

Chapter 51: A Tiger's Prowess at Heart

Su Zimo opened his eyes wide to catch a clear glimpse of Die Yue's every move but waves of fatigue hit him. No longer able to endure it, he collapsed.

From the battle in the capital to the slaying of Luo Tianwu in Jian An City, the ambush in Cang Lang Mountain Range to the journey of running for his life, he had not slept or rested for more than two weeks. Having traveled day and night, Su Zimo had already exhausted the last bit of strength in his body.

The moment that he shut his eyes, Su Zimo could only see Die Yue stretching out her fair palm and blocking that torrential purple sea with extreme ease.

In the next moment, Die Yue clenched her fists.

The purple sea exploded instantly, emanating a sorrowful yet breathtaking mist of blood.

Su Zimo fainted.

...

Not knowing how long had passed, Su Zimo gradually regained his consciousness. He could sense a familiar aura when he opened his eyes.

This was the cultivation field.

Su Zimo was soaked in the wooden barrel. He seemed to have returned to one year ago.

Die Yue sat on the green stone not far away with a cold and aloof expression. He did not know what she was thinking.

"Where is the monkey? He... how is he?" The first thing that Su Zimo did when he woke up was to check on the spirit monkey's condition.

Die Yue did not reply.

Su Zimo hurried to explain, "There is a spirit monkey lying in that cave. He is my friend and suffered grave injuries in order to save me. Miss Die, you must save it! H-He..."

Su Zimo was anxious but he could not continue further.

Given Die Yue's temperament, it was already surprising that she would appear to save him. Why would she care about the life of a spirit beast?

After some time, Die Yue said nonchalantly, "You don't need to bother about it. Its physique is much stronger than you."

"Ah?"

Su Zimo was momentarily stunned. Thereafter, he was overjoyed. He pursued, "The monkey is still alive?"

Die Yue was silent, seemingly like she could not be bothered to respond.

Su Zimo could not help smiling. He continuously nodded and muttered to himself, "Not bad, not bad. Since I manage to survive and that damn monkey's physique is stronger than mine, it must still be alive."

After putting down his worries, a trace of doubt arose in Su Zimo's heart again. He could not help but ask, "Miss Die, although I am not part of the demon clan, after cultivating The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, why is my physique still incomparable to that damn monkey?"

The corners of Die Yue's mouth pursed slightly. "You have only cultivated three sections – Body Tempering, Tendons Transformation and Bones Strengthening, and only attained initial success for them. The most difficult part of this skill that will cause great changes to your body are all at the later sections. You're still far from it."

Su Zimo nodded. Looking at his body, he discovered that his right arm, which had almost become invalid, was completely fine now. There were no traces of injury on his body at all.

"How long have I been sleeping?" Su Zimo asked.

"Ten days."

Su Zimo was secretly shocked.

He had suffered such grave injuries. Initially, he had felt very fortunate to have escaped death and thought that he would not recover completely. Unexpectedly, he was almost fully recovered in just ten days after Die Yue saved and brought him back!

It was not just that. After this battle, Su Zimo felt that his body had become significantly stronger and more powerful. His bones were tough and strong. He had attained initial success in the Bones Strengthening section!

This could be called bringing the dying back to life with a miraculous cure.

Was there anything else that Die Yue could not do?

Although Die Yue had told Su Zimo from the beginning that he was not allowed to enquire about her background and identity, Su Zimo often pondered deeply about it in private.

Who exactly was Die Yue?

At what cultivation realm was she at?

Suddenly, Su Zimo sensed something and looked over.

On the green stone, Die Yue was looking at Su Zimo calmly. Both her eyes were as crystal clear as water. They were beautiful and glistening with traces of ripples.

For some unknown reason, Su Zimo suddenly felt a little nervous.

"Miss Die, you..."

"I have to go now."

Su Zimo's expression froze, and his mind went blank.

"You're not coming back?"

"Yes."

Su Zimo was silent and in low spirits. In that instant, the joyful feelings of surviving a calamity vanished completely into the thin air.

Die Yue said, "I can't teach you anymore. Hence, I have planted a spirit root in you. The quality won't be any lesser than the heaven spirit root. For your next steps, go look for an immortal cultivation clan to join."

"Can a spirit root be planted?"

"Others cannot, but I can."

Die Yue seemed to have thought of something. She smiled faintly and said, "After going into immortal cultivation, you can also execute Sword Kinesis Flight. You won't be in such embarrassing situations again."

Cultivators could execute Sword Kinesis Flight and take down the enemy's head within a thousand miles. It would be untrue if one were to say that he was not envious of this.

If he had heard this news earlier, Su Zimo would definitely feel thrilled and overjoyed

However, Su Zimo really could not lift his spirits now.

"Why?"

After a long time of silence, Su Zimo looked up and asked.

"Do you know why I led you onto the path of cultivation?" Die Yue questioned him instead.

Su Zimo shook his head.

One year ago, when Su Zimo was down and out and almost lost everything, Die Yue appeared before him and asked 'Do you wish to cultivate?'

That scene, those words. Su Zimo would never forget them for life.

However, Su Zimo did not know why Die Yue had imparted him demon clan cultivation technique and taught him cultivation.

"There are two reasons. First, when we met three years ago, I was at my weakest state. It can be considered that you saved my life by bringing me here. Over the next two years, you prepared meals and sent them to my doorsteps everyday, never stopping once. Although I ignored you, I remember all of it."

At the mention of this, Die Yue's slender figure left the green stone. Her entire charisma transformed, exuding an air of arrogance overriding the heaven and earth and could not be overlooked. She raised her voice and said, "I, Die Yue, had never pleaded with anyone or owed anyone anything, except for you. Imparting you cultivation techniques is considered the closing of this karma."

Su Zimo was stunned.

Who could be so certain of not pleading with anyone in their entire life?

Even immortals could not help feeling fearful at times.

To not plead with anyone for life and attain Die Yue's success, it was hard to imagine the adversities that one would need to experience.

"There is also another reason. I saw my old self in you."

Die Yue looked at Su Zimo and said, "Your exterior appearance is frail and weak but you have the prowess of a tiger at heart. It is just that this ferocious tiger has been in a deep slumber. One year ago, the departure of your childhood sweetheart and the bullying by Perfected Cang Lang had awakened this ferocious tiger in your heart. Do you still remember your reaction when that rogue came to murder you one year ago?"

Su Zimo pursed his lips gently and did not utter a word.

"You almost killed him!"

Die Yue continued, "Who would imagine that a frail and weak-looking scholar would have such a calm look in his eyes when he felt murderous? Your wrists were so steady. At that moment, in my eyes, you were a jade that had not been carved and polished. You are born to venture into the cruel and bloody cultivation world."

Su Zimo felt a little emotional.

If Die Yue had not led him onto the path of cultivation back then, he would most likely have died of depression in the remaining years of his life, much less to mention the blood feud of the Su family.

Even if he was a tiger at heart, he did not have a spirit root. Hence, he could only be an old tiger without any claws.

Seemingly sensing Su Zimo's thoughts, Die Yue furrowed her brows gently and said in puzzlement, "Your endowment is one in a million but you lacked a spirit root. Logically, everyone should be born with a spirit root. It is just that there is differentiation between the stronger and weaker spirit roots. However, in this part of the world, many people don't have a spirit root. This is very strange."

After pausing for a while, Die Yue shook her head and said, "Forget it. There are hidden secrets in every part of the world. I don't have the time to probe either. I should be leaving."

Having said that, Die Yue's figure moved and she headed outside.

Su Zimo hurriedly jumped out from the wooden barrel, casually grabbed a piece of clothing to cover himself and chased after her.

Chapter 52: Transformed Into Butterflies And Left

"Miss Die, where are you going?"

Su Zimo chased all the way to the courtyard, feeling reluctant to part with her. He called out loud.

“Of course it’s back to my world.”

Die Yue turned around and looked at Su Zimo with a smile on her face, as she said jokingly, “You and I are from two different worlds.”

This was what Shen Mengqi said to Su Zimo when she left him back then.

Now that the same words were spoken by Die Yue, there was no contempt in it. Instead, it seemed as if they were very good longtime friends and were joking with each other. Of course, there was a hint of melancholy to it.

Die Yue had never used this tone when she spoke to Su Zimo. She seldom smiled at him. It was not until now that Su Zimo realize that Die Yue was really leaving him.

“But, you haven’t taught me the remaining cultivation techniques of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness. How can you leave?” Su Zimo racked his brains and finally came up with a reason.

Die Yue shook her head. “You already have the spirit root. You should join the immortal sect, don’t continue with your demon cultivation.”

“Why?”

Su Zimo frowned, saying, “I want to continue with demon cultivation and to learn immortal cultivation!”

“Immortal and demon cultivation?”

Die Yue’s beautiful eyebrows raised slightly, she could not help but smile. “You are quite ambitious.”

Die Yue paused briefly before she said, “Spirit qi can nourish and temper the body. Although the body will not be as strong as the demon clan, it is still fairly strong. But do you know why most of the cultivators have a weak body?”

“Why?”

“There is a limit to one’s energy. No matter whether it is immortal cultivation or demon cultivation, one cannot live forever. One cannot escape from life and death. If one continues with immortal cultivation and demon cultivation, there is a high possibility that one cannot reach the end for either cultivation.”

Su Zimo thought about it and said, “I want to give it a try.”

