

### **Chapter 361: Violent Killing**

Chou Wanli's face was menacing as he held a wine jar in his left hand and a single saber in his right. The blade was snow-white and radiated a cold aura.

With more than 10 other cultivators, Chou Wanli rushed over in a huff.

"I am Ji Chengtian. Fellow Daoist, how can I help you?"

Ji Chengtian was extremely polite and took the initiative to greet with cupped fists first, nodding as he smiled.

If this was back in Tianhuang Mainland, given Ji Chengtian's polite manners and the fact that they did not have any deep-seated hatred or benefits to gain, it would be difficult for a conflict to break out.

However, this was the ancient battlefield.

They were not faced with kind people – even if they meant no harm, the other side meant harm!

"Ji Chengtian?"

Chou Wanli raised his brow and asked with a fake smile, "What's your cultivation?"

"Six meridian Foundation Establishment."

Ji Chengtian hesitated slightly, not hiding anything.

"What about you guys?"

Chou Wanli looked towards Su Zimo and the others before remarking casually, "This is the rules of Xuantian City! If you want to enter the city, you'll have to report your cultivation realm without hiding any information!"

Upon hearing this, the cultivators in Xuantian City bore strange expressions.

There was no such rule in the city. The reason why Chou Wanli said that was most likely because he wanted to find out the strength of Su Zimo's group.

After all, there was no way of telling how many spirit meridians a Foundation Establishment Cultivator unlocked by merely using the Spirit Peering Art.

While Chou Wanli looked like a brute, he was experienced in the world and knew that cultivators who could arrive at Xuantian City were far from simple – he was worried that he might accidentally get into trouble.

Su Zimo frowned at the rules mentioned by Chou Wanli.

Even though little fatty and the others were against it, they still confessed honestly.

Four, five meridian Foundation Establishment... and there was even someone at late-stage Foundation Establishment.

After Su Zimo, the last person to speak, was done, the surrounding cultivators shook their heads in silence.

“Venturing into the depths of the ancient battlefield with that level of strength? They truly have a death wish.”

“That’s right. There are few cultivators who are even at five meridian Foundation Establishment in Xuantian City. Any casual person could wipe their entire group out!”

Chou Wanli was also completely at ease. Drinking a mouthful of strong liquor, he looked intoxicated as he burped with his alcohol-like breath onto Ji Chengtian’s face.

Even though Ji Chengtian looked rather terrible, he let out a long breath and endured it.

Snickering, Chou Wanli asked, “It’s been a month since we’ve entered the ancient battlefield. Have you guys obtained any Meridian Unlocking Elixirs?”

Ji Chengtian shook his head without hesitation. “No.”

In reality, each of them had a Meridian Unlocking Elixir in their storage bags.

However, they would definitely get themselves killed if they were to admit to it now!

“Very good.”

Chou Wanli nodded and said expressionlessly, “Hand over your storage bags. I’m going to check through it personally.”

The moment he said that, not only Ji Chengtian, even little fatty and the others were enraged.

He was blatantly bullying them!

Su Zimo remained silent as he stood behind Ji Chengtian and watched on coldly.

Ji Chengtian took a deep breath of air and said in a deep voice, “Fellow Daoist, isn’t that request a little overboard...?”

“Overboard?”

Before Ji Chengtian could finish, Chou Wanli narrowed his gaze and asked with a smile.

Chou Wanli’s eyes shone with a cold glint before he finished his remark. The saber in his hand slashed towards Ji Chengtian’s neck at an extremely fast speed with a chilling aura!

That slash was completely without warning and filled with killing intent!

Ji Chengtian had grown a lot after the month of training and his awareness had increased greatly as well.

Earlier on, he could vaguely sense Chou Wanli’s killing intent.

However, he was thoroughly worn out because of their long journey. As such, he wasn’t in good condition and his reaction was a little slower.

The sharpness of the blade arrived and Ji Chengtian could imagine his throat being sliced as his skin felt a slight sting. He could not help but lament internally, "This is where I die!"

Before he could finish his thought, Ji Chengtian felt a tremendous force yank him backwards.

Chou Wanli's blade brushed by Ji Chengtian's throat and slit a bit of his skin as blood seeped out of it – it was an extremely close shave!

If Ji Chengtian was slightly slower, his throat would have been cut by that slash!

Surviving that brush from death had Ji Chengtian breaking out in cold sweat and panting heavily.

He looked towards Su Zimo at his side and was about to express his thanks when his vision blurred as a figure darted by – Su Zimo was already gone.

Boom!

After reaching out to pull Ji Chengtian back from the edge of death, Su Zimo entered the stance of Plow Heaven Stride immediately without saying a word.

In an instant, the stone slab beneath his feet exploded and the ground shook.

The buildings on both sides of the streets trembled, causing countless cultivators to exclaim.

Su Zimo's gaze was sharp as a knife as he reached out with outstretched fingers and grabbed at Chou Wanli's head as though he was engulfing it!

Before Chou Wanli could react after missing that attack, a person with a chilling aura appeared behind Ji Chengtian and struck with a killing move right away.

Su Zimo's massive palm descended and the atmosphere turned so repressive that Chou Wanli felt suffocated!

Without any time to think, Chou Wanli slashed back in reverse at Su Zimo's wrist before the latter could finish his move.

The blade trembled and three flashes of light shone.

It was a superior-grade spirit saber!

However, Su Zimo's physique was extremely strong right now and it was too difficult for ordinary superior-grade spirit weapons to be able to hurt him!

In the face of Chou Wanli's saber, Su Zimo's stance remained the same as he reached down and grabbed the blade with his bare hands. With a coil and a tremble, he seized the saber to his side.

Leaning in, Su Zimo gripped the saber in his hand tightly and stabbed in reverse!

"Pfft!"

Blood flashed and a bloodied saber protruded out from the back of Chou Wanli's head.

The moment their figures exchanged positions, Chou Wanli's head was pierced and he died on the spot!

Right from the beginning, Su Zimo could tell that this man was a nefarious figure. That was the reason why he struck with a killing move immediately without any mercy!

After killing Chou Wanli, Su Zimo took a sidestep and leaned into the arms of another cultivator.

That person had just placed his hand on his storage bag when he felt his vision blur and a throbbing pain in his chest. His body flew uncontrollably as he lost consciousness.

Swash!

Su Zimo's movements were different as his body swayed, leaving a series of afterimages. Lifting his left arm and using his fist as a seal, it descended onto another person's head.

Brain juice was splattered!

Yet another person's corpse fell.

"Audacious!"

"You must have a death wish!"

The 10 odd cultivators that Chou Wanli brought over snapped to their senses and yelled, whipping out a myriad of weapons. Most of them were heavy melee combat weapons.

One of them raised a gigantic hammer and smashed down on Su Zimo's head as the wind howled.

Neither dodging nor retreating, Su Zimo gave a punch and went against the person's spirit weapon with his bare hands. The hammer was sent flying into the arms of another cultivator, causing the latter's ribs to be broken.

The broken bones stabbed into his lungs like spearheads, causing the person to pant heavily and wheeze hoarsely – it was clear that he was not going to survive.

Shadows intertwined on the long street as Su Zimo weaved through the cultivators in a flash and clashing sounds could be heard.

In less than ten breaths, everything went silent, leaving nothing but corpses on the ground.

### **Chapter 362: Four Mounted Bandits**

Everything had happened too quickly.

Not to mention Chou Wanli's group who were involved in the fight, even the bystanders were stunned as they stood with lost expressions. After a long time, shock passed through their eyes.

As they looked at the green-robed cultivator standing in the bloodbath, three words shot through their minds – decisive to kill!

Chou Wanli never had a chance to strike again after missing his first attack!

"This man's personality is indeed rather suited for roaming in the ancient battlefield. What a pity..." A cultivator in the crowd shook his head.

“With Chou Wanli dead and the Four Mounted Bandits’ vengeful personality, this group of people are bound to be tormented to death unless they look for some major sect in Xuantian City to back them up.”

“Although sects of the top factions do not fear the Four Mounted Bandits, there’s no need for them to get on bad terms with the Four Mounted Bandits just for these people. There’s no sect that will want to take them in.”

On the long street, Su Zimo’s expression was calm as he turned around and said softly, “Let’s leave this place first.”

Ji Chengtian and the rest nodded.

By now, they had realized as well.

In the ancient battlefield, in Xuantian City, there was no room for logic or rules – this was a world where the fittest survive!

A cruel place filled with bloodshed!

The streets were filled with bloodstains that were still wet, as though telling everyone that a massacre had just happened.

Battles could happen at any moment and other cultivators would just watch the show with no intention of helping.

Showing weakness at a place as such would only cause their enemies to take advantage of them!

The crowd on the street gave way as the cultivators looked at Su Zimo’s group as though they were looking at dead people.

Right now, the most important thing for Ji Chengtian and the rest was to find a place to settle down for the night so that they could recover their energy and heal their injuries.

The well-preserved buildings in Xuantian City were long taken over by many factions and cultivators, leaving only a few precarious buildings that were on the verge of collapsing.

After walking for a while, Su Zimo’s group found a dilapidated mansion on the street corner.

It was not exactly accurate to call it a mansion.

After all, the walls around the mansion had already collapsed, leaving behind only some broken walls. The courtyard was overgrown with weeds and the few houses remaining were in shambles.

“Let’s rest here for the night.”

Su Zimo knew very well that they would not be able to find a good place even if they were to continue searching. Furthermore, Ji Chengtian, Leng Rou and the others were thoroughly exhausted and it was unsuitable for them to carry on outside.

“Bro, take a rest first. I’ll head out for a stroll and find out more about the background of Xuantian City,” Little fatty closed in and whispered.

“Alright, take care,” Su Zimo nodded.

Little fatty had cultivated body tempering techniques before and was much stronger than Ji Chengtian, Leng Rou and the others in terms of physique.

Furthermore, he looked chubby and friendly. Tactful in his ways and alert, Su Zimo was not worried about little fatty's safety.

Everyone's hearts felt heavy in this completely unfamiliar environment.

Even though Xuantian City could ward off the birds, beasts and ancient living beings outside, it could not protect them from the greed in the hearts of cultivators and that was even scarier than the demon beasts outside!

Not wanting to burden Su Zimo, Ji Chengtian and the others wanted to make good use of the time to recover energy and heal their injuries.

Soon, little fatty returned.

"Bro, I've asked around."

Little fatty pursed his lips and said in a deep voice, "There are a few top factions coexisting in Xuantian City. There's Glass Palace of the immortal sects, Malevolent Earth Sect of the fiend sects, Puppet Sect of the five heretical doctrines and Elixir Yang Sect and Thousand Crane Sect of the four unorthodox groups."

Ji Chengtian and the others frowned deeply with stern expressions.

Immortal sects, fiend sects, unorthodox groups and heretical doctrines... those were the top factions of Tianhuang Mainland!

If they hadn't ventured deep into the ancient battlefield, they may never encounter these top factions throughout their lives!

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat.

He hadn't had any interactions with Glass Palace, Puppet Sect, Elixir Yang Sect nor Thousand Crane Sect. However, he dealt with the seven fiend sects a couple of years ago.

Deep underground, Su Zimo encountered a couple of fiend heirs and even killed the heir of Malevolent Earth Sect forcefully despite going against five of them.

To be fair, the Malevolent Earth Sect heir had died unjustly in that fight.

If not for the existence of the spirit lock formation such that the fiend heirs could not unleash their full strength, Su Zimo would have been the one dead!

Now that a few years have passed, Malevolent Earth Sect must have chosen a new fiend heir.

Of course, Su Zimo was not worried of being recognized by those of Malevolent Earth Sect as well.

In that battle back then, the powerful skeleton caused the entire place to collapse with its final gambit. Later on, Demoness Ji mentioned that apart from the two of them, the only ones that survived were the five other fiend heirs.

That meant that no one of Malevolent Earth Sect had seen him before!

Little fatty continued, "Among them, Elixir Yang Sect and Thousand Crane Sects are weaker in terms of strength. Elixir Yang Sect is the largest elixir refinement sect in Tianhuang Mainland with solid roots that trace back to the ancient era. Thousand Crane Sect is the largest talisman sect and they're the ones that created the most common tool of communication in the cultivation world, spirit cranes."

Su Xiaoning and Leng Rou's eyes lit up when they heard the origins of Elixir Yang Sect and Thousand Crane Sect.

If they could join those two sects for cultivation and refinement of elixirs and talismans, they would definitely be able to go further on their cultivation paths!

Ji Chengtian nodded. "Since they're the unorthodox groups and specialize in elixir refinement as well as talisman making, it's only natural that they would be comparatively weaker in strength. However, Elixir Refinement Masters and Talisman Masters are bound to be accompanied by strong people."

Gulping, little fatty said slowly with a stern expression, "Apart from them, there's another faction in Xuantian City that even those factions would not want to provoke... the Four Mounted Bandits!"

Ji Chengtian and everyone else's hearts sank when they heard that.

"Are they related to the cultivators at the north gates?" Ji Chengtian asked with a frown.

Little fatty nodded. "The leader of the group of people killed by bro was called Chou Wanli. He's a competent underling of the Four Mounted Bandits."

"What's the background of the Four Mounted Bandits such that even the immortal and fiend sects are not willing to provoke them?" Shi Jian asked.

Little fatty replied, "The strength of the Four Mounted Bandits is definitely weaker than super sects such as Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect. However, it's said that they are extremely violent and their underlings are all desperadoes."

"Although Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect can definitely come out victorious in a battle, they would have to suffer huge losses for sure. That's the reason why the Four Mounted Bandits and the few top factions are currently in harmony."

When they heard that, Ji Chengtian and the others were flustered and looked terrible.

This meant that there was a high chance that they could be killed at any moment inside Xuantian City for offending such a faction – it was even more dangerous inside the city than outside!

Little fatty remarked, "Bro is not entirely to blame for this matter as well. The Four Mounted Bandits are in the business of killing and robbing others to begin with. For cultivators that pass through the north gates, if they are weak or have no background, it'll be difficult for them to survive."

"This is a group of vicious and villainous people who take joy in killing others. Even if you hand over all the treasures in your storage bag, it's not guaranteed that you will walk out alive!"

At that point, little fatty sighed. "I heard that there has already been a thousand cultivators who have died in the hands of the Four Mounted Bandits over the past month."

A cold glint flickered through Su Zimo's narrow gaze.

### **Chapter 363: Standoff**

Su Xiaoning furrowed her brows slightly. "Since the Four Mounted Bandits are so villainous, why aren't there anyone from the immortal sects coming forth to uphold justice?"

In her mind, those of the immortal sects are obligated to slay evil and uphold justice – how could they stand by the sidelines?

Ji Chengtian shook his head. "There's no such thing as righteous warriors in the cultivation world and it's the same for those in the immortal sects. Immortals and fiends merely differ in terms of the Dao they seek."

"That's right. None of those warriors get to live a long life," Little fatty nodded.

Leng Rou added, "The Buddhists live with compassion and speak of purifying the masses. However, look at the number of monks passing through Xuantian City and yet, none of them are coming forth to try and purify the villainous Four Mounted Bandits."

Suddenly, Su Zimo spoke, "What's the cultivation of the Four Mounted Bandits?"

Little fatty replied, "Their leader, Chai Li, is at seven meridian Foundation Establishment while the other three, Lang Tan, Hu Meng and Bao Yunfeng are at six meridian Foundation Establishment. It's said that they grew up drinking the milk of ancient remnant beasts and lived in the jungles for many years, dominating the place while building up their bodies. Every single one of them is immensely strong and is comparable to demon beasts!"

When he heard that, Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat.

Seven meridian Foundation Establishment!

They were finally coming across a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator in the depths of the ancient battlefield!

Su Zimo's current strength could suppress all six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators be it through immortality cultivation techniques or melee combat.

However, he had no confidence against seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators without using his power of blood qi.

After all, his cultivation realm was only at four meridian Foundation Establishment and he had yet to achieve lesser mastery of the Orifice Clearing section for the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness with his mouth and eye orifices yet to be cleared.

The eight meridians are progressively tougher to unlock.

Comparatively, the gap between the later meridians was wider as well.



On the surface, a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator was merely a single meridian above a six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator. However, the difference in strength was exponential!

Even if dozens of six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators joined forces, they might not be a match for a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

In the end, if one unlocked all eight meridians, the difference would be even more significant.

If the Four Mounted Bandits had a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator among them with a demon beast-like physique and specialized in melee combat, even Su Zimo would have a tough time dealing with him.

There was a long period of silence in the mansion.

A while later, little fatty continued, "However, I heard that Bao Yunfeng, the number four of the Four Mounted Bandits, is the only one in Xuantian City right now. The other three have gone out and might only return a couple of days later."

Su Zimo's group was in a passive position in the current situation.

Now that night had descended, they would be faced with countless ferocious beasts and ancient living beings if they escaped from Xuantian City. Apart from Su Zimo, the rest were most likely doomed.

However, if they were to continue staying in the city, the Four Mounted Bandits would definitely not let them survive the night given the latter's vengeful nature!

Ta! Ta! Ta!

Suddenly, the ground began to shake uncharacteristically as the sound of galloping rumbled like thunder from far away. It was headed in their direction at an extremely fast speed!

"Get away! They're from the Four Mounted Bandits!"

"Ah!"

The crowd was in a mess as shrieks could be heard. Some of the cultivators who could not dodge in time were trampled into meat sludge without a corpse left.

"Their leader seems to be Bao Yunfeng!"

"It's him! Given the ancient remnant beast, Cloud Seeking Leopard, that he's riding on, there's no mistake about it!"

