



PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

BOOK 08

Er Gen

E PUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Pursuit of the Truth

(求魔)

by

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Synopsis

Three thousand years of bowing down to the Demon Lord,
I would rather be a mortal than a celestial being when looking
back,
but for her I will...
become one who controls life and death!

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Chapter 701: A Fat Lamb is Here

A considerable distance away from Evil Spirit Sect was a long mountain range. At that moment, there was a monkey-faced middle-aged man in the forest located at the foot of the mountain. He was walking carefully. As he continued onwards, he observed his surroundings carefully, as if he was going to run with the wind at the slightest scare.

That person was Qian Chen.

His face was beaten black and blue, and he looked incredibly pathetic. His robes were also in tatters, making it seem as if he had gone through a lot of suffering.

It was unknown as to what sort of attack he had suffered. At that moment, with panic on his nervous face, he moved forward carefully. There were two long arcs charging forth in his direction about thousands of feet away from him. These two long arcs were Berserkers. One of them seemed to be around the middle stage of the Awakening Realm, and the other was in the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm. The two were only passing through the place. The long arcs did not stop for even a moment as they continued charging forward, about to move past the area.

During the past few days, as the Berserkers rose in power, long arcs like this had appeared in many places over the Eastern Wastelands. They would either be rushing to some place, gathering together, or searching for something.

Since the Immortals had closed their gates to their sects, few of them could be found moving about. However, there were some scattered ones here and there who would occasionally be discovered by Berserkers, and once they found these Immortals, a slaughter would occur.

At the instant Qian Chen saw the two long arcs in the sky, his eyes widened. If he fell to the ground and pretended to be dead or

crouched down and hid in the bushes, then perhaps he would not be discovered. After all, these two Berserkers were just passing by, and they were traveling quite quickly.

But he seemed to be too scared. Perhaps what he experienced during the last days had caused him to be like a burnt child that dreaded fire. At the instant he saw the two long arcs, he let out a shrill scream and jumped up before running into the forest, still screaming.

The two long arcs in the sky had originally passed by the area where Qian Chen was, not noticing his existence, but once he screamed, they came to an abrupt halt. The eyes of the two Berserkers immediately shone, and they looked swiftly towards the ground. Their gazes penetrated through the big leaves, and they saw the rapidly fleeing Qian Chen.

"Immortal!"

The two people cast each other a glance, having immediately found something off about Qian Chen. The ripples of power and presence that came from him gave a sensation as if he was an Immortal. Qian Chen had not sent that presence outwards earlier, but as he continued charging forward, he seemed to have lost control over it, and he was letting it out in a large area.

Immediately, the two Berserkers changed their direction and charged towards the fleeing Immortal in the forest.

Cold sweat broke out on Qian Chen's forehead. The look of panic on his face made it seem as if he was about to be scared to death at any second. As he shivered, he swiftly ran forward, but every single time he increased his speed slightly, he would trip over the roots in the forest, allowing the two Berserkers to close in on him. Right at the instant they were less than a hundred feet away from Qian Chen...

A cold harrumph came from the forest. An incredibly powerful presence swept through the world, making it lose its color. Then,

that presence turned into a mighty pressure and descended with a bang.

That pressure was incredibly domineering, and it was rich with the presence of a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm. It was enough to make all those who sensed it to feel their hearts tremble.

"How dare a puny Immortal like you trespass into my isolation grounds?!"

When an old voice reverberated through the air, the two Berserkers who were chasing after Qian Chen immediately changed their expressions. The two of them stopped and wrapped their fists in their palms before bowing towards the forest with respect and zealousness on their faces.

Almost at the moment these two people bowed in the direction of the forest, an old man dressed in white robes and with a head full of white walked out from the depths with a face as if he was afraid no one could see just how noble he was.

The old man had rosy-colored cheeks. Once he appeared, his presence grew stronger and shook the sky and earth, causing the air around him to distort.

Qian Chen looked as if he could no longer continue running under that pressure and shivered. He was struck dumb as he stared with a blank look on his face at the old man walking towards him.

The old man had an awe-inspiring appearance. When he got closer, he cast Qian Chen a glance with a gaze like lightning. He then lifted his right hand and pointed towards Qian Chen through the air. That one single point of his finger was done quietly, and not a single spark could be seen. There was not even a single ripple of power that traveled out. He seemed to only have pointed casually at Qian Chen.

Even the two Berserkers had not sensed anything. Even if one of

them had reached the initial stage of the Bone Sacrifice Realm, he had been unable to see anything off about that one finger. To him, not a single divine ability had been used.

However... Qian Chen let out an incredibly shrill scream of pain at that instant, even though that old man had pointed at him when there was a hundred something feet between them. As he shuddered, he coughed up a huge mouthful of blood and seized his own throat with his hands. His face instantly turned purple, and he fell to the ground. After a few spasms, he stopped moving.

This sudden scene caused the two Berserkers' hearts to shudder and then begin racing. Shock and fanaticism appeared in their eyes as they looked at the old man. Even if the Immortal who had died had not possessed a high level of cultivation, that one single finger from this senior of their race had definitely contained a power that could change the world, or else he would definitely not have been able to kill that person without a single ripple of power.

The mighty pressure that could make others suffocate spread out from his body and that one point that contained power that could change the world were enough to cause fanatic looks to appear on the two Berserkers' faces.

"I am White Phoenix Tribe's Apu. Greetings, senior."

"I am White Phoenix Tribe's Lin Duo. Greetings, senior."

The two Berserkers bowed deeply towards the old man with respectful looks on their faces.

"I see, so you are the descendants of White Phoenix Tribe. Not bad, you two are quite young, but your levels of cultivation are not bad at all." The old man stroked his beard, and a faint smile appeared on his face when he nodded towards the duo.

"Senior, you know of our tribe? Are you perhaps an old friend of our tribe?" the Berserker in Bone Sacrifice Realm immediately asked with a wrapped fist. His expression grew even more

respectful.

"I remember having gone to White Phoenix Tribe many years ago. At that time, your Elder was the second Elder in your tribe..." A nostalgic look appeared on the old man's face, and he looked quite sentimental.

The two Berserkers immediately sucked in a sharp breath from his words. They stared at the old man blankly while a huge storm raged in their hearts. If anyone else had said these words, they would have surely not believed them. However, when this powerful old monster said it, the two of them chose to believe him, especially when that vast presence of his made it clear that he was a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and possessed that one attack that contained the power that could change the world.

"Our second Elder... was... He is from five thousand something years ago..." The young man in the Awakening Realm had a slight quiver in his voice. He looked to be burning with extreme zeal.

"Let's not talk about the past. I've been in isolation for far too long. By the way, why did you two appear here while chasing after this Immortal?" The old man shook his head, as if he did not want to remember the past.

"Senior, the two of us have received orders to gather outside Evil Spirit Sect to keep an eye on it with the other tribes. When we passed by this place, we saw this Immortal snooping around, that's why we wanted to kill him." The two Berserkers did not hesitate and spoke obediently without holding anything back.

"Keeping an eye on Evil Spirit Sect?" The old man cast the two Berserkers a look.

"Senior, you've been in isolation for many years in this place, so you must surely not know about what had happened recently in the land of Berserkers. The God of Berserkers appeared a year ago. He set all the Berserkers' blood on fire and made us rise in power.

He also swore to chase away all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers."

"Something like this happened?!" A stern expression immediately appeared on the old man's face. "Is what the two of you said really true?"

"It is absolutely true. We wouldn't dare lie to you, senior," the two Berserkers quickly said.

A glint appeared in the old man's eyes. In silence, he placed his hands behind his back and paced up and down a few times with a pensive look on his face. After a moment, he stopped moving and lifted his head to cast a look at the two Berserkers.

"This is too grave a matter. I cannot continue isolating myself like this. I will have to search for some old friends to ascertain this. Do not tell anyone about meeting me, even if it's your Elder," the old man said languidly.

The two Berserkers immediately lowered their heads and voiced their obedience.

"Also, I've been in isolation for far too long and I haven't ventured out in many years. I'm not entirely certain of the changes in the world. How about this? Give me all your stone coins as a deposit. If what you said is true, then I will return you your money when I go to White Phoenix Tribe. If you dare deceive me... Heh heh," the old man stated flatly with his hands still behind his back.

The two Berserkers were momentarily stunned before doubt appeared in their hearts, but once they remembered the old man's level of cultivation, they quickly brought out their storage bags and took out all their stone coins inside, placing them on the ground before the old man respectfully.

The old man waved his arm, and the sparkling spirit stones immediately disappeared without a trace. He nodded his head while looking as calm as ever.

"Alright, you can go now. I'll be off to verify whether what you said is true or not."

There were slightly odd looks on the Berserkers' faces, but they did not dare say too much. Once they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards him, they quickly turned into long arcs and left. While they were in midair, they cast each other a look, and both thought of something the elderly in their tribe had said, which turned out to be incredibly accurate.

The higher their levels of cultivation, the stranger people became...

Once the two Berserkers left, that presence of a powerful person immediately disappeared from the old man in the forest. As his eyes sparkled, he brought out the spirit stones and bit down on them with a face full of smiles. He looked incredibly pleased with himself.

As for Qian Chen, who had coughed up blood previously and seemed to have died, he slowly crawled up to his feet and stared at the old man with wide eyes. This was not the first time he had done this sort of thing. Over the past year, he had done this a dozen something times.

Ever since he was on his way to Evil Spirit Sect and accidentally, coincidentally... ran into this old man and was robbed blind, his world had changed...

"Grandpa Crane... When... When are we going to Evil Spirit Sect..?" Qian Chen looked glum, but he still had to put on an obsequious look.

"Why are you in such a hurry? Once we have a hundred thousand spirit stones, I'll let you go to Evil Spirit Sect. Wait a little longer. Oh! Another fat lamb is about to arrive! Little Chen, we have more business to attend to!" The old man's spirits lifted when he looked into the distance.

Chapter 702: The Path of Cultivation

Eastern Wastelands Tower was within the hundreds of li of blood light, resulting in the land looking like it was a blood-soaked hell. The bloody presence around there was filled with an intimidating air, preventing anyone from getting closer.

It was especially so for the mighty pressure within the blood light itself. If anyone tried to trespass into its area, they would feel as if a huge mountain was pressing in on them, and the closer they got to Eastern Wastelands Tower, the stronger the feeling would be.

During the span of that one year, Berserkers would occasionally appear around Eastern Wastelands Tower. Some of them would step into that blood light and try to get closer, but all of them would be sent tumbling backwards by the mighty pressure without exception.

They might not end up dead, but the will within that blood light contained a majestic air and a warning tone telling them... that this place was forbidden to them.

The Berserkers were searching for Su Ming, their God of Berserkers. During the past year, they had searched through the entire Eastern Wastelands, but they had found no traces of him. Gradually, they cast their gazes on the tower, but due to the blood light prohibiting them from entering the area, they could not venture inside and verify whether Su Ming was there or not.

Compared to the blood light surging into the sky outside, the inside of Eastern Wastelands Tower was different. It was filled with a layer of golden light. That light was gentle, and it filled the entire first layer.

Su Ming sat there with his legs crossed. His body had fully recovered a long time ago. Floating right before him was a golden sword, but if anyone took a closer look, they would be able to see blue light occasionally flashing, still struggling within that golden

light.

This sword was naturally the blue killing sword Su Ming had faced last year. During the the time he was in the tower, Su Ming had used all his energy, his power, and the mighty pressure of the tower itself to continuously suppress this sword, forcefully turning most of this blue sword, which had been wounded when it was in Yin Death Fog, gold.

This shade of gold was the color of the inside of Eastern Wastelands Tower. Su Ming had not once stopped suppressing the sword. At that moment, his eyes flew open, and at the instant he did so, a flash of gold appeared in his pupils. He lifted his right hand and struck the sword.

The golden light in the area started distorting before it surrounded Su Ming's right hand. When he struck the sword, that golden light seeped inside it and once again began chasing away all the blue light.

The sword hummed and shuddered, and the blue light flashed violently inside the sword. It was still struggling.

Su Ming stared at the sword and let out a cold harrumph, then lifted his left hand and swung it. Immediately, a large amount of golden light came surging, then rushed into the sword and continued suppressing it.

"I can now control ten times more power of the Eastern Wastelands Tower compared to a year ago..." Su Ming mumbled. His gaze fell on the walls of the tower around him. Ignoring just how tall the entire tower was, the area of the first layer alone already occupied several thousands of feet, and all of it was permeated with a golden light.

Su Ming could still remember how he had charged into the tower and seen this light for the first time. As waves of impact from it reverberated in his body, he had fallen unconscious.

When he woke up, his body had already recovered completely, and the blue light was surrounded by an endless amount of golden light as it floated in midair. It could not break free and could only let out shrill whistles.

Once Su Ming woke up, he could sense that the connection he had with Eastern Wastelands Tower had become stronger. In fact, the golden light that filled the area seemed to be a modified form of some form of power, and he could borrow it for his own use.

However, at that time, he could only use a small portion of that power, unlike now. He could now activate and bring a large amount of the golden light towards himself to suppress that sword and also refine his own body.

'Life Cultivation Realm is divided into Life Matrix, Life Privation, Life Palace, and World of Life. According to the words left behind by the third God of Berserkers, Life Cultivation Realm is actually composed of four words - Matrix, Privation, Palace, and World!'

The third God of Berserkers words reverberated in Su Ming's head. During this year, he could not leave Eastern Wastelands Tower because the sword before him had yet to be completely refined, and there was a link tying him to the sword as he refined it.

Only after he had completely refined the sword and made it one with his body could he walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

That was why Su Ming had spent most of his time pondering about Life Cultivation Realm besides training and refining his body as well as the sword in this tower during the past year.

'The Candle Dragon had also said that all races try to perfect themselves when they practice cultivation. They absorb the power from World Planes and fix what they lack in their own bodies so that they can achieve perfection.

'I've arrived at the initial stage of Life Matrix and have come to

understand my own Life Matrix. If I want to raise my level of cultivation again, then I'll need the power of a World Plane... The Candle Dragon once gave me a fragment containing the power of one World as a blessing. That fragment might have been the key that allowed me to enter Life Cultivation Realm.'

Understanding appeared on Su Ming's face.

'Only by having sufficient power of a World Plane and understanding towards their own Life could a person break through a sort of shackles of their own bodies and let themselves go through an evolution that affects their bodies, thereby perfecting themselves. However, reaching this sort of perfection is incredibly difficult. It doesn't matter which race it is, perhaps only one or two people out of each of them are able to truly attain perfection.

'And... the function of a particular blood inheritance is to let this sort of perfection continue, because when a person succeeds, he or she will be able to change the evolution within the entire race. Perhaps it is precisely because of this that there are incredibly powerful races in the universe, and there are also extremely weak ones lying around as well.

'As for the power of a World Plane... that is the essence of a world.'

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He looked at the golden light that filled the area, and a smile gradually appeared on his face.

'The first God of Berserkers left this Eastern Wastelands Tower in the world. The golden light in this place can nourish my soul and fuse with my body to become a part of my cultivation base. It thus... might contain the power of a World Plane.'

'Besides this place, the entire world of Berserkers is also a world. It could let all Berserkers absorb the power of the World to perfect their bodies and for them to practice their cultivation.'

As Su Ming continued mulling over his thoughts, he lifted his right hand and seized the air. Immediately, a sealed stone appeared on his palm. Within that stone was a sleeping poisonous wasp.

'God Ascension Nectar. There are a lot of legends surrounding this nectar. Even if most of these legends are false, its might can still be understood clearly. Then, perhaps, this nectar also contains a mysterious power of a World Plane.'

Su Ming stared at the poisonous wasp and only put it away after some time. His eyes sparkled, and he immersed himself in his thoughts.

'The first God of Berserkers might have brought the Berserkers outside and made the worlds worship them because there were many powerful warriors during that era. The power of the World in the land of Berserkers was not enough to maintain their path of cultivation, that was why they had to leave... They had to go to the worlds outside to snatch the power of their World Planes.

'In the end, Lie Shan Xiu left because he had obtained a sufficient amount of power of World Planes. It could be said that he had fused the essences of multiple worlds and gathered together the Plane Kalpa's Solar [1]. Perhaps he had truly reached Plane Kalpa Realm, but there's also a possibility that he was half a step off from that Realm. That was why he had to leave, because the power of World Planes was no longer useful to him. He wanted to search for the power of Plane Kalpa so that he could continue walking down his path of cultivation.

'This is all so that he could reach perfection...

'If that is the case, then perhaps there is a uniform name for Life Cultivation Realm, the Immortals' cultivation system in the Second Step and Third Step, and the other races at this stage have their own names.

'Perhaps this name is World Plane! And after this stage, it will be Plane Kalpa, which is what Lie Shan Xiu has achieved! It's also the

Immortals' Fourth Step. It is also what the Immortals become after they have surpassed being Immortals and become Gods, or perhaps become a state of being that is even higher than that.

'There are also the words Hong Luo had used when he described Di Tian in the past. Once he fused with the Immortals' heaven, then he will become the Lord of a World Plane because it is equivalent to him fusing with the Immortals' World Plane...

'Di Tian is one of the three Sovereigns and five Emperors. Unless he is the strongest among them, then could it mean that these three Sovereigns and five Emperors have fused with the Immortals' heaven and have reached a state where they are the Lords of World Planes?

'In other words, it is possible that there are many Lords of World Planes in the world. The differences in their levels of cultivation will be distinguished by how much they have fused with the Immortals' heaven...

'Di Tian's real self is far stronger than I am. By the categorization among the Immortals, he should be one of the elites among the people in the Third Step... I understand now!'

Su Ming lifted his head, and a brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

'The Immortals in the Third Step are Lords of World Planes! By fusing with the heaven of one particular world and coming to understand the essence of that world, they will reach the Immortals' Third Step and be known as Lords of a World Plane. There are also different Realms within this Third Step, that is why there are still distinctions between the strong and weak... Even if the powerful Lords of World Planes have fused with multiple essences from multiple worlds, as long as they haven't gathered together their very own Plane Kalpa's Solar, then they can only be considered as Lord of a World Plane!

'When I came to understand the three styles of Wind Separation, the Wind Berserker appeared and said that this is the ninth great

eon...'

All of these things came from Su Ming's memories. Over the past year, after quietly going through all his thoughts and understanding them, he connected them in his head and formed a picture that symbolized the path of Su Ming's cultivation in the future.

He would have been unable to understand all of these things before he arrived at Life Cultivation Realm, so only at this moment did he gain a vague idea about everything.

"The Immortals' First Step is the foundation, and the Second Step is the fusing with a World Plane. When they move into the Third Step, they become the Lords of a World Plane, and in this hollow state, they will try to perfect themselves to the greatest possible amount and gather together Plane Kalpa's Solar and move into the Fourth Step, which is Plane Kalpa Realm!

"It's the same for Berserkers, if we're going to make any sort of distinction, then everything below the initial stage of the Berserker Soul Realm is our foundation, which allows us to possess the basis to search for true perfection.

"The middle stage of our cultivation system is Life Cultivation. We move from Life Matrix to World of Life, and eventually end up at the same stage as the Lords of World Planes among the Immortals. Then, we will move into the later stage of the Berserkers' cultivation system. I still don't know the details of that Realm, but in the end, we'll be gathering together our own Plane Kalpa's Solar, and once we succeed, we might move into Plane Kalpa Realm and become powerful warriors that stand at the pinnacle, just like the Immortals at the Fourth Step," Su Ming mumbled and clenched his fist. A strong desire appeared in his eyes.

'The Candle Dragon once said that it had only met five of these sort of powerful warriors that were in this Realm within two of the

four Great True Worlds. In these worlds, they were known as the Lords of Fate, Life, and Death. They controlled the cycles of the universe, and if they wanted something to be born, it would be born, if they wanted something to die, it would die...

'The Candle Dragon also said that it was spoken in legends that there were Realms that were above the Plane Kalpa Realm... but all of those people who reached this Realm seemed to have left the four Great True Worlds and their whereabouts were unknown.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath. His future's path of cultivation had become slightly clearer in his head.

'I want all forms of life to be unable to control my fate!'

Determination and resolve appeared in his eyes.

Translator's Notes:

1. Plane Kalpa's Solar: Based on the LONG explanation of eons in Soar into the White Sky, might mean the state of being alive throughout an eon.

Chapter 703: Eighth Layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower

Su Ming had come to understand his future path of cultivation. He had also found the different paths between Berserkers and Immortals' cultivation systems that in the end led to the same goal. Perhaps more accurately speaking, all the races in the universe walked down different paths that led to the same end goal.

Su Ming knew that he had only taken his First Step on this path, and he did not know whether there would truly come a time when he would reach Lie Xie Shan's state or perhaps even surpass him.

However, he had a determined and resolute will. He told himself that he would walk down to the very limit of what he could possibly do, because he wanted to know why he was born as a dead infant. He wanted to know whether he had parents, any other members of his race, and where his home lay.

He wanted to save the owner of that voice who had been mumbling beside his ears for years, to save the little girl who had the weak voice that had been calling him big brother.

To do all these, Su Ming was required to control his own fate and become a powerful warrior in the galaxy. Only then would he be able to search about and accomplish all these tasks.

If he could not become truly powerful... then he could only be like an ant and let others decide his fate.

'I won't let it happen!'

Su Ming clenched his fists tightly and sucked in a deep breath. His eyes flashed brilliantly, and it took him some time to calm himself down. He looked at the golden sword with some hints of blue still flashing before him and swiftly opened his mouth to let out a breath of Life Cultivation which charged towards the sword. At the instant it touched the blade, the sword immediately started

trembling violently and weak piercing screeches came from within.

When that happened, Su Ming lifted his right hand and seized the killing sword's hilt. He stood up and placed the sword flat against his chest before lifting two of his left hand's fingers and placing them at the spot near the sword's hilt. He then began to slowly move his fingers towards the tip of the sword.

His actions were not quick, but there was a great force of will within them. As he swept his fingers upwards, the sword began struggling violently, shuddering, but Su Ming let out a cold harrumph, and the blade where Su Ming's fingers passed through immediately stopped shuddering. When he finished his sweep across the whole blade, the screeching was instantly cut off.

"If you don't hold a sword in your hand, then can that sword still be called a sword?!" Su Ming flicked the two fingers at the tip of the sword, and a clear sword whistle echoed in the air. That sound reverberated within Eastern Wastelands Tower and let out a wave of killing intent that surged into the sky.

Su Ming started slowly brandishing that sword at the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As he waved the blade around, light shone on it. Waves of biting cold air spread out. Su Ming looked as if he was moving slowly, but if anyone saw him brandishing the sword at this moment, they would surely be shocked.

That would happen because at this moment Su Ming's concentration made it seem as if he had become one with the sword. But perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the sword had become one with Su Ming, and they had reached a state where the person fused with the blade.

After a moment, Su Ming flipped the killing sword over and swung it downwards to stab the ground. A vast presence and a powerful will surged into the sword at that instant, and it was as if the entire process of brandishing the sword had been just for this

thrust!

It caused a large amount of murderous aura to erupt from the sword. But just as it was about to reach the ground, a violent whistle came from within it, and it started trembling as if it wanted to struggle out of Su Ming's hand, but it could not do so.

Su Ming's hand came to an abrupt halt right at the instant the blade's tip was about to touch the ground. The moment he stopped, an incredible backlash was formed due to him halting as he threw out a strike containing his full power. However, that backlash was not focused on Su Ming's body but had instead surged into the sword.

Su Ming's hair danced in the wind, while he remained expressionless and calm. There was only half an inch between the sword and the ground. His gaze was cold and aloof. At that moment, he was filled with a chilling air that was similar to the killing sword's aura.

As the sword trembled, shrill sword whistles faintly came from within it. The blade shivered even more violently, as if it was about to shatter. Su Ming's full power should have been released once it was gathered on the blade, charging into the ground, but that energy had not been released. It had instead exploded inside the sword, and it was incredibly harmful for the sword. It had a great impact on the sword spirit.

This was a Sword Refinement Art. It was a method Su Ming had obtained to refine a sword from the legacy he inherited from Hong Luo.

It was just like what he had done before, just one of the methods he used. During the past year, Su Ming had used several methods like this to continuously refine the sword as he suppressed it.

"Will you submit to me?" Su Ming asked unhurriedly.

After a short period of silence, a piercing voice filled with an

unwillingness to admit defeat and surrender came from the sword. It was the sword spirit's roar.

"During the past year, I've asked you the same question over and over again every month. My patience is limited," Su Ming stated flatly.

He lifted the killing sword and swung it lightly. Immediately, ripples spread through the air from the sword. Then, once Su Ming let go, he lifted his right hand and formed a seal and tapped the center of his brows. Immediately, a cloud of black smoke manifested between his brows and turned into a ferocious face of a malicious spirit. It looked as if it was roaring as it charged out of the center of Su Ming's brows and surged into the killing sword.

"The Evil Spirits' skills I learned from the stone statue at the eighth layer indeed have their own unique qualities," Su Ming mumbled to himself, then lifted his left hand and formed a fist which he swiftly pushed towards the ground. With it, the golden light on the ground immediately scattered.

A wave of Earthen Aura surged into Eastern Wastelands Tower from Su Ming's left hand and covered the entire ground. Due to it, Su Ming's left arm immediately withered away. At the time the arm looked as if it had been reduced to skin and bones, white light surrounded it.

Su Ming looked at his left hand, which was now surrounded by white light and looked like a skeleton's arm, and seized the killing sword. At the instant he touched the handle, the blade let out a shrill scream of pain. Su Ming's left arm recovered swiftly, as if he had absorbed some strange power from the killing sword that made his arm return to normal.

However, the vigor contained within the sword had clearly become much weaker.

"The Surging Indulgents' divine ability to refine the body with a spirit." A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He swung his arm, and

a large amount of golden aura swiftly surged towards him, surrounding the sword to continue suppressing it.

He cast a glance at the killing sword before averting his gaze and lifting his head to look at the ceiling. A brilliant light flashed in his eyes.

'The time has come for me to challenge the tower again. This time, I should be able to do it.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and took a few steps forward to stand at the center of the first layer. When he stood there, he closed his eyes and calmed his heart so that his mind would scatter and fuse slowly with his surroundings. The golden light in the area instantly surged towards him, surrounding him. As it rotated rapidly, piercing rays of golden light shone in the air, and in the blink of an eye, Su Ming disappeared.

This sort of light continued appearing in the second, third, and up to the eighth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower. As golden light filled the eighth layer, Su Ming's body slowly appeared at the center. After some time, when his body became completely visible, Su Ming opened his eyes.

The main reason behind his ability to control more of the golden light in the first layer during the past year had been because he had managed to conquer the first seven layers of the tower during and moved into the eighth one.

With each layer he cleared, his connection to Eastern Wastelands Tower would become stronger, which was why he could absorb more of the golden light. With his original power, he could have cleared even more layers, but when he stopped for a moment at the third layer at the start, he gave up on the idea of charging through the other layers.

At the moment, he was standing at the center of the eighth layer. He took a deep breath, and a resolute look appeared in his eyes.

He had already passed through the seventh layer three months ago and moved into the eighth one, but only now did he have enough confidence to walk into the ninth layer.

'I didn't expect that the eighth layer's test would be able to stop me for three months.' Su Ming shook his head. He had not thought about this at first. In fact, this had been completely inconceivable to him.

Su Ming lifted his foot and took a step forward. Once he walked out of the center, the world before him changed and yellow sand filled the air. The burning sun looked as if it wanted to burn the ground. Right before him were four gigantic stone humans.

These four stone humans stood erect on the ground. Each of them was nearly a thousand feet tall and appeared vaguely in the sand. There was a primitive air about them.

'Eastern Wastelands Tower... has clearly given two different methods to move through the tower since the second layer. The first is to charge through each layer and continue onward, while the second is to fuse with each one. Once you completely fuse with a layer, you will naturally be able to enter the next one.

'Breaking these four statues fulfills the requirements for the first method and allow me to go straight to the eighth layer... but if I wanted to do that, I would have done so three months ago.'

A glint shone in Su Ming's eyes. He went towards the first stone statue and looked at it quietly for some time before sitting down cross-legged in front of it. He formed a seal with his hands, and the presence of Life Cultivation spread out from within him. Waves of a Berserker's presence also spread out from his flesh and blood, which had all turned into those of a true Berserker.

As the presence of the Berserker surrounded Su Ming, the first stone statue's eyes flew open, their gaze landing on Su Ming's body. After a moment, Su Ming stood up and walked towards the second stone statue. After looking at it for a moment, he stomped on the

ground, and not a single hint of a Berserker's presence could be detected on him. A wave of pure aura that belonged to an Immortal spread out from his body, causing the second stone statue to open its eyes.

The third statue had a fierce look on its face and looked like a demonic fiend. There was also a malicious spirit's face sticking out of the center of that stone statue's brows. When Su Ming stood under the third stone statue, he lifted his right hand and pointed between his brows. Immediately, black smoke surrounded the center of his brows, and the face of a malicious spirits took shape. The third stone statue immediately opened its eyes and looked towards Su Ming.

After a moment, Su Ming arrived next to the fourth stone statue and lifted his left hand. White light surrounded it, after it had turned into bone. There was a strange and mysterious presence spreading out from his arm.

"The four stone statues represent Berserkers, Immortals, Evil Spirits, and Surging Indulgers. I've already mastered the basic cultivation methods for each of these races. Open, eighth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower!"

Su Ming swung his left hand, and the stone statues immediately turned indistinct. When everything became clear once again, he was already standing at the center of the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

Chapter 704: Light from Eastern Wastelands Tower

This was the first time Su Ming stepped into Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer. Almost at the instant he found himself there, the Eastern Wastelands Tower started shuddering, and layers of light surrounded the tower before they swiftly spread out in all directions.

As they did so, the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower lit up, followed suit by the second layer, then the third... up to the eighth layer. All of them began to shine with a powerful light. As for the ninth layer, it was in a state between being bright and dark, transforming rapidly.

There were ripples of light all around the tower. If anyone looked closely, they would find that there were eight light circles. These eight circles meant that Su Ming had went through the eight layers of the tower. At the instant he stepped into the ninth layer, those circles of light had erupted forth.

Clearly, the ninth layer was a boundary line. Those who were unable to step into the ninth layer could not bring out such a change to the tower. Only those who had the ability to get into the ninth layer would make Eastern Wastelands Tower erupt with such powerful light.

That light instantly covered the entire Eastern Wastelands, and even showed signs of spreading even further. Almost in an instant, all the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands immediately stopped whatever they were doing and lifted their heads. Their attention was attracted solely by the eight ripples of light spreading through the sky.

Even Qian Chen, who was pretending to be dead in the forest, instinctively opened his eyes and blankly looked at the ripples in the sky. The old man who was really the bald crane and was

chatting with the three Berserkers was also stunned by the sight. The three young men before him were the same.

All the Berserkers on the land of Berserkers who saw the light circles in the sky immediately felt their blood boiling after a year it had laid dormant!

That burn in their blood was due to their God of Berserkers. It was a faint guide leading them to their God.

"God of Berserkers! It's the God of Berserkers!"

"The God of Berserkers has returned!"

At that instant, loud booming sounds surged into the sky from all directions in the land of Berserkers. All Berserkers had been searching for Su Ming for a whole year, all throughout the Eastern Wastelands.

They had been unable to find any trace of their God during that one year, but they did not give up. They continued expanding their search area and continued looking. They believed that their God of Berserkers had not died and trusted that he was still with them.

At that moment, at the instant they felt their blood guiding them towards their God, excited cries erupted from all the corners of Eastern Wastelands. Long arcs charged up from the ground and rushed in the direction the layers of ripples had come from.

It was especially so for the Berserkers and tribes who were close to Eastern Wastelands Tower. During that instant, as their hearts trembled, they saw the source of the ripples of light - the brightly lit eight layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

"The God of Berserkers is in Eastern Wastelands Tower!"

Excited cries reverberated in the air. Those who were closer to the tower immediately rushed forth at full speed.

Eastern Wastelands' Chi Lei Tian, Xue Sha, Goldenrain Mountain Tribe's Elder, Wu Shuang, the Great Clan Elder of All Entities Clan,

Tian Qi, and the others were in different locations working diligently for the Berserkers' rise in power. When the ripples of light echoed in the sky, they lifted their heads, turned into long arcs, and charged towards them.

Fated Kin had gathered together after they sensed Su Ming's presence a year ago. They were not too far away from the spot where the Immortals had descended, lingering around. They did not mix with the other tribes, but chose to live independently.

They were unique. They did not mingle with other people. They were Fated Kin!

It was as if they had returned to their form of life when they were in the World of Nine Yin. However, they were no longer in constant danger. During that one year, the region where they had made their home was continuously transformed and gradually changed into a suitable place where Fated Kin could bring forth even stronger combat abilities.

They had also been searching for Su Ming, their Respected Senior Mo. Now, at the instant the ripples of light reverberated in the air, all Fated Kin stood up in excitement and turned into long arcs that charged through the air towards Eastern Wastelands Tower.

