

## ETERNAL SACRED KING

### Chapter 12 - Night Conversation

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The ground shook turbulently; thunderous sounds of hooves could be heard.

Under the sunset, a group of steel-armored cavalry armed with long spears charged into Ping Yang Town ferociously. The leader was Liu Yu, the guard of the Su residence.

“Hurry, hurry!”

Liu Yu urged the army constantly, his forehead perspiring and his expression full of anxiety.

It had been three hours since Su Zimo left the Su residence. At the moment, even the calm and collected Uncle Zheng revealed great worries in his eyes.

“Mmm?”

Liu Yu’s gaze focused on a few people nearby with ghastly pale faces fleeing in panic towards his direction. They seemed to be terrified.

“These few people are the guards of the Zhao family!” A murderous intent rose in Liu Yu’s heart immediately. He wanted to order his troops to surround them.

Uncle Zheng suddenly said, “Don’t bother about them. Go to the Zhao residence to save people first!”

From the moment that they entered the Ping Yang Town and made their way to the Zhao residence, Uncle Zheng and the others saw about a dozen pugilistic experts. All of them were dashing out of the place desperately, looking panic-stricken.

“What is going on?”

Uncle Zheng and Liu Yu felt very uneasy.

Not long after, Uncle Zheng and Liu Yu led the hundreds of cavalry to the doors of the Zhao residence. Just as they were about to break in, the doors of the Zhao residence suddenly opened.

A man and a woman stepped out of it.

The young girl’s eyes were covered with a few layers of cloth strips that had been splattered with drops of blood. Her thin face looked ghastly pale and her delicate frame quivering. She looked so pitiful that one could not help but sympathize with her.

The man’s clothes were torn, tattered and badly stained with fresh, red blood. He was carrying a long blood-stained knife in his left hand and holding onto the girl with his right hand, slowly making his way out of the doors of the Zhao residence.

Everyone’s gaze inadvertently drifted across this pair of man and woman to the courtyard of the Zhao residence.

It was a creepy scene that one would not forget for life.

In the courtyard, dead bodies were scattered all over the ground. Scarlet blood was flowing quietly in between the cracks of the stones. Some people’s bodies had been split into half, some of their skulls shattered into pieces and some of the heads and bodies separated with broken limbs twitching.

The deathly aura was pervasive. Smell of blood filled the air!

This was simply a terrifying and sinister place of eternal hell!

The man was drenched in blood. Carrying a long knife, he looked like a slayer who had just emerged from hell.

Nevertheless, his gaze was still bright and clear. When the afterglow of the sunset landed on the exquisite and youthful face of that man, it cast a vague and mysterious glow on it.

There was pin-drop silence among the hundreds of cavalry!

Seemingly suppressed by an invisible and imposing aura, even the fierce horses beneath them lowered their heads and kept quiet out of fear.

To everyone, the Su Zimo at this moment was both strange and familiar.

Su Xiaoning seemed to have sensed something. She could not help but tear off the strips of cloth covering her eyes and turned towards the courtyard of the Zhao residence.

Su Zimo reached out his palm and blocked her sight. He said gently, "Don't look. Go home and rest. Forget about today's matter."

"Uncle Zheng, Uncle Liu, send Xiaoning back to the residence." Su Zimo sounded very calm but, somehow, everyone present felt very nervous.

Uncle Zheng nodded and Liu Yu immediately went forward to help Xiaoning onto the horse. He then personally escorted her back to the Su residence.

After watching Liu Yu and the group leave, Su Zimo strode off gradually. His strides were heavy, leaving a long trail of bloody footprints. It was a ghastly and horrifying sight.

"Second Young Master, you..."

With his back facing everyone, Su Zimo waved his hands and said, "Don't follow me."

The hundreds of cavalry did not move. No one dared to question or oppose him.

It was only until when Su Zimo's figure disappeared at the end of the long street that everyone heaved out a long sigh of relief.

Facing this seemingly frail-looking second young master of the Su family, these warriors who had experienced gutsy massacres actually felt overwhelmed by him.

"Mr Zheng, it seems that most of the people inside are dead. There are a dozen of Connate Experts and also the family masters of both the Zhao and the Lee family!" Yu Chihuo ran out from the courtyard of the Zhao family and said in a low voice.

There was a commotion.

