berserker or a Shaman, Su Ming or Destiny. It did not matter where he came from or whether he was alive or dead. It did not matter whether this place was truly the land of the Berserkers or just that so called Yin's Death Region.

He did not bother about these things. The only thing he cared about right then was what laid right before his eyes. The only things he cared about were the ninth summit and the Scour Sieve Festival that was held once every two years. He was going to help all the people of South Morning get rid of this festival!

Get rid of it forever!

He was going to tell the Cultivators in Eastern Wastelands... that there were also powerful warriors in South Morning after the calamity, and he would not let anyone trespass their land!

With that killing intent burning within him, Su Ming's speed reached its peak. Several days later, as the sky turned bright and dark before the process repeated itself, as rumbling sounds continued traveling from the clouds, as the rain falling from the sky was dragged out and pulled into a long river of water in the sky by Su Ming as he continued onward with that extreme speed, a gigantic island appeared before his eyes!

A screen of light flashed outside it with a variety of colors. There was also a great power coming from it. There were seven small islands around that big island, looking as if they were stars surrounding the moon, like guards protecting their master.

Waves upon waves of powerful presences faintly traveled forth from the main island. If the screen of light had not been around, those presences would spread out without any filter. Yet even so, it was enough to intimidate all the people who came, as well as the ferocious beasts in the Dead Sea.

The island was shaped in the form of a crescent moon. Numerous pompous buildings built of jade and marble could be seen there, and the island itself was decorated extravagantly. Su Ming also could see a large number of Eastern Wasteland Cultivators moving about on the ground. It was an incredibly lively sight.

Even though the Scour Sieve Festival still had yet to begin, the preparations for it were already on the way!

Su Ming did not even attempt to hide his arrival a single bit. That was why the moment he closed in on the island, the long arc he brought along with him in the sky startled all the people on Scour Sieve Island!

"I, Su Ming of South Morning, have come to Scour Sieve Island to destroy your island. When I leave, blood will be flowing through this island in rivers, and you will all serve as a warning for Eastern Wastelands!"

Without holding anything back, he swiftly spread out his great divine sense and sent it crashing right down on the island!

His voice instantly caused thunder to roar down below, and the moment all the people heard his words, that long river of rain that Su Ming had brought along behind him charged forth with a howl, and like the river of heaven spilling down from the sky, it rammed straight down on Scour Sieve Island's protective screen of light.

Right before everyone's eyes, the river from heaven fell on them!

Right before everyone's eyes, rain poured down on them like arrows!

Right before everyone's eyes, the Dead Sea roared!

Right before everyone's eyes, the world shattered!

Chapter 529: Island Destruction! (1)

Su Ming's voice reverberated in the air above Scour Sieve Island, and as it shook it, an endless wave of echoes stirred up in the sky. As those echoes spread out and the river crashed into the island, the land seemed to have let out a thunderous roar that fell into the ears of all the people on the island.

That voice was as cold as snow. That voice burned with a killing intent that surged into the skies. That voice also exuded a terrifying intent to destroy everything, causing most of all the people who heard it to feel greatly shaken. As they lifted their heads, they saw the shocking sight of the long river of rain filling the entire sky and crashing down on the protective screen of light on their island.

Scour Sieve Island was one of the bigger islands among all those surrounding Eastern Wastelands. But it had originally not existed. It only came into being when the great continent crashed into South Morning and its top layer shattered.

Later on, these islands were taken over by all the Eastern Wastelands Cultivators who had been unable to go back to their mainland due to all sorts of reasons. They turned these islands into their paradise. These Cultivators had all sorts of backgrounds. Some of them were people who had too much blood on their hands and could not return to the mainland. Some of them were people who had betrayed their clans or tribes, and some of them were people who trained on their own.

The people whose hands were stained with blood were everywhere. They were brutal, bloodthirsty, and it was as if all of them had the same natural disposition, especially in regards towards their brutality to the people of South Morning. This in particular had turned into their biggest entertainment over the past few years.

If they ran into men from South Morning, they would usually kill them, drag their souls, and refine them. If they ran into women, then these women would suffer even worse fates. Over the past few years, the people from South Morning who had died in their hands numbered so high that they could not be counted!

The people from South Morning had only managed to survive through the calamity with much difficulty, and yet they had to run into another fate that was almost akin to that of the calamity itself. All of this was because South Morning was much smaller than Eastern Wastelands, that was why it had shattered completely after a few crashes, while the level of disaster Eastern Wastelands had to suffer was much smaller in comparison due to its immense size.

It could be said that when the islands were formed around Eastern Wastelands, these places turned into the gathering spots for all those who were exiled from the continent itself. In fact, over the past few years, quite a large number of people from the mainland came to these islands, causing the strength of these islands to grow day by day.

It was especially so after old Mo Luo appeared. He had used his mighty power of cultivation to sweep through the entire land and occupy most of the island, naming it Scour Sieve and becoming the biggest faction of power among all the Cultivators gathered on the sea around Eastern Wastelands!

All the Eastern Wastelands Cultivators who had affiliated themselves to old Mo Luo joined a group called Barren Swamp, and they would call themselves Savages. Not only were they brutal towards those in South Morning and invaded their land many times to slaughter them, these people were also hostile towards the orthodox Cultivators from the mainland.

However, due to their wariness towards these Cultivators, they did not dare provoke them. But if they ran into them traveling alone, those orthodox Cultivators would also end up just like people from South Morning.

Su Ming's arrival, his astonishing presence, and the river of rain crashing onto the protective screen of light caused all the people on Scour Sieve Island to feel shocked, but they were not afraid. Instead, a wave of brutality rose within their hearts.

This was a faction formed by numerous violent criminals. These people oppressed the kind and were afraid of the wicked. They showed their fangs towards the weak, created this Scour Sieve Festival that was nothing short of them drinking the blood of those from South Morning, because this was the only way they could find any sort of value to their existence.

Due to their vast numbers, they also scoffed at the idea of submitting to those who were powerful. They thought that if they killed, if they were brutal, then they could intimidate all the powerful warriors.

Over the years, their actions had indeed caused many people to choose to avoid them, but they did not know that this time, they had run into Su Ming!

Against this sort of people, there was no need for any form of humanity. Only one word was needed to deal with them, and that was to kill!

Kill them until their blood formed flowing rivers!

Kill them until no survivors were left!

Kill them until their terror was carried even to their deaths!

He would turn this island into a warning for all of Eastern Wastelands!

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the air, and violent booms erupted forth when the rain from the sky crashed into the protective screen of light. Light kept flickering on the screen continuously, but it did not shatter.

Roars shot out from the island, and Savages flew up from all over in a group, bringing with them brutality and bloodlust.

At the same time, seven shocking, long arcs instantly flew out from the seven guardian islands around Scour Sieve Island. Hundreds of people followed behind those arcs, and at that moment, roaring sounds that shook the sky and earth shot up around Scour Sieve Island, so loud that they were deafening to the ears.

Su Ming's arrival and his powerful presence might not have caused the Savages on Scour Sieve Island any sort of fear, but he had brought about great shock towards them. That was why they had chosen to attack with an entire group.

Most of the time, when they ran into powerful warriors, they would do the same thing, and there had been many of these powerful warriors who had been shocked and chased away by their seemingly mad and fearless attitude towards death.

This time, they wanted to use the same method!

But... this method was useless against Su Ming!

With a calm expression, he decided to temporarily put Scour Sieve Island's protective screen of light aside. He stood in midair and looked at the ferocious faces and brutal figures charging towards him while roaring, then lifted his right hand slowly before clenching his fist in a tight grip. Immediately, strong violet light burst forth from his palm.

That violet light in Su Ming's palm was piercing to the eyes, and with its swift spread, it turned into an impressive violet spear that was dozens of feet long, startling all those who saw it. Once Su Ming held it in one hand, his lips curled up into a cold sneer, and within his aloof eyes, killing intent shone.

The instant his killing intent appeared, violet light shone around his entire body. The violet light covered him like flowing water. In the midst of that dazzling light, his right arm became covered in armor, and as if it possessed life, it spread out rapidly. In the blink of an eye, it covered Su Ming's entire body. Once a violet helmet manifested to cover his head as well, his hair too looked as if it had turned violet as it flowed behind his head.

With the violet armor and long spear, Su Ming's presence immediately became even more shocking as he stood in the sky.

He lifted his head swiftly, and with one swing of the long spear lying horizontally before him, a piercing sound reverberated in the air. He pointed the tip of the spear towards one of the seven guardian islands around Scour Sieve Island, straight in the direction of the many long arcs coming towards him.

"All those who violate us from South Morning will be executed, no matter how far away you are!"

The moment Su Ming said those words, he took a step forward, and with an indescribable speed, he turned into a long violet arc that charged in the direction of the group of people coming towards him.

This group of people were the guardians from the sixth island. The person leading the charge was a middle-aged man. He was dressed in a Hanfu and his expression was tainted with sullenness along with bloodthirst. However, his heart was shuddering, filled with shock at the moment.

Su Ming had arrived among them with that mighty, intimidating presence as well as that violet armor manifesting on his body. Its light filled the man's entire vision and made

fear grow in his heart, despite the fact that he was already a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm.

However, he believed that all powerful warriors would choose to run under the Savages' crazed and reckless charge. With that thought in mind, the middle-aged man let out a roar, and as he lifted his right hand, his divine ability took physical form. Just as he was about to strike with his full power, a violet figure suddenly appeared in his pupils.

That violet figure seemed to have forced himself into his field of view, causing the middle-aged man to be momentarily stunned. When he eventually reacted to it and was just about to retreat, a stab of pain appeared at the center of his brows. The long violet spear had pierced through his head at some unknown point of time, with the other end going out the back of his head, bringing with it blood that splattered everywhere.

Besides that long spear, he also saw an aloof figure in violet armor holding onto that long spear, and that was the last scene he saw in his life.

A loud bang rang in the air. The body of that person whose head had been shot through by Su Ming's spear under that extreme speed exploded. But even as his blood spilled in all directions in the air, the followers behind him did not stop for even a single moment and continued charging forward as if they had gone mad.

Su Ming looked towards them aloofly, then took a step forward. Violet light surged into the sky, and shrill screams of pain reverberated in the air the next instant. The violet spear would sweep through the air horizontally wherever Su Ming went, just like a violet dragon charging into the crowd. After a moment, when Su Ming walked out of the crowd, all the people from the sixth guardian island had exploded behind him and their blood poured into the sea.

There was even a trail of fresh blood that flowed with the movement of Su Ming's long spear, which was now traveling in a diagonal arc. He stood in midair and turned his head around slowly to look at the sky coldly, straight towards the remaining figures who had flown out of the other six islands.

"All those who have humiliated us from South Morning will have what they did to us... delivered right back to them!" Su Ming declared coolly. His voice spread out, and at the same moment he turned into a long arc and charged into another crowd. It was as if once he donned on that violet armor, he would only attack, he would never retreat!

Murderous aura surged into the sky from his body. There was also a ferocious illusory shadow manifesting behind him, and it looked as if it was roaring murderously towards the sky!

All Scour Sieve's Savages who saw Su Ming at that moment were startled, shocked, and fear conquered their minds and bodies.

Because no matter what sort of cultivation level they had, when Su Ming closed in on them, no one standing in the sky outside the island had any chance of surviving!

Because even though they were filled with crazed frenzy, Su Ming was filled with even more madness!

Because even though they were brutal and bloodthirsty, they discovered that Su Ming was even more brutal than they were!

That phrase promising to return what they did to those in South Morning became the eulogy for these Savages, turning into an echo that shook the skies. Su Ming killed, and wherever he went, all those who tried to stop him, as well as all those who fell into his line of sight, would find their bodies exploding into smithereens when he left. Rain poured down from the sky, and the blood seemed to have fused with the rain from the sky, causing the sky to begin raining blood!

So what if these people were in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm? In just a moment, right before the people who were still on the Scour Sieve Island's eyes, the sky outside practically turned red with blood. As it poured down from above, most of the people from the guardian islands died. The sort of shock they felt in their hearts was something words could not describe.

If they were already in such a state, then it was even more so for the Savages from the guardian island standing outside the screen of light. When this group of hundreds was cut down to merely dozens during the slaughter, the Savages who believed themselves to be more brutal and reckless than anyone else had their minds broken. Their wills were shattered, causing them to scream in fear and scatter away.

"He's mad!"

"He's a bloodthirsty malicious spirit!"

"There's... There's such a brutal person in South Morning? This... This is..."

When Su Ming saw the still alive people around him fleeing hastily in fear, he lifted his left hand and pointed towards the sky. All the clouds started spinning with a loud rumble, turning into a whirlwind that descended upon the escapees. It swept through the sea, lifted up a wave that surged into the skies, and as it swept through the air, the dozens of fleeing people were all dragged into the whirlwind, and as booming sounds filled the air, all of them were shredded apart! None survived!

Chapter 530: Island Destruction! (2)

Almost the instant the remaining people from the guardian islands died, Su Ming slowly lifted the long spear in his right hand. Right when the Savages on Scour Sieve Island were startled by his actions, they saw him swiftly swinging his right hand in the sky.

With that one swing, the long spear was flung out and turned into a long violet arc that sliced through the air and ripped up a huge crack in the air as it charged straight towards the screen of light around Scour Sieve Island.

As a shocking boom reverberated through the air and shook the entire island, the protective screen of light was penetrated through by the violet light.

With a bang, the spear struck the island, turning into a visible violet-colored force that swept through the entire area. At that moment, the protective screen of light shattered inch by inch, turning into countless fragments that seemed as if they were shoved aside by a large, invisible hand. Soon after, the screen exploded, dragging along those fragments as it fell backwards.

There was a great temple built on one of the many mountains on Scour Sieve Island. That temple looked simple, but was incredibly elegant in design. There were rows upon rows of memorial tablets there, looking as if they were placed there for worship. They were positioned in a manner that made it seem as if they had built up a small tower. There were quite a large number of runic symbols carved on those memorial tablets, and they were all exuding a dark and strange presence.

There was an old man in white sitting cross-legged underneath those memorial tablets. Placed before him was a long blade, and there was a chilling and eerie air coming out from it. If anyone looked at it for a prolonged period of time, they would begin hearing shrill screams and howls from malicious souls right beside their ears, though it would be just a figment of their imagination.

Faint and indistinct black aura spread out from the long blade and surrounded the area.

The old man's head was filled with white hair, and there was a scar traveling from the corner of his right brow to the left corner of his lips. That scar was reddish in color, and it gave off a savage air while also giving the old man an incredibly terrifying presence.

His expression was calm as he sat there, as if he was not paying too much attention to whatever was happening outside.

By his side was a middle-aged man. That man wore a long robe, and he too, looked calm. There were two finely polished skulls in his hands, and he was twirling them around on his palm.

Almost the moment the screen of light around the island was destroyed, three people appeared, standing near the main door leading to the temple. Two from the three were old men whose heads were already flecked with white. The other one was a boy. They

stood there with incredibly respectful faces, and a hint of fear could even be seen in the midst of their respect.

"Progenitor, he calls himself Su Ming, and he's from South Morning. The seven guardians outside the island are already dead, and he has broken the island's first layer of defense," the boy said in a low voice.

"How dare he, a mere dreg of South Morning..." The scar-faced old man in white robes opened his eyes, and after sweeping his gaze past the three people, he looked towards the long black blade lying before him.

"Use my Scour Sieve Blade and activate the Great Barren Blood Rune. It'll be enough to kill this person. Bring his head back to me."

Once the old man said those words, the long black blade before him immediately let out a buzzing sound that exuded bloodthirst and cruelty. Once that sound appeared, the long black blade rose up on its own, and after flying in a circle in the temple, it charged towards the boy, who received it respectfully with both hands.

Excitement appeared on his face and he quickly spoke.

"Don't worry, progenitor. With Scour Sieve Blade and the Great Barren Blood Rune, even if this person is in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he will be cut down!"

The boy immediately asked for leave. The eyes of the two old men also began shining murderously. They left with respective postures, and along with the boy, they turned into three long arcs that flew out of the temple.

"You should know that those three aren't that person's opponent, even if they have your Scour Sieve Blade." After the three people left, the middle-aged man who had been toying with the skulls on his hands spoke flatly.

"So what?" The old man closed his eyes calmly.

"I didn't expect that there would be such a powerful warrior among my people in South Morning. I can't see through his level of cultivation either. At first glance, he seems like he's in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, but when I look closely, I can sense a power so great it's terrifying.

"He managed to kill the seven guardians within an instant, so my guess is that his combat power has already reached the peak of the later stage of your people's Berserker Soul Realm. In fact... he seems to be slightly above that." The middle-aged man voiced his musings slowly, deeply moved by what he discovered.

"Even you would have to be incredibly cautious against an enemy like this. That's why... you were not willing to walk out immediately, right?" A faint smile appeared on the middle-aged man's lips as he looked towards the old man.

"Are you done with your yapping?" The old man opened his eyes and stared at the middle-aged man coldly.

"True. Even if everyone in Scour Sieve Island died, as long as you're here, more of those who no longer exist on paper in Eastern Wastelands will flock here, and your faction of power will continue growing." The middle-aged man smiled.

"You're letting the people under you test him out continuously, trying to make this person tire by spilling his blood and forcing him to fight nonstop. Under the continuous tests, you will find his weakness, and then you will reveal yourself and fight against him. Even if by that time, the entire Scour Sieve Island had already turned into an island flowing with blood, and even if by that time, it would be barren of life and not a single blade of grass would grow here anymore." The middle-aged man sighed deeply.

"Besides, as long as you are in this temple, you can bring out the power of the ancestors' souls you worship to the max, causing you to be able to bring forth the power of a Berserker who has attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm for a short amount of time. That is why it's much better for you to wait for him here instead of going out to face him.

"You also have Sir Mo Que around. Even if any sort of accidents occur, with him around, everything will be resolved." The middle-aged man shook his head, and felt a hint of regret for having to lose that person called Su Ming outside so soon.

"You're here as well," the scar-faced old man remarked calmly.

The middle-aged man fell silent and sighed in his heart.

Almost the instant he did so, a vicious bang reverberated through the air outside the temple. A force of impact spread out, causing the entire island to tremble because of it.

Sounds of battle surged from the sky outside the temple. Su Ming, in his violet armor and with the long spear in hand, walked forward. He did not move quickly, but there were still countless corpses ripped to shreds lying behind him!

A green ray of light swam around the sky. That green light was, naturally, the small sword. It was under the control of Su Ming's Nascent Divinity, and all those who dared come near him would be cut down by that sword.

Further down in the sky was a gigantic illusion, and booming sounds rang in the air. That illusion was the Candle Dragon, which came from his snake. As it roared, it began to slaughter the people in a frenzy.

All the Savages' on the island eyes filled with blood and they rushed forward recklessly, throwing all the caution to the wind as they executed their divine abilities. Even the weakest among them were already in the Bone Sacrifice Realm, and those who were charging towards Su Ming at that moment were filled with thick murderous aura as their bodies shone with blood-red light. Their roars never stopped ringing in the air.

If anyone looked from above the sky, they would be able to see clearly that there was a blood-red screen of light with multiple layers covering most of Scour Sieve Island, enveloping all the islanders and Su Ming within.

That blood-red screen of light continued flashing, and every single time it flashed, rays of red light would descend with a bang and charge towards Su Ming.

If anyone took a closer look, they would find that there were nine layers to this blood-red screen of light, and each layer grew increasingly thicker the further it was from the island. These layers surrounded everyone and formed a Rune.

Floating right above the screen of light and that Rune was a long black blade, and there were three people sitting cross-legged there, next to that long blade. These three people were naturally the two old men and the one boy who had come out of the temple just now.

These three people had their eyes shut tight, as if they were keeping the Rune running.

"I once said, when I leave this island, your blood will flow in rivers."

Su Ming took a slow step forward and pointed to the side with his left index finger. Immediately, a Savage who had been charging towards him received a bloody hole in the center of his brows, and he fell back, dead.

"I once said, all those who humiliate my people in South Morning will be executed no matter how far away you are!"

Su Ming threw the long spear in his right hand with a vicious throw. That long spear charged out with a howl and fell on a mountain in the distance. With a bang, that mountain immediately broke into pieces. At the same moment, Su Ming lifted his right hand, seized the air in the direction of the shattered mountain, and flung his arm outwards.

A whirlwind instantly appeared out of thin air at the spot where the mountain had crumbled, dragging in the innumerable shattered stones and stirring up a sharp whistle in the air as it spread to the area with a bang. Each of the shattered stones contained Su Ming's power of the Wind Berserker, and their great strength caused bloody rain to fall.

"I once said I will have all of you pay an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and all of your blood for every single drop of blood you drained from the people of South Morning!"

Su Ming walked onto the destroyed mountain to stand beside the long spear that had sunk into the ground. Once he held it in his hand, he pulled it out slowly, and he lifted his left hand to casually seize the air behind him. Immediately, the Savage who had closed in behind him was seized by the throat.

When Su Ming turned around, he did not look at the person's despair filled and terror stricken gaze. He crushed his neck, then let go and lifted his head to look at the three people sitting on the blood-red screen of light in the sky.

The instant he looked towards the trio, they too, immediately noticed his aloof gaze. Their hearts trembled, and at the same time, the hundreds of Savages within the blood-red screen of light covering most of Scour Sieve Island broke down in the midst of this continuous slaughter while surrounded by the red sky and the similarly red, and bloody, and wet ground.

They were afraid. They were terrified. And all of this was because of Su Ming's massacre. That detached, merciless, and crazed slaughter made all these people feel as if they had sunk into hell.

They had run into a person who was even more brutal and vicious than they were, and in the face of such a person, everything that made them who they were crumbled!

"So, you Savages, is this what you are...? A group of people who only know how to oppress the weak?" As Su Ming stated that calmly, he stabbed the long spear in his hand right into the ground.

The instant it touched the land, violet light immediately started shining on the spear, and it melted. The violet armor on Su Ming's body also melted, turning instantly into an uncountable amount of fine violet threads that surrounded him. Su Ming's entire body shone with that piercing violet light, and as if they possessed life, these violet threads crawled into the ground in an unbridled fashion.

Almost the instant they did so, shrill screams of pain abruptly shot through the air within the blood-red screen of light. Right under the feet of the hundreds of people remaining, fine violet threads suddenly crawled out and charged straight into their bodies. In the blink of an eye, the entire island was dyed violet!

Chapter 531: Island Destruction! (3)

As the screams of pain rose and fell in the midst of that violet shade, explosions continuously rang in the air. Once Su Ming executed that bizarre killing move of his, the numerous violet threads crawled into the hundreds of savages still present under the blood-red screen of light, and their bodies were ripped apart by those same threads!

Rivers of blood flowed on the ground, and a countless amount of shredded corpses covered the land. Once all the savages in the red screen of light died, the violet threads left their mangled corpses and flew towards Su Ming.

In an instant, they gathered once again on Su Ming's body, surrounding him before turning into the violet armor and the long spear!

That sight fell into the eyes of the trio outside the screen of light. Their pupils shrank. Shock and terror appeared on their faces. In truth, they were not the only ones who saw this scene. The savages that numbered to nearly one thousand on this island outside the blood-red screen of light also saw it.

Everything that had happened within the short period of time caused all the people on the island feel an indescribable fear towards Su Ming. This fear was like a nightmare, and even if they managed to live through this calamity, it would stay with them for life, causing them to be shocked out from their meditation, jolted awake from their sleep.

The same scene also fell into the eyes of the old Mo Luo in the temple and the middle-aged man sitting beside him - the End Shaman, Bao Shan!

Their expressions differed, but the hints of shock in their eyes were similar!

"What is that armor?" Bao Shan's pupils shrank and he asked under his breath.

"That armor... I seem to have seen it recorded somewhere before..." Mo Luo's expression was incredibly grim.

Almost the instant all the eyewitnesses were shocked to the core, Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the three people on the Rune in the sky as he stood within the blood-red screen of light. With one move, he charged upwards.

The trio were startled, and quickly formed a seal with both their hands before they pressed their palms on the screen of light. Immediately, the area inside it became foggy, and a bloody fog immediately filled the region, instantly becoming so thick that it could not be seen through with the naked eye!

Roars and sounds of battle echoed once again in the blood-red screen of light, even though there were no longer any savages inside, and right before Su Ming's eyes, the mangled corpses on the ground grouped together to turn into a dead but moving body!

The blood on the ground also gathered together to manifest into blood humans, and all of them charged towards Su Ming in a fit of madness in the fog!

This was the true activation of the Great Barren Blood Rune. The more this Rune killed, the stronger it would become. The fog in the Rune tumbled about, and once the sounds of battle reached up, the three people outside the Rune felt their hearts relax. They looked at each other, then bit the tips of their tongues and coughed out a mouthful of blood that fell on the long black blade in their midst.

The blade started buzzing again. Once it absorbed the blood, a wisp of black smoke seeped out and took shape. It looked like a person, but its facial features could not be seen clearly. The trio could only tell vaguely that the smoke was a woman.

She unsheathed the long black blade from its scabbard, then charged into the Rune with the blade in her hand.

Time passed, and in the blink of an eye, twenty breaths went by. The trio's nerves were strung high during that time. They kept their gazes fixed on the fog in the Rune, and they were not the only ones. The savages outside the Rune were also watching nervously.

Even old Mo Luo and the End Shaman, Bao Shan, did the same thing!

The fog in the Rune started churning even more furiously, and the roars as well as the sounds of battle reached a volume that could almost ring through the sky. Piercing whistles that sounded as if there was a blade slicing through the air also echoed about.

Delight gradually appeared in the trio's eyes. They could sense that the Rune's power had been activated to its full potential!

"Even Berserkers in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm would find it difficult to survive in this Rune. My friends, the time has come for us to step in. Once we kill this person, we will have a huge achievement under our belts!"

"This person must surely be a rare powerful warrior from South Morning, and if such a powerful warrior died in Scour Sieve Island, then who else in South Morning could hope to stand against us?!" As the three laughed, they began forming seals with both their hands, and their bodies slowly sank into the Rune to blend into the red fog.

Yet less than ten breaths after the trio fused into the red fog, the Rune started trembling, and the tremors grew more violent with each passing moment. It made all the savages around the area to be filled with anticipation in the midst of their anxiety, while their faces became twisted with ferociousness.

Suddenly, the Rune let out a bang, and right under the crowd's expectant gazes, they saw fine cracks appearing on the blood-red screen of light. And almost the instant these cracks appeared, the Rune exploded with a loud bang that shook the sky and earth!

Three figures shot out from within as it exploded. The instant the savages around started laughing because they thought they had won, before seeing the whole process, a shrill scream of pain caused immense terror to appear within all these people, and that terror was reflected on their faces.

They saw the trio rushing out of the Rune, and the one who screamed was the old man who had come out last.

Because before he even managed to take a few steps forward, a hand immediately shot out and grabbed his neck. As he screamed, his body abruptly exploded, turning into a large amount of flesh and blood that spilled in the air. At that moment, Su Ming walked out of the collapsed Rune.

He flung off the blood on his hand. At the instant he appeared and the exploding Rune was swept off by the blood fog that was spreading through the entire area, he took a step forward and threw the long spear in his hand. It let out a buzz, sliced through the air, and caught up to the other old man who had now turned pale with shock and terror on his face. The spear pierced through his chest within the span of a breath.

Su Ming disappeared, and when he reappeared, he was already standing before the boy, whose pupils shrank. He would never forget what he saw in the fog.