This was an act committed by all Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands and most of what the Berserkers in the islands in South Morning did. An innumerable amount of Berserkers charged through the air, and their goal was similar—all of them were heading towards Eastern Wastelands Tower!

Su Ming did not know of the excitement in the world outside. At that moment he was standing at the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands. There was an incredibly dense layer of golden light around him, and there was a wisp of World Plane's presence within that golden light as it surrounded Su Ming, resulting in his body being only faintly visible within that presence.

As the World Plane's presence surrounded and continuously

surged into him, Su Ming closed his eyes and circulated his cultivation base to swiftly absorb that presence so that he could turn it into the power of his own Life Matrix.

This was Eastern Wastelands Tower's serendipity, and this was the ninth time Su Ming had obtained a serendipity here. When he first moved into the first layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower, he had received its serendipity for the first time. He had been critically wounded at the time, and due to the tower he was able to heal his injuries. Then, as he moved through each layer, he had gradually come to understand this place.

This was a tower that had been sealed for ages. Only the first person who got past each layer would be able to receive its serendipity.

Right then, Su Ming was the only person within Eastern Wastelands Tower!

When he opened his eyes after some time, his body was filled with a spiritual air. He stood there and quietly sensed his cultivation base. The World Plane's power in the ninth layer far surpassed the previous eight layers. The amount he absorbed this time brought quite a lot of nourishment for his cultivation base.

'I'm still a slight distance away from reaching the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix, but if I continue this way and move through a few more layers, then perhaps I'll be able to reach it.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath of the World Plane's presence within the golden light, then lifted his foot and walked out of the center of the ninth layer.

At the instant he did so, his vision immediately became indistinct. When everything cleared out, a tall mountain appeared before his eyes.

This mountain was incredibly tall. The tip of it could not be seen clearly in the blue sky, endless clouds hiding the summit away.

There was a river in the sky right behind that mountain. It was huge and stretched endlessly into the horizon. It was connected to the earth, and waves of water poured down to the land like a waterfall. However, that water would turn back further down in the distance and charge back to the sky to fuse back into the river, making the river in the sky flow in a cycle.

Su Ming stood far away from that place, but he could still hear the rushing sounds of the water flowing in that river.

However, since the mountain was too tall and hid most of the river from view, Su Ming could only see a small part of it and not the whole thing.

One mountain, one river, and a desert.

That desert covered the entire land, and the sand that was swept up brought with it moaning sounds that reverberated in all directions. It covered the mountain and river in Su Ming's eyes.

This was the ninth layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

"Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer. One mountain, one river, one desert... You who came to this place can activate all your power and destroy everything here. You can also choose to understand the conception of this place and break through it naturally.

"You have two choices. Two paths," a buzzing voice stated, reverberating from all directions. There was a feeling of age to that voice, as if it had been here for a very long time.

This was not the first time Su Ming had heard this voice. When a person reached a new layer for the first time, they would always hear this voice. If they went down and returned back to it, the voice would not speak up again.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He took a step forward and disappeared within the span of a breath. When he reappeared, he was already standing on a mountain rock jutting out of the middle

section of the mountain. As he stood there, he looked into the distance, and the river appeared clearly before his eyes.

The river in the sky was incredibly huge. The rushing of water spread in all directions... but the water itself looked incredibly far away, and Su Ming did not feel as if he'd gotten any closer or made any significant changes to the distance between him and the river when he had moved from the center of the ninth layer.

In silence, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the mountain. He turned into a long arc and charged towards the top.

Time trickled by slowly. An hour later, Su Ming frowned. He... was still on the mountain. When he lifted his head, the summit was still hidden in the clouds. Even if he had already reached the higher parts of the mountain, he could not move to its top.

After a moment of pensive silence, Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the ground. After some time, his pupils constricted.

"There is no end to this mountain..." he mumbled. The mountain seemed to be very tall when he looked at it previously, yet once he stepped on it, he had managed to find some clues about it. There was no end to this mountain. With every set amount of distance he traveled up, the mountain would stretch and grow.

Because of this, it had no end and no summit.

After a brief period of silence, Su Ming turned into a long arc and left the mountain and charged towards the river before him. Yet no matter how fast he traveled, the river remained as far in the distance as it had been before. It was as if the area between them would continuously lengthen as Su Ming moved in its direction, just like the mountain's height.

Su Ming had seen a scene like this before, at the altar behind Fated Kin's mountain when they were in the World of Nine Yin. That altar would forever remain before him, and no matter how quickly he traveled, he would never be able to catch up to it.

Su Ming might have managed to conquer the altar under the old Spirit of Nine Yin's guidance, but the level of depth and sophistication within the mountain and river far surpassed the World of Nine Yin's altar based on what Su Ming could see with his current level of cultivation.

He gradually stopped chasing after the river and slowly went down until he landed on the desert. He sat down on the ground and looked at the sand underneath him.

He could sense that there was a deep meaning contained within the mountain, river, the desert. If he could understand that meaning, then his understanding towards Life would become much deeper.

'Lie Shan Xiu... you turned the Eastern Wastelands Tower's appearance into a blatant plot to make Immortals fight among themselves, allowing Berserkers to obtain hope to rise in power.

'To Immortals, this tower would give what they desire. You left your epiphany towards Plane Timelines at the top, but to the Berserkers, this Eastern Wastelands Tower is a place to help them increase their level of cultivation and also a place for them to train.

'You left the cultivation methods for Evil Spirits and Surging Indulgers in the previous eight layers in the manner of brief introductions before you moved on to more in-depth introductions. You also introduced these two races in the sixth layer. You must have your own reasons for doing so...'

A pensive look appeared in Su Ming's eyes. After some time, he closed his eyes and went on to silently sense the mountain, river, and desert within Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer.

Time trickled by...

Chapter 705: My Autumn!

Half a month later, Su Ming opened his eyes, and a hint of fatigue appeared in his eyes. He looked at the mountain, river and desert before him. He... had not been able to fully understand the meaning of Life behind the three.

He stood up slowly and walked towards the direction from which he had come. When he returned, everything was as normal. He walked past the mountain and arrived at the place where he first stepped out. That was the center of the ninth layer, and it was the exit of this place.

As Su Ming stood at the center of the ninth layer, he let out a sigh. He did not have enough time to continue trying to gain an epiphany within this place. He still had plenty of other things to do. He had to suppress that killing sword as soon as possible and walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower. He had to check his eldest senior brother's condition. He had to search for his second senior brother and his Master. He also had to fulfill his oath as the God of Berserkers and lead the charge to get rid of all the Immortals in the land of Berserkers.

He was in a hurry. The Immortals might descend again at any time now.

Su Ming stood at the center of the ninth layer and spread out his Atman to fuse it with his surroundings. When he did so, golden light filled the area under his feet and surrounded him. That light gradually became stronger. Then, right at the instant it was about to bring Su Ming back to the first layer, he turned his head around with an unwillingness to admit defeat and cast a glance back at the mountain.

Perhaps it was because of the golden light filling the area around him, or perhaps it was the Relocation Rune causing his vision to distort, but when Su Ming turned his head around as his body

gradually faded away, he saw something that made his heart roar. It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck his mind, allowing him to suddenly be able to understand what was before him!

The first thing he saw when he turned his head around was the tall mountain, and the second thing was that an indistinct layer had appeared in his vision due to the golden light filling his eyes. When he looked at it the third time, the mountain in his eyes started distorting due to the activation of the Relocation Rune.

The fourth and final thing he saw before he left was... the mountain disappearing!

The mountain disappeared. It was as if there was never any mountain to begin with. Su Ming's gaze shot through the now-empty space, and he saw the complete river in the sky, which he had previously been unable to see!

There was no mistake to this. Su Ming could remember clearly that a small part of the river had been covered by the mountain when he stood at the center of the ninth layer. It was definitely not complete. Yet now... the river in the sky was complete, and the mountain was gone from his eyes.

His heart roared, and a form of understanding started growing within Su Ming's heart. His body was already fading away due to the Relocation, but at the instant he was about to disappear, he lifted his right hand and pushed against the ground. With it, the ground trembled, and the Relocation froze for a moment.

At the instant it froze, Su Ming shot out and charged forward. When he stepped out of the Relocation Rune, his body gathered together above the desert.

He gave up on leaving. When he stood outside the Relocation Rune, he stared at the river, which was no longer obscured by the mountain. In his gaze, the water in the river in the sky was flowing even more clearly now. When the clarity of that water stretched into infinity, a loud bang rang in Su Ming's head... and that river

also disappeared from his sight.

There was no longer any mountain or river in the sky.

Understanding rose in Su Ming's heart. He started circulating his cultivation base, and it immediately reached the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix. In fact, he was already not too far away from the middle stage of Life Matrix.

"I understand now... the mountain is still there, and so is the river. They are within my sight, but they're not in my heart!

"If there is a mountain in my heart, then the mountain will be there. If there is a river in my heart, the river will also be there... That's why there was no peak to the mountain, and no end to the river... My heart was influencing my eyes!

"My Life Matrix is to walk from death to life. I would move from winter to spring. It is the same as my heart. Because I exist in the state of death and am within winter, my heart is still.

"My heart affects my soul and my eyes. Perhaps they're affecting each other, that's why I can't see through everything, because my heart is dead... but during the instant I left, the Rune had distorted and golden light had covered my vision, causing me to be able to see what I normally could not.

"I understand now, to move from death to life and from winter to spring, I must first make it so that my heart is alive with spirit. I will have to wake up from this state of being still, only by doing so will I be able to see autumn!

"Being alive with spirit... alive with spirit... How can I make it so that my heart is alive with spirit..?"

Su Ming looked as if he had descended into madness as he stood and mumbled to himself. His eyes were filled with a large amount of blood capillaries, and he was staring at the sky without shifting his gaze once. He might not see the mountain and river anymore, but he still did not want to blink. This current state he was in was

incredibly precious to him. He was afraid that if he blinked even once, he would wake up from this epiphany.

'The heart can affect the eyes. Then... surely the eyes can also affect the heart. If I want my heart and soul to fill with life and vigor from the state of being still, then the eyes would be able to do this.

'Moving from winter to autumn is a process. The color of autumn is red... Blood is also red... I will make the world turn red, dye it in blood. When everything that I see has become red, then my eyes will affect my heart and make my heart and soul fill with life and vigor. This is the autumn of my life!'

Su Ming lowered his head swiftly and made himself look at the sand on the ground. This sand existed in the form of grain, and when they entered Su Ming's vision, he started laughing.

'The mountain and river are in my heart. As for the desert... it is formed by an endless amount of sand. Each grain of sand symbolizes a life, and each life symbolizes a cycle of four seasons... That's why my thoughts are not incorrect. Being born is spring, growing up is summer, blood is autumn, which is the time before death, and death is the coldest day of winter in life!

'Ninth layer, open!'

Su Ming laughed long and hard as he swung his arm. When the ninth layer shook and rumbled, he no longer looked at the mountain, river, or desert. He turned around and took a step toward the center of the ninth layer. When the golden light flashed and the Relocation was activated in the Rune, he disappeared.

When Su Ming disappeared, the ninth layer's mountain, river, and desert did not immediately crumble like what had happened to the previous eight layers after Su Ming had come to understand them. Instead, as they trembled furiously, they seemed to be hesitating about something, as if Su Ming's epiphany... was not the meaning behind them.

Not even the first God of Berserkers, Lie Shan Xiu, had predicted this when he created Eastern Wastelands Tower. He had placed that one mountain, river, and desert in the ninth layer in Eastern Wastelands Tower as a copy of what he had understood of the Immortals' cultivation base for the future generation of his race.

To Lie Shan Xiu, there was only one true answer to this mountain, river, and desert.

When you see the mountain, it is a mountain. When you see the mountain, it is not a mountain. When you see the mountain, it is still a mountain.

When you see the river, it is a river. When you see the river, it is not a river. When you see the river, it is still a river. [1]

This answer was the general outline regarding Domains in the Immortals' cultivation system. It was a law that was formed based on a person's will. Even Lie Shan Xiu agreed to it wholeheartedly, and once he had come to understand it, he had gained an incredible epiphany from it.

As for the desert that was formed by an endless amount of sand, Lie Shan Xiu had wanted to let his future generation understand that each grain of sand symbolizes a world, and the entire universe is formed this way.

However... the answer and epiphany Su Ming had gained from the ninth layer was completely different from what Lie Shan Xiu had wanted his people to understand. They might not be polar opposites, since they were formed on the same basis, but they were both different sorts of understandings.

That was why the ninth layer hesitated. This hesitation symbolized the conflict between these two types of understanding. One of them was from the Immortals, which was also Lie Shan Xiu's will, and the other was born from Su Ming himself. It was his own form of understanding. If Su Ming's form of understanding failed in the conflict between these two, then he would not be

considered to have managed to pass the ninth layer. The ninth layer would also not shatter but would return to normal.

Yet if Su Ming's form of understanding won, then the ninth layer would shatter.

The hesitation regarding its destruction only lasted for nine breaths before the ninth layer shattered with a bang and disappeared without a trace, just like what had happened to the previous eight layers when someone managed to pass through them. As it shattered, a wave of power that belonged to Su Ming's understanding replaced the original meaning contained within the ninth layer. At the same time, as the entire Eastern Wastelands Tower trembled, another light circle appeared outside and spread in all directions with a bang.

The ninth light circle... was blood red!

Its original color should have been white, supposed to symbolize purification and understanding of the heart and soul. It was supposed to symbolize an indifference and detachment after having seen through everything. Yet now, that blood-red light brought with it a murderous aura that surged into the sky. At the instant it reverberated through the sky of Eastern Wastelands, all Berserkers who saw it immediately felt the killing intent within their blood being lit up.

An endless amount of long arcs charged through the world and rushed towards Eastern Wastelands Tower. Some of the ones who were closer had already arrived, and all of them had prostrated themselves outside the blood-red light outside the tower. Zealous expressions and reverence were on their faces as they waited for their God of Berserkers to walk out of Eastern Wastelands Tower and lead them... to drown the Immortals in their own blood!

It was especially so for Fated Kin. They had arrived a long time ago and were prostrating on the ground on one side of Eastern Wastelands Tower. The zealous looks on their faces surpassed

those of Berserkers. Normal Berserkers were lit with fevered ardor because of their blood and their God of Berserkers, but they... had descended into a fanatical state because of their Respected Senior Mo, because of Su Ming himself.

That was different. That was absolutely different!

Nan Gong Hen stood at the forefront and looked at Eastern Wastelands Tower. His gaze was calm, but hidden within that calm look was an erupting volcano. He was waiting for Su Ming to walk out, waiting for him to lead Fated Kin and make the galaxy tremble.

As Berserkers charged through the sky and closed in on the tower, Immortal sects within Eastern Wastelands could also sense the ripples and see the light circles from where they stayed holed up. The murderous aura and madness contained within the ninth blood-red light circle was enough to make all Immortals feel their hearts quake in fear.

As the ninth light circle spread out from Eastern Wastelands Tower, it covered the land, the Dead Sea, and started moving towards the Alliance of the Western Region, and also the Northern Province.

The Immortals' sects were not just in Eastern Wastelands either. They were also located in the Alliance of the Western Region. There were some who were located in the Northern Region as well, which was the land that worshiped Fallen Berserkers. At the time the ninth light circle spread through the world of Berserkers, it did not matter whether it was the Alliance of the Western Region or the Northern Province, all the descended Immortals felt their hearts tremble. They could feel the madness that wanted to dye the world red within the blood-red light circle.

Translator's Note:

1. The thing about the mountains and rivers: It's talking about the states in a human's life. There are supposedly three of them.

When you see the mountain, it is a mountain is the first stage. The first stage is in the beginning stages of a human's life. It is pure and they have only just begun to know the world. Everything is new, and whatever they see, it is the truth. If anyone tells that person something is a mountain, they will believe that it is a mountain.

When you see the mountain, it is not a mountain is the second stage. As you grow up, you will experience more things, and you will discover that there are problems in the world. The more problems you encounter in the world, the more complicated the world will seem. Many of the truths that you know will be turned upside down. The bad people will rule the world, and the good will find it hard to survive. People will start to get cynical and not believe in things so easily. At that time, people will start criticizing the present by saying how good the past is. Then, mountains and rivers will not simply be mountains and rivers anymore, because your view of things has changed. You start questioning your beliefs, and you start wondering whether the things you see are really what they seem.

When you see the mountain, it is still a mountain is the third stage. Since staying in the second stage bears too much suffering, they will start climbing up this metaphorical mountain, which means to train their minds and hearts. At this stage, they will concentrate on doing what they want to do and not compare themselves to others, and since the mind is calm and not bothered by the things in the world anymore, people will find that there is no need for them to adjust their point of view to suit other people's. At that time, they will feel free to perceive whatever they want in whichever way they want, hence you have: When you see the mountain, it is still a mountain, and when you see the river, it is still a river.

Chapter 706: Abyss' Awakening!

More Berserkers gathered outside Eastern Wastelands Tower. When Xue Sha and the rest also arrived, they saw that there were already no less than hundreds of thousands of Berserkers gathered outside Eastern Wastelands Tower. And there were even more Berserkers that were charging towards the place from all directions in the sky.

The breathing and zealousness from those hundreds of thousands of people had turned into a shocking presence. This presence was like the stars surrounding the moon that was Eastern Wastelands Tower. A wave of madness that was enough to terrify all races erupted from their bodies.

The source of their madness was their blood, and the reason for their blood falling into madness was the ninth light circle in the sky. That blood-red light circle contained Su Ming's understanding, and it was a murderous will that even the epiphany left behind by the first God of Berserkers could not fight against.

The murderous aura surrounded the entire land of Berserkers, and there were even some excited roars stirred up by Su Ming's light circle within Yin Death Vortex, which was now hidden away by the newly returned blue sky.

Many roars reverberated in the air. Some of the ferocious beasts inside even looked as if they were about to rush out of the fog. They lingered about the edge, but they managed to control themselves and did not truly rush into the land of Berserkers.

As the fog tumbled about, the three old voices within the depths of the fog were also roaring.

"It's that boy's presence! That's right, it's his presence... It's the presence that belongs to this generation's God of Berserkers!"

"This is a blood-red murderous will... What shocking murderous

will... I can even see that blood-red world within this murderous will. What a beautiful world..."

"I like this boy. I like people who have this sort of murderous aura. If I knew he was like this, I wouldn't have let those damn Immortals take him away all those years ago. I would have brought him into Yin Death's Holy Land and made him a sacred child within Yin Death Region!"

At the same time these three voices roared, an incredibly domineering divine will that was even older than theirs and located deeper within Yin Death Fog charged towards them while sweeping up the fog around the area before pushing down on the three divine senses.

"Shut up!"

There was a murderous aura contained within the old voice. When it reverberated in the air, the three divine senses instantly fell dead silent.

"I can sense a familiar ripple of power from his body. It's the ripple of power that belongs to the promise Lie Shan Xiu made with Yin Death World all those years ago! It's the call for Evil Spirits' guards and Surging Indulgers' murderous fiends.

"That ripple of power is still not powerful. Observe him constantly. When that ripple of power has become strong enough to call for us, bring him immediately to see me. That boy Lie Shan Xiu brought Yin Death World's mission with him when he left, and he was supposed to help us find the path that led to the fifth Great True World. As for us, we were supposed to listen to the orders of the one who could bring up these ripples.

"But Lie Shan Xiu had not said that the one who will be causing these ripples would just be one person. He had been talking about all the Berserkers gathering together. It's slightly off his predictions. Regardless, after Lie Shan Xiu left, the ripples of the call for the promise had only come from this person. Then... it

must be him!"

Yin Death Fog tumbled about violently as the old man spoke. There were two other vortices within the depths of the fog. These two vortices were still and did not move. They were hidden deep and were appearing vaguely as the fog tumbled about. There seemed to be a continent lying within one of those still vortices.

The ground in that continent was black, and even the sky there was dark. Occasionally, red bolts of lightning would flash by the sky and illuminate the world so that it would be slightly more visible, allowing people to be able to somewhat see that there were a hundred thousand people in black armor sitting cross-legged on that continent.

These people were sitting with closed eyes and looked as if they had been asleep for several years. They were all about thirty feet tall and there were ferocious faces of malicious spirits on their countenances. These faces all looked like masks.

If Su Ming was there, he would immediately be able to sense clearly that the presence spreading out from their bodies belonged to Evil Spirits, which he had managed to master when he was within the first eight layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

There was also a continent within the other still vortex. However, the earth in that continent was crimson red, and it was the same for its sky, but occasionally, black bolts of lightning would appear, submerging the land in darkness. There were also a hundred thousand people sitting cross-legged on the ground there with their eyes shut, wearing red armor. Any person would be able to see that their bodies were all just skin and bones. Waves of red light surrounded them, making them look incredibly bizarre.

They were the Surging Indulgers!

Since ancient times, the warriors of these two races had lain dormant in these places and continued sleeping within the vortices. They waited for the day the person who could wake them

up would arrive. At the instant the blood-red light from Eastern Wastelands Tower's ninth layer reverberated in the air throughout the land of Berserkers and sent Su Ming's will to all corners of the world, the eyes of the two hundred warriors within the two vortices fluttered, as if they were about to open their eyes.

However, the call from the promise was still incredibly weak. That was why after that light fluttering, their eyes fell shut once more.

As the light circle from Eastern Wastelands Tower swept through the world of Berserkers, as Berserkers who numbered to more than hundreds of thousands worshiped in zealous ardor, and as golden light flashed at the center of Eastern Wastelands Tower's first layer, Su Ming appeared.

His whole body was filled with a murderous aura. His understanding towards making his heart no longer be in a state of stillness and his desire for autumn had caused a tremendous change within him once he left the ninth layer.

There was no outsider interfering with this change, neither was there any other beings offering any sort of guidance. This was Su Ming's own understanding, and it was born of his own will.

'Autumn's color...'

Su Ming licked his lips. A strange and enchanting glare appeared in his eyes, and he walked slowly towards the killing sword. As he closed in on the blade, it immediately started shuddering, as if it had sensed that there was something off about Su Ming. It could sense that the person seemed to have transformed into somebody else compared to his past self.

Su Ming's murderous will far surpassed the killing sword's own, and it let out a mournful whistle as it shuddered.

Su Ming lifted his right hand and slowly took hold of the sword's hilt.

"I'll ask you one last time, will you submit to me?!"

The killing sword trembled viciously in Su Ming's hands. Golden light flashed on the blade, and blue light emerged, then transformed into a small blue humanoid. That small humanoid was incredibly weakened, and once it appeared, it looked at Su Ming with terrified eyes. It could sense that even though Su Ming did not seem incredibly powerful right then, there was a presence around him that made even the sword spirit tremble. That presence made it seem as if this person had awakened the unknown...

"You are a killing sword. You should love killing, but all your slaughter is for death. All your slaughter is a form of worship towards death, and I... symbolize death," Su Ming stated languidly. At that instant, his spirit seemed to have risen, causing that awakened presence which made the sword tremble to become even stronger.

At the same time, at the spot where Su Ming's physical body was located at the center of the endless continents surrounding him in multiple layers, a wave of death abruptly erupted from his physical body with a bang. The outburst of that presence made the sharp needles that had sunk deep into the body to be pushed out a little, as if they could not contain that presence in his body.

The hearts of all powerful warriors in the land of Immortals shuddered at that instant. Long arcs charged forth and Relocation Runes were activated—everyone was rushing towards the place where Su Ming's body was located.

"Abyss' Awakening... This is Abyss' Awakening!"

An old man with a head full of white hair stepped into a Relocation Rune with terror on his face.

Chapter 707: Exiting the Tower

At the time many Immortals rushed towards the large number of floating continents in the galaxy using various methods, the corpse that had given Su Ming an incredibly strong feeling lying on the altar suddenly erupted with a presence that made all the Immortals anxious.

The sharp needles on the corpse were crawling out madly, and by the looks of it, they would soon charge out of the body completely, resulting in no seal being able to hold down the corpse.

A strange mark appeared at the center of the corpse's brows. That mark looked like a dried-up leaf, but as it shone, it gave off a false impression that it was about to regain its life force.

Cracking sounds rang in the air as lines appeared on the altar. Those cracks were spreading in all directions, until they covered the whole ground. As the corpse's presence grew stronger, a bang rang in the air, and nearly a third of the needles in the corpse were forced out, shattering into dust in midair.

Right at the moment more needles were about to be forced out, long arcs arrived next to the corpse, and light from Runes shone beside it. Some people had even torn space itself to reach it. There were nine people who arrived!

These people had either arrived in the form of long arcs, via Relocation, or had torn through space. They were shrouded by fog and their faces could not be seen clearly, but at the time they closed in on the corpse, all of them let out a shout at the same time.

The shouts by these people turned into a wave of sound that surged towards the corpse. The nine people then lifted their right hands and formed a seal before pushing at nine different spots on the corpse.

At the same time, a violent shudder wrecked through these nine

people's bodies when they started suppressing the corpse.

While these Immortals were doing so, more people continuously arrived to the area around Eastern Wastelands Tower. They numbered between four to five hundred thousand, and they were kneeling around the area and worshipping the tower that was shining with the light circles.

Su Ming stood calmly within Eastern Wastelands Tower and held the killing sword in his right hand. There was an indifferent expression on his face, but there was a terrifying wave of murderous intent that was erupting continuously from the depths of his soul.

The killing sword trembled violently in his hand. The awakened presence that terrified it eventually made it let out a submissive cry. As that cry echoed in the air, the final sliver of blue light disappeared, and once it was completely replaced by golden light, the sword let out a piercing light in Su Ming's hand.

Su Ming let go of the hilt and pointed towards the killing sword. It instantly charged towards his right index finger, turning smaller as it came and making it seem as if there was golden light surrounding Su Ming's right index finger. When that golden light scattered away after a moment, a sharp golden nail was added to the tip of the fingernail.

At that moment, after being pushed into an incredibly pathetic state that he had even spared no pains in lighting his soul on fire more than a year ago, Su Ming made the sword submit to him! By borrowing the awe-inspiring might of Eastern Wastelands Tower, he had managed to do so using the awakening of his soul after he understood the bloody meaning behind autumn, as well as managing to gain a hazy notion of something!

"I... like red..." Su Ming whispered softly, then lifted his right hand and pushed against the door of Eastern Wastelands Tower.

With it, booming sounds came from the gate, and it slowly swung

open. At the moment it opened, an endless amount of golden light charged out and shook the entire land. During that instant, excited roars came into the tower from the world outside.

Su Ming walked out calmly. When he moved out of Eastern Wastelands Tower enveloped by the golden light, he saw an endless amount of excited Berserkers.

His statue of the God of Berserkers manifested in midair at that time, the ten thousand feet statue appearing erect in the world. The presence of Life Cultivation spread out from it, the mighty pressure that made all the Berserkers' blood boil, and it told all of the Berserkers one thing—Su Ming was... the God of Berserkers they had been searching for over the past year!

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

"Greeting, God of Berserkers!"

The rise and fall of the voices that belonged to the four to five hundred thousand people fused together, turning into a shocking roar and the Berserkers' will. It became the Berserkers' soul, and as it reverberated in the air, all the people shouted at the top of their lungs. The excited cries could intimidate even the heavens themselves, bring the earth to submission, cause hearts to shake, and make souls roar!

Su Ming stood outside Eastern Wastelands Tower silently and looked at all the excited eyes staring at him. Roars that surged into the sky reached his ears. Within this wave of sound and amid the Berserkers' excitement, a strange form of resonance gradually took shape, tying his heart together with these people.

This resonance was a feeling that could not be described with words. It was as if Su Ming could make these people move with just one word. Even if he wanted them to blast the sky open, they would not hesitate to do so.

It was as if Su Ming was their God at this instant. Or perhaps not just for this instant but for all eternity.

Su Ming closed his eyes. After a moment, the waves of sound traveling into his ears increased, and they showed no sign of stopping. When they grew so loud as if they were about to turn the world upside down, he opened his eyes and slowly said, "I want to slaughter my way to the Immortals' territory."

His voice was not loud, but even in the mid of the roars let out by the four to five hundred thousand people, his voice still spread in all directions and reverberated over the whole land.

As his voice traveled forth, all the Berserkers in the area, including the old men like Xue Sha and Tian Qi, found themselves unable to contain their excitement.

"Slaughter our way to the Immortals' territory!" This was the cry shared by all the people in the land. Their merged voices could terrify even ghosts and deities, and they could make all living beings tremble because of it.

"I want to kill all Immortals in the land of Berserkers!" Su Ming swung his arm, and his voice grew slightly louder.

"Kill all Immortals in the land of Berserkers!" All the Berserkers in the area stood up and shouted at the sky. A crazed killing intent erupted from their bodies at that instant.

"I want to dye the Immortals' galaxy red!" Su Ming took a step forward and rose swiftly in midair. As his voice spread out, he was answered by the crazed roars of the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers.

"Dye the Immortals' galaxy red!" Roars that surpassed the cries of thunder gathered together like a sword that was drawn out of its scabbard. It gathered the Berserkers' uprising and charged into the sky to stir the heavens. It even made all the ferocious spirits in Yin Death Fog fall silent.

At that instant, as those people shrouded by fog suppressed Su Ming's physical body at the center of all the floating continents in the Immortals' galaxy, another third of all the needles charged out of his body and exploded in midair.

It made the nine people suppressing him cough up blood. As they tumbled backwards, all of them let out low growls and forced their bodies to stop moving back. At the instant they moved to suppress the corpse once again, nine distorted illusions appeared behind them.

Projections of a world could be seen within the distorted illusions behind each of these people. Those were worlds from nine directions, and within each world, an endless number of Immortals could be seen meditating. They were offering up all their power and sending it through the projected illusions.

"Send out my orders and tell the Immortals in other other nine worlds to suppress the change in Destiny's physical body! If they don't send someone soon and suppress him, the nine of us will not be able to handle him!"

One of the nine let out a low shout as they all borrowed the powers of their worlds to suppress Su Ming's physical body, preventing the needles in his body from being able to leave his flesh.

Almost at the same time these nine people suppressed the corpse once again, shocking roars echoed through Eastern Wastelands. As the four to five hundred thousand people howled, Su Ming lifted his head and looked at the sky while standing beside Eastern Wastelands Tower. His gaze seemed to be able to see through the sky and Yin Death Region, making him able to see the Immortals' galaxy, which existed beyond the mirror.

"I am the God of Berserkers! I will lead all Berserkers and dye the Immortals' sky red with their blood!" Su Ming did not just say these words, but lifted his head and roared them at the sky. With

it, all the Berserkers in the area did the same thing and let out roars that shook the sky. All their wills were gathered on Su Ming at that instant, and he had a feeling that he could fuse with the world of Berserkers.

As some part of his soul awakened, as he understood the meaning of autumn, and as the Berserkers' will fused together, Su Ming's cultivation base erupted with a bang.

Once that happened, red gradually appeared in the sky. The rivers on the ground seemed to have also been dyed by that color during that instant and gained a red glow.

At the spot where Su Ming's physical body was, once his cultivation base erupted, all the needles that had sunk into him once again due to the suppression shuddered, looking as if they wanted to surge out. The expressions on the nine people's faces changed drastically where they stood around the body.

At that moment, a tyrannical and powerful divine sense came charging forward with a bang, tearing through space to appear right above Su Ming's physical body. Whoever it was lifted his or her right hand and pushed down swiftly. Soon after, a divine sense with an ancient and old presence charged through the torn space and pushed down on Su Ming's physical body.

If anyone took a look here, then they would see that there were nearly a hundred Immortals who had gathered around to suppress the sealed body, and all of them possessed incredibly powerful might.

As the light from the Runes shone, a divine sense that surpassed that of all the divine senses belonging to the people in the area tore through space from somewhere and arrived with a bang, suppressing Su Ming's physical body.

"Abyss' Awakening..? Hmph! Even if he awakened, he would still have to forever pay tribute to us Immortals."

Under the suppression from the various powerful and mighty presences among the Immortals as well as some ancient existences, Su Ming's physical body gradually calmed down. The mark of the dried leaf at the center of his brows disappeared, and he stopped moving.

Su Ming could not sense any of what happened in the land of Immortals while he remained in the land of Berserkers. However, at the moment his body was finally suppressed, he felt as if a huge stone was pressed down against his heart, and his hate for all Immortals erupted forth even greater than before.

He had a strong feeling that there was only a little left before his cultivation base would move into the middle stage of Life Matrix. This sliver of difference would need the world to run crimson, requiring an endless amount of blood and lives.

Chapter 708: Destroy the Sect!

Su Ming no longer attempted to clear the other layers of Eastern Wastelands Tower. He left seeking the answer for the things after the ninth layer to the future, because he had far too many things he needed to do at the moment and did not have the time to stay in the tower. By his predictions, if he wanted to gain a complete epiphany towards Eastern Wastelands Tower, not only would he require a level of cultivation higher than his current one, he would also need an endless amount of time.