At the sight of the horrible scene in the courtyard of the Zhao family, everyone was already mentally prepared. However, no one expected a dozen Connate Experts to lose their lives in this place in just half a day!

Most importantly, the family masters of both the Zhao family and Lee family were dead. In addition, hundreds of pugilistic experts had been killed. It meant that these two big family clans had technically been eliminated from Ping Yang Town.

Did second young master kill all these people?

This was a doubt in everyone's heart.

Yu Chihuo frowned and said, "Mr Zheng, from what I understand from young master and Liu Yu, second young master could barely compete with early-stage Connate Expert three months ago. Why did he become so scary after three months?"

Mr Zheng looked perplexed. He sighed. "We have been guarding some secrets and refusing to talk about them. Our second young master... I'm afraid he also has many secrets."

...

Su Zimo returned to his own mansion. His face revealed a deep fatigue the moment that he closed the door.

He did not lose a lot of blood from the few wounds on his body. However, the pain was still unbearable. Furthermore, Su Zimo had been killing continuously for three hours without a moment of rest. The muscles all over his body were already sore and swollen.

Su Zimo sat down for a while to rest before entering the cultivation field.

After half a year, Su Zimo realized that he had inadvertently become very reliant on the cultivation field. He had the feelings of homecoming when he was back.

Die Yue remained seated on the green stone with a cold and indifferent expression. She did not even look at Su Zimo.

However, no one had any idea of when the wooden barrel had been filled with a pitch dark medicinal liquid that was emitting a faint medicinal scent.

Su Zimo conveniently threw the Thunderbolt Saber aside. He dragged his heavy body and climbed into the barrel. He could feel the icy cold medicinal liquid but his heart was warm.

Su Zimo fell asleep unknowingly.

During the past six months of cultivation, the Body Tempering breathing method had already become his habit. Even in his sleep, Su Zimo could still cultivate and absorb the essence of the medicinal liquid to harden and refine his skin and flesh.

The killings this time had made Su Zimo experience the crux of Body Petrification.

If Su Zimo was conscious, he would be shocked to discover that the wounds on his body were healing at a rate that was visible to the naked eye.

The reasons were twofold. First, his body had a strong regeneration ability after cultivating the Body Tempering sutra. Second, it was due to the boundless essence that originated from the medicinal liquid.

The first absorption was much faster than usual!

Su Zimo woke up only after three hours of sleep. All of his previous fatigue had been swept away and he was full of vigor and energy.

Su Zimo felt something was different. He touched the wounds incurred today but did not feel any scars. There was only skin that was as smooth and fine as jade!

“Such powerful healing ability!” Su Zimo was secretly astonished.

Simultaneously, an idea flashed across Su Zimo’s mind. He mentally cultivated the Body Petrification quietly.

Su Zimo could clearly feel the tightening of his muscles instantly. Every inch of his flesh was squeezed together without any gap. They were as hard and firm as a rock.

“This is also considered a blessing in disguise.”

Su Zimo secretly thought and said. “Without the trigger of these external injuries, it is most likely very difficult to understand the profound meaning of Body Petrification in such a short time.”

Su Zimo got up and said to Die Yue, “I’m going out.”

Die Yue did not seem to have heard him. She seemed to be resting with her eyes closed.

Su Zimo walked out of the cultivation field, returned to his mansion and changed into a green robe. He headed to the Su residence directly.

Su Zimo had pent-up frustrations in his heart regarding today's matter. However, it was not targeted at the Zhao family and Lee family. Instead, it was targeted at the Su family and his older brother Su Hong.

At this moment, the night was pitch dark and the streets were isolated. Su Zimo used the Plow Heaven Stride and dashed ahead crazily. Soon after, he arrived at the Su residence.

The doors of the Su family were not tightly shut. Instead, it was wide open.

Su Zimo pondered for a while before heading to Uncle Zheng's living quarters.

The courtyard was not big. There was a round stone table in the middle of it. Uncle Zheng was just sitting there. He seemed to have waited for a long time.

"Second young master, you eventually still came." Uncle Zheng was a little emotional.

Su Zimo sat beside the stone table and looked into both the eyes of Uncle Zheng. He said in a deep voice, "Since you know the intent of my visit, is Uncle Zheng still going to keep it from me?"

Uncle Zheng bitterly smiled and shook his head.