He saw... the woman with the long blade, the divine soldier who was personally appointed by Progenitor Mo Luo, shivering as she stood before Su Ming, and as she shivered, that woman whose face was obscured prostrated herself before him.

He would never forget how this person used just one gaze to form a mighty pressure that caused all the existences within the fog to instantly crumble the moment the trio stepped inside. The boy had even sensed an emotion that was completely different from the aloofness moments ago contained within that gaze!

It was anger!

Aloofness and bloodlust were mostly what could be seen on this person's face before he came to the island and after he stepped into the Rune. That was something the boy remembered clearly, but there was no way he would have mistaken that gaze just now. It was anger!

It was an anger that could burn the skies!

Under it, the entire Rune collapsed and the fog inside tumbled backwards. Shocked, the trio immediately chose to retreat, but in an instant, two of them died, and before the boy

could run too far away, Su Ming walked towards him with fury seething through his entire being.

"Progenitor, save me!" the boy screamed out in a shrill voice and started retreating desperately, but he still did not manage to dodge Su Ming pointing towards him with his left hand.

Almost the moment the boy screamed, his cries were immediately silenced. Su Ming's left index finger was already buried deep into the center of his brows, causing the boy to explode under the power. Su Ming's white robes were dyed red with blood.

As the red fog swept through the land, the savages around the area scattered desperately in the midst of their fear. Su Ming's massacre had stirred up a storm known as terror in their hearts. At that moment, there was only one thought in their minds. They could no longer be bothered about pretending not to be afraid of death, they only cared about one thing, and that was fleeing!

Their cruelty was only aimed towards the weak, and fear had completely drowned their minds and souls like a tidal wave.

Scour Sieve Island was already flowing with rivers of blood. During that instant, Su Ming did not look at the savages who were madly fleeing for their lives around him. Instead, he directed his gaze towards the temple on the mountain in the island!

The instant he came here, he had immediately sensed two incredibly powerful presences within that temple. He flung off the blood on his long spear, then with a calm expression, walked towards the temple through the air.

The Candle Dragon would chase after the fleeing people. Su Ming did not need to bother about them too much.

He did not walk quickly. He simply approached that temple in the mountain at a leisurely pace. The ground underneath him was covered in fresh blood, and the stench of it spread through the air, causing ripples to appear on the surface of the Dead Sea around the island. It was as if the bloody stench in the air had attracted numerous ferocious beasts to the place.

However, these ferocious beasts only wandered around the island, not daring to come closer. They might not possess a lot of intellect, but they could still sense the terrifying murderous aura coming from the person who had caused those rivers of blood to run freely.

The sky was dark, and rain continued pouring down from above. Perhaps it was just as Su Ming had said. When he left this place, there would only be rivers of blood running on this island, and this place would serve as a warning for Eastern Wastelands!

As he walked, the once lively Scour Sieve Island was now filled with a deathly silence. Only a woman's figure remained prostrated on the ground once the fog from the Rune dissipated. By her side was that long blade which she had let go of.

The woman's face could not be seen clearly, but her trembling body caused something to begin struggling and resisting within her mind, and a runic symbol slowly appeared on her body. That runic symbol began to shatter little by little...

Su Ming's expression was dark and anger burned in his eyes. The dead boy had not been mistaken. Su Ming was indeed livid, and the source of his anger came from that indistinct woman.

He was familiar with that figure. He knew her! And he hadn't expected that he would see her in this place!

When Su Ming stood before the main door to the temple, he glared coldly at the scar-faced old man who was staring at him with a face as dark as thunderclouds, along with the middle-aged man beside him, who was looking at him with a complicated expression.

Su Ming did not speak. He merely lifted the long spear in his right hand slowly and pointed its tip towards the two people in the temple.

The old man's face turned darker and he clenched his right fist tightly before standing up. He was incredibly tall and big, and when he stood up, a mighty pressure immediately spread out from his body. Killing intent shone in his eyes.

"My Shaman friend Bao Shan, if you kill this person, I will return to you your freedom!"

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 532 — Island Destruction! (4) - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 532 — Island Destruction! (4)

Chapter 532: Island Destruction! (4)

When those words tumbled out of the old man's lips, the middle-aged man by his side stood up as well. He looked at Su Ming, then in silence, he moved, and immediately, after leaving behind an after image in the temple, his real body walked out. He clenched his right hand into a fist, and a powerful presence erupted forth from his body. There were even banging sounds reverberating from within him when he prepared to ram his fist onto the ground.

"I am Bao Shan, and I am an End Battle Thought Soothsayer!"

The instant he said those words, his fist crashed onto the ground, but the ground did not shudder. Instead, an aura that surged into the sky exploded from under Bao Shan's feet. That aura was incredibly pure, and it was clearly the power of the world.

At the same moment, Bao Shan's hair turned white. Several wrinkles appeared on his face, and he looked as if he had exchanged his soul with someone else, giving the impression that Su Ming was facing off against a Battle Shaman!

"When lives return to earth, I predict that I will become a Battle Shaman and fight!"

Banging sounds reverberated violently from within his body. As he lifted his head, veins popped up on his face, and he took a step towards Su Ming. He approached him, and an imposing presence that could topple mountains and overturn seas erupted from his body and crashed down against Su Ming!

Almost the moment Bao Shan walked out, a glint appeared in Mo Luo's eyes as he stood in the temple. He lifted his right hand, and immediately, black light spread out to instantly cover his whole body. His eyes turned dark and cold as he glared at Su Ming.

Bao Shan's punch contained the full power of an End Battle Shaman. At the moment he hurled it outward, numerous cracks instantly appeared in the air between him and Su Ming, as if it could no longer withstand the force of the blast and was about to crumble!

Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the long spear in his grip started shining with violet light. He swung that spear towards Bao Shan, and at the same time, he lifted his left hand and seized the air in the direction of the sky. Immediately, a vortex began churning and roaring in the sky, stirring up a huge gust of wind that charged towards Su Ming's left hand.

Once he held it, he felt as if he was holding onto an endless amount of whirlwinds in his grasp. The moment his long spear crashed into Bao Shan and a rumbling sound reverberated in the air, Su Ming pressed his left palm towards the shaman, bringing along all the whirlwinds in his hand as well.

Rumbling sounds echoed in the air, and golden light circulated in Su Ming's body under the violet armor. At that moment, a mighty force erupted from all his Berserker Bones simultaneously.

At the same time, as he took that one step forward, his body instantly disappeared from the spot. When he reappeared, he was already beside Bao Shan. Lightning sparks swam all over the purple armor on his body. It was naturally Su Ming's power as the Lightning Berserker, and it was blasting out from his body at that moment.

The lightning sparks let out thunderous rumbles and covered the entire area in the blink of an eye. When Bao Shan was surrounded by them, Su Ming formed a seal with his left hand, and a profound gaze appeared in his eyes. Black wisps of smoke seeped out of his left hand, twirling around his palm like a black bundle of hair. Then, Su Ming pressed his left palm towards Bao Shan, who was currently surrounded by thunderous lightning.

The black threads were the manifestation of Su Ming's epiphany towards the power of the Candle Dragon's Curse. As they spread out from the gaps of his fingers and he pressed his palm towards Bao Shan, the End Shaman swiftly spun his body around. His pupils constricted, but he did not fight back against that palm strike. Instead, he lifted his right leg and stomped down with his foot!

"When earth is affected by the sky, I foresee that I will become a Soul Catcher!"

A black air pillar immediately shot up from under Bao Shan's feet. Once it enveloped him within, his hair immediately turned from white to red. His face also became much older, but his gaze instantly turned as deep as the abyss. An incredibly pure presence that belonged to Soul Catchers erupted from his body.

When Su Ming pressed his palm forward, Bao Shan lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Similar wisps of black smoke appeared on his palm. That black smoke might be incredibly faint, but the same power of the Curse as Su Ming's could be felt from it.

At the instant their palms came into contact, Mo Luo's body was completely covered by that black light, and killing intent shone brilliantly in his eyes.

"If you can hold him captive, then you are free!" Mo Luo let out a low shout, then took a step forward, and he traveled so quickly that he arrived before Su Ming in the blink of an eye!

At the instant he closed in, Su Ming's eyes flickered. He had been able to tell since a long time ago that something was slightly off. This old Mo Luo had refused to walk out of the temple since the start, and even when he was slaughtering all the people on the island, this person had not attacked.

All of this was definitely connected to this temple. That was why Su Ming had not stepped inside just now. He had instead lifted that long spear while still outside, and even though he was fighting against Bao Shan, he had always been waiting for the moment this old man would walk out of the temple!

Even if the old man refused to walk out, Su Ming would still have ways to lure him out, and he was certain that once he revealed a weakness, this person would definitely not standby and do nothing!

During the previous moment in his fight against Bao Shan, Su Ming had finally managed to lure the old Mo Luo out of the temple, and almost the moment he walked out, Su

Ming's eyes sparkled. But just as he was about to retreat, suddenly, a decisive expression appeared on Bao Shan's face, and he closed his eyes without any hesitation.

Once he closed his eyes and reopened them, five words tumbled out of Bao Shan's mouth!

"The sky provides for all!"

The instant he said those words, illusory shadows instantly appeared out of thin air around Su Ming. There were men and women, elderly and young among the shadows, but they were not vengeful spirits. All of them looked practically similar to each other!

It did not matter whether it was the men or the women, the young or the old, they all had the same faces. The only difference between them was the different body structures, as well as the different signs of time marking their faces. These shadows seemed endless in Su Ming's eyes, and they numbered to so many that he felt as if he had sunk into an illusion.

What shocked him was that he could clearly feel his own face changing rapidly, as if he was about to blend into the crowd.

This was the first time Su Ming had ran into such a strange divine ability. Almost the instant he was trapped by Bao Shan's Spell, Mo Luo walked out of the temple, and the black smoke from his entire body spread out to turn into fog in midair before charging straight towards Su Ming. By the looks of it, it wanted to gather around him.

By the time Su Ming realized it, the black fog had already closed in on him and surrounded him. It shrank abruptly, and looked as if it was about to solidify. Once that fog completely gathered around Su Ming, it would envelop him within and turn into a statue.

That statue was naturally Mo Luo's statue of the God of Berserkers. This divine ability was one of his best killing moves - Berserker Soul Rip!

However, if Su Ming had the courage to come to Scour Sieve Island and lure out Mo Luo by fighting against Bao Shan, then he naturally had made preparations. Almost the moment he noticed himself being trapped among the bizarre and strange people, he lifted his left hand, its palm turned towards the sky.

"Past, future, fuse together and become Destiny!" he declared calmly. When he mumbled out these words, the black fog had already had him completely surrounded, and a huge statue had manifested around him.

"Rip!"

A ferocious look appeared on Mo Luo's face and he immediately let out a low roar.

Yet the moment his voice traveled through the air, the statue around Su Ming exploded, and as it exploded, Bao Shan's face turned pale. He took a few steps back in succession, and as blood trickled out of the corners of his lips, he noticed that his Spell of having the sky provide for all had been forcefully broken through.

At the same time, a teenager slowly walked out from the crumbling statue... and he had half a head of white hair, and the other purple...

As that person appeared, a power that caused the universe to be turned upside down, caused the world to be drained off all color, caused the heavens to close their eyes emerged - Destiny's power!

"Since you're here now, don't even think about going back anymore." A hint of youth could be heard in the chilling voice.

The instant Su Ming spoke those words, he lifted his head and looked towards Mo Luo and Bao Shan!

When they saw his gaze, their hearts trembled simultaneously.

Chapter 533: Mo Luo's Misunderstanding

Before Su Ming turned into Destiny, he had a seventh of all his bones turned into Berserker Bones and possessed the Wind Berserker and Lightning Berserker's inheritance. With the help of his large supply of Enchanted Treasures, he could surpass a normal powerful Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm, and his combat abilities could even catch up to a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

Even if he could not win against those in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he could still win against all those who were below that stage!

Once he turned into Destiny, due to his mastery towards the power between the past and the future and his understanding towards the law governing binary opposites, his strange divine ability of making the past and future intersect with each other could make his combat abilities increase infinitely... and with all his skills, his presence would increase so greatly that he would be close to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

However, the time allowed for him to remain in this state every single time he turned into Destiny was only fifteen breaths! Even if Su Ming had been training for years in the

frozen world and had prolonged his time as Destiny for about one or two breaths, the duration would still not go past twenty breaths!

Yet even so, that time was still enough for Su Ming to become an incredibly powerful existence in the world. Even if... he could only last for a dozen something breaths in this state, it was still enough for him to command the world as he pleased!

The instant he turned into Destiny, Su Ming walked out of Mo Luo's collapsing statue of the God of Berserkers. As he moved forward, he seemed as if he was still far in the distance, but in truth, with just one step, he had already arrived before Bao Shan.

Bao Shan's pupils constricted. Almost the instant the teenager Su Ming walked towards him, he swiftly took a step back without any hesitation. Yet as he did so, he immediately saw Su Ming lifting his left hand while walking over, and with that aloof expression on his face, he swung his arm.

Bao Shan felt as if the world before him had frozen and shattered into pieces. Piercing howls were mixed with the rumbling sounds booming by his ears, causing the world he saw to shatter into pieces before it regrouped. However, when his vision was restored, it felt as if time had flowed backwards. He should have been moving back, but right before his own eyes, he saw his body moving forward against his will as the world's time flowed in reverse!

He was not retreating, but was instead taking a step forward as if his movements were reversing. This bizarre experience made shock appear in Bao Shan's eyes. With his current level of cultivation, he could tell with a single glance just what sort of unbelievable power was contained in this!

"This... This is time reversal!" When shock overcame Bao Shan, only then did Su Ming's words when he waved his arm reached his ears.

"My left hand represents the past..."

In Mo Luo's eyes, this scene was different. He saw Bao Shan moving backwards, but before his foot even landed, he immediately took a step forward, and by the looks of it, he seemed as if he was voluntarily walking right towards Su Ming's right index finger as Su Ming moved towards him.

He also noticed a strong power of the world rippling in the area at that instant. The signs of time reversing made fine cracks in the void, even making the blood on the ground flow backwards!

All of this seemed to have happened slowly, but when Mo Luo eventually registered what was going on, he saw Bao Shan touching Su Ming's right index finger. He did not show any signs of resistance or struggle whatsoever, and with a bang, he coughed out fresh blood and fell backwards.

But that was not the end. Mo Luo's shock and astonishment was far from ending. He saw another scene that made his skin crawl, and even if he had already reached the pinnacle in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, he still felt chills running down his spine, and he felt fear growing in him towards Su Ming!

He saw Bao Shan coughing out blood and falling backwards, then Su Ming taking a step forward aloofly, but right at the moment his foot landed, he lifted his left hand and waved his hand again. The tumbling Bao Shan froze in midair, and as if everything was going to reverse again, his body no longer tumbled backwards!

He charged towards Su Ming, and the blood he had coughed out gathered in midair, turning into blood drops that went back into Bao Shan's mouth!

Then, it was Su Ming jabbing his finger into Bao Shan's body again as he moved forward!

The first jab was on Bao Shan's chest, the second at the center of his brows, and the third on the shaman's throat! The three jabs seemed like they had happened through several cycles, but in truth they had only taken an instant!

After that instant, Bao Shan let out a muffled groan. He coughed out several mouthfuls of blood, and his body fell to the ground in the distance with a bang. His face turned pale from shock and terror. Blood trickled down the corners of his lips, and just as he was about to stand up and retreat, he did not notice the cold smile on Su Ming's lips, neither did he notice the Candle Dragon's mouth suddenly appearing behind him.

Bao Shan struggled to stand up. With his heart in shock and his fear full of disbelief written clearly on his face, he felt a strong, intense sense of danger coming towards him, but he could not dodge it, and everything turned dark.

The small snake had transformed into the Candle Dragon and devoured Bao Shan. Its huge body showed up in the sky, and it let out a loud, rumbling roar towards the Heavens.

"Great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm! You've reached the great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!"

Mo Luo's eyes went wide and a huge storm raged in his heart. He had had a hunch previously, but he had thought that it was because of the violet armor. In truth, that was indeed the case. The Undertaker of Evil's Armor did not possess any form of defensive abilities. It only had one function, and that was to attack, attack, and attack!

With that armor equipped, a person would be filled with murderous aura. If that person's will was not strong enough, he or she would be immediately overcome by murderous intent and turn into a puppet without intelligence that only knew how to kill!

Yet even so, that armor could make a person's combat powers rise exponentially and make them bring out a level of strength that far surpassed their level of cultivation! That was why Su Ming had given Mo Luo a feeling that he was incredibly troublesome.

It was why he did not venture out so readily. Instead, he wanted to wait for him to continuously weaken.

Yet now, even though Su Ming was without the armor before his eyes, that strange divine ability, that terrifying time reversal, and the shocking three jabs had made Mo Luo realize to his shock that... this person could not even be considered terrifying when he was in that armor. This appearance of his when half his hair was white and the other purple, and when he was without the armor, was his absolute strongest!

With just three jabs, he managed to critically injure an End Shaman. This was something Mo Luo could not do. In his eyes, the only ones who could do such a thing were those rare old monsters who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

Only these people would possess such astonishing power and would have the strength to kill an End Shaman with just three jabs!

'He's from South Morning... Could he be that he's one of the three great powerful Berserkers in South Morning?! Among the three great Berserkers, Tian Xie Zi is said to be an old monster, and it's the same for Guru Li Long. Only the mysterious third powerful Berserker remains a mystery despite our investigations. Could he be... Could he be that person?!

Mo Luo's face turned stark pale, his heart pounded against his chest, and his skin crawled. The instant this thought appeared in his heart, he hastily retreated without any hesitation, charging straight back to the temple.

He came from Eastern Wastelands, and his status was different from the others on the island. The reason he came to this island was because he was tasked with investigating the three great Berserkers of South Morning!

At that moment, he was already a seventh certain that this Su Ming was the mysterious third great Berserker of South Morning!

How would he dare fight with such an assumption in his head? His only thought right now was to return to the temple immediately. Only when he was there would he have the power to protect himself. After all, this temple... was the great Enchanted Vessel he had received from his clan after being given this mission!

However, once Su Ming lured him out, there was no way he would give him the chance to return. Almost the instant Mo Luo began retreating, charging towards the temple

without any care towards the world, Su Ming looked towards him with a chilling glare, and the next instant, he disappeared.

Only five breaths had gone by since Su Ming transformed into Destiny!

The moment Mo Luo saw Su Ming disappearing, his pupils shrank, and in his fear, he let out a roar, knowing that it would be difficult for him to return to the temple. Without any hesitation, he lifted his right hand and slammed his palm against his chest.

Once he did so, he opened his mouth and spat out a yellow ray of light. At the instant that light appeared, a vast amount of power immediately began churning in the area, stirring up an endless wave of ripples in the air around him.

Almost the instant Su Ming appeared beside Mo Luo, the old man lifted his left hand and pointed towards the yellow ray of light.

"Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace, Manifestation of Ancients!" Mo Luo roared.

He still clearly remembered the strange changes that had happened to Bao Shan before this person, and he was afraid he would end up the same way. At that moment, he had practically brought out his full power to execute this Art.

"Even if you've attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but the source of the Berserkers' power come from the Great Yu Temple, and in its presence, even you will be trapped. You won't be able to stop me from returning inside!"

Mo Luo executed the Art with his full power. He was incredibly confident in this divine ability, which was really a form of an Enchanted Treasure. Ever since his clan had given him this treasure, he had fused it with his body. There were many who died in his hands because of this Art, and he was confident that even if he could not kill Su Ming, he could still trap him for some time!

That amount of time would be enough for him to return to the temple, and when he increased his power with the temple, he could either fight against Su Ming or retreat and activate a Rune to escape from this place. He could even summon Sir Mo Que to help him.

When he remembered how terrified he had been towards Sir Mo Que's presence and how he had been unable to bring up any power to resist him, Mo Luo suddenly became incredibly interested and excited towards killing South Morning's three great Berserkers.

In an instant, the yellow light became so bright that it was piercing to the eyes, the clouds in the sky disappeared, and the blood on the ground vanished. A huge palace appeared in the world. It was an incredibly extravagantly built palace, and as the light flowed towards the area, a couple words could be seen carved clearly on the tablet placed right before the building.

Great Yu South Morus Alba!

When that palace appeared, a feeling of ancientness and a primitive power that made people feel as if they were rotting away instantly seeped through the area. A sharp glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. The only thing in his line of sight was this palace. He could no longer see that old Mo Luo.

'Great Yu...'

Su Ming looked at the palace. He did not cast the power to cause time to flow away. Instead, he just looked at the palace, and a cold smile curled up on his lips.

The presence spreading from this palace from Great Yu was incredibly pure, but... was far too little! Perhaps this Art would be effective against other people, but to Su Ming, this illusion... was too fake!

Because he was one of the incredibly few people who had truly seen the Great Yu Dynasty, a person who had truly seen the imperial city and its numerous palaces. How could he possibly be shocked by this mere imitation?

All of this was just like a fool trying to teach a fish how to swim.

Chapter 534: The Strongest Spear!

'But it did give me an inspiration... so divine abilities can be cast this way?' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the palace in this place and closed his eyes.

After some time, when he opened his eyes again, an illusion appeared in his eyes. In the illusion, he saw a palace, a gigantic moat, and that... was Great Yu Imperial City!

In that illusion was Great Yu's main palace, and also... that Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace that had come to this world in the form of an illusion!

Almost the instant these palaces and the city appeared in Su Ming's eyes, he took a step forward, and right at the moment his foot landed, the illusory palace before his eyes crumbled and shattered with a bang.

"How brittle is the copy compared to the fake."

The moment the Great Yu South Morus Alba Palace shattered, Su Ming sensed something. As it collapsed and turned into pieces that sliced through the air around him, it was as if a veil had been lifted from his eyes, revealing Scour Sieve Island lying

behind this illusory world, as well as Mo Luo, who was already halfway into the temple, but whose body suddenly started trembling before he coughed out a mouthful of blood!

Mo Luo was shaken to the core and his heart was filled with astonishment. He had not placed his hopes on the power of Great Yu to be able to kill this person. After all, this Art was just an illusion and an imitation from what he had seen in the clan. Still, he had been confident that it could hold this person back for some time.

Yet, the truth was before his eyes. Only three breaths had gone by since he cast this Art to the moment the illusion of Great Yu shattered!

Those three breaths felt like the world had collapsed. The yellow light in the sky faded out, and as Mo Luo coughed out a mouthful of blood, a tile fell from the darkened yellow light in the sky.

It was a crimson tile. A primal and ancient air could be sensed from it. The illusion of Great Yu had been brought up precisely because of this item. When it fell on the ground, it cracked, and looked as if it was about to break apart.

'Impossible! The Clan Master once said that no one can leave the illusion of Great Yu within the span of a few breaths. Even when I used this against the extremely powerful warriors, they would also be trapped for at least the length of burning half an incense stick!'

Shock overwhelmed Mo Luo's heart once again. At the moment he coughed out blood, he immediately stepped into the temple without hesitation, but before he could even manage to place his foot on the ground, the world around him instantly started distorting, and within those distortions, he saw, much to his shock, the very same sight that Bao Shan had seen previously!

He saw time flowing back, saw the world breaking into pieces before gathering up once again, saw his own feet moving backwards, and saw his body leaving the temple.

He also saw Su Ming lifting his right index finger and pointing it at his chest, just like when he did to critically injure Bao Shan. Sharp pain shot through his entire body, causing blood to trickle out of the corners of his lips. He was completely unable to resist, as if his will had been separated from his body as time flowed backwards.

When he had been moving forward just moments ago, he had not detected any sort of danger, that was why there was not any sign of struggle when he moved forward just now. Yet at this moment, as time flowed backwards, his body still maintained that non-resisting posture, causing every single part of him to be exposed to destruction.

This was Destiny's strongest aspect!

Mo Luo's soul was almost shattered. He had clearly seen Bao Shan's demise just moments prior, and now, he was in the same state. He could not resist, he could not dodge. It was as if he had turned into a puppet that was controlled by someone else, and time flowed forward and backwards interchangeably, he would be continuously injured until... he died!

It was especially so when he was struck by Destiny's finger. When blood flowed out of his mouth, a huge force crashed into his body, but before he could even take a few steps backwards, the world before him immediately shattered once again, turning into pieces before gathering together once more. Everything was a cycle, a repetition, and this was enough to make any person strongly feel as if their minds were about to shatter.

"I can't let this go on, or else I'll definitely die! This person is definitely one of the three great Berserkers in South Morning. He gained his fame many years ago, he definitely has more tricks up his sleeve!"

When Mo Luo saw his body falling back and Su Ming walking towards him to jab him with his finger a second time, his terror reached its peak. He had fought and killed for his entire life, but he had never met such a strange divine ability. Once he linked it to Su Ming's identity, he started falling into hysteria in the midst of his terror in this life-threatening crisis.

Almost the instant Su Ming delivered his second jab on the center of Mo Luo's brows, the old man's eyes immediately turned red. He might be unable to control his body from being absorbed by time, he might be unable to execute his divine abilities, but he could... make his Berserker Soul break!

Right when Su Ming's hand touched the center of his brows, veins popped up all over Mo Luo's body. With a bang, a power that screamed with a desire to burn everything erupted from his body. The strength of that power came from Mo Luo burning his own cultivation base, and that power would erupt with the price of his level of cultivation falling from the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to the middle stage.

The instant Mo Luo started burning his cultivation base, Su Ming's finger landed on his body, and when he tumbled backwards while coughing up blood, as the world in his vision shattered and rebuilt itself, time froze for a moment, causing him to roar and charge out desperately of this cycle that brought him immense terror!

He could not even be bothered wiping off the blood on his mouth the instant he rushed out. He knew that his chance would only last for an instant. The sight of himself being buried in that never ending cycle had caused him extreme terror, and the moment he rushed out, he did not hesitate for even a moment to form a seal with both his hands and pointing it forward.

"The seven emotions of life, joy, anger, worry, desire, grief, fear, shock!"

As Mo Luo shouted and pointed towards Su Ming through the air, seven wisps of smoke immediately spread out from his fingertips. His expression started changing from twisted madness to glee, then from glee to anger, then to anxiety, before changing to longing, sorrow, fear, and shock.

These seven expressions reflected the Art of the Seven Emotions of Life. The instant they showed up on his face, the seven wisps of smoke that spread out from his fingertips turned into seven shadows made of fog in midair, charging towards Su Ming!

At that moment, due to Mo Luo burning his own cultivation base, he managed to resist the power dragging him into the cycle, causing Su Ming to be unable to use the Art of the Past to cause Mo Luo's Art to flow in reverse. He was still calm though. Twelve breaths had gone by since he became Destiny, and his time limit was near.

'Seven emotions...'

Su Ming remained silent. With aloofness shining in his eyes, he did not dodge, but instead walked towards Mo Luo, who was now full of openings. The moment he came closer, joy's shadow became the first among the seven emotions to close in on him, but right after it went into his body, it slipped out, as if there was no such thing as happiness within him.

This caught Mo Luo by surprise. The next instant, anger's shadow closed in, but once it touched Su Ming, it also slipped out of his body just like joy did before. Su Ming remained as composed as ever, and not a single change in emotion could be found on him as he moved closer still.

"This..."

Mo Luo was stunned completely silent, especially when he saw the shadows of worry, sorrow, fear, and shock seemingly not being able to see Su Ming and passing through him the instant they touched him. At that instant, Mo Luo's terror reached its peak!

