

ETERNAL SK 581

Chapter 581: 10,000 Year Old Buddhist Temple

“Hmm?”

The voice interrupted Su Zimo’s thoughts.

Someone was truly alive at the depths of the Dragon Burial Valley!

Su Zimo pushed the door open and walked out to see a young monk assuming a lotus position on a praying mat. The young monk’s palms were placed together before his chest as he chanted softly.

Su Zimo was momentarily stunned.

He thought that anyone who lived at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley would definitely be an incredible person. However, he had not expected it to be such a young monk.

The young monk before him should only be at Golden Core realm at most.

Although Su Zimo’s cultivation was gone, his eyes were still sharp.

Sensing something, the little monk stopped chanting and turned around.

His eyes were clear as water, as though they contained pure sincerity!

The little monk smiled gently and stood up, greeting with clasped palms, “Patron, you’re awake.”

Su Zimo walked forward and bowed. “I am Su Zimo. Thank you for your lifesaving grace, fellow Daoist.”

“You don’t have to do that, patron,”

The little monk smiled. “I’ve only brought you here because my master sensed you.”

“Master?”

Su Zimo’s tone was ladled with surprise.

It seemed like this little monk was not the only one at the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley!

Nodding, the little monk looked towards a gigantic hall not far away. “However, my master is currently in seclusion and will not see anyone for the time being.”

The doors were shut on a majestic hall not far away.

Su Zimo nodded and asked, “How long was I unconscious for?”

“A month or so.”

Su Zimo pursed his lips in silence, feeling a hint of bitterness in his mouth.

Because his cultivation was destroyed, his body’s healing capabilities had also decreased massively – he had not recovered entirely even after a month!

After a short moment, Su Zimo asked again, "May I ask when your master will come forth from his seclusion?"

"I don't know,"

The little monk shook his head. "It can be tomorrow, it can be a year later, or even a hundred years later."

"A hundred years..."

Su Zimo chuckled bitterly.

Sensing Su Zimo's disappointment, the little monk consoled him sincerely, "Patron, there's no need to hurry. Time is fleeting and hundred years will pass by in the blink of an eye, like a divine steed crossing terrains."

The little monk looked like he was younger than twenty.

Those words truly did not sound like they should be said by him and seemed odd.

The little monk continued, "Patron, if you find yourself getting bored, you can casually look through the sutras in the Sutra Chamber. Those Buddhist sutras contain a lot of knowledge and the secrets of the universe. Even a wise old person might not be able to comprehend the wisdom within fully."

"Those sutras contain endless joy and time will pass by unknowingly once you're immersed in them. A hundred years will pass by quickly."

It was easy for the little monk to say that but Su Zimo truly could not gather his interest.

Embarrassed to decline the goodwill of the little monk, Su Zimo nodded with a smile and started surveying his surroundings.

The courtyard did not have many structures, only two.

One of them was the Sutra Chamber and the other was the majestic hall – there wasn't even a meditation room.

This was an extremely simple and old temple.

Ancient and aged!

The only two structures looked like they were from a long time ago and had endured through the seasonal changes and the sands of time.

Two vegetable gardens were planted before the big hall, giving them some green food.

The main entrance of the old temple was extremely battered and creaked with the gust of the wind, as though it could fall over at any moment.

"Why is there such a strange old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley?"

Su Zimo had a lost expression.

For a moment, a thought seemed to have flashed through his mind.

However, Su Zimo's mind was way too chaotic at that time and most of his attention was spent thinking of how to recover his cultivation. As such, he did not think much about that thought.

After a moment of standing still, Su Zimo turned around towards the entrance of the old temple.

There was truly nothing to be seen around the old temple.

Su Zimo wanted to head outside and check out what was at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley!

The little monk had a worried expression and could not help but remark, "Patron, you have yet to recover from your serious injuries. Don't head too far out, it's dangerous out there."

"Thank you for your kind reminder, fellow Daoist. I'll be careful."

Su Zimo expressed his thanks with cupped fists before turning to head out.

The moment he stepped out of the old temple, he felt a chilling gust of wind breeze by and could not help but shudder.

Before him was a meandering valley with countless crushed rocks on the ground. The cliffs on both sides were filled with strange rocks.

It was dead silent throughout the entire valley!

Su Zimo frowned slightly and hesitated for a moment before continuing ahead.

Although the little fox had a frightened expression, she still chose to tag along behind Su Zimo.

Su Zimo reared his head and looked up.

A fog surged above the valley.

10,000 years ago, when countless experts fought against one another, the remnant of their energies formed a region of chaos and interweaved above.

