

Chapter 41: Stop The Foundation Establishment

When Wei Mingcheng led the soldiers inside the city to aid the army, the 50,000 strong Cang Lang City army had already left in defeat. They had gradually disappeared at the end of the horizon.

Wei Mingcheng came before Su Hong, dismounted from his horse and knelt on one knee with cupped fists. "General, thank you for coming over to aid us. I am Wei Mingcheng, the deputy general of Jian An City."

Su Hong dismounted, stretched out his arms to help Wei Mingcheng up. "I am just a commoner, I cannot accept the general's praise."

"General, it may be presumptuous, but can I ask what is your relationship with Lord Wuding?" Although Wei Mingcheng had roughly guessed the answer, he still wanted to confirm his guess.

"Su Mu was my father."

Wei Mingcheng nodded.

If not, no one else would be able to command the black armored cavalry in this world and for that strong army to serve him willingly.

"Brother, this is Zhao Qian's head, take it home to pay homage to father and mother, so that they can rest in peace." Su Zimo came over, passing the head at his waist to Su Hong.

Su Hong took the King of Yan's head and looked at Su Zimo, all sorts of feelings welled up in his heart.

16 years of forbearance, 16 years of planning, he did not expect that in the end, it was his younger brother who had to bear the burden of taking revenge for the Su family's blood feud.

Su Zimo made no mention of the fight in the capital at all.

However, judging from his fatigued look and the blood stains on his body, Su Hong knew that he must have gone through a very violent battle in the capital. He had barely made it back alive.

"Is the king really dead?"

Wei Mingcheng stared at the head of the King of Yan and let out a soft mumble. His eyes suddenly lit up and he looked toward Su Hong, speaking in a serious voice. "General Su, since the King of Yan is dead, all of us are willing to aid you to become king in Jian An City. We can attack the capital, and clear Lord Wuding's name!"

Although the King of Yan had covered up the tragedy 16 years ago, in the hearts of the soldiers, they did not believe that Su Mu would revolt.

Given Su Mu's influence and status back then, if he wanted to revolt and take the throne, he had many other opportunities to do so.

Uncle Zheng and the rest jolted at his words.

If Su Hong wanted to take the throne, this was the best opportunity. The King of Yan was dead and the Country of Yan was in chaos. Su Hong could make use of this battle to build a good reputation in Jian An City.

After he took the throne, Su Hong could reveal his identity. Given Lord Wuding's influence back then, there would definitely be someone among the 16 city lords in the Country of Yan who would genuinely submit to his authority. It might be possible to unify the Country of Yan!

At the thought of this, Uncle Zheng whispered, "Young Master, this is a rare chance."

Liu Yu and the rest looked at Su Hong with anticipation, waiting for his reply.

Su Zimo made no comments. No matter what his brother decided to do, he would support him unconditionally.

Su Hong smiled after a brief silence, shaking his head. "I thank all of you for your support and love. I don't have those ambitions. I am sorry to disappoint all of you."

Uncle Zheng and the rest looked disappointed.

"General Su..." Wei Mingcheng wanted to persuade him, however Su Hong waved his hands to stop him.

Su Hong said, "When there's an outbreak of war, those that suffer are the innocent people of the Country of Yan. By then, many people would be destitute and homeless, and separated from their families or orphaned. As Zimo said, if I sacrifice the lives of innocent people to satisfy my own ambitions, how will I be different from Luo Tianwu?"

Su Hong paused before he cupped his fists toward Wei Mingcheng, "General Wei, I have to return to Ping Yang Town to worship my father and mother. Let's say our farewell here."

With that, Su Hong mounted the horse and led the 5,000 black armored cavalry back to Ping Yang Town.

Wei Mingcheng and the other soldiers stood there for a long time staring at the back of Su Hong as he left.

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Ping Yang Town, backyard of Su family's residence.

Su Hong, Su Zimo and Su Xiaoning knelt in front of a grave. The King of Yan's head was placed at the front.

Su Xiaoning had broken down in tears.

Su Hong was in tears as well.

All these years, Su Zimo had never seen his older brother shed a single tear.

Even when he failed to assassinate the King of Yan, Su Hong was only disheartened, but he never shed a single tear.

Now that they had taken revenge, the hatred and resentment that Su Hong had been carrying with him for the past 16 years was finally released and he could not help but get emotional.

Su Zimo did not shed tears. After taking some time to worship his parents, he got up quietly and left the Su family's residence, returning to the cultivation field right away.

There was a flash of disappointment in Su Zimo's eyes upon entering the cultivation field.

It was empty in the cultivation field. Die Yue was not around.

Su Zimo stood in the same spot for a long time before taking a deep breath. He seemed to have made a decision. He returned to the backyard of Su family's residence, giving a glance to Song Qi, and turned to walk outside.

Song Qi noticed it and quickly gave chase.

"Second Young Master, is there anything that you want to tell me?" Song Qi asked softly.

After a brief silence, Su Zimo took out a golden badge and handed it to Song Qi, saying, "This is Sky Treasure Gold Badge."

Song Qi was startled.

To him, Sky Treasure Gold Badge was something that was unattainable!

Many Qi Refinement Warriors would not be able to have a Sky Treasure Bronze Badge until the day they died, notwithstanding a Sky Treasure Gold Badge that was two grades higher.

"Second Young Master, what is the meaning of this?" Song Qi hurried to ask.

Su Zimo said in a grim voice, "After my older brother is done with the worship of my parents, bring everyone in the Su family to Cang Lang City and hide in Sky Treasure Pavilion for the time being. Don't come out for now! As for the 5,000 black armored cavalry, break them into smaller groups and disperse them for the time being. Don't stay together."

Song Qi had never seen Su Zimo being so grim and serious, speaking in such a deep and solemn tone.

Song Qi was uneasy as he asked. "Second Young Master, did something happen? Does the Su family have some other more powerful enemies?"

"I killed several Qi Refinement Warriors and offended a clan in the capital. The clan will find their way here in no time."

Su Zimo did not choose to hide the truth.

The reason why he could escape from the capital was because there were no Foundation Establishment Cultivators from the Joyful Clan.

Now that the Joyful Clan had suffered such a big loss, it was impossible for them to take things lying down. Perhaps, some Foundation Establishment Cultivators had already set off for Ping Yang Town and were already on their way!

Song Qi was aware of the seriousness of the situation.

If a mortal offended the cultivation clans, one would either die a light death or implicate the entire family!

“Second Young Master, where are you going? Isn’t it better for you to come with all of us to Sky Treasure Pavilion and hide there for the time being?” Song Qi asked.

Su Zimo remained silent.

Song Qi’s heart sank. He suddenly thought of a possibility and exclaimed in shock. “A-are you going to stop the Foundation Establishment Cultivators from the cultivation clan?”

Su Zimo said softly, “If I don’t die, the cultivation clan will never give up. The Su family can’t possibly hide in Sky Treasure Pavilion for their entire lifetime. Once the Su family appears, they will be hunted down and no one would be able to escape.”

“Moreover, seven days have passed since the death of the King of Yan. Given the walking speed of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators, they might have already reached. If no one stops them, they will catch up to us even before the Su family reaches the Sky Treasure Pavilion at Cang Lang City.”

“But, Second Young Master...”

“Brother Song, don’t be sullen. I may not die. I might even annihilate the clan.” Su Zimo smiled, putting up a strong front.

Song Qi sighed, saying no more.

Song Qi knew very well that Su Zimo had made the right decision. But this was in fact using his own life to protect everyone in the Su family!

To stop the Foundation Establishment Cultivators, it was tantamount to courting death.

Su Zimo had no hopes of surviving.

Su Zimo took out a storage bag from his clothes. This was taken from the one-armed Qi Refinement Warrior. He handed it to Song Qi, patting him on the shoulder, saying in a low voice. “I will leave... the Su family to you.”

With that, Su Zimo turned to leave.

It started snowing.

This was the first snow in the early winter.

Chapter 42: Snow-covered Bow and Saber

Su Zimo ran all the way toward the direction of Cang Lang Mountain Range in the snow. He ran faster and faster, his eyes clear, his gaze steady.

Su Zimo had barely shut his eyes and slept for the past half a month.

In addition to the fierce battle in the capital, Su Zimo was thoroughly exhausted. Although Su Zimo had the essence that was sealed inside his body by the Scarlet Flame Fruit, it was of no help as he was mentally drained.

The next battle was the real test for him.

A life or death ordeal!

If Su Zimo was an ordinary Qi Refinement Warrior, he would definitely die this time.

However, since Su Zimo cultivated The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, he was not without any chance of winning.

Su Zimo kept thinking about the words that Die Yue told him.

“Demon cultivators are best at skipping levels and killing opponents. Given your capabilities now, although you are not as good as Foundation Establishment Cultivators, if you are able to be in their close proximity, you will still be able to instantly kill them!”

Su Zimo could only rely on close combat.

However, the most difficult part was that the cultivators from the Joyful Clan already had a taste of his abilities at close combat. They would be on guard and he would not be given much chance at close combat!

Moreover, Su Zimo had no idea about the fighting prowess of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

Was it simply manipulating spirit weapons?

He knew that it would not be that simple.

Su Zimo ran at his fastest speed, reaching Cang Lang Mountain Range in no time.

Unlike ordinary men, if cultivators wanted to hurry on with one’s journey, they would fly in the sky. If they wanted to reach Ping Yang Town in the shortest time, they needed to pass by the sky above Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Su Zimo would wait here in ambush and kill the Joyful Clan Cultivators!

Su Zimo felt an indescribable familiarity at being back in the Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Here was his main battlefield!

Su Zimo found a towering old tree and used his hands and legs to climb up the tree in no time. He was even more agile than the apes.

He had to be in a high spot to be able to notice any suspicious activity and to make the first move.

Su Zimo had to consider every detail in preparation for the big battle. This was his only way to turn the tide and survive the battle!