"That's impossible. As long as you're human, it's impossible for you to not possess those seven emotions!" Mo Luo roared, and in his shock, he hastily retreated. However, in his panic, he did not notice that even though all seven emotions had eventually disappeared, there was one wisp of emotion that had stayed for a moment when it entered Su Ming's body before it, too, disappeared.

That emotion was longing...

During that instant, what appeared in Su Ming's mind was Dark Mountain, his elder, Bai Ling, the ninth summit, his Master, and the other people...

When Mo Luo saw Su Ming closing in on him and lifting his left hand, the feeling that he was immersed in an endless cycle and the false impression that the world was shattering into pieces appeared once again.

In fear, Mo Luo grit his teeth. The burning of his cultivation base in his body became even stronger, causing his level of cultivation to fall from the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm straight down to the initial stage. The power formed from the burning of his cultivation base turned into an explosive burst, causing him to take a step forward as he roared.

Just as he was about to step into the temple, a flicker of light shone in Su Ming's eyes. His appearance began rapidly changing. His time as Destiny was near its end, but he remained calm. He no longer moved forward, but instead, as violet light shone on his entire body, he equipped the Undertaker of Evil's Armor while he was still Destiny!

In the blink of an eye, Su Ming's entire body was surrounded by violet light. When he lifted his right hand, a long spear manifested, causing him to bring out the Undertaker of Evil's power as Destiny for the first time!

At that moment, Mo Luo had broken through Su Ming's time reversal with the power created from burning his cultivation base. After paying a huge price, he finally managed to return to the temple. The instant he stepped inside, he spread his arms wide open and let out a shocking roar.

"Legacy of my ancestors, fill up your third generation disciple's Mo Luo body, and help me reproduce our clan's glory!"

As Mo Luo roared, the memorial tablets in the temple suddenly started shining with a piercing dark light. Within it were wisps upon wisps of soul fragments whose faces could not be seen clearly. The appearance of those souls caused the temple to instantly become colder. Then, as if a gust of freezing wind had blown through, the soul fragments' memorial tablets started crumbling and charging towards Mo Luo, crawling madly into him through every single part of his body. The power of Mo Luo's presence started shooting upwards.

His presence shot up from the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm to the middle stage, then reached the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and still continued climbing upwards. But it did not end there. As pain appeared on Mo Luo's face, his power climbed up once again and he screamed in pain, but he did not reach great completion, just the pinnacle of the later stage for the Berserker Soul Realm!

All of this was due to him burning his own cultivation base, or else he would have been able to obtain the power of great completion for an incredibly short period of time in the midst of the mad climb of power!

Mo Luo's eyes were bloodshot. His body was filled with a pain that made him feel as if he was about to be torn apart, making him descend into further madness. As his level of cultivation climbed upwards, he turned around and roared towards Su Ming while charging at him.

As Destiny, Su Ming moved towards Mo Luo while dressed in the Undertaker of Evil's Armor while holding onto the long violet spear in his right hand. An instant before his body reverted from being Destiny, he tossed that long spear out of his hand, and a bang rang through the air.

That throw was the strongest spear attack Su Ming could muster while he was Destiny and had the Undertaker of Evil's Armor equipped. It could even be considered a spear attack that was unmatched!

If anyone really wanted to compare the power of that spear throw, then they would find that it had already surpassed the great completion of the Berserker Soul Realm, and even contained... a hint of the power of Life Cultivation!

Chapter 535: Su Ming!

What is Life Cultivation?

Life Cultivation is a cultivation of people's own lives, which means a cultivation of their vitality and their fates. All of this is simply to have complete mastery over themselves, to learn where their own weaknesses lie, and from there, perfect themselves and become a stronger existence standing at the pinnacle of the world.

Even if Su Ming could bring out power that was equivalent to those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm when he was Destiny, but that was all. There was a deep chasm separating him from reaching the power of Life Cultivation. It was originally difficult for him to cross it, but... the appearance of the Undertaker of Evil's Armor had allowed him to gather all his combat abilities together when Destiny disappeared and fly over that chasm!

Even if he had before attempted this charge, it would still have been hard for him to produce such a shocking spear throw of unparalleled power, because he had yet to understand the true meaning of Life Cultivation. His heart had yet to reach the level to be able to cross that chasm!

He had still been caught in a daze, confused by who he was, chained down by his memories, still stubbornly trying to figure out his own identity.

However, when he was on the way to Scour Sieve Island, Su Ming had gained an epiphany as he traveled across the ocean and laughed. His own words had also caused him to rise to a higher level, just like a caterpillar breaking out of its cocoon and turning into a butterfly!

It was a metamorphosis, a metamorphosis of his soul. It also let Su Ming take the most important, most crucial step towards becoming a truly powerful warrior!

"Since the world calls me Destiny, then from now on, I, Su Ming, will be Destiny!" This was a shout Su Ming had let out in his life, a shout declaring how he would live his life as he laughed at the heavens and earth!

Those words resonated with the smile on the lips of Great Yu's Court Diviner. His words also formed a power that could overturn the universe, just like the words the Court Diviner had carved deeply into the spine!

"When you learn who you are, you are no longer you!

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

Su Ming's metamorphosis and his epiphany towards his own soul may seem nothing special, but in truth, this was the crucial key that allowed him to bring out this hint of presence of Life Cultivation!

The instant the spear was thrown out, it shook the sky and earth. It was as if this sort of thing was so rare in this vast world and the great land of the Berserkers that it had not been seen for years!

Its appearance shook the skies, and as Su Ming threw out his spear, the entire sky roared and trembled. For the first time, the layers of clouds that had covered the sky for years were blasted away with a loud boom. They tumbled backwards, causing the sky...

...to reveal its first true rays of sunlight after the calamity, and as the clouds were torn apart, more rays of sunlight shone down. As the sky howled, the sea around the island also roared. When those loud roars reverberated in the air, it was as if the sky and sea were trembling because of that hint of Life Cultivation's presence!

Almost the moment this hint of presence shook the sky and earth, causing the heavens to reveal themselves, several spots in the Land of South Morning erupted forth with a powerful presence!

The first spot was one of the three pieces of land where Western Sea Clan was located. That place was barren, and at the top of the mountain behind Western Sea Clan was a rather handsome middle-aged man wearing a blue robe with a black dragon embroidered on it!

He was one of the three great Berserkers of South Morning - Guru Li Long!

His eyes were originally closed, but at that moment, they flew open, and right then, brilliant light spread through the sky over the land. It was as if the sky had also closed its eyes, and had opened them at the same time Li Long opened his!

"This is... the presence of Life..." Li Long looked into the distance in a daze and only mumbled under his breath after a long while.

At the same time, there was a small-sized tribe on another piece of land in the Land of South Morning. Chimney smoke could be seen rising from the tribe, and the sounds of children playing could be heard faintly from within. In one of the beast skin tents of the tribe flew around notes from a xun. They came from an old man who had opened his eyes and was playing a xun, but his eyes were dull and lifeless, just like a blind man's!

His song echoed in the air, and a smile gradually curled up on his lips.

This was the situation in South Morning, and in Eastern Wasteland's mainland, strong waves of ripples also appeared in several spots at that instant!

All the changes in the weather were all because there was... a hint of Life Cultivation in the spear Su Ming threw!

On Scour Sieve Island, Mo Luo, who had fused with the will of the clan's ancestors in the temple and had recovered his power to the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm, started roaring, his face twisted with ferociousness. The instant he charged towards Su Ming, he saw... a spear coming right towards him!

The long violet spear, the killing intent that burned the skies, and that presence that made Mo Luo's heart and soul tremble violently, even causing fear to rise uncontrollably in his heart despite his madness!

His fear was reflected clearly on his face and his eyes, and even crawled into his ancestors' will in his body, causing them to explode.

Those wills might have originally come from those who had died, but even the wills of the deceased went into a state of frenzy once they sensed the presence of Life Cultivation on Su Ming's spear.

Almost in an instant, the wisps of shadows that had crawled into Mo Luo's body just moments prior crawled out of his body and gathered together before him, turning into an indistinct figure. That figure lifted his hand and pushed towards the incoming spear!

The instant both sides clashed, vicious shudders wrecked the figure's body and he disintegrated with a bang. Just the force from his collapse caused Mo Luo to stagger a few steps backwards and cough out a huge mouthful of blood. Shock filled his face, and

when the wills of his ancestors left his body, his level of cultivation fell back to the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm once again, and was even showing signs of falling further.

"Clan Master, save me!"

At that moment, fear had completely overwhelmed Mo Luo. He was afraid, truly afraid. He could not believe that the spear would be so shocking. The power of his ancestors gathered in the treasure his clan had given him... had not even been able to block it for even an instant!

A life threatening sense of danger that was even stronger than what he felt when he was still caught in the cycles of repetition crashed into Mo Luo's heart, causing his face to turn stark pale. Not a hint of blood could be seen on his face, and he even started trembling all over his body.

The long violet spear shot through the body manifested from the gathering of all the wills belonging to Mo Luo's ancestors and charged straight towards the temple, but the moment it rushed inside, a great amount of life force spread out from the temple, as if something dead had just been resurrected.

But even so, it did not matter!

Almost the instant life force erupted, a loud bang that surged into the sky reverberated in the air, and the entire temple started cracking, inch by inch, and with that loud bang it shattered in pieces and exploded!

The only one left was Mo Luo, standing alone on the ground as he coughed up blood once more. His face withered away, and was filled with shock and terror as he continued retreating.

However, Su Ming's spear still did not stop. It charged straight towards Mo Luo, and during that instant, the old man's desperate plea for his Clan Master's help rang into the air.

The plea for help instantly made a vortex appear before Mo Luo, just as Su Ming's spear closed in on him. The appearance of that vortex was incredibly sudden, and a hand had even stretched out from it to grab Mo Luo. By the looks of it, that hand wanted to save Mo Luo!

It was an old arm. The instant it appeared, a presence belonging to a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm was revealed distinctly, and that was the true presence of a Berserker who had reached great completion!

Yet the moment this hand stretched out of the vortex, grabbed Mo Luo, whose expression filled with delight and excitement from having escaped death, and was just about to drag him inside, a glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes.

The long spear that was rushing over closed in within an instant and pierced the vortex. Right then, the person who had grabbed Mo Luo from the vortex stretched out another hand and pointed towards the tip of the spear.

The instant both sides touched each other, a shocking roar shook the skies, and the finger in the vortex immediately exploded. A muffled groan came from within, and the hint of Life Cultivation's presence on the long spear blasted forth abruptly.

Under that presence, the vortex shattered, and with a bang, Mo Luo's legs instantly turned to dust. His arms suffered the same fate, and even half of his body was disintegrated. Only his head and a small part of his body were left tumbling into the distance.

He should not have lived. If Su Ming had not been unwilling to kill him and hadn't gathered most of the strength of his spear on that vortex when it appeared, Mo Luo would definitely have died.

As the vortex shattered, Su Ming's spear shot forth and charged inside. When a bang that seemed to be running through an isolated space traveled out of the crumbling vortex, an old voice filled with fury and shock swiftly traveled out.

"Who are you?!"

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

This was Su Ming's answer. He did not bother with any form of disguise, neither did he hide his own name. Right after he destroyed Scour Sieve Island, he openly announced his name to the voice in the vortex that belonged to that old Eastern Wastelander who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm!

The moment his voice traveled forth, the vortex shattered completely and disappeared from Scour Sieve Island. Immediately, a flash of light appeared in Su Ming's hands, and the long spear he threw out manifested in his grasp once more.

The Undertaker of Evil's Spear could take a physical and illusory form. As long as Su Ming held that transparent jade slip in his hands, the spear would forever be in his grasp!

Mo Luo's presence was weak. A large amount of his life force had flowed away. If it had not been for him originally being in the pinnacle of the later stage in the Berserker Soul Realm, then he would have definitely died with these irreparable wounds. Yet even so, he was still hanging by the last threads of his life!

As a Clan Elder of Eastern Wasteland's All Entities Clan, Mo Luo had come to the sea with a mission. Not only was he given a large amount of treasures, his clan had also given him this temple to serve as his strongest offensive and defensive power.

To All Entities Clan, this was already their greatest power. Not a single accident should occur. Even if he ran into the three great Berserkers of South Morning, he would still be safe.

However, they did not expect that there was still another person besides the three great Berserkers in the Land of South Morning...

This person was destined to have his name spread through the world after this battle!

This person was destined to bring about a calamity after he slaughtered the entire Scour Sieve Island!

This person was also destined to gain the attention of all the clans, tribes, and the powerful warriors in Eastern Wasteland's mainland, and he would make their hearts tremble in fear, shock, and alarm!

This person's name would also shake the entire Eastern Wastelands after this battle!

His name... was Su Ming!

Chapter 536: Who is Interrupting My Training?!

To the north of Eastern Wasteland's mainland was a land surrounded by river basins. Few people could be seen in the sky. This endless circular area had been turned into All Entities Clan's territory, and all outsiders were forbidden from stepping in.

All Entities Clan was a clan formed by twelve Eastern Wasteland tribes uniting together years ago, and it was one of the four great tribes in the continent. It contained incredible power, and there were even Berserkers who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm defending it, causing All Entities Clan's reputation to be extremely great in Eastern Wastelands!

One of the numerous basins on the land was surrounded by an innumerable amount of exquisite towers. There were even wisps of black smoke rising to the sky. A black hall could also be seen on the ground, hidden within the depths of that black smoke.

The hall looked as if it was burning, causing the black smoke to churn about. That black smoke was also the one and only wisp of smoke in the endless area of the land! It was

the symbol All Entities Clan's spirit, and it was the most distinct sight that could shock outsiders!

In Eastern Wastelands, only those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm could gather such thick smoke and use this method to stun others everywhere!

At that moment, there was an old man in black robes sitting cross-legged in the hall within the depths of the black smoke. That old man had his hair spilling all over his back, and a Berserker Mark of a scorpion could be seen on his face. The scorpion shone with a dark light, causing the old man to look strange and mysterious.

A strong wave of ripples could be seen spreading from his body. The area around him was empty except for a middle-aged man who was kneeling respectfully a hundred something feet before him.

Yet at that moment, the old man's right hand suddenly exploded and was torn into bloody ribbons. All his fingers on his left hand also shattered.

The sudden sight made the middle-aged man before him immediately raise his head. His face was filled with shock and alarm, along with panic and fear. He did not know what happened. He had only received Mo Luo's plea for help, that was why he had instantly asked to see the Great Elder of his clan and asked him for help.

However, after the Great Elder had cast his Art, this had happened, so how could he not be shocked?

"Great Elder..."

But before the middle-aged man managed to finish speaking, he saw the old man with the Scorpion's Berserker Mark on his face open his eyes swiftly. Brilliant light flashed in them, and the middle aged man noticed, to his shock, that a terrifying presence suddenly appeared in the hall!

That presence did not belong to the old man, but... to the illusory shadow of a spear in midair. With a flash, that shadow charged towards the old man, and the instant it closed in on him, the old man bit the tip of his tongue and coughed out a mouthful of blood. That blood gathered together and turned into a human face before rushing straight towards the long spear.

Rumbling sounds reverberated in the hall and stirred up a wave of air, forcing the middle-aged man backwards, even making him cough out a mouthful of blood. The shock and terror on his face grew even more. He had a vague guess of what was happening, but he couldn't believe his own thoughts!

'That's impossible. With the Great Elder's level of cultivation, how... how could he get hurt? And that person's presence even chased him down to this place... How... How could this be? The Great Elder went to save Mo Luo. Mo Luo is out in the sea, he's facing off South Morning. Could it be... that Mo Luo ran into the three great Berserkers of South Morning?!

'But even if it's the three great Berserkers, the Great Elder shouldn't be in this state!'

As the middle aged man was filled with shock, the black smoke rising into the sky outside the hall looked as if it had been cut off for a brief instant. It might have recovered very quickly and not many people noticed it, but this sight was enough to tell just how shaken the Great Elder had been from Su Ming's spear.

Once the rumbles faded away, the shadow of the long spear disappeared, and the Great Elder's mangled hands started growing back in a bizarre fashion. By the looks of it, it would not take long before they fully recovered.

The middle aged man's heart raced against his chest. Just as he was about to speak, his words were interrupted once again. Right before his eyes, the old man swiftly lifted his head and looked towards the air.

"Who are you?!" There was anger contained in his voice, along with... a hint of wariness!

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

The instant the Great Elder's words left his lips, the middle-aged man shuddered and lifted his head to look up. Then, he heard a voice that seemed to be isolated from space itself traveling into the empty air around them.

That voice was aloof and even held a hint of youth, but when it fell into the middle-aged man's ears, it was deeply engraved into his memories.

The Great Elder of All Entities Clan, the old man who was sitting cross-legged in the hall, became incredibly sullen. He did not look at his recovered arms. Instead, his eyes began to sparkle. He knew that he had underestimated his opponent. He did not expect that the person who had made Mo Luo cry out for help would possess a hint of Life Cultivation's presence, the presence that actually made him terrified!

'Life Cultivation... Is there really someone who can move into that Realm in this world...? Su Ming, Su Ming...'

A long time later, the middle-aged man by the side lifted his head while still trembling to look at the old man. After a moment of hesitation, he spoke respectfully.

"Progenitor..."

"Don't bother about Mo Luo anymore. Go make arrangements. From now on, no disciple of All Entities Clan is allowed to step into South Morning!"

...

Su Ming had changed back from Destiny on Scour Sieve Island. He stood there while still wearing the Undertaker of Evil's Armor, but the presence coming from him was back to his original one. Yet even so, once he had brought forth that strongest spear of his, he seemed to have gained an epiphany.

He had a feeling that he had caught onto something, but it was vague and he could not see it clearly. It was as if there was an endless layer of smoke obstructing his path ahead.

But he believed that someday, when he stepped into the Berserker Soul Realm, this mysterious fog that covered the path before him would be swept aside with a wave of his hand.

He stared coldly at Mo Luo, who now only had a small part of his body remaining as he lay in the distance. At that moment, only a small amount of Mo Luo's life was left in him, but he did not want to die. He was afraid of death, terrified that his existence would be erased from the world.

He was also afraid of Su Ming. His fear towards the young man had already reached its peak. He had seen with his own eyes that even the Great Elder had been unable to fight against that spear, and if he could not, then how could Mo Luo hope to do so?!

When he saw Su Ming looking towards him, despair appeared in Mo Luo's eyes.

The young man walked towards him. At that moment, Scour Sieve Island was filled with deathly silence. Everyone had died, and the island was filled with a thick, bloody stench, making everyone who smelled it want to puke.

"You... You..." Mo Luo trembled as he watched Su Ming walking closer. With each step, it felt as if his life was being crushed, making him descend into madness in the midst of his endless terror.

"Killing me is useless. I am from All Entities Clan, and I came here because of my clan. You... Mo Que! Sir Mo Que, save me! Sir Mo Que!"

A bright light suddenly shone in Mo Luo's eyes. In his fear and madness, he remembered that he still had one move left to save himself!

It was Mo Que, Sir Mo Que who had made his heart tremble in fear after sensing his presence. It made him not dare to attack, and instead choose to give him offerings respectfully!

That presence not only made him feel fear, but also caused Bao Shan to be shocked when he first sensed it!

When Mo Luo remembered Mo Que, his despairing heart regained hope. There was no doubt in his heart. If Sir Mo Que attacked, this person would definitely die, there was no way he would survive.

But even after he shouted, not a single reply came from the island. Su Ming did not stop moving, and by then, he was only several dozens of feet away from Mo Luo.

"Sir Mo Que!"

Mo Luo seemed to be hanging onto the last slivers of light of his life. When he saw that Su Ming was getting closer to him, he gathered what little power he had in his body, flew up, and kowtowed, with his head swiftly going down in the direction of the ground.

The instant he rammed his head towards the ground, cracking sounds immediately came from the land, and cracks swiftly tore through the earth. Once they connected, they turned into a giant chasm that ripped apart the island.

The instant that happened, a powerful presence that surpassed even that of Life Cultivation erupted from the crack in the ground.

The strength of that presence caused the weather to change, made the numerous ferocious beasts lingering around the island to shiver and let out terrified shrieks before they backed off altogether.

An old, booming voice reverberated in the air as the presence filled the air.

"Who is it?!"

"Who is interrupting my training?!"

"Just who has the gall to interrupt me when I'm training?!"

That voice was like the roaring thunder. As it reverberated in the air, Mo Luo's expression turned incredibly respectful and zealous, and he quickly started shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Sir Mo Que, it's me. Please execute justice on this person! Afterwards, I will definitely offer you even more offerings!"

Mo Luo was overwhelmed with joy. He believed that as long as Sir Mo Que rose from his sleep, he would definitely be safe!

It was especially so when he remembered how he got to know Mo Que. Just recalling it made him even more excited. He had never sensed such a powerful presence before, and under that presence, he had seen Mo Que's true self. The divine abilities he cast were also unforgettable just by their presence alone, even though the two of them had not fought.

He had only been able to invite Mo Que back to Scour Sieve Island after much effort on his part. From then on, Mo Luo had started giving offerings to him, and he would also do his best to satisfy all Mo Que's requests, even harboring the thought of pleasing him and getting into his good books. At that moment, he relaxed, and a smile appeared on his lips. When he looked towards Su Ming, killing intent appeared in his eyes again.

"It won't be so easy to kill me! So what if you have great power? You can't even hope to compare with Sir Mo Que!"

Mo Luo laughed coldly. He could already imagine what was going to happen next. Sir Mo Que would reveal himself, and in an instant, this fight would end. Once this Su Ming was killed, Mo Luo believed that if he had time to quietly heal his wounds and recover his power, he could still bring back Scour Sieve Island's glory, even though everyone on the island had already died!

"At that time, I will kill all of your people from South Morning! I will have them remember my name, and I will also let them know that all of this is because of one person called Su Ming!"

"In fact, I will find out all the people you know, and I will have all the men and women die horrible deaths! It'll be even greater if I can meet your lover, because I will return the humiliation I suffered today back to that person by a hundred fold!"

As excitement grew in Mo Luo's heart, his gaze as he looked towards Su Ming turned even colder.

Su Ming stopped and looked coldly towards the crack. The old voice that had traveled out from inside to echo in his ears and that powerful presence could intimidate all living souls. Even Su Ming had frowned in the beginning because of that.

Yet soon, a strange look appeared on his face, which was covered by the helmet, and other people could not see it.

"Sir Mo Que, please attack!" Mo Luo said once again with excitement in his voice.

Chapter 537: How Could This Be?

Time slowly trickled away. When a dozen something breaths went by, not a single reply could be heard from the crack besides the ever present powerful presence coming from within. This made Mo Luo momentarily stunned. He trembled and spoke anxiously.

"Sir Mo Que, please attack!"

Su Ming stood there and looked at Mo Luo. Besides his blood lust and aloofness, others could not see any other emotion on his person because of the helmet.

"Attack, my foot!"

After some time, in the midst of Mo Luo's anxiety, a furious roar suddenly came from inside the crack. That roar rumbled in the air and sounded like thunderclaps in the sky.

"This is my isolation grounds. How dare you interrupt my training. If it wasn't because you've been making offerings to me, I would have killed you!"

"Since this is your first offense, I will spare you! Get lost!"

There was a hint of fury in the voice in the crack. It left Mo Luo completely stunned. When he eventually registered what was happening, anxiety immediately overwhelmed him.

"Sir Mo Que... This is... I'm being persecuted by others. Please help me. As long as you kill this person, I will continue making offerings to you..."

Before Mo Luo could finish speaking, the furious roar from the crack came out even stronger this time.

"Get lost! If you still don't leave, then I'll make it so that you'll never be able to leave again. And you, man in the armor, I bear no grudges against you. I won't kill you, but you have to immediately leave as well. This island is my isolation grounds. Go out and kill each other. Don't even think about coming back again!"

"Sir Mo Que!!"

Fear grew in Mo Luo's heart. He did not expect that the Mo Que he had invited to this island, the Mo Que who he had tried to please by giving him multiple offerings would... would choose to ignore him at such a critical moment.

Moreover, his attitude was a lot different from before. He was usually arrogant, but when Mo Luo gave him his offerings, Mo Que would also praise him. He had also mentioned before that if he was here, no one would be able to hurt even a single strand of hair on Mo Luo's head.

But now...

"Sir Mo Que, with just a single thought, you can kill this person. Please, on behalf of all the offerings I've given you in the past, save me! Save me!"

Mo Luo was practically pleading at this point. Mo Que was the last ray of light pointing to his salvation. He had placed all his hope on him when he was in despair, there was no way he could give up at this point.

"How could you be so blind towards what is right and wrong? There is no enmity between us, how could I kill him just like that? I am a man of integrity, of outstanding valiance, of upright character, and everyone in the world knows about it. I will not kill a person to whom I do not bear hate!

"Even if I just need a single thought to destroy everything, there are simply some things that I do not want to do. As long as he doesn't provoke me, I will not kill him!" The voice in the crack was filled with an ancient air as he emphasized that he had no grudges against Su Ming and that Su Ming had not provoked him.

"As for you, since you're going to continue bothering me, then don't even think about leaving anymore!" At the same time a cold harrumph appeared from the crack, an even greater presence erupted forth. A huge palm shot out of the crack, and a presence that shook the sky and earth spread out in midair. It could make people who saw it be shocked and terrified.

That palm was several thousands of feet big and looked as if it could cover the heavens as it pressed down towards Mo Luo, who was now filled with fear and disbelief.

A huge gust of wind stirred up, and when despair appeared on Mo Luo's face while madness and hate boiled in his heart as he decided to attack with everything he had, that palm suddenly stopped hundreds of feet above him.

A sigh came from the crack.

"Oh well, you have, after all, been making offerings to me. I don't want to kill you. I will give you twenty breaths. Leave immediately!"

Mo Luo laughed brokenly. He did not know why Mo Que refused to attack. The scenes from the past appeared in his head. This man's strength had almost suffocated him. He originally thought he had regained hope, but now... there was still nothing but despair for him.

Su Ming lifted his foot and walked forward, towards the edge of the crack to look down. The crack was incredibly deep and there was fog filling every nook and cranny inside it. He could not see too deeply.

Almost the moment Su Ming lowered his head to look into the crack, a cold harrumph came from within, and there was a hint of dissatisfaction in it.

"Boy, I'm giving you a chance here. Go! Do you really think that I won't attack you!

"I've always been kind, and your power is quite outstanding. I do quite like you after I saw it. Go, and take that boy Mo Luo away from this place as well!"

A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of Su Ming's lips, though it was still hidden behind his Undertaker of Evil's armor.

"I don't want to leave just yet," he said slowly.

"How dare you! I already gave you the chance, you ungrateful wretch! Do you really think I won't kill you!" The old voice from the crack started roaring furiously.

Mo Luo was momentarily stunned before hope once again lit up in the pools of his despair. When he looked towards Su Ming, he suddenly thought that this person was a little stupid, but he also greatly looked forward to this man continuing like this. Because if he did that, then he would definitely incite Sir Mo Que's wrath, and he would definitely die!

"Sir Mo Que, this person doesn't appreciate your grace! Please kill him!" Mo Luo quickly said.

"Quiet. I've always been merciful, how can I kill someone because of just one sentence? Boy, I'll give you another chance. If you don't take the chance, then... I will really attack!"

Su Ming did not speak. He continued looking at the crack, and the smile on his lips grew.

Time passed, and soon, ten breaths were gone. After a short period of silence, a sigh traveled out of the crack.

"I'm a merciful person, and all of this is simply something you brought on your own head."