Die Yue continued, “I won’t stop you if you want to go ahead with immortal and Buddha cultivation. But immortals and demons belong to different worlds. Immortal is immortal, while demon is demon. If you insist on doing immortal and demon cultivation, both sides would not tolerate you. Now that you just started demon cultivation, you should give it up now.”

“I don’t want to give up.” Su Zimo insisted stubbornly.

“Even if the entire world would turn against you?”

“So what if the entire world turns against me!”

To Su Zimo, this cultivation technique was imparted to him by Die Yue. It had an important significance. Even if the whole world stopped him from cultivating, he would continue with it!

After a brief silence, Die Yue said, "The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness will get more and more difficult. You won't be able to succeed without me by your side."

Die Yue sighed at the obstinate look in Su Zimo's eyes, finally giving in.

There was a demonic glitter in Die Yue's eyes. Thereafter, there were several more sutras in Su Zimo's mind.

Die Yue looked at Su Zimo, saying softly, "These are the remaining sutras. Remember, if it is too difficult to cultivate, don't waste your effort on them. Also, if the monkey at Cang Lang Mountain Range runs into trouble in the future, do give it a helping hand."

Su Zimo had a moment of realization upon hearing her words.

Die Yue had other intentions when she arranged for him to go through training at Cang Lang Mountain Range.

Without the spirit monkey, Su Zimo would not be able to master Sanguine Ape Tri-style within a year.

Without the spirit monkey, Su Zimo would not be able to activate the Sanguine Ape Transformation.

Although Die Yue never showed up during his one year of training at Cang Lang Mountain Range, she had been keeping a silent watch over him. Otherwise, she would not appear at the final crucial moment.

After all, Die Yue cared a lot for him.

Su Zimo gazed at Die Yue quietly. His gaze was intense and somewhat irrational. It was as if he wanted to remember Die Yue's facial features and imprint it deeply in his memory.

"If you want to continue with immortal and demon cultivation, you will experience a lot of unimaginable sufferings. But you must bear in mind that these sufferings will only make you stronger. There is a saying in the Avatamsaka sutra of the Huayan school that I would like to give you as parting words, 'to become one of the greatest, you have to work on the foundation and be willing to take hardship and serve others!'"

With that, Die Yue turned around, waving to Su Zimo.

Die Yue took a small step and she was in mid-air. Under Su Zimo's unwavering gaze, her graceful figure gradually disappeared into the air, transforming into a sanguine butterfly, with two bright crescent moons imprinted on the pair of wings.

"I left behind three gifts for you. The first gift is the spirit root in your body. As for the remaining two gifts, they may be of use to you in the future."

Die Yue flapped her wings and the surrounding space collapsed and turned into fragments. Cracks formed as a dark void could be vaguely seen in the distance, stirring up chilly wind. It was unnerving.

The butterfly flew into the darkness and gradually disappeared.

“Die Yue!”

Su Zimo ran a few steps and shouted toward the direction that Die Yue flew to. “I will go to look for you!”

The surrounding space gradually returned to normal and the cracks fused together.

Right then, a sound was heard coming from the void’s abyss.

“Sure, I’ll wait for you.”

Die Yue had transformed into a butterfly and left.

...

It was only when Die Yue left did Su Zimo realize that he had developed a strong attachment and dependence on Die Yue.

Su Zimo stood rooted on the ground, constantly thinking about what happened here over the past one year. He was lost in his thoughts.

The sun rose, breaking through the dark clouds.

Unknowingly, Su Zimo had stood under the peach blossom tree for an entire night, not moving at all.

Finally, Su Zimo raised his head, looking into the distance, his eyes finally regained focus. He concealed the pain of separation and reluctance to part with Die Yue deep in his heart. He took a deep breath before he turned to leave.

...

Su Zimo passed by the Su family’s residence and halted in his tracks.

Supposedly, everyone in the Su family should be hiding at Sky Treasure Pavilion at Cang Lang City. But right now, the door to the mansion was opened and he could vaguely hear sounds coming from within.

Su Zimo felt perplexed and went in to check.

“Second Young Master?”

“Second Young Master is back!”

Everyone in the Su family’s residence was elated to see Su Zimo. Su Hong came out with the rest to welcome Su Zimo.

“Zimo, are you alright?”

Su Hong came forward, grabbing hold of Su Zimo’s shoulder and sized him up.

“I am alright.” Su Zimo shook his head, asking, “Why aren’t all of you at Sky Treasure Pavilion?”

Song Qi said, “We were going to leave Ping Yang Town when a red-robed lady turned up all of a sudden to stop us.”

As Song Qi was recollecting what happened, he still could not hide the shock that he felt back then. “The lady was very powerful. She did not need to leverage any external objects and she could fly into the air. She must at least be a Golden Core Cultivator! She told all of us to wait for her, saying that she would bring you back.”

“And she disappeared right in front of us!”

At the mention of the lady, everyone in the Su family could not hide their appalled and shocked expression.

Su Zimo hung his head, no one noticed the loneliness and sadness in his eyes.

“Zimo, is that lady your master?”

Everyone in the Su family could tell that Su Zimo had undergone a total transformation. He had changed from a frail scholar to a warrior who could slay Qi Refinement Warriors. It must be due to the mysterious lady.

“She is not my master.”

Su Zimo shook his head.

Although Die Yue taught him demon cultivation, Su Zimo had never treated Die Yue as his master.

“Where is the lady? We have to express our gratitude to her. We must not neglect her,” Su Hong continued to say.

“She’s gone.”

Su Zimo said softly.

Everyone was silent.

Su Zimo recovered himself and smiled. “Brother, what plans do you have next?”

The Su family’s situation was tricky. They could not go to the Country of Yan, and they could not stay in the Country of Qi. They could only leave their homeland to stay in other states.

“I have no idea as well.”

Su Hong sighed softly, looking toward the Country of Yan that was far in the distance as he said in a low voice, “I still can’t bear to leave.”

Right then, a black armored cavalry galloped from afar and shouted loudly even before he reached.

“Report, Young Master, the Country of Yan’s army are closing in. There are at least hundreds of thousands of them. Among them were cultivators as well!”

Chapter 53: Su Hong Was Crowned King

“The army of the Country of Yan?”

Su Hong frowned, feeling perplexed. "The Country of Yan is without a leader. The first thing right now should be to elect a new king, and to keep the army and the officials' morale high. Why would they lead an army to deal with us?"

"It doesn't make sense."

Uncle Zheng shook his head as well. "There are hundreds of thousands of soldiers. That is the entire army of the Country of Yan. Will they go to this extent just to deal with the Su family? I don't think so."

"Cultivators?"

There was a coldness in Su Zimo's eyes and he thought to himself. "It must be the Joyful Clan!"

Ten days ago, the Joyful Clan sent hundreds of cultivators to hunt down Su Zimo. In the end, all of them were slain in Cang Lang Mountain Range. The Joyful Clan could not possibly take this lying down.

Furthermore, the Su family and Su Zimo had no interaction with the cultivation world, their only enemy was the Joyful Clan.

"Brother, bring the Su family to retreat to Cang Lang City first. I will follow thereafter," Su Zimo said in a deep voice.

Su Zimo had just finished his sentence and he seemed to sense something, looking into the far distance.

At the far end of the sky, there was a group of more than one thousand people rushing over in alarming speed. All of them were cultivators and they were executing the Sword Kinesis Flight in mid-air!

Su Zimo squinted his eyes, he could see them very clearly.

The cultivators were moving at a fast speed, they were already at the Foundation Establishment realm!

This was a group that was made up entirely of Foundation Establishment Cultivators. Could the Joyful Clan be so powerful?

"It's too late." Song Qi looked grim as he shook his head.

Su Hong clenched his fists, saying in a cold voice, "I will gather the black armored cavalry. We can't possibly sit here waiting for our deaths."

"Wait a minute."

Su Zimo stopped Su Hong, shaking his head. "Don't act rashly, we will act according to the circumstances."

Regardless of whether it was Su Hong or Song Qi, they had not sparred with Foundation Establishment Cultivators before. But Su Zimo knew the abilities of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators very well.

If the group of more than one thousand Foundation Establishment Cultivators attacked them, a 50,000 strong black armored cavalry would be wiped out, notwithstanding a 5,000 strong black armored cavalry!

They were not at Cang Lang Mountain Range. Su Zimo was not the opponent of one Foundation Establishment Cultivator, let alone one thousand Foundation Establishment Cultivators.

They could do nothing but wait.

The one thousand Foundation Establishment Cultivators reached the sky of Ping Yang Town in no time. They were dressed uniformly, and they exuded the harsh and murderous aura. They did not look like cultivators, instead they seemed more like the national army.

At the furthest front of the one thousand Foundation Establishment Cultivators was a graceful and magnificent carriage that floated in the air. It was adorned with brilliant jewels and pearls, dazzling and sparkling in midair. Although no one carried the carriage, it floated steadily in midair.

There was sparkling bead curtain at the front of the carriage. There seemed to be someone seated in the carriage. One could not tell the person's facial features due to the bead curtain.

"This is..."

Everyone in the Su family was shocked.

Song Qi, who was a Qi Refinement Warrior, had never seen such a large army either, he was dumbstruck.

"Something is wrong."

Uncle Zheng said softly, "The markings on the cultivators' costumes seem to be that of the Great Zhou Dynasty."

Every Foundation Establishment Cultivator who was in midair had an exquisite five-clawed golden dragon imprinted on the sleeves. It was very realistic and majestic.

Right then, the leader of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators came out from the crowd. He wore a golden Taoist robe and stood floating in the air. He swept his sharp gaze over everyone in the Su family, pausing slightly when he saw Su Zimo.

