

ETERNAL SACRED KING

Chapter 3 - Supreme Demon Classic

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Su Zimo waited till Zhou Dingyun had long left before he let out a long breath, his face looking pale.

The encounter was brief but dangerous. But luckily, it was as what he had predicted.

Su Zimo took note of a piece of information during the conversation with Shen Mengqi. She and Zhou Dingyun would leave Ping Yang Town with Perfected Cang Lang tomorrow.

Su Zimo expected that Zhou Dingyun would definitely seek revenge tonight!

Su Zimo had thought of seeking help from the Su family. But in this way, other than implicating the Su family, it would not change the outcome in any way.

This was because Zhou Dingyun could not be killed.

He was no longer the ruffian he used to be. Instead, he was about to join the immortal sect. If he died, Perfected Cang Lang would definitely come looking for him. By then, who would be able to stop him?

Su Zimo had never killed anyone before. But when the knife touched Zhou Dingyun's throat, he was not the least nervous, scared or frightened. Instead, he was slightly excited and eager to try.

He did not give a damn as to what would happen tomorrow. The sky might collapse or the ground might sink. He would be able to relieve his pent-up frustrations if he killed the bully. That would be so cool!

Su Zimo indeed had the murderous intent and aura. He did not disguise it. He almost could not control himself and wanted to stab him with the knife!

This was the first time that Su Zimo discovered that the blood that flowed inside of him was not the scholarly blood, but more of a general in the battlefield that was used to killing, or of those brutes who believed in an eye for an eye.

He might used to have scholarly honors. But he was unable to stop the evildoers. Instead it was his sharp knife that sent them away.

“Long years of hard study could not be compared to the sharpness of the knife.”

Su Zimo laughed at himself. “A scholar is indeed useless. He could only do this much.”

Su Zimo returned to the room. He threw the knife aside, lying on the bed, but he did not sleep at all.

He was worried about one thing.

Given Zhou Dingyun’s temperament, he would definitely return to Ping Yang Town after cultivation and seek revenge for what happened today!

He would meet his end then.

It might be a month later, or perhaps a year later or ten years later.

Nevertheless, Zhou Dingyun would definitely come back!

Su Zimo knew it very well, but he had to tolerate the wicked acts of him today.

That was because if he killed Zhou Dingyun, he would definitely die tomorrow. However, if he let Zhou Dingyun off, at least there was still a glimmer of hope.

The glimmer of hope was that he would be able to gain the ability to fight against him before Zhou Dingyun came back after completing his cultivation.

But, was that possible?

What was a spirit root?

Why did he not have a spirit root?

Why could he not cultivate without a spirit root?

Why...

Su Zimo felt confused. He was curious about the immortal sect and was bewildered about the future.

Su Zimo's eyelids felt heavy and he drifted off to sleep.

Su Zimo had a weird dream.

In the dream, an immortal whispered into his ears. "Do you want to cultivate?"

Yes, Su Zimo would love to do that.

Never before had he felt so eager to have power.

Su Zimo felt that something was odd.

Su Zimo was startled awake shortly after. He sat up suddenly. There was uncertainty in his eyes, and his back was drenched in cold sweat.

He finally realized what was wrong.

This was not a dream!

Someone was really asking whether he wanted to cultivate.

Su Zimo got up and opened the door, witnessing a scene that he would never forget in his entire life.

There was an exquisite beauty next to the peach blossom tree in the courtyard. She was clad in a blood red robe. She stood there with sparkling eyes, watching him quietly.

The clouds seemed to have dispersed, and the moonlight was clear as water. The petals of the peach blossoms fell off the tree and the lady was standing in the midst of it. It seemed as if there were mist and clouds in the twilight. This did not look like the mortal world.

“Do you want to cultivate?”

Die Yue asked once again. Her voice was gentle and pleasant, seeming somewhat lazy.

Su Zimo took a deep breath and gradually calmed down. He had lots of questions and doubts. But he only manage to utter a single word. “Yes.”

“Well, I’ll teach you.” Die Yue replied casually. It was as if teaching Su Zimo was a simple chore like eating or dressing.

Su Zimo walked down the stone steps and stopped in front of Die Yue. He gazed into her clear, watery eyes.

Die Yue was gazing at him as well.

After a while, Su Zimo realized that the lady in front of him was like a mystery. He could not see through her at all.

On the contrary, Su Zimo felt as if he was seen through by Die Yue, and he could not hide any secrets from her.

For a moment, Su Zimo had a flickering thought that Die Yue knew everything that happened to him today.

