

## ETERNAL SACRED KING

### Chapter 14 - Fiendish Appearance

#### *Chapter 14: Fiendish Appearance*

Unprecedented feelings of fear arose and Su Zimo felt his scalp blistering. He had goosebumps all over his body.

Su Zimo's reflexes kicked in and both his lower limbs moved to flee before he even stood up completely.

Swoosh!

A malicious and stinking breeze attacked in his direction and Su Zimo dodged it just in time. He could not help but look back.

Su Zimo's pupils contracted violently. Instantly, his heart was in his throat.

This was an anaconda that was beyond Su Zimo's recognition. It's humongous body was as thick as a water barrel. Covered tightly with scales, it's body shone with a cold and metallic lustre. It was glaring at Su Zimo with greenish, squinted eyes and big predacious mouth; saliva was continuously dripping from in between it's teeth.

He was too careless. Su Zimo still had some lingering fear.

He had been approached by such a large species and he actually did not sense it at all!

The anaconda curled itself around an old tree that was as tall as the clouds and looked down at Su Zimo from the great heights. There was a flash of contempt in his eyes.

This was a spirit beast!

This kind of human-like glances appeared in an anaconda. It was evident that it was psychic and as intelligent as humans. It was just that it could not speak human language.

Although there was a huge gap in size between the python and human, Su Zimo did not look the slightest bit afraid after he calmed down. On the contrary, he was very eager to try.

This was a rare opportunity.

The python's gaze was cold and sinister. It attacked first. The humongous body dropped onto the ground and twisted a few times in the grass. All was quiet. In the blink of an eye, it had slithered to Su Zimo with intelligent movements and lightning speed.

"Oh no!"

Su Zimo had a great shock.

The anaconda slithered over, erratically moving its head. In that instance, he suddenly found it difficult to grasp the chance and had to abolish all of his original plans.

If he were to fail in his first strike, he would undoubtedly die!

In between flashes of light and stones on fire, Su Zimo exerted strength on both his lower limbs. His body backed off rapidly and averted the attacks.

At this moment, a surge of evil aura that was as resilient as a knife swept over. Before he could react, his body had been hit firmly at the sweep of the python's tail and was thrown off.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After crashing into and breaking three old trees consecutively, Su Zimo fell onto the ground and vomited a mouthful of blood. His face was as white as a sheet.

This collision had injured him greatly.

At this moment, Su Zimo felt that the tendons and bones in his body were about to shatter. The pain was unbearable and he simply did not have anymore energy to fight.

“A difference of one stroke actually landed me in such a miserable state.”

Before he could finish this thought, he sighted the anaconda chasing closely and pouncing on him again. A black shadow engulfed him. Su Zimo gritted his teeth, twisted his arm, pulled out the Thunderbolt Saber on his back and slashed forward with all his might!

There were flashes of blood.

The anaconda gave a sorrowful cry. A bloody wound appeared on its head. One of the eyes was already blinded!

Having suffered such a grievous injury, the humongous body of the anaconda tossed and twisted continuously, causing the surrounding trees to break one by one. The sound and atmosphere was appalling.

Su Zimo knew that he was definitely not a match for this anaconda despite the latter's injury. Their abilities were not on the same level.

Furthermore, he was more seriously injured. If he were to receive another crazy whip by the anaconda, he would definitely die on the spot.

Su Zimo dared not stay any longer. He fled quickly using the Plow Heaven Stride.

Before he could run far, he felt drained of energy. His chest felt stifled; he could not help but spit out another mouthful of fresh blood.

In the battle at the Zhao family, he was covered in blood but they were caused by external injuries. The Connate Experts' strength was not powerful enough to penetrate his skin and flesh.

However, the tail of this anaconda not only mangled his chest but also injured his internal organs.

If Su Zimo had not used the Body Petrification, that strike was enough to blast his body!

“Am I going to be buried in this place on the very first day?”

Su Zimo bit the tip of his tongue and tried hard to stay sober. He quietly pondered and said, “I must find a good place to hide as soon as possible. Otherwise, any spirit beast that I encounter can kill me easily.”

After running for a while, he sighted a steep mountain wall in front of him. There was a cave on it a few feet from the ground.

Su Zimo’s eyes lit up.

He arrived at the mountain wall and used the Thunderbolt Saber to dent the walls as he climbed up.

Stepping on these dents, Su Zimo climbed up the mountain wall and carefully peeped into the cave. He flipped inside after ascertaining that there was no danger.

This ‘torture’ had already exhausted his last bit of strength.

The cave was not big and could barely fit three people. Fortunately, the location was not bad and could avoid most of the terrestrial beasts.

Su Zimo lay in the cave and tried to perk himself up. He used the breathing and expiration method continuously and the healing power of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness to recover from his injuries.

Time passed quickly and the sun was gradually setting.

When Su Zimo was following Die Yue on the first night, he did not feel the horror of the Cang Lang Mountain Range. Last night, there was complete silence. It was as if all the living things had gone into hiding.

Today, the night had just arrived and spirit beasts were already beginning to appear. Sounds of roars shook the wilderness. From time to time, giant birds would fly pass the mountain wall, casting their shadows and blocking the moon.

In the forest, the spirit beasts prowled fearlessly, the old trees swayed and an eerie atmosphere filled the air. There were constant sounds of terrifying roars.

This was the true colors of Cang Lang Mountain Range!

If Die Yue was not accompanying him last night, he could not even tide over it!

Earlier on, Su Zimo saw for himself a spider with a human face as big as a basin. It moved at lighting speed as it climbed towards this wall mountain.