Any living being that was drawn into it would be shredded into a mist of blood!

Now that Su Zimo's cultivation was crippled and he had lost every single method of ascending into the skies, it was easy for him to jump down from above, but impossible for him to return up.

Su Zimo realized that if he could not recover his cultivation, he would most likely grow old and exhaust his remaining lifespan at the bottom of this valley.

Yet, how could he recover his cultivation?

His Golden Core was already shattered into pieces and had dispersed entirely.

His dantian was now a leaking existence that could not be used to gather spirit qi.

There was no way for him to recover his Golden Core.

The only thing that he could recover was his Inner Core.

Although his Inner Core was lined with tears, it was still intact at the very least.

However, how could he recover it?

Su Zimo had not cultivated to the realm of being able to absorb the essence of the world. If he wanted to continue with his demonic cultivation, he would have to use up a large amount of life force!

It could come from fresh meat, or rare treasures, or elixirs...

However, apart from him, the little fox, the little monk and his master and two ordinary vegetable patches, there was nothing else at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley!

Without replenishment, it would be difficult to circulate the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, let alone recover his Inner Core.

Although Su Zimo sank into his thoughts, his footsteps did not stop as he continued walking forward instinctively.

After they passed a bend, the little fox suddenly stopped in her tracks and bit Su Zimo's trunks, holding him back fervently.

Alarmed, Su Zimo snapped out of his thoughts.

Corpses were sprawled on the ground one after another before him.

Some of them laid horizontally, some of them sat on the ground while others were torn and distorted – they came in various shapes and positions.

The corpses strewn on the ground extended all the way to the edge of the valley with no end in sight.

Su Zimo realized that these corpses should have been buried here in the valley during that catastrophe 10,000 years ago.

Although 10,000 years had passed, those corpses were pristine and did not show any signs of decay!

In fact, Su Zimo caught sight of a perfect body among the corpses!

How frightening was that expert when he was alive?

These were people whose bodies have not decayed after 10,000 years!

Suddenly, Su Zimo sensed a scarlet glint shining from the corner of his eye and turned over to look instinctively.

"Hmm?"

His pupils constricted rapidly and his hairs stood on end!

A few drops of fresh blood were splattered on the walls around him.

Su Zimo merely took a single glance and felt a piercing pain surge through his eyes – his eyeballs felt like they were about to explode!

Which expert did that blood belong to for it to be this terrifying!

Even after 10,000 years, the splattered blood almost killed Su Zimo!

Right then, he felt an immense sense of danger jolt into his mind.

### **Chapter 582: Haunt**

A sinister wind gusted without any warning!

Ten feet away, phantoms appeared one after another, producing menacing faces that faded away as rapidly as they appeared!

Su Zimo felt his heart skip a beat as he suddenly recalled something.

The otherworldly soldiers formed in the Great Qian Ruins were merely troops of the Imperial Army buried in the past.

*Yet, what sort of people were buried in the Dragon Burial Valley?*

These were people whose bodies have not decayed after 10,000 years!

These were people whose splattered blood on the walls possessed immense might!

Those otherworldly soldiers formed by the Imperial Army were enough to fight against Golden Cores.

If so, how terrifying would the haunting vengeful spirits of the fallen experts here be?

“Hurry, let’s go!”

Su Zimo shouted softly and hugged the little fox, turning back the way he came from.

Thankfully, they were not far from the old temple. He could return to it within tens of breaths with a full burst of his body.

There was a bend up ahead.

Although Su Zimo had been distracted along the way, he could vaguely recall that this was the only bend he had turned.

In other words, he would be able to see the old temple once he turned around this bend.

However, after heading over, Su Zimo stopped in his tracks instinctively.

There wasn’t any old temple before him!

Instead, there were corpses that were mounted like a mountain!

Not far away, a goeey river of blood flowed, blocking the path forward with a nauseating stench of blood.

Frightening faces floated on the surface of the river with sinister smiles.

Su Zimo narrowed his eyes and focused his gaze.

The sight before him did not vanish still!

On the contrary, those corpses came alive one after another.

They struggled and stood up with rotting flesh hanging from their bodies. Slowly, swaying, they staggered towards Su Zimo with a disgusting stench!

Pairs of arms protruded one after another from the river of blood up ahead as well!

Many people drenched in blood crawled up the shores and grinned brightly with bloodshot eyes!

Su Zimo felt chills run down his spine and cold sweat poured down his forehead.

The little fox was even more rattled and burrowed herself into Su Zimo's embrace, chattering. She covered her eyes with her tiny paws and did not dare to stick her head out.

