

## ETERNAL SACRED KING

### Chapter 5 - Su family's Misfortune

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Su Zimo often heard from other people that time passed by very fast when one cultivated. After he started cultivation, he finally realized what it meant.

To his surprise, Su Zimo had spent three months in the cultivation field, and his body had undergone a total transformation.

Others might not sense the change in Su Zimo, but he knew it very well.

During this time, he was already skilled in using the two styles, Plow Heaven Stride and Bovine's Moon-gazing. Coupled with the breathing and expiration method, Su Zimo's skin had toughened and was impenetrable to ordinary swords and knives!

He felt immense strength in his every movement.

The only thing that Su Zimo was distressed about was the Bovine-tongued Saber. He could not get the gist of it.

At the cultivation field, Su Zimo took a deep breath, drew in his chest slightly and straightened his back, he took a step forward with his left foot, getting into the stance of Plow Heaven Stride.

Originally, when Su Zimo stood there without moving, he looked like a frail scholar.

But when he took a step forward, there was a drastic change in his aura. It was as if he had the whole sky under his foot!

At the same time, Su Zimo exerted force at his waist and abdomen, punching his fists forward pointing and thrusting upward. He seemed to let out a mooing sound similar to bovines. It was deep and powerful, startling other people.

When executing Plow Heaven Stride and Bovine's Moon-gazing, it was natural and unforced. Coupled with the breathing and expiration method, it made them even more powerful.

Die Yue who sat on the green stone saw this scene and nodded secretly.

After executing Bovine's Moon-gazing, Su Zimo continued by opening his fists and giving a harsh slap.

The third style, Bovine-tongued Saber!

Pa!

The palm made a loud cracking sound in the air.

Su Zimo sighed, shaking his head.

There was still something off about it.

The palm looked strong, but he was unable to execute the flexibility of Bovine-tongued Saber.

Die Yue shifted her gaze elsewhere.

It had only been three months, but Su Zimo was able to achieve this level. It had already exceeded her expectations.

Bovine-tongued Saber was the most difficult and most powerful style among the Tri Bovine Style. It was useless to keep practicing. One would never comprehend the essence of it.

One needed to have the power of understanding in order to grasp its essence. Otherwise, notwithstanding three months, one might not be able to succeed for three years or thirty years.

Su Zimo felt frustrated after constantly failing at this style. He left the cultivation field and took a stroll in the courtyard, looking around.

Inadvertently, Su Zimo's gaze fell on the cow that was chewing on the grass not far away and he stopped suddenly.

It was the most common cow in the market. It was used by the farmers to plow the fields. It chewed the grass in its mouth and swallowed them into its belly. It then lowered its head, sticking out its tongue to sweep over a handful of tender grass, rolled them about and took them into its mouth.

Su Zimo's eyes lit up and he suddenly saw the light.

The tender grasses were the most common couch grass. Its leaves were thin and slender, and they had serrated edges. When Su Zimo was a child, he was scratched by the leaves accidentally.

The cow tongue was so tender, but it had no fear of these couch grasses.

The palm was the cow tongue, while the blade was the couch grass. This was the essence of Bovine-tongued Saber!

Su Zimo was exhilarated. The scene where the cow ate the grasses kept coming up in his mind. He tried to comprehend the changes in that instant and thought it over and over in his mind, and began to practice automatically.

"I heard that the Su family had suffered a misfortune."

"It was said that the Su family's restaurant was being smashed. I don't think it can open for business. I heard that someone died as well!"

"Is it that serious?"

Su Zimo heard murmurs coming from outside the mansion, and he was startled from his cultivation.

Su Zimo sobered up from his cultivation and his heart sank at the rumors. He pushed open the door and dashed to Su family's residence.

Su Zimo overheard the discussion of others along the way, and roughly knew what was the cause of the misfortune this time.

Several people picked quarrels and started trouble in the Su family's restaurant. They smashed the furniture and Uncle Zheng brought people with him to the restaurant. However, those people turned out to be Postnatal Perfected Experts. They came prepared and Uncle Zheng was injured instead.