Not far away, a dust cloud billowed with the piercing stench of blood. A muscular man, tall with black hair that draped over his shoulders, led the pack with a fierce and violent gaze.

Beneath the man was a massive and ferocious leopard. It had sharp claws and its body was covered in luxuriant fur that had a cloud-like pattern. Shimmering in the darkness, its eyes shone with a cold gleam.

An ancient remnant beast, the Cloud Seeking Leopard!

"What happened? Why are they so angry?"

“Haven’t you heard? Dozens of cultivators under the Four Mounted Bandits were killed by an outsider at the north gate!”

“Huh? Who could be so bold?”

“Those few sitting over there. I heard that the green-robed cultivator was the one who killed them.”

There were some cultivators pointing at the mansion.

A commotion of this size instantly attracted the attention of many cultivators. Even though it was at night, the number of cultivators gathered gradually increased.

In a two-story building not far away, a handsome young man in a white shirt sat by the window. Behind him was an elderly man, standing with his hands down.

The handsome young man held a folding fan and his features were like a painting. With smooth and delicate skin, he had an indescribable bearing of elegance.

At that moment, seeing that it was already late, the white-robed man had just stood up and was about to leave when he caught sight of what was happening. Out of curiosity, he could not help but ask, “Uncle Liang, what’s happening over there?”

The elderly man behind the white-robed man replied, “I heard that the green-robed cultivator killed Chou Wanli.”

“Oh?”

The white-robed man scoffed coldly. “Chou Wanli? Good kill! Someone so villainous should have died a long time ago!”

Even though his tone was cold, the white-robed man’s voice was exceptionally soothing.

“Young master, let’s go. There’s nothing to see here. The few of them are bound to be dead now that Bao Yunfeng has brought so many people with him,” The elderly man bowed.

“It’s alright.”

Waving it off, the white-robed man said, “Let’s take a look first.”

With that, he opened his folding fan and sat down once more. Turning slightly, he revealed his slender and fair neck as his bright gaze was fixed on a delicate face in that broken mansion.

Hundreds of cultivators ran over in the dark with menacing expressions and ferocious auras. The cold gleam of spirit weapons shone disturbingly against the moonlight.

At this moment, Ji Chengtian and the rest had barely rested for the time it takes an incense stick to burn. Their bodies were still aching, but their enemies were already knocking on the door!

“What should we do?”

Everyone looked towards Su Zimo subconsciously.

Su Zimo was in a lotus position, still resting and recuperating.

Night Spirit was sprawled on the ground. Without even lifting its head, its pitch-black eyes were hidden in the night as it took a swift glance at the ancient remnant beast, the Cloud Seeking Leopard.

The moment Bao Yunfeng stepped into the courtyard, Su Zimo suddenly opened his eyes and shot up from the ground.

Bao Yunfeng had led more than a hundred desperadoes for the attack. Their aura was so terrifying that the surrounding cultivators felt chills running down their spines.

However, another monstrous aura exploded the moment Su Zimo opened his eyes and stood up!

It was as though a tempest had been set off, howling and gushing furiously.

Alone, Su Zimo stood motionlessly on the spot and his body looked frail. However, his aura was no weaker than Bao Yunfeng's group!

The aura of Bao Yunfeng's group resembled a blood storm.

However, what stood behind Su Zimo resembled mountains of corpses and oceans of blood!

"Eh?"

Not far away, on the second floor, the elderly man called Uncle Liang exclaimed slightly when he saw that.

The white-robed man's eyes lit up with interest as well.

### **Chapter 364: Unyielding**

Two massive and different auras collided invisibly in the voids, causing the weeds in the courtyard to disintegrate into powder; the air seemed to have gone stale.

A war was about to break out!

Ji Chengtian and the others watched the scene with sweaty palms, feeling as though their hearts were about to stop beating!

The people before them were vastly different from the cultivators at the borders of the ancient battlefield.

These were all desperadoes who were stronger, more violent and fearless! A single clash was enough for them to be wiped out!

No one could imagine the amount of pressure Su Zimo was enduring against such ferocity.

However, nobody, including the cultivators who were watching, could see any traces of fear in Su Zimo's eyes – he was calm and indifferent.

"To think that he could remain expressionless under such circumstances! That person has a strong heart!"

"So what? That isn't going to change the outcome. He's going to die today unless he's a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator."

“I heard that he’s only at four meridian Foundation Establishment.”

Bao Yunfeng arrived not far from the mansion riding on his Cloud Seeking Leopard. As he looked down at Su Zimo, the glint in his eyes intensified.

Piak! Piak! Piak!

Suddenly, Bao Yunfeng clapped and nodded repeatedly with glee. “Great, great!”

Everyone was confused, not understanding what Bao Yunfeng meant by that.

A moment later, Bao Yunfeng said, “Green-robed man who looks scholarly, you were the one who killed Chou Wanli?”

“I am.”

Su Zimo admitted to it without hesitation with a calm tone.

“Fufu.”

All of a sudden, Bao Yunfeng laughed and said leisurely, “My motive originally was to capture you alive and torture you slowly. I’ve got countless methods to make a man suffer a fate worse than death. However...”

With a slight pause, Bao Yunfeng changed the topic. “I’ve suddenly changed my mind.”

Everyone was stunned.

Ji Chengtian and the others were stunned as well, not understanding what Bao Yunfeng meant.

On the second floor, the white-bloused man frowned in deep thought.

Su Zimo’s expression was indifferent as he looked at Bao Yunfeng quietly without replying, waiting for the latter to explain.

A look of admiration flashed through Bao Yunfeng’s eyes. “Originally, I thought that you were just a reckless cultivator. Now, I can’t help but admit that you’re quite a character. Chou Wanli didn’t die in vain.”

“I’ll give you a chance. Follow me and I’ll let bygones be bygones!”

When they heard that, a commotion broke out in the crowd.

“What good luck! That person’s life is truly tough for a miracle to appear!”

“Seems like Bao Yunfeng truly holds this man in high regards. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have made this decision. Seems like Chou Wanli died for nothing.”

This was a change that many cultivators have not expected.

Initially, all of them thought that Su Zimo was dead for sure. None of them expected Bao Yunfeng to take a liking to Su Zimo and wanted to take the latter as an underling.

“You’ve changed your mind?” Suddenly, Su Zimo asked.

Stunned momentarily, Bao Yunfeng nodded right after. "That's right! Since you're new to Xuantian City, let me enlighten you. I am one of the Four Mounted Bandits! In Xuantian City..."

Before Bao Yunfeng could finish, Su Zimo interrupted him, "But, I haven't changed my mind."

"Hmm?"

Bao Yunfeng narrowed his gaze on Su Zimo. "What do you mean?"

Raising his head slightly, Su Zimo looked at Bao Yunfeng expressionlessly and said in an indifferent tone, "Earlier on, I was prepared to kill you. I still am. Therefore... prepare to die."

The moment he said that, an uproar broke out!

"Is that man crazy?!"

"He's really asking to die!"

Ji Chengtian and the others were silent.

No matter what, they would support Su Zimo's decision.

Even though they were not righteous warriors, none of them wanted to be the underlings of villains such as the Four Mounted Bandits.

However, if they were the ones in this life and death situation, they might choose to submit and endure.

They wouldn't be able to stay true to their hearts and not back down like Su Zimo!

He possessed a fearless spirit!

On the second floor, the white-robed man's eyes shone brightly as he looked at the green-robed cultivator below, wanting to see through the latter.

...

In the courtyard.

After hearing that, Bao Yunfeng was stunned for a moment before bursting into laughter that grew louder and louder.

"Fufu, hahaha!"

Even though Bao Yunfeng was laughing, the killing intent in his eyes was intensifying and was almost corporeal!

As one of the Four Mounted Bandits, he was almost unstoppable in Xuantian City and no one dared to provoke him. However, there was now a person who popped out of nowhere boasting of killing him!

"Indeed, I wasn't wrong about you."

Bao Yunfeng's gaze was cold as he leaped down from the Cloud Seeking Leopard and strode slowly towards Su Zimo. Six spirit meridians shone beneath his robes as spirit energy gushed fervently!

Six meridian Foundation Establishment!

“Nobody interfere.”

Bao Yunfeng shouted before smirking menacingly at Su Zimo. “I’m going to kill you personally!”

Before he was done speaking, two shadows shot out in opposite directions.

Shaking his hands, two cold daggers slid out from Bao Yunfeng’s sleeves! They were extremely sharp and shone with four spirit lights!

Supreme-grade spirit weapons!

None of the cultivators at the borders of the ancient battlefield possessed supreme-grade spirit weapons. However, in Xuantian City, Bao Yunfeng revealed two of them right away!

Swash!

Intertwining his hands, Bao Yunfeng stabbed both daggers towards Su Zimo’s throat at an extremely fast speed!

The strangulation of the two daggers had even vaguely sealed all of Su Zimo’s attack angles!

Melee combat was the most dangerous and any misstep could cause one’s death.

The sharpness of supreme-grade spirit weapons were enough to threaten Su Zimo.

Not daring to be careless, Su Zimo did not reach out head-on with his bare hands. He slid his feet for a sidestep to dodge the two incoming daggers.

In truth, Su Zimo could have summoned Blood Quencher for a head-on fight.

However, Blood Quencher was a perfect spirit weapon after all and it was easy for other cultivators to covet it, leading to endless battles.

Unless he had no other choice, Su Zimo was not going to use it casually within Xuantian City.

His sidestep evaded Bao Yunfeng’s killing move and in a flash, a series of afterimages were left behind as he attacked with his palm at an even faster speed!

That palm carried immense might as his outstretched fingers encompassed everything as though it wanted to rip the world apart!

Ground-rupturing Palm!

Bao Yunfeng’s eyelids twitched in shock as he noticed Su Zimo’s speed and sensed the power of his palm strike.

This guy was too fast and powerful!

Instantly, Bao Yunfeng realized that if he was not in possession of those two supreme-grade spirit weapons, he would not be a match for Su Zimo in terms of strength!

In a flash, Bao Yunfeng composed himself as he yelled with a cold gaze, “Good strike!”

Raising his dagger, Bao Yunfeng stabbed towards Su Zimo's palm while thrusting his other dagger cleanly towards Su Zimo's heart.

The stab was extremely obscure but it was a killing move!

If Su Zimo were to advance a half-step more, it would be equivalent to sending his chest into Bao Yunfeng's dagger!

If it was anyone else, dodging Bao Yunfeng's counterattack in time would already be considered fortuitous.

However, this was Su Zimo who possessed spirit perception and an unparalleled physique!

Su Zimo who had never suffered a single defeat in a melee fight yet!

### **Chapter 365: Strangulation!**

The surrounding cultivators held their breaths and looked at the two figures fluttering on the battlefield without batting an eyelid.

The two of them fought with swiftness and their shadows intersected at a dizzying rate – victory could be decided within a single blink!

The Four Mounted Bandits were all body tempered cultivators and specialized in melee combat.

Among them, Bao Yunfeng's specialty was his speed and agility. In his hands, the sharp dagger was like his finger and it was extremely difficult to deal with as it came from tricky angles.

Countless cultivators had died under his dagger.

On the battlefield.

The speed of Divine Steed Fleeting was extremely fast. Just as he was about to slam into Bao Yunfeng's dagger, Su Zimo's eyes lit up and he changed moves, entering the stance of Plow Heaven Stride. With a single step, he stomped onto the ground and halted his figure!

Boom!

Su Zimo's feet landed on the ground and the stone slabs on the long street split open, creating a massive ravine. Dust clouds flew into the air and the entire place quaked.

With the Plow Heaven Stride, Su Zimo's aura intensified as though he wanted to tear the sky apart!

Caught off guard, Bao Yunfeng's knee buckled and he lost his balance as his pupils constricted.

Crackle!

Su Zimo's tendons and bones were ringing as his body expanded. Like an ancient god, he reached out with his huge hands that looked soft and weak, lunging towards the two incoming daggers!

A coil and a tremble!

"Ah!"

Bao Yunfeng shrieked as his palm cracked open. Blood was dripping from his hands and both daggers flew away.

Everyone was shocked when they saw that.

How strong was that man's physique to be able to send both Bao Yunfeng's supreme-grade spirit weapons flying with his bare hands?!

"Not good!"

Bao Yunfeng was alarmed and thought to himself.

However, his reaction was extremely fast as he retreated immediately. Retrieving a protection talisman from his storage bag, he crushed it on the spot and turned to flee!

"Trying to flee?"

Su Zimo harrumphed coldly as killing intent surged in his eyes.

If he allowed Bao Yunfeng to escape into the crowd, Su Zimo would not be able to kill this man if he was blocked by the hundred odd desperadoes.

With a flicker of his body, Su Zimo's feet sank into the mud before bursting forth!

He covered ten feet with a single stride and caught up with Bao Yunfeng in a few steps, launching a punch to the latter's skull!

"Boom!"

The veins on his fist were exposed and swelled up to twice their size. It was like a huge green-black seal that emitted a blood stench as it descended with a mighty aura.

"Roar!"

The Cloud Seeking Leopard reacted faster than cultivators. The moment it sensed its master's crisis, it roared in rage as its fur stood on end. Emitting a thick demonic qi, it bared its fangs and lunged towards Su Zimo ferociously!

The strength of an ancient remnant beast at the peak of Foundation Establishment was enough to pose a threat to Su Zimo.

If he was struck, Su Zimo's physique would not be able to deal with it as well and he would be injured or even dead!

However, Su Zimo's expression was unchanged as he had already seen a black shadow darting over. He continued punching towards Bao Yunfeng's head using his fist like a stamp.

Just as the Cloud Seeking Leopard's claws were about to reach Su Zimo, a muscular shadow rammed over at an even faster speed!

Bang!

Bang!



Two bangs sounded at almost the same time.

The Cloud Seeking Leopard was sent flying by the black shadow and dust clouds billowed when the two mighty bodies landed on the ground.

The Cloud Seeking Leopard let out a sad cry.

The black shadow stood up and its cold, shimmering claws extended silently – they have already punctured a few holes on the Cloud Seeking Leopard's body and blood was gushing out!

This was none other than Night Spirit who was sprawled at the side!

Under the guise of the night, Night Spirit's scales shone with a cold luster. Its eyes were dark and mysterious, emitting a murderous aura that sent chills down one's spine!

The Cloud Seeking Leopard struggled and wanted to stand up as it opened its mouth and bit towards Night Spirit's throat.

This was an ancient remnant beast after all – there was still strength for a final attack despite its massive injuries!

Night Spirit's tail wagged.

A black shadow darted by.

Poof!

Like a pitch-black spear, Night Spirit's tail stabbed through the Cloud Seeking Leopard's head, entering from the mouth and exiting from the back of its head!

An ancient remnant beast, the Cloud Seeking Leopard, just died on the spot!

At the same time, on the other side, Su Zimo's gigantic green-black stamp descended and crushed Bao Yunfeng's protection talisman, landing on the latter's back with its remaining momentum.

Buzz!

Four spirit lights shone from Bao Yunfeng's back as a burning inner armor was revealed.

Four spirit patterns, it was a supreme-grade defensive spirit weapon!

Although the power of Su Zimo's punch was great, more than half of it was reduced because of the protection talisman.

Right after, it was blocked by the supreme-grade defensive spirit weapon and Bao Yunfeng received almost no damage as he seized the opportunity to flee forward.

"Heh!"

Bao Yunfeng laughed and yelled, "You're that bit away from killing me!"

He did not hear Su Zimo's reply after saying that. Instead, the killing intent behind him intensified, as if a terrifying ferocious beast was chasing him!

Instinctively, Bao Yunfeng turned and glanced behind.

That single glance scared him out of his wits.

Su Zimo used Divine Steed Fleeting and a series of afterimages appeared in the void behind him; the distance between them had decreased rapidly and Su Zimo was almost reaching him!

“Go!”

The desperadoes that Bao Yunfeng had brought with him realized what was happening as they hurriedly summoned their flying swords and stabbed towards Su Zimo.

Instantly, sword qi filled the air and spirit lights shone brightly.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Lowering his body, Su Zimo was almost sprawled on the ground as he slithered forward. The bones and tendons in his body rang together with a trembling sound. When he stretched out his arms, his body elongated and resembled an anaconda!

Su Zimo's arms landed on Bao Yunfeng's waist and he coiled around it weakly.

All the flying swords missed!

At that moment, Su Zimo was almost entirely plastered on Bao Yunfeng's body. Weak and boneless, he coiled around the latter's body with cold eyes.

On the second floor, the white-robed man closed his eyes subconsciously.

It was as though he was witnessing an anaconda wrapping itself around Bao Yunfeng's body. Inhaling deeply, the anaconda's tendons pulsated and its flesh expanded at a visible speed.

Psst!

The white-robed man took a deep breath and looked down again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Bao Yunfeng's hands were bound as he stood rooted to the ground with the sound of bones cracking ringing from his squeezed body.

Even though the supreme-grade defensive spirit weapon could defend against the sharpness of weapons and soften impacts, it could not withstand this sort of compressional strangulation!

Anaconda Strangle!

Bao Yunfeng's eyes were bloodshot and bulged as his tongue stretched out, turning into a terrifying shade of purple. From the depths of his throat, he croaked.

The hundred odd desperadoes were shocked at the sight and froze on the spot.

At that moment, Su Zimo and Bao Yunfeng were entangled together.

If they were to attack, there was a high chance that they might injure Bao Yunfeng instead of save him.

Splash!

The sound of bloodline rumbling echoed from Su Zimo's body like a terrifying tsunami.

"Die!"

He hollered and his body expanded once more as his muscles swelled. Bursting forth with immense strength, Bao Yunfeng was squeezed into a blood mist!