Su Ming's murderous aura filled his entire being. He wanted to turn the sky red and see autumn to verify his epiphany so that he could enter the middle stage of Life Matrix.

As the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers roared around him, Su Ming cast a glance at the land in the distance. His Atman filled the area, but he was only looking for one thing. It was... his eldest senior brother's statue, located at the spot where the Immortals descended.

That statue was kept in perfect condition at its original spot. There was also Su Ming's protection on that statue, which he had left in secret as he escaped from the killing sword. Su Ming did not believe that his eldest senior brother would just die like this. He absolutely refused to believe it.

In silence, Su Ming averted his gaze. He did not dare to take his eldest senior brother away, because he was uncertain. He did not know whether his actions would bring more harm to his eldest senior brother.

'Eldest senior brother, I'll make you wake...'

Su Ming lifted his head. When he swept his gaze past Fated Kin, he nodded, then looked towards the world in the distance. As he spread his Atman outwards, he found an Immortals' sect located in that direction - Sky Mist Dao!

This was the biggest sect Sky Mist Dao had in the land of Berserkers. It was also their base within the land of Berserkers. The sect had currently entered seclusion and activated all their great Runes which covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of li, making the area into an incredibly powerful defense. It would be difficult for Berserkers to move even half an inch forward through the area of the Rune, but the people of Sky Mist Dao could also not venture out.

"Come with me... to destroy the Immortals' sects in the land of Berserkers. Our first target is Sky Mist Dao!"

Su Ming waved his arm, and his voice spread through the whole area in waves. All the Berserkers who heard his words felt their blood boiling. Their eyes turned crimson red, and they let out hoarse roars.

They had been waiting for this day for far too long, and now it had finally arrived. Under the lead of their God of Berserkers, Su Ming, they would sweep through all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers, and make their land... become a forbidden ground for Immortals from then onwards!

Tian Qi, Xue Sha, Chi Lei Tian, and the others were the group whose level of cultivation were the highest besides Su Ming. They had witnessed his fight against Di Tian and saw the Immortals' Relocation Rune shatter. At that moment, when they saw Su Ming walking out of Eastern Wastelands Tower and heard his words wanting to destroy all Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers, they flew up without hesitation and wrapped their fists in their palms before Su Ming, worshipping him.

"We are all willing to obey the God of Berserkers' will and are willing to follow the God of Berserkers to destroy the Immortals!"

"We will follow the God of Berserkers and destroy the Immortals!"

The same words escaped the mouths of all Berserkers in the area

in the form of crazed roars. Long arcs shot up from the ground and charged into the sky. Those long arcs belonged to the four to five hundred thousand people flying upwards at the same time, and this was a scene that was striking enough to shock all those who saw it.

Su Ming cast a glance at Tian Qi and the others before he took a step towards the sky in the distance. He turned into a long arc and flew right in front of everyone. Tian Qi and the others followed swiftly behind, and right behind them was Su Ming's Fated Kin. With Nan Gong Hen as their leader, they followed closely behind their Respected Senior Mo.

Right at the end were the four to five hundred thousand Berserkers. With a presence that covered the sky, they turned into brilliant arcs that caused a huge shadow to fall on the ground. As they charged forward, they followed Su Ming and rushed towards Sky Mist Dao.

Time passed swiftly. The flight of five hundred thousand people stirred up a huge gust of wind that swept through the world. An endless amount of sand and stone on the ground was swept up. The layers of clouds in the sky were torn apart before they could even get close to the crowd. In the mid of all the moaning sounds from wind that was stirred up due to the charge, the crowd landed right above Sky Mist Dao after a day.

Sky Mist Dao was one of the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands, and it occupied a territory of hundreds of thousands of li. There were eighteen mountains located inside this territory, and there was an innumerable amount of beautiful towers on each of these mountains. They could accommodate hundreds of thousands of disciples to train within them, and a large circular Rune was located on the ground with these eighteen mountains as a basis. The Rune could absorb the spiritual aura from the world so that Immortals could continue training.

It was especially so right then. Once all the Runes in Sky Mist

Dao were activated, a thick layer of fog filled the area around it, surrounding the place, and lightning arcs could be seen flashing inside. There were also low growls echoing inside that fog, giving off an air that it did not welcome any forms of life inside.

The fog covered an area of several hundreds of thousands of li. Besides lightning flashes and low growls, there was also a brilliant light flashing inside that fog. It was the second layer of Sky Mist Dao's Mountain Protection Rune - Ultimate Barrier!

Not only were Sky Mist Dao disciples required to manage the activation of this Ultimate Barrier, it also needed the Rune on the ground to continuously absorb spiritual aura from the ground, supplying itself with the necessary amount of spiritual aura.

South Morning's Sky Mist Barrier was the shrunken version of this Ultimate Barrier. There were also Sky Mist's Immortal guards inside this Ultimate Barrier. All of these Immortal guards were puppets that would obey any command, even it was for them to self-destruct.

There was a third Rune within Sky Mist Dao, right behind that Ultimate Barrier. That Rune's name was Four Sacred Skies. It was one of the core Mountain Protection Runes in Sky Mist Dao. Within it were the four great laws of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning, and they could destroy all those who tried to trespass with brute force.

Besides Four Sacred Skies, Sky Mist Dao had one final Rune, and that was Four Seasons' Destruction! The passage of time contained within the spring, summer, autumn, and winter was embedded within this Rune, and with the lives of all the disciples in Sky Mist Dao as its foundation, it would make the life of the person who moved into the Rune take a turn for the worse by speeding up his life cycle.

After all, even if there were only ten thousand Sky Mist disciples offering a year of their lives, there would still be ten thousand

years contained within the Rune, and to many people, these ten thousand years meant that they would immediately become old, turning into skeletons once they stepped into the Four Seasons' Destruction.

As the five hundred thousand long arcs charged through the world beyond Sky Mist Dao and stirred up a huge gust of wind, they swept up an endless amount of sand that crashed into that thick fog around Sky Mist Dao before they even got close.

At the instant sand and fog crashed into each other, shocking booming sounds echoed in the air. Hasty bell chimes immediately traveled through the entire Sky Mist Dao. At the instant the disciples within the eighteen mountains heard the bell chimes, their expressions changed, no matter what they were doing.

The ground trembled due to that booming sound, and the eighteen mountains shuddered together. Long arcs flew up and turned into dozens of people in midair. None of these people had low levels of cultivation, but they were all looking at the sky with pale faces.

"The Berserkers have come! Maintain the Runes at full power! No matter what cost, do not let the Berserkers break through Sky Mist Dao's Runes!"

"All those within Sky Mist Dao, listen well! If you fall into the hands of Berserkers, you will definitely die! Instead of that, it is better to tie your lives to Sky Mist Dao! Besides, there is a possibility that they will not be able to break our Runes! We... still have hope!"

"I've already contacted our sect in the land of Immortals once more! If we persevere, then we will have a chance to live!"

Low shouts that contained either brusque or gentle words reverberated through Sky Mist Dao, and they were all trying to curb the panic among the disciples. Yet a violent bang that sounded as if it was right beside everyone's ears traveled through

Sky Mist Dao from the area outside.

That sound caused the eighteen mountains to shake so much that crushed stones started rolling down. Sky Mist Dao's disciples shuddered so much that many of them started bleeding from their eyes, nose, ears, and mouth.

"The first layer of our Runes... has been broken..." A piercing scream shot out among the disciples. At the instant all people turned their gazes towards the sky, they saw...

A young man clad in armor and surrounded entirely by black smoke. With long hair that was black with a tinge of purple, he stood in the sky and sliced down with the sword in his hand. When he did so, an endless amount of thick fog let out a loud bang and tumbled backwards like seawater before disintegrated altogether.

With the killing sword in hand, Su Ming pointed towards Sky Mist Dao, which was now lacking that thick fog.

"Kill them!"

As he roared, the Berserkers who had arrived continuously behind him charged madly towards Sky Mist Dao's second layer of defense. As the fog was torn apart and continued tumbling backwards to reveal Sky Mist Dao, not only did all the disciples in the sect see Su Ming, they also saw the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers behind him. They also saw... the other Berserkers behind the initial hundreds of thousands, whose sheer numbers blotted out the sky and earth, and who were packed so densely together that an end to them could not be seen.

All of the Berserkers' eyes were crimson red, and they were all shining with madness and a hatred towards Immortals that was engraved deep within their bones.

Wu La stood at the second mountain with a pale face. As she looked at Su Ming and all the Berserkers outside the Rune in the sky, her expression changed. Slowly, the complicated look on her

face disappeared and was replaced by a sigh. She tightly wrapped her fingers around a pair of bells in her hand.

Tian Lan You's face was also pale as she stood on another mountain, but there was an endless amount of cold spreading out from her. She kept her gaze fixed on Su Ming while another woman stood quietly right next to her. That woman was Tian Lan Meng.

She looked at Su Ming in the sky, and all the memories of the past surfaced in her head. Their initial meeting all those years ago and their journey together as they harbored some fondness for each other, but those possible beautiful moments that might have existed turned to dust due to their separation because of the great war between the the Shamans and Berserkers.

Her hesitation after they reunited in the World of Berserkers caused her to be unable to forget the grief and understanding that had appeared on Su Ming's face at that time.

'Is it fated..?' Tian Lan Meng bit her bottom lip, and tears fell from her eyes.

As the five hundred thousand people charged forward from beyond Sky Mist Dao, Su Ming held the killing sword in his hand and walked towards the second layer of defense. At the same time, in a forest far away from this spot, located near Evil Spirit Sect, Qian Chen found himself lying on the ground and continuing to fake death once again. There was an incredibly beautiful woman in front of him. She was blinking rapidly while eating roasted seeds in her hand and throwing the seed skins on the ground.

There was a huge yellowish brown dog beneath her. That dog was sticking out its tongue lazily and sweeping up those seed skins before swallowing them.

The old man that was really the bald crane was putting on the air of a powerful person and an unfathomable demeanor, as if he was afraid that other people did not know that he was a veteran, and he

was chatting away with the woman.

"Are you saying that this God of Berserkers, Su Ming, is your disciple?" The woman's eyes went wide, and she put on a naive expression. There was a look of idolization on her beautiful, petite face.

"I'll have to correct you, lassy. That Su Ming is not my disciple. His father is my disciple in name. So in all, that boy Su Ming could call me his granduncle master.

"There is nothing I don't know about him. What do you want to know? I can tell you," the old man stated, after a small cough.

Chapter 709: A Pot of Meat...

"How old is that God of Berserkers this year?" The woman blinked and looked at the old man before her with a smile, then placed a seed in her mouth and bit down on it.

"Others might not know about Su Ming, but I know him too well, he's..." As the old man who was actually the transformed bald crane continued chattering away, the huge yellow dog under the woman's feet cast a sideways glance at him before shaking its head. There was a look of pity and compassion on its face when it sashayed its way to Qian Chen, who was pretending to be dead by the side.

As it walked around Qian Chen's body, the yellow mutt stuck out its nose and sniffed him carefully before sticking out its tongue to lick his face a few times. A large amount of slob fell down on Qian Chen face, but he did not dare move.

He could not help but find his heart racing against his chest. He kept his eyes shut tight, but he could still smell the stench coming from that wet tongue. But this was not even the main point, he was actually a person who had descended to the land of Berserkers, and while he was not an Immortal, he still had some unique divine abilities.

None of them were offensive, but he could somewhat see through the true form of certain objects. This divine ability was well liked by the younger disciples of his race, and it was an Art they had to have when they wanted to travel around worlds.

This divine ability would let them find many treasures that other people could not find and allow them to seem as if they possessed Insight. In fact, there were some direct connections between this divine ability and the reason why Qian Chen had been able to use a unique method to descend to the land of Berserkers.

When he first ran into the bald crane, he had used this divine

ability and saw that the person he was looking at was actually a transformed bird. The bald crane had then introduced itself as Old Crane, and that was why Qian Chen constantly addressed it as Grandpa Crane and Sir Crane. Only then did the bald crane see how clever he was and dragged him in as its companion.

At that moment, as that mutt continued licking Qian Chen with its tongue, his heart trembled. He had a feeling that there was something off about this mutt. That stench from its mouth made him instinctively execute his divine ability and push his mind slightly outward to look towards the mutt beside him.

Qian Chen was left stunned after his glance. He even opened his eyes wide to look at the mutt in shock. What he saw with his Art was no mutt but a yellow dragon!

And it was a dragon with an incredibly ferocious look. At that moment, the dragon was looking at him and sticking out its huge tongue to lick his face. A large amount of dragon saliva fell on him, and in Qian Chen's eyes, the yellow dragon seemed as if it wanted to swallow him whole.

There was nothing else that could drive Qian Chen into more despair than an evil dragon licking him. Under this extreme terror, his eyes rolled upwards and he fell unconscious. This time, he truly fainted.

However, before he was knocked out, he could still hear the bald crane's ancient voice ringing in his ears.

"Lassy, there are too many things regarding the God of Berserkers' past. I feel thirsty after saying so much. By the way, why are your parents not here yet? We already made a promise that if you wanted to make a powerful warrior like me join your side, you would need to bring someone who has equal status to me here so that we could negotiate..."

"Oh well, I'm a little hungry now. How about this? That mutt seems quite fat, why don't you kill that mutt and make a pot of

braised meat?"

These were the bald crane's words Qian Chen heard before he fainted. It was also why Qian Chen fell unconscious very happily and in a very straightforward manner.

At that time, booming sounds surged into the sky in a place where Sky Mist Dao was located. They reverberated in all directions in a manner that was deafening to the ears, causing the land of Sky Mist Dao to tremble and cracks to appear in the sky.

Five hundred thousand people had surrounded Sky Mist Dao. The murderous aura and madness spreading from their bodies turned into something that practically had corporeal form, and it was squashing down the eighteen mountains that were protected by Sky Mist Dao's Runes.

The mighty pressure was something that this sect could not hope to resist. Even if they put up some resistance, it would shatter instantly under this pressure. The wills of those five hundred thousand people had fused together and turned into a wave of madness that could destroy everything.

Chi Lei Tian and the others followed right behind Su Ming as he traveled at the forefront. At that moment, even though there were mixed feelings within Chi Lei Tian's heart, he did not harbor any thoughts to take back the Lightning Crystal from Su Ming. In truth, when he first saw him at the spot where Immortals descended a year ago, he had been able to recognize that this was the person from South Morning that he had planned to torture to death.

He was the person who had snatched away half of his Lightning Crystal, and Chi Lei Tian had sent his divine sense over to say all those heinous and brutal words...

When he noticed that Su Ming was that person, all sorts of feelings had arisen within his heart, and he had given up on his misery. In fact, he felt incredibly regretful over the brutal words

he had said in the beginning.

As all those mixed feelings battled in his heart, he saw Su Ming giving off the presence that was so powerful it could almost suffocate a person, and Chi Lei Tian showed off his abilities without care for any risk to himself. In his eyes, this was perhaps the only method for him to not have Su Ming come causing trouble for him.

With a calm expression on his face, Su Ming took a step forward, and the fog that was the first layer of Sky Mist Dao's Rune tumbled backwards before him to reveal the second Rune, which was a gigantic screen of light known as the Ultimate Barrier.

That screen of light surrounded the entire Sky Mist Dao. In fact, if anyone looked at it for a longer period of time, they would find that it was not a single, thin layer but consisted multiple layers that formed a barrier in the shape of a city wall, and it was protecting Sky Mist Dao within it.

There was also an endless amount of spiritual aura spreading out from the ground to fuse into the barrier so that it could continue to operate. In fact, every hundred feet, a Sky Mist Dao disciple could be vaguely seen sitting cross-legged, resulting in the defensive prowess of the second barrier to be greater than that of the first layer.

There were also nearly a hundred powerful presences on that Rune. Each of these presences possessed great power, but they had no intelligence. They were all puppets that existed because of the Rune.

They could not leave Sky Mist Dao. They could only survive around the barrier, and were the best defensive force.

"Break it," Su Ming stated flatly once he swept his gaze across the guards of that Ultimate Barrier.

As his words traveled through the sky, Chi Lei Tian and the

others immediately charged towards the barrier. At the same time, the four to five hundred thousand people around them hurled a punch at the Ultimate Barrier as they roared and continued spreading out the mighty pressure from their bodies.

In Su Ming's eyes, there was no skill required to break Sky Mist Dao's Rune. There was no need for him to understand how the Rune operated, and neither was there any need for him to think about how to dodge it. They only needed... one punch!

With a punch thrown together by five hundred thousand people, with a forceful and incredibly violent manner, they would break open this barrier with brute force. This was a punch of an upfront manner!

The punches Berserkers gathered together the power of the hundreds of thousands of people, and the resulting attack seemed like a savage, crazed dragon that was charging towards the wall, which was known as Sky Mist Dao's Ultimate Barrier. Nearly a hundred golden flashes of light shone, and the puppets appeared. As they came into contact with the power gathered together by the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers, a bang shook the skies, and the puppets turned into dust, were instantly wiped off.

They could not stop the Berserkers for even a moment, allowing the crazed dragon that was formed by the power of the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers to crash into the Ultimate Barrier. A loud booming sound surged into the air and spread through a small half of Eastern Wastelands, the barrier that was formed by the screen of light let out a scream of its inability to withstand the force that had just rammed into it. As it shattered inch by inch, the thousands of Sky Mist Dao disciples sitting on the barrier and defending it fell backwards, crumbling. As the booming sound echoed in the air, the barrier shattered!

"Fourth God of Berserkers, even if you destroy Sky Mist Dao today, there will come a day where we Immortals will descend en masse and destroy all of you!" A shrill roar came from the

crumbled barrier, and it belonged to an old man. There was little of his body left, but there was an endless amount of hatred within his voice.

"Are the number of Berserkers you Immortals killed small? After the first God of Berserkers left, you cruelly tore our second God of Berserkers, sealed Great Yu Imperial City, and sent a large amount of Immortals to purge us Berserkers. More than hundreds of millions of Berserkers had died by your hands throughout the ages!"

"Immortals must die! My tribe and my family were all slaughtered by Immortals, and it was all so that they could create a single drop of Berserker Blood..."

"All my children died in the hands of Immortals. To me, you've already destroyed my bloodline! So I'll make all of you pay!"

"I'm the only one left of my tribe now, and it was all because my tribe was located on a spirit mine..."

Voices rose up in the form of roars in answer to the old man's words. They were the voices belonging to the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers in the area. They were filled with their hatred and their madness towards the Immortals.

This was a war between two races. Perhaps there were people who had never dyed their hands in either of the races' blood in this war, but even so, in this war where one side must be destroyed, they could only go with the flow, and slowly, but surely, they would also find themselves killing the other race.

This was war. There is no right and wrong in it. The only thing that might exist is a sigh of regret.

Su Ming lifted his head and watched as the old man with that shrill voice and hatred gradually disappeared. He then lifted his right hand. The Berserkers around him roared, and he lowered his hand towards the third layer of protection - Four Sacred Skies.

When his palm fell, the ten thousand feet statue of the God of Berserkers manifested before him, and it struck the third layer of protection with its palm. As rumbling sounds echoed in the air, wind, rain, thunder, and lightning rose up within that Four Sacred Skies Rune before spreading out violently.

The Berserkers' levels of cultivation were unequal. Once Four Sacred Skies spread out, quite a large number of them immediately coughed up blood. Some of them even collapsed and died. But there was an even larger number of Berserkers who charged past Su Ming with red eyes, as if they had gone mad, and rushed towards the Rune.

This was not Su Ming's battle alone. This was... the battle of all Berserkers.

The Immortals within the eighteen mountains of Sky Mist Dao watched the sky quietly with pale faces under the Rune's protection. Despair took hold of them, for the shadow of death was descending on them. Once the Rune shattered, the only thing that would await them was death.

Chapter 710: There Will Always be Sacrifices, and There Will Always be Those who Want to Live

Sky Mist Dao's third Rune rumbled, and those rumbling sounds from Four Sacred Skies continued violently without stop. This Rune might be incredibly powerful and the four great laws of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder might be able to gather up an endless amount of destructive power as they changed, but no matter how limitless that destructive power was, it could not overcome the madness of five hundred thousand people.

Theirs was a reckless battle, and it was a form of counterattack in the mid of their uprising, born from hatred for Immortals.

The Rune lasted for a moment, and that so called infinite amount of destruction did not last too long either. Quite a number of Berserkers died, but they died willingly. They were dying for their own people, for the Berserkers' uprising. They died without regrets.

Su Ming did not stop the Berserkers from getting injured or getting killed as they fought against the Immortals, because this was for their own uprising. If he forcefully called a stop to the Berserkers' attack and attacked Sky Mist Dao's Rune himself, perhaps with his power, he could break open Sky Mist Dao's mountain gate.

But if he did that, then this war would no longer be the Berserkers and the Immortals' battle. Instead... it would be Su Ming against the Immortals. If that came to be the case, then Berserkers would not be able to continue with their uprising. Even if there was any form of rise in power, it would still be Su Ming's uprising, not that of the Berserkers.

A race's uprising required fresh blood, sacrifices, and a will.

Su Ming looked at the madness within his people's red eyes. The only thing he could do was to lead them and break open the Runes with them. Su Ming took a step forward. As his power of Life Matrix circulated in his body, he lifted his foot and took a swift step forward. The world immediately roared, and a huge foot appeared in the sky.

It was the God of Berserkers' Seven Steps. The foot stepped on Sky Mist Dao's Four Sacred Skies Rune seven times in a row. The Rune shuddered, and an endless amount of Berserkers charged forward madly. With their bodies, their flesh, and their power, and everything else within them, they crashed into the Rune.

A loud boom erupted into the sky. As that sound burst into the air, tens of thousands of Berserkers died, but the Four Sacred Skies Rune also shattered.

Once it did, only one last defensive Rune remained between the Immortals and the Berserkers - Four Seasons' Destruction!

This Rune was incredibly terrifying. It did not have any concrete attacks and could not destroy any souls. It only had a power to make spring move towards winter. It could make a person transform in the way the four seasons would and move from life to death... With the same amount of life offered, it could extinguish the flames in a person's life.

"Sky Mist Dao disciples, we are Immortals! Even... if we die, we will die as we kill Berserkers! Only this sort of death will allow our souls to return to our homeland! If we die in humiliation and let these savage barbarians break our Rune, then our deaths will have no value!"

At the instant Four Sacred Skies crumbled, the Sect Master of the Sky Mist Dao branch in the land of Berserkers, a middle-aged man with a sullen face, rose up in midair and looked at all the disciples within the eighteen mountains.

His gaze gradually turned gentle, and a hint of a reluctance to

part appeared in his eyes.

"I don't want to die... but if Sky Mist Dao is going to fall, if the Rune crumbles and we will all have to face death without exception, then... I wish that I will die a worthy death. I wish that my death will make these savages in Yin Death Region pay a devastating price.

"I wish that my death will lessen the sacrifices for our army in the land of Immortals when they come here to avenge us... I am not a kindhearted person, but at this moment, I wish that my death would be worth it! Who among you is willing to die a worthy death with me?"

The middle-aged man's voice was rousing. At the instant he said those words, he lifted his head and looked at the final Rune up ahead, then took a step towards Sky Mist Dao's Four Seasons' Destruction.

At the instant he took that step forward, his physical body started rapidly withering away, and at the moment he closed in on the Rune, his body turned into a pile of bones that fell apart. However, all his flesh, blood, and Nascent Divinity gathered together and flew out of that pile of bones, fusing into the Four Seasons' Destruction with a bang.

"Sky Mist Dao's final Rune is called Four Seasons' Destruction because it will be incredibly difficult to destroy as long as there were those who were willing to offer up their lives to take another's. There will only be dead souls in Sky Mist Dao, no survivors in our sect who will be waiting for you!

"I still have four thousand eight hundred something years of life in me, who will come and exchange their lives with me!" The Sect Master's voice reverberated through the air and spread through the entire area inside the Rune as well as the area beyond. Even the Berserkers outside stopped moving.

Su Ming stood right at the front. When he looked over and

sensed the determination within the Immortals that would rather descend into madness and die than give up, he had to admit that even though he despised and loathed this race, there were respectable aspects within each race.

"I still have seven hundred something years of life left, who will exchange their lives with me?!" A person flew out from one of the eighteen mountains in Sky Mist Dao and charged towards that Four Seasons' Destruction Rune.

"I still have a hundred something years of life left..."

"I still have two thousand two hundred something years of life..."

"I have four hundred something years of life..."

"I have six hundred something years of life..."

One voice after another rose continuously from the eighteen mountains in Sky Mist Dao, and groups of people charged swiftly towards the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune. In the blink of an eye, those voices became even more frequent and eventually fused together to become Sky Mist Dao's cry.

"I still have five hundred years of life," Wu La whispered softly and fused into the Rune.

In silence, Tian Lan You lifted her head and took a step forward towards the Rune. Tian Lan Meng bit her bottom lip, and just as she was about to move forward in anguish, the departing Tian Lan You suddenly turned her head around, and before Tian Lan Meng could even react to her, Tian Lan You had already lifted her right hand and swung at her sister.

A white layer of fog spread out. Tian Lan Meng gradually closed her eyes in the fog and fell to the side.

"Live a good life..." Tian Lan You whispered softly and turned around to take a step towards the Rune in the sky.

When almost every single person in Sky Mist Dao offered up

their lives, a blinding light erupted from the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune. That light came from all directions and concentrated right before the Berserkers.

The low roars and declarations that they would exchange a life for a life symbolized the Immortals' counterattack. It also made the bloodthirsty Berserkers fall silent for a moment.

But it only lasted for a moment before all the Berserkers took a step forward. A presence that suppressed all things swept through the land, and the Berserkers charged into the circle of light that would take their lives in exchange for the Immortals'.

Su Ming did not move back. He took a step into that circle of light together with his people. This was a battle that had no plots, no schemes, and no ploys.

This was a crazed battle of sacrificing a life for a life. If the Immortals could do it, then Berserkers would give the same response. As loud booming sounds rang in the air and both sides fought using their lives, the bodies of all Sky Mist Dao disciples withered away once they gave up all their years. But this was not the end, their Nascent Divinities self-destructed as their bodies collapsed so that they could bring forth even greater destruction with the power contained in their explosions.

The Berserkers were the same. This was a battle that had no right or wrong, no logic or reasoning. This was a crazed battle that sacrificed a life for a life. As more people died, the battle gradually came to an end.

Tens of thousands of Immortals collapsed dead. When the Sect Master disappeared, when Wu La's soul with its anguish scattered into nothingness, when all the Immortals gave up their everything for the sake of killing at least one more Berserker... the battle that sacrificed a life for a life ended.

Once the last Immortal in the Rune died, the light from the Four Seasons' Destruction gradually faded away and disappeared into

the world. Su Ming stood in midair at that moment. As of then, nearly seventy thousand Berserkers had died.

Half of them were lost due to this sacrifice of life for a life.

The entire battlefield sank into silence.

"They are warriors. Even if our hatred towards them burns the sky... they were still warriors. They deserve respect," Su Ming said slowly. His voice reverberated through the battlefield, falling into each of the Berserkers' ears.

Sky Mist Dao was destroyed. However, within all races and all sects, if there were those who were courageous enough to sacrifice their own lives, then there would naturally be those who were cowards. At that moment, there were a couple hundred of these people still remaining among the eighteen mountains of Sky Mist Dao. They were the ones who had not given up their lives earlier. Once the Four Seasons' Destruction Rune disappeared and the sky was filled with Berserkers, these hundreds of people walked out while trembling, then prostrated themselves on the ground towards the Berserkers and Su Ming.

"We are willing to change our blood inheritance and worship the God of Berserkers as Berserkers from now on..." These hundreds of people prayed as they trembled, and their words pleading for survival traveled through the air.

Su Ming did not bother about these people. There would naturally be those who would enslave them and make them secondary citizens—slaves in all but name—among the Berserkers. Su Ming's gaze fell on a person lying unconscious on the ground within one of the eighteen mountains.

He walked over silently and arrived next to the unconscious Tian Lan Meng. He looked at her silently, and a hint of nostalgia as well as complicated feelings appeared on his face.

Su Ming closed his eyes. Sometime later, when he opened them,

he said flatly, "Chi Lei Tian!"

Immediately, a long arc charged through the sky and landed behind him. It was Chi Lei Tian. His heart was trembling slightly, but he dared not show a single hint of it on his face. Instead, he only showed zealous respect as he knelt down on one knee towards Su Ming.

"I, Chi Lei Tian, am here."

"I took away half of your Lightning Crystal in the past..." Su Ming said slowly. When he uttered these words, Chi Lei Tian's heart let out a thump in his chest, and an awkward look as well as a wry smile appeared on his face.

"Today, I will give Sky Mist Dao's ruins to your tribe. Make it the foundation for your tribe to grow strong." Su Ming turned around and looked towards the man.

Chi Lei Tian was momentarily stunned, then excitement instantly filled him. He bowed towards Su Ming once again.

"Thank you for your gift, God of Berserkers!"

"Stay here for the time being. The rest of you, come with me... and we will wipe out Hidden Dragon Sect!" Su Ming turned around and walked towards the sky. The hundreds of thousands of Berserkers around him roared and turned into a long arc as they charged into the distance with Su Ming at the front.

Chi Lei Tian lifted his head and looked towards the Berserker army that was leaving into the distance. He was also looking at Su Ming as he traveled at the front, while in his ears were the words Su Ming had told to him before he left.

"That woman is an old friend of mine. Let her stay and don't harm her."

Chapter 711: Do Not Spare Even a Single One

Hidden Dragon Sect is one of the three great sects in the land of Immortals. It occupies a large territory in the Immortals' galaxy. The sect has an incredibly deep history and possesses many cultivation planets. They are famous among the Immortals.

The Hidden Dragon Sect within the land of Berserkers is just a branch. However, even though it is only a branch, it has been able to occupy some of the areas with the densest amount of spiritual aura in Eastern Wastelands after years of administration, just like Sky Mist Dao.

They occupy an area that is nearly a hundred thousand li. It looks like a flat piece of land and there is nothing in it that would catch anyone's attention. Anyone could pass through that place as if they were passing through a deserted area.

Even if they knew that this was the place where Hidden Dragon Sect was located, they could not see nor touch it. They would be unable to find even a single trace of a Hidden Dragon Sect disciple. No matter how they looked, they would only be able to see a normal piece of flat land.

Four hundred thousand something Berserkers occupied the sky. The murderous aura spreading out from their bodies turned the sky dark and filled the land with a bitter and grim air.

Su Ming's gaze landed on the ground. His expression was calm, and no one could see any hint of emotion on his face.

"Lord God of Berserkers, this... this is Hidden Dragon Sect ..."

There was a person from Sky Mist Dao who had willingly changed his own blood inheritance standing beside Su Ming, and by his side was old Man Ya from Berserker Fang Tribe. Currently, the man from Sky Mist Dao was speaking carefully.

It was a middle-aged man with a pale face. Not only was his voice

quivering, his heart had been in fear all the way to this place. He had witnessed Sky Mist Dao's destruction and watched all his fellow sect members die. As for then, he could be said that his heart and soul were petrified in fear as he stood before the insurgent Berserkers.

It was especially so when old Man Ya let out ghastly peals of laughter once he finished saying these words. His laughter made that Sky Mist Dao disciple's skin crawl.

"This lowly person has once come to Hidden Dragon Sect with the older generation in his sect before. This place wasn't like this before. I can still remember that there were many floating palaces, and the magnificent presence in the place was something that would be difficult to forget once a person witnessed it," the Sky Mist Dao disciple quickly said, his head lowered.

"Lord God of Berserkers, I've dealt with Hidden Dragon Sect more than others. This sect is skilled in hiding themselves. The words 'hidden' and 'dragon' in their name can already tell you what sort of skills they have.

"Also, Hidden Dragon Sect has a lot of resources. You could say that they are the richest sect among all the Immortal sects in the land of Berserkers." Man Ya licked his lips and cast a look at the plains beneath him as he spoke to Su Ming.

Su Ming averted his gaze from the plains and stated languidly, "Once we destroy this sect, I will give its land to your tribe, Man Ya. Let your tribe prosper here."

Once old Man Ya heard these words, his eyes flashed with a brilliant light. As the strongest warrior in his tribe and a Berserker who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, he had always wanted to make his tribe members even stronger, and since Hidden Dragon Sect had chosen this place, it was naturally a place suitable for a tribe to live.

He had been incredibly envious of Chi Lei Tian for being able to

occupy Sky Mist Dao with his tribe earlier, though it was an envy without malicious intent. When he heard Su Ming's words, he licked his lips and immediately started laughing. His yellowish black teeth that were revealed themselves when he laughed added a ferocious air to his face.

Right behind Man Ya was Tian Qi, Wu Shuang, and Xue Sha. They looked as calm as usual, but their hearts were filled with expectation. They could already tell what Su Ming was thinking of. Once they destroyed all the Immortal sects in Eastern Wastelands, the places where these sects were located would become the territory of the big tribes of Eastern Wastelands.