There were only two possibilities to what was before them.

First, it meant that the Sutra Chamber and little monk that he had seen earlier were all illusions and that there wasn't any old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley at all!

Second, he had not left where he was initially.

By right, he would have seen the unknown old temple once he turned around the bend.

But now, Su Zimo had been sprinting the entire way and hadn't rested at all. He clearly felt that he had turned the bend and yet, instead of any trace of the old temple, he was met with this mountain of corpses and river of blood that had a torrential malevolent aura!

Both possibilities did not seem optimistic for him.

The first possibility meant that there was an extremely terrifying existence here that could bewitch his five senses and conjure illusions before him!

The Sutra Chamber, the old temple and the little monk were all fake!

The Dragon Burial Valley was formed 10,000 years ago, how could there be an old temple at the bottom of it?

The only thing that Su Zimo believed in were the eyes of the little monk that were clear as water.

Those eyes could not be fake at all!

The second possibility was that Su Zimo encountered what was known in the mortal realm as a ghost wall.

He felt that he had been sprinting forward endlessly without any rest at all.

In reality, he had not left the place at all.

There were malevolent ghosts that blinded his five senses with the use of supreme Dharmic powers, causing him to run in circles after losing his sense of direction.

All of a sudden!

Su Zimo felt that something breathed down the back of his neck!

Psst!

Instantly, his hair stood on end!

Without even thinking, his eyes shone fiercely as he slapped in reverse!

Piak!

His fist flew through the air with a crisp sound.

There was nobody behind him.

Su Zimo took a deep breath of air. Just as he was about to turn around, he discovered that there was a woman with disheveled hair standing not far away, wearing a white blouse with bloodstains on it.

The woman's back was facing him and her face could not be seen as she stood there motionlessly.

Any existence at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley was definitely way more terrifying than those in the Great Qian Ruins!

The otherworldly soldiers in the ruins were incorporeal.

Su Zimo did not know how frightening this woman was in her past life or how much vengeance she held, but her malevolent qi had materialized into actual flesh!

Even if Su Zimo was at his peak condition, it would be hard for him to escape death if he encountered these existences, let alone the fact that his cultivation was crippled now!

He did not dare to act recklessly and glared at the white-bloused woman with a tense expression.

All of a sudden!

The white-bloused woman moved.

Everything beneath her head did not move at all.

However, her head twisted to the back sinisterly and faced Su Zimo directly!

Her mouth, nose and ears were filled with blood and she had no eyeballs, merely a pair of bloody, empty sockets.

The woman smiled creepily and her grisly red long tongue extended like a serpent!

The little fox had just poked its head out to look through the gaps in her paws when she caught sight of that.

“Ah!”

She exclaimed and fainted from the shock.

It wasn't surprising – even Su Zimo who had tons of experience of the world felt chills run down his spine and his limbs turn wobbly!

The white-bloused woman moved and with a sinister gust of wind, lunged forward.

Su Zimo extended his right hand hurriedly to defend.

There was no way he could threaten the white-bloused woman with his power.

The divine phoenix bone might be the only thing that could work!

Swoosh!

Suddenly, the white-bloused woman stopped in her tracks and looked down somewhat warily at Su Zimo's right hand with her empty, bloody sockets.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

She snickered sinisterly and in a flash, vanished right before Su Zimo's eyes!

Su Zimo was alarmed and checked his surroundings hurriedly.

There were no traces of the white-bloused woman around him at all, as though everything that happened earlier on was his hallucination!

Su Zimo knew that the difference between them was way too great!

Although that white-bloused woman was created from malevolent qi, her strength was most likely not weaker than Void Reversions with boundless Dharmic powers.

In fact, she might even be comparable to Dharma Characteristics!

Up ahead, the bloody corpses with rotten flesh crawled out from the blood river one after another and closed in rapidly.

A bloodied figure suddenly lunged over with a menacing face, opening its mouth to try and bite Su Zimo's neck!

Su Zimo twisted his right hand and used it like a dagger, thrusting it into the bloodied figure!

Shing!

A blaze surged!

Without making a single sound, the bloodied figure was engulfed in a set of bright flames!

The other corpses and bloodied figures hurriedly stopped in their tracks.

They were malevolent entities and the things they feared most were lightning and flames.

Naturally, they could sense the terrifying power that was hidden in the divine phoenix bone!

Even so, the corpses and bloodied figures refused to leave, merely standing not far away to watch Su Zimo with stoned gazes and stick saliva dripping slowly from their mouths.