As these words were spoken, a seven-colored light shot out from the crack. At the same time, a seven-colored peacock slowly rose up into the air. When it eventually stood in midair, it started shining with a light piercing to the eyes.

The seven-colored peacock looked incredibly powerful. The presence it exuded had already exceeded that of those in the Berserker Soul Realm, making those who saw it feel as if their breathing was about to freeze.

An ancient look appeared in its eyes, and it looked as if it had gone through an endless cycle of life and death, and after having seen through everything, had reached enlightenment.

"I will give you one last chance..."

Excitement appeared on Mo Luo's face. This seven-colored peacock before him was, naturally, Mo Que's main body, and the one he had seen in the past. He would never forget how Mo Que had cast a divine ability that had caused him to be shocked to the core.

He still clearly remembered the name of that divine ability; it was called Overturning the Ocean! It was a divine ability he had never seen before, and it was one that had nearly scared him to death!

It was also difficult for him to forget how this peacock had seemed as if he was incredibly displeased with the ocean while he was still in the sky. Right before Mo Luo's eyes, it had wanted to overturn the ocean, and he would never forget the words it mumbled.

"I don't like the color of the ocean, and since I don't like it, I will overturn it."

In Mo Luo's memories, once this peacock said those words, the entire sky was dyed in seven colors, turning into two giant hands that shot into the depths of the ocean, looking as if they wanted to overturn the seawater!

"So many lives... Fine. I cannot cause harm to so many lives just because of my personal fancies." Mo Luo then saw this peacock shaking his head and dispelling all his divine abilities before he turned his gaze towards him.

This scene had struck Mo Luo completely dumb with shock. He was originally just passing by, but after that, he started being respectful and got into the peacock's good books.

Right then, when he saw Sir Mo Que revealing his true self once again, he became excited once more, thinking that his hope had just appeared again...

Su Ming looked at the seven-colored peacock standing in the sky. Violet light started shining on his body, and gradually, his armor turned into violet threads and fused into his body, causing his face to be revealed.

"Come here!" Su Ming's expression was aloof. Right after he cast a glance at the seven-colored peacock, he spoke coldly. His words did not sound as if he was facing off to a powerful warrior, but more like a scolding.

"Su Ming, how dare you! Sir Mo Que, this person is rude, please..."

Mo Luo's eyes brightened up. Right then, he did not have time to think about why Su Ming would say such words, but instead spoke quickly, all so that he could make the powerful Sir Mo Que in his mind attack.

Yet before he could finish speaking, the words died in his mouth. He widened his eyes and stared at the scene right before him with a dumbfounded expression.

When the seven-colored peacock saw Su Ming and heard his cold words, his body trembled. Shock and fear appeared on his face, along with a look of struggle, but right as it came to be, it was immediately gone. The peacock swiftly lowered his head and put on a look of flattery before he flapped his huge wings... and like a huge bird, he quickly flew towards Su Ming.

"The world is a small place, eh? Um... My eyes failed me just now, and I didn't manage to see you clearly..." The seven-colored peacock was filled with admiration. When he came before Su Ming, he quickly began speaking.

"Return to your original look." Su Ming was dazzled by the light from the seven-colored peacock and frowned.

When the seven-colored peacock saw Su Ming frowning, his heart immediately gave a loud thump against his chest. He had seen just how powerful this person was. He was the person that was chased down by the five colored peacock and the very same person who had made him run away in fear.

Most importantly, the bird had seen everything that had happened from underground. If it had not been because he was too afraid of being discovered if he ran away, he would have fled a long time ago.

That was why he had been praying vigorously while he was underground, hoping that this person would not notice him, but in the end, he was forced out by Mo Luo. It could be said that his hate towards Mo Luo had already reached an intensity that it could burn the sky.

Right then, as he was busy trying to get into Su Ming's good books, a shudder ran through his body, and the seven-colored light immediately disappeared to reveal a black crane with half its feathers gone right before Su Ming and Mo Luo's eyes...

Its appearance and expression gave others a feeling that it was incredibly filthy and nasty, a difference between heaven and earth compared to its previous valiant and mighty appearance just now. In fact, to please Su Ming, it had even turned its head around to glare at Mo Luo.

Mo Luo stared at the black crane with a dumbfounded expression, watched it as it tried to get into Su Ming's good books, listened to its bombastic and hyperbolic words, saw how the seven-colored peacock turned into the bald crane, and his mind went blank. His world had just shattered because of one single crane.

"How could this be...?"

He was originally not a person who was easily fooled, but the black crane was indeed quite skilled in this regard, that was why Mo Luo fell for its deceptions so utterly, all while never having seen its true form...

"A crane... peacock..." Mo Luo coughed out a mouthful of blood, then as he looked at the crane... he suddenly, really wanted to swear...

Chapter 538: Departure!

Su Ming left Scour Sieve Island, and behind him was a bald crane with a look of flattery as it tried to please him.

In the crane's claws was Mo Luo, who had not completely died, but whose world had completely shattered. His battle against Su Ming had caused his power to show signs of collapse, and Su Ming's strength was engraved into his bones.

Yet even so, even though he was afraid of death, even though he was terrified, he was still confident that he could survive through this and continue building his faction of power. He was confident that he could still make a comeback sooner or later with his intelligence and his methods.

However... the crane's appearance had made him begin doubting his own intelligence, and his world had shattered because of it. He could not believe that he had been fooled by such a dirty looking bald crane, and had even been making offerings while trying to curry its favor for the past few years.

Now that he thought about it, when he met this shameless bald crane in the past, all its actions and that so called 'mercy' were all fake!

It was plainly an act, it was clearly just putting on a show, and he actually believed it...

Su Ming could sense Mo Luo's thoughts, but he did not bother about him. Scour Sieve Island was behind him at that moment, and as he walked in midair, the land was filled with dead silence. The entire ground was covered in blood, and it had turned into a dead island!

Su Ming had also cut down a mountain before he left, slicing it down into a gigantic stone monument, which he placed at the center of the island, at the most eye-catching spot on the land!

He left behind a line of words on it, and each word was written using fresh blood. A murderous aura and killing intent that burned the sky spread out from that monument,

shocking and intimidating all the Eastern Wastelanders who would perhaps come to the island in the future!

"All those who dare humiliate us from South Morning will be executed, no matter how far you are! Let this place serve as the first warning for all Eastern Wastelanders who trespass South Morning!"

Right behind this sentence, Su Ming had written his name.

"Su Ming, of South Morning!"

He knew that after this battle, his name would spread like wildfire in this foreign land. And it was precisely what he wanted. This shock was what he would do for South Morning.

Once he left that stone monument behind, he took a step forward and walked towards Southern Swamp Island. He did not intend to stay long in the region of the Dead Sea between South Morning and Eastern Wastelands. He would first return to the ninth summit. He wanted to see how it was faring currently, and he wanted to see whether he could find any news about Hu Zi there.

After that, he would head to Eastern Wastelands!

There was a long black blade in Su Ming's storage bag at the moment, and there was a shadow of fog on it. That shadow was attached to the blade, and once Su Ming took it away, she remained trembling in his storage bag.

Su Ming was familiar with the woman's shadow. She was also the reason why he had not killed Mo Luo right away, but had chosen instead to bring him back to Southern Swamp Island!

That shadow was the woman from the bracelet his eldest senior brother had given him as a gift in the past, who also happened to be one of the three hundred Shaman Souls of Nine Li!

"I'll have to ask Zong Ze whether eldest senior brother took this with him in the past. If that's the case, then how did this end up in Mo Luo's hands?"

"Perhaps this is the clue that will lead me to eldest senior brother!" Su Ming mumbled, bringing with him the bald crane who did not dare leave because it was still afraid of him. They turned into a long arc in the sky and left into the distance.

When evening arrived, Su Ming returned to Southern Swamp Island. At that moment, the protective screen of light around the island had become much thicker, and the Rune was being repaired at lightning speed. The islanders were trying to restore it to its

complete form so that the island would sink down once again and they could avoid disaster.

Su Ming did not catch much attention when he returned, but once he landed on the island, he charged straight towards Zong Ze. Right when the shaman saw him, a thick, bloody stench forced its way into his nose, and he also saw the sealed and bound Mo Luo!

His impression of Mo Luo ran deep. After all, he had lost to this person in the past. When he saw the man once again at that moment, a huge storm raged in Zong Ze's heart.

He did not expect Su Ming to return so quickly, neither did he expect him to truly be able to destroy the entire Scour Sieve Island. As shock filled his heart, an even more complicated feeling rose within him as he looked towards Su Ming.

Zong Ze spoke the truth when asked about the three hundred Shaman Souls and the bracelet Su Ming was forced to leave behind in the past in Autumn Sea Tribe while having mixed feelings in his heart.

"I will leave tomorrow. Senior Zong Ze, I hope that you will take care of Cang Lan and Zi Yan. I will be deeply grateful for that." Before Su Ming left Zong Ze's cave, his footsteps came to a halt and he turned around and looked at the shaman, then he wrapped his fist in his palm and bowed towards him.

Zong Ze nodded and watched Su Ming leave. In the midst of all the complicated emotions in his heart, he sighed, then disappeared from his cave. He only returned the next morning.

He went to Scour Sieve Island, and there, he saw the blood on the island, along with a newly erected stone monument. That sight turned into a powerful impact that delivered a shocking blow to him, and it also made him place even more attention towards the matter of Su Ming asking him to take care of Cang Lan and Zi Yan.

He no longer had much time left, and though he wasn't afraid of death, but due to the island, he became respectful towards Su Ming, and this respect was the reason why he decided to treat his request seriously.

When morning arrived, before Zong Ze's return, Su Ming had already left Southern Swamp Island. With Fang Cang Lan's divine abilities, he was able to see Mo Luo's memories, and had also been able to see how the bracelet his eldest senior brother had taken away ended up in his hands.

Once he learned of everything, Su Ming left with an expression as dark as thunderclouds. Before he left, Zi Yan came to him and asked about Zi Che's whereabouts, but in the end, left dejected.

Su Ming left, bringing with him the bald crane who did not dare leave his side. They turned into a long arc and disappeared into the sky. Behind him was a person, who stood on Southern Swamp Island while watching him quietly. When Su Ming left into the distance, when he was gone from her sight, her gaze turned into a pained sigh...

As Su Ming flew towards South Morning on his way back to the ninth summit, he could already guess the level of shock he would bring to Eastern Wastelands with the slaughter he brought on Scour Sieve Island. However, he did not expect that the shock would soon turn into a violent gust of wind that would sweep through the entire Eastern Wastelands and the sea beyond!

Three days after Su Ming left, six long arcs came flying towards Scour Sieve Island. There were men and women within those six arcs, and as their chatter and laughter filled the air, they approached the island.

"That's Scour Sieve Island. The festival will be held here. I'm familiar with senior Mo Luo, when the time comes, we can..." One of the men among the six people laughed as he spoke. With a rather complacent expression, he approached the island with the rest of his group, but the instant he closed in, his words died on his tongue.

The dead silence that filled the entire island and the thick stench of blood that wafted into their noses caused shock to appear on the six people's faces. As they stepped onto the ground, the blood that covered every inch of the land and had yet to dry made their breathing quicken instantaneously, and their faces immediately turned pale.

The blood that filled the entire ground, the ruins everywhere, and the endless sea of mangled corpses caused the place to instantly look like hell. The aura of death filled the air in the place. The six people started shivering and their faces turned pale. Their eyes flew wide open, and while filled with shock, they saw the gigantic stone monument standing erect in the middle!

When they saw it, the six hastily left Scour Sieve Island without hesitation. Huge storms raged in their hearts, and in their minds, the words written in blood on the stone monument as well as Su Ming's name emerged at the same time!

Several days later, another batch of people came to attend Scour Sieve Festival, but after a moment, their expressions changed drastically to paleness and terror, and they hastily fled the island.

Gradually, more people learned of what happened to Scour Sieve Island, and more people learned about Su Ming of South Morning!

From then onwards, the island that was filled with a bloody stench and death became a warning, causing all the cultivators around Eastern Wastelands to be stricken with fear!

Chapter 539: The Three Great Islands of South Morning

There were only three pieces of land remaining of the old continent of South Morning besides the islands scattered here and there. These three pieces of land might seem desolate, but they were the only three regions that remained in a more complete state as South Morning suffered through the effects of the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands.

Three incredibly huge protection Runes covered each of these three huge pieces of land. From the distance, it was not exactly accurate to call them that thought, because they were not connected together to form a single continent. Instead, they were spread out in a triangle, and black seawater roared between them.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to describe them as islands.

Su Ming stood on the Dead Sea as clouds tumbled in the sky. There was a rather complicated look on his face as he looked at the sea beneath his feet. Vaguely, he could see a shadow in the depths below...

The shadow looked like a dragon's head. That spot was... where Sky Mist Barrier was located in the past, but it was now submerged under the sea. If the terrain itself had not been incredibly highly elevated since the beginning and the mountain ranges where the wall was built upon had not existed, Sky Mist's dragon head would no longer be seen after it was submerged.

Twenty something years ago, Su Ming fought against the Shamans here in a great war as a member of the Berserker Tribe. Over here, he had refined his will. Over here, he became a Divine General of Bone Sacrifice, and also in this very same place, he was forced to escape into the land of the Shamans.

Now, this place had changed. Everything had changed, be it the place itself or the people. It would make a person sigh if he tried to search for the faint traces of the past.

Compared to the complicated feelings and the sentimental thoughts in Su Ming's heart, the bald crane behind him was looking around while having all sorts of thoughts in its mind. It was trying to search for a way to leave Su Ming with everything it had. It was incredibly terrified of the man, and it told itself that if it could not find a way to escape, it might never see the light of day again.

'I'm a valiant and wise crane with a high status. How could this little Berserker brat speak to me so rudely? Hur hur.' As all sorts of thoughts ran through the bald crane's

mind, it saw Su Ming turning his head around, and was immediately terrified. It quickly put on a look of flattery, and even flapped its wings a few times like a little chick.

Once it noticed that Su Ming was not looking at it but into the distance, it started grumbling in its heart.

'I must think of a way to escape as soon as possible. It'd be great to have my freedom again. With my divine abilities, I can have as many concubines as I want, as many lackeys as I want. Ah... it's a pity about Mo Luo. I wasted a lot of effort making him believe in me in the past.'

Su Ming did not bother with the bald crane's thoughts, but only looked at the vast sea underneath, moving his eyes away only after a long time had passed. His gaze gradually calmed down. As he moved forward, he turned into a long arc and walked forth. The bald crane hesitated for a moment, until Su Ming's cold harrumph reached its ears.

It made the bald crane tremble, and even though it was absolutely unwilling to, it still put on a look of happiness on its face.

"Sir, please wait for me. Look, I don't have a lot of feathers left, I can't fly too quickly. Why don't I... wait for you here?"

Su Ming did not continue paying any sort of attention to it. He might think that there were some mysteries surrounding this black crane, but as of then, his desire to return to the ninth summit was too strong, that was why he did not bother himself too much with the bird.

Besides, there was no sort of grudge between him and the black crane. With how Su Ming was, he would not make things too hard for the crane. If it wanted to leave, he would not stop it.

When the crane saw that Su Ming was ignoring it and was flying further away, it widened its eyes and started backing away slowly, wondering in its head whether he had decided to be kind and stopped paying attention to it.

'Something's wrong!' The bald crane froze for a moment, then after flapping its wings a few times, it lifted its claws and scratched the spots on its body that were without feathers.

'He's testing me. If I truly ran away, he'll have a reason to teach me a lesson. Aaahhh, what a sly person, this Su Ming. I won't fall into your trap. Hur hur, the more you act this way, the less I should escape. I'm a smart crane, did you think you can actually make me fall for your little schemes, you little Berserker brat!'

The bald crane immediately flapped its wings and quickly chased after him. As it flew, it continued feeling smug about itself for not falling into Su Ming's 'scheme'.

The colors of the three protection screens of light on the three big islands of South Morning were different. The one at the center was black and looked dull. It was as if there was an endless layer of black smoke surrounding the entire land. It let out an eerie presence, causing people to feel a chilling air spreading out before they even got closer to the place.

The big island located several tens of thousands of li away to the left was surrounded by golden light. That light spilled out in all directions and could be seen from the distance. The final big island was located to the right of the black island. That place was filled with blue light, and as it flowed, it looked as if there were ripples spreading out into the world.

Su Ming flew past the Sky Mist Barrier and looked at the vast surface of the sea and the world in the distance. In his hands he held a jade slip, and the locations for the three great islands of South Morning were marked clearly on the map.

However, since the three islands were eternally sealed off, it was rare to find anyone coming out. That was why it was difficult to determine just which faction of power that existed in South Morning since the past owned these three islands.

However, Zong Ze had his own assumptions, and he had made some marks on the map based on them.

According to his guesses, the big island shining with golden light should belong to Western Sea Clan, who had activated the power of its clan when the calamity arrived so that they could stand against the disaster.

Judging by the place where the land was torn, the golden island was indeed where Western Sea Clan was once located.

Zong Ze had been unable to make any sort of guesses regarding the black island. He could only theorize that the island shrouded in blue light was controlled by Freezing Sky Clan based on some of the hints he obtained.

Su Ming fell into a moment of silence while holding the jade slip. As his eyes flickered, he charged towards the blue island, and he continued flying across the surface of the sea for the next few days.

The bald crane followed behind him. The two of them turned into two rays of long arcs, and they did not see another living soul besides the endless sea and the occasional ferocious beasts that would pop out of the Dead Sea around them.

It did not matter whether it was day or night. Besides the roars of the seawater, not much sound could be heard from anything else, causing the region to almost fall into deathly silence.

Eventually, Su Ming saw a hint of blue light in the world before him. The light gradually grew stronger as he got closer. Soon, a large piece of land appeared before him. Rays of blue light that seemed like flowing water flashed in a globe around the land. The screen of light was rather thick, and it looked as if it was about a thousand feet in breadth!

The thousand feet breadth cut off everything from outside, causing this huge island to be isolated from the world. Right at the moment Su Ming closed in on the protective screen of light, a vast and mighty pressure spread towards him slowly. Su Ming stood there and cast his gaze at the screen of light, but he could not see through it.

This was a powerful defense that could resist the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands. It looked as if it was a thousand feet thick, but it was definitely not just that. The strength and resilience of the screen of light made a light crease appear between Su Ming's brows once he saw it.

He stood beyond the screen of light and lifted his right hand slowly, but right at that moment, the bald crane behind him blinked and quickly flapped its wings.

"Don't, sir. I have a method for us to enter the place. I promise you, it'll definitely work, and the people inside won't notice us. This sort of thing is too easy for me," the bald crane said smugly next to Su Ming. When he looked towards it, the bald crane immediately puffed out its chest and even slapped its chest several times with its beak.

"Sir, just watch me!"

As it spoke, it immediately flew towards the light screen with everything it had. Lifting its claw, it pressed it against the screen, and its body immediately turned invisible. Soon after, it slowly started shining with blue light, as if it was about to fuse together with the Rune.

Su Ming focused his attention on the bird, and was rather surprised. He did not expect that the bald crane would have this sort of ability, but as he continued watching, an odd expression gradually appeared on his face.

Because right then, as the bald crane started shining with blue light all over its body, its appearance slowly changed and it gained a human form. By the looks of it, it had turned into an old man.

The old man stood outside the Rune, and a thick wave of aura of death spread out from his body. That wave of death surrounded him, causing him to look incredibly weird.

He closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, a hint of ancientness as well as somberness could be seen in his eyes. When Su Ming saw the bald crane taking up human form, his heart trembled. That gaze gave even him an indescribable feeling.

However, that feeling disappeared the next instant, because the dignified and solemn old man that was the bald crane started changed its expression rapidly and put on a look of flattery. There was also a hint of smugness contained within, which completely destroyed his mighty and serious temperament. It made Su Ming shake his head as he chuckled wryly.

"You puny little Rune, do you see who I am? I was the one who placed you here. Now open up for me!"

As the bald crane mumbled, he stretched his right claw now turned into the old man's right hand towards the Rune. Immediately, the thousand feet thick screen of light before Su Ming opened up a crack without making a single sound. That crack stretched right down to the inner parts of the Rune, revealing the land it protected inside.

An odd expression settled on Su Ming's face. He could tell that the bald crane had become one with the Rune with its great transformation powers, then, after casting some unknown method, had turned into the old man, who might possibly be the person who had made the Rune in the past.

With this method, it had deceived the Rune, causing it to open up a path for them.

Su Ming's eyes sparkled. He cast a glance at the old man who was really the produce of the bald crane's transformations, then walked forward slowly. Almost the moment he closed in on the path the screen of light had opened up, he disappeared and warped a thousand feet away, appearing inside the protected zone within the Rune.

When he was gone, the bald crane rolled its eyes, and the crack on the Rune immediately closed up, causing Su Ming to be instantly encased within, which also meant that the two of them were now separated by the Rune.

"Ha ha, how dare you try to scheme against me, you little Berserker brat? How dare you test me? In the end, you fell into my trap! From now on, go on ahead and be trapped inside that Rune! I'll be living my life of freedom!"

The bald crane laughed smugly, and with a single swing of its body, it turned back into the seven-colored peacock. Clearly, it loved this particular appearance, and while feeling pleased with itself, it flapped its wings. But just as it was about to leave...

"Really now?"

An aloof voice suddenly came from beside the bald crane's ears, causing it to be momentarily stunned, and a shudder crept up its spine. It immediately turned its head

back and looked at the spot in the Rune where Su Ming had previously disappeared, only to find him still standing nearby while looking over coldly.

Chapter 540: The Ninth Summit!

The instant the crane saw Su Ming, all the feathers on the seven-colored peacock immediately stood up, and with a shudder, its body started twisting. Clearly, that scare had caused its divine ability to become unsteady, and it returned to its appearance of a bald crane. The few feathers remaining on its body were also standing up.

It stared at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, blinked, and a few tears actually fell from its eyes...

"I... I..." At that instant, the bald crane was scared stiff. It could not even speak.

"Open the Rune and come in with me."

Su Ming looked at the bald crane coldly, and as he spoke, he lifted his right hand, formed a seal, and without a hit of delay, pressed his palm in the direction of the bald crane. In an instant, a ray of black light spread out from his fingertips and charged towards the bald crane, swiftly, seeping into its body and turning into a seal that was connected to Su Ming's mind.

He originally did not want to place any form of restriction on the crane. If it had not just done what it did, Su Ming would have cut off all ties with it once he stepped into the screen of light. No matter where it wanted to go, he would not have interfered.

In truth, if the bald crane had said that it wanted to leave on their way here, Su Ming would not have denied its request, but what the crane did just now displeased him.

The bald crane's heart trembled. It lowered its head and hastily went to the Rune. Once it opened it again, it looked at Su Ming with a fawning look, and just as it was thinking of how to curry favor by buttering him up, Su Ming took a step forward, lifted his left hand, and grabbed the bald crane by the neck before dragging it into the Rune with him.

The blue light before him was dazzling to the eyes. His world blurred for an instant, and when it cleared up, Su Ming had already walked through the Rune and was standing under the sky that belonged to South Morning in the past. He looked at the ground. Everything was barren underneath and not a single hint of green could be found. The sky was murky, and the sun could not be seen clearly.

The mountains were still here, and so were the plains, but not a single life form could be detected. The stench of death was evident in the barren place.

Su Ming released his grip on the bald crane's neck, and with a cold harrumph, turned into a long arc and flew forward. With a dejected look, the bald crane quickly followed suit, all the while grumbling in its heart and lamenting that it had been careless... Not only did it not manage to run, a seal had also been placed in its body.

'Damn it, how could I not have seen through this test...? This Berserker brat is too sly. Looks like he's a person who is used to testing others. I'll have to remember. I can't fall for his tricks again!' The bald crane lamented to itself and repeatedly reminded itself to be wary of the man's tests.

Su Ming walked forward in the sky. He was familiar with the terrain here, and when he flew several hundreds of li to arrive before an island surrounded by water, he came to a halt.

The vast expanse of water looked like a sea, but its color was not black. It was blue, and it covered a wide region. There was originally not supposed to be any sort of water here, it had been a world filled with glaciers and ice. Freezing Sky Clan was built on this glacier.

Yet now, as the calamity fell on their heads and South Morning was torn to pieces, the glacier became the sea around the island, drowning everything familiar to Su Ming.

"The ninth summit..." he mumbled under his breath as he looked at the seawater beneath him. Before his eyes, the image of the ninth summit of the past appeared. Gradually, an agitated look appeared on his face. He spread his divine sense outwards to cover the region.

With it, he saw the land, and also... a small mountain at the center of this vast expanse of sea...

The instant he saw it, Su Ming started trembling. His heart started racing, and his eyes started shining with eternal light. He walked forward slowly, towards that tiny mountain, or perhaps more accurately speaking, the portion of the mountain that was revealed on the surface of the sea, which was really less than one thousand feet.

He was like a wanderer that had wandered for decades, only to return home after many years to see unfamiliar sights laced with familiarity. The complicated feelings he harbored in his heart, along with his excitement and agitation, were difficult to put into words.

There was an ancient air to the sea breeze. When it blew past the surface of the sea, layers of ripples were formed on the water, causing the seawater to sparkle, giving it a nostalgic beauty.

The wind blew against Su Ming's body, lifting his hair, making his robes flutter. When the wind touched his eyes, it turned into longing and nostalgia, making him move his feet to walk towards where the ninth summit had been located in the past.

Everything in Su Ming's gaze disappeared at that moment. The only thing left in his field of vision was the mountain that was now less than one thousand feet in height.

Perhaps it should be said that this was just the peak of the mountain, because most of it was submerged under the seawater, including Su Ming's cave abode, his second senior brother's plants and flowers, his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds, and Hu Zi's house, where he slept... Everything was submerged under the water, and only the peak of the mountain remained eternally standing tall, surrounded by seawater.

It was as if it was also waiting for Su Ming, waiting for his return, or else, why would this mountain be the only one remaining while all the others had disappeared...?

All the things that had happened in the ninth summit in the past were clouded by nostalgia in Su Ming's eyes. When he got closer, mixed feelings rose in his heart. It had been twenty years, and because of one calamity, so many things had changed.

In his divine sense, Su Ming saw the tip of the ninth summit, which was still about several hundreds of li away from him. At that moment, there was a man standing outside the cave abode that originally belonged to Tian Xie Zi!

The man had a powerful back and shoulders, his body was incredibly well-built, but his hair was a mess. He stood there like a mountain that would never disappear. At that moment, he had his fists clenched while glaring right ahead.

Before him were two men dressed in Hanfu. Those two men were middle-aged, and one of them was glaring at this big man coldly while speaking slowly.

"The due date for your rent ends in three days. If you want to continue staying here, then you have to bring out even more offerings this time. If you can't, then Heaven Gate will wipe away this mountain."

"Since we're both from the same clan and are fellow disciples, here is my advice. If you don't want to give up on this land, you'd best bring those offerings here," the other person stated coldly.

"You're going overboard!" the man roared furiously. His face was filled with anger and pain. Over the years, he had given up far too much to protect the ninth summit.

When the calamity arrived, Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate activated their divine ability and protected this place with their Rune, but in the process, they made this place completely isolated from the outside world. Moreover, due to Heaven Gate's, all factions of power had no choice but to submit to them.

The Great Frozen Plains had also been demolished because of all sorts of reasons and made to drown in the depths of the sea. The ninth summit, however, had been allowed to stay due to some mysterious reason, but there was a condition for its continued existence. This man had to bring out ten items from Tian Xie Zi's cave abode and give them up as an offering, or else Heaven Gate would destroy the ninth summit.