One of the Four Mounted Bandits had died in Xuantian City!

### **Chapter 366: Reap**

There were at least thousands of cultivators gathered by now.

However, at the moment, it was entirely silent outside the courtyard, as though everyone was strangled and could not breathe.

What happened was way too tragic!

The Four Mounted Bandits were renowned for their physiques and melee combat capabilities. Among them, Bao Yunfeng was extremely fast and agile. He was practically invincible among six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators and could only be taken down by seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

If they hadn't witnessed it personally, nobody would have believed that Bao Yunfeng would have been killed by strangulation in melee combat by a four meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator, dying without a corpse!

More than that, no one could believe that someone would dare kill Bao Yunfeng in Xuantian City!

This was big!

Bao Yunfeng's death was not important. The issue was that many innocent cultivators might be implicated by the rage of the other three violent Mounted Bandits.

On the second floor, the white-robed man put away his fan and suddenly asked with sparkling eyes, "Uncle Liang, what do you think of this person?"

"He's very strong in melee combat, ruthless and decisive in killing."

Uncle Liang replied in a low voice, "However, that kid is brash and does not know how to hold back. While he's straightforward, there is now no room to back off against the Four Mounted Bandits and he's bound to die."

"I'm actually rather interested in him," The white-robed man smiled gently and said.

Frowning, Uncle Liang asked, "You intend to recruit him, young master?"

"Indeed," The white-robed man nodded.

Uncle Liang continued, "Recruiting him now would be equivalent to offending the Four Mounted Bandits. That's irrational. The reason why we entered the ancient battlefield this time round is for the ruins of Elixir Pool Sect. It's inconvenient for us to make such strong enemies."

Pausing for a moment, Uncle Liang added, "Right now, Glass Palace, Malevolent Earth Sect and some of the other strong factions are lingering around Xuantian City. It's quite likely that they're all here for the ruins of Elixir Pool Sect. Compared to Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect, we're lacking in top experts and are at a disadvantage. We must be careful, young master."

"Top experts?"

The white-robed man smiled and turned his beautiful eyes, looking at the green-robed cultivator in the courtyard. "There's one right there, isn't it?"

"Him?"

Uncle Liang laughed. "Although I'm old, I'm not at the age where my eyes are failing me. While that person is strong in melee combat, I don't think he's quite at the level of a top expert, right?"

The white-robed man smiled without replying.

...

In the courtyard.

After killing Bao Yunfeng with Anaconda Strangle, Su Zimo stood in a puddle of blood, his green robes stained blood-red. Exuding a murderous aura, his gaze was razor-sharp and carried a lethal killing intent!

"Kill!"

Instead of retreating after Bao Yunfeng's death, the hundred odd desperadoes cried out in rage and charged towards Su Zimo wielding chilling curved sabers!

This was the nature of the desperadoes – none of them feared death.

The fierce horses that they rode were all spirit demons at Foundation Establishment realm. With bloodshot eyes and terrifying strength, cultivators were bound to be torn apart if they were rammed by those horses!

Dust billowed as the hundred odd cultivators charged with menacing intent.

If it was anyone else present, they would dodge right away when faced with such an army, afraid that they would be crushed to sludge.

However, Su Zimo did not retreat nor dodge; his eyes lit up as his bloodline churned with the furious sound of tsunamis mixed with rumbling thunder.

His strength increased massively with the churning of his bloodline!

"Bang!"

Exhaling, Su Zimo extended a pair of gigantic palms and pushed against the heads of two furious horses that were charging over.

Instantly, his sleeves exploded, revealing two ripped arms where his muscles were knotted together inch by inch. Like molten steel, they exuded the feeling of immense strength!

The momentum of charging, galloping horses was intense.

Cultivators aside, even in the jungle, few spirit demons would dare go against it head-on.

However, the two horses were pressed on the spot by Su Zimo's palms and could not advance a single inch!

Su Zimo's feet sank deep into the mud as he stood like an ancient god with a deep and unwavering gaze!

Caught off guard, the two desperadoes riding on the horses were sent flying.

Little fatty and Shi Jian were wielding their gigantic axe and steel rod respectively. Seizing the opportunity, they ended the lives of the two men that were sent flying into the air in a momentary daze.

There was no way the two horses could endure the shock of the collision between two massive forces as they whimpered and died on the spots, their bodies crushed and their tendons and bones shattered.

The riders behind them could not stop in time and all of them fell to the ground in a mess.

On his side, a horse charged towards Su Zimo's chest.

"Heh!"

Snearing, Su Zimo strode forward and raised his knee, ramming over like a horse as well!

Bang!

The gigantic spirit demon horse was sent flying by a seemingly tiny human and exploded in midair, turning into a mist of blood.

"Roar!"

Right then, Night Spirit lowered its front limbs and head in an offensive stance, suddenly letting out a deafening roar from the depths of its throat!

The spirit demon horses that were initially murderous and filled with fighting spirit were instantly scared out of their wits as boundless fear shone in their eyes.

None of those spirit demons recognized Night Spirit.

However, there was a deep-rooted fear that came from the depths of their bloodline in response to that roar!

Some of the horses shivered and buckled to the ground, peeing and shitting themselves in incontinence.

Some of the horses seemed to have gone insane as they threw the cultivators on their backs off. Pushing the crowd away, they fled into the distance at an extremely fast speed.

In the blink of an eye, all the desperadoes were in chaos.

The surrounding cultivators were shocked as their impressions of Night Spirit changed gradually.

Although they were not part of the conflict, they felt a sense of fear the moment Night Spirit roared and almost turned to flee themselves.

Su Zimo slapped his storage bag and 18 flying swords floated in front of him.

Buzz!

Quivering at the same time with a resounding buzz, the 18 flying swords shone endlessly in a bedazzling manner.

“Ah!”

“Supreme-grade flying swords! All of them are supreme-grade flying swords!”

“How many people must he have killed to be able to amass 18 supreme-grade flying swords?”

Cries of surprises came from the crowd.

On the second floor, the white-robed man and Uncle Liang exclaimed softly at the same time.

Uncle Liang frowned tightly with an odd expression as he shook his head. “Something isn’t right. Those 18 flying swords are identical in terms of length, width, thickness and even their spirit patterns. They don’t seem to have been mixed. Instead, they should have originated from the same Weapon Refinement Master...”

“As expected, he should be a Sword Formation Master,” Suddenly, the white-robed man said.

Before the white-robed man finished his sentence, Su Zimo waved his hands in the courtyard and the 18 flying swords intertwined in the void, leaving sword scars in their wake.

Whoosh!

A formation light shone brightly and illuminated the night skies!

Right after, the 18 flying swords gathered together with their tips pointing outwards in unison, forming a gigantic sword-shaped circular disk. 18 rays of sword qi were released like a blazing sun and was extremely dazzling!

It was the Candlelight Sword Formation!

“Go!”

Su Zimo pointed forward.

The sword-shaped circular disk charged into the crowd, circling around the desperadoes. Boundless blood qi was released and a blood mist formed as limbs were sent flying.

### **Chapter 367: Elixir Yang Sect**

“Sword Formation Master! He’s a Sword Formation Master!”

“No wonder he is able to reach Xuantian City despite only being at four meridian Foundation Establishment. So, that’s his secret.”

Sword Formation Masters were extremely rare in the cultivation world and everyone was shocked.

On the second floor, Uncle Liang took a deep breath. His expression changed slightly as he whispered, "The killing power of that sword formation is so strong!"

"Do you recognize it, Uncle Liang?" The white-robed man asked.

After a long while, Uncle Liang shook his head. "I've never seen it before. The might of that sword formation isn't weaker than those of Ancient Array Sect."

The four unorthodox groups were Elixir Yang Sect, Thousand Crane Sect, Hundred Refinement Sect and Ancient Array Sect. Gathering all the top Elixir, Weapon, Talisman and Formation Masters of Tianhuang Mainland, those were the havens for these types of cultivators.

All the renowned Sword Formation Masters of the cultivation world were mostly from Ancient Array Sect.

Uncle Liang shook his head again. "It's a pity that his cultivation realm is too low. If he was at seven meridian Foundation Establishment, he would definitely be able to hold out against the legacy disciples of Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect with just that sword formation alone!"

"Let's head down and take a look."

The white-robed man rose and led the way.

Uncle Liang persuaded him, "Young master, that man isn't going to live for long despite his immense potential. He'll be dead the moment the other three Mounted Bandits return to Xuantian City. It's truly not a wise choice to recruit him now."

"Not necessarily."

The white-robed man smiled meaningfully.

...

In the courtyard.

All the desperadoes were six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators. If they worked in unison against Su Zimo, they would definitely be a force not to be reckoned with and might even be able to break the Candlelight Sword Formation.

But now, their formation was scattered into chaos by Su Zimo and Night Spirit and were in a mess – there's no way they could deal with the killing power of the Candlelight Sword Formation at this point.

Clang! Clang!

The sounds of swords ringing rang incessantly, accompanied by tragic shrieks. Lives were being reaped mercilessly like grass as the desperadoes truly lost their lives!

The dilapidated mansion was dyed with blood.

Flesh aside, even superior-grade spirit weapons would be shattered if they were sucked in by the Candlelight Sword Formation!

The air was filled with the thick stench of blood.

At this moment, even desperadoes could not take it any longer as they scattered and fled in all directions.

In the blink of an eye, the courtyard was left with nothing but corpses that were still warm.

The surrounding cultivators were shocked. To them, the red-stained figure standing in the pool of blood resembled an Asura that had just walked out of Hell!

“Now that Bao Yunfeng is dead, that man is definitely doomed when the other three Mounted Bandits return.”

“Maybe not. They’ll definitely leave this place tomorrow morning and flee far away. They might be able to escape this calamity.”

“Fufu.”

The person who spoke at the start sneered, “Do you think the three Mounted Bandits are fools? They have survived in the jungles for many years and specialize in tracking people down. Nobody will be able to hide from them!”

Su Zimo put away his 18 flying swords as well as the storage bags of Bao Yunfeng and the others. He was calm as usual, indifferent towards the gossips at the sidelines.

Ji Chengtian and the others heaved a sigh of relief.

The crowd gradually dispersed.

Sensing something, Su Zimo glanced sideways and caught sight of a white-robed man walking over.

The white-robed man was extremely handsome and could be described as ‘perfect’. At first glance, he seemed to be even more beautiful than a woman.

However, what shocked Su Zimo was the fact that an elderly man with a long beard was following behind the white-robed man.

Even though there was no age restriction for the ancient battlefield, the people that entered were typically geniuses and talents of the current generation. The sudden appearance of an elderly man was particularly striking.

Furthermore, Su Zimo’s spirit perception told him that the elderly man was extremely dangerous!

After entering the ancient battlefield, Su Zimo had been through a number of battles. However, he had never experienced such an aura from another cultivator.

It was so terrifying that it made one’s heart palpitate!

Su Zimo gazed deeply at the elderly man before focusing his attention on the white-robed man again.

The white-robed man waved and held his folding fan behind him while cupping his other hand with a smile. “I am Tang Yu. How do I address you, fellow Daoist?”



“Su Zimo.”

Su Zimo’s gaze was fixed on the sect badge on the man’s waist as he replied expressionlessly.

Anyone who dared to display their sect badges in the ancient battlefield were mostly from major sects or factions.

While Ethereal Peak was one of the five major sects within the territory of the Great Zhou Dynasty, it was nothing much in Tianhuang Mainland. Su Zimo and the others hung nothing but a storage bag around their waists.

Although Su Zimo could guess that the white-robed man’s background was far from simple, he could not identify the sect badge nor motive of the latter.

Tang Yu flicked his folding fan open with his slender wrist and waved it gently. “Fellow Daoist, you’ve just arrived in Xuantian City so I think you might not have much of an understanding towards the Four Mounted Bandits. However, I do know some stuff about them.”

“I’m willing to hear it in detail,” Su Zimo nodded.

“The so-called Four Mounted Bandits are arranged based on the dhole, wolf, tiger and leopard. Each of them rides on a different ancient remnant beast that is extremely strong. Among them, the leader, Chai Li, is at seven meridian Foundation Establishment. The others are all at peak six meridian Foundation Establishment and can advance to seven meridian Foundation Establishment at any moment.”

Tang Yu continued, “In Xuantian City, the Four Mounted Bandits are not the strongest. However, the reason why the other top factions are not willing to go against them is because of the existence of a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator among the Four Mounted Bandits.”

“Now that Bao Yunfeng is dead, you’ve sowed a deep feud with the other three Mounted Bandits and there’s no room for negotiation. Even if you escape from Xuantian City, they will hunt you down and a battle will be inevitable.”

Tang Yu spoke confidently and Su Zimo remained silent, looking at him quietly.

After a moment, Su Zimo asked, “What exactly are you trying to say?”

“I can help you,” Tang Yu’s statement was surprising.

“Oh?”

Su Zimo raised his brow.

No one was on his side now that he had offended the Four Mounted Bandits – he had not expected that anyone in Xuantian City would offer to help him.

Tang Yu added, “Of course, by help, I don’t mean that I’m on your side entirely to go head-on against the Four Mounted Bandits. That’s not going to benefit me. However...”

Changing the topic, Tang Yu continued, “I can take away any burdens you have.”

“What do you mean?” Su Zimo raised his brow slightly.

Tang Yu's gaze darted past Ji Chengtian and the rest before landing on Su Xiaoning. After pondering for a while, he suddenly said, "This girl here is an Elixir Refinement Master, right?"

Su Zimo did not reply and was expressionless.

However, Su Xiaoning was stunned and shock flashed through her eyes.

Right from the beginning, she had not revealed anything related to elixir refinement. Yet, the handsome man in front of her saw through her identity immediately – how could she not be surprised.

When he caught sight of Su Xiaoning's reaction, Tang Yu smiled gently and nodded. "Seems like I was right."

He continued, "This girl will not be of much help once the battle with the Four Mounted Bandits begins since her cultivation realm is too low. Instead, she will become a burden. However, I can ensure her safety."

If a massive battle were to break out and everything was chaotic, even Night Spirit might not be able to protect Xiaoning from harm.

Tang Yu continued, "If she's talented in elixir refinement, I can even offer her a chance to join my sect."

"What sect are you from?" Su Zimo asked instead.

Proudly, Tang Yu declared, "One of the four unorthodox groups, Elixir Yang Sect!"

### **Chapter 368: Young Master Tang?**

On Tianhuang Mainland, nine major factions ruled over the place.

Nine immortal sects, eight demon races, seven fiend sects, six Buddhist monasteries, five heretical doctrines, four unorthodox groups, three aristocratic families, two islands and one palace.

Elixir Yang Sect belonged to one of the four unorthodox groups and had a deep foundation – it was said that the sect's history traced back to the ancient era.

Most of the renowned Elixir Refinement Masters of the cultivation world originated from Elixir Yang Sect.

The strength of Elixir Yang Sect was naturally lesser than the other sects. However, due to their capabilities in elixir refinement, they were well connected with the other major factions and there was no lack of powerful beings from the cultivation world that joined them.

Elixirs were essential consumables. Be it for cultivation or in the battlefield, they were extremely important.

Elixir Yang Sect was one of the major factions within Xuantian City.

As a legacy disciple of Elixir Yang Sect, Tang Yu was indeed qualified to make his claims.

Su Xiaoning was very moved upon hearing the words 'Elixir Yang Sect' as her eyes lit up. She looked at Su Zimo expectantly but kept quiet obediently.

Su Zimo remained silent and undecided.

Suddenly, Tang Yu's eyes were filled with resolve and he said, "If, and I mean if, you're able to survive 15 minutes against the attacks of the other three Mounted Bandits, Elixir Yang Sect will come forth to your aid!"

"Young Master!"

Uncle Liang frowned and could not help but remind.

To Uncle Liang, it was not enough of a reason for Elixir Yang Sect to step forth even if Su Zimo could survive 15 minutes against the other three Mounted Bandits.

The moment they did so, it would mean becoming enemies with the three Mounted Bandits and if they didn't handle that well, it would result in a bloody battle!

"That's too risky! Even though this man has great potential, he's not worth it," Uncle Liang whispered.

Tang Yu shook his head with a resolute expression as he looked at Su Zimo, awaiting the latter's response.

"Why are you helping me?" Su Zimo looked at Tang Yu and asked calmly.

Admiration flickered through Uncle Liang's eyes when he saw Su Zimo's reaction.

Although he did not recommend Tang Yu helping Su Zimo, he acknowledged the fact that this green-robed cultivator was indeed a talent as well.

If it was anybody else, they would have agreed to such a sweet free deal immediately. However, this man was still rational and did not agree to it readily!

Everything else, his calmness alone was far superior to the other disciples of the younger generation.

Tang Yu smiled. "There's two reasons why I want to help you. First, it's naturally out of selfish reasons. I value your potential."

Su Zimo was much less guarded when he saw how honest Tang Yu was. Nodding, he gestured for the latter to continue.

Tang Yu added, "Second, it's quite a pleasure seeing someone reject Bao Yunfeng's advances in Xuantian City and kill him instead. I'm impressed."

"There's nothing to be impressed about. I merely don't want to be in the same league as the Four Mounted Bandits," Su Zimo replied casually.

"That's the point."

Waving his folding fan, Tang Yu pointed at the crowd that was gradually fading away. "I guarantee that most cultivators in Xuantian City would not want to be in the same league as the Four Mounted Bandits. However, none of them would dare provoke the Four Mounted Bandits, much less resist them."

“At the beginning, every cultivator might have aspired to be a just and righteous person. However, as time passes, their resolve fades as well as they eventually bow down in the face of the cruel reality. In fact, they might even turn into the type of people that they have once looked down on.”