Su Zimo sat on the old tree. He placed the Cold Moon Saber horizontally in front of his knees, holding the Sanguine Crystal Bow in his hand, and closed his eyes.

This was his final chance to rest.

The snow was getting heavier.

It kept snowing, covering the entire area.

Cang Lang Mountain Range seemed to be covered by a thin layer of white snow, it was crystal clear, a stunning and breathtaking sight.

The Sanguine Crystal Bow and Cold Moon Saber were covered with snowflakes. One could no longer tell its original appearance.

Su Zimo rested while practicing the breathing and expiration methods of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness. His body was heating up while white clouds of vapor rose from the top of his head.

Su Zimo's body might be burning, but his heart became colder each second. He exuded a piercing cold and murderous aura, it covered every corner of Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Suddenly!

Su Zimo opened his eyes and looked afar.

A flock of birds in the forest at the far distance seemed to be given a shock. They spread their wings, soaring to the sky, emitting anxious hooting sounds.

They were here!

Only two hours had passed since Su Zimo reached Cang Lang Mountain Range!

Su Zimo moved slightly and slid down from the old trees, quietly dropping onto the snow. He drew out the last five remaining sharp arrows from the quiver with a backhand grip, nocked all of them on the string, and moved stealthily toward the far direction.

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The spirit vessel was the most common flying spirit weapon in the cultivation world. It was steady, fast and had a large capacity.

One of the spirit vessels of the Joyful Clan had entered the sky above Cang Lang Mountain Range, speeding forward.

There were more than a hundred people on the spirit vessel. Most of them were Level 8 or Level 9, or even Perfected cultivators. The five leading cultivators were Joyful Clan elders. Four of them were early-stage Foundation Establishment, while one of them was mid-stage Foundation Establishment.

In the Joyful Clan, only Foundation Establishment Cultivator could be conferred additional titles to be the elder.

In order to kill Su Zimo, Joyful Clan had sent almost half of their cultivators out in a hunt for Su Zimo. It proved that the Joyful Clan highly valued the operation this time.

If the opponent was a cultivator, even if he was a Qi Refinement Warrior, the Joyful Clan would be wary, lest they provoked the clan that the cultivator belonged to.

After all, Joyful Clan was just a small clan. Otherwise, it would not have worked with one of the small states like the Country of Yan.

However, Su Zimo was just a mortal. Did he think that he could provoke the clan just because he had a strong physical body and he knew corporal mortification martial arts?

If Su Zimo remained alive, and the Su family was not annihilated, the Joyful Clan would become a laughingstock in the cultivation world.

“Elder Chen, Su Zimo was terrifying in close combat. All of us dared not come close to him. You must be extra careful. You must not get too close to him.” One of the Qi Refinement Warriors who was next to the elder smiled, trying his best to fawn on the elder, and to give him a kind reminder.

To his surprise, Elder Chen looked upset and snorted. “Is Foundation Establishment Cultivator the same as Qi Refinement Warrior? Do we need you to remind us?”

Another elder sneered. “Not only would Su Zimo not be able to get close to us, even if he does, he cannot hurt us!”

“Yes, yes, yes. Elder Gao is very right.” The Qi Refinement Warrior looked embarrassed as he plastered a flattering smile on his face.

The Qi Refinement Warrior seemed to think of something, but he hesitated and held back his tongue.

“Say what you want,” The only mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivator said lightly.

The Qi Refinement Warrior seemed to be in a panic, his heart still throbbing with fear. “Elder Qian, the man had a sanguine big bow. The arrows that were released from it were very powerful and fast. Although it was not as accurate, if it was within a short distance, it has a high lethality. All of the elders must be careful.”

“Hehe.”

Elder Qian smiled, a look of disdain in his eyes, but he remained silent.

Elder Gao gave a loud laugh. “All of you are a bunch of useless fools. As Qi Refinement Warriors, how can you be frightened by the bow and arrow of a mere mortal? You have shamed the clan. When we see him later, he could shoot as he likes, I will show you how I destroy his sharp arrows!”

Elder Gao was still laughing when a figure appeared at the old tree in front of the spirit vessel, holding a sanguine big bow in his hands.

Bow like a full moon and the arrows were ready.

“Mmm, there is a murderous aura!”

Initially, Elder Qian assumed a lotus position on the spirit vessel. However, he was startled and he slapped his hands on the storage bag and a talisman landed on his palm. He squashed it and shouted loudly, “Be careful!”

“Swoosh!”

There was a loud sound of arrows piercing through the air.

Five sharp arrows glittered and it reached the Joyful Clan cultivators in no time.

The five Joyful Clan elders bore the brunt of it.

Elder Chen reacted very quickly. Just when Elder Qian squashed the talisman, he also squashed a talisman and he was shrouded by a sparkling light.

The other two elders unsheathed their flying swords, blocking horizontally in front of them.

Elder Gao was the only one who was still laughing wantonly. He was slow to react and there was a shock in his eyes.

The cold light grew larger and larger in Elder Gao’s pupil.

Poof!

A black light hit directly into the chest, coming out through the body, blood bursting out from Elder Gao’s body!

Although the arrow did not hit the heart, the terrifying power that came with it tore the wound open and destroyed all chances of survival for Elder Gao!

Elder Gao stood motionless on the spirit vessel, blood spewing from his chest and mouth. There was a look of regret and blankness in his eyes. He muttered softly, “The arrow... is so fast...”

Foundation Establishment, dead!

Chapter 43: Flee With All His Might

Having lived in Cang Lang Mountain Range for one year, Su Zimo gained a deeper understanding on fighting.

There were many factors affecting a fight. One’s ability was the most basic factor but not the only one.

Weather, mindset, environment, preparation and various details could also change the circumstance and even affect the trend of the eventual victory.

On this occasion, advanced preparation and the weather were Su Zimo’s advantages.

One party was totally unprepared while the other party had long been waiting.

Coupled with the heavy snow flying and blocking one’s views, there was low visual acuity. When the cultivators from Joyful Clan came to their senses, five sharp arrows had already appeared before their eyes!

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Out of the five arrows, two of them hit the respective glowing shields of two Joyful Clan elders. The glowing shield vibrated a little and the sharp arrows bounced off them.

The other two arrows had been blocked by the flying swords unsheathed by two Joyful Clan elders.

However, the arrow that shot Elder Gao resulted in devastating damage to many cultivators from Joyful Clan!

Caught off guard, Elder Gao, who was an early-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivator, was killed with one arrow.

Seemingly, this arrow's power did not weaken as it continued to shoot through the air.

The spirit vessel was not large. Over a hundred Qi Refinement Warriors were divided into five rows as they stood behind the five elders, and there were 20 Qi Refinement Warriors standing behind Elder Gao!

Even the Foundation Establishment Cultivator did not react in time, much less the Qi Refinement Warriors behind them?

The 20 Qi Refinement Warriors felt piercing pains in their hearts even before sighting this sharp arrow. As the vitality in their body drained rapidly, their eyes dimmed and they fell off the spirit vessel.

This arrow was too powerful!

After piercing through the flesh and blood of 21 cultivators, it still had some strength left. It ended up on a towering old tree with its tail shaking and swaying vigorously.

An entire group of 21 cultivators including one Foundation Establishment Cultivator were killed by one arrow shot by Su Zimo.

"That's him!"

"It's Su Zimo!"

The few Qi Refinement Warriors on the spirit vessel recognized Su Zimo and yelled loudly.

"Retreat the spirit vessel. Surround and kill this man!"

Enraged, Elder Qian hollered harshly.

Although this arrow did not hurt the other four Foundation Establishment Cultivators, they could still feel the fear in their hearts.

If they were to react slower by a bit, they would already be a corpse!

Swash! Swash! Swash!

Many Qi Refinement Warriors on the spirit vessel rose to the sky, unsheathed their spirit weapons and attacked Su Zimo at the same time.

In a split second, successive flashes of light appeared in mid-air. It was dazzling and eye-catching. Sword auras traveled through the wind and snow like frost, engulfing the heaven and earth.

Of course, Su Zimo did not think that he had the capability to contend with a clan. He was already very lucky that the earlier arrow could kill the Foundation Establishment Cultivator.

After shooting out five arrows, Su Zimo immediately fled as far as possible without hesitating.

“Jee!”

Two Joyful Clan elders attacked simultaneously. There was a flash of light on each of the flying swords as they suddenly charged towards the back of Su Zimo’s head at lighting speed.

Even before the sword reached him, Su Zimo could feel his scalp exploding. A surge of bone-chilling coldness penetrated his body.

“I can’t fight head-on!”

Su Zimo realized that he would still be gravely wounded if he were to erupt all his energy to block the flying swords of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

Elder Chen unsheathed a long cloth from the storage bag and held it towards the direction of the wind. On the rectangular-shaped cloth was an eerie picture of something that looked like a fearsome ghost.

All of a sudden!

There was a flash of light on the long cloth. That fearsome ghost suddenly opened its eyes and stared at Su Zimo ferociously, giving him goosebumps on the scalp!

Su Zimo felt dizzy. His eyes blurred and he began to feel a little dazed.

He shuddered in his heart and dared not look at it again. Biting the tip of his tongue, he tried to maintain soberness as he dashed forward continuously, weaving and moving in the forest, and dodging the numerous spirit weapons constantly piercing at him from behind.

It was only now that Su Zimo truly experienced the change that spirit perception had brought to him.

Honestly, spirit perception’s usefulness was not that apparent during one-to-one fights with cultivators.

However, under such successive attacks with lights filling the air and dazzling the eyes, swords and sabers clashing, penetrating gold and splitting rocks, one’s sight and hearing would be greatly affected.

Even if Su Zimo could see the flying sword coming over, it would be too late for him to dodge it.

Nevertheless, spirit perception was different.

It could sense and avert danger without even looking or listening!