The man knew that there was a strange seal to his Master's cave abode. This seal prevented all outsiders from entering, and if anyone tried to force their way in, all the items inside would be destroyed in an instant. Only the disciples of the ninth summit could enter the cave abode freely.

"You've already taken most of the things Master left behind. Why can't you just leave the ninth summit alone? I just want to protect my home. Master is gone, eldest senior brother is gone, even second senior brother is gone, and youngest junior brother has gone missing as well. I'm the only one left here. I'm the only one..."

"I just want to protect this place. I just want to make sure it keeps on existing so that Master will have a home to return to when he comes back, and when my eldest senior brother as well as my second senior brother come back, they will be able to see their home!"

"I want to let youngest junior brother be able to find his way back when he returns. This is the only thing I can think of, but you... how could you do this?! Master already doesn't have much left, so how can you do this?!" As the man cried out, tears fell from his eyes. The pain and suffering he had had to endure over the years was something no one could possibly know.

He was Hu Zi, the simple and honest Hu Zi who had some odd quirks and unique hobbies. However, twenty years had passed by since then, and the signs of age had appeared on his face. He was no longer the child who could sleep every single day and did not have to worry about anything because he had Tian Xie Zi's protection. Now, he was the Hu Zi who wanted to protect the ninth summit so that he could give his Master and his junior brother a home to return to!

"You wouldn't dare do this if Master was still around!"

"Even if it was just my eldest senior brother, you wouldn't dare do this either! And before my second senior brother left, you wouldn't have dared to humiliate the ninth summit!" Hu Zi yelled at the two people with anger burning on his face.

"Indeed, if senior Tian Xie Zi was here, we wouldn't dare to do this, but he has gone missing for too long, and we don't even know whether he's still alive and well," one of the two people standing before Hu Zi said, shaking his head.

"If your eldest senior brother or your second senior brother were around, this might perhaps not have happened as well, but they've also gone missing."

"Honestly, you don't have to be so angry either, we just came here to tell you the orders from the clan," the other person said coldly.

"The ninth summit belongs to Freezing Sky Clan, and Freezing Sky Clan belongs to Heaven Gate. Why would we need to force you if we want to take back this mountain? Three days later, we will come and retrieve the offerings. If you can't produce them, then we will have to report this to the clan."

Once the two people finished speaking, they cast Hu Zi a glance filled with cold aloofness, along with a hint of disdain and mockery. They then turned into long arcs and charged into the sky, disappearing without a trace. The air around them distorted and it looked as if they had just entered a void.

Only Hu Zi remained standing on the ground alone. He sat down in anguish and clenched his fists tightly, but in the end, when his gaze landed on the ground and the ninth summit, he started crying.

"I only want to protect the ninth summit... I don't want it to disappear. I want to find the warmth it had in the past. I want to keep our home intact for all of you... Master, where are you? Do you know that the ninth summit has reached such a state...?"

"You went to Eastern Wastelands for South Morning, but do you know that our ninth summit is about to fall? I can't bear with this for much longer..."

"Eldest senior brother, where are you...? Second senior brother, why did you go out? Why didn't you stay here and protect our home together with me...?"

"Youngest junior brother, are you... are you... are you dead or alive? It's been twenty years... Do you still remember the ninth summit? Do you still remember our Master, our eldest senior brother, our second senior brother? Do you still remember me...?" Tears fell down Hu Zi's cheeks as he mumbled.

When a man cried in such a manner, it was enough to make all those who saw him feel their hearts shake.

Chapter 541: Hu Zi, Don't Cry...

Hu Zi no longer drank. Over the years he had become unwilling to drink, because he was afraid of getting drunk. Once he became drunk, he would remember his Master, his eldest senior brother, his second senior brother, and his youngest junior brother.

This longing was pure and plain torture to him. It would make him wake up from his sleep in tears, make him drown in loneliness as he looked at the darkness around him and remembered just how alone and at a loss he was.

He seldom fell asleep now, and would rather not dream, because he was afraid of becoming immersed in the happiness of the past and unwilling to wake up. If he truly could not wake up, then the ninth summit might fall into trouble.

He no longer peeped either, because he had already grown up, he no longer had the strength to do such a thing... because there was no longer anyone else in this area besides him. If there was any, then it would be the hidden Heaven Gate in the sky.

It was a place he hated with everything he had. He would never forget how Heaven Gate had abandoned the Great Frozen Plains when the calamity came upon them, forcing an innumerable amount of the disciples in the mountains to leave. They were made to wander without a place to call home, and he had no idea whether they were still alive or dead.

He had to watch the mountains collapse, watch Heaven Gate descending on them and making all the factions of power on the ground come under their jurisdiction, and watch the ninth summit slowly be drowned as the glacier melted. He would never forget the day his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds went under water. Tears had fallen from his eyes then, but he could only move backwards, and could only continue retreating until his cave abode was gone, until even his youngest junior brother's cave abode disappeared under water. At that moment, he cried again.

He could not stop any of this. He could only continue moving backwards, could only watch water drowning even his second senior brother's house, the plants and flowers dying, until only a thousand feet of the entire ninth summit was left.

The lonely mountain was left with a lonely person. He struggled for years, and he had no idea for how much longer still he had to continue struggling. Perhaps... he would not be able to continue for long.

With tears falling from his eyes, Hu Zi sat on the mountain. He looked at the world in the distance, then at the sparkling seawater, and more tears fell from his eyes. Those tears contained his pain, his anger, and even more so, his longing.

He knew that if Heaven Gate's Bai Su had not harbored special feelings for the ninth summit and loved his missing youngest junior brother, he would be in an even worse trouble.

He also knew that Bai Su only had very little influence in Heaven Gate. Even if her father had a lot of power in Heaven Gate in the past, but the thing that had happened during these past few years had caused him to be badly injured, causing his power and influence to fall greatly as well.

Hu Zi would never forget that sight. It was something that was largely connected to a person called Si Ma Xin, who had walked out of Freezing Sky Cave when the glacier turned into an ocean. It was something that no one expected, not even Bai Su's father!

Si Ma Xin had become incredibly powerful when he walked out of the glacier, and from then onwards, he became one of the powerful warriors within Heaven Gate. His existence was also the reason why the ninth summit was in such a difficult situation.

As Hu Zi cried, he touched his back and started mumbling in a voice that only he could hear.

"Master, I'm at my limit... Eldest senior brother and second senior brother went to Eastern Wastelands... Youngest junior brother, where are you...? Did you know? Our home is almost gone... Do you still remember the ninth summit's principles...?"

"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."

As he spoke, more tears fell from his eyes, and his heart clenched in pain.

"These are the ninth summit's principles... but our summit is no longer here, are we... even considered a part of it anymore...?" Hu Zi continued crying. On that lonely mountain, the sobs of a man echoed in the air.

Men do not cry easily, because their cries sounded horrid to the ears, because their sobs symbolize weakness, but... when they reach their limit, their cries become filled with their despair towards life.

Those sobs filled with despair would no longer be unpleasant, but would be filled with grief...

Hu Zi wept silently, until a sigh came from behind him, along with a gentle, familiar voice.

"Hu Zi, don't cry..."

When that voice spoke, a hand landed on Hu Zi's shoulder. The hand that represented warmth caused him to lurch forward, and when he turned his head around while shivers wrecked his body, he saw a face that for long had only existed in his memories.

"Youngest... junior brother..." Hu Zi looked at Su Ming with a dumbfounded expression, and his mind went blank. He could not tell whether this was reality or just a figment of

his imagination. As he trembled, he slowly lifted his hand and pressed his palm on the hand Su Ming had placed on his shoulder, then grabbed it tightly. When he was certain that the hand was truly there, Hu Zi suddenly began shouting at Su Ming.

"You're only back now?!"

"Only the peak of the ninth summit remains, did you know that?! Eldest senior brother went to search for Master in Eastern Wastelands because we didn't know whether he was still alive! And while we were waiting in anxiety, second senior brother left for Eastern Wastelands because he was worried!"

"I wanted to go as well, but he wouldn't let me. He asked me to protect the ninth summit! He asked me to stay here and wait for you so that you'd know the ninth summit is still here and that our home is still around!" As Hu Zi roared, tears fell from his eyes.

"It's been twenty years! Twenty years! You've been missing for twenty years, and you're only back now?! Do you still remember that the ninth summit is your home?! Do you have any idea just how often Master sighed and looked towards the land of the Shamans?! Do you have any idea how dejected he looked when he did that?!"

"Do you know why eldest senior brother came out of isolation earlier and went to the land of the Shamans?! He didn't go for the Shamans, he went to search for you!"

"Did you know about these?! Did you?!"

"Did you know that second senior brother took care of your cave abode and rearranged it so that it looked as if you never left? The plants and herbs he planted on your platform are still around. At that time, when he planted these flowers, he had even turned around and said to me while smiling that these flowers could protect you so that you could train at ease on this platform!"

"Because he knew that you loved sitting there and exercising your breathing! Did you know about all these?!" Hu Zi stood up in agitation and shouted at Su Ming without stop, just like how a man who had suppressed his burdens for a long time would explode when he finally saw his family.

Su Ming remained silent, and his face was filled with grief. He looked at Hu Zi, listened to his furious cries silently, and he continued listening until Hu Zi, at some point in his rant, went up to hug him.

"Youngest junior brother, I missed you... Eldest senior brother also missed you, and so did second senior brother. Master looked so much older before he left, you know? I know that he went to the land of the Shamans to look for you..."

"But he didn't manage to find you. Youngest junior brother, just where did you go? Why are you back only now...?" Hu Zi wept as he hugged Su Ming. His voice became softer with each word, and in the end, only one sentence was left echoing in the air.

"How could you come back only now...?"

"Third senior brother, I'm back..." Su Ming hugged Hu Zi and spoke softly. Tears fell down his eyes, too.

Hu Zi's voice became weaker with each passing moment, and eventually, his whole body sagged against Su Ming's. He was too tired, both in body and mind. He had been protecting the ninth summit alone without sleeping and drinking, enduring the loneliness quietly and silently. At this moment, the instant he saw Su Ming, he relaxed. Just like that, he closed his eyes while in his embrace, and gradually, the snores Su Ming was so familiar with rang through the air.

He held Hu Zi in his arms, and even when his senior brother's snores grew so loud that they sounded like thunder roaring, not a hint of impatience could be found on Su Ming. His lips curled up into a smile. This was his senior brother, a brother who would do everything for Su Ming without regard for his own safety, and also a brother whom Su Ming could give up everything for!

He was a little simple, but he was not foolish. He had some unique hobbies, but he was a sincere person. He had a horrible temper, but he was a person who would stand before his junior brother to defend him!

Because he always believed that he was the senior brother and he had to protect his junior brother!

Similarly, he would also stand behind his second senior brother, because he believed that his second senior brother would do the same thing and defend him, and that was also the truth. This... was the ninth summit.

"Senior brother, I'm back... You don't have to defend the ninth summit alone now. I will make all the people who harbor ill will towards the ninth summit to only have time to worry about themselves from now on!" A hint of killing intent appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and that killing intent was much stronger than when he was in Scour Sieve Island!

After all, he had done everything in Scour Sieve Island for someone else, but over here, he was doing this for his Master, his senior brothers, for his own home!

"I will let everyone know about the principles of the ninth summit," Su Ming stated calmly, then carried Hu Zi back to their Master's cave abode. He placed his senior brother on the ground, lifted his right hand and pointed at the center of his brows, sending out a warm wave of aura into his body. That aura would provide him with nourishment so that his fatigue over the years could be relieved.

He was too tired. He had not slept like this for far too long. Right then, as dreams visited his sleep, he started drooling at the corner of his lips. There was even a smile on his face, and it looked as if he had encountered something happy in his dreams.

Su Ming looked at Hu Zi quietly, at the signs of age on his face, and what appeared before his eyes was the honest figure in his memories, along with this very same figure taking him along to peek at their second senior brother while they hid behind a big rock.

"I'm not bragging here, youngest junior brother, if we talk about intelligence, is there anyone else who is smarter than me on this mountain? None!" The words Hu Zi had said in the past and the smug expression he had when he said them appeared in Su Ming's head.

"Let me tell you, eldest senior brother is always in isolation... Our second senior brother is the most interesting out of the lot. He always thinks someone is stealing his plants..."

"Be quiet. Don't make a sound. I'll take you to the seventh summit tonight. We'll go see those girls today. Let me tell you, youngest junior brother, you have to be smart. When I tell you to run, you have to be quick and get going!"

"Damn you all, how dare you bully my junior brother?! I'll bring you into my Dreams!"

"Youngest junior brother, look, quick! Master is wearing flowery robes today..."

Su Ming looked at Hu Zi, and the memories surfaced in his mind. At that moment, Hu Zi rolled over, looking as if he thought that sleeping on his stomach would be more comfortable. The moment he changed positions, Su Ming's gaze immediately zoomed in on his back, and he saw dried specks of blood on the robes covering his back.

He moved next to Hu Zi and lifted the robes covering his back. Then, on Hu Zi's back, he saw wounds with their flesh turned inside out. Those... were wounds left behind by flogging!

They were packed closely to each other. Some of them had formed scabs, but there were even more who had already turned into brown scars. When Su Ming saw all of them, the cave abode immediately turned cold, and an indescribably chilling killing intent appeared in his eyes!

Pursuit of the Truth #Chapter 542 — Their Home under the Sea... - Read Pursuit of the Truth Chapter 542 — Their Home under the Sea...

Chapter 542: Their Home under the Sea...

Su Ming remained silent, and after a long while, moved his gaze away from Hu Zi's back. At that moment, the chill in his heart had practically frozen over the sky. He would make those people suffer the pain Hu Zi had to bear a million times over!

If he did not do this, he would not be able to quell the pain in his heart. If he did not do this, he would not be able to force down the anger burning in his soul!

He was angry, and that anger was burning so furiously that it had reached its peak, turning into a calm look on his face at that moment. However, once that anger under that calm facade erupted, it would be able to burn the world.

Su Ming turned around quietly and looked at his Master's cave abode. He swept his gaze around the area, and found it empty. He had come to this place before, and he knew that his Master had left behind a large amount of items in the multiple floors in his cave that he had collected.

Now, this floor was empty. In silence, Su Ming walked down to another floor. When he eventually walked through the entire cave, the sullen look on his face had fused with his anger, and it had turned into a terrifying, unsettling wave of ripples around him.

His Master's cave was practically empty. There were only a few items left behind, and the rest were all gone.

Su Ming's heart clenched in pain. He walked out of the cave quietly and stood outside to look at the world in the distance. The words Hu Zi had said just moments ago echoed in his ears. His Master often stood here and stared at the land of the Shamans with a dejected look on his face...

His Master had gone to the land of the Shamans in search of him, but he had been unable to find him.

"Master..." Su Ming stood there and closed his eyes. A long time passed. When he opened his eyes, he walked down the mountain using a trail that now existed only in his memories. Eventually, rolling seawater appeared before him, but Su Ming did not stop there. He walked into the sea, and under the water, he saw the complete ninth summit...

As grief filled his face, he walked through the seawater, right down to the submerged stairs of the ninth summit. This flight of stairs was originally covered in plants, and when he walked on those stairs, he should have felt as if he was stepping on dust.

But Su Ming could see that the stairs were incredibly clean. It was clear that Hu Zi always came to this place to clean it.

The memories in Su Ming's mind were incredibly clear, and they were overlapping with the desolate view his eyes perceived right then. He could even hear the faint sound of the high wind in his ears above the ninth summit, could even see his second senior brother standing on the stairs with the side of his face turned towards the sun while smiling towards him.

The sorrow on Su Ming's face became deeper. It was quiet all around him. In the midst of that silence, he walked forward slowly, passing by Hu Zi's cave abode to reach his second senior brother's house. His house was incredibly neat and tidy, but submerged under the seawater. His herbal garden laid in waste...

Second senior brother's smile, his figure, and his identity as a Phantom appeared in Su Ming's heart, causing him to stop silently, and he stood there for a long, long time...

Perhaps there were tears in his eyes, but they fused with the sea and he could not see them.

"Second senior brother..."

Su Ming turned around. On the way here, he saw many plants that had died in the sea. Those... were all the marks his second senior brother had left behind.

When Su Ming reached the foot of the ninth summit, he went to his eldest senior brother's isolation grounds. Over there, he went to the karst cave based on his memories that was now submerged in seawater.

As he looked at the familiar place, his eldest senior brother's voice from the past appeared in his ears. The concern in his voice still sounded as strong as ever in his heart.

"Eldest senior brother..." Su Ming mumbled in anguish. His eldest senior brother was a quiet and reserved man. He was a person of few words, and did not like speaking too much, but he cared for his junior brothers and his Master deeply.

After a long while, Su Ming left, dispirited.

He walked through every single spot in the ninth summit, walked past every single mountain rock in his memories. Everything here carried his memories and the warmth he felt here in the past.

Eventually, he came to his cave abode from all those years ago. He looked at the protruding platform, then at the dead plants that his second senior brother had planted after he left. And he sat down there quietly.

He sat alone, on the ninth summit located in the depths of the sea, and looked into the distance.

In his eyes, he saw murky seawater, but in his heart, he saw the frozen world from the past.

The ninth summit was an ice mountain, and beneath this ice mountain was a true mountain. This mountain would not melt... it would never melt!

Su Ming closed his eyes. As he sat there, his heart gained peace.

It was just like in the past. However, now, his Master's constant roars to the sky were gone, his eldest senior brother's divine sense covering him while he was in isolation was absent, and his second senior brother's warm and gentle smile was missing. Once so many things had vanished, could this... still be considered the ninth summit?

"This is the ninth summit. This is my home in the Land of South Morning," Su Ming declared under his breath. He was the only person in this endless seawater, and his presence stood out like a sore thumb as he sat on the platform.

Yet his distinct presence shone with loneliness, longing, and reminiscence.

What sort of longing would make a person defend the ninth summit without any care for the consequences?

What sort of longing would make a person sit quietly at the depths of this lonely sea to search for the hints of the past?

"Master, I'm back... I came back to the ninth summit. I'm back home." Su Ming sat on the platform, just like he did in the past. As time passed, he continued sitting there, day by day...

On the third day, Su Ming opened his eyes and lifted his head. He looked towards the surface of the sea above his head, and a chilling look full of killing intent that surged into the sky appeared in his eyes.

He stood up and walked back through the path he had come. Gradually, he emerged from the sea and walked up the stairs leading to the peak of the mountain. He arrived at the top, and heard Hu Zi's snores still traveling through the air. When he heard those sounds, the very first smile since Su Ming had entered the submerged ninth summit appeared on his lips.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, take a good rest. You... have me to handle everything!"

Su Ming sat down cross-legged outside his Master's cave abode on the mountain. The sea breeze lifted his hair and made his robes flap loudly in the air. His expression gradually turned cold and detached, and he closed his eyes.

The bald crane was by his side. Over the past few days, it remained there, not daring to leave due to the seal on its body, and grumbling immensely in its heart because of it. However, when it saw Su Ming return from the depths of the sea and saw him sitting quietly outside the cave, it suddenly shuddered.

It had noticed the killing intent within Su Ming's body. That killing intent burned so greatly that it surpassed what he possessed in Scour Sieve Island, making the bald crane's heart shudder and not dare to get closer to him.

In fact, it could even see the air around Su Ming freezing through his divine abilities.

The small snake crawled out of Su Ming's storage bag and lay sprawled across his shoulders. It had also noticed Su Ming's killing intent, and was hissing while staring at the sky coldly.

Time trickled by slowly. Two hours later, distortions suddenly appeared in the sky above the ninth summit, and from those distortions, two long arcs flew out and charged straight towards the ninth summit.

Before they even got closer, a cold voice echoed in the air.

"Time's up. Bring out the offerings and come with us to meet Sir Si Ma. Once you receive the Nine Punishment Lashes, you can keep your ninth summit protected for another month."

Su Ming opened his eyes, lifted his head, and looked towards the sky.

Chapter 543: Freezing Sky Heaven Gate!

Su Ming's face remained calm when that cold voice echoed in the air. However, that calmness around him was more terrifying than any sort of murderous aura, was even more frightening than any eruption of a cultivation base. This tranquility contained a power that could make others suffocate once they saw it.

Two long arcs charged through the sky to head straight towards the small bit of the ninth summit remaining above the sea, but before they managed to get any closer, the person in the left arc noticed something off.

He saw that the person sitting on the ninth summit was no longer Hu Zi, but someone who looked somewhat familiar. However, there was something unfamiliar about that face as well, making him unable to recall where he'd seen it before.

The other person also noticed Su Ming's presence. The two of them came to a halt in midair and floated above the ninth summit while looking at the mountain beneath them coldly.

"Who are..."

One of them frowned, but his expression was as cold and aloof as ever, and along that look on his face was a hint of arrogance that came from his status as a disciple from Heaven Gate. Yet before he could even finish speaking, Su Ming lifted his head, and the instant he opened his eyes, a chilling glare that seemed to have come from the abyss itself abruptly shone within his eyes.

Right then, that disciple from Heaven Gate who was looking at Su Ming from midair suddenly heard a loud bang in his head, and his body started shivering violently. At that moment, he could practically hear thunder roaring in his head. Su Ming's gaze was like two sharp blades that had pierced into his eyes and shot straight to his head, causing him to feel as if his mind had instantly broken down. Then they rushed into his spirit, causing his heart to continue beating faster and faster with each passing moment until it was racing at lightning speed against his chest.

Cracking sounds also came from his body at that moment, as if it was unable to withstand the will and pressure contained within Su Ming's gaze!

The unparalleled fury contained in that gaze towards Heaven Gate erupted abruptly in that Heaven Gate disciple's body.

His face turned pale in an instant, and his eyes became the first thing to explode. Blood poured out of them, and he staggered backwards before coughing up a large mouthful of blood. During that time, his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth started bleeding as well. He let out a shrill scream of pain as his spirit collapsed and his mind broke. Then, right at that moment, his life was extinguished by the pressure formed by the tranquil fury burning in Su Ming's eyes!

With a bang, that Heaven Gate disciple fell headfirst into the sea, all while his companion watched, dumbfounded.

However, before his body fell into the sea, a black shadow immediately shot out from the ninth summit. Naturally, that black shadow was the bald crane. At that moment, its eyes were sparkling with a brilliant light, and the few remaining feathers on its body were lustrous and glossy. With an excited expression on its face, it caught up with that plunging corpse in the span of a breath, and when it flew past the body, a storage bag appeared in its mouth, and there were even a few shining objects in its claws.

If anyone took a closer look, they would be able to tell that those shining objects were the jade buttons on the dead Heaven Gate disciple's robes.

'What a waste, such a waste. I'll just keep collecting these things a little at a time. If I continue like this, I'll be rich someday!' The bald crane lifted its head in excitement and fixed its eyes on the other Heaven Gate disciple while expectation shone on its face.

Su Ming's gaze could not kill, but if the pressure around his body fused with his gaze and his divine sense, then it would be enough to kill a person!

The instant the Heaven Gate disciple died, his companion started shivering. His face instantly turned pale, and his gaze when he looked towards Su Ming was filled with shock. With a piercing scream, he started retreating hastily, thinking of returning to Heaven Gate as quickly as possible.

His mind was in a mess. He could not imagine just what sort of power would be needed to kill his fellow disciple of his with just the pressure from a gaze. His companion... had been about the same level as him.

At that moment, the arrogance he had as a Heaven Gate disciple was gone, and the aloofness and disdain he had when he confronted Hu Zi were absent. Even his screams were no longer cold but filled with terror. The never-ending horror was like a tidal wave that drowned his heart and soul. At that moment, he had only one thought in his head: Run. Run as fast as possible and return to Heaven Gate with the fastest speed he could muster!

"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," Su Ming mumbled to himself calmly. He stood up and took a step towards the sky. When his foot landed, he abruptly appeared in the sky.

"The ninth summit protected me in the past. From now on... it will be my turn to protect the ninth summit!

"All of you from Heaven Gate have humiliated and hurt my senior brother. I... will kill all of you!"

The killing intent in Su Ming's eyes burst forth swiftly, and he took another step forward to appear right before the fleeing Heaven Gate disciple. That disciple's soul had practically left his body from fear at that point. He fell to his knees, wanting to beg for mercy. He was afraid of death, especially when he had lived in safety during the calamity. It amplified his terror to a whole different level.

However, Su Ming's right hand had already swept past the center of his brows almost the instant he fell to his knees, before he even managed to beg for his life. When Su Ming walked towards the sky, the Heaven Gate disciple started trembling, and a crack

appeared at the center of his brows, ripping right through his skull. The top half of his head was torn off, along with his hair, and as blood gushed out from the remaining half, the top part fell into the ocean.

The same scene appeared once again. The bald crane let out a few excited screeches and rushed over swiftly. When it returned, another storage bag and a few more buttons appeared in its claws.

'I'm rich! I'm rich! If the Berserker child kills more, I will become richer... Hey... following him doesn't seem like such a bad idea!'

It was simply unfortunate for that Heaven Gate disciple. He had to die while in tattered garments as his body sank into the ocean... Right at the final moment of his life before he died, that disciple suddenly remembered why the stranger felt so familiar. In the midst of his terror, he had finally managed to recognize that person. He was the fourth disciple of the ninth summit, the disciple who had gone missing for twenty something years... Su Ming!

The moment he recognized, his world turned dark, and he never woke up again.

Hu Zi's snores were still traveling through the air. He had been far too exhausted for too many years, and with Su Ming's help, he would sleep for a long time, until his body was fully recovered. Perhaps, when he eventually woke up, everything in his sight would be different.

Su Ming stood in midair. He had been waiting for those Heaven Gate disciples' arrival for the past few days because he had sent his divine sense to scan the sky a few days ago, but he had been unable to find any traces of any sort of Rune whatsoever in the sky.

That was why he waited. When the sky distorted and those two people appeared, he immediately noticed a single dot appearing in a single spot in the vast sky.

Before he met Fang Cang Lan, Su Ming would not have been able to recognize that one dot, but now, with just one glance, he could tell that it was a dimensional realm locus!

The instant he noticed it, he took a third step, and right when his foot landed, he moved into the dimensional realm locus.

When he stepped there, everything he saw turned chaotic for a brief instant, but he had already sent his divine sense sweeping through all directions. Without even needing his eyes, he could sense that he had landed on some sort of relocation spot.

When his vision became clear, he found himself standing on a gigantic Rune. Outside it were nine huge stone pillars, and there were all sorts of different bizarre looking creatures carved on them. Nine people sat cross-legged on top of those pillars.

The sky was blue. There was no sun up ahead, but light was still shining on the ground. When Su Ming looked into the distance, he could see mountain ranges rising and falling up ahead. There were long arcs weaving through the white clouds in the sky.

Birds chirped, and the beautiful fragrance of flowers filled every corner of the air. The spiritual aura in this place was incredibly thick, and there were quite a large number of precious medicinal herbs planted on the ground. Green could be seen everywhere, and anyone who saw all of these things would be struck by a feeling that this place was the paradise itself.

Tranquility and serenity filled this beautiful world. Nine gigantic stones could be seen floating in the sky. Those stones were in the shape of a cone, their pointed ends facing the ground. On the flat surfaces above were palaces built in a variety of styles.

The nine of them were like the most supreme beings in this world. They floated high in the sky, and the long arcs weaving in and out of the clouds were mostly moving about those nine palaces.