“However, you are different.”

Tang Yu’s gaze landed on Su Zimo eventually as he said with a bright tone, “I can still see your resolve, your conviction! There are not many people who can stay true to their hearts and push forth courageously in the cultivation world. You are one of them.”

Ji Chengtian and the others were the most emotional over Tang Yu’s words.

As Tang Yu had mentioned, all of them hated the Four Mounted Bandits and did not want to be in the same league as them.

However, when Bao Yunfeng came forth to recruit them, they felt a heavy load on their shoulders and went against their hearts, bearing intentions of bowing down.

Smacking his lips, Su Zimo said in a self-deprecating manner, “Most people like me don’t live long lives.”

“And that is why I’m here to help,” Tang Yu smiled.

Su Zimo was slightly dazed when he met with the sparkle in Tang Yu’s eyes as he felt a strange sensation surging in his heart. Hurriedly, he changed the topic and asked, “You said that you value my potential. Is there something that you want me to do?”

“That’s right.”

Tang Yu nodded. “Right now, there are many powerful figures gathered within Xuantian City all for the sake of the ruins of an ancient sect. At that time, I hope that you’ll be on the side of Elixir Yang Sect.”

Ancient sect ruins!

Ji Chengtian and the others were excited at the sound of that.

The opportunities and treasures within the ruins of an ancient sect were much more than a Golden Core’s cave abode!

Furthermore, if even cultivators of Glass Palace, Malevolent Earth Sect and the unorthodox groups were gathered here, it was proof that the ruins were not ordinary.

Suddenly, Uncle Liang said, “That’s for the future. We’ll talk about it if you manage to survive.”

Su Zimo pondered for a moment before saying, “I’ll give you an answer tomorrow morning.”

“Alright.”

Tang Yu nodded. Just as he was about to turn and leave, Xiaoning stepped forth and asked with a slightly blushed face, “Y-Young Master Tang, how did you manage to identify that I was an Elixir Refinement Master?”

Suddenly, Su Zimo spoke, “Fellow Daoist, although your male disguise is superb, there are still some flaws.”

Male disguise?

Ji Chengtian and the others were slightly stunned and turned to look at Tang Yu instinctively.

Even though Tang Yu was extremely good-looking with eyes like a painting, there was an Adam's apple and his chest was flat – how was he a woman?

Instinctively, Tang Yu asked, "What flaws?"

"Although the fragrance you emit is very faint, you can't hide it from me."

By cultivating the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, Su Zimo had already cleared his nose orifice and he was much more sensitive towards scents compared to others!

### **Chapter 369: Separate Ways**

Ji Chengtian and the others came to a realization when they saw Tang Yu's reaction as well as two pink spots flushing on the latter's cheeks.

Initially, Tang Yu merely wanted to tease Xiaoning out of playfulness – yet, she ended up as the one teased.

Everyone held back their laughter as they looked back and forth at Tang Yu and Su Zimo.

Even though she was disguised as a male, Tang Yu was a woman after all and was easily embarrassed. There was no way she could handle the playful gazes that everyone was casting her as she raised her head and turned to leave in a huff.

Xiaoning looked at Tang Yu's back view in a dazed manner for a long time.

"Xiaoning, don't harp on it."

Su Zimo coughed gently and patted Xiaoning's shoulders.

Turning to look at Su Zimo, Xiaoning raised her brows slightly. Still somewhat unwilling to accept the truth, she asked, "Young Master Tang is really a woman?"

Su Zimo nodded.

"Hais."

Xiaoning sighed and could not conceal her disappointment.

Su Zimo smiled bitterly in secret. Xiaoning was at the age where a maiden's heart was blossoming – to think that her first taste of love would come from a woman.

Fortunately, the two of them had not interacted for long and there was nothing left after things were exposed.

Not long after, Xiaoning recovered and came before Su Zimo, saying sternly, "Brother, I want to join Elixir Yang Sect."

"Why?"

Although Su Zimo could vaguely guess the reason, he still asked.

“If there’s an elixir recipe for increasing one’s lifespan in Tianhuang Mainland, it has to be in Elixir Yang Sect! I want to give it a shot!”

Indeed, it was as Su Zimo had expected.

In truth, the greatest motivation and reason why Xiaoning became an Elixir Refinement Master was because she wanted to learn how to refine an elixir to increase one’s lifespan.”

Their eldest brother, Su Hong, was only a mortal. With no way to cultivate, his lifespan was a 100 hundred at most.

The reason why Xiaoning became an Elixir Refinement Master was because she wanted to increase her eldest brother’s lifespan and have him live as long as possible.

However, the rarest elixirs in the cultivation world were those that could increase longevity.

Those elixirs and recipes had never appeared in the territories of the Great Zhou Dynasty, much less Azure Frost Sect.

This was an extremely rare opportunity that Xiaoning did not want to give up.

In reality, Su Zimo hoped that Xiaoning could join Elixir Yang Sect as well.

First, he had a deep feud with Blood Crow Palace and it was highly likely that he would experience a great calamity of life and death upon returning to the sect. If Xiaoning could join Elixir Yang Sect, she could avoid the calamity.

Second, Elixir Yang Sect was one of the four unorthodox groups and had a deep foundation and decent strength. It was far superior to the likes of Azure Frost Sect and would suit Xiaoning’s path of cultivation.

Su Zimo said, “Alright, I’ll have Night Spirit accompany you there when the time comes.”

After all, he did not have much of an understanding towards Elixir Yang Sect and could only feel more relieved if Night Spirit was by Xiaoning’s side.

Turning around, Su Zimo looked at Ji Chengtian and the others. He pondered for a moment before saying in a deep voice, “I’ll stay in Xuantian City for the time being. You guys rest a while to recover your energy and leave this place as soon as possible.”

Little fatty frowned and shouted, “Bro, we’ll either leave or stay together!”

“That’s right,” Ji Chengtian nodded as well.

Su Zimo waved it off. “I’m the target of the three Mounted Bandits. If I leave with you guys, none of us will be able to escape. My strength is enough to protect myself but if you guys stay in the city, you’ll only be sacrificing your lives for nothing. There’s no need to act on impulse.”

Ji Chengtian and the others were silent.

They knew that Su Zimo was stating the facts.

There was a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator among the three Mounted Bandits and they had hundreds of six meridian Foundation Establishment desperadoes.

Given the strength of Ji Chengtian and the rest, they would not be able to survive against the attacks of hundreds of desperadoes even if they were in peak condition.

Right now, the help that they could provide Su Zimo was almost negligible and they might even be a burden for him.

Leaving Su Zimo and Xuantian City was perhaps the best option for them.

...

In reality, Su Zimo wasn't entirely helpless against a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

As long as he released his blood qi, his strength would climb to another level with the aid of his demonic qi and he could definitely contend with a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator!

However, if he did that, he would become a mass target and might attract even stronger foes or be surrounded by all the cultivators of Xuantian City!

However, if he had to hide his demonic qi and merely work with his bloodline, Su Zimo would most likely be able to match a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator at the most with the aid of Blood Quencher.

It would be extremely difficult for him to defeat or even kill a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

The exception to that was if he could unlock his mouth, eyes and all seven orifices to attain lesser mastery of the Orifice Clearing section.

However, that was unrealistic.

In other words, Su Zimo's only chance was to hold out for 15 minutes against the attacks of the three Mounted Bandits and wait for the assistance of Elixir Yang Sect!

"15 minutes..."

Su Zimo murmured softly. A cold glint flickered through his eyes as he began cultivating.

The next morning, Tang Yu did not appear. Instead, a disciple of Elixir Yang Sect came forward and asked Su Zimo about his decision.

"I'll stay."

Su Zimo said before turning to look at Su Xiaoning. "Xiaoning will return with you. Please tell Young Master Tang that I hope that he will take good care of her."

The disciple of Elixir Yang Sect smiled gently. "Our Young Master has already expected this, so he told me in advance to inform you not to worry and that he will definitely protect Xiaoning well."

"Also, these are some healing elixirs courtesy of senior brother. Hopefully, they'll be of use to you guys."

Before leaving, the Elixir Yang Sect disciple handed Su Zimo a storage bag containing many jade bottles of various elixirs.

Su Zimo took a quick glance and did not spot any perfect elixirs. He then passed everything to Ji Chengtian and the rest.

With Night Spirit's company, Xiaoning left with the Elixir Yang Sect disciple.

Su Zimo continued cultivating.

Under such a pressing situation, the fifth spirit meridian in his body also appeared and there was a chance he could unlock it within the next few days!

With the help of the healing elixirs gifted by Tang Yu, Ji Chengtian and the others recovered swiftly and were mostly healed by the next day.

This morning, Su Zimo said in a deep voice, "Senior Brother Ji, you guys should leave today. The three Mounted Bandits are going to return anytime now. If we drag on, things might change and it might be too late to leave."

"Alright."

Ji Chengtian and the others nodded without hesitating.

Leng Rou, little fatty and Shi Jian got up one after another as well, bidding farewell to Su Zimo.

On the way, all three of them were silent, deep in their own thoughts.

After exiting Xuantian City, little fatty suddenly came to a stop at the north gates. He turned and said, "Senior Brother Ji, Sister Leng Rou and Silly Jian, I intend to explore the ancient battlefield myself. Let's bid farewell here."

"I'm not silly," Shi Jian murmured.

Leng Rou nodded with a cold expression. "Alright."

Ji Chengtian smiled. "That's my intention as well. I don't know when we're going to meet again after separating today. Everyone... please take care."

"Take care!"

Everyone bid farewell with cupped fists and Ji Chengtian, Leng Rou and little fatty split into three directions on their flying swords. They disappeared in the blink of an eye, leaving Shi Jian the only one remaining.

Scratching his head, he picked a random direction and sprinted with huge strides.

### **Chapter 370: Incoming Storm**

Part of the reason why Su Zimo stayed on in Xuantian City was to resolve the feud with the three Mounted Bandits. At the same time, he was curious about the ancient sect ruins that Tang Yu mentioned.



A sect ruin that could gather a few of Tianhuang Mainland's major factions was definitely far from ordinary.

Of course, the prerequisite of exploring the ruin was that he had to establish a firm standing and reputation within Xuantian City!

The battle against the Four Mounted Bandits was inevitable.

From the moment he killed Bao Yunfeng, Su Zimo had no intention of resolving things amicably with the Four Mounted Bandits!

Against these villainous and violent people, there was no way Su Zimo was going to swallow things and go against his heart just because of their formidable strength.

If he had any unhappiness, he would just go for sweet, direct vengeance furiously to quell that displeasure!

The worst case scenario would be for his demonic cultivation to be exposed. At the most, he would just raise hell at that time!

For the next few days, Su Zimo sat at a street corner exposed to all motionlessly. With an empty mind, he cultivated with the calmness of an old monk.

On the third day, Su Zimo's fifth spirit meridian appeared and took shape, stabilizing completely with spirit energy surging within it in a full manner.

Su Zimo's breakthrough did not cause much of a reaction in Xuantian City.

After all, to most of the cultivators, it did not matter whether Su Zimo was at four or five meridian Foundation Establishment. In fact, even if he got to six meridian Foundation Establishment, the outcome would not change much.

Most of them were just waiting to watch the show.

Everyone wanted to know how the three Mounted Bandits were going to torment Su Zimo given their methods and the number of innocent cultivators who would be implicated due to their wrath!

As time passed, the tension in Xuantian City got heavier as it meant that the three Mounted Bandits were closer to returning.

This day, dark clouds shrouded the city and thunder rumbled.

The skies seemed to be painted ink-black as the clouds changed rapidly and rumbled. The air was filled with a damp scent indicating the arrival of a thunderstorm!

A perfectly retained residence stood at the east side of Xuantian City. At the entrance, a handsome man in luxurious robes stood with hands behind his back, looking at the dark clouds with a slightly raised chin. His eyes were clear, resembling glass.

A cultivator sped over from the distance with a sect badge hanging on his waist – the handsome man in the residence had an identical one as well.

If one were to pay attention, they could vaguely make out a single word – glass.

“Greetings, Senior Brother Pei.”

The disciple arrived before the luxuriously-robed man and bowed slightly, greeting with politeness. “We have news. The three Mounted Bandits have returned to the city!”

“Alright.”

The luxuriously-robed man replied indifferently, still gazing at the skies.

The disciple continued, “I heard that Elixir Yang Sect is up to something. Young Master Tang Yu is leading a group of cultivators towards that mansion, but we don’t know why.”

“Fu...”

Extending his palm, the luxuriously-robed man looked at his long, slender fingers with a mocking expression as he said indifferently, “The Four Mounted Bandits, the dhole, wolf, tiger and leopard. Now that the leopard is dead, the remaining three beasts will definitely go mad! Anyone who offends them at a time like this is only asking for it.”

“Our aim is the ruins of Elixir Pool Sect. There’s no need for us to waste our strength here. That Su guy is... merely an ant that’s overestimating his own strength.”

West side of Xuantian City.

In a palace, a black-robed cultivator sat in the middle with a huge gold saber. A bone spear laid across his knees horizontally. Although his eyes were shut, there was a murderous aura around him.

“Fiend heir, the three Mounted Bandits have returned to the city!”

“Got it.”

The black-robed cultivator replied casually without opening his eyes.

Almost at the same time, Puppet Sect, Thousand Crane Sect... the few factions within Xuantian City caught wind of the news as countless gazes watched the long street.

Before long, a storm poured and lightning flashed in the skies, interweaving like a web that threatened to engulf the ancient city!

The storm was heavy and fierce. In the blink of an eye, the green robes that Su Zimo was wearing were drenched.

Even so, he continued sitting where he was, upright with his eyes closed. He had a calm expression, as though he was indifferent towards everything.

Not far away, Tang Yu looked at the green-colored figure with a dazed expression. A moment later, she snapped out of her stupor and glanced askance. “Uncle Liang, do you think he can survive for 15 minutes?”

“It’s difficult.”

Uncle Liang shook his head. “The three Mounted Bandits aside, just the thousands of desperadoes they have with them are enough to tear that man apart.”

“My brother will definitely make it!”

Standing beside Tang Yu, Su Xiaoning gripped her fists and said resolutely.

Beside her, Night Spirit sprawled on the ground quietly, protecting Xiaoning in silence.

On the long street.

The rain grew heavier and the wind gusted more intensely.

In that storm, the sounds of hooves could be heard from far away, intensifying in volume and clarity!

Gradually... the hooves sounded like thunder!

Even the storm could not cover up the surging killing intent coming from the end of the long street!

Vaguely, three figures appeared in the misty rain, approaching from afar – it was the three Mounted Bandits!

The ancient remnant beasts that all three of them rode on let out heavy panting sounds. With bloodshot eyes, they gave off a feral aura as they glared at the street corner keenly.

Behind the three of them was a large army of mounted riders, coming with ferocity!

At a glance, there were over a thousand people!

A thousand desperadoes coupled with a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator... this was a force not to be underestimated in the ancient battlefield, let alone Xuantian City!

In reality, top factions like Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect were stronger than the Four Mounted Bandits.

However, there were many factions gathered within Xuantian City right now contending for the ruins of Elixir Pool Sect.

No one was willing to provoke the Four Mounted Bandits lest their strength was weakened for the contention of the Elixir Pool Sect ruins.

At the street corner, Su Zimo was long drenched and his black hair was stuck together, looking absolutely wretched.

1,000 feet...

500 feet...

The three Mounted Bandits were closing in and Su Zimo could even sense the stench coming forth from the mouths of their three ancient remnant beasts.

However, he did not move still.

Suddenly, when the three Mounted Bandits entered the vicinity of 300 feet, Su Zimo opened his eyes and a gigantic bow had appeared in his hands out of nowhere!

He bent the bow and loaded the arrows.

Bow like a full moon and arrows like shooting stars.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The sound of arrows tearing through the air was almost melded into one.

That bow was none other than the Moon Concealment Bow, the quasi-concrete spirit weapon!

When five spirit patterns lit up on the bow in Su Zimo's hands, Lang Tan felt a sense of uneasiness.

The next moment, a cold flash appeared before him, almost closing in!

The speed of the arrow was too fast and any ordinary six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator would have been dead!

However, Lang Tan's reaction was much faster than ordinary cultivators given his countless life and death experiences in the jungle.

In a flash, he slanted his face sideways.

A cold beam brushed by his cheek, cutting a blood wound – it was a close shave!

He had dodged it!

However, before Lang Tan could relax, his eyelids twitched and he saw another cold beam shooting over, aimed at his glabella!

The second arrow was arriving and he had no chance to react at all!

These were consecutive arrows!

Lang Tan felt his hair stand on end.

It was extremely lucky that he was able to dodge the first arrow.

However, there was nothing he could do to evade this second arrow.

### **Chapter 371: Ten Consecutive Arrows**

Clang!

Chai Li, who was beside Lang Tan, was the first to react. Withdrawing a long saber at his waist, his spirit energy surged and seven spirit meridians lit up!

With a holler and furious killing intent, Chai Li swung a reverse slash onto the incoming arrow.

The cold light dissipated and the arrow was split into two.

Su Zimo's gaze narrowed.

It was extremely difficult if one wanted to stop an arrow that was tearing through the air.

It was not just a test of one's eyesight and reaction, but also their accuracy as well as the timing of striking with the saber.

Given Su Zimo's bloodline, arm strength and the fact that he was using a quasi-concrete spirit weapon, the Moon Concealment Bow, that arrow was extremely powerful and even the strongest six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator would not be able to deal with it!

However, for Chai Li who was at seven meridian Foundation Establishment, he was able to take on that arrow unscathed!

That was the reason why seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators were terrifying.