"Evil Spirit Sect will be given to Tian Qi, Evil Lust Sect will go to Wu Shuang. As for Evil Immortal Sect, Xue Sha, make your tribe prosper there."

Su Ming turned his head around and cast a glance at the old Berserkers who had already attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm and had even taken a small step towards Life Cultivation. There were even faint traces of Life Cultivation's presence coming from their bodies.

Su Ming had already come to know these old men's names when they rushed from all directions to worship him. At the same time, based on what he had come to understand previously, he also knew that these people were the five strongest forces of power among the Berserkers in Eastern Wastelands.

"Thank you, God of Berserkers!" Tian Qi's spirit was lifted, and he wrapped his fist in his palm before bowing towards Su Ming.

Faint smiles appeared on Xue Sha and Wu Shuang's faces as well. They bowed towards Su Ming. The Berserkers may be staging an uprising, but this so called rise in power could only be truly proved when all tribes became stronger.

That was why this sort of reward was more practical than anything else to them.

"As for Great Leaf Immortal Sect..." A freezing glare shone in Su Ming's eyes. "Nan Gong Hen!" When Su Ming spoke, a shadow immediately closed in and appeared in front of him. He was, naturally, the Fated Kin Nan Gong Hen.

There was respect on his face, but he did not wrap his fist to greet Su Ming. Instead, he knelt down on one knee and greeted him with the Fated Kin's salute. He was not paying his respects to the God of Berserkers, but was paying his respects to Su Ming, his Respected Senior Mo.

Even if Su Ming was not the God of Berserkers, the Fated Kin would still follow him as zealously.

"Fated Kin is the race born from me. From now on, they will be my descendants in the land of Berserkers... Great Leaf Immortal Sect will be the spot where Fated Kin's branch will be located in Eastern Wastelands," Su Ming stated calmly as he cast a glance at Nan Gong Hen.

As for Evil Dust Sect, during the course of the year he had been at Eastern Wastelands Tower, the sect had been dissolved and absorbed by the other Evil Sects due to the lack of a Grand Sect Elder, hence it was naturally overlooked by Su Ming.

There was no excitement on Nan Gong Hen's face. He only nodded and did not say any words of gratitude, because the respect and zeal on his face that surpassed that of the Berserkers represented everything by itself.

After all, he was not worshiping the God of Berserkers. He only worshiped Su Ming.

Su Ming's words attracted Tian Qi and the others' attention. A thought bloomed in their hearts and they looked towards him together.

"It's natural that the race born from the God of Berserkers would need to defend Eastern Wastelands, but Lord God of Berserkers, do

you mean that..." Xue Sha blinked, and after a moment of hesitation, he asked something softly.

"South Morning has been shattered into several islands. All the islands in South Morning belong to Fated Kin. There are surely Immortals and other races that have risen as well as their puppets in the Alliance of the Western Region and Northern Province. Once we've dealt with the Immortals in Eastern Wastelands, are you willing to come with me to the other continents and form branches of your tribes there?" Su Ming looked at Xue Sha and the other two before he cast a glance at Man Ya, whose eyes had gained a slightly red tinge.

These four people cast a glance at each other. Their breathing instantly quickened, and they bowed once again to Su Ming. This time they did not wrap their fists in their palms to bow to him. Instead, they knelt down on one knee, just like Nan Gong Hen had done.

"We are all willing to follow you to go on a campaign to the Alliance of the Western Region and sweep through Northern Province. We will destroy all the Immortals and have them return us our mountains and rivers. We will do everything for the Berserkers' rise to power!"

Su Ming did not speak. Instead, he looked at the horizon in the distance. That direction he was looking at was the west, and it was the direction where the Alliance of the Western Region was.

"My soul is in the land of Berserkers, and the only thing I can do is to have all Berserkers unite and make my people strong... Only by doing so can I bring the Berserkers to rush out of Yin Death and enter the Immortals' worlds... and watch the color of autumn spread in the land of Immortals," Su Ming mumbled in a soft whisper that only he could hear.

He was alone. He was incomplete. He was lonely and lost.

His gaze would constantly flash with a light that was interlaced

with confusion and awareness. He did not know where he was. He only knew that he needed the red of autumn to be able to move from winter to spring.

'I... am almost no longer me... but I do not know what I am either.'

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath, and everything within his eyes was replaced by a cold chill. He cast a cold glance at the ground and lifted his foot to take a step downwards.

At the instant he took that one step, the power at the pinnacle of the initial stage of Life Matrix erupted with a bang in his body. This power was the strongest force within the land of Berserkers at the moment. It was the invincible pinnacle in this world.

There was no longer any person within the land of Berserkers at the moment that could surpass this level of cultivation. Even if there was, that person would be forcefully suppressed. Perhaps only a non-human would be able to surpass Su Ming's level of cultivation.

However, among humans, Su Ming was invincible.

When he took that one step, he swung his right arm towards the sky. At the instant he did so, a freezing air filled the world. That freezing air grew thicker with each passing moment before it swiftly turned into snow.

An endless amount of snow started spreading outwards from Su Ming as it spun. In the blink of an eye, a circular area of a hundred thousand something li turned into freezing winter!

The endless amount of snow let out a chill that could freeze all things, as well as exuded a terrifying presence. Each flake of snow could erupt with a bitter and grim murderous air that would not be weaker than that of a Berserker Soul Realm.

This was Su Ming's powerful might once he reached the initial stage of Life Matrix and arrived at the pinnacle of that stage. His

strength far surpassed those who had attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, and he was the invincible pinnacle that even those who had attained great completion could not hope to compare to.

The white flakes might look like snow, but in truth, they were not snow. They were Su Ming's Life! They were his death's Life. It was a unique divine ability that transformed all the aura of death in his body and erupted forth after fusing with his Life Matrix.

This divine ability was different for everyone. Each person who moved into this Realm would form different divine abilities as they gained different epiphanies due to all the different Life Matrices. Not a single one would be similar.

This was the first time Su Ming let out all of his power within Life Matrix without holding back and made a flower of snow blossom in Eastern Wastelands!

As he spread his power outwards and freezing wind moaned in the area, snow floated down. Xue Sha and the others sucked in a sharp breath and swiftly took a look at Su Ming. During that instant, they finally got to truly know Su Ming's might and the God of Berserkers' majesty. During that instant, the scene of when Su Ming fought against the Immortals in that shocking battle turned into an invisible seed that planted itself in their hearts. That seed was known as reverence.

This reverence would follow them throughout their lives.

Su Ming's gaze was calm when he looked at the snow around him. He pushed his right hand downwards lightly.

At the instant he did so, all the snow within the circular area of ten thousand something li fell still before charging towards the ground that Su Ming was pushing against through the air.

In the span of a breath, a loud bang shook the sky and earth, tearing through the ground madly. The crash from the endless

snow made it seem as if a picture scroll had been torn apart. Once the snow lifted amid all those ringing bangs, it was like an illusory cover had been ripped off the ground, revealing... Hidden Dragon Sect, which had been concealed under an illusion!

A large amount of luxurious halls floated between the sky and earth. There were also shocked Hidden Dragon Sect disciples standing within their halls with pale faces!

"Kill them all. Do not spare even a single one," Su Ming stated flatly.

Translator's Notes:

1. There is a certain part here that is not in the raws, because after some thorough discussions with Er Gen, we decided to add this missing part here. No, I'm not telling you where it is.

Chapter 712: Great Leaf's Sword Rune

The sky turned a faint shade of red. That red was like the red hue of autumn, and when a person looked at it, they would find a desolate air surrounding the sky.

Blood was thick on the ground. When it spread out, a bloody stench rose into the air, either exciting or making puke those who smelled it. This was not hell but more like the underworld.

And the spring water flowing in the rivers of this underworld were blood.

Hidden Dragon Sect... was eliminated from the land of Berserkers.

Besides a thousand something people kneeling on the ground submissively while trembling, choosing to change their blood inheritance to live, all the other manner of living in the sect... had died.

They died miserably and did not put up too much of a resistance or struggle. No one who tried to fight back could survive the charge from a four hundred thousand man army... especially since this was going to be the place where Man Ya's tribe was going to live in the future. To prevent any unfortunate incidents from happening, he had his tribe seal the area so that no disciples of Hidden Dragon Sect could manage to run away.

Su Ming did not participate in this battle. He stood silently in midair and watched the bloody fight playing out before his eyes. Shrill screams of pain reached his ears, and along with them came an endless amount of curses until those who shouted them were killed.

When Su Ming saw and heard everything, the confusion and alertness in his eyes interlaced with each other. He stood in midair and did not move.

Nan Gong Hen protected Su Ming silently. The other Fated Kin were scattered around them as well. If anyone from Hidden Dragon Sect rushed towards them, they would immediately turn into icy snow that symbolized death and delivered it.

"People will eventually die... They will walk from life to death, moving from spring to winter... However, the color of autumn is still too dull," Su Ming mumbled softly.

When night arrived and the moon hung high in the sky, overlooking the shattered towers, the aura of death from Hidden Dragon Sect surged into the sky. That aura of death spread out and filled the air.

From then on, Hidden Dragon Sect no longer existed in that place. Instead, it had become the place where Man Ya's tribe would grow and prosper.

A large amount of Hidden Dragon Sect's resources was dug up. Man Ya and the other four broke open the endless amount of seals in the place, and all the doors to the cave abodes were thrown open. The vast amount of resources was enough to quicken the breathing of anyone who saw it.

There were large amounts of spirit stones, an infinite amount of medicinal cores, vast numbers of ancient scrolls, as well as huge quantities of materials required to create and refine Enchanted Vessels. All of these things represented just how rich Hidden Dragon Sect had been and how deep their power laid.

Even if Sky Mist Dao had an equal amount of fame as Hidden Dragon Sect in the Immortals' galaxy, when the Berserkers destroyed the sect and searched through the place, the items they found there were only a third of what Hidden Dragon Sect possessed.

Su Ming did not take too many of these items. He gave most of them away to the big tribes in Eastern Wastelands as a reward to serve as important resources for them to grow powerful.

Seven days later, when Evil Spirit Sect was invaded by the Berserkers' army, they resisted for half a day before all the sect's Runes were broken. Then, the entire sect became history in the land of Berserkers.

Besides a select few and several hundreds of those who chose to submit to survive, all of the others in the sect... died.

Blood flowed down the mountain of Evil Spirit Sect. Shriill screams of pain and booming sounds continued reverberating in the area as the Berserkers waged war on them.

Shen Dong did not die, and neither did the girl who Su Ming had controlled with his Art using the doll in the past. They had instead been asked to leave politely, due to Su Ming's orders.

Besides these people, everyone in Evil Spirit Sect was killed off, and the place became the new location of Tian Qi's clan.

After five more days, Evil Lust Sect chose to destroy their Runes once the hundreds of thousands of Berserkers arrived. This sort of destruction brought forth a madness that spread a hundred thousand li in the world. There might have been quite a few who were unwilling to do so in Evil Lust Sect, but in the end, they could not prevent this sort of death. In the mid of a bang that reverberated through the entire Eastern Wastelands, Evil Lust Sect and the place where it was built turned into dust. A large number of Berserkers also died because of this.

The number of deaths they suffered surpassed the numbers they lost when they were in Sky Mist Dao. However, these deaths only served to stimulate the madness within the Berserkers' blood. With it, the Berserker army rushed towards Evil Immortal Sect.

Once the Rune to the entrance eventually crumbled and the Berserkers were about to kill all the people of Evil Immortal Sect, an incredibly dramatic event happened.

Internal strife tore apart the people of Evil Immortal Sect. At the

time the Rune shattered, half of the people in the Sect had already died due to that strife, and the remaining thousands knelt down and worshipped the incoming Berserkers. They were willing to change their blood inheritances and become slaves; they had chosen submission.

As of then, all the Immortal's sects were destroyed one by one in Eastern Wastelands, only one remained - Great Leaf Immortal Sect!

The sects that had been destroyed turned into the spots where the big tribes who had followed Su Ming in Eastern Wastelands would be located. These places belonged to Xue Sha, Tian Qi, and the others. There were also the matter of the half Berserker and half Immortal subordinates. These people had changed their blood inheritance to stay within the Immortal sects. They had once been Berserkers, but had now become oddities.

For the first time, conflict rose among the big Berserker tribes because they were in disagreement of how they should deal with these people.

Some believed that they had a right to live. After all, many of these people were once members of their own tribes, and some of them were even their family.

However, there were an even larger number of Berserkers who despised them. They believed that these Berserkers had betrayed them, and they had to use their blood to wash away the humiliation they had brought to their race.

No consensus could be reached for this conflict with many different voices and opinions. In the end, Su Ming made a decision regarding this matter.

The Berserkers who had betrayed their own kind were quite numerous. They had to receive punishment, and that punishment was that they had to be the vanguards in the army as they went to chase out the outsiders in the Alliance of the Western Region and

Northern Province.

Once they killed a sufficient amount of outsiders, they would use their battle achievements to earn the right to return to the Berserkers. If they did not die, then they could still be a Berserker and return to worship the God of Berserkers.

This decision was not completely accepted by all the Berserkers who had changed their blood inheritance, and those who could not accept it became part of the autumn in the world.

Under this brutal slaughter, besides one particular region in Eastern Wastelands, all other parts of the continent returned to the Berserkers once again, and a gathering that would lead them across the Dead Sea towards the Alliance of the Western Region as well as Northern Province was held as the big tribes began their operations.

Crossing the Dead Sea, especially in a scale where millions of people would go, was something that had never happened since the land of Berserkers was split into five continents. This grand thing attracted the attention of all Berserkers, exciting them.

Besides Su Ming and a select few others, most of the Berserkers could not travel through the Dead Sea just by flying alone. That was why they needed an endless amount of ships that could traverse the Dead Sea.

As the entire Eastern Wastelands began preparations, Su Ming brought with him the Fated Kin to the spot of Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

It was the only Immortal sect remaining in Eastern Wastelands. Su Ming chose not to let any Berserkers attack this place: He would go alone and destroy Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

Because this sect was Di Tian's sect.

Great Leaf Immortal Sect was a huge mountain that towered into the clouds. The mountain looked like a gigantic sword that stood

erect on the ground. It was a terrifying sight to behold, for people were like ants compared to it.

Perhaps Great Leaf Immortal Sect was not like this in the past. However, as of then, the sect before Su Ming's eyes was this mountain - a sword that wanted to charge into the sky!

Waves of sword aura spread out and filled an area of ten thousand li. All manner of life that stepped into this region would have to suffer the attacks from that sword aura.

"Respected Senior Mo, let us Fated Kin go with you." Nan Gong Hen stood beside Su Ming. Right behind him were the hundreds of Fated Kin that had come with him. All of these people had zealously on their faces as they looked at Su Ming and waited for his orders.

Su Ming shook his head. He looked at the hundreds of Fated Kin, and a smile appeared on his face. He turned around and took a step towards that region. At the instant his foot landed, sword aura surged into the sky. Piercing whistling sounds echoed in the air, and hundreds of sword auras appeared out of nowhere, charging straight towards Su Ming.

At the instant he took his third step, booming sounds reverberated in the air, and all the sword auras came at Su Ming. However, their arrival could not stop him in the slightest. When the sword auras were a hundred feet from Su Ming, it was as if they had crashed into a barrier that made them unable to continue onward, and all of them shattered.

A nine-colored screen of light manifested swiftly a hundred feet away from Su Ming. That screen of light was spreading out from a square seal floating above Su Ming's head, and it was Su Ming's Enchanted Treasure - the Five Direction Seal!

Since his level of cultivation had increased and he had stayed in the Eastern Wastelands Tower for the duration of a year, he had had time to refine this Five Direction Seal in his body. At this

moment, he could already control this seal somewhat and even make it send out the nine-colored screen of light.

The hundreds of Fated Kin watched their Respected Senior Mo walking into the distance. As he walked further and further away, getting closer to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, the hundreds of sword auras coming towards him from all directions increased to thousands.

Those thousands of sword auras covered the world and charged towards Su Ming with a bitter and grim air. However, none of them could pass through his nine-colored screen of light. When Su Ming activated that extreme speed of his and shot up like a long arc to fly towards the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, the thousands of sword auras erupted with a bang and turned into tens of thousands of sword auras that charged towards him from all directions.

Right behind those tens of thousands of sword auras were another batch of them, just as large. It was as if those sword auras were limitless, and as booming sounds surged into the sky, Su Ming's body could no longer be seen clearly. He was hidden away by the limitless sword auras.

At the moment he was less than a thousand li away from the mountain of Great Leaf Immortal Sect, and the entire region of Great Leaf Immortal Sect let out a deafening roar. Nine huge cracks suddenly tore through the ground under that boom, and nine shocking waves of sword aura shot out from the cracks with a bang. The presence of those nine waves of sword aura were incredibly strong, and they even gained the form of swords once they appeared. At the instant they took shape, they charged towards Su Ming.

At the same time, nearly a hundred thousand sword auras appeared out of nowhere in the world and surrounded the nine waves of sword aura that seemed to have gained physical form as they charged towards Su Ming.

With a look of indifference, Su Ming lifted his right hand at the instant the sword aura closed in and seized the air. Then, the killing sword flashing with a golden light appeared in his hand.

A fierce glare flashed in Su Ming's eyes once he held the sword in his hand.

"Can a sword that is not held in a hand still be considered a sword?" he asked flatly, then thrust the killing sword forward.

Chapter 713: The Sword in the Hand

The inheritance Su Ming obtained from Hong Luo regarding the use of swords was different from how the Immortals used swords to fly. His method was even older and almost clumsy. It was not as agile as a flying sword, which was why Hong Luo had not delved deep into it after he had obtained it by pure chance.

However, Su Ming was incredibly interested in this method to use swords. This ancient method adhered to using one's hand to hold onto a sword. Only when a sword was in a person's hand could it truly become a sharp tool for the sword wielder.

With the killing sword shining with golden light, Su Ming's casually thrust forward, and the sword sliced through the air as it went forward, a large suction force swiftly erupting from within it.

This was not the sword's power itself. Su Ming slightly conformed with some form of law in the world as he thrust forward and triggered some strange changes, which made the place where the sword passed through the center of the area. It then sent all forms of existences, even divine senses, tumbling forward into the sword's path.

At that instant, the hundreds of thousands of sword auras distorted and changed their direction, charging towards the sword in Su Ming's hand. It was as if the sword's path had turned into a black hole that could devour everything.

However, the nine waves of sword aura that had gained form and now looked nearly physical after they flew out of the cracks in the ground only let out piercing sword whistles as they scattered slightly before transitioning from being mere illusions to something corporeal. They did not change their direction and charged at Su Ming, coming less than a hundred feet away from him within an instant. The nine swords closed in on him at the same time, spreading out waves of powerful pressure that made it

seem as if they could destroy anything.

Right after that one thrust, Su Ming loosened his grip around the killing sword with a calm expression. He did not hold the sword in a tight grip. Instead, at the instant the nine swords closed in on him, he flicked his wrist, and with his wrist acting as the axle, he swung the killing sword from the left to the right, then from up to down, before he swung it around himself in a circle!

If anyone looked over, they would see that as the sword in Su Ming's hand swerved around him, a circular slash formed by an endless amount of vertical sword illusions manifested due to his movements.

It looked like a circular slash, but if that anyone looked again, they would find that it was a method to use swords that would form a sword formation. It looked as if it had formed a sword shield that stood before Su Ming to protect him. The nine flying swords coming towards him instantly crashed into it.

Sounds of swords clashing into each other rose into the air. Eventually, a resounding boom spread outwards, and the nine swords that had gained physical form shattered and fell back, turning into smoke and scattering away.

Su Ming stood his ground with a calm expression. The sword in his hand drew a beautiful arc that went diagonally from his left side to his feet. A freezing glint shone in his eyes, and a wave of murderous aura appeared in his gaze.

That murderous aura and the motion of Su Ming swinging that sword diagonally from his left looked as if he was storing up power.

It was like the calm before a storm, like the quiet before a volcano erupted, like an ancient ferocious beast that would spread out an extreme, aggressive air that surged into the sky the instant before it devoured the world.

During that instant, all activities in the world showed signs of stopping, and an indescribable, oppressive air surrounded the area without any sound. The source of all of this was naturally Su Ming bringing his sword downwards.

"There are thirteen styles to use swords, but I've only come to understand four, flicking, thrusting, swirling, and slicing... but it's enough to break this Rune." At the instant Su Ming said these words in a flat voice, the sword that was held diagonally to his lower left side was brought swiftly to his upper right side.

A clear sword mark traveled from his lower left side to his upper right side as the world boomed. This was slicing. With the sword's sharpness, it would slice apart all barriers that blocked its path.

At the instant Su Ming swung his sword, the world rumbled. The swing contained some change in the world's laws, and at the instant Su Ming sliced upwards, an excited sword whistle traveled out from the killing sword. There was a wave of agitation and excitement within that whistle. It was the sword's complete acknowledgment, because this method was the only correct way to allow a sword to erupt forth with a power that could shake the sky and earth!

If it was a flying sword, then it would be impossible to execute this slicing technique, since no one was holding onto the sword. Besides thrusting and slashing, it would not have the intelligence to execute anything else.

The killing sword had a spirit. It had been suppressed by Su Ming earlier and forced to submit to him, but clearly, there had been defiance within that submission, and the sword had been waiting to turn against Su Ming. Yet at that instant, as the sword whistle traveled forward, the spirit within the killing sword truly acknowledged Su Ming, because it had been able to sense that when Su Ming held it in his hand, the three actions of thrusting, swirling, and slicing had allowed it to burst forth with its complete power, and it was a power that surpassed what it possessed.

This power made it tremble with excitement. This power made it feel as if it had gone through a cleansing, and a faint feeling of an epiphany blossomed within it: It was a sword, and this was how it should be like.

The world roared. When Su Ming sliced through the air, a diagonal sword mark tore through the space before him. That tear traveled forward with a bang, and wherever it went, the world would be torn apart, the air would shatter, and as the crack grew larger, it swept through a thousand li before it landed on Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. An even louder bang rang into the air, and the sword mark from that one slice shot through Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

It shot through the sword-shaped mountain and charged towards the area behind it. As it continued spreading, it eventually turned into a crack in the world that was several tens of thousands of feet long. It went straight through the Sword Rune that surrounded Great Leaf Immortal Sect and created a large gap in it.

Once that gap appeared, the Sword Rune that protected the mountain where Great Leaf Immortal Sect was located crumbled around it. The Rune turned into an endless amount of sword fragments that fell backwards in all directions while stirring up a violent gust of wind that swept up to the nine heavens. A violent boom that shook the entire area shot up into the air.

The sword-shaped mountain that belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect shuddered, and its center started slanting as that booming sound rang in the air. When half of the mountain fell to the left and crashed down, the ground trembled, and a loud sound surged into the sky.

Waves of dust rose up and spread through the area. Su Ming's hair and robes moved due to the wind, but his expression did not change. With the killing sword in hand, he looked over coldly.

At that moment, half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain had

been sliced off. The surface where it had been cut off was incredibly smooth, and that part was naturally where Su Ming's sword mark had passed through!

The sword-shaped mountain was broken!

The killing sword in Su Ming's hand was trembling and letting out excited cries. Murderous aura spread out from its tip, as if it was thirsting for blood and hoping to drink it for eternity.

"Swords are primary killing tools."

Su Ming lifted his head and looked towards the broken Great Leaf Immortal Sect mountain before he walked over slowly. On this day, he would destroy a sect by himself and save his second senior brother from Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

Fated Kin were looking at their Respected Senior Mo excitedly from the back. The might of that sword just now had shook the sky and earth. It was enough to shake the hearts of all those who witnessed it.

Su Ming's footsteps seemed slow, but in truth, with every step he took forward, his body would appear a little faded. When his form became clear again, he would already be a thousand feet away. It was fine for those looking at him from the back, they would not be in too much discomfort because of what they saw, but if anyone looked at him while he was walking towards them, they would immediately feel dizzy.

Because even though they would see Su Ming tens of thousands of feet away, in the blink of an eye, he would be much closer, making them think that their eyes were deceiving them. The surroundings did not move, but Su Ming's body would suddenly turn into an illusion, then gain clarity just as abruptly, instantly causing all Immortals who were staring at him to feel dizzy.

By the time they felt this dizziness, Su Ming was already standing at the foot of the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's

mountain. He lifted his head and looked at the broken sword-shaped mountain. Then he took a deep breath.

As Su Ming breathed in, layers of snow fell down from the sky above Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Each flake exuded an endless amount of freezing air, and in the blink of an eye, everything within a circular area of ten thousand li was covered in snow.

That snow was very dense. When it landed on the ground, it looked like a gigantic seal from the distance that sealed Great Leaf Immortal Sect within!

This was the Art Su Ming created in Life Cultivation Realm - Midwinter's Chill.

With this Art, he could seal off all directions, preventing all Immortals within Great Leaf Immortal Sect from escaping, turning this place into a cage!

"I have come here today... to destroy Great Leaf Immortal Sect," Su Ming stated languidly. As his voice reverberated in the air, the echoes of his words seemed to be faintly passing through the endless snow around him. Once these sounds fused together, they turned into a roar that sounded as if it came from heaven itself, shaking the area so much that the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain was wrecked by tremors.

At the time Su Ming said these words, he lifted his foot and walked forward, onto the stairs leading to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. At the instant his foot landed, an infinite amount of sword aura erupted from Great Leaf Immortal Sect with a bang, and two thousand long arcs flew out.

Within these two thousand long arcs were two thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples. All of their eyes were crimson red. As they charged forward, they rushed towards Su Ming along with the sword aura.

As roars echoed in the air, even more Great Leaf Immortal Sect

disciples flew out from behind the two thousand and charged towards Su Ming.

The sword in Su Ming's hand whistled. It thirsted to have blood dye its blade red, and that thirst made the killing sword tremble violently. Its whistling seemed to be pleading for Su Ming to let it kill to its fill.

Su Ming looked at the thousands of people coming towards him, and the chill in his eyes grew colder. He lifted his foot and took another step forward. As he moved, the stairs behind him instantly shattered and turned into ashes.

No unnecessary words were said. When he took that one step forward, the thousands of Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples closed on him. Su Ming swung the sword in his hand forward, and a head flew up swiftly, bringing with it a wave of fresh blood, dyeing the tip of the sword red.

With a couple thrusts and one swing outwards, several heads more immediately flew up. Once their blood covered Su Ming and Immortals' vision, Su Ming took his third, fourth, and fifth steps...

He walked calmly upwards. There was an endless number of Immortals by his side, along with waves of sword aura booming around him. He did not stop waving the sword in his hand. As the sword spirit let out excited and bloodthirsty whistles, heads fell on the ground and rolled down to the foot of the mountain.

Chapter 714: The Two Prejudiced Extremities

Su Ming did not know how many people he killed. He had taken three hundred steps. An endless wave of sword aura charged towards him with loud booming sounds, but as he brandished the killing sword in his hand, those waves of sword aura disintegrated. At the same time, more heads flew into the sky, with blood and shrill screams of pain.

Su Ming's body was red. It was the color of blood. It was the blood of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's disciples. The killing sword in his hand was red. The entire Great Leaf Immortal Sect mountain had turned red.

The three hundred steps behind Su Ming had already shattered, as if they represented his will and determination. Wherever he went, all lives would shatter, just like the stones on the stairs.

Blood flowed down the mountain. A thick bloody stench filled the area, and even the snow in all directions looked as if it was about to be dyed red.

Su Ming walked forward calmly. As the tip of his sword sliced through the air, a teenager that did not seem to have even hit his twenties had his head separated from his body right before Su Ming. There was confusion and anguish in his eyes as he fell to the side.

"There is no grudge between us, but you should not have been a part of Great Leaf Immortal Sect," Su Ming whispered softly, then seized the area beside him with his left hand. Immediately, a person who had transformed into a rainbow-colored phoenix with a divine ability right beside him was seized by the throat as Su Ming's left hand shot through her divine ability.

She was a woman with a beautiful face, but there was not an

ounce of pity within Su Ming for her plight. The chill in his left hand surged into her body, shattering her throat as she trembled in despair. A destructive power rushed into her body and disintegrated her Nascent Divinity.

Su Ming let go and took a step forward.

There was no right or wrong to this, neither was there good or evil. There were only different choices made under two different viewpoints. Great Leaf Immortal Sect was Di Tian's sect, and this determined Great Leaf Immortal Sect's fate.

In Su Ming's mind, there was no such thing as searching for the instigator alone to solve a problem. It was his aloof attitude that made him destroy an entire sect when someone in it provoked him. His thoughts were extreme and biased. It was a merciless attitude towards his enemies.

It did not matter whether it was Hidden Dragon Sect, Sky Mist Dao, or even Evil Sect. Su Ming had almost never attacked or contributed to the destruction of these sects. Most of it was done by the Berserkers' crazed slaughter. The only time he did not bring them was now, when he came to Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Even Fated Kin had been ordered to wait outside for him.

Because the hatred Su Ming harbored for Great Leaf Immortal Sect was so great that he would regret it if there was a single person that did not die in his hands.

Due to his hate for one person, Su Ming grew to hate all those related to his opponent by blood and every single person in his sect. Perhaps this was not right, but in his memories, before he was sent to Yin Death Region, there was his little sister's voice in the endless darkness. He remembered the feeling of all the people surrounding him and his sister to devour and absorb the presence within their bodies. It made his little sister increasingly weaker and caused him to become prejudiced.

'I helped Berserkers because my soul is here, because my Master

and senior brothers are Berserkers, because the beautiful moments in my memories are my most precious treasures, even if they are fake.

'In those memories there is a mountain. That mountain, the people there... the traditions, customs, and everything else belongs to Berserkers. That is why... I will help Berserkers. Even if I don't admit to being the God of Berserkers, I can help them make the Berserkers rise in power.'

Nostalgia flashed in Su Ming's eyes. He swung the sword in his hand and took another few steps forward. There were already several thousands of heads behind him, but this battle had not ended.

Because Su Ming treasured his memories and because the people in the ninth summit were Berserkers, he would contribute for the entire race. This was just how his character was.

On the other side of this extreme personality was the reason for Su Ming's current massacre. Due to his hate for one person, he could hate his entire sect, and if he was going to kill, he would kill till not even a single blade of grass was left.

"All of you should not have entered Great Leaf Immortal Sect."

Su Ming shook his head. He swept the blood-red sword in his hand sideways and with one move entered the top of the remaining half of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain. The one swing from the blood-red killing sword caused several dozens of heads to fly into the air. Flesh blood filled the area and dyed all the snow in the air nearby.

"Su Ming!"

At the instant Su Ming stepped onto the top of the remaining half of the mountain, a furious roar traveled into the air before him. That voice... belonged to Beiling.

He held a sword in his hand. He was trembling and his eyes were

bloodshot as he stared at Su Ming. There were complicated feelings as well as hate in his eyes. Chenxin was standing by his side quietly, and there was a vacant and dull look on her face.

Beiling stared at Su Ming and shouted loudly, "Must you kill everyone?! Must you destroy the entire Great Leaf Immortal Sect?!"

Su Ming lifted his foot and walked onto the final step under him to stand at the top of the remaining half of the mountain. At that moment, a crack appeared on the final step on the stars. However, it did not shatter. This was... the first step that did not shatter completely after he walked past it.

"If your answer is yes, then kill me and my wife so that we won't have to be filled with grief and indignation for watching our fellow sect members die! Go on! I won't retaliate! Attack me!" Beiling threw away the sword in his hand, and as he shouted... tears fell down from the corners of his eyes.

Su Ming was silent. The killing sword in his hand was spreading out killing intent on its own. The spirit that was filled with a hint of bloodthirst was like a cold gaze that was looking at the duo before it. If Su Ming had not stopped moving, it would have definitely rush in and killed these two people so that it would become more radiant with their blood.

On this day, it had been dyed with an amount of blood that it had never had before. This excited it, and in the midst of its excitement, its acknowledgment towards Su Ming also reached its peak.

"You no longer care about the past nor about the things in Dark Mountain! So kill me! Kill Chenxin, who liked you when she was young! Kill us! You won't need much time to do it! Kill us and destroy our feelings for you so that we won't miss you anymore..." Beiling roared loudly, and more tears fell from his eyes.

"Do you still remember me teaching you the bow? Do you still

remember us fighting together when Dark Mountain Tribe was attacked by Black Mountain Tribe. You... Are you still the same person as you were back in Dark Mountain?!

"Can you live up to our elder's expectations?! Can you live up to the expectations of our people in Dark Mountain Tribe?! Come on, kill me!"

Beiling's words brought a sharp stab of pain to Su Ming's heart in the midst of his silence. This pain was a poison that would be stronger the more precious one's memories were to them. It was an extreme pain that tore through Su Ming's heart.

At the instant he felt that pain and slowly looked towards Beiling, Chenxin suddenly lifted her head by his side. The dull look in her eyes was replaced by a complicated expression. As tears fell from her eyes, she seemed to have made a decision, and she cried out anxiously to Su Ming, "Su Ming, go away..." But before she finished speaking, Beiling turned around and slapped her. She fell to the ground, and blood trickled down the corners of her mouth.