He then took out a golden silk from his storage bag and spread it out.

Su Hong and Uncle Zheng had a big shock at the sight of the golden silk, exclaiming in surprise. "The Emperor's imperial edict!"

The Great Zhou Dynasty was the only one who had the right to issue the golden silk and it was from the Emperor of the Great Zhou Dynasty!

Who was the Emperor of the Great Zhou Dynasty?

He was the supreme leader of the Great Zhou Dynasty. He had achieved a lot of meritorious deeds, surpassing the ancients and dazzling contemporaries, holding absolute power in his hands!

If the Emperor was angered, millions of people had to die!

Since the imperial edict was issued, every state in the Great Zhou Dynasty had to submit unconditionally, otherwise it would be seen as an act of defiance and they would be punished by the Great Zhou Dynasty!

“King Qian of Yan was unscrupulous and framed loyal subjects, causing chaos to his country and governance. It is right that he be removed. It was said that Su Hong is the son of Su Mu, and he is well-loved by the people and has courage and wits, loving the people like his own. He is qualified to be the next king. I hereby issue this imperial edict crowning him as king. Everyone is to spread the news and not to hinder the spreading of this edict.”

The golden armored leader who was in midair rolled the imperial edict. He stared at Su Hong and said in a deep voice, “Su Hong, accept the imperial edict.”

“This...”

Su Hong froze in place, looking shocked. There was disbelief in his eyes.

The Great Zhou Dynasty hardly intervened in the affairs of the various states. It was rare that it would issue imperial edicts, let alone crown someone as the king of a vassal state.

It was not that Su Hong did not want to be the king.

The reason why he rejected Wei Mingcheng’s proposal was that he was worried that if he was crowned king, war would definitely break out and it would implicate the innocent people of the Country of Yan.

But right now, with the imperial edict, Su Hong could be crowned the king and yet there would be no wars in the Country of Yan.

If anyone had objections and launched a war, he would not be going against Su Hong, but the imperial edict!

No one would be so foolish to do such things. It was akin to courting death.

More importantly, everyone in the Su family would no longer need to leave their homeland to go to other states, and the black armored cavalry would finally have a place to stay for good.

“Young Master, hurry, accept the edict!” Uncle Zheng was excited, he could not hide his happiness and he urged him softly.

“But...”

Su Hong was in a difficult position. He had never seen the emperor of the Great Zhou Dynasty before, and the imperial edict came all of a sudden. He could not help but feel worried and perturbed.

Su Hong looked toward Su Zimo automatically.

Su Zimo frowned, shaking his head.

He had never seen anyone from the Great Zhou Dynasty as well. The only possibility was that it was Die Yue’s doing.

Before Die Yue left, she told Su Zimo that she had left three gifts for him. One of them was the spirit root, but she did not tell him the remaining two gifts. Could it be that one of the gifts was the crowning of his older brother?

But that did not make any sense.

Su Zimo felt baffled, he whispered to his older brother. "Brother, you should accept the edict first."

Su Hong nodded and took a deep breath, making a bow, before he knelt down on one knee, saying in a low voice, "Su Hong accepts the imperial edict."

The golden armored leader waved his hands and the imperial edict landed softly on Su Hong's hands. It sparkled with gold radiance, exuding a majestic aura, as if the emperor was here.

Right then, fumes and dust billowed in the wind from not too far away. There was a thunderous sound of hooves. The Country of Yan's army had just arrived, they were led by famed generals of the Country of Yan, among them was Wei Mingcheng, the general of Jian An City.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers came galloping over. There were so many of them, one could not see the end of the line.

The generals at the front line dismounted and knelt down on one knee at sight of Su Hong, shouting loudly, "We pay respects to the King!"

"We pay respects to the King!"

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers yelled and the loud voices resonated.

The Su family finally realized that the hundreds of thousands of soldiers were not here to seek revenge, instead they were here to pay respects to the new king of the Country of Yan, and to welcome him back to stand guard at the capital.

Although this was a good piece of news, the Su family seemed to be at a loss. They felt that everything was surreal and they seemed to be dreaming.

Su Zimo raised his head, looking toward the carriage that was floating in midair. He fixed his gaze on it as if trying to see through it.

Swoosh!

A porcelain white fair arm reached out from the carriage to lift the bead curtain. A beauty came walking out from the carriage. She was dressed in a yellow long dress, with a ribbon tied at her waist, fully accentuating her exquisite figure.

The lady had complexion that was fair as snow. She looked refreshing and mesmerizing. The moment she exited the carriage, the graceful and magnificent carriage seemed to pale in comparison to her.

"Zimo, didn't I say that we will definitely meet again?" The lady waved her hands at Su Zimo, smiling.

Chapter 54: Annihilation

Upon hearing what the lady said, everyone present could not help but brim with curiosity.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

Everyone fixed their gaze on Su Zimo.

The Su family gaped in shock. Everyone could tell that the lady in front was from a noble family and had a powerful background. She could likely be from the Great Zhou Dynasty's royal family.

From the tone of the lady, the Su family were further surprised that the lady seemed to be on close terms with Second Young Master Su.

The Foundation Establishment Cultivators behind the lady stared at Su Zimo, envy and jealousy evident in their eyes.

There was a hint of provocation in the eyes of the golden armored leader.

Yao Xue controlled a flying sword and landed on the ground, gazing at Su Zimo who looked astonished. She pursed her lips as she smiled. "Don't you recognize me?"

"You?"

Su Zimo finally recovered himself, smiling. "Are you the disciple from Azure Frost Sect?"

"Yes."

Yao Xue nodded, pausing before she continued. "However, I am a princess of the Great Zhou Dynasty as well. My surname is Ji. Back then we came together by chance and I hid the fact from you, will you blame me for that?"

Su Zimo smiled, shaking his head.

Ji was not a common surname. If Yao Xue revealed her surname back then, he would most likely have guessed her background from her surname.

But now that he thought about it, there were some clues that pointed to her identity.

Ji Yaoxue knew everything about Sky Treasure Pavilion and could gift Su Zimo with a Sky Treasure Gold Badge casually. Ordinary Foundation Establishment Cultivator would not be able to do that.

"We are old acquaintances, aren't you going to invite me for tea?" Ji Yaoxue bent her head to the side, blinking at him.

"Sure, come over to my place."

Su Zimo nodded to Su Hong, telling him to rest assured before he brought Ji Yaoxue to his mansion. The golden armored leader brought several Foundation Establishment Cultivators with him and followed them to the mansion. He seemed to be worried that they would be spending time alone.

Su Zimo and Yao Xue sat at a round table at the courtyard. There were two cups of fragrant tea that were piping hot. The golden armored leader and the rest stood behind Yao Xue.

The golden armored leader stared at Su Zimo, there was hostility in his eyes.

Su Zimo had already noticed it but he did not let it bother him.

“Yao Xue, why...”

“Audacious!”

Su Zimo had a lot of doubts and was just about to ask Yao Xue some questions when he was yelled at by the golden armored leader.

“It is a taboo for a mere mortal to call the princess by her name!” The golden armored leader sneered. There was contempt in his eyes as he stared at Su Zimo.

“Dai Xu!”

Without waiting for Su Zimo to speak, Ji Yaoxue arched her eyebrows, speaking in a low voice. “It is none of your business how Zimo addresses me. Wait by the side.”

“Third Princess, the Emperor ordered me to ensure your safety and not to leave your side.” Dai Xu bowed slightly, cupping his fists.

“Then keep your mouth shut!” Ji Yaoxue gave a sideways glance to Dai Xu, sending him a look of warning.

“Yes, Princess.”

Dai Xu looked upset, he glared at Su Zimo before he answered.

Su Zimo remained composed, he ignored Dai Xu’s provocation and did not look in his direction.

Ji Yaoxue smiled apologetically at Su Zimo and said, “A few days ago, there was a secret report from Sky Treasure Pavilion and I happened to chance upon it. From the description, I guessed that you were the one who killed the King of Yan. Therefore, I begged my father to issue an imperial edict and came with all of them.”

Ji Yaoxue did not tell him everything, but Su Zimo could roughly guess what was going on. Before that, the Emperor must have sent people to conduct a detailed check on the Su family.

“Are you pleased with this arrangement?” Ji Yaoxue smiled as she asked.

“It’s pretty good.” Su Zimo nodded.

With this imperial edict, Su Hong could be crowned the king without engaging in any fights and the surrounding states would not dare to intrude on the Country of Yan’s territory.

To him, this was a big favor.

But Su Zimo was not someone to flatter people, instead he would remember their kindness deep down inside his heart.

“Why do you bring so many Foundation Establishment Cultivators with you?” Su Zimo continued to ask.

Ji Yaoxue frowned slightly, saying, “After returning to the clan, I conducted some investigations on Joyful Clan and discovered that the cultivators are involved in evil deeds. They always abducted women and

made use of their Yin energy to supplement their own Yang energy to aid their cultivation. I intend to eliminate this clan, but..."

Ji Yaoxue paused slightly, there was a flash of doubt in her eyes.

"But what?" Su Zimo could roughly guess the reason, but he did not reveal anything.

Ji Yaoxue continued. "But I found out that more than one hundred Joyful Clan cultivators had died at Cang Lang Mountain Range and they had been through a very vicious fight. It felt as if they were hunting down one man but was instead killed."

At the mention of this, Ji Yaoxue raised her head to look at Su Zimo.