Be it in terms of reaction, speed or strength, they were significantly superior in all aspects.

In reality, Chai Li was the one feeling shocked at the moment!

Even though he had defended against that arrow, his palm felt like it was about to split and his wrist was a little numb!

What did that mean?

*It meant that the power of that arrow was enough to threaten him!*

Suddenly, Chai Li realized that it was no wonder why Bao Yunfeng died.

Before he was finished with his thought, the third arrow right after the second!

The next moment, the fourth, fifth, sixth... and tenth arrows!

Ten consecutive arrows enveloped the three Mounted Bandits!

The storm poured and the arrow rain was incoming!

Chai Li and Hu Meng's expressions changed starkly and they were no longer bothered to save Lang Tan as they scurried to protect themselves.

Thanks to Chai Li's defense of the previous arrow, Lang Tan managed to catch some breathing space. He whipped out a saber with his left hand and crushed a protection talisman with his right.

The moment the protection barrier was formed, the cold beam arrived.

Snap!

Cracks spread out on the surface of the protection barrier – it was pierced with a single arrow!

Psst!

Lang Tan's expression changed.

The killing power of that single arrow was so terrifying!

His protection talisman was one of the top-tier Grade 2 Talismans and could defend against a full powered attack of a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

However, it was destroyed by a single arrow right now!

Yet another flash of light shot through the misty rain and approached.

By now, Lang Tan had nowhere to dodge with his protection talisman crushed. The only thing he could do was to grip his saber with both hands and slash forward with all his might.

Clang!

When the saber collided with the arrow, sparks flew everywhere and the saber was actually repelled!

The cold light paused for a moment before it pierced through Lang Tan's chest, causing a bloody arrow to exit from the back.

Lang Tan fell from his Black Bane Wolf and his eyes gradually dimmed as his lifeforce left his body.

The entire process of Su Zimo opening his eyes, withdrawing the Moon Concealment Bow and loading it happened at almost the same time.

He had only attacked when the three Mounted Bandits were within 300 feet.

If the distance was too far, the power of the arrows would be reduced and they would be too slow, giving a longer reaction time to his opponents.

If the distance was too near, a bow wouldn't be too useful.

Around 300 feet or 100 meters was sufficient for Su Zimo – the arrows would be almost instant against the three Mounted Bandits who were charging over.

Within 100 meters, the 10 consecutive arrows killed Lang Tan of the Four Mounted Bandits on the long street!

All the cultivators who saw it happen were secretly shocked.

If they were in Lang Tan's place, it would be difficult for them to survive the 10 arrows as well.

Not far away, Uncle Liang nodded. "I've got to say that this person's trump cards are very strong and can even threaten seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators. However, his flaws are obvious too."

The advantage of a bow was in ranged combat.

At melee distance, a bow was nothing but a burden.

After the 10 arrows, the remaining two Mounted Bandits and thousands of mounted riders charged over and had already arrived before Su Zimo!

Even if Su Zimo was in possession of a connate bow, it would be useless given such proximity, let alone the fact that the Moon Concealment Bow was only a quasi-connate spirit weapon.

Next up was melee combat!

The slightest mistake could lead to a decapitation.

“Die!”

Hu Meng was the first to arrive as he wielded a massive copper spear with a face on its tip and shone with four spirit patterns in his hands. It looked like it weighed five tons as Hu Meng swung it towards Su Zimo!

The copper spear was so powerful that rain could not even fall through its arc of attack!

“Look! It’s a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator!”

“Hu Meng has also advanced to seven meridian Foundation Establishment!”

Seven spirit meridians shone on the surface of Hu Meng’s body.

The remaining two of the Four Mounted Bandits were both at seven meridian Foundation Establishment!

Uncle Liang sighed. “That Su Zimo is unlucky. A single seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator is more than enough to kill him. To think that even Hu Meng has advanced to seven meridian Foundation Establishment.”

Standing behind Tang Yu was a man with a haughty expression. He crossed his arms and sneered, “15 minutes? He’s not going to even last 10 breaths!”

“That’s not for sure,” Tang Yu frowned.

Xiaoning looked intently at the battlefield with slightly shivering arms, revealing the nervousness she felt.

Sensing her emotions, Tang Yu glanced sideways and held Xiaoning’s palm, nudging it slightly to comfort the latter.

Xiaoning took a deep breath of air and gradually composed herself.

Clang!

The moment Hu Meng struck, Su Zimo put away his Moon Concealment Bow and withdrew a gigantic blood-red saber from his storage bag.

Blood Quencher arrived with a torrential killing intent!

Oo! Oo!

The bronze spear was considered as a special weapon. While it wasn’t mobile, its advantage was in its might.

Furthermore, the features on its face were extremely life-like, resembling an enraged Vajra with formidable might that rattled one’s heart.

During a fight, cultivators will tend to meet one another’s gaze every now and then. As long as they were slightly distracted and lost focus in their strength, they would practically be smashed to a pulp, without even a corpse left!

Su Zimo was churning his bloodline and using his full might for each of the 10 consecutive arrows.

Otherwise, he couldn't have killed one of the three Mounted Bandits head-on as well.

But right now, Hu Meng had rushed over. This was the time when Su Zimo had just exhausted his strength and had yet to recover – all he could do was raise Blood Quencher to defend it in front of himself passively.

Clang!

An ear-piercing sound of metal clashing echoed when the copper spear collided against Blood Quencher.

Su Zimo's body trembled and he staggered three steps back!

Right after, Chai Li did not give Su Zimo any breathing room and charged over on the Black Feather Dhole that he was riding on. He slashed his saber horizontally, aimed at Su Zimo's throat.

Su Zimo raised his saber to defend once more.

Clang!

Once again, Su Zimo's body shook as though he was struck by an irresistible force. His body retreated and his feet dug through the ground, opening up two ravines that were filled with rainwater instantly.

"The difference in strength is too great. He's not a match for them at all."

"That's right. That person is going to die instantly once the thousand odd cultivators strike."

"I reckon that his internal organs are probably ruptured after receiving two blows from Chai Li and Hu Meng. He's probably putting on a strong front."

Both sides had only exchanged a few blows but it was enough to give many hints about the situation.

Su Zimo was indeed disadvantaged on the surface.

However, in reality, it was only because his energy had run out due to the consecutive arrows. His enemies had merely seized the opportunity while he was weak to strike, creating that false appearance of an advantage.

In fact, the moment he received the second attack from Chai Li, Su Zimo's killing intent had already surged. He almost could not contain the demonic qi in his body and wanted to retaliate by bursting forth with his power of blood qi!

### **Chapter 372: Fierce Battle in the Rain**

"Kill!"

Chai Li rode on the Black Feather Dhole with a venomous gaze that shone with a cruel glint. Waving his arms, he flew into the air and lunged towards Su Zimo.

"Roar!"

"Squeak!"



On the ground, the Black Bane Wolf, Black Feather Dhole and Rahu Tiger opened their mouths and let out deafening roars!

All three of them were ancient remnant beasts and emanated boundless demonic qi. With massive bodies and sharp claws, they had already cultivated to the peak of Foundation Establishment.

Splitting into three directions, the three ancient remnant beasts charged towards Su Zimo.

It was especially so for the Black Bane Wolf.

After witnessing its owner shot to death by this green-robed cultivator, the only thing it wanted to do right now was to rip this man's throat into pieces!

In midair, Chai Li wielded his saber and descended from the skies along with Hu Meng and his copper spear.

The thousand odd desperadoes had already charged forward, surrounding the place completely and leaving Su Zimo with no room to escape!

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

The desperadoes chanted furiously and attacked.

Some of them summoned flying swords, some of them released spirit arts and others wielded sabers and axes...

When they saw that, the spectators shook their heads and sighed to themselves.

Even legacy disciples of factions such as Glass Palace and Malevolent Earth Sect would not be able to escape an attack as such unscathed, let alone a five meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator such as Su Zimo.

Tang Yu's gaze was burning and fixed on Su Zimo the entire time.

To her surprise, she could not spot the slightest bit of panic or fear on Su Zimo's face. In fact, there was a vague trace of excitement in those bright eyes of his!

Su Zimo's lips were curled slightly, showing a faint smirk.

He was smiling!

*What sort of a person is he?*

Tang Yu frowned slightly.

She truly could not understand how Su Zimo could smile in such a deadly situation!

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Suddenly, Su Zimo laughed into the skies, enunciating three resounding syllables.

After his laugh, the rain around him seemed to be repelled by an invisible force as they spilled outwards.

The surrounding desperadoes were shocked – the voice seemed to be rattling their minds, causing their visions to blur!

Everyone's hands trembled.

At that moment, Su Zimo's eyes lit up and his figure flashed. Before Chai Li and Hu Meng descended, he charged towards the three ancient remnant beasts.

In that pouring rain, Su Zimo left behind a series of afterimages that lingered for a brief moment before vanishing in the raindrops.

“Even three beasts are thinking of taking my life?”

Roaring into laughter, Su Zimo did not hold back the disdain in his eyes as his bloodline churned, letting out the sound of tsunami, thunder and tigers and leopards that caused one to shiver!

Against the three incoming ancient remnant beasts, Su Zimo slashed in reverse.

The gigantic saber's blood beam expanded, engulfing the Rahu Tiger and Black Feather Dhole within it.

Right after, Su Zimo strode forward and slammed down, using his left fist as a seal and punching onto the Black Bane Wolf's head.

The Black Bane Wolf's eyes shone with violence and it did not retreat nor dodge. Instead, it reached out at Su Zimo's throat with its sharp claws!

The Black Bane Wolf was much bigger than Su Zimo in size.

Under normal circumstances, before Su Zimo could even punch the Black Bane Wolf, the latter's claws would have already ripped his throat apart.

The Black Bane Wolf's eyes shone with excitement.

It could visualize the human before it being shredded by its claws.

All of a sudden!

A change occurred on the battlefield!

The instant the Black Bane Wolf lunged forward, Su Zimo's bones and tendons sounded together. His tendons expanded and contracted like a bowstring and echoed with vibrating sounds.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Su Zimo's arm expanded rapidly as he struck first, his fist transforming into a green-black seal that landed heavily onto the head of the Black Bane Wolf.

The sound of bones cracking could be heard.

Among the spirit demons, wolves were said to have bronze skulls and iron bones. In other words, the head of a wolf was the toughest part of its body!

But right now, the head of the Black Bane Wolf, an ancient remnant beast, was crushed by a single punch from Su Zimo. Its brain juice splattered as it gave a tragic shriek before dying on the spot!

If the Black Bane Wolf was said to have a skull made of bronze and iron bones, Su Zimo's fist would be equivalent to a diamond that was indestructible and almighty!

After killing the Black Bane Wolf with a single punch, the Black Feather Dhole and Rahu Tiger retreated against the sharpness of Blood Quencher.

At this moment, the attacks of the other cultivators arrived.

The two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators that posed the greatest threat to Su Zimo, Chai Li and Hu Meng, were charging forth once again with their respective weapons.

A bloody battle had erupted completely!

Clang! Clang!

Su Zimo slapped his storage bag and summoned 18 supreme-grade flying swords, conjuring the Candlelight Sword Formation right away!

This time round, the Candlelight Sword Formation was not used offensively, but completely defensively.

The attacks of the thousand odd desperadoes were too concentrated and it was no longer possible to just rely on spirit perception.

Cling! Clang!

The circular sword formation spun and blocked the many incoming flying swords at the back.

Fortunately, Su Zimo had advanced to five meridian Foundation Establishment and had a massive boost in his spirit energy. Otherwise, the Candlelight Sword Formation would have dispersed after a short while under the countless spirit weapons and spirit arts.

Swash!

Su Zimo's figure flashed and he weaved between the concentrated attacks, dodging the strikes of Chai Li and Hu Meng. Barging right into the crowd, he wielded Blood Quencher and cleaved around him!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Su Zimo did not know any saber techniques at all. However, his bloodline was extremely strong and his strength was unparalleled. Coupled with the sharpness and weight of Blood Quencher, he overwhelmed every single location he was at!

The bodies of those cultivators could not withstand the blood beam of the saber – anyone that Blood Quencher touched was sliced into half with fresh blood pouring everywhere.

Even if there were cultivators who could barely withstand the might of Blood Quencher thanks to their own spirit weapons, they were sent flying by the tremendous force transmitted by the sharp blade and their organs were ruptured before they even landed!

Clang! Clang!

Swinging Blood Quencher, Su Zimo clashed against Chai Li and Hu Meng head-on once more.

This time round, Su Zimo did not budge a single step. His bloodline seemed to be boiling as he howled and took a step forward, slashing twice.

Clang! Clang!

Chai Li and Hu Meng's spirit energies churned rapidly in their dantians as they resisted Su Zimo's attacks. Their expressions did not change and the killing intent in their eyes merely intensified.

Swoosh!

An evil gust of wind blew.

The Black Feather Dhole took advantage of the moment when Su Zimo was fighting Chai Li and Hu Meng to lunge forward, aiming for Su Zimo's back silently with its sharp claws.

If the attack connected, Su Zimo's heart could be ripped out!

Without even turning back, Su Zimo whipped backwards. His arm that was hard as a rock earlier on suddenly turned limp and flexible, like an elephant's trunk. With a swoosh, it struck the Black Feather Dhole on the head.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

In front of everyone, the Black Feather Dhole's head spun a few rounds around its neck before coming to a stop – its neck was snapped completely and it died on the spot!

Seizing that opportunity, the Rahu Tiger charged and bit towards Su Zimo's neck.

Su Zimo seemed like he had nowhere to run when all of a sudden, a gigantic pair of wings extended behind his back, shining with a bedazzling spirit light.

The spirit wings flapped and Su Zimo rose into the air without anything beneath his feet.

Shing!

He was still a step too slow.

Su Zimo's left leg was scratched by the Rahu Tiger's claws and a few cuts appeared on his robes with traces of blood vaguely shown beneath.

He was injured!

It was less than 15 minutes since the battle started and Su Zimo was already injured.

Furthermore, Su Zimo's situation would only turn more dangerous the longer things dragged on!

The rain was still pouring relentlessly.

### **Chapter 373: Bloodstained Long Street**

If any other cultivator received that attack, their legs might have been ripped off entirely!

However, Su Zimo had an extremely strong physique. The moment the Rahu Tiger's claws dug in, it was met with great resistance and it merely left behind a couple of wounds that were neither negligible nor fatal.

The muscles on Su Zimo's legs shifted and patched both sides of the wounds, stopping the blood flow immediately!

The strength of his physique was not merely in terms of raw power; his regeneration capabilities that even ancient remnant beasts would covet was what made Su Zimo so strong in sustained fights!

Smacking his lips, Su Zimo's eyes had no trace of fear and were instead shining with fervor!

The spirit wings flapped and Su Zimo's speed was at a maximum. Turning into a streak of light, he shot into the crowd and waved Blood Quencher, causing blood to spray all over the place!

Cling! Clang!

Countless spirit weapons were shattered into pieces.

Many figures fell onto the long street one after another, coughing out mouthful of blood with not much longer to live.

Swoosh!

Hu Meng wielded his copper spear and descended from the skies, crushing towards Su Zimo's head with an evil gust of wind.

Shadows of swords were still around, flickering coldly – Su Zimo had not much room to dodge at all.

He could only rely on the spinning Candlelight Sword Formation to guard his surroundings. Taking a deep breath of air, Su Zimo turned around sharply and slashed upwards!

Clang!

The sound of metal clanging echoed deafeningly.

Even the many desperadoes in the surroundings felt their ears hurt from the sound, let alone Su Zimo who was in the center of everything.

Su Zimo's body shuddered and the stone slab beneath his feet shattered. Both his legs sank into the ground and he seemed much shorter all of a sudden.

This time round, it was clear that Su Zimo was disadvantaged.

In reality, if it was a one-on-one battle, Su Zimo's strength would not be weaker than Hu Meng even if the latter was a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator!

However, apart from Hu Meng, Su Zimo was surrounded by a thousand odd desperadoes, an ancient remnant beast and another seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator!

Under such circumstances, it was already extremely fortunate that Su Zimo was able to hold out.

This situation resembled that night in Mo Spirit Weapon Workshop when the two dying Golden Cores arrived to assassinate him.

In truth, the strength of a Golden Core was more than enough to kill him.

However, with the help of Night Spirit, Su Zimo made use of his opponent's underestimation of him, precise grasp of timing and environment, his blood bone palm and various other factors to kill the Golden Cores instead!

In a true battle, there was no way Su Zimo would have been a match for the Golden Cores, not even if he took on his demon form.

The formation of a core was the first step of breaking free from the restrictions of Heaven and Earth and it was nothing to scoff at.

Even Golden Cores in their twilight years were not people that Foundation Establishment Cultivators could go against – their powers and might were not to be trifled with!

Right now, even if Su Zimo activated his bloodline, his strength was only enough to match Chai Li and Hu Meng. However, he was definitely disadvantaged with the addition of so many desperadoes attacking him continuously.

Swash!

A cold flash of light shot over.

Su Zimo merely felt his vision blur and he could not identify where Chai Li's blade was.

It was an extremely advanced saber technique.

If Su Zimo had unlocked his eye orifice, his eye power would increase tremendously and he would be able to see through illusions, thus reading where Chai Li's blade was at.

But right now, Su Zimo knew nothing about saber techniques and he could only retreat in the face of that attack.

That single retreat caused many openings in Su Zimo's original defense to be exposed.

At this moment when he was surrounded, the use of his spirit perception was almost negligible no matter how powerful it was.

The pouring rain resembled the myriad of attacks – even if Su Zimo could sense them, he could not avoid everything.