Almost at the moment Chenxin gave her warning, a sword suddenly came charging out like lightning from the air behind Su Ming. At the instant he was hurt by Beiling's words, it stabbed his heart.

There was a dark ball of blue flame at the tip of the sword. It was a poisonous flame that could burn souls. As long as that sword pierced a person's body, it could burn that person's soul to ashes.

That sword seemed to have been waiting for a long time ago, looking forward to the instant Su Ming's heart would tremble due to Beiling's words. At that moment, it would launch this clearly laid out assassination plan against Su Ming.

blood covered Su Ming's chest. The sword that appeared behind him penetrated his back and revealed its tip at his chest. Blood trickled down from the tip and fell on the ground, the snow covering it. It fell one drop at a time.

"Su Ming, you should not have come to Great Leaf Immortal Sect," an old voice stated from behind Su Ming. He was familiar with that voice. It was Beiling's father, Dark Mountain Tribe's Head of the Guards.

Almost at the instant he plunged that sword into Su Ming's back and said those words, Su Ming lowered his head to look at the tip of the sword, and at that moment, Beiling's expression immediately turned into ferocious look before him. As he charged forward, he appeared right in front of Su Ming. He lifted his right hand, and a black knife appeared on his palm. He stabbed it into the center of Su Ming's brows.

"Su Ming, die!"

The knife sank deep into the center of Su Ming's brows. At the same time, incantations suddenly appeared in the sky. As they reverberated in the air, groups of people swiftly appeared, and they were Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples that numbered nearly ten thousand.

They floated in midair, filling up an area of a thousand li. With Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain as their center, they formed an incredibly huge Rune. This Rune began slowly operating as these people moved about, and as it was activated, a huge sealing force descended on the land with a bang. At the same time the sealing force spread out from the Rune, that group of people lifted the swords in their hands and cut downwards in Su Ming's direction.

The near ten thousand swords turned into a thousand feet sword as the Rune began its operations, and booming sounds surged into the sky. That sword let out a primitive, ancient air, and swiftly charged down towards Su Ming from the sky.

"You are not Dark Mountain Tribe's Bei Ling."

Su Ming did not bother himself with the sword coming from the sky. He looked at the ferocious Beiling, and as he said these words

flatly, Beiling's expression suddenly changed drastically. His eyes went wide, and he saw the blade that had sunk into the center of Su Ming's brows rapidly freezing before it turned into ice within an instant. As that ice spread out, he moved to let go of his grip, but the ice covered his arm and spread swiftly to his entire body, freezing him and his Nascent Divinity into an ice statue that stood before Su Ming.

"Neither are you Dark Mountain Tribe's Head of the Guards." As Su Ming whispered softly, the tip of the sword at his chest had turned into ice. Behind him, the Head of the Guards let out a shocked cry and started rapidly retreating, but before he could even take three steps back, he froze into an ice statue, just like his son.

This was the divine ability Su Ming had created when he reached Life Cultivation Realm. He was midwinter. His Life Matrix was winter. He could bring forth the snow of midwinter and freeze everything.

Aside from those whose level of cultivation was greater than his, it was impossible for anyone to survive before him, who was now in Life Cultivation Realm.

Cracking sounds reverberated in the air. The ice statue that was Beiling retained his ferocious expression as it fell to pieces. The ice statue that was his father also shattered as the cracking sounds shot into the sky.

The knife at the center of Su Ming's brows shattered, and so did the tip of the sword at his chest.

He still did not bother with the sword descending from the sky. Instead, he looked towards Chenxin, who had blood at the corners of her lips.

"Why did you warn me?" he asked softly.

Chapter 715: The Smile He Had Not Seen for a Long Time

A layer of red snow landed on Chenxin's face. It did not melt, but brought with it a hint of cold, just like Su Ming's words. There was the presence of a stranger within those gentle words as they fell into Chenxin's ears and entered her heart.

There was still blood flowing down the corners of Chenxin's lips. The red shade of her blood was the same as the color of snow on her face, making it hard to differentiate what was snow and what was blood.

Perhaps snow was often associated with blood because there was some form of connection between them. [1]

"There is no reason... If there is, then it's because you are Su Ming. You are... the Su Ming who grew up with me." Chenxin wiped away the blood at the corners of her mouth and looked at Su Ming. The complicated look on her face disappeared to be replaced by a hint of gentleness and a smile.

Su Ming remained silent. When he lifted his right hand, the killing sword in his hand trembled in excitement, and Su Ming swung it towards the sky. Blood light shone as if a bolt of blood-red lightning had been born in the world out of nowhere, and it charged towards the descending sword in midair.

A circular wave of impact that shook the entire area instantly rose with loud bangs above Su Ming. The descending sword fell to pieces, and the circular wave looked as if it was a boundary line that separated the sky and earth.

"Thank you," Su Ming whispered softly.

"Su Ming, everything in Dark Mountain is a lie... but there were also some things that were real. Lei Chen was real, the elder was also real... Bai Ling, too... She also has a real side to her." Chenxin

looked at Su Ming. She had a sense that if a person's entire past became a lie, that feeling of surreal would drown them like a tidal wave. It would make a person subconsciously suspect everything around them, and they would no longer be able to tell just what was real.

"You killed Beiling, so I'm pretty certain that the prodigies from the other sects who had blended into Dark Mountain and grown up with you had also died... But Su Ming, only their Divine Clones died.

"The things that happened in Dark Mountain in the past are things that occurred a long, long time ago. When we woke up from that cycle of life, we obtained quite a lot of epiphanies and serendipities and became the true prodigies of our sects.

"Right now, the ones you killed in the land of Berserkers are just the ones who were used to make sure you went through all those cycles of reincarnation repeatedly. They're Divine Clones that must exist to make you lost. Their real selves are... still in their sects in the land of Immortals. They aren't dead yet." Chenxin looked at Su Ming and told him the truth.

"Then... what about you?" Su Ming asked faintly.

"I am also a Divine Clone. I can sense my real self's mind. At the moment she saw you, I could sense the complicated feelings within her, as well as... her yearning." Chenxin's expression was full of anguish as she shook her head.

"I practiced cultivation since I was young, so the things I went through in Dark Mountain are the most vibrant memories of my life. I truly wished... that I would never wake up from that cycle of life, that I could... just keep on being in Dark Mountain..." Chenxin's face turned pale as she mumbled in her anguish. It was as if she was not talking to Su Ming, but was talking to herself after years of suppressing her own feelings.

As Chenxin mumbled under her breath, the near ten thousand

Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky changed their positions rapidly. As they crossed paths with each other, they gave others the feeling that the Sword Rune in the sky had changed once again, and a wave of sword aura that was even stronger than before gathered together with a bang before it charged towards Su Ming from the sky.

"Su Ming... there are some among us who chose to forget you, but there are also some... who still remember you. They remember Dark Mountain, and growing up together within that cycle of life.

"Dark Mountain has already become a thing of the past, but it... is in your heart, and is also in our hearts." Chenxin lifted her right hand. At the instant she said these words, more blood flowed out of the corners of her lips. Her face swiftly withered away and cracks gradually appeared on her skin.

Her words reverberated in the air. When Su Ming looked at her, he saw her rapidly disappearing. Her body was like ashes at that moment.

"This Divine Clone of mine broke my oath, telling you too many truths in the land of Berserkers. This is the punishment from the oath. My Divine Clone's soul will scatter into nothingness, but they can't do anything to my real self. Su Ming... don't blame Beiling... He's no longer himself..." Chenxin whispered softly and closed her eyes. Her body turned into ashes and disappeared into the world.

Su Ming fell silent. As a slightly complicated look appeared on his face, the sword above him came charging downwards and crashed into him, but at the instant the sword aura touched Su Ming, he had lifted his left hand and seized it. With a bang, that sword aura shattered, and with Su Ming as the center, the mountain rocks under his feet crumbled as if a storm that could destroy mountains was sweeping through it. When an even more violent bang rang into the air, the remaining half of the mountain under Su Ming's feet shattered completely.

Su Ming lowered his head and looked at the sword in his hand. It was crimson red, blood covering it completely. He looked at his own clothes and hands. He could even feel an endless amount of forlorn and bitter vengeful souls around him.

They were all the Immortals that had died at his hands.

A deep wave of fatigue washed over Su Ming's heart and soul. This was not the first time this feeling of fatigue rose in him, but this time it was deeper than before.

Su Ming wanted to close his eyes, but he could not. His expression changed drastically. The fatigue in his eyes also disappeared at that moment. His breathing quickened, because... at the instant the mountain fell apart, he sensed... his second senior brother's presence!

Without any hesitation, Su Ming lifted his left hand, formed a seal, and swung his arm forward. A violent gust of wind charged forward and swept up all the crushed stones in the area to make them fall backwards. All the dust that had appeared due to the collapse scattered away, and the ground was revealed.

This was originally where Great Leaf Immortal Sect was supposed to be. At that moment, there was a ball of light that was several dozens of feet big on the ground.

The ball of light shone with five brilliant colors. There was a thin layer of fog by its edges, and within the ball of light was a black, distorted figure. The figure's face could not be seen clearly, because he no longer had a face. It was a black shadow tuft gathered together by wisps of black smoke.

There were six giant chains inside and outside the ball of light. Those six chains pierced through the ball of light and connected with the black shadow as if they had fused into his soul and were acting like something akin to a seal.

The other ends of the six chains were buried in the ground. There

was a gigantic Rune on the ground. It was an incredibly complicated one, and its use was unknown, but Su Ming could tell that one of the functions of the Rune was to suppress.

It was suppressing the black shadow in the ball of light, and it even needed Great Leaf Immortal Sect's entire mountain to do so. This allowed the Rune to be able to make this ball of light contain all its presence hidden on normal days.

When Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain collapsed, the ball of light was revealed.

Almost at the moment anger rose in Su Ming's eyes because he saw the Rune on the ground and the ball of light, he also saw the black shadow almost collapsing as it distorted. Six wisps of black smoke with the air of death spread out from the black shadow and charged towards the Rune through the chains. This was clearly not something the black shadow was doing willingly. Those chains were absorbing it forcefully.

When those six wisps of black smoke fused into the Rune on the ground, they changed into a vast amount from spiritual aura of the world in the blink of an eye and spread out...

Su Ming let out a crazed roar towards the sky. As anger raged in his eyes, blood flowed out from them, making him look as if he was crying tears of blood. He should have been able to see earlier that the spiritual aura from the world in the region of Great Leaf Immortal Sect was much denser compared to the other regions, but he had not paid too much attention to it previously.

He did not expect that Great Leaf Immortal Sect would do something that would drive him so mad.

This was a Rune that could change a form of life into the spiritual aura in the world. Those six chains were the tubes that absorbed that form of life, and it... was the black shadow in the ball of light.

That ball of light was a seal, and the black shadow inside was the

source of the familiarity Su Ming sensed. It was the reason that drove him mad.

"Second senior brother!" Su Ming's roar was hoarse from his rage and madness. Chenxin's words had originally made fatigue appear in Su Ming's heart, and he had even stopped slaughtering Great Leaf Immortal Sect's disciples.

However, when he saw his second senior brother and how he was so weakened that he was going to disappear at any moment, his killing intent surged up once again.

"Great Leaf Immortal Sect. Immortals..." Su Ming took a swift step forward and charged towards the ground. He approached the Rune on the ground in the span of a breath and lifted the sword in his right hand. The world roared from his swing, and his killing sword cut down one of the chains.

A huge rebound shot back and surged into Su Ming's body, tearing the web of his thumb. Blood filled his hand, and he took three steps backwards.

Su Ming might be moving backwards, but the chain let out a cracking sound and shattered right from its center. That chain was definitely not something ordinary. If Su Ming was not holding onto the killing sword, it would be difficult for him to destroy it.

Once one of the six chains was broken, the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky cut down again, and their slashes charged down towards Su Ming. In fact, each of the disciples bit the tip of their tongues and coughed up blood that turned into a small blood-red sword due to the Sword Rune. These near ten thousand small blood-red swords were like blades raining down from the sky, and they came charging towards Su Ming while blotting out the sky behind the gigantic sword aura.

It was also at that moment that the chain broke off, and a weak voice came from the ball of light. The distorted black shadow looked as if the limits set on him had reduced slightly, and he

slightly gathered together, the tuft of fog to gradually showing the shape of a body. It might still look like an illusion, but his face had become much clearer, and he showed... a pale but smiling face.

It was... Su Ming's second senior brother's face.

He seemed to have gone through inconceivable pain. That pale face was something that Su Ming had never seen on his second senior brother, yet the smile was still as gentle as it was in his memories. Second senior brother still kept his head held high as if he wanted to have sunlight shine on the side of his face. As he smiled, he looked at Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother."

Translator's Note:

1. Snow and blood: Case of lost-in-translation. 雪 (xue3) and 血 (xue4) sound similar in Mandarin, as you can see in the brackets. So what you see is that Chenxin's blood has already fused with the snow on her face, but there are still some that hasn't, so it makes it hard to distinguish between the two, and Su Ming muses that there must be a connection between them since they sound so similar.

Chapter 716: Scratching an Itch

There was warmth contained within that gentle smile on second senior brother's lips. It was a moment from Su Ming's memories, a memory that existed from a time long ago, and he had not seen it for a very, very long time.

His second senior brother's warm smile, his action of lifting his head and making sunlight shine on the side of his face—all of these things made Su Ming cry even more.

The scenes from the ninth summit, the man who had been as gentle as a flower, his second senior brother who had smiled at him under sunlight as he stood among grass and flowers, and the similarly smiling face that had suffered through torture in that ball of light overlapped with each other during that instant.

The whistling sword aura came charging towards Su Ming from the sky. Right behind that sword aura were the near ten thousand small blood-red swords that came towards him while blotting out the sky like rain. They stirred up violent gusts of wind that swept through the area. At the instant these sharp sword glares that looked as if they were about to cut through space itself closed in on Su Ming...

He lifted his head while weeping. He glared at the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples in the sky. At that instant, there was no longer anything that could stop Su Ming's slaughter. The killing sword in his right hand let out an excited, bloodthirsty whistled, and Su Ming lifted it up. He sliced swiftly upwards in the direction of the upcoming sword aura.

With it, the world rumbled. The incoming huge sword aura instantly fell into pieces, and the small blood-red swords behind it also shattered into nothingness due to Su Ming's sword.

At the same time, the snow that was floating in the world gathered together and charged towards the Sword Rune in the sky

from all directions with a loud whistle.

Su Ming would definitely not spare those Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples, but as of then, the most important thing was not to kill but to cut off all the chains around his second senior brother.

With a single move, the killing sword in his hand sliced down on the second chain. A piercing sound came from metal striking metal, and Su Ming was sent tumbling back by the rebound. When he took a few steps backwards, the second chain shattered.

Su Ming did not stop. He took a step forward and the presence of Life Cultivation circulated within him with a bang. All his power erupted from his body. He cut down once again on the third, the fourth, then the fifth chains. Under his madness, all of the chains were sliced apart.

As they shattered, second senior brother's figure rapidly gathered together from that foggy state in the ball of light. By the time the fifth chain shattered, second senior brother had already formed his body. However, his face was still pale, and there was a deep sense of weakness coming from his body. Over the years, he had been tortured by the Rune till he was near death.

Yet the smile remained on his face. Even if he was incredibly weak at the moment, he still continued smiling as he looked at Su Ming, his youngest junior brother.

He was happy because he saw Su Ming. He was proud because he noticed his strength and because Su Ming was his youngest junior brother.

"Youngest junior brother... you grew up," second senior brother said lightly. His voice came out weak from the ball of light.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother, and memories continued surging nonstop into his head. All of the things that had happened in the past were the most precious things for him, and the things that happened at the moment became the cold chill that

drove him to slaughter.

However, the chains were definitely no ordinary objects. Once he cut five of them, the rebound he suffered practically surged into the sky, causing him to open his mouth and cough up a mouthful of blood. However, there was determination and persistence in his eyes as he swiftly cut down on the final chain.

That persistence made him take a step forward without any hesitation, even if there were mountains of blades, seas of fire, or matchless ferocious fiends before him. That determined look on his face was a form of protection that came from the bottom of his heart.

'You protected me in the past. Now... I will protect you, second senior brother!'

At the instant he cut down, the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples were surrounded by the endless snow as it came charging towards them. The entire sky looked as if it was about to be frozen off, but at the instant it began freezing, a low growl echoed in the sky.

"Blood Sacrifice!"

Su Ming was familiar with the person who let out that roar. He was Chenxin's father when they were still in Dark Mountain, Chen Long, the tribe leader of Dark Mountain Tribe. He was known as Chenlong now.

As he roared, Su Ming saw the eyes of the near ten thousand Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples whose lives were flowing away due to them rapidly freezing away turn instantly bloodshot. There was no longer any intelligence in their gazes. Instead, as their eyes turned empty, a crack appeared at the center of their brows.

Once it tore open, a large amount of blood gushed out, bringing with it pieces of shattered ice. As that blood gushed out, the Great Leaf Immortal Sect disciples rapidly withered away before they

turned into skeletons in the blink of an eye and became ice statues that plunged down from midair.

Su Ming was not the cause of their deaths. In truth, at the instant his divine ability began to freeze them, they were already dead. What actually killed them was Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Art. It was the Sword Rune they had formed by gathering together, and they were killed when Chenlong activated the Rune by saying those words.

Blood that filled up heaven itself spread through the sky at that instant. As it tumbled about, it gathered together into a ten thousand feet long sword that swept the sky and sliced through the air to charge towards Su Ming.

It was difficult to describe the speed of this sword as it cut downwards. When Su Ming looked over, it was still in the sky, but in truth, it was already less than a hundred feet away from him. Its extreme speed surpassed wind and cut open space. It brought with it a terrifying presence that would destroy everything that tried to block its path.

Su Ming's sword was cutting down the sixth chain at that moment. As the blood-red sword behind him charged forward with a whistle, Su Ming's pupils shrank, but he did not hesitate and swiftly cut down on the sixth chain. A clear booming sound reverberated in the air, and the chain shattered.

However, a powerful rebound surged into Su Ming's body, forcing him to take a few steps back, and he crashed into the blood-red sword with a bang.

At the instant he touched the sword, a nine-colored light erupted from Su Ming's body. This light belonged to the Five Direction Seal. It surrounded Su Ming, the ball of light, and his second senior brother before crashing into the blood-red sword.

A loud bang surged into air, shaking both the sky and earth. Under this intense noise, the screen of light formed from the Five

Direction Seal shattered layer by layer before new layers could gather together. Cracks appeared on the ground beneath Su Ming's feet. They spread out, shattering the ground. In the blink of an eye, a circular area of a hundred li under Su Ming's feet collapsed.

The nine-colored screen of light shattered at that instant, and a great impact charged in. Su Ming took a step forward without any hesitation and stood before his second senior brother. He was going to use his body to block that blood-red sword aura that was surged in.

At the time the nine-colored screen of light shattered when the blood-red sword cut into it, cracks also appeared on the sword. As the banging sounds echoed in the air and the force of the rebound from the crash surged into the sword, it shattered instantly and turned into an endless amount of shards that fell backwards.

The booming sounds turned into a lingering noise that gradually faded away. Dust flew through the area before it slowly sank down. When the world became clear once again, Su Ming coughed up blood. The ball of light behind him distorted, but his second senior brother was completely unharmed.

Because Su Ming had endured most of the blood-red sword's aura, there was not much that managed to enter the ball of light. Besides, the ball of light's own protection had prevented his second senior brother from feeling even a single hint of that aura.

However, second senior brother had seen Su Ming's act of using his body to protect him clearly. The smile remained on his face, and the warmth as well as the sentiment within it was a love between brothers!

There was no need for words of gratitude to be expressed for this, because if second senior brother was in Su Ming's place, he would have definitely done the same thing to protect his junior brother.

Once the blood-red sword shattered and turned into shards that fell backwards, those shards suddenly gathered together in midair

and turned into a longsword. However, it was no longer ten thousand feet long but of normal size.

At the same time, a deep voice reverberated in the air. "For Soul Egression!"

Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression was the name of Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Sword Rune. Blood Sacrifice was used to sacrifice all the people in the Sword Rune to turn them into a strike that could destroy the world, while Soul Egression was the strongest strike possible if Blood Sacrifice had been unable to kill its enemy.

At the instant Chenlong said those three words, his body shuddered and turned into ashes. A soul came out from his disappearing body. At the same time, the souls of the near ten thousand disciples that had been killed by the Rune appeared all around the Great Leaf Immortal Sect. They appeared in the sky with expressions of confusion and absent mindedness. All these souls gathered together rapidly and turned into a black figure.

It was thirty feet tall and had two heads. When that figure lifted one of its arms, it seized the blood-red sword, and one of its heads turned towards the sky while the other turned towards the ground, then let out roars that shook the sky and earth.

"Second senior brother, would you like to kill the ferocious spirit gathered together by all the souls of Great Leaf Immortal Sect?" Su Ming wiped away the blood at the corners of his mouth and cast a glance at the roaring two-headed figure in the sky, then looked towards his second senior brother.

"This... is good."

Second senior brother continued to smile, and Su Ming swung the sword in his hand at the ball of light. It started trembling and twisting violently before it shattered. At the moment it fell to pieces, second senior brother's body gathered together completely and he feebly walked out.

Once he walked out, green grass immediately grew, crawling out of the ground that had since become a wasteland.

When second senior brother moved to Su Ming's side, his face was as pale as ever, and that sense of weakness made Su Ming crouch down so his second senior brother could climb onto his back.

"Second senior brother, let's go together and fight against that two-headed spirit!"

Su Ming lifted his head and took a step forward with his second senior brother on his back. At the instant he took that step, the two-headed ferocious spirit looked towards Su Ming with both heads while holding the blood-red sword in its hand. With a roar, it turned into a long arc and charged towards Su Ming.

The two sides were like two shooting stars that rushed through the sky and earth respectively during that instant. Then, without any hint of attempting to dodge, they crashed into each other in midair.

With one strike, they would determine who would win and lose!

At that moment, a layer of thin clouds appeared indistinctly in the sky. Even if the sky trembled, it could not send those clouds away as they prevented anyone from seeing who was within them.

A beautiful woman was eating roasted seeds in there with a pained look on her face as she sighed.

"It cost me so dearly... It really cost me so dearly... This Su Ming actually grew so fast. If I had known about this, I would have asked for so much more from that old man."

As that girl was regretting her actions, the yellow mutt lying beside her was yawning comfortably. There were two other beings crouching next to that mutt with distressed expressions on their faces. One of them was the bald crane, and the other Qian Chen, who was currently scratching an itch on the mutt's body.

Chapter 717: The Fateful Meeting

The strike from Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression would cause wind and clouds to move. It would gather together to form a blood sword and a two-headed body, which moved like a shooting star that caused the ground to rumble.

It crashed into Su Ming, who was carrying his second senior brother on his back while he charged into the sky from the ground. During that instant, it was as if the sky and earth had crashed into each other, and the waves that stirred up turned into two arcs of impact that looked like the most beautiful scene in the world of Berserkers from the distance. It was enough to visibly move anyone who saw it.

During that charge, Su Ming's second senior brother let out a weak but hearty laugh as he lay on Su Ming's back. As he laughed, grass instantly filled the shattered earth, and a nice fragrance spread through the air. A gentle but sturdy presence also spread out from second senior brother's body, surrounding Su Ming.

Su Ming was like a sharp sword out of its scabbard. With second senior brother on his back, he crashed into the incoming body created from that Blood Sacrifice for Soul Egression in the sky.

This was a crash between the sky and earth. This could be said to be the top two forces in the land of Berserkers fighting against each other. As the loud rumbling sound spread out and reverberated in the air, an endless number of dimensional cracks appeared in the sky, and as the ground shattered, it turned into ashes.

A violent gust of wind with a strong force of impact was madly sweeping outwards from all directions around Su Ming. It was like a raging wave moving about, and there was no end to it.

Su Ming coughed up a mouthful of blood and retreated a hundred something feet. However, during that instant, his body was covered by a large amount of green. It was what his second senior

brother's power had transformed into.

One of the heads on the two-headed body crumbled at that moment. The creature itself was sent tumbling backwards as the rumbling sounds echoed in the air. The blood-red sword in its hand also became slightly duller.

Su Ming lifted his head. Before his body had even stopped, he begun to change forward again. The killing sword in his hand shone, and he charged towards the body that had now lost one of its heads. As that body that only had one head left roared, the two of them crashed into each other again in an attempt to kill the other.

There were no divine abilities and Arts involved. Su Ming only used the killing sword and executed the four sword styles, drawing up multiple long arcs in the air. After a moment, an even greater bang resounded, and the remaining head flew into the air. It was pierced through by Su Ming's sword and exploded.

The body that was formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune had lost all of its heads. At that moment, as it trembled, it rapidly retreated, and right before everyone's eyes, two flesh lumps squirmed rapidly at the spot where they the heads had been before. It looked as if the body was about to regrow its heads.

"Kill all those who provoke the ninth summit!"

Blood trickled down the corners of Su Ming's mouth, but the murderous aura on his face was chilly and threatening. He took a step forward and caught up to the retreating body that was formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune. The killing sword in his hand sliced forward, and a giant left arm flew into the air.

Second senior brother's mirth reverberated in the air. His peals of laughter were him venting out his frustrations at being suppressed over the years, and as he laughed, his voice traveled forth.

"Youngest junior brother, you're right! We will kill all those who harmed even a single plant on ninth summit!"

As second senior brother's words rang into the air, Su Ming took a step forward again and closed in on the retreating body of the Rune. He swung the bloody sword in his hand, and the right leg of the body formed by the Rune was separated from the body.

"Kill all those in the sect of the person who harmed even a single disciple of the ninth summit!"

Freezing air spread out from Su Ming's body. He took a step forward and jumped, lifting the killing sword in his hand. Killing intent erupted in his eyes, and he cut down swiftly at the body formed from the Great Leaf Immortal Sect's Rune.

His second senior brother laughed, and a large amount of green light flowed onto Su Ming's body, then gathered on the killing sword in his hand. This slash was no longer filled with by Su Ming's power alone, but also had power from his now weakened second senior brother.

At the instant they cut forward, the body that had lost its heads, left arm, and right leg swiftly lifted his right hand and placed the sword horizontally before itself to fend against the slash delivered by the killing sword of Su Ming and his second senior brother.

A bang shot into the air. Su Ming let out a cold harrumph and his second senior brother laughed when the killing sword clashed against the blood sword. At that instant, the blood sword shattered into pieces. The killing sword shot through its remnants and cut into the body made from the Rune, slicing into the center of its flesh. When the sword sliced through it, the body made from the Rune was cut into two.

A shrill scream of pain that only souls could hear came out from the body, and it exploded. An endless amount of vengeful souls inside cried out shrilly, then started falling back in all directions.

If anyone looked upwards from the ground, this scene would be like fog spreading out in their eyes, and within that fog was an endless amount of souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, but just as he was about to kill all of them, his second senior brother suddenly spoke up on his back.

"Youngest junior brother, don't kill them..."

As he spoke, his second senior brother jumped off and moved away from Su Ming's back. Then, he turned into a gigantic phantom that had two horns on his head. His body was approximately a hundred feet tall, and he was a giant that was covered head to toe in dark green.

Once the phantom appeared, second senior brother opened his mouth and sucked in a breath in the direction of the souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect that were falling back. With it, terror appeared within those souls' shrill screams, but all of them headed towards second senior brother, unable to control themselves. In the blink of an eye, they were all devoured by second senior brother.

When all of the souls from Great Leaf Immortal Sect were devoured, the size of second senior's body instantly increased by a fold. The nearly two hundred thousand feet phantom exuded a strange presence in midair as he slowly turned his head around to look at Su Ming.

Even if he looked ferocious at the moment and eerie black smoke was coming out of his body, making him look like a malicious spirit, when he looked at Su Ming, a smile appeared on his face.

It was second senior brother's smile. When he lifted his head and smiled, he let sunlight shine on the side of his face, and he looked as if this particular act was making him really comfortable.

"This place has suppressed me for years... and they even used my

body as a tool to help their disciples practice cultivation. They extracted my life without stop... That was an incredibly painful experience, and that is... no good." As second senior brother spoke, he lifted his right hand and looked at it. With a gentle smile on his lips, he slowly brought his hand downwards.

At that instant... a large amount of green rapidly filled the earth without sound, even if it had previously crumbled into pieces or even spotted huge pits in it. That green belonged to an endless amount of grass, flowers, and trees growing at a crazy speed on the ground.

In the blink of an eye, the ground that was once part of Great Leaf Immortal Sect became a forest that was filled with blooming flowers, green grass, and lush trees.

Everything within a circular area of ten thousand li had turned into forest.

Waves of refreshing air spread out. Second senior brother sucked in a deep breath and his body slowly shrank until he eventually turned back into the man who was as gentle as a flower. He was dressed in white and was standing in front of Su Ming as he smiled.

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother and at the smile from his memories. To him, it did not matter whether his second senior brother was a person or a phantom. He... was still his second senior brother.

"Second senior brother." A smile appeared on Su Ming's face. This was a smile that was completely unrestrained and came from the bottom of his heart, a smile that had not appeared on his face since a long time ago.

"Youngest junior brother, you've suffered during these years. I didn't manage to find Master here, but I was able to gather some clues. I think, for some unknown reason and with some unknown method, Master has... left the land of Berserkers," second senior brother said in a soft voice. His face was still slightly pale, a telling

sign that he could not rapidly recover from the harm done to him over the years by Great Leaf Immortal Sect.

"Right now, we're the only ones left. I've asked Hu Zi to stay in the ninth summit. Have you gone back?"

Su Ming nodded. Just as he was about to speak, he suddenly frowned and lifted his head to look at the sky, then narrowed his eyes slightly. A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes, and he also lifted his head.

At that moment, the sky looked as if it was void of clouds, but in truth, there was a cloud hiding up ahead. The beautiful woman munching on roasted seeds widened her eyes. She had seen the entire process of Su Ming fighting the two-headed ghost. After a moment, she patted her slightly filled chest and sighed deeply.

"I really suffered a huge loss this time..." The woman lifted her hand and grabbed the mutt's head.

The mutt winced in pain, but did not dare say much. It had heard of the woman's fearsome reputation when it was in the Emperor of Abyss' World. She was an existence that gave many living souls in the Emperor of Abyss' World a headache, and she was completely unreasonable.

It had suffered a lot during this trip, and even though this had nothing to do with anything, the mutt could still not escape her hands... As it winced, it glared at Qian Chen and the bald crane before it let out a growl, scaring the bald crane so much that it immediately put on a look of flattery. Qian Chen shuddered a little.

However, almost at the moment the bald crane put on that expression of flattery, the mutt bit down on the crane's body. When it saw the bird's expression changing to one of pain, it felt its emotions balancing out slightly.

Qian Chen shuddered even more violently. Terror appeared in his eyes. He just saw that beautiful woman terrorizing the mutt,

and that mutt then terrorizing the bald crane, and he was...

As it shuddered, the bald crane lifted its head and glared at Qian Chen, then lifted its wing and smacked him on the head, and because the mutt's bite was too painful, it smacked Qian Chen a few more times until he also showed pain on his face. Only then did it feel emotionally balanced.

Qian Chen put on a glum face and looked around him, but he could not find anyone that could become his target and let him vent his frustration, so he lowered his head and looked as if he was on the verge of crying.

As the crowd in the sky terrorized one after another, Su Ming's cold voice came up to them.

"You've been tagging behind me all along. For how long do you still intend to hide?"

Su Ming's voice fell into Qian Chen's ears, causing him to become so excited that he looked as if he had heard his own relative's voice. As for the bald crane, it moved its eyes about, though no one knew exactly what it was thinking.

The mutt rolled its eyes. Just as it was about to look over, the woman beside it stood up and placed her hands behind her back, which gave her an adorable air, but the surprise on her face showed that she had not expected that Su Ming would be able to notice her presence.

She coughed lightly, then with a beautiful, adorable, naive look that gave her an impression of a small white rabbit, she walked out of the cloud that had hid her in the sky.

Chapter 718: Marriage...

It was a sight difficult to forget, one where a beautiful woman placed her hands behind her back as she revealed her beautiful figure in the sky. With a red blush that made it seem that she was slightly shy, she walked down with light footsteps.

Her waist was incredibly slim, her light green long dress hiding away her slender figure. There were some light red stars sewn on her sleeves, as well as some auspicious clouds [1] that were embroidered with silver threads. Her sparkling eyes contained hints of bashfulness, as if they were the waters of spring. As they shone, the crystalline pearls hanging below the phoenix hairpin on her head swayed slightly.

The pearls were shining brilliantly under the sunlight, but they did not manage to cover up even a single bit of the woman's beauty. Instead, they became a foil to her, bringing her beauty out so that she seemed breathtaking. Anyone who saw her would be left shocked.