Faint sounds of running water could be heard in the air as well. It came from a long river running through the grounds. The sounds of it were accompanied by the sounds of women giggling and playing. Occasionally, some birds would fly through the sky elegantly. They looked incredibly beautiful and did not look like ferocious beasts, but were like pets that had been tamed.

The sky was clear and blue, a stark contrast to the world outside, causing the people who saw it to be unable to help themselves but be hypnotized by the sight.

At the center of the nine floating palaces in the sky was a mountain that reached the clouds. There was a big stone plate erected on it, one that could be seen clearly even from the distance.

There were four golden words carved on it, and they were glowing with endless light, causing all the people in the place to be able to see them the moment they lifted their heads!

"Freezing Sky Heaven Gate!"

This was Freezing Sky Clan's Heaven Gate. Before Su Ming arrived in here, he had very limited knowledge about this place, but now, with the experiences he had accumulated, he was able to tell with just one glance that this was a fragmented dimension!

This place did not belong to South Morning. It was just a fragmented dimension that might have developed on its own or had been discovered by chance.

Perhaps this place was not even part of the land of the Berserkers, because the moment Su Ming placed his feet on the ground here, a faint aura of death immediately started spreading out from his body. It was incredibly similar to the moment when he left Yin Death's Region in the ancient bronze sword and his blood landed on Fang Cang Lan's finger.

But this was much weaker. It was not strong at all, and was nothing compared to the time he left the ancient bronze sword.

Yet all of this clearly told Su Ming that this was a mysterious dimension located between Yin Death and Bright Yang!

The spread of the aura of death from Su Ming's body upon his appearance was something that simply could not fit with this dimensional world, even though it was very faint. Because of that, the instant he appeared in the Rune, the aura of death from his body turned to black smoke, and as it tumbled about, it rose into the sky, causing a small part of it to be shrouded by a black fog, as if someone had spilled ink on a piece of paper!

Chapter 544: A Family?

Almost the moment Su Ming stepped into the Rune, he spread his divine sense outward and saw everything else within Heaven Gate. He also managed to sense several powerful waves of ripples within this place.

He could not hide the aura of death coming from his body. It rose into the sky to turn into black fog. That black fog looked ferocious, as if it was an evil spirit that was moving to devour everything around it. Some fine wrinkles gradually appeared on Su Ming's originally youthful face, making him seem to have turned into a middle-aged man.

The nine people who were meditating while sitting on the nine stone pillars around him opened their eyes at the same time, and shock appeared on their faces. In an instant, their gazes fell on Su Ming, who stood at the center of the Rune.

The moment they saw him, all of them stood up.

"Who are you?! You are only asking for death if you trespass into Heaven Gate!"

Su Ming lifted his head. The moment he met the gazes of those nine people, three of them took a step forward and charged towards him. Before they even came close, divine abilities appeared in the air, and as all sorts of lights in various colors filled the space around Su Ming, they closed in on him in the blink of an eye.

Su Ming remained calm, but the killing intent in his eyes was as strong as ever. He took a step forward and instantly arrived before one of the three men. The moment he walked past that person, he had already tapped the center of his brows with his finger.

He moved too fast, so fast that before the people around him managed to see what was happening, the man who was tapped between his brows started shivering and his head exploded with a bang. With a warp, Su Ming rose to midair. Behind him was black fog, and above him was even more black fog, roaring as it spread outwards.

His appearance was akin to an apocalyptic storm raging in a serene world!

"I, the ninth summit's disciple, Su Ming, am here to ask all of you in Heaven Gate one question. Do you... know about the ninth summit's principles for blood?" he asked calmly, but his words sounded like thunder roaring, and his voice rumbled in the air within Heaven Gate.

That booming voice was deafening to the ears, and it even turned into an endless wave of echoes that spread to the entire area.

"You stole my Master's items, tortured my senior brother, and threatened the ninth summit's existence. Today, I, the ninth summit's disciple, Su Ming, will take my Master's place, and on behalf of my eldest senior brother and my second senior brother, I will make Heaven Gate pay!"

That last word exploded in the air, and during that instant, the eight people on the ground rushed out with gritted teeth, but the moment they charged forth, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized in the direction downwards.

The ground trembled.

The eight people were all Berserkers in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. At that moment, their bodies stopped as if they had frozen up, and the Berserker Bones in their bones exploded with a bang at the same time, as if they could no longer bear with the pressure. Su Ming then clenched his fist, and as the bodies of the eight people broke down, wisps of white smoke seeped out of them, and Su Ming caught them in his hand.

The white ball of threads he held in his hand was the fusion of these eight people's life force and their cultivation base, but Su Ming did not know a way to absorb this strength. If he took it in forcefully, his body would start showing signs of instability.

That was why he would never absorb these white threads when killing in the past.

When he held this ball of life force, a glint appeared in his eyes, and at that moment, the whole Heaven Gate was shaken due to the change in the sky, the reverberating booms, and also Su Ming's words.

Long arcs shot up into the sky and charged towards him from all directions. These long arcs were all people from Heaven Gate. There were also people flying out from the nine floating palaces in the sky. Their numbers were dense, and at that moment, piercing howls shook the sky and earth as long arcs sliced through the air in this small world that belonged to Heaven Gate.

"Kill all and spare none of those who trespass into Heaven Gate!"

"How dare you trespass into Freezing Sky Heaven Gate?!"

"Ninth summit? Su Ming?"

The appearance of those long arcs was accompanied by furious shouts. Su Ming merely looked on as they closed in on him, and as he did so, he found that the weakest among these arcs were at the later stage of the Awakening Realm and most of them were in the Bone Sacrifice Realm. There were even three powerful Berserkers among them who were in the Berserker Soul Realm, and they were all closing in on him with dark expressions on their faces.

Su Ming remained calm and cast a glance at the ball of threads in his right hand. A flicker of light shone in his eyes, and he had all his divine sense spread out of his body. The shadow of his Nascent Divinity also appeared behind him, and when he appeared, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal. Once that seal was made, the Nascent Divinity immediately changed the shape of his hands, and in an instant, he formed nine different seals to form one complete.

"I grant you the crimson eyes of the night..." Su Ming said lightly, then waved his arm in the direction of the sky.

The moment he did so, his Nascent Divinity instantly turned a little dimmer, but his eyes remained as aloof and detached as ever.

When he waved his arm, two crimson lights appeared in the black fog formed by aura of death spreading out in the sky. Those two crimson lights were like shining stars. The instant they appeared, a powerful, mighty pressure swiftly spread out from within the black fog to cover the ground as it continued spreading outwards. All the long arcs that were surrounded by that pressure immediately found their bodies forcefully frozen in midair, and their expressions changed drastically!

"I grant you the violet lips of the sky..."

Su Ming's voice was soft, but it still managed to land in all the people's ears, causing their minds to shudder. The Nascent Divinity formed another nine seals with his right hand and pushed towards the ground.

The ground trembled furiously, and since this place was originally a fragmented dimension to begin with, no cracks tore through the ground when those tremors appeared, but ripples that looked like those when a stone was thrown into a lake spread out in an instant and started echoing in the area.

Rays of light began shining from those ripples. The ground turned transparent under that light, and almost in the blink of an eye... it disappeared right before all the people's eyes!

In its place was a brightly lit sky!

The earth had turned into the sky!

The execution of this divine ability caused Su Ming's Nascent Divinity to become dimmer. This was a Sealing Art that originally belonged to Hong Luo, and even though Su Ming could cast it, he could not bring it up to Hong Luo's level and seal End Shamans!

Yet even so, with Su Ming's current level of cultivation, when he executed the Sealing Art - Day and Night, he could seal... all those below the Berserker Soul Realm!

The entire land disappeared and turned into the sky, causing the long arcs that were charging towards him to be astonished by this change, and immediately, they discovered to their shock and terror that their bodies had been frozen. They could not even move a single inch!

At that moment, the Heaven Gate disciples that were closest to Su Ming were less than a thousand feet away from him, but that distance felt like a ravine separating heaven and earth. They could not cross it!

With one divine ability, he sealed heaven and earth. Su Ming remained as composed as ever as his Nascent Divinity returned to his side. To his front, his back, his left, his right, and everywhere around him were people numbering to nearly one thousand standing in midair. Their faces were pale and terror-stricken as they looked towards him.

At that moment, all the frozen Heaven Gate disciples and those who had not managed to fly out and had seemed to have disappeared but were actually blocked off from that space as if they were isolated in another dimension cast their gazes to Su Ming.

His words were still echoing in their heads as they looked at his face. The Heaven Gate disciples who had once seen him before started gradually associating his name with that one person from their memories all those years ago.

'Su Ming...'

'He's that person from the ninth summit! That Su Ming who fought against Sir Si Ma all those years ago!'

'That's why I said not to provoke the ninth summit! All the people there are lunatics!'

All sorts of thoughts rose in the people's hearts, but because their bodies were frozen to the point that even their breathing seemed to have halted, these words could only echo in their hearts. They could not give their thoughts voice.

Su Ming might have sealed these Heaven Gate disciples, but there were three powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm among the long arcs. They only felt the air around them becoming heavy and sticky, but they could still move. However, none of them were the least bit happy that they could move. Terror crashed into their hearts like a tidal wave, and the three of them no longer moved forward, but chose to retreat.

This divine ability surpassed their imagination, and the terror of ninth summit from their memories returned to them in that instant!

Almost the moment these three people began retreating, Su Ming calmly took a step forward. His foot landed on thin air, but the three retreating Berserkers felt their hearts give a loud thump against their chests. It was as if Su Ming had just stepped on their hearts!

That one step looked normal, but the instant Su Ming's foot landed, the trio's retreating bodies immediately froze, and that momentary pause in their movements meant death!

Su Ming swiftly appeared before one of them, and clenching his right hand into a fist, he hurled a punch straight at the powerful Berserker's chest. That one punch immediately made this person cough up blood. As his body tumbled backwards, terror appeared on his face, and he let out a roar.

However, almost the moment he roared and blood poured out from every orifice of his body, Su Ming threw another punch. The instant he did so, that Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm who was a superior existence to the rest of the Heaven Gate disciples let out a piercing scream of pain and his body exploded and he turned into blood fog!

Before he died, he suffered pain that far surpassed what he could bear. Su Ming's first punch had crushed all his bones, turning them into an innumerable amount of bone spikes that tore through his heart and the passages of his Qi, but he remained alive. When the second punch landed, his blood started flowing in reverse. His body was like a sack filled with sharp needles, and if anyone struck him with a huge force, those needles would pierce through that sack, causing the powerful Berserker from Heaven Gate to be shredded by the crushed-bone spikes in his body, which meant he died a painful and horrible death!

Su Ming might be cold when he killed other people, but he was not the sort of person who would torture people until they died. He only did this because there was... a bone necklace around the person's neck which he then yanked away the instant the person died due to his second punch!

It was one of Tian Xie Zi's personal belongings!

With the bone necklace in hand, Su Ming turned his head around and looked towards the two other powerful Berserkers in the Berserker Soul Realm who were fleeing in shock. He took a step towards them.

"Master, save me!" One of the two people running away let out a scream in despair as his heart trembled in fear, because he saw Su Ming coming towards him.

The instant his screams for help echoed in the air, a voice came from the third palace that was floating in the sky in silence, and that voice was filled with wariness.

"Sir, you are a disciple of the ninth summit, and you are family to us in Heaven Gate..."

"Family?"

Su Ming laughed coldly.

Translator's Thoughts

Mogumoguchan Mogumoguchan

Preview to next chapter: Irreconcilable

SI MA XIN YOU TURD

Chapter 545: Irreconcilable

Before the voice from the third palace could finish speaking, Su Ming let out a cold bark of laughter and appeared beside the person who had pleaded for help. He lifted his right hand to seize that Berserker, and since that person knew that all his divine abilities were useless, he roared, deciding to burn his cultivation base and self-destruct!

Yet the moment he prepared to self-destruct, Su Ming's right hand suddenly shone with violet light, and violet armor appeared to cover his entire right arm and hand. He pierced through the flames coming from this person's self-destruction and seized his throat.

"We're not family."

As Su Ming stated that flatly, he added strength to his grip, and with a bang, the powerful Berserker in his grasp was reduced to only flesh and blood. When he released his grip, the man's mangled body fell downwards, but a white bracelet flew out from his corpse into Su Ming's palm.

Su Ming cast a glance at the bracelet. He remembered that this item had also been placed in his Master's cave abode in the past.

When he held the bracelet, the killing intent in his heart burned even more furiously. He lifted his head and looked at the final Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm running away from him. He was a Clan Elder, and he was already close to the first palace. Su Ming took a step forward, but the moment he lifted his foot, an old man in white robes walked out from the third palace.

The old man looked at Su Ming with a complicated expression on his face. He had seen Su Ming before. At that time, he had been in the auction and had seen the young Berserker along with the Young Lord from the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky[1].

At that time, the Young Lord had wanted to win Su Ming over. Twenty years had passed by since then, and times had changed. When the old man saw Su Ming again, the shock he had made him unable to calm himself down even after such a long time had passed.

"Su Ming, you are a disciple of the ninth summit, why must you do this? You may be strong now, but don't forget who took you in when you were still weak. It was Freezing Sky Clan, it was..."

As the old man in white walked forward, he spoke darkly. His heart was in great shock. Su Ming's power, his strange divine abilities, and especially the scene where he sealed heaven and earth had made him incredibly wary.

This sort of person should have originally been part of Freezing Sky Clan, but now, he had become their enemy. It pained him to see this, and at the same time, he began sighing in his heart.

But before he could finish speaking, Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards him.

"It's the ninth summit that took me in!" he said calmly.

When his foot landed, he had already arrived next to the fleeing old Berserker in the Berserker Soul Realm. When shock and despair appeared on his face, a cold harrumph came from the first palace. Immediately, the door to that palace flew open with a bang, and a dark ray of light instantly flew out to charge towards Su Ming.

A power at the peak of the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm erupted from that dark light, and there was a small cauldron contained within it. That cauldron spun rapidly and charged towards Su Ming. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and as he waved his arm, his medicinal cauldron manifested immediately to crash into that incoming cauldron with a loud bang.

As that bang echoed in the air, Su Ming took a step forward. When the Clan Elder began fleeing once again, Su Ming moved past him to stand on the platform to the first palace. The Clan Elder in the Berserker Soul Realm shivered, and banging sounds came from his body. When he coughed up blood, a small snake crawled out of his mouth and flew up while hissing. It looked at its surroundings with a cold, dark glare.

That small snake was, naturally, Su Ming's Candle Dragon!

Its eyes were cold and merciless. All of the living beings in this world were just food in its eyes... only when it looked towards Su Ming would gentleness appear in its eyes, and subservience would appear in its actions.

The instant Su Ming landed on the platform to the first palace, an old woman walked out from within. Sinister intent could be seen on her face. She held a cane with a dragon head in her hand, and when she slammed it on the ground, the dragon head started moving as if it had resuscitated, and started roaring towards Su Ming.

The old woman lifted her left hand at the same time, and there was a ring on her finger. When Su Ming hit it, the killing intent in his eyes started shining brilliantly.

That ring belonged to his Master!

The old woman bit the tip of her tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood on the ring. That blood fused within it in an instant, and soon after, a low roar came inside, along with a layer of black fog. It then instantly turned into a big hand that went on to seize Su Ming.

The old man in white from the third palace also took a step forward right then and lifted his right hand. Immediately, the air before him started distorting. As thunder rumbled in the air, a long sword with lightning sparks on its blade appeared. It swept through the air, and immediately, the entire sky seemed to have turned into a lightning lake that had an endless supply of lightning, and along with that sword, it charged towards Su Ming.

A sigh traveled out of the second palace soon after, and it instantly turned into an illusion before disappearing, revealing a person surrounded by red fog sitting within. The person slowly stood up, and when he looked towards Su Ming, he took a step forward and turned into a layer of red fog before charging towards him!

These three people's level of cultivation was already extremely close to the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but while they might be extremely close, that remaining

distance might sometimes be a ravine that was incredibly difficult to breach, and in the end, they were still merely Berserkers in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!

There were nine Lords in Heaven Gate, and there were also nine Lords in the Great Plains! These three people were clearly the three of the nine Lords of Heaven Gate. Su Ming remembered that his Master had once mentioned that there was one Lord missing from Heaven Gate, and they only had eight Lords at the moment.

There were also missing Lords in the Great Plains.

"So this is the standard of the Lords in Heaven Gate. You are nothing," Su Ming said flatly. He might not have killed many of those in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but there were also quite a number of those who had died in his hands!

The instant the trio's divine abilities closed in on him, an endless amount of fine violet threads seeped out of Su Ming's body. As he stood there, they surrounded him entirely, turning into the Undertaker's of Evil Armor!

When he lifted his right hand, the Undertaker's of Evil Spear manifested. The instant that long spear appeared, murderous aura surged into the sky and filled the entire place. A thick, bloody stench spread through the area.

That bloody stench formed a bloodthirsty aura that roiled as if there were numerous vengeful spirits within it, shrieking and howling, surrounding Su Ming's spear unable to escape. A large amount of these vengeful spirits were the savages from Scour Sieve Island!

The moment the Undertaker's of Evil Armor appeared, it would not disappear without tasting blood. The manifestation of that Armor meant that Su Ming's rampage was about to begin!

He swept the long spear across, and the instant those three people closed in, he turned into a violet shadow. As the aura of death spread out from his body, as the rolling black fog stretched out to fill the sky, as the pair of crimson eyes that looked like stars in the black fog started shining in a strange, enchanting light, the trio appeared right before him.

A loud bang that shook the sky and earth reverberated in the air, and as a powerful force spread out swiftly through the area, the old woman coughed up blood and was forced back several hundreds of feet. She coughed up blood once again, and shock along with disbelief appeared on her face.

"The later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm!"

She had been unable to determine Su Ming's level of cultivation previously, and while she might be wary of his strange divine abilities, in her mind, he was still only at the

middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, even if he had received some sort of serendipity. After all, only twenty years had passed since the last time she saw him.

Yet now, after exchanging blows with him, she discovered to her shock that everything had surpassed her expectations.

Almost the moment she started tumbling backwards, the old man in white also fell back. He staggered a few hundred feet back and started bleeding from his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Vicious coughs wrecked his body, and as he coughed, a red thread crawled out from his right hand before crawling back in within an instant. A red flush appeared on his face, and though he was in pain, his gaze locked on Su Ming became increasingly more complicated.

The person who had turned into red fog also fell back. The fog collapsed, but it gathered up once again to turn into a person whose head was filled with red but whose body looked like a statue. He stood there and looked at Su Ming quietly. He was apathetic, but there was conflict hidden underneath that apathetic expression.

The instant Su Ming saw that red-haired person, his pupils shrank.

"Zi Che!"

The red-haired person was clearly Zi Che! When he heard Su Ming's voice, the man immediately started trembling, and the conflict in his eyes became stronger!

But Zi Che had not even reached the Bone Sacrifice Realm when they had parted in the past, yet now, the power he showed was in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm. This immediately put a frown between Su Ming's brows.

With just a glance, he could tell that something was wrong with Zi Che. His body was no longer made of flesh and blood, but was like a statue. He looked... just like a statue of the God of Berserkers!

At the same time, the wave of ripples that had spread out due to the crash between the four people just now had touched the other palaces around the area. The instant they touched them Su Ming immediately saw the remaining six palaces breaking down, and all of them shattered to dust.

Once they shattered... he found that there was no one in those six palaces!

That scene was filled with a strange air, causing the entire Heaven Gate to be filled with a strange atmosphere as well. However, Su Ming also immediately noticed the frozen Heaven Gate disciples around him looking shocked and confused when they found out that the remaining palaces were empty.

"Master, leave, this place is..."

At that moment, Zi Che suddenly started shouting loudly, but before he managed to finish his words, several red threads immediately crawled out of his eyes before crawling in once again. Frenzied killing intent appeared in his eyes once again.

"Since you're here, then why leave in such a hurry? Su Ming... I'll be waiting for you at the ninth layer. I hope... you will have the chance to come up here, and I will... kill you with my own hands!!"

A soft and dark voice abruptly came from the sky, and a vortex appeared in the portion of the sky that had yet to be filled by black fog. As that vortex spun, a vast expanse of land appeared.

"By the way, Bai Su is also here, and if you don't kill me within an hour, that senior brother of yours, Hu Zi, was it? He'll end up the same as Zi Che..."

"Also, you have an old friend here, and he really wants to fight against you..."

"Su Ming, I've been waiting for this day for too long. I've always been waiting for you to come back... I will make you suffer slowly, and I will return to you all the pain I had to endure by thousandfold. I... am the true God of Berserkers!" As that voice echoed in the air, a chilling air could be felt contained within it, and that voice... belonged to Si Ma Xin!

The moment that voice appeared, the Rune to leave Heaven Gate collapsed with a bang.

At the same time, the sleeping Hu Zi did not notice that the scars on his back had torn apart, and there were red threads crawling in and out of his back while he remained asleep on the ninth summit outside Heaven Gate...

This was something even Su Ming had not noticed before he left...

"The game has started. Su Ming, I look forward to this so much..."

Si Ma Xin's voice became even softer, making those who heard it to be unable to tell whether he was a man or a woman, but the hatred contained within towards Su Ming felt as if it had been engraved into his soul, and it was an irreconcilable hate!

Chapter 546: I'm Rich!

Su Ming lifted his head and gave a cold stare to the vortex in the portion of the sky that had yet to be covered by the black fog. Si Ma Xin's soft and dark voice echoed in his

ears, and everything within that voice was an embodiment of the man's enmity and hatred.

He used Zi Che to tug at Su Ming's heartstrings, then used Bai Su to bring up his memories, and finally, he activated the threat lying within Hu Zi's body, and all of this had to be solved within a time limit of an hour.

Clearly, Si Ma Xin enjoyed the feeling of persecuting someone else, especially when his target was Su Ming!

He wanted to make Su Ming anxious, wanted to make him angry, wanted to make him charge towards him without care for anything else. He longed to see this exciting scene, and he desired to see Su Ming appearing before him while covered in wounds. Si Ma Xin then could finally take his revenge!

He had been preparing for this day for a long time! He might have lost to Su Ming the few times they fought and plotted against each other, but his understanding towards Su Ming had also increased. At the time, after he received his serendipity and walked out of Freezing Sky Cave, he swore that he would definitely kill Su Ming!

That was why he had set up such a large scale plan in Heaven Gate and waited for Su Ming's return while burning with hatred!

That day had finally arrived!

Su Ming remained silent, and the anger and furious roars Si Ma Xin wanted to see did not come from him. Instead, he only saw dead silence. Su Ming looked at the vortex in the sky calmly, then moved towards midair, but right at the moment he started charging towards the vortex, Zi Che, the old man in white, and the old woman recovered slightly. Then, in the midst of Zi Che's madness, the old man's complicated feelings, and the old woman's gritted teeth, the three people turned into long arcs and charged towards Su Ming to fight against him together!

"Su Ming, I'll be waiting for you in the ninth layer..."

Su Ming watched the three people rushing towards him while he stood in midair. A glint appeared in his eyes and he ignored the trio charging towards him. Instead, he threw the Undertaker's of Evil Spear straight into the vortex in the sky.

That violet long spear let out a loud whistle as it sliced through the air. That whistle fused with Si Ma Xin's voice, and the spear charged towards the vortex in the sky, looking like a long violet dragon from the distance.

Before Si Ma Xin managed to finish his sentence, the long spear containing Su Ming's power crashed into the sky with a huge bang. At the instant they came into contact with

each other, the vortex stopped rotating. It froze for a moment, then let out a loud sound that surged into the sky.

Rumbling sounds like those of thunder roared in the sky, completely covering up Si Ma Xin's voice, causing the sky to begin cracking. The vortex was instantly torn to pieces, and a huge hole appeared in the sky!

Right behind that hole... was Heaven Gate's second layer!

Almost the instant that hole appeared, the black fog that was tumbling about and spreading to every corner of the torn sky in the first layer looked as if it had found a drain. It surged towards that hole, causing another vortex to appear in the sky. The black fog and clouds surged about up ahead, making it seem as if they were coalescing inside there.

It might still be a vortex, but this time, Su Ming was the one who had created it. This vortex cut off Si Ma Xin's voice, and was akin to a slap to his face. Su Ming might not have said anything, but he had used his actions to tell his decision!

"I've killed many people in my life... and today, I will kill even more. One of them, will be you."

The world roared, and the black fog tumbled about in the vortex. Su Ming's voice reverberated in the area calmly, fusing together with the thunderous roars and stirring up an endless string of echoes. They caused all those who heard them to be unable to tell whether it was Su Ming who was speaking or whether the world itself was howling.

Almost the moment the hole in the sky appeared, Zi Che and the other two people closed in on Su Ming. These three people each possessed the combat abilities of a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, and when they attacked, they stirred up an incredibly mighty presence. Zi Che turned into a layer of red fog, and wherever he passed through, a little of everything around him, including the air itself, would seem as if it was devoured, as if it started decaying.

The old man in white formed a seal with both his hands, and the air before and behind him started distorting to reveal two statues of the God of Berserkers. However, one of them was holding onto a jewel-encrusted purification vase.

Everything about that statue besides that vase looked like an illusion and was rather indistinct. However, the other statue looked as if it was real!

The old woman's messy hair began growing swiftly at that moment, but they did not spread outwards as they charged towards Su Ming. Instead, as they floated into the air, they broke off in the middle and turned into an endless amount of hair strands that rushed towards Su Ming.

He remained silent and took a step towards the old woman. At that instant, his body immediately came into contact with the strands of hair, but the instant they touched him, his eyes sparkled, and bell chimes reverberated in the air. Han Mountain Bell manifested itself and surrounded him to bear the brunt of the hair's impact. During that moment, Su Ming appeared before the old woman.

The old woman let out a piercing screech. When she started retreating, Su Ming suddenly lifted his right hand and seized the air in her direction. The power of the binary opposites that Su Ming had gained from his epiphany was contained within his grip, causing the old woman to immediately freeze as she retreated. Cracking sounds reverberated in her body, and just as she was about to explode, she bit the tip of her tongue. Once she coughed up a mouthful of blood, cracks started appearing on her skin.

At the same moment her skin started cracking, she let out a roar. Her skin burst open, but her body did not break down. The only thing that broke was her skin, and the instant the cracked skin exploded, she resisted Su Ming's divine ability. As she tumbled backwards, her appearance became much more youthful, but her face was pale. She looked terrified, and a large amount of blood flowed out of her mouth.

But before she managed to retreat any further away and Zi Che and the old man in white closed in on Su Ming with their divine abilities, he let out a cold harrumph and took a step forward again. In an instant, his speed reached a state where he could no longer be seen with the naked eye. He traveled a few rounds around the old woman like a gust of wind, and a whirlwind abruptly appeared. That whirlwind spun around the old woman several times before it disappeared, and Su Ming emerged beside her. He no longer bothered himself with her though, instead lifting his head and casting a chilling glare at the old man in white.

The old woman started shivering. She opened her mouth as if she wanted to say something, but all her flesh and blood looked as if they had been cut off by blades and were falling off from her body slice by slice until only her skeleton was left. Then, she fell to the ground...

...Dead.

Killing a Berserker in the middle stage of the Berserker Soul Realm was not difficult for Su Ming, especially when he wore the Undertaker's of Evil Armor!