It was so crowded and intense that it was asphyxiating!

Although he managed to dodge Chai Li's fatal attack, a few more wounds appeared on Su Zimo's body in the blink of an eye as his blood was washed away by the rain.

"He won't be able to hold on for much longer if this goes on."

"A body tempered cultivator like him will definitely turn weaker as he loses more blood. His situation's only going to get worse."

“What a pity. That man truly does have the strength to go against the Four Mounted Bandits, sigh.”

Tang Yu was motionless in the face of the remarks of the crowd, merely looking slightly worried.

Su Xiaoning’s gaze was fixed on that shrinking green figure battling within the crowd. Pursing her lips tightly, her vision was gradually blurred by a layer of misty rain.

Corpses laid all around Su Zimo’s feet in a terrifying sight!

Despite the fact that he was being held up by two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators and the bombardment of a thousand odd desperadoes, Su Zimo still managed to kill off more than a hundred Foundation Establishment Cultivators with his terrifying melee combat strength!

His green robes were almost stained red by this point.

“Su Zimo, surrender now and I can let you die with a full corpse!”

Chai Li’s sinister voice sounded.

“Haha!”

Su Zimo burst into laughter. “Chai Li, even if you surrender now, I won’t leave you with a full corpse! I’m definitely going to chop your head off!”

“Su Zimo, I’m going to mince you as revenge for my brother!” Hu Meng roared.

“Kill him!”

“Kill him!”

The desperadoes’ eyes were bloodshot as they swarmed in.

As time passed, the number of injuries on Su Zimo’s body increased; some of them had split open once more after healing up.

The long street was dyed red with blood.

Even the pouring rain could not wash away all the blood on the stone slabs.

To everyone, Su Zimo was already sluggish right now. He was no longer as agile as he was earlier and the Candlelight Sword Formation that he had summoned was also swaying against the continuous attacks and could disperse at any moment.

In fact, Su Zimo’s spirit wings had already vanished due to his immense expenditure of spirit energy.

He was at the end of the road!

Uncle Liang shook his head. “That lad’s bound to die within 50 breaths.”

Tang Yu frowned and glanced askance at the cultivators behind her.

She could still order Elixir Yang Sect to join the battle right now. However, they were bound to suffer immense losses if they were to enter at this moment.

That would reduce their chances for the Elixir Pool Sect ruins contention even further.

Personally, she wanted to help Su Zimo.

However, she was the leader of Elixir Yang Sect's expedition this time round. Every single decision she made had to be for the sect's interests and she could not take part in the battle right now.

"Hais."

Tang Yu's eyes dimmed as she sighed internally.

The omnipresent pain struck Su Zimo's nerves repeatedly and his mind was incomparably clear.

*I was still forced to this point in the end!*

The demonic qi within Su Zimo's body rumbled and his eyes shone with a scarlet glint.

The moment he released his power of blood qi, Su Zimo would still retain human form. However, he would be shrouded by demonic qi and would resemble an ancient demon that descended into the world, increasing his strength by folds such that he would be able to slay seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators!

*Just as well. I'll kill to my heart's content today!*

Right as Su Zimo made up his mind to reveal his demonic cultivation and burst forth with his power of blood qi, a familiar voice sounded from outside the battlefield.

"Bro, you told me not to act on impulse. But today, I'm going to act on impulse!"

Right after, another voice came from another direction.

"Zimo, I'm not going to be your burden this time round."

Immediately after that, a cold female voice sounded. "I've just crafted a few new talismans. What a coincidence, I was looking to test them out."

### **Chapter 374: Fighting Shoulder to Shoulder**

Upon hearing the three familiar voices, Su Zimo's eyes shone brightly.

"It's them?"

Tang Yu was slightly shocked.

The three of them were the cultivators that had followed Su Zimo into the city right from the start. Apart from the person called Ji Chengtian who was at six meridian Foundation Establishment, the other two were at four meridian Foundation Establishment.

Back then, Tang Yu thought it was a wise move for them to leave Xuantian City.

Given their cultivation realms, it was only a matter of time before they were killed by the thousand odd desperadoes if they had remained in Xuantian City.

However, Tang Yu did not expect that three out of the four people who had left would return!



The haughty man behind Tang Yu sneered, "They've returned to Xuantian City despite knowing that they would die. How stupid."

Even though most of the cultivators present harbored the same thoughts, hearing it aloud was extremely unpleasant.

"Yan Jun!"

Tang Yu frowned and turned back to chide softly.

Although the cultivator named Yan Jun was a disciple of Elixir Yang Sect as well, he belonged to the Battle Hall of the sect. At seven meridian Foundation Establishment, he was one of their core forces for the expedition to the ancient battlefield and Tang Yu could not scold him too harshly.

Yan Jun harrumphed and said nothing more.

Suddenly, a voice sounded from the sound, gentle yet resolute.

"It's not stupidity, but loyalty!"

Xiaoning had a meek nature and would swallow her indignances even if she was wronged – it took immense courage for her to rebut as such.

However, she truly could not let things go at the moment.

For some reason, a sense of frustration surged through her as she gripped her fists tightly and glared at Yan Jun. "Someone like you will never know what loyalty means!"

"Loyalty? Does that bullsh\*t mean heading to death together?"

Yan Jun snorted and looked at Su Xiaoning mockingly. He smirked and continued coldly, "Since you know what loyalty is, how about you join them to die too, huh?"

Yan Jun was a seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator after all – who knew how much blood his hands were stained with for him to cultivate to such a point and enter the ancient battlefield?

Xiaoning felt her heart sink when she met with Yan Jun's cold gaze and stumbled back half a step subconsciously.

Right then, Night Spirit who was sprawled on the ground opened its eyes.

Its pitch-black eyes emitted a dark glow that flickered.

Instantly, the temperature around them dipped!

All the cultivators present, including Uncle Liang, felt a chilling intent that sent shivers down their spines, as though they were targeted by some ancient and violent being that could rip them apart at any moment!

Uncle Liang's heart skipped a beat.

Yan Jun who was initially haughty and fiery felt his hair stand on end.

An unprecedented shadow of death enveloped him, making him feel cold.

Sensing Night Spirit's actions, Xiaoning hurriedly reached out and patted Night Spirit on its head with her petite hands, gesturing for it to not act recklessly.

After all, Elixir Yang Sect was the only possibility within Xuantian City that might back Su Zimo up.

If Night Spirit were to kill Yan Jun, it would be equivalent to pitting Elixir Yang Sect against Su Zimo.

Night Spirit closed its eyes once more.

Instantly, the surrounding chill vanished.

It was as though everything everyone had felt earlier was merely an illusion.

Many cultivators were confused and exchanged glances with lingering fear – only a few people had noticed Night Spirit's actions earlier on.

Uncle Liang took a deep meaningful glance at Night Spirit.

Yan Jun shuddered and looked around, only heaving a sigh of relief and looked more relaxed after discovering nothing.

...

On the long street.

"Senior Brother Ji? Sister Leng Rou?"

Little fatty's eyes were filled with surprise when he caught sight of Ji Chengtian who was flapping with Ethereal Wings and Leng Rou who was charging in from another direction.

It was the same reaction for Ji Chengtian and Leng Rou.

This was a battle which they would most likely die and no one could make the decisions for anyone else.

None of them knew what the others thought and did not want to pressurize anyone else. That was the reason why they parted ways after leaving Xuantian City.

But now, they had all returned telepathically to Xuantian City and chose to fight alongside Su Zimo!

This was chemistry.

Wielding a gigantic axe that shone with four spirit lights, little fatty charged into the crowd and chopped wildly in front of him.

Six spirit meridians shone on little fatty's rotund body!

On the other side, Leng Rou threw out dozens of talismans and summoned her flying sword before charging into the battlefield with six spirit meridians shining from her body as well!

Two six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators!

Both of them were only at four meridian Foundation Establishment when they left Xuantian City.

There was only a single possibility how the two of them advanced to six meridian Foundation Establishment in such a short period of time.

Like Su Zimo, both little fatty and Leng Rou broke through to five meridian Foundation Establishment during this period of time. Right after, they consumed the Meridian Unlocking Elixir and advanced to six meridian Foundation Establishment right away!

“Haha!”

A pair of spirit wings appeared behind Ji Chengtian as he soared into the air bursting with laughter – seven spirit meridians appeared imperceptibly beneath his robes.

Seven meridian Foundation Establishment!

Ji Chengtian had broken through as well!

Given Ji Chengtian’s endowment, he had a chance of breaking through to seven meridian Foundation Establishment in the ancient battlefield. However, there was no way that could be accomplished so quickly.

In other words, he made the same decision as little fatty and Leng Rou.

He consumed the Meridian Unlocking Elixir!

The three of them smiled at one another from the depths of their hearts.

The Meridian Unlocking Elixir was only effective when consumed for the first time and neither of them had intended to use it at their current cultivation realms.

However, all of them made the same decision to consume it for this battle without discussing or informing one another beforehand!

They gave up the chance of a high cultivation and abandoned their possibility of escaping just for this battle!

Su Zimo understood.

The moment he saw their return, he understood everything.

However, even though he was emotional and his lips were quivering at this moment, he could not say a single word.

“I’m here too!”

Suddenly, an honest-looking cultivator appeared on the battlefield. With a loud roar, he swung his metal rod and repelled two desperadoes!

“Silly Jian?”

Little fatty’s heart skipped a beat when he heard that voice as he turned in disbelief.

At this moment, all four of them who left Xuantian City had returned!

A warm feeling surged through Su Zimo’s heart when he saw that – his injuries no longer felt as painful.

There was no need for words or thanks.

Understanding the fact that the four of them had never left and returned to fight shoulder to shoulder with him during the most critical juncture was more than enough.

“Hahahaha!”

Finally, Su Zimo burst out into laughter.

Ji Chengtian was laughing, as was Leng Rou, as was little fatty, as was Shi Jian.

Amidst the flashing swords and entrapment, the five of them looked drenched and wretched. Yet, they were laughing wantonly in happiness from the bottom of their hearts.

Someone teared but in the blink of an eye, it was mixed with the rain and rolled down their cheek.

“Silly Jian, you said that you’re not silly, so why did you return?” Little fatty asked.

“I... got lost,” Shi Jian replied.

### **Chapter 375: Stripped of Their Title!**

“Bro, there’s no way you’re going to chase us away now!”

Little fatty burst into laughter.

By now, little fatty, Shi Jian and Leng Rou were already in the battlefield and were surrounded. Even if they wanted to retreat, there was no way for them to do so unless they wiped the desperadoes out.

Even though little fatty, Leng Rou and Shi Jian were at six meridian Foundation Establishment, their strength were similar to the desperadoes around them.

It was especially so for little fatty and Leng Rou who had just advanced to six meridian Foundation Establishment. Their roots were not stable yet and they could not compare to the other six meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators in terms of strength.

The moment the three of them entered the battlefield, they were surrounded.

Thankfully, Ji Chengtian was at seven meridian Foundation Establishment and could maneuver the battlefield with ease due to Ethereal Wings. Through his skillful mastery of sword wielding, he helped the three of them resolve multiple crises.

The four of them were gradually gathered.

There were a few times when Ji Chengtian wanted to break out of the entrapment to assist Su Zimo. However, Shi Jian and the others would be in immediate danger the moment he was slightly distracted.

Nobody would be able to imagine the terror of being attacked by hundreds of fanatic desperadoes unless they experienced it personally!

From all directions, the attacks fell like torrential rain relentlessly.

“That Ji Chengtian has just advanced to seven meridian Foundation Establishment and is unable to use his full potential just yet. He’s still weaker after all.”

“That’s right, even ants can kill an elephant in numbers. The return of those four isn’t going to affect the situation much. They are merely delaying their deaths.”

Many cultivators discussed.

Even though Ji Chengtian and the others had returned to the battlefield and changed the situation, no one thought highly of them.

After all, the numbers were still stacked against Su Zimo’s group!

However, everyone’s impression towards Ji Chengtian and the others changed with time.

Huddled together, Ji Chengtian, Leng Rou, little fatty and Shi Jian formed a triangular formation.

As the strongest one, Ji Chengtian took one corner.

As a Talisman Master, Leng Rou had a seemingly infinite number of talismans in her storage bag. Furthermore, her fighting strength was strong as she decked out endless offensive, defensive and support type-talismans. As such, she took on another corner.

Little fatty and Shi Jian joined hands and formed the final corner.

Their triangle formation was extremely stable and unyielding. With no obvious openings and constant changes, their chemistry was flawless and they managed to withstand the rushes of hundreds of desperadoes!

On the contrary, there were desperadoes getting injured and dying all around the four of them.

Su Zimo had led them to this place from the borders of the ancient battlefield and they had been through way too many battles and dangerous situations.

Their journey had been arduous and filled with killing.

This was a formation they were all too familiar with!

“Head over there and kill the four of them!”

Chai Li commanded swiftly.

Before long, he and Hu Meng were the only ones left in front of Su Zimo.

The appearance of Ji Chengtian and the others had successfully lifted Su Zimo’s burden by attracting the remaining desperadoes!

At this point, a change had finally happened in the situation where the Four Mounted Bandits’ faction was firmly supposed to win.

The outcome of this battle was starting to turn obscure.

Or rather, even if the Four Mounted Bandits won, it would be a tragic victory and they would lose the strength to contend for the Elixir Pool Sect ruins with the other factions!

Hu Meng stood on the long street and looked at Su Zimo who was filled with blood with a deep hint of shock in his eyes.

He truly could not imagine how this person was able to hold out to now with so many injuries.

If he was in that situation, he might have died long ago.

“Su Zimo, you’re at the end of the road now. You have at least 30 wounds on your body and you’ll die just by bleeding! Stop struggling!”

Chai Li’s voice was cold as he glared at Su Zimo keenly.

As long as Su Zimo revealed an opening, Chai Li would strike and land a fatal blow!

However, he was disappointed.

Su Zimo’s expression was calm as usual and there were no signs of fatigue on that elegant face of his – it was merely paler than before.

The fighting intent in his eyes intensified and burned, even shimmering with a glint of excitement!

Chai Li felt a little nervous instead.

“The Four Mounted Bandits... shall be stripped of their title today!”

Su Zimo smiled with a fervent killing intent.

Clang! Clang!

Blood Quencher rang and the sound of metal clashing echoed all over the place.

Roaring into the skies, Su Zimo strode forward and swung the massive sword, enveloping Chai Li and Hu Meng in his arc. With a torrential aura, there was no way he resembled someone that was injured!

Clang! Clang!

Blood Quencher collided with the copper spear and saber as sparks flew while a deafening screech resounded; it was clear despite the rumbling thunder.

Chai Li and Hu Meng shuddered and stumbled back half a step.

This was the first time the two of them were forced back since the start of the battle!

“Again!”

Su Zimo burst into laughter and strode forward. With a bang, a gigantic ravine formed on the ground as the stone slabs on both sides were knocked up.

Making an arc in midair, the blood beam of Blood Quencher intensified and descended upon the two of their heads.

With nowhere to run, Chai Li and Hu Meng could only face it head-on again!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The two of them retreated once more with pale expressions.

Suddenly, a layer of fear shrouded Chai Li and Hu Meng’s hearts.

...

The commotion caused by the battle was too great.

The number of cultivators gathered increased and the major factions of Xuantian City were alerted as well.

Successors of Puppet Sect and Thousand Crane Sect arrived, watching the tragic battlefield on the long street with slight expressions.

East side of Xuantian City.

A luxuriously-robed man stood in front of a mansion. Hands behind his back, he looked into the skies with a narrowed gaze – his eyes were clear, resembling glass.

“Senior Brother Pei!”

A cultivator of Glass Palace sped over in the rain. Arriving in front of the luxuriously-robed man, he greeted with cupped fists. “The Four Mounted Bandits have returned and there’s a massive battle on the long street... victory is undecided for now!”

The luxuriously-robed man was distracted and his eyes were dazed, as though he had heard nothing.

“Hmm?”

A moment later, his expression changed as he turned slowly, frowning towards the Glass Palace cultivator. “Undecided?”

“Yes.”

The Glass Palace cultivator nodded. “Lang Tan of the Four Mounted Bandits was shot to death by Su Zimo right away. That person has a perfect spirit weapon in his possession and is extremely strong in melee combat.”

“Thereafter, four people arrived and helped Su Zimo on the battlefield. Until now, the outcome is unclear. Su Zimo is fighting with the two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators, Chai Li and Hu Meng, and it’s hard to tell who is stronger.”

“Five of them managed to survive the mass attacks of a thousand odd desperadoes up till now?”

“And he’s even holding his ground against two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators?”

“Interesting, interesting.”

The luxuriously-robed man lowered his head and gazed at his long, slender fingers while murmuring.

A moment later, his eyes shimmered as though he made up his mind about something, saying suddenly, “Get some men to accompany me to take a look.”

“Understood!”

At the same time, in a palace at the west side of the city.

A Malevolent Earth Sect cultivator strode over briskly and knelt down in front of a blood-robed cultivator, reporting with a lowered head, "Fiend heir, the Four Mounted Bandits have suffered massive casualties in the battle on the long street. Su Zimo is not dead yet and the battle is still raging on with an undecided outcome!"

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, the black-robed cultivator opened his eyes with a momentary malevolent aura bursting from him as he asked with a narrowed gaze, "He managed to hold out till now?"

After pondering for a moment, he stood up and gripped the bone spear in front of him before remarking coldly, "Let's go take a look."

The battle on the long street had alarmed the entire Xuantian City!

### **Chapter 376: Wrath of Thunder**

Dark clouds interweaved with occasional flashes of lightning, streaking through the heavens like electric pythons.