Her soft and supple face was like a beautiful flower, and when she walked, the wind blew her dark locks, causing her to lift up her right hand. Her fingers were long and white, and her action of lifting up her hair as well as that bashful gaze made her a sight that would move hearts if she frowned or smiled.

"I, Yu Xuan, greet big brother Su." The beautiful girl gradually approached the two people below, and when she was a hundred something feet away from Su Ming, she bent her body slightly. A light fragrance drifted through the air towards him. It was a scent that would enter straight into people's hearts once they smelled it.

There was a yellow mutt behind the woman, and it was running and skipping to follow behind her. When it stuck out its tongue, saliva fell down. Right behind that mutt was an excited Qian Chen. He looked as if he was on the verge of crying. Tears lingered in his

eyes as he looked at Su Ming.

There was also an old man that was actually the bald crane at the very end of the group, walking as if he was a creep. He was rubbing his hands, and even though there was not an ounce of dignity in him, he still put on a nonchalant and sage-like air. The visual impact that was caused by his expression and his manner of walking... was... something that a mortal could not understand.

This might be the first time Su Ming saw the old man, but the thick presence of a creep about him and the solemn expression on his face made it absolutely clear who it was. There was no one else in the entire land of Berserkers who could fuse these two complicated airs together and feel proud of it.

When Su Ming looked at the mutt, a barely discernible glint appeared in his eyes. He shifted his gaze back to the woman. He had to say that she was definitely the most beautiful of all the women he had seen. It did not matter whether it was her face, her temperament, or that bashful look on her face—no woman could compare to her.

Yet for some unknown reason, when Su Ming saw her, he felt as if there was a sharp needle hidden in her body. If anyone carelessly touched it, they would immediately be pierced, and that needle seemed to contain a poison that could kill.

While Su Ming looked at the woman, she, too, was sizing him up. At the moment their gazes met, the woman smiled shyly and lowered her head, casually avoiding Su Ming's gaze.

Su Ming's second senior brother let out a fake cough by his side. He lifted his head, instinctively moving the side of his face towards the sun, then seemed to think that this was slightly inappropriate and let out another fake cough and showed a gentle smile towards the woman.

"Little girl, when are you going to get married to my youngest junior brother?"

His words were spoken too suddenly and the meaning behind them was too unexpected. This manner of speech that did not follow any sort of logical conventions not only stunned Su Ming stunned but also made the woman who was pretending to be embarrassed widen her eyes. The shy look on her face disappeared instantly.

Even the mutt by the side forgot to retrieve its tongue after it opened its mouth. A large amount of saliva fell out...

The bald crane sucked in a breath and stared at Su Ming's second senior brother with a look as if he was looking at a senior and a veteran. As for Qian Chen, he was completely stunned.

Everything around them immediately fell silent at that moment. Only second senior brother continued smiling gently with a face that looked as if he was completely harmless. His act of having the sun shine on the side of his face and his occasional shift in posture caused the atmosphere to remain silent for some time.

"Second senior brother, I-I don't know her." Su Ming laughed wryly and instinctively pinched the center of his brows.

"Nonsense. If you didn't know her, how could she know your name? Youngest junior brother, when you left the ninth summit, Master had me, Hu Zi, and your eldest senior brother gather together to talk about this greatest event in your life. We discussed this for three days and nights, you know? And it was all about your marriage. Now, the heavens had opened their eyes. I didn't expect you to be so good, youngest junior brother. You actually have such a beautiful girl coming after you by her own accord.

"Ah, your second senior brother is such a pitiful person. I have such unparalleled beauty and talent, such attractive gracefulness, such... Err, that's used to describe a woman, isn't it?" second senior brother muttered, blinking a few extra times.

"Se-Second senior brother... I-I don't know him either..."

The beautiful woman stared at Su Ming's second senior brother with a wide-eyed look for some time before she quickly spoke up and even instinctively took a few steps back. She had a feeling that this second senior brother was simply too terrifying.

The fright he gave her was even worse than what the Emperor of Abyss had managed. That man had also asked someone to be a matchmaker, wanting her to marry third prince, but Su Ming's second senior brother had actually said these things right at their first meeting, and he even put on a look as if this was completely expected. The woman felt that she just could not grasp what he was thinking.

This manner of speech that did not follow any logical conventions made Su Ming laugh wryly and the woman instinctively back off, but the bald crane's eyes started shining at them. He was practically looking at Su Ming's second senior brother in an idolizing manner while he mumbled nonstop in his heart.

'I got it. Damn, so you can actually speak in this way? I've run into a veteran today. Looks like I'll have to learn how to speak this way in the future. This is a true veteran. This is what it means to be unfathomable. This is an even greater state of intimidating others.'

"So, you really don't know each other? Well, it doesn't matter. Now you know each other. Little girl, look at my youngest junior brother, isn't he of such unparalleled beauty and talent, such attractive gracefulness, such... Well, just look at how good he is. How about this? I'll take matters to hand today and bear witness to your marriage. From now on, you'll be his wife," second senior brother said gently. He might be talking a lot, but his words were not fast but neither were they slow. There was even a faint holy glint in his eyes.

"It's settled then. Little girl, your name is Yu Xuan, right? We won't be taking much of your dowry. As for that... you can just

give us that mutt of yours. It looks pretty good, seems like the sort that could guard a house. Also, if you have any other sisters, do remember to introduce them to me." Second senior brother looked at the mutt in a manner as if it was already a possession of his.

Once the mutt met eyes with Su Ming's second senior brother, it shuddered and quickly took a few steps back, then bared its teeth at him and started growling.

"Madam, why exactly have you been following me all this way?" Su Ming laughed wryly in his heart and simply allowed his second senior brother to continue trying to persuade him. He knew well that his second senior brother was definitely not someone who did things randomly. There had to be some reason as to why he was behaving this way. Perhaps he had seen something.

After all, the method the woman had used to hide herself was incredibly strange. Su Ming had not noticed her earlier on. Only during the wave of impact that had been stirred up by the body of the Rune had he noticed a slight abnormality in that region in the sky and sensed the faint presences of two familiar ripples of power.

Those ripples of power came from the bald crane and Qian Chen, and only then did he notice the whole party.

A thought bloomed in the woman's head once she heard Su Ming's words. Her bashful demeanor and the air of the rich had disappeared due to the continuous bombardment of words by second senior brother. At that moment, there was a mischievous air about her. Her huge sparkling eyes made it seem that another idea would appear in her head every single time she blinked.

While she still looked as incredibly beautiful as ever, she currently looked more like a little fox.

Su Ming frowned. The feeling as if there was a sharp needle hidden in her was becoming stronger, and her presence was incredibly strange. This was not an Immortal's cultivation, and neither was it a Berserkers' Qi. Instead, there was an aura in her

that was rather similar to the aura of death, but it was a different from it as well.

That ripple made Su Ming feel as if his soul was being drawn out, as if a small part of it was going to spread out and head towards the woman.

This strange matter caused Su Ming to become even more wary of her. He cast the woman a profound look and did not continue to ask her why she knew about him. Instead, he cast his gaze towards Qian Chen and the bald crane.

"Come back!" Su Ming let out a cold harrumph.

Qian Chen immediately grew excited. After a moment of hesitation, he quickly turned into a long arc and flew to Su Ming. He was teary-eyed and looked as if he was about to grab Su Ming's sleeve and bawl, a clear sign that the things he had suffered during the past few days had been incredibly tragic, and it was so tragic that it made a person who originally did not know how to fly learn how to do so...

When the bald crane saw Qian Chen leaving safely, he, too, quietly took a few steps forward before increasing his speed and charging towards Su Ming. When he arrived next to him, he let out a huge sigh of relief in his heart, and his face turned back into that smug and overbearing look once again.

"Let's go, second senior brother."

Su Ming looked at his second senior brother and slowly moved back. The feeling the woman gave him was simply too strange, and with his current level of cultivation, Su Ming could sense that there was an incredibly powerful might contained within that mutt.

At that moment, there were hundreds of long arcs charging towards them from the area behind Su Ming. They were Fated Kin that had been told to wait. Once they saw Great Leaf Immortal Sect

crumbling, they rushed over due to their worry for Su Ming.

"You... Hmph, what reason would I have to follow you? That's right, I've been following you all this while, but if it wasn't for me, then you would have died when you were fighting against Di Tian in the Dead Sea? You wouldn't have been able to leave so easily. If it wasn't for me, you would have died a long time ago." Some unknown thought rose in the woman's heart. As she looked at Su Ming, she spoke with a clear voice and with a tone tinged with anger. "You... You ungrateful bastard!"

When Su Ming heard those words, his gaze gained a focused edge.

"Haha, so that's how it is! And you were saying you don't know him? Miss Yu Xuan, I can tell now, you fell in love with my youngest junior brother a long time ago. The marriage is settled then for sure." Su Ming's second senior brother smiled faintly, then narrowed his eyes and looked towards the woman.

"I'll listen to you, second senior brother." Once the woman cast a glance at Su Ming, that embarrassed look appeared again on her face. She lowered her head and spoke softly, but she was mumbling smugly in her heart.

'Hmph, I suffered a huge loss when I sold Su Ming. I'll have to stay by his side. When those two old coots come here, I'll take a huge chunk out of their purses. There's no way I'll take any losses when I conduct my business.'

"Second senior brother..." Su Ming smiled wryly.

"Youngest junior brother, this woman is not bad. She's not bad at all." His second senior brother smiled. Once he looked at the mutt, he nodded towards Su Ming in a profound manner.

Translator's Notes:

1. Auspicious clouds: Represents heaven and good luck, since cloud (yun2) sounds almost the same as fortune (yun4) in Chinese.

Chapter 719: Origins Revealed

The final Immortal sect in Eastern Wastelands had turned into a puff of cloud and smoke and transformed into a lush forest. There was a gigantic pit in the forest, and it was as if it was the only thing that could be a slight testimony to Great Leaf Immortal Sect's destruction.

This had always been the place where spiritual aura was the most abundant in Eastern Wastelands. Even if it had turned into a forest now, the spiritual aura was still spreading out slowly and filling up the entire area, making it seem like the forest was surrounded by a haziness, giving it a dream-like air.

From then on, this would be the place where Fated Kin in Eastern Wastelands would live. As long as Fated Kin continued to grow and become stronger and Su Ming remained alive, they were destined to become an extraordinary existence among the Berserkers.

They would just be like the God of Shamans Temple among the Shamans. As members of the same race as Su Ming, Fated Kin would stand over the other tribes and Berserker clans for a long time. No one would dare to challenge their might because they were of them.

'From now on, there will no longer be any Great Yu. What will appear among the Berserkers would will be a land where Fated Kin are the heads. They will build their homes in other continents as well to maintain the land of Berserkers' operations.'

This was what Su Ming was thinking right then. Since Great Yu had been buried by time, then they should let it be gone forever. Fated Kin would replace the previous Great Yu among the Berserkers, allowing them to grow stronger as they gained new life.

Su Ming left. Fated Kin had followed him into the area that once belonged to Great Leaf Immortal Sect spread out through the

forest, and under Nan Gong Hen's lead, they started developing the place into the unique landscape that would be suitable to be their home.

Before long, this place would have two mountains. The mountain range would form a valley, and the valley would be modified to be able to gather the waves of Yin Death. They would have many Enchanted Vessels that would belong solely to their kin such as the gigantic bow, and a series of divine abilities and Arts, each of which would be stronger than the last.

A statue of Su Ming would be carved out as well. That statue would become the deity statue that Fated Kin would worship every day, and it would become the God of Berserkers' Statue in the land of Berserkers.

Su Ming left with his second senior brother, Qian Chen, the bald crane, a mutt that would occasionally drool... and a mischievous beautiful woman that loved smiling.

This was a strange group. Every single time Su Ming turned his head around, he would not be able to help but smile wryly. He was mostly alone over the years, so situations like this were rare to him.

The woman called Yu Xuan was sitting on the mutt, and it was running and leaping while drooling and reeling about in midair.

Su Ming could tell that the mutt should not be so... lively. It was acting this way because Yu Xuan's hands had seized the fur on its head. If she yanked the fur to the left, the mutt would run to the left, and if she yanked it to the right, it would immediately run to the right.

Along with the mutt's actions rang Yu Xuan's bell-like laughter. There was joy in her laughter, as if she was completely carefree... but to Su Ming, that was not a carefree laughter—it was one of ignorance.

The bald crane did not take the form of an old man this time, but had turned into a boy and was asking for lessons from second senior brother. The man and crane walked together, and the occasional peals of dark chuckles from the duo as well as the look of regret that they had not gotten to know each other sooner along with the congenial air made an incredibly thick presence that belonged to creeps coming together.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows and looked towards Qian Chen, who was constantly by his side and had practically never left him. Qian Chen had clearly been traumatized by all the bullying. He was scared of the bald crane, frightened by the mutt, and terrified of the woman.

This was his first meeting with Su Ming's second senior brother, but when he heard how he spoke to Yu Xuan and saw how the bald crane had acted as if it was regretting it had not met the man earlier, he instantly shuddered. His gaze when he looked at Su Ming's second senior brother instantly became different, which was why he decided to stay as far away as possible from him while showing respect. He had a feeling... that only Su Ming could be considered somewhat normal among this group of people.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows roughly until that spot turned red. He let out a long sigh in his heart and no longer paid any attention to the people around him. Instead, he turned into a long arc and left into the distance.

"Xiao Huang, follow him." Yu Xuan grinned as she cast a glance at Su Ming's back, then smugly lifted her chin. There was no longer any need for her to hide in the clouds to follow Su Ming. She could stay by his side openly, and even if she had promised to get married to him, she was completely unbothered by it.

'Heh heh, before those two old coots come here, I'll have to protect him, only then will I be able to get a good price. Oh well, I might suffer a little bit of loss because of it, but this Su Ming will have it easy. Once those two old coots come, I'll leave.

'And if this stupid boy really falls in love with me, then it'll be his misfortune... Ah, I'm just too exceptional, that's why people always fall in love with me. It's quite depressing.' The woman let out a pleased sigh and patted the mutt's head, hitting it until the mutt started bobbing its head up and down, but it did not dare become angry.

It was not afraid of Yu Xuan, but was afraid of her family. To it, every single person in her family was mad...

Yu Xuan was feeling incredibly smug in her heart, but as she sighed, she seized the mutt's head. The mutt winced in pain and looked as if it was about to cry. A complicated look that was made of feelings of having been wronged and nursing grievances appeared on its face. Then, as if it had accepted its fate, it lowered its head and chased after Su Ming.

Second senior brother had a gentle smile on his face as he patted the shoulder of the boy that was the bald crane. With the attitude of someone from the older generation, he praised the bald crane in an over the top fashion.

"Not bad, little baldy, your comprehensive abilities are very good. You managed to inherit these skills of mine. Learn it well and trust in yourself. Set a goal for yourself, and someday, you will become a pillar of support for someone else.

"Even if someone hits you, even if someone humiliates you, even if someone looks down on you, you must persevere and walk down your own path. This path is full of hardships, but I believe that you will be able to move down it even farther than I did."

The boy that was the bald crane had an incredibly excited look on his face. He hit his chest with all his strength and nodded vigorously.

"I got it. I have a goal, and that goal is to make that Dao Chen into my steed. Damn... If I make him my steed, just how majestic will I look like at that time?" The bald crane's eyes shone, and he grew

more excited with each word.

"Good luck. I believe you can do it." Su Ming's second senior brother's eyes sparkled. There was an encouragement within that smile, and he patted the shoulder of the boy that was the bald crane before he swept his gaze towards the mutt in the distance. An even more brilliant smile appeared on his lips.

Several days later, the sky above the spot where the Immortals descend in Eastern Wastelands was dark. Great Yu Imperial City was in the sky like a huge patch that covered it up.

There was wind blowing on the ground, and it stirred up waves of dust with sashaying sounds. On the land filled with cracks was a statue without a head. That statue held a gigantic battle axe in its hand, and there was an indescribable ferocious air all around it. The hearts of anyone normal would quiver upon coming close.

Su Ming stood beside the statue and was staring at it blankly. Right by his side was his second senior brother.

Qian Chen and the bald crane were in the distance. Qian Chen, who had his throat seized by the bald crane, had a glum face as he pleaded for mercy, but the bald crane was riding on his body excitedly, testing out the abilities of speaking out of logical convention, which he had learned from Su Ming's second senior brother over the past few days.

As for the mutt and Yu Xuan, they were flying happily in circles in midair... as if they did not know what dizziness meant.

Besides Hu Zi, all the disciples of the ninth summit had finally gathered together, but this gathering was filled with sorrow and silence.

Su Ming looked at his eldest senior brother's statue, and so did his second senior brother. Neither of them spoke, but they lifted their hands gradually and placed them on the statue at the same time. Time trickled by, and after some time, the statue let out a ray

of gray light. It started flowing all over the statue before splitting into two and charging towards Su Ming and his second senior brother's palms.

The two rays arrived within an instant and surged into their bodies. A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He noticed that there was a presence that could numb his flesh and blood in that gray light, and that presence could turn him into stone, but he did not lift his hand off the statue. Instead, he circulated his cultivation base to suppress that presence.

A dark light shone in second senior brother's eyes, and his skin gradually turned green. With a cold harrumph, he, too, started suppressing that presence.

After a moment, a powerful rebound came from the statue, forcing off both Su Ming and his second senior brother's hands off. The two brothers cast a glance at each other.

"Eldest senior brother's presence is still around."

"We can chase away the gray light in the statue slowly, but it'll take time."

A smile appeared on second senior brother's face. When he looked towards Su Ming, praise showed up in his eyes. He had noticed Su Ming's level of cultivation once again, and he was very pleased in his heart. He knew that his youngest senior brother had truly grown up.

"If eldest senior brother wakes up, he'll also agree to the marriage I arranged for you, youngest junior brother." Second senior brother cast Su Ming a glance and suddenly said these words softly. His voice was very faint, and only Su Ming could hear them. There were also waves of power spreading out from him, blocking off all divine senses from intruding into this place.

"Second senior brother, did you manage to see where she came from?" Su Ming hesitated for a moment before he looked towards

his second senior brother.

"The little girl is not a Berserker, and neither is she an Immortal. There's a presence within her that is similar to the aura of death, but it contains life force. This should originally be something that only puppets possess, but there is no way she is a puppet.

"I was quite uncertain about her identity at first, but when I saw that mutt, I was instantly clear about her origins!" Second senior brother did not lift his head to look at the woman and her mutt. He only spoke gently as he looked at eldest senior brother's statue.

"Master once said that his Master, which is our Grandmaster, had once told him that Immortals and Berserkers are located in a place called True Morning Dao World, but in this endless universe, there are four Great True Worlds." Second senior brother looked towards Su Ming.

"There is a world called the Emperor of Abyss' True World among the four Great True Worlds. The people in that world practice Abyss Arts. Their presence makes them feel as if they are alive but not, as if they are dead but not really. This description is very similar to what that girl exudes."

Chapter 720: Yu Xuan, Could You Give Me a Strand of Your Hair?

"Also, Master mentioned that our Grandmaster has killed a World Traversing Abyss Dragon and took three of its Origin Scales to create a treasure. He gave one of them to Master later... but Master gave it to me and I fused it with my phantom self. Only then was I able to stabilize my form.

"I refined that scale into part of my body a long time ago, that's why I could sense something different about that mutt. It's... not a mutt, but an Abyss Dragon, and it's not just any ordinary Abyss Dragon. It's even stronger than the master of the scale that is now a part of me," second senior brother said slowly. When Su Ming heard these words, he looked as calm as ever, but a thought appeared in his heart.

"Abyss Dragons are also known as World Traversing Spirits. These dragons are incredibly rare, and they are one of the rare ferocious beasts that can move through the barriers between the four Great True Worlds. If you can subdue this creature and make it your own, then it will be incredibly helpful to us when we want to leave Yin Death Region. With it, the possibility of us leaving this place will be higher. Only when we leave the world of Berserkers... can we search for our Master."

Su Ming fell silent. After some time, he nodded.

"Besides, this little girl is not bad at all. She's quite suited for you," second senior brother said with a smile and a wink.

Su Ming shook his head. He did not speak.

His second senior brother regarded what that woman brought with her with great importance. It was an ability that could leave Yin Death Region and could even move through the four Great True Worlds, something that only World Traversing Spirits

possessed. This ability was incredibly important to Su Ming himself and his senior brothers. It could allow them take their first step towards finding their Master.

But there was not just one method to leave this place. Nonetheless, since this was a decision made by second senior brother, Su Ming did not refuse him.

Besides, this was a relationship where both parties were mutually exploiting each other. In fact, it could even be said that one party was exploiting quite a lot from the other, and that was indeed the case. Su Ming believed that the woman had her own reasons to follow and even help him, like she had done in the Dead Sea.

Su Ming had a few guesses as to why she did that, but he could not verify any of them.

"She must be seeking her personal interests by following you. If that's the case, then we should conspire against her a little. Only by doing so will we be able to reach a balance and you won't suffer losses. Don't worry, youngest junior brother, I'll help you handle this. I can guess what this lass is thinking about, somewhat." Second senior brother gave Su Ming a gentle smile and winked at him.

"Let's go. We'll take eldest senior brother with us... and return to ninth summit!" Second senior brother waved his arm, and a layer of black fog immediately spread out from his body to envelope eldest senior brother's statue. Then, it swept it up to his sleeve.

There were no longer any Immortals in Eastern Wastelands. All the tribes were assembling their strength, and they would need some time to gather together the large amount of their tribe members that had gone to the other continents. They also needed to build an innumerable amount of ships that could cross the Dead Sea. This, too, needed time.

Based on Su Ming's promise to Chi Lei Tian, Xue Sha, and the others, they would need to make preparations as soon as possible,

and once they were done, they were to immediately send word to Su Ming.

"The ninth summit..." Su Ming lifted his head and looked into the distance. His eyes revealed his thoughts.

"Second senior brother, I... saw Zi Yan a few days ago," Su Ming said softly.

"Is she well?" His second senior brother was momentarily stunned. Some time later, when he asked that question, the gentle smile was still on his lips, but there was a nostalgic look on his face.

"She's already married." Su Ming hesitated for a moment, but in the end, he still chose to say it.

His second senior brother closed his eyes. A long time passed, and when he reopened them, not a single hint of difference could be seen on his face, but Su Ming could sense that his second senior brother was feeling a little melancholic.

"Then let's go see her."

Second senior brother lifted his head and let sunlight shine on the side of his face. His eyes might have seemed calm at that moment, but only he knew that the picture of a petite and pretty woman glaring and standing on the ninth summit with her hands on her hips had appeared in his head.

Su Ming nodded quietly and slowly rose into the air, then turned into a long arc. His second senior brother followed behind him quietly. The mutt and Yu Xuan that were still sauntering about in the sky as if they did not know fatigue followed them... as well as the bald crane that was riding Qian Chen. All of them flew into the distance.

Yu Xuan was sizing up Su Ming all along the way. Her gaze would also occasionally land on his second senior brother. Gradually, she saw something off about them and instantly became curious. She

grabbed the mutt's fur, and it dashed a few steps ahead to catch up to Su Ming and stand beside him.

"Hey, little dummy Su, what's up with your second senior brother?" Yu Xuan asked, looking quite curious.

Su Ming frowned and did not bother with her.

"Little dummy Su!" Yu Xuan shouted at him again.

"Little dummy Su, big dummy Su, old dummy Su... I'm your betrothed. I'm not even married to you yet, and you're already ignoring me?! I'm breaking off this engagement!" Yu Xuan said loudly as she lifted her chin.

"Are you done?" Su Ming frowned and cast a glance at Yu Xuan.

When she saw that he was being so cold and indifferent, she let out a cold harrumph. She lifted her right hand and a jade bottle appeared on her palm. She poured out some medicinal cores that were exuding a thick medicinal fragrance, then threw one of them into her mouth and crunched on it.

The medicinal fragrance from it immediately made the mutt lick its lips. Even the bald crane riding on Qian Chen and following behind them widened its eyes instantaneously. It quickly moved a little closer and sucked in a breath of that medicinal fragrance, and its eyes instantly started shining.

'It's a supreme spirit core. That's definitely a supreme spirit core!'

"Abyss Control Core. It has incredibly good effects towards spiritual bodies and those who practice the cultivation methods that use Abyss Death Aura. If you are injured, you can heal your injuries with it, and if you're not injured, you can increase your power with it. Even if you eat a lot of it and there are no longer any obvious effects, it can still be used as a beauty product." Yu Xuan poured out another one of those cores and cast Su Ming a glance before she placed it in her mouth and crushed it.

Su Ming cast that medicinal core a glance, but before he could

Speak, his second senior brother immediately took a few steps forward from behind him and put on a gentle smile.

"Sister-in-law, my youngest junior brother is slow to the uptake. Don't bother with him. How about this? I'll answer your question. One question for five medicinal cores," he said with a smile.

"I want him to answer. Ten questions for one medicinal core." Yu Xuan narrowed her eyes, turning them into the shape of crescent moons. She was incredibly beautiful to begin with, and this expression made it seem as if her beauty had blossomed like a flower, making her even more attractive.

"My youngest junior brother refuses to speak, though. This is a little difficult. Two questions, nineteen medicinal cores," second senior brother stated at a moderate pace.

"He has to listen to me talk during our journey. Three questions, two medicinal cores," Yu Xuan said.

"That won't do. My youngest junior brother definitely won't agree to this. We'll have to talk about this..." Second senior brother shook his head, and they continued discussing the number of medicinal cores for the number of questions.

Su Ming rubbed the center of his brows again and looked towards the sky before he cast a glance at his second senior brother and Yu Xuan. Then, he let out a long sigh.

After a moment, his second senior brother and Yu Xuan reached a consensus. As for the number of medicinal cores that were negotiated, Su Ming did not know. He only knew that he would no longer have any peace during this journey...

"Little dummy Su!"

"You're not answering me, so I'm reducing one medicinal core."

"Big dummy Su?"

"Still not answering? Fine, I'll reduce another medicinal core."

"Old dummy Su!"

Su Ming turned around and glared at Yu Xuan coldly before letting out a harrumph. Yu Xuan instantly beamed and twirled a lock of her hair smugly.

"Oh, so you like being called old dummy Su, huh?"

Su Ming's second senior brother let out a few fake coughs and quickly took a few steps back to stand beside Qian Chen and the bald crane. As he watched Yu Xuan bothering Su Ming, he sighed and swallowed one of the medicinal cores.

"Youngest junior brother, if your senior brother Hu Zi was in your place and he was being bothered by such an adorable girl, he would be really happy." When Su Ming's second senior brother spoke, he brought out another medicinal core and placed it in his mouth.

The bald crane watched by the side with eager eyes and continued licking its lips. It was even drooling, and it caused an incredible amount of distress for Qian Chen, who was its steed. He continued sighing and groaning with a face full of despair.

'Damn this crane. I swear that once my power is restored when I leave the world of Berserkers, I'll definitely make this damn crane pay!' With a glum face, Qian Chen made this exact same oath that he had sworn for the umpteenth time during this journey.

In this manner, this group of people gradually flew out of Eastern Wastelands and moved into the Dead Sea. The numerous islands of South Morning were located not too far away from them.

"Little dummy Su, that big fish in the sea is really pretty, catch one for me."

"Little Su, why don't you call me big sister? Come on, hurry up, call me big sister... Hmph. Second senior brother, I'll give you three more medicinal cores. Just call me big sister once and I'll give you three medicinal cores, you know? It's a really good deal."

"Little Su Su, that Dead Sea Giant just glared at me. Go hit it."

"Dumb dumb Su Su, that sunlight is too vicious, hold an umbrella for me..."

Su Ming almost had a mental breakdown during the journey. That Yu Xuan chattered nonstop, and she had placed all her attention on Su Ming. She had even reduced the amount of time she bullied the mutt by a huge margin, making the mutt incredibly happy. It was only too eager for the woman to continue ignoring him, which was why it did not even stretch out its tongue during the journey or make a single sound, worried that Yu Xuan would remember its existence.

Second senior brother cast a pitying glance at Su Ming and swallowed a few more medicinal cores. His weakness had been cured by a large margin as he continued using these medicinal cores as supplements. As he watched Su Ming being tormented this way, he sighed.

"Youngest junior brother, I suddenly realized that this girl... seems to not be too suited to you..." Second senior brother had uttered these words when Yu Xuan immediately threw two medicinal bottles towards him. Once second senior brother caught them, the smile on his face instantly grew resplendent.

"No, no, you're very suited for each other, youngest junior brother. The two of you are a match made in heaven. You have to work hard and give birth to a few babies."

The bald crane looked at Su Ming with an incredibly pitying glance. Qian Chen did the same. Compared to what Su Ming had to endure, his suffering was really nothing.

When they were not too far away from the island where Zi Yan was, Su Ming finally snapped, no longer able to endure the torment. He sucked in a deep breath and suddenly looked towards Yu Xuan. His expression was not dark, though. There was a gentle smile that was similar to his second senior brother's on his lips. He

had always had extraordinary looks, and coupled with his presence of Life Cultivation, he had a strange charm.

While this charm might be somewhat effective against other people, to Yu Xuan, due to the Abyss' presence within Su Ming's body that was from the same source as hers and was even purer than hers, it was a feeling of a sort of natural cordiality towards him. When he looked towards, she was stunned.

"Yu Xuan, could you give me a strand of your hair?" Su Ming asked softly and walked towards the stunned Yu Xuan. Once he was at her side, he lifted his right hand and stroked her hair gently.

Chapter 721: Arriving in Southern Swamp Once More

Yu Xuan was stunned. She had never seen Su Ming put on such a gentle expression throughout the whole journey, and neither had she ever heard him use such a gentle voice. All of this happened too suddenly, and there was an indefinable strangeness to it. This caused Yu Xuan to suddenly remember something.

But before she managed to retreat, Su Ming had already arrived next to her at the brief instant she was stunned and lifted his right hand to naturally place it on her dark locks.

All of this might seem to have happened over a long period of time, but in truth, it had happened instantaneously. Yu Xuan's expression changed swiftly, but by the time she moved back, Su Ming had already taken a dark strand of hair from her head.

With a flip of his right hand, that hair immediately disappeared from his palm.

"Since you've been following me all this while, then you must surely know what will happen if I am in control of someone's hair!" The gentle look on Su Ming's face disappeared, and the gentle tone in his voice also turned icy cold. His whole demeanor returned to how it was previously.

Qian Chen saw all of this as he stood at the back, and a shudder ran through his body. He remembered the days of misfortune that had fallen on his head when he was still in Evil Spirit Mountain, and when he looked at Su Ming, fear appeared in his eyes. He suddenly realized that even Su Ming was abnormal. Each person around him was more evil than the next.

How evil must a person be to be able to turn a strand of hair into a small humanoid so that he could curse whoever that hair belongs to. Qian Chen imagined Su Ming crouching in a corner and

chuckling darkly while turning that strand of hair into a person so that he could lay a Curse. His body trembled even more viciously.

The bald crane widened its eyes and looked at Yu Xuan with a bewildered gaze. It saw that her expression had changed, but it could not wrap its head around it, thinking that it was just a strand of hair and would be able to do nothing.

Su Ming's second senior brother was momentarily stunned as well, but based on the changes in Yu Xuan's expression, he could tell that Yu Xuan was feeling incredibly terrible at that moment, and he could not help but smile.

Even the mutt looked as if it had seen a ghost once it saw Su Ming taking one of Yu Xuan's hair. It quickly moved back slightly. It had seen Su Ming use this method multiple times to lay a Curse, and while it might not know the origins of this Art, memories towards the terrors of that Art were fresh in its mind.

After all, Su Ming had disappeared after his battle against Di Tian in the Dead Sea. When Yu Xuan found Su Ming again, he was already in Evil Spirit Sect, and no one knew about the things regarding Ugly Little Thing and her family.

Yu Xuan glared at Su Ming. She had always been intelligent and had always been the one who had the upper hand. She was rarely the one who would be deceived and suffer losses. Even when it came to Su Ming's second senior brother, they were both mutually exploiting each other.

She could naturally tell that second senior brother had been able to find some clues from her or the mutt, but she had used this to follow Su Ming in plain sight. In fact, all of this was more of a fun pastime for her, and there was absolutely no need for her to use too much of her head.

The act of using medicinal cores in exchange for asking questions had seemed like a joke, but in truth, she had wanted to do so. The injuries Su Ming's second senior brother had sustained might not

seem to be consequential, but in truth, his foundation had been injured. If he did not heal it as soon as possible, it would have a huge effect.

But that second senior brother refused to say a single word about it, and that little dummy Su was a real idiot, because he had been unable to see it. When second senior brother had circulated his cultivation base before that statue in an attempt to awaken it, this had worsened his injuries even more

That was why she used this method to tease Su Ming and help his second senior brother to heal. In her eyes, she was the one helping Su Ming, and besides, she had been very happy all along the way. After all, she could tell that second senior brother did not harbor any ill intentions towards her. This matter about them mutually exploiting each other would naturally depend on their individual skills.