Before the old woman's skeleton fell to the ground, multiple cracks appeared on her bones, and eighteen red threads that were the size of fingers crawled out of her bones. As those threads twisted about, they turned into blood and died.

When Su Ming turned his gaze towards the old man in white, struggle appeared on his face, but he did not slow down, especially the statue holding the jewel-encrusted

purification vase before him. As it took a step forward, it became the first thing to close in on Su Ming. It lifted the vase in its hands and covered him.

Immediately, a great suction force surged towards Su Ming. At the same time, the statue of the God of Berserkers behind the old man in white closed in on him. When it lifted its right hand, a long whip manifested, and as it swung that whip, a loud crack sliced through the air and charged towards Su Ming.

The old man in white gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. His robes puffed up, and a blood hole appeared at the center of his brows. A red thread about the size of an infant's arm crawled out from it.

"Nan, Mo, Di, La, Zhen!" The moment the old man in white closed his eyes, a few difficult sounding words that were filled with an ancient air tumbled out of his lips.

The instant those words were said, the statue holding the vase started disappearing rapidly to fuse with the vase, which caused suction force inside it to instantly increase explosively.

Even Su Ming started swaying because of it, as if he could not stay in balance. At that moment, before that statue with the whip managed to strike a blow at Su Ming, its body abruptly exploded. That was the self-destruction of a statue of the God of Berserkers!

The instant it exploded, a great force of impact spread out, and for some unknown reason, the suction force from the vase increased once again, and this time, the power of the vase had increased by leaps and bounds!

As the five words traveled through the air, the old man in white was reduced to only skin and bones in the blink of an eye. He had given up his life when casting this divine ability!

All of these things caused the suction force in the vase to reach infinite power, forcing Su Ming's body to turn into a long arc before he was sucked into the vase.

The old man opened his eyes. The red thread at the center of his brows had gained an even more brilliant shade and was twisting its body around, but the old man seemed to have already gotten used to it. He lifted his right hand and seized the vase. At the moment his hand touched it, he activated... the words he had left in the vase a long time ago to pave his way to survival, all without anyone's knowledge, including that red thread's.

"Save me..." That was the first thing Su Ming heard when he was sucked into the vase.

At that moment, all the people's gazes were trained towards the battle in the sky. No one had noticed a black shadow crawling out of the Rune Su Ming had used to travel to this place the instant it broke down. That black shadow hid in a corner and would

occasionally sneak a peek from its hiding place. It looked incredibly dirty, and that creature... was naturally the bald crane...

'I'm going to be rich! I'm going to be so rich!'

When the bald crane appeared, excitement and exhilaration took over its face. The bird vanished swiftly, and when it reappeared, it had arrived beside the Heaven Gate disciple who had been located nearest to its hiding spot moments ago, and who was unable to move at the moment. He was looking at the sky in shock.

The bald crane blinked, then it immediately closed in on the disciple and touched him with its beak. It even swept its eyes through the disciple's entire body with a professional gaze before tearing apart his robes. That Heaven Gate disciple's mouth fell open in shock and surprise, and before he could register what was happening, the bald crane... snatched the necklace on his neck, and like a gust of wind, it flew towards the next person.

'I'm going to be so rich! So rich! Ha ha! I'm going to be so rich this time! All of these people are just sitting ducks when they're in this state. The little Berserker brat won't know what I'm doing either, since he's sucked into that vase. I'm going to be so rich this time!'

The Heaven Gate disciple widened his eyes, and he looked as if he wanted to scream in rage, as if he wanted to struggle, but his body was frozen to the spot and he could not move. He could only watch the bald crane sashaying away while leaving sneakily. Anger raged in the man's heart, burning away his rationale, and in his fury and gloom, blood trickled down the corners of his lips. Red even appeared in his eyes due to his rage.

If he could move at this moment, he would definitely swear to kill that damn, thieving bald crane!

This sort of thought... would gain in number very soon as the bald crane continued sweeping through the crowd...

Chapter 547: Shepherd Tower Tribe

"Save me... The only person whom I would risk everything to bring into Freezing Sky's priceless treasure... can only be you, Su Ming!

"Su Ming, I am Heaven Gate's third Lord. A huge, disastrous change happened to Heaven Gate during the calamity, and besides me, the only Lords who did not die from

the disaster were the virtuous old woman and Bai Su's father, whom you are familiar with. All the other Lords died...

"The source of the disaster is Si Ma Xin!

"I have no idea what sort of serendipity he obtained, but his Great Art of Heartless Berserker Seed has nearly reached completion. I can't judge his level of cultivation either. It's as if there's no end to his power, and all of us from Heaven Gate are not his opponents...

"He has planted his vein in me and in some other people as well. We can only listen to him, and we can't even determine how we live or die... The entire Heaven Gate is under his control.

"The cultivation method I practice is a little unique, and because of it, I can escape from his control for a short period of time, that's why I managed to leave my words in this vase. The reason behind the ninth summit's continued existence is not because of Si Ma Xin. I was the one who told him that if the ninth summit still remained, you would definitely be lured back.

"I had no choice but to do this, but no matter what, I helped your Master and all of you protect the ninth summit...

"If you didn't have enough power, you wouldn't be able to enter the vase either. If you can come in here, then it means that the me many years later has judged that you are up to this task...

"There are nine layers to Heaven Gate. Besides the first and the ninth layers, the other seven layers are inhabited by the other tribes around the area, but all of those tribes have become Si Ma Xin's subordinates...

"If you kill Si Ma Xin, then we will... acknowledge the ninth summit as our esteemed sovereign!

"Leaving this vase is easy. You just need to say these five words in a chant - Nan, Na, Di, La, Hong, and you will be able to leave. When you do, please strike the passages of my Qi and make them scatter. Then, if you succeed, I will find a way to awaken, but if you fail, I will die, and at the very least, it will be a fate better than what I have to suffer now..."

The area around Su Ming was murky, and he could not see too clearly into the distance. He could only see wisps of fog manifesting and moving around him. If he looked at it for an extended period of time, he would be unable to help himself and his body would start spinning with the fog.

The voice of the old man in white echoed in Su Ming's ears. That voice should have been sealed in this vase for a long time, and it was clear that the old man had prepared these words some time ago, just as he said.

In silence, Su Ming recalled seeing the red thread at the center of the old man's brows. He also remembered Zi Che's strange appearance and attitude, as well as the dozen something fine threads that had crawled out of the old woman's bones.

All of these things were an enigma, causing Su Ming to begin doubting the old man's words.

'Should I believe him, or should I not...?' Su Ming lifted his head, and a chilling glare appeared in his eyes.

'I can choose to believe in what he said about Si Ma Xin, but I will not use the method he provided to leave this place. I will choose how I want to leave!'

As the bald crane was happily looting in the first layer, the old man in white held the vase in his hands in the sky with a slightly excited look on his face. Suddenly, he widened his eyes. Right before his eyes, fine cracks appeared on his vase, and muffled booming sounds also traveled into the air from within it.

The instant he was taken aback by the sight, the vase exploded abruptly. Loud, booming sounds stirred up a string of echoes that did not fade away even after a long time had passed. The moment the vase shattered, a hand shot out from within its remnants and seized the old man's throat. With a gentle push, a huge force rammed itself into his body, scattering all the passages of Qi within him.

The old man coughed up a mouthful of blood, and as his body fell backwards, his world turned black. However, there was a hint of eagerness and excitement hidden deep down in his eyes. As his body fell downwards, that expression gradually faded away, which was why he did not notice a pair of greedy eyes with a similar look of eagerness and excitement shining within them flying towards him swiftly.

Most of the black fog in the sky had surged into the crack, and the booming sounds continued echoing in the air. There was only one person remaining before Su Ming, and that person was Zi Che...

He turned into red fog. As he charged towards Su Ming, his face would occasionally appear within the fog, showing a crazed expression as well as a pair of struggling eyes containing a hint of pain and madness.

"You are a member of the ninth summit..." Su Ming looked at Zi Che and mumbled softly. He could not kill Zi Che, not like how he killed the others, because it was just as he said, Zi Che belonged to the ninth summit!

Almost the moment he turned into red fog and closed in, a hint of grief appeared on Su Ming's face. The air before him suddenly distorted, and the small snake flew out. Its expression was no longer dark and cold as it opened its mouth towards the incoming Zi Che, then calmly let out a howl.

The Candle Dragon's gigantic shadow immediately manifested in the form of an illusion as it howled. The moment Zi Che closed in, it snapped its jaws around Zi Che, and it was as if a small part of the world was devoured when it closed its mouth. The red fog could not escape from it, and Zi Che was completely devoured by the small snake.

But that did not mean Zi Che had died. The world contained within the Candle Dragon's body could keep him within, and he could wait in there... until the moment Su Ming killed Si Ma Xin arrived. The seal formed by the Berserker Seed in his body would also be broken by then.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the black fog surging into the hole in the sky. In silence, he leaped up and charged straight up there. Then, as if he had fused together with the tumbling aura of death's fog, he rushed into the hole and arrived in Heaven Gate's second layer!

The instant he left Heaven Gate's first layer, the bald crane who had been searching through the old man in white whose passages of Qi had been scattered and whose fate was unknown suddenly heard Su Ming's cold and detached voice in its head, all while it was originally shivering in excitement as it searched for the things it believed to be treasures with its 'professional' methods.

"You can loot as you please, but since you can come in, then you must have a way to get out. Go out and take care of my senior brother, or else I will take away all the things you stole.

"If you do this properly, then I will consider allowing you to follow behind me and continue with your looting adventures."

When the bald crane heard the first half of Su Ming's second sentence, it decided to disobey his orders while scoffing with disdain in its heart, but the moment it heard the second half of the sentence, it was momentarily stunned. Then, it started screaming shrilly. As it swept away all the remaining valuables in the place, it immediately crawled into the collapsed Rune while all the Heaven Gate's disciples in the first layer burned with fury and murderous intent that seared the skies. Then, after casting some unknown skill, it disappeared without a trace.

'No one can take away my treasures, no one! But if I continue staying by his side, I'll get even more treasures...'

In the Land of South Morning, the bald crane's body appeared in the air above the ninth summit. It lifted its claws and stroked its chin, then after it made some calculations, its

eyes began shining brilliantly, and with excitement brimming through its body, it flew towards the ninth summit.

"Off to work! As long as I can have treasures, I will work!"

"I'm a bird, I'm a crane, I'm a wise and outstanding crane, an honest and upright bird..." Perhaps it was too happy, but the bald crane began bellowing loudly and hoarsely at the top of its lungs as it flew to the ninth summit.

.....

The instant Su Ming stepped into Heaven Gate's second layer, he was immediately swept into a fight. He was surrounded by a plain of grass, and the earth's fragrance traveled into his nose. It would make all those who smelled it to feel refreshed, but now...

Fights raged in this place, and the sounds of hooves clattering could be heard everywhere, crushing all the grass on the ground to pieces while causing the earth to tremble. There were... hordes of soldiers and horses in this place!

An innumerable amount of people were wearing black masks and hide armors while riding on ferocious beasts with the face of a dragon and the bodies of horses. These ferocious beasts ran like the wind, and even the weakest of the Berserkers sitting on them were already in the later stage of the Awakening Realm.

This was an army formed of thousands of people, and all of them were unleashing attacks and strikes on Su Ming on this plain of grass. The long spears and the sharp glints from the swords caused the land to be filled with the fires of war!

In the Land of South Morning, only Shepherd Tower Tribe were skilled in riding and were also the only ones who possessed this unique combat skill around Freezing Sky Clan, because they were the only tribe that was not built on the frozen plains!

The members of Shepherd Tower Tribe placed their focus on riding, and all of the power as well as divine abilities could only be activated after they fused with the warhorse under their bodies. Their strongest move was the full powered charge formed by several dozens of warhorses.

If they could form a charge of more than a hundred, then the power behind their attack would be incredibly astonishing, but if they could perform a charge of more than a thousand... then their strength could shake the earth! In fact, since these warhorses could leap into the sky, even if they had to fight in the sky, they could still launch the unique charge that belonged only to Shepherd Tower Tribe!

The thousands of Shepherd Tower tribe members were right beside Su Ming at that moment. Clearly, they had already received orders beforehand and were waiting for his

arrival. If anyone took a closer look, they could be able to find faint, fine, red threads in the eyes of each Shepherd Tower tribe member, hidden away underneath their masks.

This was a plain of grass, but there was also a valley there. Around Su Ming was a mountain range shaped in the form of a ring, and there were multiple villages located on it. To Shepherd Tower Tribe, the meadow was their home, but since their warhorses could leap into the sky, the mountains could also become their home.

At that moment, there were around a thousand Shepherd Tower tribe members standing on the mountain range. These people wore red masks, and murderous aura as well as bloodlust could be found around them. There were three people standing before them.

Besides the old man standing in the middle, the other two people were incredibly big and tall men. The waves of ripples belonging to a Berserker in the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm could be found around these two men.

Compared to them, the old man in the middle did not seem to have a lot of ripples spreading out from his person, but judging from the respectful gazes on the two men's faces and the position where they stood for battle, this old man was definitely not some ordinary person.

"Sir Si Ma has already given the order that any tribe who manages to take one limb from this person... will regain their freedom... We from Shepherd Tower Tribe have been reduced to nothing, becoming a people who cannot even control our own fates. Fight... Let our tribe members fight. So what if we die? As long as we can take one of his limbs, we... will all be free!"

The old man mumbled, and with a complicated look on his face, he looked towards the battlefield in the valley. With a wave of his arm, he charged forth. At that moment, he no longer cared about his own status, the only thing he wanted to do was to fight for his tribe's freedom!

The two men by his side followed silently, and right behind them were the thousand blood riders. They lifted their spears high into the sky, and like a layer of red fog, they charged into the mountain range!

Within the villages further down the distance, children could be found hugging their mothers, the elderly watching in silence. Their faces lacked any sort of emotion, and no matter whether it was the women, the children, or even the newly born, fine red threads could be found dancing in a strange and enchanting fashion in their eyes.

The babies' cries echoed in the air, because the red threads' movements in their eyes caused them pain, but they could not take them out. They could only cry endlessly, and Shepherd Tower Tribe... was already used to this sort of life.

Chapter 548: The Second God of Berserkers' Left Hand!

Su Ming looked at these Shepherd Tower tribe members charging towards him quietly. He had heard about this tribe before when he was still in the ninth summit. It was one of the tribes that had submitted themselves to the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky a long time ago. They might not be as famous as Phantom Dias Tribe, but they did have their own unique traits.

The use of the warhorses in battle would greatly increase the effectiveness of a person in war. It was a fact. During the great war between the Shamans and Berserkers, numerous corpses of those from Shepherd Tower Tribe could be found on the battlefield after the numerous battles launched between both sides, their blood could spilled on the ground.

'Compared to the Heaven Gate disciples, the control Si Ma Xin has over these people is much greater... Perhaps it's because he needs the disciples in the first layer to head out, that's why he didn't plant a Seed in all of them.'

Su Ming looked at the endless Shepherd Tower tribe members charging towards him with their battle cries. He did not want to kill them, but these people were all charging towards him in desperation and recklessness, throwing all caution to the wind.

Even if Su Ming flew up, they would follow him in a mad charge. In fact, all those who were injured and had not died by the time they caught up to him, they would immediately choose to self-destruct, and even their warhorses would explode with them. The force formed by the explosion was nothing to Su Ming, but if a large number of them exploded in one go... the power would still be shocking.

When Su Ming arrived to the second layer, he was immediately surrounded by such a large number of Shepherd Tower tribe members that they blotted out the sky and covered the earth. He might not want to kill them, but he was forced to. At that moment, he charged out from their flank and rushed towards the sky. Behind him, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members followed in a mad charge.

'I have to open up the sky here and head straight towards the ninth layer!' A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and as he lifted his right hand, the long spear manifested on his palm. He curled his fingers around it, then threw it towards the sky.

The long spear sliced through the air and charged straight towards the sky. The moment it touched it, a loud boom that was deafening to the ears rang in the air, and as it echoed, it stirred up layers of ripples in the sky... but the sky did not break open!

"You can't open it... this isn't a Rune, it's a dimensional barrier. Unless you've mastered the power of the World Plane, you won't even be able to make the barrier shake.

"This is Heaven Gate's second layer. Su Ming, here's a rule of this game. Search for the barrier seal to the third layer. If you can find it, then you can enter the third layer.

"Locating it is easy. Since we're from the same clan, I'll give you a hint. The barrier seal is in one of the Shepherd Tower tribe members. Once he dies, it will appear.

"So, enjoy... this battle to the death!"

With that gentle tone and obvious delight, Si Ma Xin's voice echoed nonstop in the air with an incredibly arrogant manner. He even started laughing, and his laughter was filled with cruelty, along with the crazed delight of him seemingly able to control Su Ming as he pleased.

In silence, Su Ming hurled another punch towards the sky in midair. This time, he activated all the power of his Berserker Bones in his body, causing golden light to shine around his entire body. However, only ripples started spreading violently after he threw that punch... It still did not break!

Before Su Ming could continue trying, howling sounds came charging towards him from the distance. The two men behind the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe and the one thousand blood riders had already closed in on him.

Su Ming frowned. Another round of slaughter and non-stop battles rained down on this world.

At that moment, a black glare flashed in the sky in the world in the second layer. Clearly, the bald crane had stolen a glance at Hu Zi when it was in the world outside, then came flying back, unable to just give up on those treasures. As its eyes sparkled, it started looting the corpses.

Yet not far into its looting adventures, Su Ming's voice immediately appeared by its ears.

"Open the path to the third layer in the sky. Once you do, everything here will belong to you!" The bald crane had just seized a small bottle from a corpse beside its body and was fiddling around with it to inspect its contents when it heard Su Ming's voice, and its eyes instantly brightened up.

"Oh well, this is just a small matter, I'll help you." It lifted its head smugly, then with a flap of its wings, it steered clear of the battle to arrive in the sky. It lunged forward, executing its unique method to open the path in the sky.

But almost the moment the bald crane touched the sky, it suddenly let out a shrill scream. Its body was originally turning into an illusion, but in an instant, it was bounced off and forced back several thousands of feet.

'Morning Dao's Seal?! This damn Morning Dao's Seal... This... This is impossible! How is there a Morning Dao's Seal here?! It might be incomplete and was created much later, but this presence... this is definitely Morning Dao's Seal!'

Terror appeared in the bald crane's eyes and it started retreating rapidly. As a flicker of light appeared in its eyes, it looked towards the ground.

'This is Morning Dao's mainland... I remember now! There was... There was a seal contained here under the ice in the past! It sealed up the second God of Berserkers'... what was it again...? The second God of Berserkers' left hand!'

The bald crane immediately retreated.

The long spear in Su Ming's right hand shuddered and turned into a layer of violet fog that started rolling and tumbling through the area, causing the four Shepherd Tower tribe members who were on the verge of self-destruction to be pushed off. Right then, Su Ming saw the bald crane retreating in shock.

'It can't open the path as well...?'

A complicated look appeared on Su Ming's face. Rumbling sounds echoed in the area, and the four Shepherd Tower tribe members who had triggered their self-destruction died as their bodies exploded. Most of the impact stirred up by that explosion rushed towards Su Ming.

He quietly let the force of that impact ram into his body, and he took a few steps back. Right before him, the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe formed a seal with his hands, and with a maniacal expression on his face, he swung his arms into the air, and a gigantic ferocious beast appeared under his feet. That beast was one thousand feet in size and had the head of a dragon, the tail of a snake, the body of a horse, and the horns of a bull. Just the sight of the creature alone gave it an incredibly mighty air!

"A tribe fighting for your freedom. You deserve respect..." Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the long spear in his hands disappeared. The violet armor on his body also turned into fine threads and disappeared when they crawled into his body.

"If you die under the Undertaker's of Evil Spear, you will turn into vengeful spirits that will surround this armor and increase its might... All of you deserve respect. You shouldn't die under this armor," Su Ming said calmly.

He looked at the old man coming towards him, and a hint of conflict appeared on his face. He sighed in his heart, then took a step forward and lifted his right hand to form a

seal. Then, he swung his arm, and immediately, a whirlwind appeared in the sky. As violent gusts of wind charged forward, the whirlwind started sweeping through the land beneath him.

As a large bang reverberated above, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members in the sky were sent tumbling backwards and coughed up blood at the same time. Only three people remained charging towards Su Ming.

The three people were the two men who were beside the old man previously, along with the old man himself.

The instant these three people closed in and the ferocious beast of a thousand feet roared, Su Ming took a step forward. There was a complicated look on his face, and as he moved forward, he appeared beside one of the men. Then, he lifted his right hand and pressed it against the man's forehead.

The man started shivering, and all his organs were crushed, but his body remained in perfect condition. However, his eyes turned dark in an instant, and he started falling towards the ground.

"You are fighting for the freedom of your tribe, and I am fighting for the ninth summit. There is no enmity between us... The source of my grudge is Si Ma Xin, and Si Ma Xin alone!"

Su Ming turned around, and his gaze landed on the other man. That man started laughing brokenly, and a large amount of fine threads started crawling out of his eyes. During that instant, his body was engulfed in flames, and as his cultivation base began increasing exponentially, he abruptly exploded before Su Ming.

He knew that he was not Su Ming's opponent. That was why he chose to self-destruct, and all of it was for the sake of fighting for a sliver of chance that might or might not exist for the Elder of their tribe!

Su Ming did not dodge the explosion triggered by the man's self-destruction. Han Mountain Bell materialized around his body, and as he quietly bore through the brunt of the attack, he took a few steps back. The impact stirred up by the self-destruction had formed a violent gust of wind, causing Su Ming's heart to ache slightly.

The Shepherd Tower tribe members who had been pushed away by the whirlwind just now and had coughed up blood due to their injuries started struggling to their feet beneath Su Ming. They charged out once again, and as they roared, they stormed towards him.

They wanted freedom. They longed for it, and now, this was their only chance.

The ferocious beast of a thousand feet closed in on Su Ming from behind while roaring. Shepherd Tower Tribe's Elder stood on the creature, and his face was filled with grief. As mixed feelings churned in his heart, he gritted his teeth in his anguish.

He saw Su Ming's actions, saw that he did not want to kill them. He also saw just how strong Su Ming was. And as he gritted his teeth, the ferocious beast under his body came to an abrupt halt in midair.

"Stay back!" He let out a low shout, and as his voice traveled in the air, all the Shepherd Tower tribe members who were rushing towards Su Ming from all around him came to a stop, and they looked towards their Elder simultaneously.

"Sir, do you have the confidence to kill Si Ma Xin?" the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe looked at Su Ming and asked in a low voice.

The bell around Su Ming faded away, and he turned around to look at the old man from Shepherd Tower Tribe. After a long time, he spoke.

"If he doesn't die, then I will."

The old Elder of Shepherd Tower Tribe looked towards Su Ming, and he saw the silent fury burning in his eyes. The old man closed his eyes, and after some time, he opened them.

"If he doesn't die, then we will die with you. If he dies, then our tribe will worship you as our esteemed sovereign!"

Resolution appeared on his face. Once he said those words, he lifted his right hand swiftly, and right before Su Ming's eyes, he had one finger pierce the center of his own brows. His face turned pale and he started trembling. As his life force started flowing away, he plunged his entire right hand into the center of his brows and brought out a silver crystal.

"This stone... is the barrier seal... Help... us, kill him..." The old man laughed brokenly. The ferocious beast underneath lifted its head and let out a shrill, heartbroken cry, and the old man's body fell down, right down into the arms of his tribe members.

The crystal flew out on its own and charged into the sky. The moment it touched the ceiling above, a huge vortex swiftly appeared, and within it was the world of the third layer!

"Elder!"

"Elder!"

Shrill, heartbreaking cries echoed in the air, and the emotionless, apathetic looks on the faces of the Shepherd Tower tribe members were gone. Amidst their grief, they rushed towards the old man's corpse, and weeping sounds echoed through the land. The large number of Shepherd Tower tribe members knelt down beside the old man's corpse, and their grief-stricken cries floated into the distance...

Tears fell from the eyes of the elderly folk who saw this from the mountain range, and the children in their mothers' embraces seemed to have noticed as well, and they started crying silently.

The whole world was filled with grief and a heavy sadness.

Su Ming watched this, then bowed deeply towards the old man on the ground. This was a person who deserved respect.

"Si Ma Xin, if I don't kill you, then I can no longer call myself a human."

Su Ming did not shout these words, but instead chose to mumble them under his breath, only to his own ears. Every single word was engraved into his heart, and once he finished speaking, he lifted his head and looked towards the vortex. Killing intent burned even stronger in his eyes, and he charged towards the sky.

Chapter 549: What is Life?!

The sky in the third layer was red.

It looked as if it had just been dyed in blood, causing the entire world to look as if it had turned into a sea of blood.

There were thousands of men standing in it. These people had their heads lifted towards the sky and were all looking at Su Ming quietly. Standing at the center of them was an old man with a face full of wrinkles. The sea of blood rumbled and churned among the crowd.

They were looking at Su Ming, and Su Ming was also looking at them.

"The brat Si Ma planted Berserker Threads in all of us. He said that if we take one of your arms, we will regain our freedom." The old man in the sea of blood was dressed in a long blood-red robe. He looked at Su Ming and spoke with a hoarse voice, but his voice was clear, and it traveled through the entire area.

Su Ming was silent. He did not speak.

"But why should we do this? We have already been humiliated to this extent, and we no longer have a future. If we can only regain our freedom through that brat Si Ma's will, then... we would rather not have this freedom!

"Right now, the only thing we can control is our own will. We have obtained the right to control our own deaths!" The old man in blood-red robes started laughing loudly, and there was an ancient air within his laughter.

"Lad, remember the name of our tribe, Blood Absconsion Tribe, and take our legacy with you. If you kill Si Ma Xin, then help us find our descendants in the world outside!

"There are definitely some members of our tribe living out there. Our tribe members have the mark of a drop of blood in-between their brows, and that mark will remain forever in that spot!" As the old man spoke, a crimson red drop of blood appeared at the center of his brows. He was not the only one who had it either, that mark appeared on all the others in the sea of blood as well.

"We have no children here, neither do we have any women, because if they stayed, then they would not be the only ones who had to suffer. We, too, would have to suffer... I do not want our newly born members to have that Berserker Thread planted in them. I do not want our women to look at the red threads in their husbands' eyes. I do not want our warriors to suffer the fate of being unable to protect their own wives, and having to watch their wives suffer this unimaginable darkness...

"Lad, receive our legacy. I am Xue Lun Hai. Let me, let all of us Blood Absconsion tribe members grant you a serendipity, and help you... kill Si Ma Xin!"

As the voice of the old man in blood-red robes echoed in the air, he sat down within the sea of blood. All the other Blood Absconsion tribe members also sat down with him. None of them refused doing so. The fearlessness towards death could be seen in all of their eyes, along with their deeply rooted hatred towards Si Ma Xin.

When all of them sat down, Su Ming saw all of the people in Blood Absconsion Tribe melting and fusing together with the sea of blood.

The old man was the last one to melt. Before he melted, he said the last words of his life.

"Kill him!"

The instant he said those words, the old man's body melted and became a part of the sea of blood. At the same time, that sea of blood started raging, and as waves surged into the sky, the sea exploded, turning into blood rain that rushed towards the sky from the ground, straight towards Su Ming!

Not a hint of danger could be detected from that blood rain. Instead, it gave off an air of a determined, indomitable will. When it closed in on Su Ming, it turned into a large, blood-red ball that surrounded him within it.