Su Zimo did not need to look or listen. He relied completely on an incredible instinct that was beyond description while traversing through successive flashes of swords and shadows, and fleeing for his life.

Earlier on, Su Zimo shot out five arrows at once because he realized that the other party might not give him another chance to shoot any arrows once the fight began.

True enough.

The attacks were raining on Su Zimo like raging storms and a devastating downpour. He would be instantly killed on the spot if he were to pause momentarily, let alone shoot an arrow.

Oo! Oo!

Terrifying sounds that stirred the souls could be heard.

Su Zimo's heart suddenly leaped. He had to force himself to stop charging forward. He then flipped his hand, unsheathed the Cold Moon Saber, turned back and blocked off the dozens of flying swords piercing towards him.

Riding on the forces from the flying sword, he tilted his body, fell on one side and rolled on the ground.

Bang!

There was a deafening sound.

Out of the corner of his eye, Su Zimo saw a ring-shaped spirit weapon smashing on the ground, creating a huge pit about three inches from the earlier spot where he paused his steps!

If he had moved just half a step forward earlier, his entire body would have exploded upon the impact of this spirit weapon!

Su Zimo took a closer look and saw two spirit patterns shining on this ring-shaped spirit weapon.

It was a middle-grade spirit weapon!

Seeing that Su Zimo had dodged the sure-kill move that he had been waiting for, Elder Qian sneered coldly. He redirected the ring-shaped spirit weapon towards Su Zimo to kill the latter again.

Su Zimo crawled with both his arms and legs, moving close to the ground. His body was as flexible and agile as a python as he slithered across the snow, leaving behind a curvaceous trail.

The flying sword was about to pierce Su Zimo. Yet, Su Zimo twisted his body in an eerie manner and dodged the attack just in time, never decreasing his speed at any point in time.

The fury in many cultivators' hearts intensified and they attacked even more viciously.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The spirit weapons came to nothing and smashed onto the ground countless times after brushing shoulders with Su Zimo.

Su Zimo felt slight pangs of pain on his body as raging sandstones hit him.

Su Zimo pursed his lips tightly. He looked calm as he gritted his teeth and hung on.

The cultivators from Joyful Clan had never seen such movement techniques.

He was alternating and interchanging between movements of a galloping horse, a swinging ape and a swathing python with extreme ease.

Su Zimo's physique was completely beyond the comprehension of the numerous cultivators.

Even spirit beasts who were known for their strong and powerful bodies definitely could not achieve this!

“Lad, you have to die today. I’ll see where you can escape to!” Elder Chen hollered furiously, waving the long cloth in his hands. The fearsome ghost on it opened its mouth and released a cloud of black mist.

Who would have expected that due to strong winds and heavy snow, just as the black mist was surging out, it was dissipated by the wind and snow and then reversed towards the direction of the Qi Refinement Warriors from Joyful Clan instead.

Many Qi Refinement Warriors were caught off guard and stained by the black mist. All of a sudden, their complexions turned purplish-blue and foreheads blackened. They lost their balance in the air and were about to fall.

Everyone hurriedly searched out an elixir from his storage bag and swallowed it before the poison gradually eased.

Although Elder Chen’s spirit cloth was only an inferior-grade spirit weapon, it could influence the opponent’s mind and heart. The black mist that it released earlier was its trump card.

If mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivators were slightly distracted, they would also suffer big time.

Never did Elder Chen expect that his trump card would not injure Su Zimo but instead caused chaos on his own side.

At the sight of this, Elder Qian hollered angrily, “What a fool! Put away that lousy cloth of yours and chase this lad properly. He can’t hang on for too long!”

Elder Chen had an ugly look on his old face. He blamed it all on Su Zimo, and the murderous intent in his heart intensified.

Chapter 44: Perfect Ambush

The Joyful Clan was in utter chaos. Su Zimo felt energized. He leaped up and charged diagonally, rampaging forward with the Divine Steed Fleeting movement technique.

Elder Qian and the group hurried and chased after him.

At a place not far away in front stood a precipitous hilltop.

The eyes of Elder Qian and the group shone.

Su Zimo did not know flying techniques. He would have to make a detour in order to pass through this hilltop. As such, they could make use of this opportunity to round him up.

They might even capture him alive!

However, everyone from the Joyful Clan could not understand why Su Zimo neither reduced his speed nor changed his direction. Instead, he charged straight towards the hilltop in front of them.

“Perhaps this man is looking for his own death? He wishes to kill himself in the collision?” Muttered a Qi Refinement Warrior.

Just as he finished his words, Elder Chen exclaimed in puzzlement.

Before Su Zimo’s figure reached the hilltop, strangely, he disappeared!

The Joyful Clan people rushed forward to take a closer look. It turned out that there was a cave at the foot of this hill.

It was quiet, dark and deep inside the cave. A fearsome beast was seemingly bending over the ground with its big predacious mouth opened and waiting for everyone from Joyful Clan to enter it.

Su Zimo actually escaped into this cave!

The cave was dark and sinister, narrow and small. Be it Qi Refinement Warrior or Foundation Establishment Cultivator, they could not fly in the air.

This meant that the Joyful Clan would not have any upper hand or advantages. On the other hand, Su Zimo turned extremely dangerous and could even possibly slay them!

All of a sudden, a layer of haze engulfed the hearts of everyone from Joyful Clan.

It was originally a sure victory but for some unknown reason, everyone had a hunch that they had been led around by the nose.

To chase or not?

If they were to chase him, how should they do it?

These two doubts flashed across everyone’s minds.

If this cave had a dead end, that would be the best scenario. Everyone could just guard at the cave’s entrance and Su Zimo would die of starvation inside.

However, if this was just a tunnel in the hilltop, Su Zimo would have long escaped when the Joyful Clan stayed put to guard the entrance.

This was the most tricky part. If the cave had an exit, the people from Joyful Clan did not even know where it was. If they were to go their separate ways, it would be very easy for Su Zimo to attack and destroy them.

However, if they look for the exit together but headed towards the wrong direction, Su Zimo would have long escaped without a trace.

“Damn, this inferior commoner!” Elder Chen was boiling with fury, and he clenched his teeth and scolded.

Elder Qian pondered deeply for a moment before gritting his teeth and saying, “Chase!”

After pausing for a while, Elder Qian said again, “Chen Bin, we have talismans to protect us. Even if Su Zimo closes in on us, he won’t be able to break both of our defenses. We will lead the group and guard Gong Liangjing and Lu Wencheng well.”

Gong Liangjing and Lu Wencheng were the other two elders of Joyful Clan. Although they were Foundation Establishment Cultivators, they did not have any talismans. The weapons that they controlled were also inferior-grade ones.

In the cultivation world, it was common for Foundation Establishment Cultivators to do without talismans and control inferior-grade spirit weapons, especially small clans such as Joyful Clan.

This was also the reason why Elixir Refinement Master, Weapon Refinement Master and Array Formation Master had special statuses in the cultivation world.

If the Weapon Refinement Master could refine middle-grade spirit weapons, many Foundation Establishment Cultivators would have worn out their doorsteps to make friends or exchange spirit stones for their services.

With a layer of glowing shield on both Elder Qian and Elder Chen, they entered the cave first. Right on the heels of them were the rest of the Joyful Clan.

The grounds in the cave were uneven and full of bumps and hollows. The Qi Refinement Warriors had many treasures in their storage bags but they could not light up the place.

They could only rely on the faint glow from the Protection Talisman on Elder Qian and Elder Chen to move quickly forward.

The rest of Joyful Clan following behind the elders were ghastly pale. Everyone was high-strung as they surveyed the surroundings, for the fear that Su Zimo would suddenly jump out and catch them off guard.

Although Gong Liangjing and Lu Wencheng were Foundation Establishment Cultivators, their palms were also drenched in sweat. They were treading in the cave with fear and trepidation.

The atmosphere was getting increasingly stifling!

Each time there was a slight movement of grass or wind in the cave, it would cause a commotion among the crowd.

Elder Qian and Elder Chen were leading the group at the front. They first observed what was below their feet, followed by what was before them but did not look up at all.

Under everyone's subconscious mind, Su Zimo did not know flying techniques. Naturally, it was impossible for him to appear from the top of their heads.

However, they had forgotten one point.

This was a cave.

There were stone walls on the ceiling of the cave!

At this moment, someone was attaching himself closely to the stone wall on the ceiling, narrowing his eyes and staring coldly at the people of Joyful Clan who were striding below him.

Suddenly, Elder Qian paused his steps and said in a low voice. "Something is amiss. There is a stench of blood and it's very strong. This lad is nearby!"

Before he could finish his words, a flash of blinding light broke the darkness in the cave.

Poof!

A large skull flung off, splashing fresh blood all over the crowd. Everyone from Joyful Clan suddenly exploded in shock!

“Elder Lu?”

“Elder Lu is dead!”

“Where is he?”

“At the top... Ah!”

There was another miserable scream. One of the Qi Refinement Warriors died on the spot.

Prior to this, Su Zimo once shot out five arrows and managed to find out which two of these remaining four Foundation Establishment Cultivator had defensive tactics similar to the Augmentation Talisman.

With his current capability, he could not break such defenses at all.

Hence, this slash of Su Zimo’s were aimed at Lu Wencheng and Gong Liangjing, who did not have the talisman to protect them.

However, Gong Liangjing was more alert. At that instant when Elder Qian paused his steps, he realized that something was not quite right. Hence, he bent down without a care about his pride. As such, he avoided a calamity.

When Su Zimo dropped from the stone ceiling and wanted to chase after him, Gong Liangjing had already ran behind Elder Qian and Elder Chen and broke out in a cold sweat.

At this very moment, Su Zimo landed in the crowd of Qi Refinement Warriors.

In the narrow and small cave, the Qi Refinement Warriors from Joyful Clan barely had any space to dodge. In his panic, someone even bumped into Su Zimo when he was trying to flee.

