

ETERNAL SACRED KING

Chapter 2 - Mysterious Lady

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This came as a strong blow to Su Zimo. It had totally changed how he looked at this world. It turned out there were indeed immortals in this world. With their powers, any immortal could be above the country, notwithstanding their backers, Iridescent Clouds Palace.

To Su Zimo, it was nothing to lose his scholarly honors. But Zhui Feng was his companion since a young age. It was more than a horse to him, it was his closest kin.

Not long after, Su Zimo reached his mansion.

This mansion was small and deserted. There were only a few rooms. His older brother Su Hong rewarded him with this mansion when he passed the college examination at 12 years old.

Su Zimo carried Zhui Feng's ashes and buried them beside the peach blossom tree in the center of the courtyard.

"Zhui Feng, I planted the peach blossom tree by myself. It will keep you company in the future. There will be a day where I will pour the blood of Perfected Cang Lang on your ashes!"

Su Zimo's eyes turned red. He stood by the peach blossom tree quietly for a long while before he turned to leave.

Su Zimo caught sight of someone as he turned to leave.

It was a woman in a blood-red robe. She was beautiful. She was not flirtatious nor garish. She did not put on any makeup. She seemed like someone who had just come out from a painting.

Su Zimo sighed. Like the ancient saying, she was a natural beauty, seemingly like a hibiscus that rose out of clear water.

Despite being an exquisite beauty free from worldly cares, she was dressed in a scarlet, blood red long robe. It did not seem to match, but the contrast created a unique aura about her.

Two years ago, Su Zimo returned home to find an unconscious lady near Cang Lang mountains. He was worried that she might be eaten by the beasts and hence he brought her back with him.

The red-robed lady regained consciousness not long after she reached the mansion. She seemed to be well. However, she refused to say a word no matter how Su Zimo asked about her name or place of residence.

The red-robed lady had lived here for two years, and Su Zimo never tried to drive her away.

There was no servants in the mansion. Su Zimo was not used to being waited on. He took care of his three meals a day by himself.

To him, it was nothing to have one more person in the mansion. All he needed to do was to prepare one more serving of food.

In the past two years, whenever Su Zimo prepared the meals, he would bring one portion to the red-robed lady. He would put the food outside her room, knock on the door and leave.

The red-robed lady rarely appeared, and Su Zimo had never seen her venture outside the mansion. The two of them had not even had a proper conversation before.

The Su family and Ping Yang Town did not know of her existence.

The lady's name was Die Yue. She was reclusive and was a person of few words. That was all that Su Zimo knew about her.

Su Zimo had no idea since when Die Yue stood behind him. However, it seemed strange in the way Die Yue looked at him today. He could not put it into words.

Su Zimo nodded towards her and went back to his room.

Both of them had already become used to this form of greeting in the past two years. Besides, Su Zimo knew that even if he spoke to her, Die Yue would ignore him.

Su Zimo shut the door, and took out a sharp knife with a one foot long handle from the corner. It was rusty. It seemed like it had not been used for ages.

Su Zimo searched around before he took out a whetstone. He looked solemn as he sprinkled water on it. There was a cold glare in his eyes as he sharpened the knife.

After a short while, Su Zimo seemed to think of something. He pushed the door open and looked at Die Yue who was at the courtyard. "Miss Die Yue, have an early rest today. You must not come out of your room if you hear any sounds tonight."

Die Yue made no comments, she remained cold and aloof.

Su Zimo could not help but have a strange notion inside his head.

Die Yue who was right in front of him resembled an immortal in terms of her temperament and the way she conducted herself. She was graceful and beyond worldly cares, indifferent to everything around her. A true immortal would never get angry and injure people just because a mortal refused to kneel down before him.

Of course, this was just his thoughts. Su Zimo did not think too much about it.

Su Zimo carried a jar of wine from the cellar in the courtyard. He dusted the mud off and deliberately spilled some strong wine on the way back to his room.

Upon reaching the door, Su Zimo let go of the jar of wine and it shattered onto the floor. The wine was spilled all over the floor, giving off a strong smell.

Die Yue witnessed the entire scene. There was a vague smile in the corner of her lips.

Su Zimo went into the room but did not shut the door tightly, leaving it unlatched.

Su Zimo went to the corner and continued to sharpen the knife.

It was destined to be chaotic tonight.

Su Zimo waited.

He was waiting for a person...

...

The dark night had come.

A sneaky figure trailed along the wall and slipped into Su Zimo's mansion.

He made quite a large commotion when he landed on the floor. The dark figure rushed to the corner agilely.

The dark figure waited for a while in the corner. The courtyard seemed quiet and there was not the slightest abnormality. The dark figure finally stood up and took out a dagger from his waist. The cold dagger glittered in the dark.

Through the glitter of the dagger, one could vaguely tell that it was Zhou Dingyun who joined the immortal sect together with Shen Mengqi!

Zhou Dingyun was one who sought revenge over the smallest grievance. Initially, he was wary of the Su family and Su Zimo who had scholarly honors. Now that Su Zimo was reduced to an inferior commoner, while he had joined the immortal sect, soaring to new heights, he would not let Su Zimo go easily. Besides, he would kill Su Zimo without anyone knowing tonight and leave Ping Yang Town with Perfected Cang Lang tomorrow.

Even if the Su family realized the murder, they would not dare to make trouble, otherwise Perfected Cang Lang might exterminate their entire family when angered.