When the entire sea of blood rose up from the ground and came towards him, it turned into a blood-red ball in the sky that pounded like a beating heart!

That heart came from Blood Absconsion Tribe. It came from the tribe that had been planted with Berserker Threads, who could no longer control their own lives, but could control their own deaths!

Su Ming sat down and began meditating in the ball of blood. Grief appeared on his face, and his heart was shaken to the core. This shock came from the Elder of Shepherd Tower Tribe's sacrifice, from the entire Blood Absconsion Tribe's resolution.

This was them fighting against their own fate. They were just like the Fated Kin. Perhaps more accurately speaking, the Fated Kin were not a race. Every single person could become a part of the Fated Kin, as long as they longed to control their own fate, and as long as they took the first step to scream out their unwillingness to bow down to fate!

Each and every single person has their own lives, and every one could become a Fated Kin!

Su Ming's head became clear. He had gained a deeper understanding towards fate.

"What... is Life[1]? It is vitality, because it is a form of inheritance we receive when we are born.

"It is also fate, because if we don't have fate in this inheritance of life, our Lives will be incomplete...

"Life. Vitality. Fate. We are born with Life, but we have to wrestle our own fate from other people's hands in the future to control it ourselves...

"The word Life involves people and the heavens, and fate is what separates humans from the heavens... Does it mean that we have to bow down to heaven before we can be whole and obtain Life to become humans?" Su Ming mumbled within the ball of blood, and at that moment, he opened his eyes.

"If Life means that we have to subjugate ourselves to the heavens before we can call ourselves humans, then the opposite can happen as well, we can still say that we have Life when the heavens bow down to us!"

Su Ming closed his eyes. The moment he did so, the fragment formed by the power of the one World, which was given to him through the Candle Dragon's blessing and had always existed within his body in his mind, suddenly shuddered.

...Even though it had never showed anything strange beforehand.

The edges started to look as if they were melting, and a small piece of that fragment fused into Su Ming's body. The moment that happened, the ball of blood around Su Ming's body shrank in an instant and covered his entire body.

Waves of life force and the power of the world started spreading out of the ball of blood. It also contained a force of struggling and fighting against fate, and all of these were fusing into Su Ming's body.

This was what the old man from Blood Absconsion Tribe had meant by the serendipity of his tribe!

This ball of blood was formed by the essence of the entire tribe. It was the conglomeration of the entire tribe's fate, and they were giving all of it to Su Ming. The instant the power of the ball of blood surged into his body, his blood, flesh, and bones immediately started absorbing it rapidly.

He needed the power provided by this sort of essence, contained within the struggle against fate, within their will, because this power was the source that would continue strengthening all the Berserker Bones in his body!

At that moment, Su Ming's mind was immersed in trying to understand the meaning of Life. As his understanding towards it continued growing and as he started absorbing pieces from the fragment of that one World... a hint of Life Cultivation started spreading out from his body!

As the ball of blood continued spreading rapidly, loud banging sounds traveled out from Su Ming's body. Great power filled it, and while he originally had a seventh of all his bones turned into Berserker Bones, under the legacy given to him by Blood Absconsion Tribe, the number of Berserker Bones in his body started increasing slowly!

"After the Berserker Soul Realm, our blood will change. The cultivation for our blood, bones, and souls is done, and everything from the outermost parts of our body to the innermost of our souls is perfect. From hence, we shall cultivate our bodies no more, but our Life Matrices!

"We must break our Life Matrices and tread on the path to find what is lacking in our lives. This is called Life Privation!

"We must learn of what we lack in ourselves like we know of the regrets the world possesses and as if we understand the changes in the world. This is Life Palace!

"When we have the Life Palace in our hands, then we will receive endless glory. We will be able to use the power of the World Plane, and this is called the World of Life!

"Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, World of Life¹, these are all after the Berserker Soul Realm, and it is the path of Life Cultivation that belongs to us Berserkers!"

When Su Ming came to understand the meaning of Life, the third God of Berserkers' ancient voice appeared in his head.

'If I step on the path to the cultivation of Life, then from then onwards I will cultivate my own Life! The first stage of Life Cultivation is Life Matrix, but what is Life Matrix...?'

Su Ming still had his eyes closed, and continued sitting inside the ball of blood. As the ball continued shrinking, a large amount of essence fused into his body to become one with his Berserker Bones, gradually causing his cultivation base to continue increasing and turning eight tenths of his flesh, blood and bones into that of a true Berserker.

'Life Matrix... What is Life Matrix...?'

An endless amount of voices appeared in Su Ming's head, repeating that same question. He might be as powerful as a Berserker in the later stage of the Berserker Soul Realm, but, in truth, his current level of cultivation was only that of a Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm!

However, he was turning all his flesh, blood, tendons, and bones into that of a true Berserker, heading towards becoming the strongest Berserker in the Bone Sacrifice Realm that was unparalleled in the world! Yet even so, he still had not arrived at the stage where he could walk the path of Life Cultivation, because he still did not have his own statue of the God of Berserkers!

At that moment, he had a strong hunch that when the day came when he eventually came to understand what was a Life Matrix and reached the Berserker Soul Realm, then a great path would be revealed before him, a path that outsiders had spent their entire life trying to understand, but still were unable to figure out!

This path was the path to Life Cultivation!

As Su Ming continued immersing himself in his thoughts trying to understand the meaning of Life, the ball of blood around him continued shrinking rapidly. After a moment, it completely disappeared. All of it had fused into Su Ming's body.

A red flush appeared on Su Ming's cheeks. For the first time since he entered Heaven Gate... no aura of death spread out from his body. Even if it only lasted for several breaths before the aura of death started surrounding him once again, once Su Ming noticed what was happening during those few breaths, his eyes immediately flew open.

'If I can prolong this span of a few breaths and make it last endlessly, then... perhaps I can find a way to leave what people call Yin's Death Region!'

The moment Su Ming opened his eyes, his power erupted from within his body explosively, and during that instant, the third layer started trembling violently, and ripples started churning through the entire area with Su Ming acting as their center.

Almost eight tenths of all the flesh, blood, tendons, and bones in his body had turned into that which belonged to a true Berserker, and Su Ming was no longer far away from the great completion that belonged solely to him!

'I wonder what sort of level I will reach... If I can reach great completion for turning all my bones into Berserker Bones, succeed in breaking through into the Berserker Soul Realm, and understand what Life Matrix is...'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and when he lifted his right hand, he pushed his hand against the sky that was filled with ripples as if he was supporting it.

The sky in the third layer started trembling violently, and the layers of ripples started rotating, becoming faster with each passing second. As if they contained the power to tear through the sky, as they continued rotating, the sky was ripped apart, turning into a vortex that led to the fourth layer!

Su Ming lifted his head, and a presence that was different from when he first stepped into Heaven Gate appeared around him. That presence contained a desire towards Life Cultivation. It was a hint of the power of Life Cultivation which he had gained after his epiphany!

There was also a much stronger presence within him that was revealed with every single action he took once an eight tenths of his body were turned to that of a true Berserker!

'It doesn't matter what I will manage to achieve first, but understanding what is Life Matrix or arriving in the Berserker Soul Realm will allow my combat abilities to increase by leaps and bounds!'

Su Ming took a step forward, and as a boom echoed in the air, he walked into the vortex leading to the fourth layer.

The flames fueling his desire to kill Si Ma Xin had never been extinguished, and the determination to kill him never weakened. When Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer, that killing intent within him only grew stronger!

Chapter 550: He Feng!

The world was still colored crimson red at the fourth layer, but this shade of red was completely different from the third layer. The third layer's red was due to the sky being dyed with blood, but the fourth layer's crimson was due to the illumination of flames!

The entire sky looked as if it was burning, and hot waves of wind filled the entire world the instant Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer.

The entire land was burning with a sea of fire. Within it was a mountain, and that mountain towered in the sky. However, it was still surrounded by the sea of fire, and there were clouds of smoke rising into the sky from inside it.

It was a volcano!

The volcano's summit was in the shape of a ring, and a middle-aged man was sitting there. He looked incredibly handsome, and he was sitting as if he did not know what heat meant.

His hair was red like fire, and his clothes were also red, as if they were burning in flames.

The moment Su Ming stepped into the fourth layer, that person lifted his head. There was a mark of flames at the center of his brows, and a hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his lips. However, there was a hint of malice contained within that smile.

When he saw Su Ming, flames appeared in his eyes, as if they were burning.

"It's been a long time." A hoarse voice slowly came from his lips. At the same moment his words traveled through the area, the sea of fire in the world roared and started burning even more furiously.

Su Ming stood in midair and looked at the red-robed man calmly.

"It has been a long time indeed, He Feng."

The moment Su Ming said that name, the red-robed man lifted his head and laughed at the sky. Arrogance could be heard within his laughter, along with madness.

It was true! He was He Feng!

He was Su Ming's first opponent when he was still in Han Mountain City, and the two of them continued crossing each other's paths until He Feng ended up becoming his servant, until he betrayed Su Ming during the great war between the Shamans and Berserkers, and until the moment they met each other again within Heaven Gate after twenty years!

"He Feng... I haven't heard anyone calling me by that name for some time..."

The smile on He Feng's lips became even more malicious. He looked at Su Ming, and as he continued laughing, he slowly stood up on the volcano and swung his arm.

"Now, I am Heaven Gate's Right Envoy... the Marquis Fire Berserker who controls an endless amount of lives in my hands!"

As He Feng's words traveled through the air and as he swung his right hand forward, the volcano behind him immediately erupted, and a large amount of lava swiftly gushed out. The waves of black smoke in the sky started sweeping through the area, causing the world to become hotter with each passing moment.

During the eruption, Su Ming even saw some black skeletons within the lava. They were bones belonging to the elderly and the young, and they were rapidly being crushed by the lava...

"To welcome you, I've turned the fourth layer into a sea of fire, turning the entire tribe in this world into sacrifices to my flames, because they wanted to help you with their full strength by fighting against you.

"Only this sort of world is worthy of my status as Marquis Fire Berserker. This is the only world that is worthy of becoming our battlefield!" As He Feng spoke, he took a step forward.

"I am the true Fire Berserker!"

When he said those words, he formed a seal with his left hand and pointed towards the ground. Immediately, the sea of fire there surged into the sky. As the flames tumbled about, all of them swept towards Su Ming.

Once He Feng pointed at the ground, he then pointed towards the sky, and in an instant, the sky started burning, surging towards Su Ming as well, along with the flames from the ground that were roaring loudly.

Su Ming remained as calm as ever, and not much change could be detected on his face. He looked at the arrogant He Feng with a cold and detached gaze, then shook his head.

"You're not worthy of becoming my opponent." Su Ming lifted his right hand, and the instant the flames from the sky and earth surged towards him from all directions, he seized the air before him with his right hand.

The sea of fire around him immediately shuddered and tumbled towards his palm. The sea of fire behind him also swept past him after briefly submerging his body within itself.

This scene was quite astonishing from the distance. The endless sea of fire seemed to be under Su Ming's total control and was gathering in his right hand.

It was as if Su Ming was the king of these flames. As the sea of fire gathered together on his palm, it turned into a gigantic fireball.

That fireball burned with loud cracking sounds, and was lifted up by Su Ming's right hand. He looked towards He Feng coldly.

A ferocious expression appeared on He Feng's face. A strange glare began sparkling in his eyes, and his lips curled up into a cold sneer.

The instant that sneer appeared, a human face abruptly protruded out of the fireball that seemed to be under Su Ming's control. That human face belonged to He Feng. He opened his mouth wide, and as if the fireball had been split into two, it went on to devour Su Ming. This was a manifestation of the will contained within the fireball.

Su Ming lifted his head and looked at He Feng who was moving in to devour him with his mouth wide open, then looked at the burning fireball, which was serving as He Feng's body.

"You fused your will into fire. Not bad, you've been training really seriously over the years, but..." Su Ming said calmly, and the instant the fireball went on to devour him, he lifted his right hand a little higher and clenched his fist.

The gigantic fireball that was already less than five feet away from him trembled abruptly, and in an instant, it exploded with a bang.

As it exploded, a large amount of the sea of fire flowed backwards, but not a single ember touched Su Ming. He stood at the center of the collapsing fireball and looked at He Feng while shaking his head.

"...You're still lacking."

He Feng's pupils shrank, and with a low growl, he leaped into the sky. While in midair, the robes on his back immediately tore apart, and a pair of black wings showed up. As he flapped those wings, flames filled the air above his head, and he began forming a seal with his hands. When He Feng looked towards Su Ming, a cruel expression appeared on his face, and he pushed his hands forward.

"Still lacking? Wings of Fire!"

As he roared and pushed forward, he bit the tip of his tongue and coughed up a mouthful of blood. Once it appeared, it started burning, and when the flames gathered together, they turned into a Wings of the Moon!

However, this Wings of the Moon was filled with fire. Brutality was in its eyes, and a howl tumbled out of its lips. Its body was formed by He Feng's blood, and it was born from fire. Once it appeared, it roared, and a large number of its kind immediately appeared around him. In the blink of an eye, almost a hundred of these fire Wings of the Moon appeared before He Feng.

When He Feng pointed towards Su Ming, these fire Wings of the Moon howled and charged forward.

A ferocious grin appeared on He Feng's lips. He was confident that he had completely escaped Su Ming's control and turned into a real Fire Berserker. During the past twenty years, he had been constantly hoping that he could meet Su Ming again. He wanted to let him know that he was the only Fire Berserker in the world!

Even if his status as the Fire Berserker originated from Su Ming, He Feng was confident that he was the superior one!

The acts of fusing his will into fire and turning the Wings of the Moon who were loyal towards Su Ming into flames were the source of He Feng's confidence. He believed that he could definitely kill Su Ming. He would absolutely be able to end the grudge he bore from all those years ago!

When the near hundred fire Wings of the Moon charged towards Su Ming, He Feng also took a step forward. Flames appeared out of thin air around him and surrounded his body, turning into a fire Wings of the Moon that was a thousand feet tall. It enveloped him within, causing him to turn into that Wings of the Moon itself!

Su Ming still remained as composed as ever in the face of the multiple changes in He Feng's Fire Berserker Arts. At that moment, he lifted his right hand slowly, dipped his head down to look at his palm, or more precisely, at the palm lines on his hand.

"You, who do not even know what is a true Fire Berserker, who do not even know why a Fire Berserker is born... are still lacking, even in the end."

Su Ming clenched his right hand, and when he unfurled his fist, three pearls appeared in his hand.

The instant the three pearls appeared, the incoming near hundred fire Wings of the Moon suddenly started shivering, and all of them exploded together with a loud bang, turning into an endless amount of flames that surged towards Su Ming's right hand.

The change in the fire Wings of the Moon caused He Feng to be momentarily stunned. During that instant, he discovered, much to his shock, that his body, which had turned into the thousand feet Wings of the Moon, started to become greatly unstable. Before he could register what was happening, the Wings of the Moon which he had become

exploded with a bang, turning once again into flames that charged towards the three pearls on Su Ming's palm.

The instant He Feng saw the those pearls, a feeling that his heart was shaking and trembling while his power started to show signs of scattering away rose within him. The instant this feeling appeared, He Feng discovered, much to his horrified surprise, that he seemed to have lost all connection with the world at that instant!

It was as if the world was rejecting him, as if the flames that should have been so familiar to him that they were a part of him had become something strange to him.

And all of this was because those three pearls had appeared in Su Ming's hand!

The flames in the world surged towards Su Ming's palm with loud rumbling sounds. In an instant, when all the flames had been absorbed by the three pearls, not a single ember was left of the sea of fire in the world. Even the volcano stopped producing any flames after a violent tremor wrecked its body, as if every last flame within it had been extinguished.

"What is fire? Why do you wish to obtain fire? Why do you wish to control fire? You don't even have the answers to these questions, and you dare call yourself the Fire Berserker before me?" Su Ming clenched his fist and put away the three pearls as he looked at He Feng coldly.

Right up to that point of time, Su Ming had never attacked. He simply allowed He Feng to continue executing his divine abilities and watched as if he was looking at a clown. At that moment, He Feng's face turned pale under Su Ming's gaze, and madness appeared in his eyes.

"Impossible. I am the Fire Berserker. I am the true Fire Berserker!" As he roared, he moved forward, and just as he was about to continue executing his divine abilities, Su Ming shook his head.

"You are not the Fire Berserker, and neither am I, because I... do not lack fire in my Life!"

Su Ming took a step forward and swung his right arm forward. That one swing immediately caused a violent gust of wind to appear before He Feng out of nowhere. It turned into a whirlwind that exploded the instant it touched him, turning into a loud bang that surged into the skies. It caused He Feng to cough up blood and forced him to take a few steps back.

He was rejected by fire, and he could no longer feel any traces of it.

"I am the Fire Berserker! I have already given up everything in my life to the flames in the world! I am the person who is the most devoted to fire in the world! I... am the true Fire Berserker!"

As He Feng coughed up blood, his face twisted with a ferocious expression. Without caring about the injuries he sustained on his body, he lifted his head and roared towards the sky. He had very little to no rationale left within him when he began shouting. The only things left in his mind was an unwillingness to admit defeat and a will that surged to the skies!

He had always believed that he was the true Fire Berserker. Over the past twenty years, fire had been his companion, and that was the source of how he managed to stand above everyone else and obtain his current status. Yet now, before Su Ming, his right to control fire had been stripped away from him. This was something he could not accept. This was something that drove him mad!

As he roared... a hint of fire appeared on his body, even though there was no longer any flames in this world!

Chapter 551: Freedom!

The appearance of the fire caused Su Ming's pupils to constrict.

Right before his eyes, as He Feng continued roaring in his unwillingness to admit defeat, and madness filled his entire heart, and as flames appeared on his body, they started burning stronger. They increased in volume until they eventually covered his entire body.

"I am the Fire Berserker!

"I am the only Fire Berserker in this world!

"I am the most devout to the fire Berserker in this world!

He Feng shouted. As more flames appeared on his body, the feeling that he was in control of fire appeared in his heart once more. Moreover, once the flames on his body appeared, a wave of heat that was even stronger than before started spreading through the area, as if it wanted to melt everything.

Su Ming watched He Feng, and a brilliant light gradually appeared in his eyes.

'This is a sign of Life... It might not be the presence of Life Cultivation, but it is born due to great willpower, and it is a power that can tamper the forces in the world so that He Feng can control his own fate.

'Due to his obsession with fire, his will fused with it, and that's why... he can control it!

'The fire on He Feng's body no longer belongs to the Fire Berserker that came from the line of the third God of Berserkers. It belongs to He Feng himself...'

Understanding dawned on Su Ming as he looked at He Feng. The realization that Life Matrix might possibly have an incredibly huge connection to willpower suddenly came upon him like a light suddenly shining in darkness.

Su Ming did not interrupt He Feng's transformation. He wanted to gain an even greater epiphany from him.

At that moment, as the flames on He Feng's body surged into the sky, the world became much hotter. After a moment, he opened his eyes and lifted his head to roar at the sky before he charged towards Su Ming.

"I am the Fire Berserker!"

With a low roar, he closed in on Su Ming. A wave of hot air crashed into his face and he clenched his right hand into a fist before hurling it towards Su Ming. That punch contained all the power of fire in He Feng's body, and for the first time in his life, He Feng managed to truly have total control over his own fire.

Flames charged out of his fist, turning into a fire wolf that closed in on Su Ming with a roar.

Su Ming did not retreat. Instead, he too, lifted his right hand, but his fist did not contain any flames, only the power of the Berserker Bones in his body, along with a hint of the presence of Life Cultivation.

A loud boom that shook the sky rang in the air. He Feng coughed up blood, and the fire wolf shattered into mere embers. He Feng was sent tumbling back nearly a thousand feet, and when he coughed up blood again, he looked even more crazed than before.

"I offer my life to the flames of the world and am willing to become the servant of fire. Please grant the power of fire! Give me even stronger flames!" He Feng roared loudly, and the flames on his body exploded once again, burning even stronger than before.

However, his body also started showing signs of being destroyed by this blast of even stronger flames. His flesh and blood began drying up, as if they could no longer withstand the fire, and a large amount of his blood evaporated, turning into red fog that left his body. His eyes turned a crimson red, his madness growing even greater.

"I am the Fire Berserker... I am the Fire Berserker!" These were the words he kept repeating. Once he turned into flames again, He Feng roared and rushed towards Su Ming once more.

The instant he closed in, Su Ming lifted his right hand calmly and threw a punch again.

That punch sent He Feng back, just as it did last time. It also made the flames on his body become duller, made him cough up a large amount of blood, and even made his right arm explode and shatter.

But Su Ming was also forced to take a step back!

"What powerful will!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes as he watched He Feng. That man was, at that moment, completely overcome by his madness, and as he was sent backwards, he roared, and the flames on his body rose once again.

'This is a condition... A condition where he lost his rationale after being overcome by his madness. In this condition, he obtained his own fire, or perhaps more accurately, he obtained his own Life!

'Everyone has their own Life Matrix, and every single one of them is different... Could it be that going through this sort of transformation is necessary to understand what Life Matrix truly means and to arrive in the Realm of Life Cultivation?

'Will I have to go through what is currently happening to He Feng now?'

Su Ming looked at He Feng and a long string of thoughts went through his head.

The man before him now had opened up a huge gate for Su Ming's thoughts and allowed him to understand many things.

He Feng's retreat caused him to stand in the sky. As he roared again, the flames on his body increased explosively once more, and at that instant, his legs broke down and shattered into pieces, burnt to ashes. However, he did not know pain. Instead, in his madness, he continued desiring even stronger flames!

And he received them. The flames around his body were so hot that even the sky looked as if it could no longer withstand them and was churning about as if it was melting. The instant those flames reached their strongest state, He Feng looked towards Su Ming, and with his remaining left arm, he flew towards him and hurled his fist forward!

"Die!" He Feng shouted furiously.

When he threw his punch forward, Su Ming narrowed his eyes and clenched his right hand into a fist again before ramming straight against He Feng's punch. A loud bang that bellowed in the skies reverberated through the air. Su Ming was forced several steps back and the Qi within his body churned.

As for He Feng, he no longer had any blood in his body. As he fell backwards, his left arm exploded, leaving him with only half his body remaining. The moment his body touched the sky, he let out the strongest roar in his life.

"I offer my soul to the flames of the world! Give me... Give me even stronger flames!"

The instant these words escaped his mouth, white flames appeared on his body, and when that happened, He Feng's body started rapidly burning away. He glared at Su Ming.

"Su Ming, I am the true Fire Berserker!"

These were his final words, because when he finished saying them, only his head remained, and the flesh and blood on it were rapidly turning to ashes. As the white flames burned, his life and his soul disappeared without a trace in an instant.

As the white flames continued burning, they exploded abruptly, and the sky finally crumbled under that explosion. A gigantic hole leading straight to the fifth layer appeared!

Those flames swept through the fifth layer, and shrill screams of pain traveled through the hole there. The members of the tribe there had already made preparations and were ready to fight for their freedom, but they all turned into the sacrifices for the white sea of fire, and as the flames spread out, the people disappeared without a trace.

"You are the Fire Berserker."

Su Ming stood there and closed his eyes, only reopening them after a long time had passed. Understanding could be seen in his eyes. He Feng died, but he did not die by Su Ming's hands. He died from the sea of fire.

Because... he did not lack fire in his Life. His Life Matrix could not contain too much fire. That was why he could not withstand the pinnacle of fire. If he absorbed it forcefully, he would only die.

'The path to Life Cultivation is dangerous, and each step taken is an enigma shrouded in great mystery...' In silence, Su Ming walked towards the fifth layer.

Right up till his death, He Feng did not understand why he would be burnt by his own flames. Only Su Ming had been able to see through some part of it and understand a

little of what was happening, and the epiphany he had gained served as an experience for him towards the path of Life Cultivation.

'He Feng didn't know what Life Cultivation is. Perhaps there are people who are already practicing Life Cultivation in this world, but there aren't many of them... There must also be quite a number of those in the Berserker Soul Realm who have tried to break into that Realm, but had died in this way.

'Because a lead is missing. They are lacking the lead for them to step into Life Cultivation from the Berserker Soul Realm. If they want to find that lead, then they must understand what Life Matrix is, and from there... truly step into that Realm.

'He Feng unknowingly found that lead, and it due to his madness... but in the end, he died because of his madness. Then, what would my lead be...?

'He sank into madness due to his obsession, due to his obsession...'

In silence, Su Ming stepped into the fifth layer. The flames in there had already disappeared, but there were thick and dense smoke clouds in the air. The ground was charred. There were no mountains in this layer, and smoke filled the sky. No sign of life could be found here.

Once Su Ming swept his gaze across the area, he looked towards the sky. He lifted his right hand, and the violet armor appeared on his body once again. The Undertaker's of Evil Spear appeared in his hand and a hint of the presence of Life Cultivation surrounded the spear. This was the strongest power Su Ming could muster before he turned into Destiny!

With the long spear in hand, Su Ming took a step towards the sky. Then, like a long violet arc, he charged upwards with a loud howl and thrust the spear forward.

All of Su Ming's power erupted from his body when he thrust forward, and the wind of the Wind Berserker stirred in the air. The power of the Lightning Berserker burst forth as well, and as lightning rumbled in the sky, that hint of the presence of Life Cultivation also fused with the spear, causing the sky to start trembling the instant the spear touched it while slicing through the air with a howl. The instant a large crack appeared, Su Ming moved his feet and stepped into the crack!

The sixth layer!

The moment Su Ming stepped there, a light immediately shone in his eyes. He saw thousands of people kneeling on the sixth layer's ground, as if they were waiting for his arrival.

The person in the lead was an old man. He had an incredibly long braid behind his head that he had wrapped around his body. The old man knelt on the ground silently, and all the members of his tribe behind him possessed incredibly long hair as well.

This... was Phantom Dais Tribe!

Su Ming had seen the old man before in the past. It was the tribe leader of Phantom Dais Tribe!

"The seventh layer is the Southern Frontier Tribe under Freezing Sky's jurisdiction. This tribe defended the southern front and there are five hundred people in that tribe, but even if there are only five hundred of them, they are one of the sharp blades of the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky!

"The eighth layer is where the Great Tribe of Freezing Sky is located. Over the years, not a single piece of news had come from there. It's as if they had been cut off from us.

"The ninth layer... is Si Ma Xin's isolation grounds." The tribe leader of Phantom Dais lifted his head and looked at Su Ming calmly as he spoke slowly.

Su Ming did not speak. Once he sized up the old man, he looked towards the other members of Phantom Dais Tribe. All of them were kneeling on the ground silently, and their faces were filled with apathy.

"Su Ming, we, the Phantom Dais Tribe, would like to offer a deal with you. I can tell you where Lei Chen is, and we can even give you the Phantom Lead to help you search for our next Phantom Equal. With this item, you can sense Lei Chen's whereabouts and find him!

"You don't need to give up too much. We only ask for your left arm..." The old Phantom Dais tribe leader spoke in a low voice.

"You can also choose not to agree to this, but without our Art, you will not be able to obtain the Phantom Lead! I don't want to participate in this feud between you and Si Ma Xin. We only want freedom!

"Please, give us our freedom!"

The old man's expression was a little complicated. He knelt there and kowtowed towards Su Ming. All the Phantom Dais tribe members behind him did the same. Among them were the elderly, women, and children.

A hint of desire towards freedom lay within their apathetic expressions, and the children were looking at Su Ming with fear in their eyes. All of these things, along with the entire Phantom Dais Tribe kowtowing towards him, made Su Ming's words die in his mouth.