Su Zimo’s sinister and cold laughter resonated in the dark.

“Hahahaha... you wish to kill me. Such a small number of people is not enough!”

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Su Zimo did not even need to look. With the Cold Moon Saber in his hands, he could slay the Qi Refinement Warriors on-site easily with any casual wave of his saber.

Along with the miserable screams of Qi Refinement Warriors, flashes of blood appeared constantly as they splattered everywhere.

In this cave, Su Zimo was like a tiger moving into a herd of sheep, chopping those on the left and slashing those on the right, going on a rampage. The Qi Refinement Warriors from Joyful Clan could not retaliate at all.

Even escaping was wishful thinking!

This was an ambush targeted at the Joyful Clan that could be described as perfect.

Su Zimo made use of his familiarity with the Cang Lang Mountain Range terrain to successfully lure the other party into the deep, dark and quiet cave.

The cultivators' advantages were minimized whereas Su Zimo's merits were unleashed to the maximum!

The three elders of Joyful Clan stood rooted to the ground, perspiring on their foreheads but did not make any moves.

It was not because they did not want to.

It was because Su Zimo had been moving about in the crowd continuously. His movement techniques were swift and agile. The cave was already very dim. Once they attacked, they would definitely injure their own clan disciples by mistake.

At the sight of the decreasing number of clan disciples, viciousness flashed across Elder Qian's eyes. He said in a low voice, "Attack!"

"What?" The other two elders were stunned.

"I said, attack!"

Elder Qian said coldly, "We can't worry so much now. Even if we kill our clan disciples by mistake, it is better than letting all of them die in this lad's hands!"

Chapter 45: On the Brink of Death

In the darkness, the three elders from Joyful Clan wore capricious expressions. Simultaneously, the trio unsheathed their spirit weapons. There were two inferior-grade weapons and one middle-grade one.

Swash! Swash! Swash!

The spirit weapons shone brightly, exuding cold and sinister murderous intents and charging forward.

Poof! Poof!

Two clan disciples from the Joyful Clan were unprepared and killed on the spot by the spirit weapons of the Elder Qian trio.

Unabated, the spirit weapons continued to charged at the vital points on Su Zimo's body!

In the small and narrow cave, the people from Joyful Clan barely had any space to avoid the attacks. Nevertheless, this also meant that Su Zimo's movements would be greatly restricted.

Su Zimo did not expect the three elders of the Joyful Clan to be so ferocious and merciless. They actually attacked forcefully without caring about the safety of their clan disciples!

Su Zimo tilted his head and averted the ring-shaped sword weapon which was the greatest threat to him. He lowered his body and dodged a flying sword. Using a reverse grip on his saber, he slashed all the Qi Refinement Warriors in front of him.

Poof!

At the same time, a dot of cold light suddenly appeared on this Qi Refinement Warrior's chest.

Another flying sword came out from this person's chest and pierced towards Su Zimo's throat!

It was too close!

Given the distance, Su Zimo could not avoid it at all.

Su Zimo retracted the Cold Moon Saber and then blocked the flying sword.

Clang!

Clashing sounds of sword and saber could be heard and sparks flew everywhere. Su Zimo's entire body had taken a huge blow. His purlicue split upon the impact and blood was spilling out from it. The Cold Moon Saber was almost flung out of his hands.

Since both parties started fighting, Su Zimo had been trying to avoid a direct confrontation with the Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

As expected, the power of the flying swords controlled by the Foundation Establishment Cultivators was definitely not something that his body could endure.

Su Zimo's entire right arm felt numb. He could not exert any strength at that point in time.

The inferior-grade spirit weapon directed by an early-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivator was already so powerful. If Su Zimo were to forcefully receive Elder Qian's ring-shaped middle-grade spirit weapon, he feared he would become paralyzed on the spot!

Of course, this slash of Su Zimo's was not completely useless.

Elder Chen's flying sword should have pierced Su Zimo's chest but due to colliding with the Cold Moon Saber, it deviated slightly and penetrated Su Zimo's scapula region, splattering fresh blood everywhere!

This was Su Zimo's first injury since the start of the fight. The piercing pain in his shoulder region was unbearable and he could no longer use his left arm!

"It is so powerful!"

Su Zimo was secretly astonished.

Su Zimo could escape without the slightest bit of injury when he fought Perfected Qi Refinement Warriors head-on.

However, the power of early-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivators had crossed into a different level!

Fortunately, although Su Zimo's right arm felt numb, it did not suffer too huge a blow. After resting for a while, he could still continue with the fight.

Su Zimo no longer dared to remain in this place. He turned, used Mountain Reliance to send the few Qi Refinement Warriors who blocked his way flying, executed movement techniques and dashed towards the outside of the cave.

Su Zimo was unaware that, at this very moment, the Elder Qian trio were feeling even more stunned, their faces full of disbelief.

“He didn’t die?”

“He actually blocked Elder Chen’s sword?”

“How is that possible?”

“He is actually still alive and jumping, and has the energy to escape outside?”

Elder Qian decisively shouted, “Hurry up and chase him. This lad is injured and can’t run too far away!”

The three elders followed after Su Zimo first while the remaining Qi Refinement Warriors from Joyful Clan hurried over. They really did not wish to stay any longer in this cave.

Before entering the cave, there were still more than 80 Qi Refinement Warriors. Now, there were only about 50 Qi Refinement Warriors left.

Most of them died in Su Zimo’s hands, and a few in the hands of the clan elders.

In fact, everyone was aware in their hearts that, no matter the outcome, the Joyful Clan had already lost.

Five Foundation Establishment Cultivators had led about a hundred Qi Refinement Warriors to chase after a mortal. That was almost half the strength of the clan. Yet, half of the forces were killed!

Two elders were dead. The remaining Qi Refinement Warriors were still badly shaken, terrified and wondering what happened.

“We have to kill him!” Elder Qian clenched his teeth and said with a sinister and gloomy expression.

Elder Chen revealed a ferocious expression and said viciously, “It will be best if we can capture him alive. I want to make him suffer endless tortures for the rest of his life, and then crush this lad’s bones into ashes and chop his corpse into ten thousand pieces!”

“We can’t let the Su family off too. We will ensure that their blood flows like a river, and even the fowls and dogs will not be spared!” Gong Liangjing said coldly.

Everyone from Joyful Clan chased after Su Zimo. Although it was still snowing heavily outside, it was spacious and open. They had finally got rid of the suffocating pressure felt inside the cave.

“Over there!”

Elder Qian pointed to a place in front. Not far away, Su Zimo was dashing continuously, holding onto his left arm, dripping blood and appearing extremely eye-catching on the snowy ground.

“Chase!”

Everyone from Joyful Clan rose to the sky and charged forward.

“Brother Qian, the spirit qi on the Protection Talisman can’t hold on for too long. We have to subdue this lad as soon as possible.” Elder Chen said in a low voice. “Once the protection talismans lose their effect, our lives will also be in danger!”

Once the talisman was released, it could not be effective all the time.

After sustaining itself for a period of time, it would lose its effect when the spirit qi on it dissipated.

Elder Chen had such a Protection Talisman on him. Once the effect was gone, he would be no different from Gong Liangjing.

If he were to encounter the same situation in the cave, it would be hard for him to escape death.

Elder Qian nodded.

In fact, he had another Protection Talisman in his storage bag. However, protection talismans were very precious and he did not wish to waste it.

Elder Qian stepped onto the flying sword, clasped both hands and muttered a sutra. In the wind and snow, as if they had been summoned, a mysterious flow of energy suddenly surged into Elder Qian’s fingertips.

“Ground-caving Skill!”

Elder Qian suddenly pointed to the direction in which Su Zimo was escaping.

Long before this, Su Zimo had sensed a wave of trepidation in his heart. Upon hearing Elder Qian’s voice, he quickly paused his steps.

“Boom!”

The ground right in front of Su Zimo seemed to have suffered a powerful impact. It suddenly collapsed and a huge pit appeared.

If Su Zimo was unprepared and his legs wobbled, he would have fallen directly into this deep pit.

“What is this?”

Su Zimo’s eyes were alternating between shock and puzzlement.

He had already foreseen that Foundation Establishment Cultivators would have some mysterious means but the scene before him was truly beyond his knowledge.

“Vinewood-twining Skill!”

In that split second that Su Zimo was distracted, another sound rang in his ears.

“Mmm?”

Su Zimo was stunned and he secretly cursed. He wanted to go around the huge pit in front of him and run towards the other side.

Unexpectedly, just as Su Zimo got up, a few withered branches and vines suddenly crept up from the snow below his feet and ensnared both his legs!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Sounds of spirit weapons breaking through the air could be heard. It was terrifying and soul-stirring.

At this moment, Su Zimo's body was restrained and he could not move or dodge. Once he was hit by the spirit weapon, he would die instantly.

Su Zimo remained calm in the face of danger. He dropped to the ground directly, reverse-gripped the Cold Moon Saber and slashed hard on the vines holding both his feet.

Snap!

The vines broke.

At the same time, spirit weapons successively appeared before him. Su Zimo clenched his teeth, twisted his body till the limit and contracted his large tendons. Crisp and cracking sounds could be heard coming from the bones in his body. He had an extremely close shave with the three spirit weapons from the Joyful Clan elders.

After successfully dodging the three spirit weapons, no matter how, Su Zimo could not avert the over 50 other spirit weapons that were coming towards him.

Although all of them were from Qi Refinement Warriors, more than 50 Qi Refinement Warriors attacked at the same time. Hence, this was a frightening force not to be underestimated!

All of a sudden, the situation became extremely dangerous and Su Zimo was on the brink of death!

Chapter 46: The Spirit Monkey Appears

He had no choice but to fight head-on!