She knew everything that he was thinking about!

“I have no spirit root.” Su Zimo took a while before he said.

“There is a cultivation technique that does not require spirit root.”

“What cultivation technique is that?” Su Zimo asked automatically.

“The cultivation technique of the demon clan!” Die Yue widened her eyes and there was a special aura about her.

Su Zimo’s countenance changed and he could not help but retreat half a step.

Even though he knew nothing about cultivation, Su Zimo knew that human beings and demons belonged to different paths. According to legends, there were many cases where fiendish demons harmed human beings.

Did he want to cultivate the cultivation technique of the demon clan and to become a fiendish demon who was bent on killing?

It did not take long for Su Zimo to make up his mind.

“I’ll learn.”

Su Zimo did not know what he would become in the future, but he knew that if he did not make use of this opportunity, soon afterwards, when Zhou Dingyun returned, he would certainly die, not to mention what would happen in the future.

Die Yue was not surprised at all. It seemed she had expected Su Zimo would say yes. She continued on. “If you want to learn the cultivation technique of the demon clan, you have to agree to two conditions. Firstly, don’t ask me about my identity or background, I will teach and you will learn. Secondly, you must not tell others of this cultivation technique.”

“Okay.” Su Zimo nodded.

Die Yue continued on. “One more thing, if you want to learn this cultivation technique, you will experience unimaginable dangers. You may lose your life at any time. Do not expect me to save you.”

Su Zimo smiled faintly. “Life and death are preordained.”

“If there are any questions, you can go ahead and ask.” Die Yue smiled lightly.

This was the first time in two years that Su Zimo saw a smile on Die Yue's face. He marveled at her smile and seemed to be lost in it.

But Su Zimo cleared his thoughts in the blink of an eye and asked in a low voice, "What is the spirit root? What is cultivation? Why did Perfected Cang Lang say that I can't cultivate without spirit root?"

"Cultivation, can also be called cultivation or cultivation of Dao. There are three oldest major schools of cultivation of the humans clan—Immortal, Buddha, Fiend. The so-called spirit root is the immortal sect's way of calling it. For Buddhism, they called it as the root of wisdom, while the fiend sect called it as fiend seed. It is basically the same. As humans, if one doesn't have spirit root, one cannot join any of the sects."

Su Zimo understood her words. What Die Yue meant was that demon cultivation did not need the spirit root.

Die Yue continued. "Humans have five senses, namely sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, and the spirit root is equivalent to the sixth sense. It is the key to sense the aura between Heaven and Earth."

Su Zimo suddenly saw the light.

Without the spirit root, one could not "see" the aura of Heaven and Earth and one could not cultivate.

Su Zimo continued to ask, "Are there different realms to cultivation? Which level of cultivators does Perfected Cang Lang belong to?"

"The immortal sect can be divided into Qi Condensation Realm, Foundation Establishment Realm, Golden Core Realm, Nascent Soul Realm... He is a Golden Core Realm cultivator. There are different realms to demon cultivation, immortal cultivation, fiend cultivation and Buddha cultivation. It is just different means of achieving the same end. But no matter what, the path of Golden Core is the natural chasm that everyone has to pass through. There are many

cultivators, but half of them would be stuck at the path of Golden Core, with no hope of success.”

“Cultivation is to be in defiance of the natural order and to seize the good aura of Heaven and Earth. Once one entered the path of Golden Core, it means that one breaks the shackles of Heaven and Earth for the first time. One’s lifespan could increase to five hundred years. There is the saying that once one swallows an elixir, one’s lifespan will not be decided by nature!”

Die Yue continued. “The cultivation technique that you are going to learn is divided into nine sections. The first section is Body Tempering, the second section is Tendons Transformation, the third section is Bones Strengthening, the fourth section is Marrow Cleansing, the fifth section is Organs Refinement, the sixth section is Orifice Clearing, the seventh section is Core Formation. If you want to take revenge, you must cultivate to the seventh section.”

“What is the name of this cultivation technique?” Su Zimo asked.

“The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness.”

Su Zimo was shocked. He could feel a strong, menacing aura surging toward him at the mention of the title. It was suffocating.

“Body Tempering, the first section of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, can be divided into two parts, to harden and refine the skin and flesh. There are different breathing and expiration methods, techniques and moves that correspond to it.”

There was a demonic glitter in Die Yue’s eyes. Thereafter, there were several lengthy and profound incantations in Su Zimo’s mind.

There were no mountain of immortals or clear waters, Grotto-heaven paradise, or bejeweled jade palace, Su Zimo had started on the path to cultivation right in the inconspicuous courtyard, under the peach blossom tree that was in full bloom!