Back then, the Joyful Clan had caused quite a commotion when they hunted down Su Zimo. The entire capital of the Country of Yan had witnessed it.

"Oh?" Su Zimo expressed his shock at hearing the news. His reaction was appropriate and suitable.

Ji Yaoxue thought to herself, "Although Zimo is very capable, and he is very powerful in close combat, he would not have the capabilities to slay Foundation Establishment Cultivators. It should not be him, instead it must be someone else."

After a brief silence, there was a flash of surprise in Ji Yaoxue's eyes. "This is not the worst part. When we reached the place where the Joyful Clan inhabited, we realized that the entire clan was reduced to rubble, bones and corpses were strewn everywhere. No one was alive!"

"Ah?"

This time, Su Zimo really had a shock.

Although Su Zimo killed hundreds of cultivators from the Joyful Clan, the clan was still around. If there was a chance, the Joyful Clan would definitely seek revenge.

Ten days had passed but there were no news from the Joyful Clan. Su Zimo could not help but be on tenterhooks.

He did not expect that the entire clan was wiped out.

"The person who did it was way more powerful than the cultivators of the Joyful Clan. It seemed as if every cultivator of the Joyful Clan died instantaneously! It was definitely a different person from the person on Cang Lang Mountain Range," Ji Yaoxue said.

Su Zimo was reminded of a red-robed figure and a cold and stunning face.

According to what Ji Yaoxue had said, Su Zimo could not think of a second person who had the ability and would do such a thing.

Before Die Yue left, she must have been worried that the Joyful Clan would seek revenge on him. Therefore, she decided to take drastic measures by annihilating the entire clan, so that he would be free of troubles!

However, Su Zimo would never tell anyone about this.

Ji Yaoxue let out a long breath before she smiled and said, "Let's not talk about this. Other than to crown a new king, there is another reason why I made this trip and it is because of you."

"What is it?" Su Zimo asked.

Ji Yaoxue took a stone that was the size of a fist out from her storage bag, placing it on the round table. She smiled as she asked, "Zimo, do you know what this is?"

Spirit stone?

Unlikely.

Su Zimo shook his head.

"This is a testing spirit stone. It can tell whether someone has a spirit root and as well as the grade of the spirit root."

Ji Yaoxue went on to explain. "Zimo, given your capabilities, if you have a spirit root, even if it is the most ordinary spirit root, you will have huge achievements in the future."

"The clan has promised that I can bring someone with spirit root to join the clan. It doesn't matter even if it is the most ordinary spirit root. Zimo, you should give it a try."

Chapter 55: The Five Main Clans

Su Zimo looked at the testing spirit stone. He did not stretch out his hands, instead he seemed to be pondering.

Before Die Yue left, she had planted the spirit root for him. He knew that it might be as good as the heaven spirit root. Su Zimo had no doubts about that.

Su Zimo had another thought after listening to what Ji Yaoxue had just said.

Ji Yaoxue thought that Su Zimo did not really know much about her clan, that was why he was reluctant to stretch out his hands. She began to explain. "In the Great Zhou Dynasty's territory, there are five strongest clans. Zimo, you can be assured that the clan, Azure Frost Sect that I am in, is among the five strongest clans."

Su Zimo was interested and he asked all of a sudden, "What are the four other clans?"

"The five main clans are Iridescent Clouds Palace, Southern Mountains Clan, True Fire Sect, Azure Frost Sect and Ethereal Peak."

Su Zimo lowered his head, blowing lightly at the tea leaves floating on the tea. There was a fleeting coldness in his eyes at the mention of Iridescent Clouds Palace.

Su Zimo looked up, his expression normal as he asked, "I suppose for those who join the five main clans, they have a high requirement for the spirit root, is that so?"

"Mmm."

Ji Yaoxue nodded and said, "If you want to join the five main clans, one needs to have at least a superior-class spirit root. Having a pseudo spirit root and ordinary spirit root will not meet the mark. However, Zimo, you can rest assured that even if yours is a pseudo spirit root, I can bring you to join the clan as well."

The spirit root could be categorized into five grades – pseudo spirit root, ordinary spirit root, superior-class spirit root, earth spirit root and the most rare heaven spirit root.

That was to say, since Zhou Dingyun and Shen Mengqi were chosen by Perfected Cang Lang from Iridescent Clouds Palace, they must at least have the superior-class or higher grade spirit root.

Su Zimo smiled and took a sip of tea, asking casually, "Is there any feud between the five main clans? Or rather, which among the five clans is stronger?"

"Feud?"

Ji Yaoxue shook her head. "This I do not know, but Iridescent Clouds Palace and True Fire Sect are situated quite close to each other and have been getting along well. The five main clans are similar to each other in terms of capabilities and each has their own strengths. Of which, Ethereal Peak is the most mysterious."

"In the Great Zhou Dynasty, we will hold a grand match between clans every 10 years. Every clan within the territory of the Great Zhou Dynasty can take part in it, regardless of its size. The five main clans have ranked the top 10 in terms of movement techniques, elixir refinement, weapon refinement and creating talismans."

Su Zimo narrowed his eyes, seemingly pondering about something.

Since True Fire Sect and Iridescent Clouds Palace were on close terms, Su Zimo would never join them.

As for joining Azure Frost Sect, Su Zimo wanted to give this opportunity to Su Hong and Su Xiaoning. As to who would join the sect, it was entirely up to their destiny.

That left Su Zimo with only Southern Mountains Clan and Ethereal Peak.

Su Zimo asked again, "Among the five main clans, which is closest to the Country of Yan?"

Ji Yaoxue took out a map made from animal skin out of her storage bag. She took a closer look before saying, "The closest is Ethereal Peak."

Su Zimo nodded, not saying anymore.

"Zimo, why do you ask all these? Hurry, you should check your spirit root." Ji Yaoxue urged him once again.

Su Zimo smiled lightly. "Some cultivator had checked for me and said that I don't have a spirit root, so I won't do the testing."

"Ah?" Ji Yaoxue could not hide her disappointment. but she wanted to give it another try and so she tried persuading him again. "Perhaps the person had seen it wrongly. You should check it again."

Su Zimo said in a low voice, "Yao Xue, this is a good chance. I have two closest kins and I would like for them to give it a try, to see whether they have a chance to join Azure Frost Sect."

"This... is good as well." Ji Yaoxue hesitated slightly before she agreed.

Su Zimo stood up to thank her and he came out with Su Hong and Su Xiaoning, explaining to them briefly how the testing spirit stone worked, and telling them to give it a try.

Su Hong waved his hands, shaking his head. "I don't need to try. Even if I have spirit root, I won't take the cultivation path. Among the three of us, one has to inherit our father's legacy and continue with his work. Xiaoning, you can go ahead to test it."

Su Xiaoning was hesitant, she seemed afraid, looking toward Su Zimo for help.

Su Zimo smiled, holding his sister's little hand to the round table, as he spoke in a tender tone, "Don't be afraid, all you have to do is to hold on to this stone."

Su Xiaoning nodded, still feeling worried, but she seemed to have made up her mind. She went forward to grab hold of the testing spirit stone.

At the moment when Su Xiaoning held the testing spirit stone, five rays of light in different colors shot out from the testing spirit stone.

This was the first time that Su Xiaoning saw something like this. She had a shock and she threw the stone away automatically.

The five different rays of light represented the five elements: metal, wood, water, fire and earth. It was the pseudo spirit root, the worst spirit root among all.

Su Zimo rejoiced greatly in his heart.

In any case, this meant that Su Xiaoning had a spirit root, and she could join one of the five main clans—Azure Frost sect!

In fact, even without his relationship with Ji Yaoxue, Su Zimo was able to join Azure Frost Sect with the spirit root that Die Yue planted for him.

However, Su Zimo could vaguely sense something amiss and wanted to try to keep a distance between he and Ji Yaoxue.

What was Ji Yaoxue's identity?

She was the third princess of the Great Zhou Dynasty. She was of noble birth!

Su Zimo was aware that their encounter this time had riled the guard behind Ji Yaoxue and he was hostile toward him. If he continued to be on close terms with Ji Yaoxue, he might invite trouble for himself!

He was not being afraid of them. It was just that he was still not as powerful and he could not protect himself.

But Su Xiaoning was different. She was after all a female, and she would not invite the hostility of others.

Indeed, after witnessing the scene, there was a flash of delight in Dai Xu, the golden armored leader's eyes. He let out a sigh of relief, and he seemingly relaxed his guard.

Su Zimo looked at Ji Yaoxue, his expression solemn as he spoke in a deep voice, "Since that is the case, please bring Xiaoning with you. She is timid, and she has not been to faraway places. Do take extra care of her during cultivation in Azure Frost Sect."

"You can rest assured that I will definitely take good care of her," Ji Yaoxue said.

"Brother, I don't wish to part with you or to leave Su family." Su Xiaoning curled her lips, tears welling in her eyes. She was on the brink of crying.

Su Hong laughed and said, "It's good to cultivate. It is a golden opportunity. You must not miss the chance. Besides, when you are stronger, I will be asking you for help in the future."

Su Xiaoning turned tears into smiles upon hearing Su Hong's teasing words. She nodded seriously. "Mmm! I will work hard to cultivate and come back to help brother in the future!"

"Go along to pack your things and say goodbye to Uncle Zheng and the rest."

Su Hong left with Su Xiaoning to pack her things. There was a smile in Su Zimo's eyes as he watched them left.

"Zimo, you..." Ji Yaoxue wanted to say something but held back her tongue.