In a split second, Su Zimo circulated Body Petrification. His entire body muscles tightened, large tendons pulsated and he unleashed his strength to the maximum. Holding the saber in one hand, he swiftly drew an arc in front of him!

There were numerous flashes of saber shadows and icy cold lights.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

Spirit weapons continuously clashed in the shadows of the sabers in front of Su Zimo. Successive sounds of weapons clashing with one another could be heard. Sparks were flying everywhere.

Su Zimo's steps were clumsy and he retreated continuously. There was a sweet taste in his throat as he held a pool of blood in his mouth, refusing to spit it out.

Su Zimo gritted his teeth and endured. Once he released this breath, he would instantly lose his life!

Bang!

Su Zimo's body landed heavily on a huge pit not far away; his mouth vomiting fresh blood. He lost his grip on the Cold Moon Saber, and his palms were mangled and trembling.

Although he had blocked the attack of more than 50 Qi Refinement Warriors, Su Zimo was gravely injured.

Under such powerful and intensive blows, Su Zimo's body crumbled. He was covered in cuts and his green robe drenched in blood.

Snowflakes that dropped onto Su Zimo's body were instantly melted by his body warmth.

"Ee..."

Su Zimo was ghastly pale. He murmured a little before struggling to sit up. However, he only felt his tendons and bones about to break, and piercing and intensive pain constantly stimulating his brain.

Under such aggravating conditions, Su Zimo's body shivered and twitched uncontrollably.

Everyone from the Joyful Clan surrounded the huge pit and looked at Su Zimo from the sky. Their eyes were full of excitement, mingled with some fear and reservation.

Finally, this person was going to die.

Everyone actually felt relieved of a huge burden.

If they were to continue with the chase and this person hid in another cave, everyone including Elder Qian dared not guarantee that they would be courageous enough to enter it.

The Elder Qian trio had been in the cultivation world for more than ten years and had gone through many life-and-death battles with cultivators. However, they had never encountered someone who was so difficult to deal with.

The most terrifying thing was that this person was not a cultivator but a mortal without any spirit qi!

"Hahahaha..."

Su Zimo started laughing.

Each time he laughed, more fresh blood would spill out from his mouth, making one's flesh creep.

At the sound of Su Zimo's laughter, many Qi Refinement Warriors felt chills down their spine.

"Damn. He's really a madman!" Some Qi Refinement Warriors cursed in a low voice.

Gong Liangjing was having goosebumps from Su Zimo's laughter. His face dimmed and he said coldly, "I'll go and kill him!"

Having said that, Gong Liangjing unsheathed his flying sword, wanting to cut off Su Zimo's head.

"Wait a minute."

Elder Chen stopped Gong Liangjing and sneered. "He looks half-dead. Are you still afraid that he will escape? We'll spare his life first, then bring him back to the clan and give him a good round of torture. We'll make sure that he begs for death!"

“What are you laughing at?”

At this juncture, Elder Qian suddenly asked. He narrowed his eyes and stared at Su Zimo.

“Hehe...”

There was a flash of mockery in Su Zimo’s eyes. Tilting his head, he spat out a mouthful of blood, raised his brows and said, “Do you really think that you will surely win? Mark my words. Cang Lang Mountain Range will be your tomb!”

Just as he finished his words, he gave out a deep and deafening roar, “Sanguine Ape Transformation!”

The Sanguine Ape Transformation was the last style of the Sanguine Ape Tri-style. In Die Yue’s words, this style was the essence and also a forbidden skill that could not be used unless one was on the brink of death.

Su Zimo rampantly circulated the incantation of Sanguine Ape Transformation and constantly did breathing and expiration.

If he did not use this style at this juncture, he would no longer have any chance to do so.

At the sound of the three words ‘Sanguine Ape Transformation’, everyone from Joyful Clan jumped in shock. Elder Qian and trio shuddered and moved a step back instinctively.

Everyone’s expression was grave as they fixed their gazes at the Su Zimo in the deep pit, preparing to attack at any point in time.

However, after about ten moments of breath, Su Zimo was still sitting in the pit, looking expressionless and still.

Nothing changed!

Su Zimo’s heart sank deeply to the bottom.

How could this be?

After circulating the heart sutra of Sanguine Ape Transformation, there was no change to his body. Su Zimo could still feel the pain from the various parts of his body. He felt drained and listless.

Previously, when he was rounded up by the wolf packs, Su Zimo had just cultivated Tendons Transformation and was not qualified to release Sanguine Ape Transformation.

Now, Su Zimo had already begun cultivating the Bones Strengthening section. Why did nothing happen when he circulated the heart sutra and incantation for Sanguine Ape Transformation?

This was Su Zimo’s last trump card.

In the end, he discovered that he could not use this trump card when he took it out!

As the Sanguine Ape Transformation was a forbidden skill, Su Zimo had never released it before. This was his first time.

Su Zimo’s first reaction was that he did not cultivate it correctly.

“Something must have gone wrong somewhere.”

Su Zimo wracked his brains and tried to figure out this puzzle.

However, this was not the cultivation field and Die Yue was not beside him. Instead, a group of cultivators full of murderous intent in their eyes were staring at him ferociously!

No one would help him clear his doubts and the other party would not give him that much time.

After waiting for a while, everyone from the Joyful Clan discovered that they could not find the slightest bit of change on Su Zimo.

They had been tricked!

Everyone was enraged.

“Damn, this inferior commoner can still think of fooling us!” One Qi Refinement Warrior cursed and scolded loudly.

“Kill him!”

“Kill him!”

Everyone was aggravated and many Qi Refinement Warriors were shouting above him.

Almost everyone had their attention on Su Zimo but no one noticed that, in the forest behind them, amidst the wind and snow, a tall and huge figure was swinging on the tree branches and approaching them at lighting speed. Eyes flickering with flashes of blood, his murderous intent was strong!

“Mmm?”

Su Zimo exclaimed in puzzlement. He suddenly smelled a familiar and pungent odor and looked up instinctively.

Right behind everyone from Joyful Clan, a tall and huge figure leaped down from the towering old tree, dropping from the sky with a furore. Holding an alloy steel rod in one hand, it was swinging it towards the Qi Refinement Warriors in front of him.

Poof! Poof! Poof!

The skulls of a total of five Qi Refinement Warriors were smashed by this rod. Their brains split and their headless corpses fell into the pit.

“Spirit beast!”

“It’s a spirit beast!”

“Be careful, everyone!”

A wave of shock and astonishment could be heard from the crowd.

“Damn monkey!”

Su Zimo rejoiced greatly in his heart.

The big and tall figure that rushed here to help was none other than the spirit monkey whom Su Zimo had lived together with for six months in Cang Lang Mountain Range.

The alloy steel rod in the spirit monkey's hands was the inferior-grade spirit weapon left behind by that Joyful Clan Qi Refinement Warrior who died in Su Zimo's hands previously. He did not know when the spirit monkey picked it up to become its weapon.

Just as the joy in Su Zimo's heart rose, it completely turned into worries.

Although the spirit monkey was powerful, he could only defeat the Qi Refinement Warriors. After all, it had not advanced to the realm of a spirit demon.

Furthermore, the spirit monkey had the same weakness as Su Zimo. It could not fly in the sky.

At the thought of this, Su Zimo hollered, "Damn monkey, quickly scam!"

"Ga! Ga!"

The spirit monkey opened its mouth and laughed, seemingly oblivious to Su Zimo's shout. After killing all five Qi Refinement Warriors at once with one hit from the rod, it did not pause as it leaped into the pit, grabbed Su Zimo and carried the latter on its back. Thereafter, it tried to escape out of the pit without even turning its back.

The spirit monkey was very smart.

Although he could not differentiate the realms that the cultivators were at, it knew how to assess the situation.

Since Su Zimo had been beaten up so badly to the point of no escape, he was definitely not their match.

Hence, the spirit monkey's first thought was not to forcefully fight with the Joyful Clan but to bring Su Zimo out of the place!

Chapter 47: Landed in a Desperate Situation

"Which bastard dares to wreck the important matter of my Joyful Clan!"

Elder Qian was instantly enraged. After a moment of distraction, he leaped onto the flying sword in the sky and led everyone from the Joyful Clan to chase after them.

Flashes of lights streaked across the sky.

Elder Qian's face was ghastly pale as he glared at Elder Chen, clenched his teeth and scolded, "Look at your jinxed mouth!"

Earlier on, Elder Chen had just said that it was impossible for Su Zimo to escape given the latter's grave injuries.

In the end, an unknown spirit monkey sprang out of nowhere and killed a few of the clan disciples. It even saved and took Su Zimo away.

Elder Chen wore an innocent expression.

For the sake of chasing and killing this Su Zimo, Elder Chen had already been scolded harshly by Elder Qian twice. He was also enduring a bellyful of anger and had nowhere to vent his frustration.

Elder Chen looked at the spirit monkey who was dashing far ahead. His eyes filled with resentment and malice, he said coldly, "This bastard's speed is not fast. It can't run for too long!"

Similar to what happened six months ago when Su Zimo was surrounded by the wolf packs, at a time when he faced critical danger, it was the spirit monkey who stood up for him and saved him from the doors of hell.

However, the situation this time was different from that six years ago.

The spirit monkey was clever at ascending hills and adept at climbing rocks. It could also leap and swing with extreme ease in the forest. However, speed was not its forte.

Furthermore, the spirit monkey was carrying someone on his back.

Su Zimo made use of environment, terrain and external factors to cause the Joyful Clan to suffer heavy casualties. However, these factors also made it very hard for the spirit monkey to steer away from the Joyful Clan's line of sight.

These external factors were a double-edged sword. It could benefit both the self and the enemy.

It was the beginning of winter and heavy snow was falling. Although the withered trees were still around, they were barren. Without the green, luxuriant forest and camouflage of thick, dense branches and leaves, the trails left behind by the spirit monkey's escape were visible with one glance.