The world flickered intermittently with bright flashes of light and darkness.

Shadows filled the long street.

The battle continued relentlessly and tragically. All the cultivators of both factions were already at the limits of their strength.

Ji Chengtian and the other three were filled with injuries. While the triangle formation was still surviving, it was not going to last for much longer.

On the other side of the battlefield, Su Zimo grew fiercer the longer the fight dragged on. He had managed to hold out till now thanks to his robust bloodline and terrifying physique, suppressing both Chai Li and Hu Meng instead.

The situation was still undecided.

Whichever side of the battlefield came out victorious first would affect the outcome of the entire situation!

For Su Zimo, it was easy if he wanted to win this battle.

He had a final trump card.

Demon form!

After taking on his demon form, the two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators before him would be dead for sure.

However, if he did that, he would not only become the mass target and face immense difficulties advancing in the ancient battlefield. Even if he returned to Tianhuang Mainland, he would have to live an ignoble existence.

Even Ethereal Peak would not want to retain an anomaly like him!



Unless he had no other choice, Su Zimo did not want to take that option.

As the leader of the Four Mounted Bandits, Chai Li also recognized the circumstances and declared loudly, "Factions that are watching out there! As long as you're willing to help us kill the five of them, we swear that we'll assist you guys in the Elixir Pool Sect ruins contention!"

"That's right!"

Hu Meng shouted as well, "We will be immensely grateful to the cultivators that are on our side. If anyone manages to kill Su Zimo, I'll offer a Meridian Unlocking Elixir as thanks!"

The moment he said that, an uproar broke out!

Initially, the factions and cultivators were merely here to watch the show. But now, some of them were tempted.

"Look! Pei Chunyu of Glass Palace has arrived with his men!"

"There! The fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect, Xue Yang, has arrived as well!"

The gathering of multiple top factions on the long street of Xuantian City added an additional layer of complexity to the situation.

Su Zimo's eyes shone murderously when he sensed the commotion around him.

He had to end this battle as quickly as possible!

Otherwise, there was a high chance that the five of them would end up as sacrificial offerings for the contention between the top factions!

Other than taking on his demon form, what other methods did he have that could slay the two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators as soon as possible?

Su Zimo thought fervently.

All of a sudden!

A thick thunderbolt landed on the long street, opening up a huge, charred pit that flickered with lightning.

This was the might of the universe that no one could go against.

The rumbling of thunder was only heard a moment later at the edge of the horizon.

Suddenly, a thought flashed through Su Zimo's mind. Without hesitation, he strode forward and the stone slab beneath his feet exploded, shooting gravel all over the place.

The immense rebound caused him to soar into the air. Wielding Blood Quencher up high with both arms, he channeled the mental sutra of Void Thunder Manual and his blood churned with the rumbling of thunder, forming a harmony with the thunder in the skies.

Bang! Boom! Boom!

The sound of thunder intensified and arrived from the edge of the horizon in a terrifying manner, as though thousands of carriages were riding across the firmaments.

Crackle!

In the skies of Xuantian City, endless lightning flashes and interweaved. In the blink of an eye, it resembled a sea of lightning that shone with a divine light.

In the face of that sea of lightning, Su Zimo's leap attracted everyone's gazes.

At that moment, he was in the midst of the sea of lightning with a torrential aura, resembling the only true god in the universe that was unparalleled!

Snap!

A thick blue thunderbolt descended and struck Blood Quencher.

Lightning coiled all around that grisly red blade like countless small snakes climbing in a frightening manner!

"Take my slash!"

Su Zimo's holler was like thunder that boomed everywhere!

Basked in lightning, Su Zimo swung Blood Quencher that was shining brightly with lightning and descended from the skies, encompassing Chai Li and Hu Meng.

That single slash possessed the might of the universe and the power of thunder that struck was horrifying.

Before the blade even arrived, Chai Li and Hu Meng were already scared out of their wits.

*How could any human defend against that slash?*

*That was clearly the wrath of thunder!*

"Ah!"

With nowhere to run, Hu Meng could only yell. He bit the tip of his tongue gently and spat out a mouthful of blood on the eyes of the face on his copper spear.

The eyes of the face shone with two blood beams and its body lit up with a sacred radiance.

Gritting his teeth, Hu Meng raised his copper spear and welcomed the incoming Blood Quencher.

Boom!

The weapons collided resoundingly as though the entire world shook for that brief moment.

Hu Meng seemed to have turned shorter as a gigantic crack appeared beneath his feet.

After a moment, his body shuddered and he was wrapped with the power of thunder. Spitting out a mouthful of blood with dimmed eyes, he was sent flying.

The copper spear was also repelled by Blood Quencher and smashed against Hu Meng's chest heavily.

The sound of bones cracking could be heard.

A seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator was injured!

Not only that, Blood Quencher's momentum carried on and continued to slash against Chai Li's saber.

Clang!

Chai Li's expression changed as his palm cracked and bled, losing his grip on his saber.

Pushing against his heels, Chai Li retreated backwards a hundred feet away. His face was pale and blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

Of the two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators, one was severely injured on the ground and the other retreated in defeat!

That was how terrifying the might of that slash was!

Pei Chunyu of Glass Palace and Xue Yang of Malevolent Earth Sect arrived just in time to witness that and their pupils contracted with a hint of shock.

If they were the recipients of that slash, they might not be able to escape unscathed either.

The other cultivators were dumbfounded and gasped.

Chai Li no longer dared to stay any longer.

If Hu Meng had not defended the first strike, his organs would have been ruptured from that slash!

Without turning back, he fled out of the city. His eyes shone with boundless hatred as he yelled, "Su Zimo, someday, I'll definitely make you pay for what you did today!"

Chai Li was absolutely confident that he could get out of Xuantian City.

Thanks to Su Zimo's slash, the distance between them was increased and there was no way Su Zimo would be able to catch up to him since they were both at the end of their roads.

"Hahahaha!"

Suddenly, Su Zimo laughed.

Chai Li felt his heart skip a beat.

He turned back instinctively and a cold, blinding light approached him at an extremely fast speed!

In that light, he caught sight of a figure standing far away with Blood Quencher dug into the mud beside him. That figure wielded a moon-colored gigantic bow and had just placed it down.

Su Zimo's voice sounded.

"Someday? I've already told you, the Four Mounted Bandits shall be stripped of their title today!"

Poof! Poof! Poof!

The arrow pierced flesh and blood flashed. Chai Li's body was pierced by ten arrows and he collapsed at the end of the long street, lifeless and dead.

At the same time, Su Zimo put away his Moon Concealment Bow and arrived beside Hu Meng with his Blood Quencher.

Laying in the mud, Hu Meng was still coughing blood that was washed away by the rainwater; his gaze was scattered.

Looking down, Su Zimo's eyes were cold.

The next moment, a saber beam flashed.

A massive head rolled on the ground.

The Four Mounted Bandits were buried in Xuantian City!

### **Chapter 377: Famous**

The outcome of the battle had surpassed everyone's expectations.

In less than 15 minutes, the three Mounted Bandits that had returned to the city were already dead with their blood staining the long street.

There were even two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators among them!

That final thunder slash was an eyeopener for many cultivators as they felt an incomparable shock both visually and mentally.

Countless gazes were fixed on that figure on the long street, wielding a saber and stained with blood. Their expressions were complex; some shocked, some fearful, some in awe and some in scrutiny.

Instantly, everyone realized that from this day forth, there would definitely be a place for this man in Xuantian City!

He was now famous after a single fight!

This was something that the disciples of Elixir Yang Sect had not expected.

Tang Yu was originally waiting for the prearranged timing to charge in with the cultivators under her charge and rescue Su Zimo's group.

However, nobody expected the situation to turn entirely in the blink of an eye!

Both Mounted Bandits were dead!

"This..."

Despite his experience and calmness, Uncle Liang was stunned.

A five meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivator had killed two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators on the spot – they were a full two cultivation realms above him!

This wasn't the first time that Uncle Liang had come across a paragon talent as such. However, people as such were extremely rare and usually belonged to the top factions of Tianhuang Mainland.

What was the background of Su Zimo?

He was not even carrying a sect badge so he definitely wasn't a legacy disciple of the super sects.

Furthermore, there were no traces of techniques inherited from super sects and top factions from Su Zimo.

For super sects such as the nine immortal sects, seven fiend sects and the six Buddhist monasteries, each of them had their own cultivation techniques and secret skills that their disciples were bound to use in life and death bouts. As such, they were easily recognizable.

However, Su Zimo's capabilities...

While his pair of spirit wings were extraordinary and his sword formation was stunning, none of them were the key to why he was able to kill cultivators above his level.

The reason why that person was able to kill beyond his level was entirely because of that terrifying physique that resembled a pure-blooded ferocious beast!

In Tianhuang Mainland, there were not many sects that specialized in body tempering among the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects. Glass Palace was one of them but it was clear that this man had nothing to do with them.

Could there be hidden sects or reclusive masters apart from the top factions who could groom such a terrifying paragon?

Yet, why was the cultivation technique that could build such a physique unknown?

For the first time, Uncle Liang felt that he could not make out Su Zimo anymore.

Right then, a decisive look flashed through Tang Yu's eyes as she waved and said in a deep voice, "Elixir Yang Sect, listen up! Follow me and kill the survivors of the Four Mounted Bandits. Leave no one alive!"

Before she finished speaking, Tang Yu was the first to summon her flying sword and charge into the battlefield.

Uncle Liang did not have time to think and quickly followed.

The thousand odd Elixir Yang Sect cultivators at the back swarmed forward as well, charging towards the remaining desperadoes.

Although the desperadoes did not fear death, the death of Chai Li and Hu Meng was still a huge blow to them mentally.

Coupled with the intense battle that they had just been through, they were thoroughly exhausted. The assault of the vigorous cultivators of Elixir Yang Sect engulfed them entirely.

Some of the desperadoes broke down and shrieked while running out of the city. However, they barely took a couple of steps when they were killed on the spot.

One side was severely injured and worn out while the other side was filled with life and vigor – it was obvious who was stronger!

The outcome of the battle was already decided.

With the death of the two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators, Elixir Yang Sect no longer had any reservations.

On the long street, Ji Chengtian, little fatty and Shi Jian collapsed sitting on the ground, laughing out loud.

Their laughter tugged at the wounds on their bodies and the three of them gasped in pain. However, they continued laughing non-stop.

With Xiaoning's support, Leng Rou managed to stand barely.

At that moment, there was a rare smile on her face that was extremely captivating.

“We survived?”

Shi Jian scratched his head and looked at Ji Chengtian and little fatty, smiling foolishly in disbelief.

“That's right!”

Ji Chengtian let out a long breath and lamented, “We survived!”

“The feeling of being alive is f\*cking great!” Little fatty cursed and beamed brightly.

When they returned to Xuantian City, the four of them had already cast aside all thoughts of surviving.

Now that they were celebrating the joy of surviving the calamity, every single breath felt incomparably blessed.

After this battle, the friendship between the four of them changed considerably. This was a friendship forged through life and death and the baptism of blood – it was extremely precious in the cultivation world.

Looking at this scene, Su Zimo smiled faintly and a warm feeling surged into his heart, remaining for a long time.

Unknowingly, the heavy rain had stopped.

The storm came and went quickly. The dark clouds dispersed and sunlight spilled onto the long street and the five of their faces, radiant with life.

It wasn't only Su Zimo. From this day forth, the other four of them were going to be famous throughout Xuantian City as well!

As Elixir Yang Sect took action, the other factions joined hurriedly as well. Thousand Crane Sect, Puppet Sect and some cultivators of different factions all wanted a piece of the pie.

Suddenly, a black-robed cultivator walked over slowly. Wielding a bone spear that had vague blood traces, he was extremely terrifying!

He arrived before Su Zimo and stood still.

The actions of the black-robed cultivator attracted countless gazes.

“It’s him! The fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect!”

“What does he want?”

“I don’t know. He doesn’t seem friendly.”

Ji Chengtian and the others were no longer smiling, looking grim.

They could sense a strong and dangerous aura coming from the black-robed cultivator!

This man was... extremely strong!

In fact, a thought crossed their minds – even if they were at peak condition and joined forces, they were no match for this person!

The black-robed cultivator glared at Su Zimo for a moment without saying anything.

Su Zimo was expressionless.

“Very good.”

The black-robed cultivator nodded and declared proudly, “I am Xue Yang, the fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect. You are very decent. I’ll give you a chance. Join Malevolent Earth Sect and be my personal bodyguard!”

Ji Chengtian and the others were stunned.

One of the seven fiend sects, Malevolent Earth Sect!

This was one of the top factions of Tianhuang Mainland, but it was a fiend sect and was different from their Dao.

Furthermore, this fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect was arrogant and commanding in his tone. He even had a condescending attitude that was truly unpleasant.

Ji Chengtian and the others looked at Su Zimo nervously.

Given their understanding of Su Zimo, there was a high chance that the latter would reject the fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect.

However, given the fiend heir’s temperament and methods, he would definitely turn murderous and attack Su Zimo once he was rejected!

After that intense battle, Su Zimo was now at his weakest – how could he be a match for the fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect?

Was he going to meet with another calamity after surviving a life and death battle?

True enough.

Su Zimo smirked. "What's Malevolent Earth Sect? I haven't heard of you guys. Also, fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect? What the sh\*t? What's so great about you?"

All the cultivators were shocked when they heard that!

Many cultivators looked at Su Zimo as though they were looking at a dead man.

In truth, Su Zimo was not spouting nonsense.

Back then, a fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect died in his hands!

In the fiend sects, every cultivation realm could only have a single fiend heir.

Therefore, if Su Zimo hadn't killed the previous fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect, this Xue Yang would not have been able to get his current position!

### **Chapter 378: Killing Intent!**

Xue Yang's expression darkened instantly. His gaze narrowed and the bone spear in his hands quivered like it was alive, giving off a malevolent aura that rattled one's heart!

Suddenly, a chuckle came not far away.

"Xue Yang, you're so awesome."

A luxuriously-robed man strode over. He had beautiful features and his black hair was bundled up without any loose ends. Bearing crystal clear eyes, he was flawless from head to toe.

Xue Yang's expression was unchanged when he saw that man, but there was a hint of caution deep in his eyes.

"Glass Palace!"

"I think that's the legacy disciple of Glass Palace, Pei Chunyu."

"So, that's him. It's said that he's at the peak of seven meridian Foundation Establishment and is a step away from breaking through to eight meridian! He's just waiting to obtain a Meridian Unlocking Elixir from the Elixir Pool Sect ruins."

The crowd discussed.

Arriving beside Su Zimo, Pei Chunyu gestured towards the former with a nod and a friendly smile before turning to Xue Yang. "Xue Yang, you'll be going against Glass Palace if you make things difficult for Fellow Daoist Su!"

"Fufu."

Xue Yang laughed coldly and asked, "Since when did this punk have anything to do with Glass Palace? If he was related to you guys, would you have allowed the Four Mounted Bandits to attack him and only appear now?"

"No matter what, you're from the fiend sects and we're from the immortal sects. The paths we pursue are different to begin with."



Pei Chunyu replied icily, "Xue Yang, don't waste your efforts. Fellow Daoist Su is clearly righteous and will definitely not be associated with you guys from the fiend sects."

In the blink of an eye, these two top cultivators of Xuantian City were in an argument because of Su Zimo.

"After becoming famous through that battle, these two factions are now trying to rope in Su Zimo."

"That's right. This man's potential is not to be underestimated as he's able to kill two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators. Whoever manages to take him in will definitely have use for him in the future."

"Given this man's endowment, there's even a chance for him to leave the ancient battlefield with Pei Chunyu and join Glass Palace."

Many cultivators looked at Su Zimo with envy.

With an indifferent expression, Su Zimo suddenly said, "Both of you can leave now. There's no need to waste your breath here, I won't join either side."

The moment he said that, the atmosphere turned freezing!

The initially noisy chatter faded as well.

Everyone's gazes landed on Su Zimo; some in shock, some in surprise, some confused...

This was an extremely rare opportunity that anyone else would agree to readily. However, this man had rejected the invitation of two top factions right in front of everyone!

Furthermore, Su Zimo's tone was extremely discourteous with a hint of irritation and disdain!

"Isn't this man way too arrogant?"

"Fufu, he thinks that he can reign supreme in the city just because he killed two seven meridian Foundation Establishment Cultivators?"

"This guy clearly has a death wish. I want to see what happens to him now that he's offended two top factions!"

In reality, among the crowd, Ji Chengtian and the others were probably the only ones who could understand Su Zimo's mind.

First, he had an agreement with Elixir Yang Sect.

Second, be it Malevolent Earth Sect or Glass Palace, both of them merely wanted to recruit Su Zimo without giving anything in return.

At this moment, the cultivators of Elixir Yang Sect were still trying their best to wipe out the survivors of the Four Mounted Bandits. However, these two factions wanted to rope in Su Zimo without losing any resources at all.

Most importantly, Ji Chengtian and the others could not sense the slightest bit of sincerity from both Pei Chunyu and Xue Yang.

Although Pei Chunyu was polite, there was a condescending arrogance in his tone.

This man looked down on Su Zimo from the bottom of his heart!

Rather than an invitation, it was more like he was doing charity.

If Ji Chengtian and the others could sense it, Su Zimo understood it even better.

That was why he rejected them without second thought.

“Fufu, hahaha!”

Suddenly, Xue Yang burst into laughter and looked at Pei Chunyu mockingly, saying in a casual tone, “Seems like it was just a one-sided muse on your end! Interesting.”

A dark look flashed through Pei Chunyu’s eyes.