As for Su Ming, Yu Xuan had only thought that he had quite the potential, and his status as an Abyss Builder could net her a good price. She had not paid much attention to his intelligence, and that matter about marriage was also treated as a joke.

Yet at this moment, she was glaring at Su Ming, becoming serious for the first time. The reason for it was because she had just suffered a very huge loss due to him.

This was something that she had not expected. If she had been schemed against in this manner by second senior brother, she would not have felt so indignant. After all, it was difficult to predict just how he would act with how unpredictable he was.

But... but she was manipulated this way by Su Ming, and this made her very angry.

She glared at Su Ming, and he looked at her flatly. Their gazes met, and there seemed to be sparks flying in the air, but those sparks were not due to the birth of any sort of feelings... It was due to two opponents standing off against each other.

After some time, Yu Xuan let out a harrumph and turned her head around to ignore Su Ming. As she sat on the mutt, she started tugging at the fur at the top of its head, ignoring the mutt's grievances and its helpless anger. Her beautiful eyes sparkled, and no one could know just how many ideas to punish Su Ming had fled through her mind.

Su Ming was indifferent, completely unbothered by how many schemes she would come up with. At the very least, he had obtained the peace and quiet that had been absent from his life for a long time now. The voice that almost brought him to a mental breakdown was no longer around, and in the midst of this quiet, the group turned into several long arcs that charged towards the island where Zi Yan was.

A rarely seen quiet filled the air within the group. Su Ming's second senior brother still had the gentle smile on his face while his thoughts remained hidden from others. The mutt looked as if it was suffering more with each passing moment and was wincing in pain, because the woman had a steely expression on her face as she continued wrestling with the fur on its head.

The bald crane blinked and immediately did not dare to even breathe loudly. It had a feeling that a violent storm was about to arrive and knew that it should not make itself known at that moment, or else it would be all too easy to get dragged into the mess.

Qian Chen behaved in the same way. He lowered his head and acted his part of the bald crane's stead, afraid that he would get dragged into the mess.

The group was not too far away from the islands around South Morning to begin with, so as they charged forward in silence, an island appeared before long at the surface of the Dead Sea.

The island looked barren, and there was nothing unusual about it, but when Su Ming approached it and lifted his right hand to

form a seal before striking his palm forward in the direction, the island remained the same for the span of ten breaths before a layer of blue light surrounded it. That screen of light was faintly blue in the beginning, but it instantly turned dark blue, and long tunnels appeared on its surface.

Fang Cang Lan, who looked a somewhat delicate while dressed in white, walked forth with light footsteps. She did not look at anyone else besides Su Ming. As she watched him, a gentle smile appeared on her face.

An ethereal air spread out from Fang Cang Lan's body, acting as a background against the dark blue screen of light around her. It made her dream-like beauty increase even more.

There were a dozen something people behind her. All of them were residents of the island, and they knew Su Ming. At that moment, they wrapped their fists in their palms and bowed towards him with respectful expressions.

Among them was Zi Yan... and Ya Mu. Zi Yan, who was dressed in the manner of a married woman, was about to bow with the crowd, but at that moment, her body suddenly started trembling viciously. She looked at the man standing beside Su Ming, the gentle man who had a slightly pale face but was still wearing a faint smile that was so familiar to her.

At the instant she saw him, all the people in her vision disappeared, and the only one left was the man who was as gentle as a flower and who had sunlight shining on the side of his face.

It was a scene from her memories. It was a memory that was buried deep within the recesses of her mind. He was the man who had blocked off her path when she was heading to the ninth summit, the man who had kept his side profile directed to the sun and who believed that his actions were very elegant.

It was... a beautiful moment that existed in the past. Perhaps it could be considered not just a beautiful moment but a budding

romance, yet it... existed in the past.

Ya Mu was silent. He noticed Zi Yan's strange behavior and could tell that the reason for her behavior was the man beside Su Ming, and anguish rose in Ya Mu's heart. He gradually lowered his head and slowly took a few steps back, making it so that he was behind Zi Yan instead of standing by her side.

'Zi Yan, as long as you're happy, I can give up everything for you. I know that you don't like me. I know that...' Ya Mu lowered his head and chose to give up.

Among the crowd was Zong Ze, who had clearly entered old age and whose body was exuding a thick bleak air. He looked like an ordinary old man, and with a pretty woman supporting him, he looked at Su Ming with a smile.

Su Ming knew that woman who was supporting him. She was... Autumn Sea Tribe's Sacred Lady - Wan Qiu. She must have reached Southern Swamp Island after Su Ming left all those years ago and reunited with Zong Ze.

Southern Swamp Island was flourishing behind the dark blue screen of light. The layer of green that covered the land, the city moat that was of quite the sizable scale, the buildings on the mountains all around the place, and everything else had turned this place into a paradise.

The fragrance of grass and flowers filled the area within the screen of light, and that scent had the power to creep into one's heart and stay there. Su Ming stood on a cliff and looked into the distance. He could see the blue sky and white clouds from where he stood, and they were real.

The sky above South Morning had originally been filled with thick clouds, but the fight between Su Ming and the Immortals at the place where they descend had stirred up the power of the world, allowing even the sky of South Morning to return to its original color.

The seawater struck the reefs underneath and stirred up splashes from waves as well as black bubbles. Fang Cang Lan stood beside Su Ming. She had become even more quiet than before, and there was an air of gracefulness and restraint in her gentle demeanor.

She was smoothing out the wrinkles in Su Ming's clothes by his side. The elegance of her face allowed others to sense her gentleness in the midst of all that peace and quiet.

Wan Qiu stood in the distance and watched this scene without a word.

If anyone cast their gaze about, they would be able to see two other people standing on another mountain not too far away from Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan. Those two were... second senior brother and Zi Yan.

Yu Xuan was also glaring furiously at the spot where Su Ming was from another mountain, but her gaze found itself on Fang Cang Lan more often than not.

The mutt lay by the side and looked at Yu Xuan, then at Su Ming in the distance, and eventually at Fang Cang Lan. It suddenly shuddered. It could sense a chilling air spreading out from Yu Xuan, and when it cast a sideways glance at her, it saw an expression similar to those Abyss Dragon Consorts wore when they were sizing each other up.

Chapter 722: Second Senior Brother and Zi Yan

The smell of the sea was contained within the breeze, and it rose up when the waves struck the reefs. The smell fused with the fragrance of the grass and turned into a smell that was unique to areas near seas. Those familiar to it would love it, but those who were unfamiliar would find the smell a little difficult to bear.

Fang Cang Lan was clearly already used to the smell. She stood beside Su Ming, and once she smoothed out his clothes, she looked at the horizon and remained quietly by his side, not saying a single word.

She knew that Su Ming loved silence.

After a long time, he said slowly, "After this, I'll head to the Alliance of the Western Region."

"Mm." Fang Cang Lan nodded with a soft hum.

Su Ming turned his head around and looked at her. This woman was not as beautiful as Yu Xuan, but her quiet demeanor was comforting to other. This was something Yu Xuan did not have.

"Are you coming back?" Fang Cang Lan's eyelashes fluttered lightly and she looked at Su Ming as well.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment before he said calmly, "Perhaps I will, perhaps I won't."

"It doesn't matter whether you choose to come back or not, I will always be here. If a day comes when you are tired, you can come here and take a rest. If I am no longer here when that day comes, my soul will still be here to keep you company," Fang Cang Lan said softly. There was a determined quality in her voice, along with a carefree air.

Her determination came from her existence in this place, and her

carefree attitude came from her rejecting Su Ming's companionship when he had offered it to her not out of love.

Su Ming did not speak, but instead looked at the world in the distance.

But this silence that existed between him and Fang Cang Lan... was broken by a bark that sounded like a dragon's roar after a moment.

The mutt came running over with an expression of resignation and suffering as it cried out towards the sky. By its side was Yu Xuan, who had her hands behind her back. She walked with a smile on her face and would occasionally kick the mutt, causing it to cry even louder.

When Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan turned their heads to look, Yu Xuan stuck out her tongue and put on an embarrassed look.

"Ah... what's wrong with this mutt? It keeps barking and won't listen to me. It didn't interrupt the two of you, did it?" Yu Xuan blinked and looked towards Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan. As she spoke, she kicked the mutt again.

Su Ming frowned. Fang Cang Lan smiled gently by his side and looked at the woman, then asked softly, "Who might you be?"

"Hello, senior, I am Yu Xuan. I'm-I'm Su Ming's betrothed." A shy look appeared on Yu Xuan's face.

Fang Cang Lan was momentarily stunned. Then, with her smile unchanged in the slightest, she looked towards Su Ming.

"Second senior brother was the one who arranged our marriage. I'll be married to him in a few days' time. Please come to the wedding feast at that time. I've heard my husband-to-be mention you before, and now that I've met you..."

There was a shy look on Yu Xuan's face, along with an air of naivety as she spoke softly, but before she could even finish speaking, Su Ming took out the strand of her hair. The words then

died in her throat.

Fang Cang Lan smiled softly and sized up Yu Xuan. She then took a few steps forward to hold Su Ming's arm. She turned her head sideways to look at Yu Xuan again, and at that moment, her smile was akin to a blooming flower.

"Then congratulations, little sister Yu Xuan. I'll definitely attend the wedding feast later, but I'd like to talk about some private matters with your betrothed right now. Could you step aside?"

Su Ming smiled wryly. This was the first time he saw this sort of expression on Fang Cang Lan's face. She might be smiling, but there was a sharp edge to her smile.

As Yu Xuan and Fang Cang Lan faced off verbally, leaving Su Ming by the side smiling wryly, Zi Yan held back her tears as she smiled and looked at second senior brother on the other mountain.

Part of his face was turned so the sunlight would shine on it. He looked at Zi Yan, and gradually smiled at her as well.

However, their smiles were laced with a hint of melancholy and an indescribable nostalgia. They were like two good friends who had not met each other for years and had buried away the beautiful moments of their past. When they met again, they were strangers who were not really strangers.

Zi Yan smiled and asked softly, "Did you really like me when you were still at the ninth summit?"

"I did indeed like you... but you avoided me like the plague, and I didn't even have the chance to confess to you." Second senior brother let out a dry cough and changed his position, letting the sun shine on the other side of his face.

When Zi Yan saw second senior brother behaving this way, she covered her mouth and chuckled. She sounded really happy, as if she had returned to the past.

"Honestly, I've always wanted to tell you... that when you let

sunlight shine on your face like this... you look really horrid," Zi Yan said as she laughed while covering her face.

Second senior brother touched his face and changed an angle before he turned his head sideways to look at her.

"How about now?"

"Still as horrid as ever."

"How about now?"

"Still horrid."

"But I saw youngest junior brother behaving this way last time." Second senior brother changed a few more angles before he eventually sighed.

"Honestly, when you smile, that gentle expression of yours and that tender gaze make you much better looking than anything you did now," Zi Yan teased second senior brother as she laughed.

She had changed. She had become different, and was no longer the girl from all those years ago. There was a mature gracefulness to her, and even her words had become much more magnanimous than in the past.

As second senior brother he looked at the happy Zi Yan, he was dazed for a moment. The image of the girl from the ninth summit and the current Zi Yan gradually overlapped with each other before slowly separating. There were similarities between them, but there were also certain aspects that were very different.

Zi Yan gradually lowered her head under his gaze. No matter how brilliant her smile was, it was still a way to hide the emotions in her heart. She did not want anyone to see how fragile her heart was, especially second senior brother.

He fell silent, and it was something that rarely happened to him. With his personality, it was rare for him to be silent, but at that moment, as he looked at Zi Yan, for some unknown reason, he felt

a sharp stab of pain in his heart and fell silent.

How could he not see that Zi Yan was trying to cover up the air of seasons having passed that was all over her? How could he not see the fatigue that came from the bottom of her heart? In silence, he walked towards her slowly.

Zi Yan bit her bottom lip and looked at the man who was like a flower walking towards her. When he stood so close to her that she could even smell the scent of grass on him, she lowered her head.

She did not see Ya Mu sitting on a stone in a place far away from them. He was looking at her blankly, and there was deep anguish on his face.

"Come with me." Second senior brother stretched out his hand and lifted Zi Yan's chin, then gently kissed her forehead.

A dazed look appeared on Zi Yan's face as she looked at him. After a long moment, she lifted her hand and gently caressed his face before shaking her head and taking a few steps back.

Second senior brother fell silent and looked at Zi Yan moving backwards, then sighed. The gentle smile appeared on his face again.

"Then I wish that you will be happy." Once he finished speaking, he lifted his head and cast his gaze towards Ya Mu, who was sitting on a rock in the distance. After giving him a profound look, he turned around and left the mountain.

Once second senior brother left, Zi Yan looked as if she had lost all her strength and took a few staggering steps backwards. Tears fell from the corners of her eyes. During that instant just now, she had wanted to agree to him... but she could not.

Zi Yan knew that what they'd had was all in the past. All of the things that transpired could only be said to be fate toying with them.

There had only been some fondness between the two of them,

and that fondness had all been from second senior brother. As for her... after the things she went through during the change in South Morning, her memory of second senior brother had become incredibly clear as she went through all the vicissitudes of life, but that was only because of recollection.

Due to her helplessness in reality, as she remembered the past, she regretted, but that... was not love.

She could not lie to herself and certainly not to second senior brother.

As she cried, a person she was familiar with appeared by her side. It was Ya Mu, who had taken care of her without complaint over these years and yielded to her wishes. He was Ya Mu, who gave and kept on giving quietly without asking for anything in return.

"Ya Mu... let's go home." Zi Yan wiped away her tears and look towards Ya Mu. She looked at his gentle gaze, and it was... so incredibly similar to that of second senior brother.

The group did not stay long in Southern Swamp Island. The next morning, Su Ming left with everyone following him. As they left into the distance, Fang Cang Lan stood on the island quietly and watched Su Ming's body disappear, just like she had done in the past. She did not know when would be the next time she would meet him and did not know whether... she would still be alive at that time.

She knew that she was in Su Ming's heart, but that was all. It was not love. There seemed to be some sort of barrier she could not describe between the two of them. There seemed to always be a ravine between them, and it was invisible... as if it was life and death itself.

"He's a heartless person."

A calm voice came from beside Fang Cang Lan. It was Wan Qiu who had spoken as she moved to stand beside Fang Cang Lan, and

she, too, looked at Su Ming leaving into the distance.

"Even he doesn't know that he is a heartless person... There is no woman in the world who can truly walk into his heart... unless she is a dead person," Wan Qiu stated lightly.

"Perhaps one day he'll understand, and only when he understands would he perhaps be able to accommodate love in his heart." Wan Qiu's voice became lighter with each word, and in the end, she was speaking in a volume at which only she could hear.

"You're wrong." Fang Cang Lan shook her head. "He's not a heartless person. He's simply burdened with too many things, and these things are suppressing him so much that he can't accommodate anything else in his heart, because his heart has always been in a state of confusion."

Zi Yan and Ya Mu stood together and watched Su Ming leave with his group in the sky. There was a silent man standing behind them. It was Zi Che. He had regained his senses during the years he was in the Candle Dragon's body. Su Ming had promised Zi Yan before that he would help search for Zi Che, and now, Su Ming had fulfilled his promise when he returned to the island.

Zi Che wanted to continue following Su Ming, but when he saw his sister, he chose to stay.

Yu Xuan sat on the mutt and remained by Su Ming's side in the sky. She would occasionally look at him, and she would feel slightly pleased with herself in her heart. Due to her interference, Su Ming and Fang Cang Lan had no longer had any time alone. Yu Xuan had thought about everything that she could do and changed her methods to continue following Su Ming during that day in the island.

Second senior brother returned to his usual gentle self. There was no hint of melancholia or unhappiness about him, but he knew that his third change of heart had started during this trip, and this change of heart was due to a woman and the fondness he

held for her in the past.

'She doesn't like me, and neither does she like the man beside her now. She likes... a gentle gaze. She likes it because it can give her warmth.' Second senior brother sighed softly.

As the group flew, they moved through the Dead Sea and arrived at the island where Freezing Sky Clan was located. Gradually, Su Ming and his second senior brother saw a mountain in the sea in their field of vision. They saw a tall figure standing on the mountain, and it was... Hu Zi.

Chapter 723: Whose Is It?

The ninth summit was surrounded by the light from the setting sun that was reflected off the surface of the sea, giving it a dazzling feeling. Once Su Ming and his second senior brother saw the tall person standing on the mountain, they gradually stopped charging forward and stopped in midair. There were thousands of feet away between them and the ninth summit.

The figure in the distance was so incredibly familiar to them. It was Hu Zi!

Hu Zi, with his thick, powerful back and shoulders as well as his sturdy body was looking at Su Ming and his second senior brother from the mountain. It was as if he had been standing there since a long time ago, waiting all this while, believing that one day Su Ming would return, second senior brother would come home, eldest senior brother's body would appear before him... and their Master, Tian Xie Zi who loved changing his clothes, would come back to the ninth summit.

"Second senior brother!" Hu Zi's voice came in loud buzzing tones. As his voice reverberated in the air, he took a step into the air and charged towards Su Ming and his second senior brother like a fierce tiger.

As he took huge strides forward, he closed those thousands of feet within an instant. When a huge gust of wind crashed into everyone's faces, a gentle smile appeared on second senior brother's face, and he went up to hug Hu Zi.

Hu Zi's expression was filled with excitement. He hugged second senior brother tightly with slightly red eyes. The faint traces of tears were from joy that one felt after seeing family members that they had not seen for years.

"Second senior brother, how could you come back only now..?" Hu Zi wept, and just like when he first reunited with Su Ming, he

started bawling. His cries spread through the entire area, causing all the other people who were staying on the ninth summit to quickly walk out. They then saw Su Ming and the group in the sky.

Bai Su was also in the crowd. She looked at Su Ming, and a smile appeared on her face. Dressed in a purple gauze dress, she stood on the mountain with her black locks flying in the breeze.

However, very soon, her gaze fell on the woman who was sizing up the crowd with a smile on her face while riding on a yellow mutt behind Su Ming. The two's eyes met at that moment.

The woman pursed her lips and smiled before nodding towards Bai Su as a sign that she had seen her. Bai Su could not really tell just what was the woman's relationship with Su Ming, so she only smiled and nodded as well.

She could not tell what the woman was thinking about, and hence did not know that Yu Xuan was sighing in her heart. Yu Xuan cast a sideways glance towards Su Ming. She suddenly felt that there seemed to always be women one way or another involved with the little dummy Su. This was one such woman when they were in Southern Swamp Island, and now there was another in the ninth summit.

Based on the expression of the woman in the purple dress standing on the ninth summit, Yu Xuan could already tell that she had a complicated relationship with Su Ming.

She did not know what had happened to her. Ever since Su Ming's second senior brother had set up that marriage that was more of a joke than anything, her heart would feel a little uncomfortable every time she saw another woman appear beside Su Ming.

However, she did not choose to take the initiative as she did in Southern Swamp Island. Instead, as she looked into Bai Su's eyes, not only did she smile, she also lifted her hand and tugged the hair that had been blown before her eyes. That action was filled with

feminine beauty, and it served to make her beautiful face stand out, immediately making her beauty become even more eye-catching.

Hu Zi was bawling nearby, his tears almost drenching second senior brother's robes. Second senior brother was slender, and could not compare to Hu Zi's burly stature. When Hu Zi hugged him, his entire person was drawn into his younger brother's embrace. He could hear Hu Zi's cries in his ears as he patted his back. The smile on his face made Hu Zi cry even harder when he saw it.

"Second senior brother, I'm sorry, when you left, the mountain had been filled with plants, but now that you're back, there's nothing left... Those plants and flowers are all gone..."

Su Ming watched this from the side and felt his heart fill with warmth. Hu Zi's honesty and adorable attitude as well as second senior brother's gentle demeanor that was akin to the spring wind made the ninth summit regain its past presence, although it was faint.

"Alright now, Hu Zi, don't cry. The plants may no longer be there, but I can still plant them again," second senior brother said with a smile, patting Hu Zi's back.

"Second senior brother, you have to promise that you won't hold a grudge against me because of these plants." Hu Zi blinked and cleared out some tears again before starting to bawl again.

"Alright, I won't hold a grudge against you." Second senior brother smiled and shook his head, but gradually, a hint of doubt appeared in his heart.

"Really?" Hu Zi immediately stopped crying. His tears also instantaneously disappeared.

"Truly. Hu Zi, did you do something?" The doubt in second senior brother's heart grew stronger.

"Alright, that's what you said... When you left, I saw that the plants occupied too much space, so I cleared them out a little..."

"So that's what happened. It's fine. I won't hold a grudge against you for this," second senior brother said with a smile.

"That's including the plants outside your house. I thought they looked rather pretty, so I started drinking there and fell asleep, but once I woke up, I discovered that all the plants had died..." Hu Zi let go of his brother's hands and took a few steps back towards Su Ming.

"What else?" Second senior brother continued smiling. He would not be concerned by this.

"The three small blue shrubs outside your room bloomed one day, and they smelled especially nice. So uh, that day... I got hungry and broke them off to eat them while drinking." Hu Zi took another few steps back and stood beside Su Ming.

"Also, I ate all the seeds kept in the four boxes you hid under your bed..."

"There was also a garden you hid behind your house with a series of Runes and seals so that no outsiders would get in there, right? I broke that too and used all the flowers there to make wine... I already finished drinking it.

"There're also some dried fruits you hid under a big rock at the foot of the mountain. I ate them as well once I found them... They weren't that good and really dry. I don't understand why you would change your hiding spot every single day so that I wouldn't find them.

"And uh... I drank the water you treasured and had placed in a few bottles in Master's cave because I got thirsty one day and didn't have any wine with me... It made me suffer through a few days of diarrhea.

"Also, after you left and before the Calamity of the Eastern

Wastelands arrived, I thought that very few people in the other mountains besides me knew that you had left, so I invented a Rune that would allow me to transform and changed into your shape, wore your clothes, and went off to peak at quite a few number of people..."

Second senior brother's expression gradually changed, but there was still a smile on his face as he looked at Hu Zi.

"What else?"

"What else? Erm... Second senior brother, I can promise you that I've found every single one of your hiding spots in the mountain. Honestly, those seals of yours may deceive other people, but who am I? I could see through them with just one glance.

"The only thing that was slightly more difficult and took me a long time as well as a huge amount of effort to break was that spot seven steps away from Master's cave abode where you hid your... Heh heh, second senior brother, I didn't expect that you had that sort of hobby. You hid some really interesting beast skin scrolls about a man and a woman fighting. Those were really fun to read..."

"Damn it, Master was the one who hid those things there!" Second senior brother glared at him, and his cheeks turned slightly red. He instinctively looked at the crowd in ninth summit, then immediately appeared next to Hu Zi with a single move and seized his neck.

"You said you won't hold a grudge against me! Youngest junior brother, save me..." Hu Zi shuddered and immediately cried out, but his second senior brother still got him by the neck and flew to the ninth summit, right into Tian Xie Zi's cave abode.

Shrill screams then came from the cave. A strange look appeared on Su Ming's face and he let out a fake cough. He remembered that Hu Zi had not been like this when he initially returned to the ninth summit, but he seemed really energetic now.

"Little dummy Su, what's that beast skin about a man and a woman fighting that your senior brother spoke about? Could it be some sort of divine ability? How could it only describe a man and a woman fighting?" Yu Xuan frowned. After a moment of thought, she asked Su Ming about it, puzzled.

Su Ming was also momentarily stunned. He thought about it carefully for a moment, then shook his head.

He had seen his second senior brother's expression change once Hu Zi said those words, and he looked as if he was in a hurry to justify himself before he looked at the crowd underneath. After that, he had brought Hu Zi to their Master's cave abode to teach him a lesson.

"Could it really be some sort of divine ability? One outsiders aren't supposed to know about it?" Su Ming cast a glance at his Master's cave abode. He could hear Hu Zi's pained cries coming from within, so he decided that he should look for a suitable time to ask them just what sort of divine ability it was.

Qian Chen, the bald crane, and the mutt were right beside him. The mutt rolled its eyes and put on a look of disdain. Qian Chen's face, though, had a vulgar look to it. Only the bald crane was stunned and had a similar expression as Su Ming and Yu Xuan. It scratched its head and started mumbling to itself.

"A man and a woman fighting? It must be some strange divine ability. I'll have to learn it when I have the chance."

They were not the only ones who showed a reaction. There were quite a large number of people in the ninth summit at that moment, and most of the men and women there immediately spotted incredibly strange expressions on their faces. They would occasionally look towards the cave abode where the screams were coming from, then look towards Su Ming, who they held in the same amount of respect as they would a deity, thinking hard about it.

Bai Su's petite face colored red. When Su Ming had gone off to search for his Master several years ago, Hu Zi had restored his cultivation and used a long period of time to break the seal that contained that so called beast skin about a man and a woman fighting.

At that time, she had heard Hu Zi mumbling to himself, seemingly because he had failed several times while he tried to break that Rune. He had only managed to open it a year ago, and in the midst of her curiosity, she had also read that beast skin about a man and a woman fighting by his side.

Most of the people's expressions in the ninth summit were incredibly odd as they forced down their laughter. Only Su Ming, Yu Xuan, and the bald crane were still out of the loop. Hu Zi's pained voice echoed in the midst of all the screams from the cave abode.

"Second senior brother, you broke your promise... I just looked at that beast skin scroll you treasured. It's just about a man and a woman, a man and two women, a man and three women, a man with four women and so on fighting against each other naked... Ah!"

"That's not mine! It belongs to Master!" Anger appeared in second senior brother's voice.

"Nonsense, that Rune had your presence! It's exactly the same presence you left behind on all your other seals. Don't even think about lying to me. Oh, there's even one about two women..."

"Master imitated my seals! Damn it all! Hu Zi, I'm definitely going to teach you a lesson today!"

Chapter 724: Youngest Junior Brother, Do You Really Want to See It?

The light from the moon fell on the ground and turned into glistening sparkles on the waves at the surface of the sea, as if there were silver scales spread out on them. The sea breeze blew gently, and it wasn't cold when it touched their faces. It seemed to have fused together with the moonlight, becoming a light veil for the moon.

Under the moon and the sea breeze, Bai Su smiled. She looked calm, but the wild beauty within her was still there. She held a pot of wine in her hand and filled up Su Ming's cup, which was placed in front of him, before she sat down demurely by his side.

Second senior brother sat across Su Ming. His expression was melancholic as he looked at the sky and the sea. He touched the mountain rock under him and drank the wine in his cup in one fell swoop.

"It... feels good to be home," he said softly.

Hu Zi was also by their side, his face swollen and bruised. When he heard it, he let out a harrumph. He did not use a wine cup, but picked up the pot of wine right in front of him and took a big swig from it.

"You promise breaker, I shouldn't have told you. It's just a few plants and a stupid book about a man and a woman fighting, I'm not even interes..." Hu Zi mumbled, but when he saw his second senior brother looking towards him with a smile, he quickly shut up. He was afraid of his second senior brother. This was something Su Ming knew as well.

Hu Zi was not afraid of their eldest senior brother, and he was not even afraid of Master, let alone Su Ming. He was originally the youngest among them, but when Su Ming arrived, the feeling of a

senior brother had instantaneously grew in his heart. To him, even if he died, he would absolutely not allow anyone to bully his youngest junior brother.

Yet Hu Zi was truly afraid of second senior brother.

Because eldest senior brother was constantly in isolation and would not hit him... because Su Ming was his youngest junior brother and would not hit him... because Master was too busy and would even occasionally come to Hu Zi with shifty eyes while asking him to break some Runes, he was not afraid of Master, either.

However... this was not the first time second senior brother had hit Hu Zi. All the past experiences had caused Hu Zi to be incredibly terrified of second senior brother. But he also had a very strange personality. The more afraid he was of something, the more he would want to challenge it...

It was precisely because of his fear that he had bawled the moment he saw second senior brother. These cries and tears contained the excitement of a reunion... and also terrified nervousness.

This was why he had decided that he might as well use words to restrict his second senior brother, then confess to everything that he had done in one breath. Once he did that, he did not expect that he would still be hit.

"You're my senior brother, and we haven't met in years, but right when we meet, you hit me..." Hu Zi felt incredibly wronged and took another big swig from his pot.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, what's that book you mentioned about a man and a woman fighting? Could you let me see it?" This voice was very clear and contained hints of naivety. It was Yu Xuan's voice. With a look of puzzlement and curiosity, she sat down beside Su Ming and asked Hu Zi.

Second senior brother's expression twitched, and he glared at Hu Zi, instantly dispelling Hu Zi's urge to speak as his face brightened with a lively glow.

"Little sister Yu Xuan, that book isn't anything good, and neither is it a divine ability. It's best that you don't read it. It's very difficult to understand." The two spots beside Su Ming were now occupied by Yu Xuan and Bai Su. Bai Su covered her mouth and chuckled lightly.

Yu Xuan was momentarily stunned then lifted her chin.

"No matter how hard that book is, I'll be able to understand it. I have plenty of books in my house, and I managed to finish all of them when I was ten. There's nothing I don't understand. Senior brother Hu Zi, bring me that book. I don't believe that I won't be able to understand it." Yu Xuan let out a harrumph.

The mutt lying beside Yu Xuan blinked when it heard her words, then bared its teeth in a grin. That expression was incredibly strange, but the mutt did not make a single sound.

Qian Chen was holding onto a pot, pouring wine for Su Ming's second senior brother with an eager and attentive look on his face. When he heard Yu Xuan's words, he accidentally spilled some of the wine. He was forced down the mad laughter in his heart, rejoicing inwardly that even the witch would have such a day upon her. He looked forward to the moment the woman's expression changed when she saw the book about the man and woman fighting.

"That's right, Hu Zi, come on, bring that book to..." The boy that was the bald crane rubbed his hands with a look of curiosity, but before he managed to finish speaking, Hu Zi glared at him and lifted his right hand to seize the boy's neck.

"Damn you, did you really think that I won't manage to see who you are?! You're that damn bald crane!" As the bald crane screamed in pain, Hu Zi swung him a few circles before throwing him again

the ground again and again.

"Change into a woman! I'll let you know personally what's drawn in that book!" Hu Zi stood up and lifted the bald crane before he threw him on the ground again.

Second senior brother was taking a sip out of the wine cup at that moment. When he heard Hu Zi's words, he nearly spat out his drink. As he laughed wryly, he looked at Hu Zi and the bald crane, then at the puzzled Yu Xuan as well as Bai Su, who knew what was going on but had decided not to speak and had instead chosen just to smile.

Eventually, he looked at Su Ming. When he saw a slight spark of curiosity towards the beast skin book in Su Ming's eyes despite the indifferent look on his face, he could not help but let out a long sigh and shift his gaze to look at the statue placed near their group. That statue was naturally their eldest senior brother, and there was a pot of wine placed in front of him.

This was a gathering among those of the ninth summit. Their eldest senior brother might have turned into a statue, but this was his home. He must be present when the disciples of the ninth summit gathered together.

The bald crane's screams of pain traveled outwards, and his body rapidly changed to his original look - that of a crane without feathers. With Hu Zi holding onto its neck, it continued forming arcs in the shape of a fan as it was repeatedly hit against the ground.

"Hu, you little brat! Your Grandpa Crane is a crane of integrity! I am not going to change!"

"You damn brat, if I didn't save you all those years ago, you would have turned into a seed a long time ago! I refuse to change! I refuse to!"

Hu Zi glared at the bald crane and brought it to his face.

"How dare you talk about what happened in the past. Do you think I don't know about this? You could have saved me with an even easier method, but you just had to let me suffer... You don't want to change, huh? Fine, I'll drag you into my Dreams and continue beating you up there.

"Let me tell you, your Grandpa Hu is great. A year ago, I had a dream, and I dreamt that I reached Berserker Soul Realm. Guess what? When I woke up, I really reached Berserker Soul Realm."

Su Ming smiled and brought the wine cup to his lips to take a sip. He had managed to tell much earlier that Hu Zi had become far stronger than before, and only then did he know the reason. When he remembered their Master talking about the mysteries of Hu Zi's Enter Dream as well as his expectations towards him, he was not surprised.

Their second senior brother was also looking at Hu Zi with a smile. He might always hit him, but he was even happier than Hu Zi himself when he saw Hu Zi's level of cultivation increasing.

"I'm not going to change even if you Enter Dreams! Your Grandpa Crane is a crane of integrity, and I won't submit to your will!" It was rare that the bald crane would be so firm. As it screeched, its expressions and tone made it clear that it would absolutely not submit to Hu Zi, even though he was abusing his power.

Yet at that moment, Yu Xuan, who was beside Su Ming, blinked and said with a smile, "Senior brother Hu Zi, don't be angry. How about this? I'll have it change into the form you want, but you'll have to show me the divine abilities you learned from the book, okay?"

Second senior brother immediately let out a few fake coughs, but before he managed to say anything, Su Ming had already cast his eyes on the bald crane.