Su Zimo smiled, standing up to bow to her as he said, "I have to thank you for rendering help this time. It is because of you that the Su family have a place to stay and Xiaoning has a chance to join Azure Frost Sect. If you have anything to ask of me in the future, I will definitely agree to it."

"Humph..."

Dai Xu smirked, a hint of sarcasm flashed across his face. He curled his lips. "How dare you boast without shame! She is the third princess of the Great Zhou Dynasty. How will she ever need your help?"

Su Zimo smiled lightly, not rebutting his words.

Nobody would have imagined that the promise that Su Zimo gave right now would carry a lot of weight in the future.

Chapter 56: Waiting For Someone

Next day morning.

The Su family and many Foundation Establishment Cultivators stood on the long street of Ping Yang Town, bidding their farewell.

In the middle of the long street, one man and one lady stood facing each other.

The man was dressed in a green robe, clean and plain, with a handsome appearance, while the lady wore a long pale yellow dress that reached the ground. Her black hair cascaded down her back. Her complexion was flawless, there was a touch of melancholy in her sparkling eyes.

“Zimo, are you really not leaving with me? Even if you can’t join Azure Frost Sect, given your capabilities, you will have great achievements at Great Zhou,” Ji Yaoxue said softly.

“No.”

Su Zimo smiled, “I am used to leading an unbridled life. I am unaccustomed to the rules and regulations of the palace.”

“Zimo, are you interested in joining the Ethereal Peak?” Ji Yaoxue was smart, she could vaguely sense that Su Zimo was deliberately keeping a distance from her.

“Mmm?” There was surprise in Su Zimo’s eyes, but he did not respond.

Ji Yaoxue continued. “It is more difficult to join Ethereal Peak than other clans. There are many tests to pass. The testing of the spirit root is only one of them. I heard that many high-level Qi Refinement Warriors could not join the Ethereal Peak, you...”

Su Zimo sighed in his heart at the look of concern in Ji Yaoxue’s eyes.

He knew that Ji Yaoxue was being genuinely good to him. Perhaps it was to return his kindness or for some other reason.

But no matter what, he could not leave with Ji Yaoxue.

Although Dai Xu had concealed his intentions well, he could not hide from Su Zimo’s spirit perception.

The man had murderous intent toward him!

It was alright if it was Dai Xu who wanted to kill him, however, if it was the Emperor of Great Zhou who wanted him dead, this was bad news to Su Zimo as well as the Su family.

The imperial edict might seem like a reward, however, the Emperor was giving them a warning as well.

Since the Emperor of Great Zhou could crown Su Hong as king, he could easily annihilate the Su family as well.

The Emperor’s power was vast and mighty and one could not predict his next movement or intention.

Die Yue might have been ruthless when she sent Su Zimo to the Cang Lang Mountain Range, but she was teaching him at the same time that regardless of whether it was the mortal world or the cultivation world, it was no different from the Cang Lang Mountain Range, where the strong ruled over the weak, and that was the only way to survive!

One had to be able to survive Cang Lang Mountain Range in order to be able to venture into the cultivation world!

If one was not powerful enough, one could only be passive and be powerless when others preyed on them.

“Zimo, what plans do you have?” Ji Yaoxue continued to ask.

Su Zimo replied. “To travel a thousand miles beats reading a thousand books. I might embark upon an adventure.”

Su Zimo paused briefly before he bowed to Ji Yaoxue, cupping his fists. “Miss Ji, let’s bid farewell today, please take care.”

Ji Yaoxue looked dismayed upon hearing that Su Zimo addressed her as “Miss Ji”. After a brief silence, she nodded. “Young Master Su, take care as well.”

Ji Yaoxue boarded the carriage and the bead curtain dropped to cover her from view. The two of them seemed to be thrown into two different worlds, and they might not be able to see each other again.

Su Xiaoning sat on the carriage and looked outside, tears falling down her cheeks. Ji Yaoxue sighed softly as she took Su Xiaoning into her embrace, saying softly, “Let’s go.”

The carriage flew up into the air and more than a thousand Foundation Establishment Cultivators maneuvered their swords and followed behind, surrounding the carriage to protect the Princess. They disappeared from the sky of Ping Yang Town in no time.

At the end of the procession, one of the Foundation Establishment Cultivators came up to Dai Xu and asked softly, “Leader Dai, do we still need to kill Su Zimo?”

“No need. At least he is tactful, he did not reach out for a yard after taking an inch.”

Dai Xu sneered. “He is just a mere mortal. He is but a frog in a well. Just let nature run its own course.”

In the carriage.

Su Xiaoning seemed to be overly upset. She collapsed in Ji Yaoxue’s embrace and fell into a deep sleep. The tears at the corner of her eyes were still evident.

Ji Yaoxue gazed at the bead curtain, looking forlorn. She frowned slightly, sorrow etched in her features, looking pitiful.

“Princess, don’t be sad over that man, it’s not worth it,” Dai Xu said softly outside the carriage.

Ji Yaoxue did not seem to have heard him.

Dai Xu continued. “Princess, you are of noble birth and you are from the royal family. He is just a nobody. He is not worthy of you.”

Ji Yaoxue frowned. She checked on Su Xiaoning who was deep asleep in her embrace before she turned her head and said softly, “If he is a nobody, then what about you? You don’t have to care about my business. You are not qualified!”

Ji Yaoxue was harsh but she kept her volume down so as not to wake Su Xiaoning up.

“Princess, don’t blame me for being meddlesome. You will definitely be a Golden Core in the future and you will have a lifespan of 500 years. While he is just a mortal and his lifespan is only about 100 years. It is not practical to choose him as your Dao partner.” Dai Xu continued.

Ji Yaoxue's expression darkened, asking all of a sudden. "Did my father say anything to you?"

"No-nothing." Dai Xu paused momentarily before he quickly denied.

Ji Yaoxue clenched her fists in silence, saying in a cold voice, "Dai Xu, let me warn you, don't you dare to do anything to Su Zimo or the Su family!"

Dai Xu's expression hardened, but he remained silent.

After a brief silence, Ji Yaoxue sighed softly, feeling upset. "100 years will pass by in the blink of an eye. I am afraid that I will never have the chance to see him again."

Upon hearing this, Dai Xu breathed a sigh of relief, finally putting his heart at rest.

Ji Yaoxue had finally realized that if she and Su Zimo were on close terms, it would not be helpful to Su Zimo, instead it would bring disaster to him.

Ji Yaoxue looked forlorn, she did not notice that Su Xiaoning who was in her embrace batted her eyelashes but did not open her eyes.

...

Ping Yang Town.

Su Hong and others were about to return to the capital with the army of the Country of Yan.

"Zimo, why don't you stay in the capital with me for a period of time?"

Now that Su Hong was going to the capital, he would not be returning to Ping Yang Town anytime soon. He was worried at leaving Su Zimo behind by himself.

"Brother, you should go now. I will stay in Ping Yang Town for a while before I embark upon an adventure. You don't have to worry about me," Su Zimo said.

Su Hong frowned. "There is no one at the Su family's residence and we don't have any acquaintances in Ping Yang Town. You are by yourself..."

"I am not alone." Su Zimo smiled.

"Mmm?" Su Hong was surprised.

Su Zimo did not explain. Instead he gave Su Hong a pound on the chest, smiling. "You should hurry to the capital now. There is no need to worry about me. If there's a chance, I will go to the capital to visit all of you."

"Alright, we will leave now."

Su Hong mounted the horse and nodded towards Su Zimo. Under the protection of the Country of Yan's army. Su Hong and the others of the Su family left for the capital, galloping away.

The cold wind howled. Su Zimo walked on the empty long street amidst the wind and snow, looking lonely and desolate from the back.

Xiaoning had left, so had Su Hong.

Everyone seemed to have left him within a day.

When Su Zimo reached his own mansion and he pushed the door open, the wind and snow seemed to have stopped and he could feel a sense of warmth rushing toward him.

There seemed to be a lady in a bloody red robe standing under the peach blossom tree. It seemed real and yet ethereal, as she turned to smile at him.

Su Zimo was not alone and he did not feel lonely.

When he came back to his mansion, it was as if Die Yue was by his side, watching him cultivate as usual, kicking and beating him occasionally.

Su Zimo smiled and closed the door.

Su Zimo had no intention of leaving Ping Yang Town right away.

He was waiting.

He was waiting for someone.

Just like that night one and a half years ago...

Chapter 57: The Wine To Send Him On His Way

Winter had passed and spring was here.

Two years ago, Perfected Cang Lang inadvertently passed by Ping Yang Town and brought two people away with him, and that directly or indirectly changed the fate of many people.

Zhou Dingyun was one of them.

During the two years of cultivation in Iridescent Clouds Palace, Zhou Dingyun often thought to himself that without Perfected Cang Lang, he would still be at the prison in Ping Yang Town, munching on the cold buns, drinking the icy water, trying hard to please the prison guards.

But right now, Zhou Dingyun was a Qi Refinement Warrior, he was a disciple of Iridescent Clouds Palace!

Although he was an outer sect disciple, whenever Zhou Dingyun went to the mortal world, he would be respected and envied by the surrounding mortals.

He could decide the life and death of every mortal.

Although he was an outer sect disciple, he wore the Taoist robe of Iridescent Clouds Palace. The cultivators from the small clans might have higher cultivation base, but they would show respect for him whenever they saw him.

Zhou Dingyun enjoyed this feeling very much.

However, that was not enough.

Whenever Zhou Dingyun enjoyed the glory of being a Qi Refinement Warrior, a scene would flash through his mind automatically.