Su Zimo felt listless all over. He leaned on the spirit monkey's back and listened to the winds howling by his ears. His heart was full of sorrow and misery as he said in a low voice, "Damn monkey, we can't escape. Put me down and leave on your own."

The spirit monkey did not utter a sound. Streams of mist surging out from its nostrils, it dashed forward continuously, sweating profusely. Obviously, it was already using all its might and exhausting a lot of energy.

The sounds of clothes flapping in the air were coming closer and closer.

The speed of the Qi Refinement Warriors' Sword Kinesis Flight was obviously much faster than that of the spirit monkey!

Su Zimo sighed gently, "Monkey, these people only want to kill me. Put me down and you still have hopes of escaping. Otherwise, if we continue like this, they will catch up with us in less than 15 minutes. We will both die here."

The spirit monkey continued to keep mum. His expression was obstinate and his gaze sharp. He stubbornly dashed ahead.

Su Zimo clenched his teeth and punched the spirit monkey's shoulders harshly. He said loudly, "Leave me alone and only one of us will die. If you take me along, both of us will die! This is such a simple logic. Why can't you understand? Why can't you understand?"

"Damn monkey, aren't you very smart and quick-witted? You've become a fool! Quickly scam!"

Roar! Roar!

The eyes of the spirit monkey reddened. It suddenly roared loudly, shaking the heaven and earth. Upon the impact, snowflakes on the surrounding old trees fell one after another.

The Joyful Clan group following closely behind were shocked at the sudden roar from the spirit monkey.

Fear? Furore? Or hopelessness?

They did not know.

However, Su Zimo understood.

"Yours truly wants to do so. It's none of your business!"

This was the spirit monkey's response to him.

The spirit monkey was not stupid. From the moment that it saved Su Zimo, it already knew that they would possibly die here.

However, the spirit monkey still saved him.

Six months ago, the spirit monkey saved Su Zimo because of its enmity with the wolf clan.

Six months later, the spirit monkey saved Su Zimo because it saw him as his buddy, a buddy that he could share weals and woes with and live and die together.

This was the chemistry between a man and a monkey. There was telepathy without the need to communicate in words.

Su Zimo was silent for a while. He then laughed.

"Hahahaha!"

Su Zimo laughed heartily.

The Joyful Clan group looked puzzled. They did not understand why Su Zimo could still laugh, and in such a hearty and happy manner.

Their hearts were already numb and they could not understand the friendship between Su Zimo and the spirit monkey.

In the eyes of everyone, the spirit monkey was basically a beast that had not attained spirit intellect, and Su Zimo was a man struggling on his death-bed.

However, the more Su Zimo laughed happily, the angrier they felt.

"Attack!"

Elder Qian gave orders. Many flying swords tore the wind and snow and dashed towards them, filling the air.

With just a bit of effort and the distance between the two parties had closed so much. They were already within the Joyful Clan group's geographical scope of attack.

The spirit monkey ran left and swung right. Bending its body at one point and leaping at another, it dodged the attacks with all its might.

Poof!

Flashes of blood appeared.

The spirit monkey trembled for a while and staggered. Thereafter, it straightened its back and continued to dash on, pretending that nothing had happened.

Su Zimo looked down and saw that the spirit monkey's thigh had been pierced through by a flying sword. It was bleeding heavily non-stop. A striking and scarlet bloody trail was left on the snow behind it.

Su Zimo's heart ached. He could clearly sense that, earlier on, this sword was heading towards the middle of his back.

However, at the eleventh hour, the spirit monkey suddenly jumped...

The spirit monkey noticed Su Zimo's concern. It tilted its head and smiled. It looked a little silly, seemingly wanting to make Su Zimo feel assured.

Su Zimo's sight gradually turned blurry.

He was not sure if it was because the snowstorm was too strong or other reasons.

The spirit monkey's speed had obviously slowed down. Its steps were also not as swift and agile as before. It was limping, looking a little unkempt and pitiful.

Its thigh had been pierced through and it must be dying of pain. How could it be alright?

However, the spirit monkey still did not give up.

Suddenly, the spirit monkey threw away the alloy steel rod in his hands, hurled Su Zimo in front of his chest and carried him.

This was just a simple action but Su Zimo understood further.

The spirit monkey was worried about the flying swords coming from behind.

It was worried that the flying sword would hit Su Zimo first. Hence, it carried Su Zimo in front of its chest while baring its own back to the flying swords!

The Joyful Clan group was right on their heels and closing in.

All of a sudden!

The corner of Su Zimo's eyes twitched vigorously. His scalp was blistering and he broke out in goosebumps.

It was extremely dangerous!

Without the Cold Moon Saber by his side, Su Zimo took out the Sanguine Crystal Bow immediately. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a ring-shaped spirit weapon amongst the many flying swords behind the spirit monkey. Two dazzling and eye-catching spirit patterns were shining on it.

The spirit monkey did not sense the threat of his ring-shaped spirit weapon. It could barely dodge the many flying swords. More wounds appeared on its body, and flesh and blood could be seen. It was a gruesome sight.

This ring-shaped spirit weapon was charging towards the middle of the spirit monkey's back.

They could not avoid it anymore!

Su Zimo bit the tip of his tongue. He exhausted all of the remaining strength in his body, raised the Sanguine Crystal Bow and smashed towards the ring-shaped spirit weapon.

Clang!

Su Zimo's entire body was shaken. The Sanguine Crystal Bow left his hands.

A cloud of bloody mist erupted from Su Zimo's entire right arm. His skin burst open and his large tendons broke. All the bones in his arms were fractured and hanging down.

This was a middle-grade spirit weapon and the mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivator launched the attack with all his might.

Su Zimo could not endure it at all.

The ring-shaped spirit weapon paused momentarily upon the impact of the Sanguine Crystal Bow but it still smashed heavily on the spirit monkey's back eventually.

Bang!

The spirit monkey's back caved in deeply. Horrifying sounds of bones breaking could be heard. Its entire body was shaken. Carrying Su Zimo, it was directly hurled into the air before falling onto the snowy ground nearby.

Chapter 48: Sanguine Ape Transformation

A man and a monkey fell onto the cold and snowy ground. The spirit monkey vomited a huge mouthful of blood that coincidentally landed on Su Zimo, splattering all over the latter's face.

Su Zimo's mouth was filled with the spirit monkey's warm blood.

The spirit monkey turned to his side with his eyes drooping and pupils losing focus. He stared blankly at Su Zimo, his eyes filled with some indignation, some nostalgia, some reluctance and some regrets.

Finally... it closed both its eyes.

“Monkey!”

Su Zimo called out, his heart trembling.

The spirit monkey did not move the slightest bit. The vitality in its body was draining rapidly.

The mid-stage Foundation Establishment Cultivator had unsheathed the middle-grade spirit weapon and attacked with all his might. That had a devastating impact to the spirit monkey.

If Su Zimo had not blocked the weapon with the Sanguine Crystal Bow and the weapon were to pierce through the spirit monkey's body, the monkey could have disintegrated!

Su Zimo wriggled his body in the snow and crawled to the spirit monkey. He reached out his uninjured left palm and patted the spirit monkey's cheeks continuously, speaking in a trembling voice, “Monkey, wake up. Please don't die!”

The spirit monkey did not utter a sound. It looked like it had fallen asleep.

Su Zimo bowed his head. His black hair scattered down and covered both his eyes, which were gradually reddening.

It was not light or dark red. It was a bloody scarlet red.

It was striking, eerie and frightening!

Su Zimo was already covered in wounds. After being splashed with and swallowing the spirit monkey's blood, a trace of the spirit monkey's blood had already been integrated into his blood and veins.

This trace of blood from the spirit monkey was circulating rampantly in his body and resulted in many strange and chaotic changes.

Su Zimo's veins and blood were boiling!

Besides Su Zimo himself, the Joyful Clan people would not be able to sense such changes.

The Joyful Clan people floated in mid-air, encircling a man and a monkey. They finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Elder Chen looked as though he had a weight off his shoulders. He swallowed his saliva and smiled lightly, “Although there were some hiccups, we still didn't let them escape.”

At the sound of these words, Elder Qian's face dimmed.

Just as he wanted to ask Elder Chen to shut his jinxed mouth up, he heard a sound filled with cold and pervasive murderous intent.

“All of you have to die today!”

Everyone glanced at the source of the sound, only to see Su Zimo, who was kneeling on the snow, suddenly standing up and gradually turning his head back. As the cold wind blew past him, a pair of bloody red eyes were revealed.

Psst!

After being glanced at by this pair of bloody eyes, everyone suddenly felt chills down their spines and could not help gasping in cold.

“Sanguine— Ape— Transformation!”

Just as he finished his words, the energy in the blood and veins of Su Zimo’s body surged rampantly. His large tendons pulsated, flesh and blood recharged, body expanded into a strong and huge figure that actually reached a height of ten feet!

Ten feet was already slightly more than three meters tall. He was two times taller than an ordinary man!

Although the Joyful Clan people were flying in the air, they were at most at the height of about ten feet.

If they were too far away, their control of the spirit weapons would definitely weaken.

However, Su Zimo’s current height was already ten feet. Both his eyes were at the same level as the Joyful Clan people!

In comparison to Su Zimo, everyone suddenly looked relatively small and insignificant.

“T—this... what monster is this?” Some of the Qi Refinement Warriors were so scared that they turned as white as a sheet. Their voices were trembling.

Giant!

Wrong. This appearance did not belong to the human clan!

Sanguine Ape Transformation’s transformation was not restricted to the body figure and height. Even Su Zimo’s appearance had undergone a drastic change. He looked ferocious and frightening, and bore a resemblance to the spirit monkey who was lying on the ground.

A giant ape!

The muscles on Su Zimo’s body were knotted together like metal casing. They were flickering with metallic shine and filled with an explosive strength!

That pair of bloody eyes were exuding endless murderous intent.