"Damn, I can't take this lying down!"

Su Zimo had just arrived and he heard angry shouts coming from the house. He was Yuchi Huo. He was one of the guards at Su family, and he had a fiery temper.

Everyone in the house was Su Zimo's trusted men. Su Zimo lost his parents when he was two years old. Uncle Zheng and others had been with the Su family for the longest time and they were very fond of him.

In the beginning, it was these few people who helped his older brother to gain a foothold in Ping Yang Town. The brothers had a close relationship with these uncles.

A strong smell of medicine wafted toward him and there was also a faint smell of blood.

"Second Young Master is back."

Although he had lost his scholarly honors, everyone in Su family were very respectful toward Su Zimo.

Su Zimo nodded and went to check on the elder that laid on his sides on the bed.

"Second Young Master." The old man's hair was white and his face was gaunt and yellow. He seemed to have one foot in the grave. Despite that, he still

smiled at seeing Su Zimo. There was a tenderness in the way he looked at Su Zimo.

Uncle Zheng was in charge of managing the Su household. Although he did not know martial arts, everyone in the Su family, including Su Hong showed respect toward him.

Uncle Zheng had become thin and was getting on in years. Now that he was injured, it was still unknown whether he could survive or not.

“Uncle Zheng, who is the other party?” Although Su Zimo was boiling in anger, he appeared very calm, speaking softly at the bedside.

“Who else could it be? It must be the grandchildren of the three families, Zhao family, Lee family and Yang family!” Yuchi Huo shouted in anger.

“It’s not that simple.” The man who spoke up was over 40 years old. He looked calm and composed. He was the leader of the Su family guards.

“Uncle Liu, what do you mean?” Su Zimo asked.

Liu Yu looked at Su Zimo, swallowing back the words on the tip of his tongue.

Yuchi Huo could not contain his anger, he hollered. “Liu Yu, why are you being wishy-washy? Don’t you know the seriousness of the situation? Mr Zheng was wounded by them, and Old Guan had suffered a terrible death. If those young lads under you were not smart, and broke out of the siege, Mr Zheng would have died. Those people wanted us dead!”

“Uncle Guan is dead?” Su Zimo’s heart ached at the news.

When he was a child, Su Zimo often rode on Uncle Guan’s shoulder, grabbing and clutching his hair.

But no matter how much Su Zimo fooled around, Uncle Guan would never get angry at him. He would laugh it off and play with him.

Su Zimo spoke through gritted teeth, "Won't the authorities step in?"

"The authorities will be in charge of the affairs of the civilians. This is the conflict between several family clans. They would try all means to avoid it. Besides, whatever that is in the pugilistic society will be settled in the pugilistic way." Liu Yu shook his head.

Su Zimo's voice sank. "Uncle Liu, what is going on?"

Liu Yu gave a slight sigh. "My guards followed those people and saw them entering Shen family's residence."

"The people from Shen family are such ungrateful scumbags!" Yuchi Huo smashed the table next to him with his fist, breathing angrily.

Due to the relationship between Su Zimo and Shen Mengqi, the Su family rendered a lot of help to Shen family these past few years. Now that Shen Mengqi joined the immortal sect and skyrocketed to a top position, the Shen family turned to target the Su family.

Liu Yu continued. "I have done some investigations. The Shen family has been preparing to open a restaurant these days. Our restaurant is in their way."

Su Zimo was expressionless as he listened to Liu Yu's analysis quietly.

"Ahem!"

Uncle Zheng coughed, panting slightly. "Although the Shen family is the one who started it, the three families might have been adding momentum to it. This is the end of the matter, we shall wait until the Young Master is back."

"Do we just put up with it?" Yuchi Huo gritted his teeth.

Liu Yu sighed. "Let's endure it for now. The fact that the Shen family has risen through the ranks within such a short period of time, I suspect that Connate

Experts might be working with them. If we go to them without any plan, we might suffer even more casualties.”