There was no moon that night. He knelt in front of a green-robed scholar, tears on his face as he begged for mercy.

This scene felt like a thorn that was stuck deeply in Zhou Dingyun's throat. It had become increasingly intolerable and uncomfortable over the past two years!

The higher Zhou Dingyun's realm was, the more he could not forget the scene.

No matter what achievements he had accomplished, it could not erase what happened that night, as well as the shame that the scholar brought him!

After cultivation, Zhou Dingyun knew very well that if he did not remove this thorn, it would become his mental demons in the future.

The solution was simple. He would return to Ping Yang Town to kill the scholar and annihilate his entire family clan!

And right now, the time had come.

Zhou Dingyun had the earth spirit root. He managed to reach Level 8 Qi Condensation within two years. His speed of cultivation was ranked the top few among other cultivators in his sect.

Of course, Shen Mengqi who joined the sect with him had heaven spirit root. She had reached Perfected Qi Condensation and was only one step to breaking through Foundation Establishment realm.

"There is definitely no way to defeat Senior Martial Sister Shen. But Level 8 Qi Condensation is enough. Hehe, I suppose there is no Qi Refinement Warrior in the entire Ping Yang Town."

Seeing that Ping Yang Town was right before him, Zhou Dingyun could feel his blood boiling. He could not help but laugh.

In the eyes of the normal folks, there was nothing more proud and happy than a glorious homecoming.

And right now, Zhou Dingyun had done even better than a glorious homecoming by coming back as a Qi Refinement Warrior!

Zhou Dingyun was here not only to annihilate the Su family, but also to make Su Zimo kneel in front of him and to torture him viciously, as well as to reduce the prison of Ping Yang Town to rubble, killing all the prison guards that used to humiliate him.

"By the way, Su Zimo's younger sister has good looks. I cannot kill her. Haha." Zhou Dingyun smiled with a lecherous grin.

By the time Zhou Dingyun reached Ping Yang Town, it was already midnight.

It was a dark and gusty night, it was no different from that night two years ago.

There was no one on the empty street. Zhou Dingyun maneuvered his flying sword to reach Su Zimo's mansion.

Zhou Dingyun felt deeply about the familiar mansion.

Two years ago, when he was here to assassinate Su Zimo, he had to climb over the wall carefully to get into the mansion. Right now, he could be open about going into the mansion!

To put it more accurately, he could fly into the mansion.

He wondered how Su Zimo would react when he saw him execute Sword Kinesis Flight.

Would he be scared stiff?

Would he kneel down right away, kowtowing to him, begging him for mercy?

Zhou Dingyun was full of anticipation.

Zhou Dingyun came to the courtyard and looked around.

It was no different from how it was two years ago. It was the beginning of spring. The peach blossom tree at the courtyard looked the same. The flowers had blossomed and the petals had fallen to the ground.

The only change was that there were a sanguine bow and a long saber on the stone table under the peach blossom tree.

There was a squeaking sound.

The door to one of the rooms in the courtyard opened and out came a green-robed scholar.

The green-robed scholar carried a jar of wine, looked calm and composed. He went to the stone table in the courtyard and took a seat casually, pouring two bowls of wine. He looked at Zhou Dingyun who was in mid-air as he said calmly, "Come down, I will treat you to a drink."

Zhou Dingyun was stunned.

He had thought of all kinds of possibilities when they met, but the scene in front of him was totally beyond his expectation.

There was no shock?

There was no fear?

There was no pleading for mercy?

There was nothing at all!

The green-robed scholar looked calm and indifferent, making Zhou Dingyun even more eager to kill him.

"What's with the pretense?"

Zhou Dingyun sneered. He had done a check on Su Zimo, he had no spirit qi.

This meant that two years had passed and Su Zimo was still a mortal!

Zhou Dingyun was fearless as he descended into the courtyard, coming up to the stone table, asking all of a sudden, "You seem to have known all along that I will be back, is that so?"

“Yes.” Su Zimo nodded. “When I let you off two years ago, I knew that you would return.”

“Haha, scholars are indeed smart.”

Zhou Dingyun broke out into laughter, there was mockery in his eyes, but he changed his tone right then. “However, your so-called wits seem childish to me.”

Zhou Dingyun had been observing Su Zimo. He was hoping to sense something from his expression.

But Zhou Dingyun was disappointed.

Su Zimo looked at him calmly. His eyes were clear, and there was not even the slightest bit of fluctuation in his mood.

Zhou Dingyun smiled dryly. “Fate is so amazing. No one would have imagined that the ruffian from Ping Yang Town two years ago would become a Qi Refinement Warrior and underwent such huge changes. Oh, by the way, do you know what is a Qi Refinement Warrior?”

Zhou Dingyun looked at Su Zimo with provocation in his eyes.

Su Zimo sighed softly with emotion as he nodded. “Yes, the changes are tremendous.”

“Do you know why I chose this time to come back?” Zhou Dingyun asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Why?”

“Two years ago, right here, at a night like this during the same season... it’s the two of us as well, but...”

Zhou Dingyun no longer hid his murderous intent in his eyes, as he said coldly, “The outcome tonight will be vastly different from that night two years!”

Su Zimo smiled and suddenly pushed the wine bowl toward Zhou Dingyun. He nodded and said, “Take a drink.”

“Mmm?”

Zhou Dingyun was on alert. He could not understand why Su Zimo was so calm and composed.

At the sight of the bowl of wine in front of him, a thought flashed in Zhou Dingyun’s mind. He could not help but sneer. “Second Young Master Su, I suppose there is something about the wine?”

“So this is what you are counting on! Hehe, it’s a pity that I have seen through it.”

Zhou Dingyun thought that Su Zimo had poisoned the wine and was in a hurry for him to drink the wine.

“There is nothing with the wine. But there is indeed something with the name of the wine.” Su Zimo shook his head.

“What is it?” Zhou Dingyun asked automatically.

“This the wine to send you on your way.”

Su Zimo raised his head to look at Zhou Dingyun, as he said calmly, “After drinking this bowl of wine, I will send you on your way.”

Upon hearing this, Zhou Dingyun could feel the chills on his back. The glance that Su Zimo gave him reminded him of that night two years ago!

Chapter 58: Pierced Through The Heart By Countless Arrows

Zhou Dingyun seemed to have gotten a big shock. He jumped up, retreated a few steps, reaching his palm toward the storage bag at his waist. He narrowed his eyes and looked solemn.

“Calm down, calm down!”

Zhou Dingyun assured himself. “I am a Level 8 Qi Refinement Warrior. I underwent a total transformation and am no longer the same person two years ago. I will never be frightened by a scholar. Su Zimo is a mere mortal, what could he count on?”

“Aren’t you going to drink?”

Su Zimo smiled, shaking his head. “If you don’t drink, you won’t have the chance anymore.”

“You are bluffing!”

Zhou Dingyun gave a loud shout. He slapped his palm on the storage bag, maneuvering a flying sword, shooting out a ray of spirit qi from his fingertip. The flying sword shone brightly.

Inferior-grade spirit weapon.

“Jee!”

Zhou Dingyun had the flying sword in his hand. He calmed himself and pointed forward. Right then, the flying sword turned into a ray of light, reaching Su Zimo within seconds!

Su Zimo did not move a single inch. He seemed like a monk who was in meditation.

The flying sword was right in front of Su Zimo’s glabella. It would pierce into it if it went one inch further. However, Su Zimo maintained his composure, and he did not bat his eyelids at all.

Zhou Dingyun thought that Su Zimo must be scared stiff. He could not help but grin hideously. “Su Zimo, if you kneel down to beg me for mercy, I can consider not killing you.”

“I think you have gotten something very wrong here.”

Su Zimo stretched out his palm, gently holding the flying sword in front of him as he said calmly, “It is the same place, the same season, the same night, and the two of us, but there will not be too much of a difference in the outcome.”

There was a look of malice in Zhou Dingyun’s eyes, as he saw how Su Zimo used his palm to grab hold of the sharp inferior-grade spirit weapon.

What a fool!

Su Zimo continued. “If there are any changes, it would be that two years ago I let you off, but today, you won’t be able to leave.”

“Damn, how dare you speak conceited nonsense. I will maim one of your palms first!”

Zhou Dingyun yelled, ruthlessness in his eyes. He maneuvered the flying sword, exerting force for it to spin!

In the meantime, Su Zimo’s palm wrapped and hit the sword.

Pa!

There was a sound as loud as thunder. Zhou Dingyun was given a shock.

It was not the flying flesh and spurting blood that he was expecting.

Instead, Su Zimo’s palm was intact!

Zhou Dingyun was even more surprised that he had lost control of the flying sword!

How could this be?

The next moment, Zhou Dingyun turned from shock to aghast at the sight that he witnessed.

Su Zimo spread his palm and the flying sword lay quietly on his palm. It was covered with cracks.

Su Zimo released his hand and the inferior-grade spirit weapon turned into fragments, scattering onto the ground.

An inferior-grade spirit weapon was deemed useless!

Zhou Dingyun stared at Su Zimo whose eyes had gradually turned cold. His heart sank deeply to the bottom as well.

He finally realized that two years had passed and he had become a Level 8 Qi Refinement Warrior, but Second Young Master Su who was in front of him was no longer the frail scholar back then!

He suddenly realized that when Su Zimo said that everything had changed tremendously just now, Su Zimo was not referring to him but to Su Zimo himself!

The bowl of wine on the round table was really meant to send him on his way!