Zhou Dingyun was not highly skilled except that he was strong and had physical strength. He believed that it would be easy to take down a frail scholar.

He treaded carefully and smelled the fragrance of strong wine. He swept his gaze across the courtyard and noticed that there was a broken jar of wine in front of one of the rooms.

“Haha.” Zhou Dingyun felt reassured. He grinned. “Indeed, you have not suffered any setbacks before and decided to drown one’s sorrows in wine. You must be dead drunk now. It is just nice. I will cut off the tendons of your hands and legs and take the time to torture you!”

Zhou Dingyun swaggered to the door of the room. The room was unlatched. He peeped through the door and saw that there seemed to be a person lying on the bed. But the light was weak, therefore he could not see clearly.

Zhou Dingyun did not stop to think but pushed the door open with a menacing look on his face, dashing into the room.

There was an even stronger smell of wine in the room. Zhou Dingyun frowned and walked stealthily toward the bed.

When he was about to reach the bed, a shadow came out from behind the door like a ghost.

Suddenly!

There was a cold light in the dark. Zhou Dingyun had yet to react and he could feel a cool touch to his neck. It was prickly and there was a cold voice next to his ears.

“Move and I’ll kill you!”

Zhou Dingyun felt a chill on his back. He had goosebumps all over his body.

He might be physically strong, but Zhou Dingyun was unable to exert any strength.

He knew very well that the thing that was on his neck was a sharp weapon, which could easily pierce through his throat.

“W-who are you?”

Zhou Dingyun panicked, feeling as if his throat had been punctured, and warm liquid flowed down from his neck to his chest.

The feeling was terrifying!

It was as if his life was draining bit by bit but there was nothing he could do.

All of a sudden, someone pulled Zhou Dingyun’s hair by force and jerked him to the back!

There was a tearing pain in his scalp. It felt as if it was close to being torn off from his head!

“Ah!”

Zhou Dingyun screamed in pain.

Zhou Dingyun's legs went limp and he fell to his knees at the severe pain and life-threatening knife at his neck.

Zhou Dingyun never felt so close to death.

"Take a look at who I am." The person behind him spoke up again. It was cold and eerie, as if the person was a ghost from hell, seeking his life.

Zhou Dingyun threw his head back in an odd posture, widening his eyes to look upward.

One glance at the person and Zhou Dingyun was terror-stricken.

In the dark, Su Zimo did not have the scholarly aura of a scholar. His expression was grim and menacing. His eyes were sharp and scary. The expression in his eyes was colder than the sharp knife in his hands!

At this moment, Zhou Dingyun could sense Su Zimo's determination and strong intention to kill.

"Oh no! Now that Su Zimo had lost his scholarly honors and been reduced to an inferior commoner, he is serious about killing me!"

"No, I am joining the immortal sect. I can't die!"

Thousands of thoughts fled through Zhou Dingyun's mind in that split second. They all morphed into a strong desire to survive.

Zhou Dingyun quivered. "Y-you can't kill me. If others know about it, y-you can't escape death..."

"Hehe."

Su Zimo smiled. "My life is worthless. I want to get someone to die with me. You are really down on your luck to come looking for me. You mustn't blame me."

To Zhou Dingyun, Su Zimo's smile in the dark seemed particularly eerie.

Zhou Dingyun felt even more fear at his calm and indifferent tone.

“Crazy, Su Zimo is crazy!”

He had barely shouted when Zhou Dingyun felt the slight movement of the sharp knife at his throat.

Zhou Dingyun had a mental breakdown at the pulsating pain at his throat.

“S-Second Young Master Su, I beg you to spare my cheap life. I will never do evil in the future.”

“Second Young Master Su, I swear that even if I am lucky enough to join the immortal sect, I will never seek revenge on you. If not, I will suffer a painful death where countless of arrows pierce through my heart.”

Su Zimo was silent. He squinted his eyes and looked at Zhou Dingyun.

Zhou Dingyun panicked further at the dead silence.

Zhou Dingyun could not tell what was on Su Zimo’s mind.

Time trickled by. Just when Zhou Dingyun was close to despair, the grip on his scalp was loosened and the sharp knife on his neck was being removed slowly.

“Scram.”

Su Zimo said coldly.

To Zhou Dingyun, the word sounded like an immortal’s voice. He felt as if he was being pardoned. He crawled and rolled, fleeing from the room.

Zhou Dingyun covered the wound on his neck with his hand and ran to the courtyard, panting heavily.

After the narrow escape from death, Zhou Dingyun gritted his teeth and had a malicious thought again.

“Su Zimo is after all a scholar. Previously he was prepared, but right now, he won't have chances of survival.”

There was a murderous look in Zhou Dingyun's eyes. He could not help but turn to look toward the room.

Su Zimo stood at the doorway. He was clad in green clothes, with a sharp knife that had a one-foot long handle in his right hand. His eyes were cold, he looked like a tiger that was capable of devouring humans. There was a murderous aura about him!

There was a sense of ridicule in his expression, he seemed to have seen through Zhou Dingyun.

Zhou Dingyun's evil thought vanished instantly.

Zhou Dingyun had no idea about how deep the wound on his neck was, and he was clueless about whether Su Zimo had any other tricks up his sleeves. No matter what, he would not take the risk again.

“Revenge is a dish best served cold.”

With that, Zhou Dingyun fled the mansion hurriedly.