"Since a young age, older brother forbade us from learning martial arts. He sent me away to study and forbade us from intervening in the family business... There are too many things. Older brother had intentionally or unintentionally distanced Xiaoning and me from the Su family. Xiaoning is simple and innocent and doesn't sense it. But I have long noticed this."

Su Zimo said softly, "If Xiaoning had learned martial arts since she was a child, today's matter might not have happened. I can tell that those people behind Uncle Zheng today are all Postnatal Experts who had been through

countless fights and battles. Since our family clan has such strength and power, why didn't we reveal them earlier? What business is older brother into? Is he only selling horses? Why did he go to the Country of Yan and not Country of Da Qi to do business?"

Uncle Zheng looked like he was in a difficult position. He wanted to say something but held back his tongue.

The two faced each other in silence. The atmosphere was becoming increasingly stifling.

Su Zimo's words were startling when he spoke suddenly, "Were my parents murdered by someone?"

Uncle Zheng's countenance suddenly changed. However, it reverted to normal in the next moment.

"Uncle Zheng, Zimo is not the once frail and weak scholar. I believe you have also seen it yourself. What exactly is the Su family afraid of? Who is the Su family's enemy? Tell me!" Su Zimo held onto Uncle Zheng's arm, his eyes shining sinisterly and coldly.

Uncle Zheng gave a long sigh. "Second young master, it is not that I don't want to say it. It is just that telling you won't do you any good. Certainly, you are different from before. You have become stronger and can even kill many Connate Experts. But... "

After pausing for a while, Uncle Zheng shook his head and said, "After all, these are still just the strength of mortals."

These words seemed familiar.

Half a year ago, before she left, Shen Mengqi had told Su Zimo that even if he were to attain the Postnatal or Connate realms in the future, they are only of mortal strength and could not withstand even a blow of the immortals!



Su Zimo understood what Uncle Zheng was implying.

However, he did not expect that the enemy of the Su family had been the legendary immortal cultivators since a long time ago.

In addition, Su Zimo himself had incidentally offended a Perfected Golden Core. All these events seemed to be part of destiny. After numerous twists and turns, they still could not get out of it.

“At what realm is the enemy of the Su family at? Qi Refinement Warrior? Foundation Establishment Cultivator or Perfected Golden Core?” Su Zimo asked calmly.

He had long heard from Die Yue that mortals at the Qi Condensation Realm were called Qi Refinement Warrior. There were ten levels and the tenth level was the Perfected level. Those in the Foundation Establishment Realm could be called a Cultivator. Only those in the Golden Core Realm were qualified to be called ‘Perfected’.

“You...”

Obviously, Uncle Zheng was surprised that Su Zimo actually knew the terms of cultivation. His expression was full of shock.

After some time, Uncle Zheng said, “The Foundation Establishment Cultivator and Perfected Golden Core are far beyond our reach. Ordinary mortals are certainly not a match for even the Qi Refinement Warrior.”

“You may be able to kill the Connate Experts now. However, even a Level 1 Qi Refinement Warrior can kill you.”

Su Zimo furrowed his brows slightly.

Naturally, Su Zimo did not believe Uncle Zheng’s words.

According to Die Yue, demon cultivation was also a kind of cultivation of Dao. It was definitely not any lesser than the three sects of Immortal, Buddha and Fiend.

He had already mastered the Body Tempering section of the The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness. Could he not defeat even a Level 1 Qi Refinement Warrior?

Furthermore, the two massacres during the half a year had boosted Su Zimo's confidence greatly.

"Uncle Zheng, do you mean that you will tell me everything and no longer keep the truth from me if I am powerful enough to attack and kill the Qi Refinement Warrior?" Su Zimo asked again.

"This..." Uncle Zheng said hesitatingly. "Second young master, you don't have the spirit root. You can only be a mortal for life. Ultimately, you won't be a match for the immortals."

Su Zimo sneered. He thought of what Die Yue had said before and casually commented, "What kind of immortals are Qi Refinement Warrior considered as? Even the Perfected Golden Core dare not be so impudent to call themselves immortal!"

When Die Yue said this, Su Zimo was stunned and speechless by her supercilious and domineering aura that belittled the heaven and earth.

Now, Uncle Zheng had the same expression on his face. His jaws dropped slightly and his face was filled with shock.

"Let's wait for young master to be back before we talk about this again." Uncle Zheng finally spoke.

"Okay, I will ask older brother when he is back."

Su Zimo did not stay behind. He turned and left.