Wind and snow seemed to have solidified at every nook and crook swept across by that bloody glance.

“Kill!”

Su Zimo gave out a deep and furious roar. He strode forward, reached out his left arm, opened his hands and simply grabbed Gong Liangjing who was in mid-air.

Su Zimo hated these three Foundation Establishment Cultivators of Joyful Clan to the core.

If not for them, the spirit monkey would not have been injured, and its life or death unknown.

Gong Liangjing’s reaction was a tad slower. He had just wanted to reverse his flying sword and dash higher into the sky. However, he had a surprise blackout as Su Zimo’s palm had already enshrouded and clutched him.

Su Zimo squeezed hard!

Poof!

A mist of blood filled the air.

Gong Liangjing who was at the early-stage Foundation Establishment Realm was crushed by Su Zimo!

At this moment, Elder Qian and Elder Chen had just flew to a height of 20 feet. When they looked back instinctively, their eyes met with this gruesome and bloody scene. They could not help shivering with shock and fear in their hearts.

“It is no wonder that this Su Zimo’s body is so scary. It is because he is not human but demon! He is a spirit beast!” Elder Qian said coldly. He could still feel the fear in his heart.

“S—should we report this to the clan first and get more reinforcements to come here?” Elder Chen was also feeling a little scared.

Elder Qian waved his hands and said, “We don’t need to worry. This Su Zimo must have used some demon techniques to stimulate the potential of his body. He can’t hang on for too long.”

Just as he finished his words, Elder Qian saw something from the corner of his eye and was scared out of his wits. He did not even have the time to call out to Elder Chen as he started fleeing to one side.

“Bang!”

Both Su Zimo’s feet stepped on the ground heavily. His legs bent slightly and then jumped into the air.

Initially, there was nothing to be alarmed about a jump.

However, Su Zimo’s leap actually covered a height of ten feet!

How strong must the body be in order to erupt such frightening strength?

Elder Chen heard a deafening sound. Slightly distracted, he felt his vision dimming and he looked up instinctively.

Unknowingly, Su Zimo had already appeared at the top of his head.

A humongous footprint landed and trampled with the power capable of destroying everything!

Bang!

The footprint landed on top of Elder Chen’s head. The Protection Talisman was shining brightly and shaking vigorously. Lines of cracks appeared on its surface.

This Protection Talisman had been released for a long time. Hence, there was very little spirit qi left on it. On the impact of Su Zimo’s violent strength, it was instantly on the verge of collapse and could shatter to pieces at any point in time.

Once the Protection Talisman lost its effect, Elder Chen would be no different from other Qi Refinement Warriors in front of Su Zimo.

Elder Chen turned pale with fright. Just as he wanted to flee from the spot with the flying sword, another sole immediately trampled. There was hardly any pause in between.

This time, it was even more ferocious, strong and powerful!

Divine Steed Trampling.

With every successive step, the strength would increase and become stronger!

Snap!

The Protection Talisman shattered.

Another step came.

Poof!

Elder Chen was directly trampled till death by Su Zimo and ground into minced meat!

In the blink of an eye, two out of the remaining three elders of Joyful Clan had died. Only the mid-stage Foundation Establishment Elder Qian was left.

Elder Qian knew that Su Zimo would definitely target him next.

Swoosh!

Elder Qian controlled the flying sword and rose continuously in the air, wanting to distance himself from Su Zimo as much as possible.

No matter how strong Su Zimo was or how astonishing the powers he erupted, he could not fly, and that was his weakness.

30 feet, 40 feet...

In the blink of an eye, Elder Qian had already risen to the height of 50 feet tall!

It was only until now did Elder Qian's expression gradually ease. After calming down, he looked back.

"Mmm?"

Elder Qian was stupefied. He exclaimed in puzzlement, "Where is he?"

Su Zimo actually disappeared from the battlefield!

How was that possible?

He could not have escaped from the place in such a short time.

At this moment, the few Qi Refinement Warriors not far away pointed to the front of Elder Qian with shock and fear written on their faces. They seemed to have witnessed a terrifying sight.

Chapter 49: Tomb

Swoosh!

Sounds of snowflakes falling could be heard coming from behind Elder Qian.

“Mmm?”

Elder Qian was stunned and he looked back instinctively.

Behind him was a tall and old tree. It was sturdy and straight, with a height of about 70 to 80 feet. Using both his hands and legs, Su Zimo was climbing up the tree like a giant ape with extreme ease. He had already reached the height of 50 feet!

Elder Qian traveled by air while Su Zimo relied on the old tree to climb up. Yet, there was not much difference in their speeds.

Relying on the energy of the blood and veins, Sanguine Ape Transformation could not only improve Su Zimo's body strength within a short time frame but also cause major transformation to his body's agility, coordination and flexibility. His speed had thus increased exponentially!

The moment that Elder Qian looked back, Su Zimo had bounced off the old tree. The bloody shine in his eyes intensified and the murderous aura was towering. He reached out his gigantic palm, almost engulfing Elder Qian.

Su Zimo's palm looked soft and weak like a tongue. He gently wrapped it on Elder Qian's body but erupted the strength of twisting and crushing someone. It was extremely cruel and savage.

Pa!

Elder Qian's body shook violently. The Protection Talisman shattered on the spot!

“Go!”

Elder Qian's expression changed greatly. Stepping on the flying sword, he tried his best to balance his body. In the panic and chaos, he quickly unsheathed the ring-shaped spirit weapon in his hands and smashed it towards Su Zimo's chest.

The two parties were very close to each other. Su Zimo's body was in mid-air and he had no place to lean on. Facing the oncoming ring-shaped spirit weapon, he had to fall on his back with his face facing the sky in order to dodge the attack.

But if that were to happen, Su Zimo would also drop from the sky.

Su Zimo's bloody eyes were filled with viciousness. Facing the ring-shaped spirit weapon, he neither retreated nor dodged. His palm transformed into a fist. Using the fist as a seal, his left arms drew a gigantic arc in the air.

Boom! The gigantic seal landed!

Following Bovine-tongued Saber was Sanguine Ape Fist Seal.

Su Zimo would rather take the hit by the middle-grade spirit weapon so that he could kill Elder Qian with his palm!

Elder Qian was really panicking.

He could clearly sense Su Zimo's determination to perish together with him.

Just as the ring-shaped weapon left his hands, Elder Qian did not think twice about patting the storage bag and took out another brand new Protection Talisman. He immediately tore it with a pinch of his fingers.

Elder Qian's face revealed a pained expression.

To him, every talisman was very precious.

This was reserved by Elder Qian to save his life. It could block a wave of attacks from Foundation Establishment Cultivator. But now, he actually had to consecutively waste two Protection Talismans when chasing a mortal.

Bang!

The ring-shaped spirit weapon crashed onto Su Zimo's chest directly, as if it had hit something strong and hard.

The sound of bones cracking could be heard.

Su Zimo's chest caved in deeply, his blood and flesh were mangled.

If Elder Qian had not been distracted by the tearing of the Protection Talisman and as a result, caused insufficient energy to condense on the spirit weapon, Su Zimo would have died instantly when he released Sanguine Ape Transformation!

Simultaneously, Su Zimo's fist transformed into a gigantic seal and smashed on the top of Elder Qian's head heavily!

Bang!

The gigantic fist collided with the glowing shield formed by the Protection Talisman and erupted a deafening sound. Waves of air gushed and turned the falling snowflakes in the surroundings to vapors instantly.

"I blocked it!"

Elder Qian did not care about rejoicing. He escaped from the place on his flying sword as soon as possible.

On the other hand, Su Zimo's figure dropped from the sky. Fresh blood was spilling from his mouth but the murderous gleam in his eyes did not reduce. He was still glaring viciously at Elder Qian who was fleeing towards a greater height.

Bang!

Su Zimo landed on the snowy ground heavily. Soon after, he turned and got up, panting and gasping heavily. Each breath of his was accompanied by a strong stench of blood.

This were signs of grave injury to his internal organs.

The injury to tendons and bones could heal fully after resting for a hundred days.

However, it was extremely hard to cure injuries to the vital organs of the body.

Furthermore, no one was clearer than Su Zimo about the condition of his own body.

The earlier hit by Elder Qian had already crushed his internal organs.

He could not live for too long.

Elder Qian hid and loitered in the air. He did not leave.

In Cang Lang Mountain Range, none of the other old trees had that kind of height. Elder Qian would not give Su Zimo any more chances to come close to him.

Su Zimo clenched his fists. Suddenly, with his back facing the spirit monkey whose life and death was still unknown, he rampantly charged towards a direction.

Although the Sanguine Ape Transformation could increase Su Zimo's strength exponentially within a short time, it could not nurse his injuries.

This meant that the injuries on Su Zimo were still present. After an intensive battle, the injuries in his body had worsened!

The Sanguine Ape Transformation made Su Zimo turn into berserker mode. His nerves were numb and he thus could not feel any pain in the body at all.

Although Su Zimo was swift and succinct in his movement techniques, his body had already crumbled both inside and out. He was only relying on the strength of his blood and veins to hang on with one breath.

When the time of the Sanguine Ape Transformation was up, Su Zimo would revert back to his original state and become even weaker.

At the sight of Su Zimo escaping, Elder Qian chased him hurriedly on the flying sword.

The Joyful Clan suffered heavy casualties this time. He was the only one left among the five elders. If he did not kill Su Zimo here, how could he explain this to the clan when he returned.

Since Elder Qian had decades of experience in the cultivation world, he could tell that Su Zimo was now an arrow at the end of its flight and could not hang on for long.

Although the remaining five Qi Refinement Warriors from Joyful Clan also rushed over, they dared not get too close and kept a huge distance from Su Zimo.

Su Zimo's speed gradually decreased. His body also began to shrink as he slowly reverted to his original appearance.

Waves of fatigue surged in his heart and mind. He began to feel the pain on his various body parts intensifying.