But Zhou Dingyun still could not figure out why Su Zimo could shatter his inferior-grade spirit weapon with his blood and flesh.

Zhou Dingyun did not wish to find out the reason.

Right now, his only thought was to leave this place and try his best to steer clear of Su Zimo!

Zhou Dingyun took out a flying sword from his storage bag. This was a pseudo spirit weapon.

It was already unimaginable for outer sect disciples to receive inferior-grade spirit weapons in Iridescent Clouds Palace. However, it had been shattered by Su Zimo’s palm.

Zhou Dingyun stepped onto the flying sword, rose into the air and flew out of the mansion.

Before he left, Zhou Dingyun could not help but look back.

Su Zimo was not in a hurry to get up. He drank the bowl of strong wine on the stone table unhurriedly before he stood up, tied the long saber to his waist, carried the quiver on his back and took the sanguine bow in his hands.

Zhou Dingyun swallowed his saliva, feeling nervous. He turned and used all his energy to maneuver the flying sword, speeding toward the far distance.

The wind howled in his ears. Zhou Dingyun could not help but shiver as the wind blew at him. He did not know since when he broke out in cold sweats.

Zhou Dingyun left Ping Yang Town in no time.

The Cang Lang Mountain Range was not far in the distance. It was pitch dark and he could vaguely hear growling sounds made by the spirit beasts.

Zhou Dingyun let out a long breath, putting his heart at rest.

Right then, Zhou Dingyun heard a cold voice coming from behind him!

“Do you still remember the vow you made on that night two years ago when you knelt down to beg for mercy?”

Zhou Dingyun was terror-stricken upon hearing this. He almost lost control of the flying sword, causing him to lose his balance and almost fall off from mid-air.

Su Zimo!

This was Su Zimo’s voice!

How was that possible?

How did he manage to catch up?

Zhou Dingyun’s face was as white as a sheet, breaking out in cold sweats. He tried all his best to maneuver the flying sword to speed forward while he looked backward.

Su Zimo was right behind him. He looked calm, as if he was just casually walking. However, every stride that he took was as far as 20 to 30 feet!

“He... he is not using his full force!”

At the thought of this, Zhou Dingyun seemed to have descended into an icehouse, he felt chills all over his body.

Su Zimo’s voice was heard again. “On that night two years ago, you swore that even if you were lucky enough to join the immortal sect, you would never seek revenge on me. If not, you will suffer a painful death where countless of arrows pierced through your heart.”

“Well... since that was the case, you will get what you wished for.”

Upon hearing this, Zhou Dingyun finally understood what the sanguine bow on the round table was meant for.

“Don’t!”

Zhou Dingyun turned around quickly. He had just uttered a word and he was shrouded by a black shadow in front of him.

Whoo-hoo-hoo!

Dozens of arrows pierced through the air one after another!

Poof!

Zhou Dingyun felt pain in his chest. It was as if he had lost something in his body. He felt weak all over and he dropped from mid-air.

Zhou Dingyun made a loud thumping sound as he flopped down onto the ground. He was covered with mud and the ground that he lay on had turned blood-red.

“Ee...”

Zhou Dingyun lowered his head to look at his chest.

It was a bloody mess. There was a bloody hollow as large as a bowl on his chest. His heart was pierced through and shot away by dozens of sharp arrows.

Pierced through the heart by countless arrows!

Everything seemed to be fated and predestined.

There was a breeze in the air. Zhou Dingyun could see a corner of the fluttering green robe in front of him.

Zhou Dingyun lay on the ground, looking up at Su Zimo who stood in front of him. There was a strange smile on his face, as he spoke, but his words were indistinct. “I, I am Iridescent Clouds... Palace, since you, you killed me, you won’t be able to escape. One... day, Perfected Cang Lang... will come looking for you...”

Su Zimo squatted down and smiled. “I will go look for him before that day comes. You will be the first to go, Perfected Cang Lang will be next in line!”

Upon hearing this, Zhou Dingyun’s head dropped to a side, as he took his last breath.

Su Zimo pulled the storage bag from Zhou Dingyun’s waist and kept it. He then grabbed his corpse, took a few steps forward before he threw it directly into Cang Lang Mountain Range.

It would not take a day before Zhou Dingyun’s corpse was devoured by the spirit beasts.

This was getting rid of the corpse to destroy the evidence of one’s crime.

No one would know what happened tonight.

Chapter 59: The Foggy Test

The reason why Su Zimo did not leave Ping Yang Town immediately was to wait for Zhou Dingyun.

If Zhou Dingyun was to return to Ping Yang Town and he could not find Su Zimo, he would definitely target the Su family instead.

The imperial edict might be a deterrent to the states, but it might not be useful to Qi Refinement Warriors. Moreover, he was the disciple of Iridescent Clouds Palace, which was one of the five main clans.

Unless Zhou Dingyun died, Su Zimo could not leave in peace.

As what Su Zimo had said to Zhou Dingyun, from the moment he let him off, he knew that Zhou Dingyun would be back.

It was just that Su Zimo did not know when Zhou Dingyun would be back.

But he was willing to wait. Perhaps it was because he could not ease his concern because of Zhou Dingyun, or that he had a sense of nostalgia and attachment to the mansion, the cultivation field and the particular someone.

He had waited for half a year.

During the past half a year, Su Zimo was not in a hurry to cultivate the fourth section, Marrow Cleansing of The Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness. Instead he continued to cultivate the first three sections namely, Body Tempering, Tendons Transformation and Bones Strengthening, to strengthen his body and to refine the essence in his body that was sealed by the Scarlet Flame Fruit.

Su Zimo had moved on to another realm, he had almost reached phenomenal success for the first three sections.

In his spare time, Su Zimo would also practice archery in the cultivation field.

It was due to his hard work in practicing archery in the past half a year that he was able to shoot dozens of arrows accurately at where the heart was.

Now that he had killed Zhou Dingyun, Su Zimo no longer had any reason to stay at Ping Yang Town. Unexpectedly, he felt an unexplainable sense of loss.

Su Zimo went back to the mansion. He stood at the door, watching the peach blossom tree not far away. His eyes were blurred, and he stood there for a long time.

The dark clouds seemed to have dispersed, and the moonlight was clear as water. The petals of the peach blossoms fell off the tree. It was like that night two years ago, however the lady was no longer around.

Su Zimo recalled a poem that he once read. "Last year in this villa on the same day, On blushed face the fine peach-blossoms portrayed. Today, O You're gone, my Fair, but where, please? Peach-blossoms are still smiling in Spring breeze!"

When he was young, Su Zimo could not understand the artistic conception of the four-line poem.

And now, Su Zimo was 19 years old. He was no longer young and inexperienced. He could finally understand the sense of sadness that one felt when things had remained the same, but people had changed.

Su Zimo would never be able to forget that it was that night when he was at his lowest, feeling frustrated, lost and helpless, when a lady stood among the falling peach blossoms and brought him into the cultivation world.

Su Zimo smiled. He stretched out his hands and closed the door to his mansion slowly.

Now that he closed the door, Su Zimo was shutting the mansion and the very precious memory that he held dear to him, to a close as well.

Only when he reunited with that person would he open the door to this memory.

Su Zimo looked forward to that day.

After a long time, the sky gradually brightened. Su Zimo took a deep breath, his eyes clearing up. He took out a map made of animal skin from his clothes and looked carefully at it, taking big strides towards a certain direction.

A ray of light broke through the dark clouds in the sky behind him.

The morning sun rose from the eastern horizon.

A new day had begun.

...

In the southwest region of the Great Zhou dynasty, there was a place in the vicinity that was very famous.

There would be dense fog all year round. If one watched from afar, it was as if it was enveloped by countless unpredictable clouds. It was ethereal and it did not seem like the mortal world.

Curious men and women once went into the fog to find out what it was, but they would always end up in the same place that they started out.

In the course of time, all the nearby villagers knew that this was the place where immortals resided and mortals were forbidden entry.

Every year, there would be a few days whereby the villagers could vaguely see a mountain peak within the thick fog. It towered into the clouds, looking majestic and grandiose.

During these few days, the nearby villagers would kneel down in the direction of the mountain peaks, praying for favorable weather and good health.

This day, a green-robed scholar came to their village.

It was not really accurate to call him a scholar.

The man looked handsome, however there was a long saber at his waist and a sanguine bow at his back. His outfit was quite odd.

The green-robed scholar was none other than Su Zimo who had left Ping Yang Town.

Ji Yaoxue was correct. Su Zimo had indeed thought of joining the Ethereal Peak.

On one hand, since even Ji Yaoxue found that the Ethereal Peak was mysterious, it must be extraordinary.

On the other hand, since the Ethereal Peak was the closest to the Country of Yan, if anything happened, Su Zimo would be able to rush back as soon as possible.

It was just that on the map, it only marked the approximate location of the Ethereal Peak. Once Su Zimo reached the place, he was enveloped by thick fog and he could not find its exact location.

Su Zimo had walked for a day and he always ended up at the same spot. He was clueless.

Su Zimo could not see clearly in the thick fog. The visibility was low. Given his eyesight, he could only see ten meters away.

The place seemed like a maze. He kept walking in circles in the thick fog, but he could not find the exit.

“Weird.”

Su Zimo was back to the original spot again. He stared at the fog in the distance as he brooded.

Ji Yaoxue once told him that if one wanted to join the Ethereal Peak, it was far more difficult than joining other sects. Other than having a high grade spirit root, there were many tests to pass. Many high-level Qi Refinement Warriors could not join the Ethereal Peak as well.