"It's fine even if you transform for a while. Senior brother Hu Zi, you have reached Berserker Soul Realm, and you can use that

divine ability to let me see the circulation of your Qi. I feel that your Qi has stagnated in certain parts, but I don't know what caused it."

Second senior brother hit his forehead. He had no idea what he could say now.

Hu Zi's expression became a little strange. He might be simple and honest, but he had still managed to understand what that beast skin book was about. After a moment of hesitation, his face turned red, which was a rare sight on him.

"Youngest junior brother... Do you... Do you really want to see it?" Hu Zi looked at Su Ming helplessly.

Su Ming was momentarily stunned, then nodded.

"Are you... Are you sure you really want to see it?" Hu Zi looked as if he was about to cry, then turned towards his second senior brother as if he was trying to ask him what he should do.

His second senior brother decided to turn his head away and ignore him.

"Fine, then. Youngest junior brother, since you want to see it, then I'll give it my all!" When Hu Zi gritted his teeth, a look of excitement appeared on Yu Xuan's face. She pointed at the bald crane and ordered it with a clear voice.

"Little baldy, hurry up and change!"

"No! Even if you beat me to death, I won't change! It doesn't matter who's the one who said it, I won't change! This Grandpa Crane won't submit to anyone, I will absolutely not bow my head this time. Even if Dao Chen becomes my steed in front of me, I won't change!" the bald crane cried out loudly with a determined look on its face. It continued telling itself that this time, it definitely must adhere to its principles, and it would absolutely not change into a girl. This was the bottom line that it must absolutely not pass as Grandpa Crane.

"Heh... Youngest junior brother, if it refuses to change, I can't do anything about it." Hu Zi let out a sigh of relief and quickly sat down. Just as he was about to take up his pot of wine and continue drinking, he suddenly widened his eyes and stared blankly at Yu Xuan.

Right before his eyes, Yu Xuan brought out a bag with flowers embroidered on it from her bosom. She poured out some sparkling crystals from it and threw one into the distance.

That crystal turned into a ray of crystalline light as it flew, but then a black shadow shot up with a whooshing sound and caught up to the crystal before it grabbed it with its claws. It was naturally... the delighted bald crane.

The crane brought the crystal in its claws to its beak and bit down on it. The crane's eyes instantly began sparkling.

Yu Xuan threw out a few more crystals with a smile, causing the bald crane to fly about everywhere.

In the end, Yu Xuan flipped over the bag towards the ground, and a dozen something crystals instantly fell on top of each other on the ground in a pile. The light that spread out from them made the bald crane so excited that it started shivering.

"Transform. Once you do, I'll give all of this to you," Yu Xuan said with a smile.

At that moment, all talks about principles and bottom lines faded away in the bald crane's eyes. The pile of crystals on the ground became the highest bottom line and the greatest principles in the world in its eyes.

Without a single bit of hesitation, it moved its body swiftly... and a delicate lady with a vulgar expression appeared before the group.

"Senior brother Hu Zi, hurry up and use that divine ability."

Yu Xuan was truly incredibly curious, and she was also slightly unwilling to accept what Bai Su had said about her not being able

to understand this ability. When she saw that the bald crane had already transformed, she immediately opened her mouth and urged Hu Zi to take action.

Su Ming also looked over.

Second senior brother closed his eyes and sighed with a wry smile.

Hu Zi was stunned. He looked at Su Ming, then at Yu Xuan, and at Bai Su, whose cheeks were flushed red and whose expression had turned strange. Eventually, he looked towards his second senior brother, who had his eyes closed. Then, Hu Zi scratched his head hard, looking as if he was about to burst into tears.

"Youngest... Youngest junior brother... Do you... Do you really want to see it?"

Chapter 725: Morning Dao Sect!

In the end, Hu Zi could not find it in himself to give a show of the contents in the beast skin book to Su Ming with the bald crane. As he was struck by a cloud of gloom, he looked at Su Ming helplessly, then patted his own forehead, thinking that he was indeed the most intelligent person in the ninth summit, or at the very least smarter than his youngest junior brother. Otherwise, why would he understand things that his youngest junior brother did not and even played them out in his dreams multiple times...?

That was why he decided to bring out some of the beast skin books that he had hidden away so that second senior brother would not be able to take them and handed them to Su Ming.

Once he did so, the bald crane quickly went to Su Ming's side. Yu Xuan, too, widened her eyes and looked closely at the beast skin book. She refused to admit defeat, thinking that no matter how profound a divine ability was, she would not necessarily be unable to see some clues about it.

Su Ming also turned his attention to the beast skin book. Once he took it, he opened it, but at just the first glance, he was stunned. After a moment, he frowned. Once he mulled over it, a strange look gradually appeared on his face.

The bald crane was dumbfounded at first, but then it let out a long breath, and its eyes begun to shine. It stared at the pictures on the beast skin book, its breathing quickening.

Yu Xuan stared at the pictures in the beast skin book for a long while before her brows slowly furrowed, but there was still mostly bewilderment on her face. This is why she snatched the beast skin book from Su Ming's hand and started examining it carefully.

Su Ming let out a fake cough, then his gaze landed on Hu Zi, who immediately put on an aggrieved expression. When Su Ming looked towards his second senior brother, the man quickly picked

up a pot of wine and pretended to drink from it.

"Little dummy Su, this divine ability is really easy, why don't you understand it? I just don't know why they don't wear clothes when they train, though..." Yu Xuan plopped her chin on her left hand and flipped through the beast skin book with puzzlement on her face.

Judging by her expression, she was not joking. Yu Xuan did indeed not understand what was drawn in the book.

"I don't know why either."

Su Ming quickly picked up his wine cup and drank from it, wanting to avoid the topic. He had understood it somewhat, but the more he understood it, the more it showed just how naive Yu Xuan was.

It was also at this moment that Su Ming noticed a trace of adorableness about Yu Xuan for the first time...

Yu Xuan flipped through a few more pages before she looked at Su Ming and said, "No, your expression is off. You must know why! Tell me! Why don't we try practicing it? But we have to wear clothes, though."

Su Ming nearly spat out his drink, then immediately snatched the beast skin book from Yu Xuan's hands and threw it back to his second senior brother. As he let out a few dry coughs, he found that he could not remember just how long it had been since he had been caught in such an awkward situation.

Bai Su covered her mouth and laughed by the side. When she saw that Yu Xuan was still trying to figure out the secrets in the beast skin book, she laughed out loud till her body started trembling, and when she saw the rare, awkward look on Su Ming's face, she became even happier.

"Alright now, we'll talk about this later. Yu Xuan, Bai Su, please go rest. Us fellow brothers have something to discuss with each

other." Second senior brother put away the beast skin book into his bosom while also letting out a few fake coughs and languidly told others to disperse.

Bai Su stood up obediently. Yu Xuan continued wondering about the things in the book, but when she saw the mutt grinning with a smug look, she went and kicked it before grabbing the fur at the mutt's neck and leaving with Bai Su.

She would not have originally left so easily, but at that moment, Yu Xuan had something important to do, and that was to think about the pictures on that beast skin book and what exactly were the secrets contained within them. She lifted the mutt, which was now swathed in misery after that bout of delight, and left after turning into a long arc.

As for the bald crane and Qian Chen, once an unknown thought rose in the bald crane's heart, it cast a profound look at Qian Chen, and continued to stare at him until goosebumps appeared on his face. Then, the crane sat down on Qian Chen's body and continued treating him as its stead as they left as well.

At that moment, only Su Ming and his senior brothers were left at the top of the ninth summit. Su Ming drank his wine in huge gulps, and when he downed his eighth cup, he lifted his head and glared at Hu Zi and his second senior brother.

Second senior brother looked as calm as ever. As he smiled, he even nodded at Su Ming before he took a sip from his wine cup.

Hu Zi, however, had a miserable look on his face. When he saw Su Ming looking over, he immediately spoke.

"Youngest junior brother, those beast skin books belong to second senior brother..."

"Nonsense, they belong to Master!"

"But your presence is in them..."

"Damn it all! That was Master imitating my presence! Those

really belong to Master!" Second senior brother could no longer keep the calm smile on his face and glared at Hu Zi as he spoke.

Su Ming watched Hu Zi and his second senior brother bicker about who was the owner of that beast skin book. He smiled wryly and shook his head, then picked up the pot of wine and took a big swig from it.

"It might not belong to Master. It might actually belong to... eldest senior brother?" Hu Zi blinked.

"Huh, that's also a possibility. It might actually belong to eldest senior brother!" Second senior brother immediately smiled.

"Honestly, I think there's also a possibility that it belongs to youngest junior brother..." Hu Zi cast a sideways glance at Su Ming.

Before second senior brother could agree to his words, Su Ming quickly put down his pot of wine with a very solemn expression.

"That beast skin book belongs to Master!" Su Ming said seriously.

Second senior brother instantly put on a serious look. Once he nodded, he said to Hu Zi, "That's right. Even youngest junior brother agrees to it, so it looks like it really belongs to Master. Or perhaps it belongs to eldest senior brother. Eldest senior brother, if you don't speak up, I'll take it that you shook your head. Eldest senior brother won't lie, so it must really belong to Master."

Hu Zi's mouth twitched. Eldest senior brother no longer had a head, so there was no way he could actually shake his head.

Su Ming and second senior brother had already told Hu Zi about what happened to eldest senior brother. Only since he knew about the reason behind why eldest senior brother was missing and that he was still alive did Hu Zi have the heart to talk about the question of the owner of those beast skin books.

"Alright, they belong to Master. Well, Master has no respectable qualities despite his age anyway, and he often uses my Runes to

peek at others... It's very logical that he hides such things." Hu Zi immediately moved to stand with his second senior brother and Su Ming.

But as he spoke, he fell silent. The joyful atmosphere that surrounded them previously gradually disappeared as if it was blown away by the sea breeze.

As the moon shone on them and Hu Zi fell silent, second senior brother did not speak up, either. Instead he looked at the sea and the sky. There was a slightly melancholic look on his face.

Su Ming drank his wine quietly.

"I miss Master..." Hu Zi mumbled softly.

"When I reached Eastern Wastelands, I searched everywhere, but I only managed to find some clues. It seems like Master has already left the land of Berserkers and went out of Yin Death Region... At that time, I was ambushed and chased down by the Immortals. In the end, Di Tian attacked and suppressed me under Great Leaf Immortal Sect..."

"Many years later, I sensed eldest senior brother's presence approaching the place where I was..." Second senior brother picked up his pot of wine and took huge gulps from it. Sadness filled his face.

"I slayed all of Di Tian's clones in the place where Immortals descend and eventually killed his magical body as well. As one of the Immortals' Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, it will be difficult for Di Tian to descend to the land of Berserkers again in a short period of time.

"Eldest senior brother was captured alive by Di Tian all those years ago because he wanted to turn him into his clone, but in the end, eldest senior brother used Di Tian and returned to his roots by cutting his own head. He took up his battle axe and named himself Xing Gan..." Su Ming mumbled as he looked at his eldest senior

brother's statue.

"I only knew that second senior brother is in Great Leaf Immortal Sect because eldest senior brother told me about it. Eldest senior brother once said that Master's presence was no longer in the land of Berserkers, but that Master was not dead. There can only be one explanation for this... It's just as you said, second senior brother, Master has left the land of Berserkers." Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then drank his wine.

"Then we can be certain that Master has left the land of Berserkers." A dark light shone in second senior brother's eyes as he mumbled under his breath.

"What could have caused Master to leave the land of Berserkers in such a hurry that he would not even have time to tell us?"

"Unless... Master did not go willingly, but instead had run into an accident, or had even run into a powerful enemy!"

"Morning Dao Sect" Hu Zi suddenly lifted his head and looked at second senior brother.

He remained silent for a moment, then nodded.

Su Ming looked at them. He had a feeling that Hu Zi and second senior brother knew a secret that he did not.

Hu Zi fell silent. A smile appeared on second senior brother's lips, but that smile showed a biting cold killing intent. Su Ming remained calm, but the murderous aura within his calm composure was the thickest among the three of them.

"Yu Xuan's mutt is a World Traversing Abyss Dragon. That lass must have been able to come to the land of Berserkers because of it. With that dragon, we might be able to leave the land of Berserkers and Yin Death Region to head to the land of Immortals." A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes.

"Qian Chen is also not a Berserker. He's a person who descended to our land, but he's not an Immortal. The way he descended is

different from the others, and we had an agreement before that he would take me to the place he descended," Su Ming said calmly.

"Hmph, that bald crane has its own secrets as well. I brought it to my Dream before, and it did not notice that I saw some of its memories here and there. That bald crane is not a spirit from the land of Berserkers, but neither did it come from the land of Immortals. It came from True Morning Dao World. It seems like it has quite a complicated relationship with that Morning Dao Sect that Master mentioned before." A lively sparkle appeared in Hu Zi's eyes. At that moment, the simple and honest demeanor could no longer be found on him. Instead, there was a rather crafty look on his face.

"Youngest junior brother, you entered Master's tutelage late and joined the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers soon after. Then, you were alone outside... There are many things you don't know about. Master did not have time to tell you those things before he went missing either." Second senior brother looked at Su Ming when he spoke. He had already managed to tell the questions in Su Ming's mind.

"Master is a Berserker... but the sect he entered and the skills he inherited were not from the land of Berserkers but an incredibly huge galactical sect within True Morning Dao World. There are an endless number of disciples in that sect, and it's the most powerful sect in True Morning Dao World!

"More accurately speaking, that sect is the reason why True Morning Dao World exists!

"The entire True Morning Dao World and even the Immortals' Three Sovereigns and five Emperors are just a part of that world. That sect is too big, and its name is Morning Dao Sect. True Morning Dao World is in truth... this sect!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes. He had never heard of this before.

"Master told us all of these when he thought the time was right. He had intended to tell it to you once the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers ended... but before he could manage to do so, he went missing." Second senior brother looked at the sea and the sky, and an expression that said he missed Master appeared on his face.

Chapter 726: His Second Senior Brother and Hu Zi's Origins

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, then asked slowly, "Then who is Dao Chen? What is his relationship with Morning Dao?"

"Dao Chen is Morning Dao Sect's Progenitor and also master of True Morning Dao World. His will has existed for an endless amount of years, and it's said that his level of cultivation has reached an incredibly terrifying stage.

"I don't know the details either. When Master introduced Morning Dao Sect, he once mentioned that his Master, who is our Grandmaster, is one of the many Sect Elders in Morning Dao Sect.

"It doesn't matter whether it is the Immortals or the other races, as long as they have certain qualifications, you will find that you can trace them all the way back to Morning Dao Sect. There is a Sect Elder from Morning Dao Sect behind each of the races.

"Morning Dao Sect is like a huge web that fills all the corners of True Morning Dao World. That's why I said that Morning Dao Sect is actually True Morning Dao World.

"Our Grandmaster has only taken in eighteen disciples in his life. Our Master was taken in as a disciple when he was roaming about the lands of Berserkers. At that time, there were several other Berserkers who also went under our Grandmaster's tutelage. They once went out of the land of Berserkers multiple times with our Grandmaster... But in the end, due to different ideals, due to the difference in opinion regarding their path of cultivation, and due to Master injuring a large amount of people due to an incident, he left Grandmaster and returned to the land of Berserkers.

"When he returned to the land of Berserkers, the injuries he sustained that year did not heal, and he became weaker and weaker as time passed, but it was precisely due to this weakness

that he created Change of Heart!

"It's the same Change of Heart that allows our roots and foundations to never change no matter what sort of divine abilities we practice or what happens to our external appearance.

"Our eldest senior brother is a descendent of Nine Li and the Lord of the Shamans. He has been with our Master the longest. I was originally a soul fragment in the world, gathered together by the first Phantom Equal from Phantom Dais Tribe to become a Phantom.

"I never had any intelligence. When Phantom Equal died, I suddenly obtained intelligence... I didn't vanish after that but started drifting about in the world.

"Many years passed, and then, I met our Master. He helped me transform and gave me the Abyss Dragon Scale to gather corporeal form. From then on, I followed Master and became his second disciple." Second senior brother spoke softly, but his voice reverberated in the air.

"Hu Zi's origins are even more complicated. He was also the one who was valued the most by our Master, because his potential surpassed mine and eldest senior brother's. He's..." Second senior brother cast Hu Zi a glance.

Hu Zi drank quietly by the side. He did not speak.

"Yin Death Region is a mysterious place. Master once said that this mysterious existence is a place that even Morning Dao Sect has to be careful of... Berserkers... Heh heh, Berserkers aren't a race that appeared naturally. They are one of the many races within Yin Death Region!

"Based on Master's understanding, there are many races in Yin Death Region, and in Morning Dao Sect's words, these races are all felons!" Second senior brother lifted his head and cast a glance at the sky.

"There are an endless number of worlds in the depths of Yin Death Vortex. That place... is the true Yin Death Region. The place where we Berserkers are located is actually one of the worlds in this gigantic Yin Death Vortex!

"The reason behind why Immortals descended into our world and why it's pretty famous within Morning Dao Sect is because Lie Shan Xiu, our first God of Berserkers was born here!

"He is an anomaly. He's a madman whose level of cultivation went through the roof. He's a powerful warrior that managed to walk out of the land of Berserkers and shocked even Yin Death Region, as well as sent Morning Dao Sect into a buzz!

"He is also the first Yin Death's Child that Yin Death Region eventually recognized and supported at full strength!"

Su Ming's breathing quickened. These things were rather similar to what he understood, but most of them were things that he had never heard before.

"He conquered many worlds and opened a path leading to Bright Yang Region. It was the path leading to the spot where Morning Dao Sect was located in True Morning Dao World, making the land of Berserkers the one and only region that could break into Bright Yang from Yin Death. It is also the path Immortals and the other races from True Morning Dao World use to come to our world.

"Lie Shan Xiu fought against Dao Chen, but did not die. He enslaved the people from various worlds, causing his name to ring through Morning Dao Sect and the land of Berserkers to become the transition spot between Yin Death and Bright Yang.

"That's why Grandmaster could come here and take in our Master as his disciple," second senior brother explained calmly. Every single one of his sentences verified Su Ming's understanding, and from there, he gained a true perception of the world.

"There are nine cultivation planets beyond Yin Death Region.

The Immortals were the ones who placed those cultivation planets there to lock down Yin Death Region... but in truth, they can't seal Yin Death Region. They are just there for the land of Berserkers.

"But besides the cultivation planets, there's also a Rune that Morning Dao Sect laid out themselves, and it is one that the Immortals cannot control. That Rune is made of ninety-nine tiger talismans and forty-nine dragon talismans.

"This is just the first Rune used to suppress Yin Death Region... Even Lie Shan Xiu did not dare touch this Rune carelessly. Instead, he used his great power and his status as Yin Death's Child to open up another path, allowing him to avoid the Rune and exit the place, making the land of Berserkers a special case.

"Master wasted a lot of effort in the past to lure out a wisp of presence from the ninety-nine tiger talismans, though I don't know what method he used to do that. He gathered that presence together into a soul and sent it into a female Berserker he chose. Then, she gave birth to a son... and that is Hu Zi."

Su Ming sucked in a deep breath and looked towards Hu Zi, who continued drinking silently. It was clear that he had known about this since a long time ago, and at that moment, there was not a hint of expression on his face.

"Hu Zi's Enter Dream is a divine ability he was born with. It is a power born from the source of the first Rune. It is an Art that was left behind by the person who laid out the Rune.

"Our Master is a man of great talents. He once said that Hu Zi is the key to break the first Rune, and only Hu Zi alone will be able to do it!" Second senior brother lifted his head and ruffled Hu Zi's head. Hu Zi simply allowed this affectionate gesture. He placed his pot of wine down and looked at Su Ming.

"Youngest junior brother, that's how I came to be. I don't know what Master's plans are. I only know that Master is nice to me, eldest senior brother is nice to me, and while second senior brother

constantly hits me, he is also nice to me. Youngest junior brother, you're also nice to me, that's why my life is yours!

"No matter what you want me to do, I will do it," Hu Zi said seriously.

Second senior brother then looked at Su Ming and said slowly, "As for you, youngest junior brother, Master once said... that he can't see through you.

"When you went off to the battle between the Shamans and Berserkers, Master watched you leave, and told Hu Zi and I that he can't tell where you came from. The aura of death in your body is similar to the Emperor of Abyss' True World, but it is different as well.

"Your presence and everything else made Master recall a secret his Grandmaster had once mentioned. It is a secret about what happened in True Morning Dao World in ages past. An unknown amount of years ago, when True Morning Dao World was at its strongest, a couple broke into their world...

"They should have been running from danger. At that time, the woman was pregnant, and the man was gravely injured... but the presence that spread out from his body incited a huge change in the entire True Morning Dao World.

"They did not seem to intend to stay for long in True Morning Dao World, but the change in True Morning Dao World's presence caught Morning Dao Sect's attention, and after using some unknown method, they became certain that the couple possessed... a supreme treasure that surpassed Morning Dao Cauldron.

"That treasure... did not seem to belong to any one of the four True Great Worlds!

"A battle to snatch that treasure began because of that, but the man was too strong. He was so strong that even if he was gravely injured, he still managed to spill a lot of blood. Even Dao Chen,

who was at the peak of his condition... lost when fighting against him!

"If the woman had not felt pain in her stomach and started bleeding during the fight, then no one would have been the man's opponent... The woman's physical constitution was incredibly unique. Once she started bleeding, she lost all her cultivation base.

"Morning Dao Sect launched a crazed counterattack, and that was a bloody battle that swept through the entire True Morning Dao World. In the end... the man brought with him his anger, sadness, madness, his dying wife, and even greater injuries, and rushed out of True Morning Dao World.

"Before he left, it's said that his eyes turned crimson, and he turned his head back to look at his pursuers from Morning Dao Sect and spoke something," second senior brother said softly and looked at Su Ming.

Su Ming remained silent. He did not speak.

"This world... shall be built for Abyss!" Second senior brother stopped talking for a moment.

"From then on, the entire galaxy of True Morning Dao World started showing signs of withering. All the spiritual aura in the world gradually dispersed. There were even quite a large number of cultivation planets that turned into wasteland due to the complete drain of spiritual aura.

"This strange phenomenon caused a great wave of panic...

"Morning Dao Sect was no longer as strong as before, but even so, this sect was still the lord of True Morning Dao World.

"Master knew that you were called Su Ming, and because he could not tell where you came from, he thought of that rumor. He also remembered that there was a place that was sealed up in the Immortals' galaxy, and it's said that there is a corpse within that seal." Once second senior brother spoke up to this point, he no

longer said anything else.

Hu Zi watched Su Ming remain silent by the side.

The night grew darker. The sea breeze brought with it humidity and a hint of cold as it blew past. It lifted Su Ming's hair, and he raised his head to look at the sky before closing his eyes.

After some time, a smile appeared on Su Ming's face. He opened his eyes and looked at his second senior brother as well as Hu Zi.

"I don't know whether this is related to the couple you mentioned, second senior brother... but I do know that I am... the soul of the corpse sealed in the land of Immortals," Su Ming stated calmly.

His second senior brother and Hu Zi did not say a word, but after a moment, Hu Zi lifted his head swiftly, looked at Su Ming, then lifted his right hand to hit his chest.

"Damn it all! Damn those Immortals! Youngest junior brother, don't worry, your senior brother Hu Zi will definitely get your physical body back!" Hu Zi said loudly. A serious expression that came from the depths of his heart appeared on his face.

"It doesn't matter what statuses we have. I am your second senior brother, and you are my youngest junior brother. We... are family." Second senior brother smiled. That smile that was just as it had always been in the past was especially warm in this dark night on the ninth summit.

"Our Master has gone missing. He should have run into an accident or been taken by force from the land of Berserkers... No matter what, this isn't our Master's will. We must search for him!" second senior brother said and clenched his fists.

"But where should we look for him?" Hu Zi asked loudly.

"Hu Zi, do you remember those rather strange words Master said before he left?" A glint appeared in second senior brother's eyes, and a ray of dark light showed up inside them.

Chapter 727: Blood of Nine Li

"Before Master left, he once looked at the sky and said something." Second senior brother looked as if he was remembering something.

"He said... 'It's almost time. But the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands appeared, could it be?'" Second senior brother's eyes shone as he looked at Su Ming. "That's what he said. Youngest junior brother, can you find any clues based on these words?"

"It's almost time? Then we must first know what 'time' Master was talking about. As for him mentioning the Catastrophe of the Eastern Wastelands in his second sentence, it must mean that Master had associated something with it and formed some guesses because of it. The thing that he guessed is what Master did not say in his unfinished sentence," Su Ming said slowly.

"When I was suppressed under Great Leaf Immortal Sect's mountain, I examined these words for a long period of time. I thought back on all the words Master had spoken after I started following him, but I did not manage to find what he meant by the word 'time'. Youngest junior brother, Hu Zi, did Master ever talk to you about anything that is related to 'time'?" Second senior brother looked at Su Ming and Hu Zi.

"I can't remember. There shouldn't be." Hu Zi scratched his head.

Su Ming remained silent for a moment, but couldn't recall anything. Yet soon, a focused look appeared in his eyes, and his gaze landed on the statue that was eldest senior brother.

"Eldest senior brother was the first who mentioned that Master's presence was no longer in the land of Berserkers, and he had even guessed it. Besides, he is the one who's been with Master the longest, perhaps... eldest senior brother knows."

As Su Ming spoke, second senior brother and Hu Zi also looked

towards their eldest senior brother, who was now a statue.

After a period of silence, second senior brother sucked in a deep breath.

"We'll talk about this when eldest senior brother wakes up. I've thought of a method to wake him on our way back. We'll have four fifths of a chance that this method will allow eldest senior brother to wake up." Second senior brother then looked at Hu Zi.

"Hu Zi, your level of cultivation is the lowest, but your Enter Dream is very abstruse. Try using Enter Dream to find eldest senior brother's consciousness in the statue. His consciousness should be clouded, but even if it is, he won't hurt you, since you are his junior brother. Once you find eldest senior brother's consciousness, use your Enter Dream and protect his consciousness so that it won't disappear."

Hu Zi nodded gravely. To him, this was as important as saving his Master, and it was at a level that was even more important than his own life.

"Youngest junior brother, it's difficult for my level of cultivation to be categorized using the Berserkers' levels of cultivation. Based on my perception, my current combat abilities have surpassed those who have attained great completion in the Berserker Soul Realm, but are still a little inferior to yours.

"Among the three of us, your level of cultivation is the greatest, and you have to do the most important task." Second senior brother looked at Su Ming when he said those words.

Su Ming met second senior brother's gaze, and a brilliant sparkle appeared in his eyes as he waited for his next words.

"Gather blood from Shamans' hearts. The more you can gather, the better, especially from Shamans' Great Patriarch. This person's level of cultivation was extraordinary in the past, and I remember that he had reawakened during the battle between the Shamans

and Berserkers. His heart's blood is the most crucial!

"But you have to be careful of this person. When Master was at his weakest, he had fought against this person before. He had not been his opponent because this person had a talisman on him. This talisman came from Morning Dao Sect. Based on what Master said, that talisman was created from a huge portion of power that came from a Morning Dao Sect Elder's mind. It could make the Shamans' Great Patriarch become stronger after nine deaths!

"Based on Master's analysis, this person is the same as him, having been taken in secretly as a disciple by those in Morning Dao Sect. He was then given the important treasure, that allowed him to reach a state of being almost indestructible.

"Every single time he wakes up, he will have nine lives, and every single time he dies, his power will increase exponentially. When he dies the ninth time, the talisman's power will spread out in a large area, making it seem as if he died, but in truth, his body will enter deep sleep. The talisman will absorb the power of the world by itself at that time, and once it collects a certain amount, Great Patriarch will wake up again.

"This is an incredibly strange cultivation method. It fuses with the Shamans' Spells, making the Great Patriarch into an undying and imperishable existence... He has the Shamans' blood of Nine Li flowing through his veins, and that blood is incredibly thick in him. That's because due to his indestructible status, he has sucked away practically all the blood from all the Nine Li Shaman Lords in the land of Shamans.

"But he won't kill all of them. Every single time, he will leave some alone so that they will give birth to the next generation. This way, he can devour more of them. If eldest senior brother had not been saved by Master, he would have been killed by the Great Patriarch.

"When the Great Patriarch awakened from his sleep, our Master,

Western Sea Clan's Guru Li Long, and a mysterious powerful warrior fought together against him, and only together did they manage to destroy him after his ninth death.

"It's a pity that Master's injuries did not heal during those years, or else it would have not been so difficult for him to kill that person. It would have also not been impossible for him to search for where the Great Patriarch's real body was hidden when he disappeared and went into deep sleep, making it difficult for Master to destroy him completely.

"Youngest junior brother, your current level of cultivation has surpassed our Master's when he was injured. Go and kill the Great Patriarch, find where his real body is hidden, and then take his blood of Nine Li. This is the key to awakening our eldest senior brother!

"Only by using blood that is purer than our eldest senior brother's and Hu Zi's protection can I cast the Great Heavenly Phantom Art and lure all the Phantoms in the land of Berserkers to attack the power in the Immortals' Enchanted Vessel, which is in our eldest senior brother's body.

"I can't go along with you to fight against the Great Patriarch, either. I will have to make my body disintegrate during this time to stir up the Phantoms in the land of Berserkers and make preparations to cast the Great Heavenly Phantom Art," second senior brother said in a low voice.

Su Ming nodded without hesitation. Based on his memories, he was that mysterious person from all those years ago, so his understanding regarding the Great Patriarch was greater than that of others.

Second senior brother hesitated for a moment, then spoke up once again. "If you can't find the Great Patriarch's hiding place and obtain a lot of Nine Li's blood, then we'll have to use the second-best option. Go to Western Sea Clan where Guru Li Long has a

Shaman Dragon. That dragon once devoured some of the Great Patriarch's blood of Nine Li while they were fighting.

"I heard that it went through a mutation later on. If you can extract that mutated blood of Nine Li, we might be able to use it. Although that blood will only have four tenths of a chance to wake our eldest senior brother, but if you can't find the Great Patriarch's hiding place, we'll use it!"

A glint appeared in Su Ming's eyes, and he asked calmly, "If I get both the Great Patriarch and the Shaman Dragon's blood of Nine Li, then what will be the chances of waking our eldest senior brother?"

"If you can get both of them, then I'm certain I'll have nine tenths of a chance to make our eldest senior brother rise from his sleep!" second senior brother said solemnly with a serious expression on his face.

Su Ming nodded. Once he cast a deep look at the statue that was his eldest senior brother, he exchanged glances with Hu Zi and his second senior brother. He saw the determination and resolve in their eyes, and his own resolve was reflected in their eyes as well.

"Err... youngest junior brother, remember to talk to Yu Xuan and borrow that mutt. With it around, no one can harm you," second senior brother suddenly said and winked at him.

Su Ming frowned, and with a rather strange look on his face, he turned around and walked towards the place where Yu Xuan stayed.

When morning arrived, Hu Zi was sleeping soundly while hugging eldest senior brother's statue. Second senior brother was sitting cross-legged by his side, and as his body gradually distorted, Su Ming took with him... two mutts and a woman with a clear laugh and left the ninth summit in four long arcs.

There was no way Yu Xuan would not join this sort of thing...

As for the other mutt, that was the bald crane. It suddenly felt that this form would make it look more imposing. As it flew, it even started barking to its heart's content while feeling proud of itself.

Table of Contents

[Pursuit of the Truth](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Chapter 701: A Fat Lamb is Here](#)

[Chapter 702: The Path of Cultivation](#)

[Chapter 703: Eighth Layer of Eastern Wastelands Tower](#)

[Chapter 704: Light from Eastern Wastelands Tower](#)

[Chapter 705: My Autumn!](#)

[Chapter 706: Abyss' Awakening!](#)

[Chapter 707: Exiting the Tower](#)

[Chapter 708: Destroy the Sect!](#)

[Chapter 709: A Pot of Meat...](#)

[Chapter 710: There Will Always be Sacrifices, and There Will Always be Those who Want to Live](#)

[Chapter 711: Do Not Spare Even a Single One](#)

[Chapter 712: Great Leaf's Sword Rune](#)

[Chapter 713: The Sword in the Hand](#)

[Chapter 714: The Two Prejudiced Extremities](#)

[Chapter 715: The Smile He Had Not Seen for a Long Time](#)

[Chapter 716: Scratching an Itch](#)

[Chapter 717: The Fateful Meeting](#)

[Chapter 718: Marriage...](#)

[Chapter 719: Origins Revealed](#)

[Chapter 720: Yu Xuan, Could You Give Me a Strand of Your Hair?](#)

[Chapter 721: Arriving in Southern Swamp Once More](#)

[Chapter 722: Second Senior Brother and Zi Yan](#)

[Chapter 723: Whose Is It?](#)

[Chapter 724: Youngest Junior Brother, Do You Really Want to See It?](#)

[Chapter 725: Morning Dao Sect!](#)

[Chapter 726: His Second Senior Brother and Hu Zi's Origins](#)

[Chapter 727: Blood of Nine Li](#)