Su Zimo gritted his teeth and continued to dash ahead.

Not far away at the front was a valley. The steep hilltops surrounding it were straight, tall and had strong walls. They looked ordinary, and were very quiet.

Su Zimo came to the center of the valley and revealed a trace of a smile.

The time for Sanguine Ape Transformation was almost up. Su Zimo arrived at the middle of the valley and paused his steps. With his back facing the spirit monkey, he began to climb up the stone walls.

The surrounding stone walls at the valley had many cave entrances. It was pitch dark and there was no light inside them.

The Joyful Clan people looked at the Su Zimo who was covered in wounds but still dared not move forward casually.

They watched on as Su Zimo climbed into a cave without any further movement. Everyone finally could not endure any further. They flew on their flying swords and arrived at the top of the valley.

At the sight of the cave entrances of various sizes on the surrounding stone walls, Elder Qian frowned. Suddenly, a trace of uneasiness flashed across his heart.

At that very moment, Su Zimo suddenly appeared at the entrance of the cave, holding a purple gigantic bird in his hands. He looked at Elder Qian and started laughing.

That laughter was a little eerie and horrifying. It made people's hearts shudder.

Pierce!

Su Zimo tugged with his might and simply broke the neck of this purple gigantic bird. Fresh blood flowed and a unique stench of blood filled the air in the snow and wind.

"Chirp! Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!"

Suddenly, waves of hurried chirps of birds resonated and echoed in the valley. The pitch was getting higher and the sound getting clearer.

Commotion could be heard coming from inside the caves of various sizes.

At this very moment, Su Zimo's voice could be heard. It was calm and still but made everyone's heart instantly sink to the bottom.

"I have said... Cang Lang Mountain Range... is your tomb!"

Just as he finished his words, Su Zimo threw away the gigantic purple bird in his hands and wriggled into the cave.

In the cave surrounded by valleys, beams of purple lights shone in the darkness. Their lively eyes actually emanated endless murderous intent!

"Chirp!"

Another shrieking chirp could be heard, penetrating gold and cracking stones. Initially, they were still far away. When the Joyful Clan people came to their senses, a huge shadow had already engulfed the top of their heads and shrouded the wind and snow...

Chapter 50: She... Still Came

The Joyful Clan people looked up, only to see a gigantic eagle with a huge pair of purple wings circling the skies above the valley. Its gigantic wings were spreading and shrouding the sky and sun.

The wings on the purple eagle were impregnable and had an illustrious, metallic shine. Its pair of claws was strong and powerful, seemingly able to crush the hilltop.

This was obviously the leader of the purple-wing eagles. Both its eyes exuded boundless fury and murderous intent!

“S-spirit demon?”

Elder Qian’s voice was trembling and his face drained of colors.

In the eyes of cultivators, spirit demons could be divided into two categories – Foundation Establishment Realm and Golden Core Realm.

The purple-winged eagle in front of them should be at the Foundation Establishment Realm but it was obviously much more powerful than Elder Qian! Most importantly, this spirit demon could fly!

“Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!”

Chirping sounds of furore could be heard coming from the caves surrounding the valley. Numerous purple-winged eagles flew out of the cave. At one glance, there were hundreds of them!

Although these purple-winged eagles were spirit beasts, there were more than enough of them to tear the Joyful Clan people into pieces.

There was really nowhere to turn to.

They could not even escape!

Su Zimo’s earlier words resonated in everyone’s mind.

In that moment, everyone understood.

Su Zimo came here because he wanted to borrow the powers of these purple-winged eagles in Cang Lang Mountain Range to wipe them out in one swoop.

This place was their tomb!

“No... We didn’t kill it. That purple eagle... No... It’s that man in the cave.” A Qi Refinement Warrior spoke incoherently. He was so frightened that his lungs and guts were splitting.

It was just that this explanation sounded too feeble.

The spirit demons had a strong sense of territory possession.

Even spirit beasts and spirit demons who intruded their territory would be viciously attacked by the purple-winged eagles, let alone cultivators from the human clan.

Although Su Zimo killed that purple eagle, in the eyes of the purple-winged eagles, they had long classified the Joyful Clan people in the same category as Su Zimo.

The detestable human clan!

“Chirp!”

The purple-winged eagles circling in the high skies chirped. In the next moment, hundreds of purple-winged eagles pounced on the Joyful Clan people murderously.

At the same time, the leader of the purple-winged eagles dived down, opened its sharp claws and dashed towards Elder Qian to grab the latter’s head.

Everyone from the Joyful Clan felt devastated.

This was a doomed situation.

The moment that they stepped into the valley, they could no longer get out of it.

The winds outside the cave were cold and pervasive. Nevertheless, it was very warm inside the cave.

Thick straw mats were placed on the cold ground. Lying on top of them, Su Zimo could hear the miserable cries coming from outside. The corners of his lips curled into a smile.

“Monkey, did you hear that? This group of people who harmed you are all going to die.” Su Zimo said softly.

The spirit monkey was lying by Su Zimo’s side. Its eyes were shut and it did not respond.

Having lived in Cang Lang Mountain Range for six months, Su Zimo knew this place like the back of his hand. Both he and the spirit monkey knew which areas were frequented by spirit demons and which areas posed extreme danger.

Su Zimo had planned this well in advance.

This was the key reason that he chose Cang Lang Mountain Range as his battlefield.

On the warm straw mat were a few oval-shaped bird eggs with faint purplish lines on the eggshells. They looked very beautiful.

Su Zimo casually took two of the eggs and knocked them against each other using the remaining bit of his strength.

Crack! Crack!

Lines of cracks appeared on the eggs and purplish-gold liquid flowed out of them, emitting a strong fragrance.

Su Zimo placed one of the eggs by the spirit monkey’s mouth and the other by his own mouth. He sucked the liquid bit by bit. He could not help smiling when he said, “Monkey, haven’t you been longing for this egg? I have brought it here for you today.”

The spirit monkey often mentioned to Su Zimo that eggs of purple-winged eagles were extremely nutritious and tasty. However, there was a purple-winged eagle at the spirit demon level. On normal days, the two of them dared not even approach the eggs.

The spirit monkey felt proudest about one thing in its life – he secretly ate an egg belonging to a purple-winged eagle and escaped safe and sound thereafter.

The purple-winged eagles were one of the rare birds that would go through various stages of hibernation during winter.

A man and a monkey already had plans to come here to steal the eggs once winter was approaching and when the purple-winged eagles were hibernating. They would be less sensitive to the outside world at that time.

Unfortunately, Su Zimo left at the beginning of winter.

The spirit monkey's lips were tightly shut. The purplish-gold liquid flowed down the corner of its mouth and dropped onto the straw mat. There was no response from it all this while.

At the sight of this, Su Zimo's eyes dimmed.

The fragrant liquid in his mouth suddenly turned tasteless.

The miserable cries outside gradually faded.

Elder Qian's hysterical shout could be heard, "Su Zimo, you can't leave here even if I am dead! Do you think this group of beasts will let you off? Ah..."

Elder Qian cried in pain, and there was no more noise thereafter.

Su Zimo smiled.

Since he had arrived here, Su Zimo did not intend to leave this place alive.

The objective of this plan was for everyone to perish together. It was just that Su Zimo did not expect to implicate the spirit monkey in the end.

Su Zimo struggled to stand up and walk out of the cave. Looking at the over 50 corpses beyond recognition in the valley, devoured and torn to pieces by the purple-winged eagles, he shook his head. A flash of mockery streaked across his eyes.

So what if they were Foundation Establishment Cultivators?

So what if they were an immortal clan?

Eventually, they still died in an obscure corner of this Cang Lang Mountain Range without anyone knowing.

In actual fact, one would say that the death of the Joyful Clan people was due to Su Zimo's trap rather than being devoured by the purple-winged eagles.

From the moment the Joyful Clan people stepped into Cang Lang Mountain Range, they had already fallen into an invisible net. Led around the nose by Su Zimo, they were heading to the abyss of death with every step that they took.

In mid-air, the leader of the purple-winged eagles sensed something as it suddenly lifted its head and landed its icy cold gaze on Su Zimo. The murderous intent was akin to that of a saber.

Su Zimo had seen it before on his first night in Cang Lang Mountain Range.

The numerous purple-winged eagles gradually stopped devouring the corpses. Flapping their wings in the air, they fixed their gazes on Su Zimo, only waiting for the order from their leader before they charged forward to tear Su Zimo into pieces!

“Chirp!”

The spirit demon level purple-winged eagle chirped loudly.

Swoosh!

Numerous purple-winged eagles swarmed over like a turbulent purple sea that would drown Su Zimo in the next moment.

Facing the incoming death, Su Zimo was calm. He neither retreat nor panic.

From the moment that he embarked on the path of cultivation, Die Yue had told him that he would face unimaginable dangers and could lose his life at any time. He should not expect her to save him.

At that moment, Su Zimo replied that life and death were preordained.

This moment had eventually arrived.

It was just that Su Zimo did not expect it to come so soon.

All of a sudden!

In Su Zimo’s line of sight, a flash of unrivaled, stunning scarlet color that seemingly wanted to dye the entire world red suddenly flashed across that purple sea. It was impossible to overlook it.

The shadow of a figure appeared and blocked the front of Su Zimo.

Su Zimo opened his mouth slightly. There was first shock in his eyes, followed by endless delight and happiness.

The intruder was clad in a long, blood-colored robe. Back facing Su Zimo, she had a slim figure and her dark tresses were hanging loosely around her neck, blowing in the breeze.

“You dare touch my people. Then, you shall die.”

The calm tone, pleasant voice and lazy drawl. Yet, the dominance in it was suffocating!

Su Zimo suddenly felt like crying.

He had fantasized countless times about Die Yue appearing in the times of critical danger but had been repeatedly disappointed.

“She, still came.”