However, this was exactly what made the Ethereal Peak so attractive to Su Zimo.

If it was like the Iridescent Clouds Palace where they only took in disciples based on the different grades of spirit root, Su Zimo felt that this kind of sect had nothing special at all.

“I guess I have to put in some effort to join the Ethereal Peak.”

Su Zimo vaguely guessed that the thick fog in front of him might be the first test that he had to go through in order to join the Ethereal Peak.

If he could not pass this test, he would not be able to see the Ethereal Peak, let alone join the clan.

Seeing that it was getting late now, Su Zimo decided to find a place to rest for the night and to think of ways to get through the maze before he decided what to do tomorrow morning.

The thick fog in front of him must be there for a reason. It was useless to barge around without a plan.

Not far away was a small village. A woman was preparing dinner while a strong man was chopping some wood. A hunter carried his prey on his way home, and two elders squatted at the entrance of the village, a table right in front of them, playing chess on the chessboard. Children from the village were playing and running about.

This was a happy and pleasant scene.

Su Zimo could feel a sense of warmth at this scene. There was a smile on his face as he took quick steps toward the village.

“Grandpa, I am Su Zimo, from the Country of Yan. I don’t have a place to stay for the night. Can I stay at your place for a night?” Su Zimo reached the entrance of the village, making a bow as he asked the two elders who were playing chess.

The two elders did not seem to have heard him. They were engrossed in the game and they could not be distracted.

Su Zimo coughed softly and repeated his question.

The two elders still did not reply to him. They each held a chess piece, as they stared intently at the chessboard. They would make a move occasionally, looking very serious.

Su Zimo felt awkward.

Since the two elders did not respond, it would be rude if Su Zimo rashly entered the village.

Su Zimo smiled and turned to leave.

Given his abilities, he could sleep in the open. It would not be a problem to him.

The reason why he wanted to stay for a night in the village was because Su Zimo could feel a sense of warmth that he had not felt for ages.

Just when Su Zimo was about to leave, his eyes inadvertently rested on the chessboard of the two elders and he stopped in his tracks.

This was an intense game. The two parties were in a stalemate. Even the slightest mistake in every move might cost them the game.

Since Su Zimo had nothing else to do, he decided to watch them finish the game before he left. Therefore he stood by the side to watch them as they played.

Chapter 60: Breaking Through The Fog

After a long while, the game ended.

The elder who was defeated waved his hands, disinterested, mumbling to himself. “I don’t feel good today. I will let you win today, let’s play another game tomorrow.”

The elder placed his hands behind his back, with his palms facing upward, walking leisurely back to the village.

The remaining elder had rosy cheeks and looked energetic. He picked up the chessboard, while looking at Su Zimo, smiling as he said, “There are very few young men who are as composed as you. Let’s go, follow me to the village.”

“Thank you, grandpa.”

Su Zimo smiled, expressed his gratitude and followed the elder into the village.

On the way, Su Zimo passed by several villagers. They gave him a glance before returning to whatever they were doing. They did not find it odd, they seemed to have become inured to the unusual.

“There is no extra room here. Young man, are you okay with sleeping in the woodshed?” The elder asked.

“I am okay with that.” Su Zimo smiled as he answered.

The sky had darkened and most of the villagers had yet to turn in for the night. The elders who had their dinner took leisurely strolls in the village, while the women did their needlework, mending clothes.

They led a down-to-earth, simple, and peaceful life.

This seemed to be a hidden land of peace and prosperity. There were no bloody fights, instead everyone seemed to carry a content smile on their faces.

Su Zimo sat down at the entrance of the woodshed, watching the scene quietly. He emptied his mind of all thoughts and the fatigue he felt on the journey seemed to have lightened tremendously.

The sky gradually darkened. The moon was bright and there were few stars.

The elderly, the women and the men had returned to their rooms to rest, except for some energetic and bubbly children who were still playing around on the street, refusing to go home to sleep.

Su Zimo stood up, returned to the woodshed and closed the door getting ready to sleep.

Just then, he heard the bright and sweet voice of a young child coming from the village.

“Where shall one find the traces of the immortal? Looking far into the distance of the Ethereal Peak, it was deep in the mountains where the thick clouds were.”

“Mmm?”

Su Zimo had an idea. He turned, pushed the door open and went in the direction of the voice.

Not far away, was a seven or eight-year-old child. The child smiled and jumped, moving in his direction.

Su Zimo thought for a while before he walked forward. He squatted and asked with a smile on his face, “Young child, you were saying something just now. Whom did you hear it from?”

“Who said it?”

The child bent their head to the side and blinked, looking confused. “I have no idea. But all of us know it.”

“Is it just a nursery rhyme?” Su Zimo mused.

“Big brother, are you interested in immortal cultivation?” The child continued to ask.

“Yes.” Su Zimo nodded and smiled. “How do you know?”

There was a flicker of craftiness in the child's eyes. The child stuck out the tongue. "Every year there will be many people like you. But most of them won't get to see the immortals. Haha."

"What should I do to see them?" Su Zimo was interested, feeling like teasing the child.

"I don't know as well." The child pouted their lips and shook their head.

Su Zimo smiled faintly. He was just about to stand up to leave when a thought flashed across his mind. He asked the child. "Where shall one find the traces of the immortal? Looking far into the distance of the Ethereal Peak. However, the Ethereal Peak is covered by thick fog. How can one be able to see it?"

"This is easy."

The child raised the chin feeling proud. "The fog will gradually disperse a few days later. If you stand here, one can vaguely see the mountain peak. However, it will only last for three days. If you miss it, you won't be able to see it."

Su Zimo was elated.

As long as he could see the Ethereal Peak, and moved forward in its direction, he would definitely be able to reach the foot of the mountain.

Su Zimo certainly did not think that he only needed to pass through the thick fog to be able to join the Ethereal Peak. This was just the beginning.

Su Zimo stayed in the village for seven days.

On the seventh day, the thick fog gradually dispersed and he could vaguely see a majestic and towering mountain looming in the distant clouds.

Su Zimo bade farewell to everyone in the village and stepped into the thick fog once again.

In the thick fog, all the senses had been dulled and one could not have a good sense of direction. Su Zimo felt that after turning eastward and westward, he seemed to be retracing his steps at times.

As the thick fog gradually dispersed, he could tell the exact location of the peak in the far distance despite being shrouded in fog.

Su Zimo threw caution to the wind and tried to ignore the wrong impression he had because of his senses, moving forward according to the location of the mountain peak.

All of a sudden!

Gurgling sounds could be heard coming from deep in the fog. It was frightening and eerie. It seemed as if spirit beasts were moving about, stepping on the grass.

It was getting closer and closer!

A faint bloody smell wafted over him.

"Mmm?"

Su Zimo squinted and stopped, looking in the direction where the sound came from.

He waited for a long time but he did not see any spirit beast.

It was a strange feeling.

Su Zimo did not sense any danger with his spirit perception.

However, he had indeed heard the sounds made by the spirit beast and detected its aura coming from that direction. Su Zimo spent one year in Cang Lang Mountain Range. The smell was too familiar. He would never be mistaken about it.

“Weird.”

Su Zimo murmured and continued to move forward.

“Roar!”

Soon after, there was a loud tiger growl. It was deafening and it had a formidable aura. It proved that the spirit beast was very powerful. It could even be of the same level as a spirit demon!

Su Zimo frowned.

Logically speaking, if there was a powerful spirit beast or spirit demon in front of him, Su Zimo should be able to sense the danger with his spirit perception.

However, strangely his spirit perception could not detect anything, while his senses kept telling him that there was danger.

In this case, there could only be two possibilities.

The surrounding fog had shrouded Su Zimo’s spirit perception or that it had confused his five senses.

The answer was obvious.

These methods were meant to scare off those who wanted to take the path of immortal cultivation or those who were weak-minded.

The tiger growl and the bloody smell were just methods to deceive people.

After figuring out the purpose of the thick fog, Su Zimo smile and ignored all the sounds that he heard from the surroundings, walking deeper into the fog without any care.

Nevertheless, it was a brilliant move to make use of the thick fog to confuse one’s senses.

If Su Zimo did not have spirit perception, he would be trembling in fear and taking careful steps along the way.

Su Zimo gradually sped up and he walked out of the thick fog in no time. Everything became clear in front of him.

As far as the eyes could see, there were verdant and lush vegetation, clear waters and green hills. It was full of vitality. He felt as if he was in the immortal world.

There was a stone gate not too far away.

At the back of the stone gate was a mountain road that was paved with green stones. The path winded around the mountain and led all the way to the deep, dark end of the fog.

On the two sides of the stone gate stood two young smart-looking children who cultivated Dao. One of them was plump while the other was thin.

At the sight of Su Zimo, the plump child smiled and nodded. "Young Master, you are the first to reach. Please wait here. We will only open the gate and accept disciples three days later."

Su Zimo was not in a hurry. He waited by the side silently.

Many people kept coming out from the fog. Most of them were mortals who had not been cultivating. They looked pale and beads of perspiration could be seen on their forehead. It seemed that they were scared stiff during the journey.

Some of them were Qi Refinement Warriors who maneuvered flying swords to break out of the fog. They breathed a sigh of relief upon seeing the stone gate.

A few Qi Refinement Warriors swept their gaze over Su Zimo. They relaxed slightly upon knowing that he had no spirit qi.

Some Qi Refinement Warriors took a glance at the bow and saber that Su Zimo had with him and sneered. They could not help but smirk.

There were people from all walks of life.