It seemed to be casual, and coincidental, but it also felt as if everything was predestined.

Not long after, Su Zimo's expiration-inspiration gradually became different under Die Yue's guidance.

This did not seem like the breathing method of normal humans.

After being repeatedly corrected and going through countless practices, Su Zimo gradually seemed to get the hang of it.

With this breathing and expiration, his body felt warm and his blood and flesh seemed to be burning and boiling, turning into boundless energy, bubbling to the surface of his skin.

Su Zimo felt an itch in his skin.

“This skin tempering breathing method originates from the Wild Bovine Demon King. One can practice when on the go or when sitting or sleeping. There is no definite posture to it. The bovine is resilient and has tough skin. Knife or sword will not be able to penetrate it. Take your time to appreciate it.”

Seeing that Su Zimo's breathing was gradually on the right track, Die Yue turned to go back to her room, not disturbing him.

Su Zimo had long been immersed in this wonderful breathing and expiration method. He could feel that his skin had become tougher, stronger and more powerful with every breathing cycle.

The night faded.

Su Zimo had lost track of time. He even forgot where he was. He was focused on comprehending the incantations, and his breathing and expiration.

The first ray of sunshine lit up part of the sky. Su Zimo was stunned to realize that something hard and strong seemed to be sticking out of his head, facing the sky! There were two of them!

At this moment, Su Zimo seemed to have turned into an unrivaled bovine demon, taking in and breathing out the entire Heaven and Earth!

“Mmm?”

Die Yue who was meditating in the room jolted. Her gaze pierced right through the walls to land on Su Zimo.

“He actually understood the essence of it within such a short time? Oh... he is indeed a genius meant for demon cultivation. I have not wasted my efforts in giving him such a chance.” There was a look of praise in her eyes. Although she did not make a single movement, strangely, she had ended up at the courtyard and appeared before Su Zimo.

Bang!

Su Zimo who was immersed in cultivation was hit by an external force all of a sudden. He flew to a small distance away and stopped his breathing and expiration exercise.

Su Zimo got up from the ground, feeling slightly dizzy. He looked around, but there was no one in the courtyard.

Su Zimo frowned as he saw Die Yue who stood in the distance.

“Are you courting death?” Die Yue hid the look of praise in her eyes, and instead spoke in a cold tone.

“What?” Su Zimo was dazed.

Die Yue waved the sleeves of her robe and a sparkling water mirror emerged out of nowhere to appear in front of Su Zimo.

Su Zimo looked dumbstruck. This was far beyond his imagination.

When Su Zimo saw his own reflection in the water mirror, his surprise turned into panic!

“How could this be?”

Su Zimo was originally on the thin side. But his reflection in the water mirror was far thinner than his original build. He seemed to be emaciated.

If not for the familiar facial features and the contours of the cheek, Su Zimo could not believe that the person in the water mirror was himself.

“No matter what kind of practice, the power will not appear out of thin air. Cultivators from the immortal, Buddha and fiend sects take in the aura of the Heaven and Earth into their bodies, while those stronger demons clan will use the essence of the sun and the moon to harden the body. You have yet to attain that realm. Therefore, whenever you breathe in and out, you are using the essence of your own blood and flesh. If this goes on, you will die in three days.”

“What then?” Su Zimo was startled.

“You will naturally have to devour flesh and blood to supplement your energy before you continue with your cultivation.”

At the mention of eating, Su Zimo’s stomach began to growl. He felt severe pangs of hunger that almost drove him crazy.

Su Zimo dashed straight to the kitchen in lightning speed. In less than a quarter of an hour, he made a clean sweep of everything edible in the kitchen and gobbled them down his stomach before he slightly eased his hunger.

Su Zimo only discovered until now that he did not sleep all night. Not only did he not feel tired, instead he was energetic and full of strength.

Su Zimo picked up the thin iron basin next to him and squeezed it.

To his surprise, there were a few clear fingerprints on the iron basin!

“Psst! That powerful?”

Su Zimo was secretly amazed at himself.

He underwent a huge change with a single night of cultivation. Su Zimo was full of confidence in the days to come.

“I suppose even if Zhou Dingyun comes back from the immortal sect, I will have the capability to spar with him.”

At this time, Su Zimo still did not know the scariness of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness. This cultivation technique was the supreme demon classic that disrupted the balance of Yin and Yang, seizing the good aura of Heaven and Earth, changing the universe and turning the vital energy. This was something that did not belong to this world.