“When will Young Master return?”

“I don’t know, but I guess he will be back soon.”

Su Zimo suddenly said, “Uncle Zheng, have a good rest, I will go out to take a breather.”

That said, Su Zimo turned and left.

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Three months ago, Su Zimo’s scholarly honors were written off and Shen Mengqi left the town. Zhui Feng was also dead. Su Zimo had been suppressing his anger and frustration at all that had happened.

That was why he almost gave in to his urge to kill the ruffian with one stab that night.

During this time, under Die Yue’s guidance, Su Zimo had been working hard on his cultivation. But in fact, he had never forgotten his grievances and he still could not take it lying down.

Now that the Su family suffered this misfortune, Uncle Zheng was seriously injured and Uncle Guan died a terrible death, all these events further sparked the anger in Su Zimo’s heart.

Su Zimo left the Su family’s residence. This was his only thought in mind—those people had gone too far in bullying them!

Su Zimo had some vague idea of the differences between Connate and Postnatal in the pugilistic society.

Postnatal and Connate were divided into early-stage, mid-stage, late-stage and perfected. His older brother, Su Hong was an early-stage Connate Expert.

Su Zimo had no idea which stage he belonged to. He was clueless as to which expert and from which stage could he handle.

In Su Zimo's opinion, he had only cultivated for three months, he would not be able to defeat others who had cultivated for more than 10 years.

Despite that, Su Zimo had to demand an explanation from the Shen family. After all, he had spent more than ten years studying. He believed that everything must be based on reasons.

The Shen family had to give him an explanation!

Shortly after, Su Zimo reached the Shen family's residence.

In just three months, the Shen family had undergone tremendous changes, changing from an ordinary family to the prestigious Shen family now. On the two sides of the vermilion red door stood two majestic stone lions.

If Su Zimo did not remember its location by heart, he would never believe that this was Shen Mengqi's house.

Su Zimo walked up the stairs. He did not bother to knock, but pushed the door open.

At this moment, many people were gathered at Shen family's residence. They were happily drinking, laughing and chatting with each other.

Now that Su Zimo suddenly barged into the residence, the crowd in the courtyard slowly dispersed. Many of them stopped whatever they were doing, staring at Su Zimo with a grim expression on their faces.

These people seemed wild and uncultivated, looking ferocious. Their cold and flashing weapons were placed by the side.



One of them had sharp eyes and recognized Su Zimo, speaking in a peculiar tone. "Oh, isn't this Second Young Master Su, the successful candidate in the imperial provincial examination in Country of Da Qi? Why do you have the time to grace Shen family's residence?"

"Haha, you must not have known. Second Young Master Su's scholarly honors had been written off. Right now, he is a big idler."

The ruffians of the pugilistic society ridiculed Su Zimo one after another. They stared at him with obvious evil intentions, and they hit their weapons against each other to send sparks flying, creating the piercing sounds of metal clashing against each other.

If he was just an ordinary scholar, he would have gone limp in his legs at the current situation, where he was surrounded by menacing ruffians.

However, Su Zimo maintained the same expression, and he even moved to stand in the center of the courtyard.

Back then when Su Zimo had yet to start cultivating, he was brave enough to confront Perfected Cang Lang at the unjust treatment. Right now, the ruffians in front of him were worlds apart from Perfected Golden Core. They did not exude the same vigor and aura like him. There was no way that he would be scared of them.

Su Zimo maintained a calm expression while his eyes swept across the courtyard, speaking calmly, "I want to see Shen Nan."

Shen Nan was Shen Mengqi's older brother.

"Hehe, Second Young Master Su came uninvited. Please pardon me for not welcoming you."

The voice was heard first before seeing the person himself.

Su Zimo turned his gaze to the direction where the sound was coming from. A man in a white robe slowly walked over from the long corridor of the courtyard. He was all smiles, but he did not make any effort to conceal the mockery in his eyes.