Su Zimo’s reply was akin to disrespecting him in front of everyone!

What was his status and position given the fact that he was a legacy disciple of Glass Palace?

Coupled with Xue Yang’s taunting, Pei Chunyu’s killing intent surged.

Maintaining his smile, he asked again gently, “Fellow Daoist Su, I didn’t hear you right. Could you repeat yourself?”

Although Pei Chunyu was smiling and his tone was gentle, Ji Chengtian and the others felt chills run down their spines.

In other words, what he meant was that he was going to give Su Zimo another chance!

If Su Zimo did not appreciate the chance, Pei Chunyu was going to kill him!

This man had both the rights and the strength to do it.

Ji Chengtian and the others were worried and could merely hope that Su Zimo would hold back temporarily instead of offending two top factions out of indignance.

Everyone felt that Su Zimo wouldn’t be a match for Pei Chunyu even if he was at his peak condition, let alone now when he was at his weakest after going through an immense battle and filled with injuries!

As a legacy disciple of one of the immortal sects, Glass Palace, Pei Chunyu wasn’t someone in the same league as the Four Mounted Bandits!

Ji Chengtian and the others looked at Su Zimo nervously.

All of a sudden!

Su Zimo smiled.

“You didn’t hear me? Let me simplify things and repeat it once more...”

After a slight pause, Su Zimo opened his mouth and spat out two words that shocked the world!

“Get lost!”

The moment he said that, the surroundings fell completely silent.

Many cultivators looked at that bloodied figure with agape mouths and shocked expressions as a single word filled their minds – lunatic.

For some reason, Ji Chengtian and the rest felt relieved instead.

This was the true Su Zimo.

This wasn't someone that would submit to injustice!

It was as Su Zimo had said in the past, "I cultivate so as to go all out to exact revenge. I cultivate as I believe in an eye for an eye!"

Pei Chunyu's triggered killing intent naturally could not hide from Su Zimo's spirit perception.

Since that was the case, there was no way Su Zimo would be nice to this guy.

The only reason why Su Zimo dared to challenge Pei Chunyu was because of his demon form.

This was a trump card that he would not use unless he had no other choice.

Otherwise, Su Zimo would have struck first the moment Pei Chunyu's killing intent was triggered instead of wasting time saying so much to the latter!

Pei Chunyu was stunned for a moment.

Clearly, he hadn't expected such a reaction from Su Zimo!

Or rather, he hadn't expected that Su Zimo would DARE have such a reaction!

"Fufufufu!"

Pei Chunyu laughed deeply; there was a metallic sound in his voice that was extremely piercing.

A moment later, he put away his smile and his palm that was originally behind his back slumped downwards. It was shrouded with a jade-like radiance that was sparkling and crystalline.

"I admire your immense potential. However..."

His eyes turned cold as he changed the topic. "Since you can't be used by me, I'll have to destroy you!"

### **Chapter 379: Secret Loss**

"This person is under my protection!"

Just as everyone thought that Su Zimo's death was certain, a voice rang out from his side in an unquestionable tone.

Not far away, a sword beam sped over.

On it was a handsome man with eyes that resembled a painting – it was Tang Yu from Elixir Yang Sect who liked to dress up as a man.

When everyone's attention was focused on Tang Yu, an obscure glint flashed across Pei Chunyu's eyes as he gripped his fist suddenly and struck.

The punch was aimed at Su Zimo's chest at an extremely fast speed!

Five spirit lights shone on the surface of his fist and it burst forth like a blazing sun that had a blinding radiance!

Five spirit patterns, it was a perfect spirit weapon!

Pei Chunyu was wearing a perfect-grade glove on his hand that was as thin as a cicada's wings and almost transparent.

If not for the fact that he had channeled spirit energy into it, the glove would have been extremely difficult to detect!

It was a killing blow!

"Watch out!"

Tang Yu's expression changed as she yelled.

Pei Chunyu and Su Zimo were so close that they could reach one another just by extending their hands.

Tang Yu could almost imagine the scene of a gory hole being punched out of Su Zimo's chest!

The punch was completely without warning, like a sneak attack, and it was swift as lightning. No one was able to react to it... apart from Su Zimo.

There was no wonder why Pei Chunyu was a legacy disciple of Glass Palace and a top-tier Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

His timing to strike was practically perfect.

Tang Yu's appearance had diverted even Su Zimo's attention.

That brief moment of distraction was all the time it took for Pei Chunyu to strike.

If not for his spirit perception, Su Zimo would have died from that punch!

However, despite his spirit perception, Su Zimo was still a step slower and could not whip out his Blood Quencher to defend. Instead, he could only take the attack head-on with his bare fists.

Tang Yu's eyes dimmed when she saw that.

Although Su Zimo managed to react, the outcome wouldn't be changed by much.

To begin with, Pei Chunyu's cultivation realm was two levels above Su Zimo. Furthermore, Glass Palace's body tempering technique was renowned through Tianhuang Mainland.

Pei Chunyu could only be stronger than Su Zimo, there was no doubt!

More importantly, Pei Chunyu's glove was a perfect spirit weapon and Su Zimo was using his bare hands.

To Tang Yu, it was almost certain that Su Zimo would be punched to death in this exchange.

If he was lucky and managed to survive, his arm would be crippled and that would diminish his combat strength, ending his cultivation path at this point.

Bang!

Their fists collided with a dull thud of defeat.

The brilliance on the perfect spirit weapon vanished.

Pei Chunyu did not move.

Su Zimo's body shuddered and he staggered back three steps before coming to a stop.

Instinctively, he was in the stance of Plow Heaven Stride for every single step and shifted his center of gravity, etching three deep footprints on the ground, shaking the earth!

Su Zimo's fist was badly mutilated, revealing the bones within.

However, those were not white, but blood-red bones!

"Hmm?"

Everyone watched with agape mouths as their eyeballs nearly popped out in disbelief.

*He was not dead?*

*His arm was not crippled either?*

*His fist was merely bleeding and slightly injured?*

*How was that possible?*

Even a superior-grade spirit weapon would be smashed into pieces against that punch, yet, how was it possible that Su Zimo's bare body...

All the cultivators were completely stunned.

If they had not witnessed it personally, none of them would believe what just happened!

The fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect, Xue Yang, frowned slightly as he looked at Su Zimo's right hand thoughtfully.

Pei Chunyu's pupils constricted as he retracted his hand without a trace and placed it behind his back.

"Hehe."

Suddenly, Su Zimo burst into laughter as he looked at the hand that Pei Chunyu retracted.

Apart from him, no one else knew what happened at the exact moment of the clash.

Although Su Zimo's physique was strong, there was definitely no way he could withstand the might of a perfect spirit weapon.

At that moment, even if he took on demon form, Su Zimo's strength would only be raised by a level and he wouldn't be able to defend against the perfect spirit weapon still.

It was like when a child turned into an adult and had his strength increased by folds. However, his body wouldn't be able to withstand the sharpness of a blade still.

But, there was a part of Su Zimo's body that was very special.

His right hand.

His right hand was covered with flesh on the surface. However, the flesh wrapped a blood bone palm of unknown origins that was indestructible – even the sharpness of Blood Quencher couldn't sever it!

During that exchange, Pei Chunyu's strength gained the upper hand and he managed to knock Su Zimo three steps backwards.

However, in reality, Su Zimo did not receive too much damage and merely suffered flesh wounds.

As for Pei Chunyu, he suffered a secret loss and was in unbearable pain.

Nobody noticed that Pei Chunyu's retracted hand was trembling under the cover of his robes.

The feeling of punching a steel board wasn't one that was pleasant.

In that short while, Tang Yu had already arrived and descended between the two of them with Uncle Liang close behind.

"Fellow Daoist Su, are... are you alright?"

Tang Yu was befuddled and looked at Su Zimo behind her. She could not help but ask in a hesitant tone.

"It's fine."

Su Zimo nodded.

"Are you truly fine?"

Tang Yu withdrew an elixir from her storage bag and whispered, "Don't force yourself. Are you injured internally? Take this elixir and stabilize your wounds first."

Su Zimo smiled calmly and shook his head to reject.

"Pei Chunyu, what do you mean by that?"

Tang Yu spun around and questioned with a sharp gaze, "I've already said that he's under the protection of Elixir Yang Sect and yet you attacked him?"

"Fufu."

Pei Chunyu scoffed lightly and replied in an indifferent tone, "I was merely curious seeing how Fellow Daoist Su has a strong physique and extraordinary melee combat strength. It was just a mere spar. Why are you so anxious, Fellow Daoist Tang Yu?"

"Spar?"

Tang Yu sneered.

That punch was clearly out to take Su Zimo's life!

Previously, he was chided and shamed by Su Zimo. Now that he had taken another secret loss, there was no way Pei Chunyu would give up – he would still look for more opportunities to kill Su Zimo here.

The person before him, Tang Yu, was nothing to be fearful of.

However, a hint of caution appeared in Pei Chunyu's eyes when he caught sight of the elderly man behind Tang Yu.

Taking a deep breath of air, Pei Chunyu sighed internally. Now that Elixir Yang Sect was involved, it was unlikely that he would be able to kill Su Zimo today.

Furthermore, the fiend heir of Malevolent Earth Sect was watching coldly from the sidelines.

This was not the right time to engage in a conflict with Elixir Yang Sect. Otherwise, Malevolent Earth Sect might stand to gain from their disagreement.

At that thought, Pei Chunyu cupped his fists towards Tang Yu and eyed Su Zimo deeply before saying with a fake smile, "Fellow Daoist, there's still a long way to go. There'll definitely be another chance for us to 'spar' in the future!"

Pei Chunyu placed emphasis on the word 'spar'.

Smiling faintly, Su Zimo replied indifferently, "I'll take your dog life the next time we spar!"

"Hahahaha!"

Pei Chunyu threw his head back and roared into laughter. "Good, good! I'll be waiting!"

With that, he flicked his robes and turned to leave along with the other Glass Palace cultivators.

On the other side, Xue Yang followed suit.

In the blink of an eye, two top factions in Xuantian City disappeared completely, as if they never appeared.

Ji Chengtian and the others heaved a sigh of relief.

Unknowingly, all four of them were already drenched in cold sweat.

### **Chapter 380: Elixir Pool Sect**

On the long street, the remaining desperadoes fled in all directions, unable to resist – they were no longer a threat.

It was also fortunate that Tang Yu had returned. Otherwise, another bloody battle would definitely break out if Su Zimo took on demon form and the consequences would be unimaginable after everything spiraled out of control!

Tang Yu took out some elixirs from her storage bag and handed them to Ji Chengtian and the others.

The four of them did not decline.

Even though they also had healing elixirs in their storage bags, their effects were definitely not comparable to those from Elixir Yang Sect.

When it was Su Zimo's turn, he merely took a glance and shook his head gently, choosing not to take them.

"What's wrong?"

Tang Yu asked confusedly, "Your injuries aren't minor and these elixirs will help your recovery immensely. Don't worry, Elixir Yang Sect's elixirs are definitely the best in Tianhuang Mainland!"

Tang Yu was not wrong – the elixirs she took out were all of decent quality at superior-grade.

However, Su Zimo stuck to a principle ever since he started cultivating – he would only consume perfect-grade elixirs!

The reason was because perfect-grade elixirs had pure medicinal effects without any impurities.

Su Zimo would not be tempted by supreme-grade elixirs, let alone those at superior-grade.

He smiled and declined politely without explaining.

While Su Zimo seemed like he was severely injured in the battle with more than 30 wounds and blood covering him from head to toe, in reality, his foundation was unharmed.

His organs were perfectly fine as were his tendons and bones.

In just a short while, Su Zimo's wounds were already starting to heal and had stopped bleeding.

Given his terrifying regeneration capabilities, he could recover in just a few days!

...

Xuantian City could be divided into four generic districts.

The east side of the city was occupied by Glass Palace, west by Malevolent Earth Sect and south by the heretical doctrines.

The cultivators in the north side were messier.

Originally, the Four Mounted Bandits were the strongest apart from Elixir Yang Sect and Thousand Crane Sect.

However, the Four Mounted Bandits were dead and most of the desperadoes were buried on the streets with only a minority that managed to escape from Xuantian City.

Worn out, injured and filled with the stench of blood, it was most likely that those desperadoes wouldn't be able to last a single night outside before they were devoured whole by the various ferocious beasts and ancient living beings out there.

With the Four Mounted Bandits gone, the north side of the city was now controlled by Elixir Yang Sect and Thousand Crane Sect.

Before the bloody battle on the long street, Tang Yu had already valued Su Zimo highly and had an agreement with him to deal with the Four Mounted Bandits.

At that point of time, this agreement seemed fanatic and irrational.



But now, everyone realized that Elixir Yang Sect had benefited massively!

They managed to recruit somebody like Su Zimo who was both strong and possessed terrifying potential without losing much resources. Furthermore, the Four Mounted Bandits were destroyed – it was killing two birds with one stone.

10 days later.

City's North, Meeting Hall of Elixir Yang Sect.

By now, Ji Chengtian and the others were almost healed up and Su Zimo had completely recovered a couple of days ago.

Su Zimo's group of six, Tang Yu, Uncle Liang and a cultivator of Elixir Yang Sect's Battle Hall, Yan Jun, were gathered.

"Everyone, the reason why I gathered you guys here is to discuss information about an ancient ruin."

Tang Yu said in a deep voice, "Since I've requested for your help, I'll divulge everything I know without holding back any secrets."

Su Zimo's group nodded – all of them could sense Tang Yu's sincerity.

During this period of time, Elixir Yang Sect provided a considerable number of high quality elixirs to help Ji Chengtian and the others with their recovery.

"In truth, this ruin is related to a major sect back in the ancient era named Elixir Pool Sect."

It was clear that the sect had something to do with elixir refinement through its name alone.

Indeed, Tang Yu continued, "Elixir Pool Sect was extremely famous back in the ancient era and was the foremost elixir refinement sect in Tianhuang Mainland! The Founder Master of our Elixir Yang Sect was an Elixir Refinement Master back in Elixir Pool Sect."

Su Zimo's group felt their hearts skip a beat when they heard that.

If an Elixir Refinement Master of Elixir Pool Sect could create a sect, Elixir Yang Sect, that turned out to be one of Tianhuang Mainland's four unorthodox groups, one could only imagine how strong Elixir Pool Sect was back in the days!

"The ruins of Elixir Pool Sect are extraordinary."

Tang Yu said with a grim expression, "Not only will there be a large amount of elixirs within, there will also be many elixir recipes that have been lost!"

Su Zimo nodded silently.

Many things have been lost through the times from the ancient era till now.

The reason why the Meridian Unlocking Elixir was so precious was because its recipe had been lost for a long time.

One could only imagine the outcome of finding the recipe of the Meridian Unlocking Elixir in the Elixir Pool Sect ruins.

“Of course, apart from elixir recipes, in the ruins of some sects, there’s also a chance of obtaining their inheritance if one is extremely lucky. These inheritances are much more precious than elixir recipes. However, the probability of that happening is extremely low, unless one has a token from Elixir Pool Sect and can obtain the sect’s recognition...”

Tang Yu chuckled bitterly. “However, if elixir recipes can be lost from sects from the ancient era, there’s no way tokens can remain.”

The mention of that had Su Zimo’s heart skipping a beat.

Instinctively, Xiaoning looked towards Su Zimo with an odd expression, wanting to say something but stopped.

Su Zimo lowered his head and pretended not to see.

In truth, the both of them thought of something at the same time.

*The mysterious Elixir Furnace in Xiaoning’s possession!*

Ever since they entered the ancient battlefield, it had been giving off unusual reactions. That was also the reason why Su Zimo brought Xiaoning in this direction.

Now that they knew more about the Elixir Pool Sect ruins, it was only natural that they would relate it to the Elixir Furnace.

However, this was an extremely sensitive issue.

A man’s wealth was his own ruin by causing another’s greed.

Now that there were so many people, they would naturally attract trouble if it was revealed – even Elixir Yang Sect might become a threat to them!

Xiaoning was naive and revealed an abnormal reaction right away without thinking much about it.

However, Su Zimo knew about the dangers of the cultivation world and did not meet with Xiaoning’s gaze, merely shaking his head subtly.

Smart as well, Xiaoning retracted her gaze and remained silent.

Even so, someone noticed Xiaoning’s reaction.

The Battle Hall cultivator standing behind Tang Yu, Yan Jun, raised his brow and asked suddenly, “You seem like you have something to say about the inheritance of this sect, Fellow Daoist Xiaoning?”

“I-It’s nothing.”

Xiaoning panicked a little after being exposed.

Tang Yu frowned slightly and suddenly said, “Xiaoning, did you want to ask if there’s a recipe for elixirs that can extend one’s lifespan in the Elixir Pool Sect?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Xiaoning nodded hurriedly.

With a gentle smile, Tang Yu said tenderly, “Don’t worry, there’s definitely a recipe for something like that in Elixir Pool Sect. However, we might not be able to get our hands on it. Something like that depends on fate.”

“Oh.”

Xiaoning nodded and replied.

After Tang Yu’s interruption, Yan Jun looked at Xiaoning with a confused expression and did not press on, merely assuming that he thought too much.

Su Zimo raised his head and swept his head, glancing at Tang Yu subtly.

At that moment, she was looking at him deeply. Her eyes shimmered like the surface of water and she had a fake smile.

*What a powerful woman!*

Su Zimo sighed internally.

Since Yan Jun discovered Xiaoning’s abnormality, Tang Yu clearly did as well.

Furthermore, it was obvious that she had diverted the topic out of goodwill to distract Yan Jun, doing Xiaoning a favor.

The two of them exchanged glances with an understanding of one another without exposing anything.