To his surprise, a black figure suddenly appeared on the wall mountain rolled into the spider's body and disappeared in between the cracks of the rocks.

When Su Zimo was fear-stricken, he heard a ferocious roar from the sky. Immediately after, a divine eagle with a pair of purple wings appeared out of nowhere. It's super sharp claws were shining coldly like daggers. It dug into the cracks of the rocks on the wall mountain and crushed a big piece of rock.

“Roar!”

A miserable cry could be heard from the crack of the rocks. The purple-winged eagle had already captured a crawling spirit beast. It's claws pierced deeply into the body of the spirit beast and fresh blood splattered out.

This spirit beast was huge. It was a hundredfold bigger than the purple-winged eagle. However, it could not escape no matter how it struggled. The purple-winged eagle carried it and soared into the sky.

Before it left, the purple-winged eagle had obviously discovered Su Zimo. It even glanced back at the cave on the wall mountain with a chilling glare.

It could be that Su Zimo seemed too frail and weak in comparison to that spirit beast. Hence, the purple-winged eagle did not bother. It spread its wings and flew away.

That one gaze was enough to land him in trepidation and send chills up his spine.

This was a spirit demon!

This purple-winged eagle was definitely a spirit demon!

“It is too powerful. Just the aura that it exuded could make me feel defenseless. I don’t know if it is a spirit demon at the Foundation Establishment Realm or Golden Core Realm.”

Su Zimo swallowed the lump in his throat. He shifted himself deeper into the cave.

In the forest under the wall mountain, there were killings everywhere. The air was moist and filled with a bloody stench. The earlier scene was just the tip of the iceberg.

This was the Cang Lang Mountain Range. Bloody, brutal and filled with the most primitive slaughters!

After surviving the second night with much difficulty, Su Zimo discovered that there was another test awaiting him.

One night had passed but his injuries had not completely recovered. Hence, he dared not continue to cultivate.

In Ping Yang Town, he did not need to worry about food. However, food had become his greatest problem in Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Su Zimo was injured and dared not act rashly.

However, without food, each time he breathed in and out, he was using the essence of his own blood and flesh to cultivate. His hunger would increase and he would not be able to endure for too long.

It was a vicious cycle.

Without food, there was no energy source and he would not be able to cultivate. It would be difficult to heal the injuries on his body and advance to another realm. It was even harder to obtain food.

Henceforth, every step that he took would determine his destiny!

Su Zimo moved his body and used the Thunderbolt Saber to dig and deepen the cave. He placed some leaves and branches near the entrance of the cave to camouflage it and hide himself.

One day...

Two days...

Despite the torture of starvation and pain arising from his injuries, Su Zimo waited patiently and did not leave the cave.

On the third day, he finally received an opportunity to turn the tides.

Last night, there were many killings below the mountain wall. One of the spirit beasts died and a lot of flesh and blood were left on its dead body.

Su Zimo stared at the remains of the spirit demon for a long time. After much consideration, he finally made up his mind and walked out of the cave, carrying the Thunderbolt Saber.

Worried that he would attract other spirit beasts, Su Zimo dared not start a fire. He bore with the disgust and devoured the flesh and blood mouthful by

mouthful. His eyes surveyed the surroundings continuously and he was high-strung.

He dared not bring this spirit beast back to the cave, for fear that the bloody stench would expose the location of his cave.

Only three days had passed and his scholarly aura and inexperience subsided. He was strangely calm, as if he belonged to the most primitive human clan. He cautiously struggled to survive in the bleak and remote land, devouring raw flesh and drinking blood.

After cultivating The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, Su Zimo's appetite had increased greatly. Soon after, he finished off the flesh and blood on this spirit beast.

After returning to the cave, he began to cultivate.

He discovered the difference when he cultivated.

The energy essence contained in the flesh and blood of the spirit beast was richer than that of ordinary cattle and sheep. Taking in this raw flesh and blood allowed the essence to be absorbed into his belly directly without any wastage.

Prior to this, after Su Zimo consumed one cattle, he would cultivate and drain all the energy from the flesh and blood in just half a day.

On this occasion, he cultivated for one entire day and night.

Of course, the benefit was evident. The injuries caused by the anaconda had completely healed. In addition, the Body Tempering and Tendons Transformation Realms had advanced substantially.

In the time to come, Su Zimo did not venture too far away.



He spent most of his time cultivating the Tendons Transformation in the cave. Occasionally, he would secretly observe the killing techniques of the spirit beast below the mountain wall to comprehend them.

After he felt that he had learned something, Su Zimo left the cave to hunt and kill spirit beasts to nurture his spirit perception and polish his martial skills.

Although he suffered more losses than victories, was unkempt and covered in wounds at times, Su Zimo could always escape alive with Body Tempering and Tendons Transformation as the foundation.

In between life and death struggles, he constantly concluded, comprehended and cultivated.

Three months later, Su Zimo returned to the old place and looked for that anaconda. He then slayed it with his bare hands.

Henceforth, Su Zimo completely left the cave that he had been living in. He wandered in countless mountains and ravines, traveled in dense forests and big pools and engaged in combat with various kinds of birds and spirit beasts.

This was a bloodshed world about the survival of the fittest. The so-called most powerful one did not exist.

In one moment, one was proud and majestic. In the next moment, he could possibly end up as a prey in the belly of other spirit beasts.

There were countless miserable and intensive bloody battles, countless narrow escapes from death, constant vigilance and constantly on tenterhooks. As time passed by, Su Zimo acquired a unique and indescribable sense of danger.

That.... was spirit perception!

In this mountain range that no one paid attention to, a young boy from the human clan without spirit root was undergoing a thorough transformation. A fiendish appearance was taking root!