At that moment, a white figure appeared silently behind Su Zimo and gradually materialized.

It was the white-bloused woman who had gone missing earlier on!

The white-bloused woman licked her lips and a scarlet glint appeared in her hollow sockets. She extended her skeleton palm that shone coldly on its fingertips slowly towards the top of Su Zimo's head...



## Chapter 583: Sutra

All of a sudden!

The sound of Sanskrit reverberated through the valley, possessing a mysterious noble might that was shuddering!

“Om... Ma... Ni... Pa... Mi... Hom!”

Every single Sanskrit word that was spoken caused a tremendous vibration to reverberate through the voids.

The corpses and bloodied figures that were initially in front of Su Zimo vanished entirely.

There was no mountain or corpses nor was there any river of blood.

Everything was just an illusion!

The only thing that was real was the creepy white skeleton palm hovering above Su Zimo’s head!

Not far away, a little monk strode over slowly. Although he was at a young age, he was dignified in his Dharmic ways as he stared behind Su Zimo with two divine lights beaming from his eyes!

He held a string of Buddha Beads in his right hand and chanted Sanskrit endlessly.

There was a lotus seat on his left palm that emanated with a mysterious glow.

As the little monk walked over, the illusions that were initially in Su Zimo’s line of dispersed and the meandering ravine reappeared.

He was standing at the bend in the valley and the battered old temple was not far away!

When the white-bloused woman caught sight of the little monk, her expression suddenly turned uneasy.

The bloody sockets on her face stared at the lotus seat on the little monk’s hand hesitantly, seemingly cautious.

“Evil being, what are you waiting for? Leave!”

The little monk hollered lightly with a stern expression.

He raised his left hand and pushed the lotus seat gently in the direction of the white-bloused woman.

The lotus seat floated over through the air.

One after another, pure white lotus petals opened up from inside out, layer by layer.

As the lotus blossomed, the lotus seat let out an extremely terrifying aura!

“Ah!”

The white-bloused woman shrieked and turned into smoke, escaping far away and vanishing in the blink of an eye.

The little monk hurried forward and put away the lotus seat before tugging Su Zimo's sleeves, whispering, "Patron, hurry, let's go!"

As he said that, the little monk turned and sprinted back towards the old temple.

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat and followed him.

Thankfully, they were not too far away from the old temple and the both of them returned to it within tens of breaths.

The little monk only heaved a sigh of relief after turning around to close the main doors.

"Thank you for your lifesaving grace, fellow Daoist," Su Zimo bowed and expressed his thanks.

The little monk waved it off, smiling. "No matter, patron. It's only right of me."

"What is your name, fellow Daoist?" Su Zimo asked.

The little monk replied, "I'm Ming Zhen."

"Ming Zhen, Ming Zhen..."

Su Zimo muttered twice softly.

Purity, honesty and sincerity.

Those were the impressions that the little monk gave Su Zimo.

Everything was truly embodied by the 'Zhen[1]' character in his name.

"The evil entities outside are extremely vicious and possess supreme Dharmic powers. I'm not their match either,"

Ming Zhen explained, "The malevolent ghost earlier only turned to flee because she was wary about this lotus seat, thinking that my master had appeared. If we had waited for her to realize what was happening, we would have been doomed."

Feeling somewhat guilty, Su Zimo said, "I was careless just now and nearly implicated you."

Eight years worth of cultivation was destroyed overnight and he had turned into a mortal from the number one monster incarnate of history. Anyone else would also have a hard time accepting such a defeat and downfall.

Earlier on, when he left the old temple, part of it was out of curiosity to check out what was outside.

Another part of it was truly because he was brooding internally.

He had truly suffered immensely mentally!

Ming Zhen seemed to be able to sense the troubles Su Zimo was facing. "Actually, there won't be any danger as long as you don't head out of this place. Although this courtyard is not large, you can move around freely within it, patron. The sutras in the Sutra Chamber are also free for you to read."

“At that time, we might be able to share our understanding and explore the depths of Buddhism together.”

Pausing for a moment, as though he recalled something, Ming Zhen reminded hurriedly, “Right, also, don’t ever head to the backyard of the grand hall!”

After saying that, Ming Zhen shirked his neck with a frightened expression, as though he had just thought of something terrifying.

Su Zimo was greatly curious.

Against that menacing malevolent ghost with torrential Dharmic powers earlier on, Ming Zhen was stern without any fear.

*Yet, why was he revealing such an expression at the mention of the backyard?*

*Just what was in the backyard that caused Ming Zhen such cautiousness?*

Furthermore, Su Zimo noticed something.

Earlier on when he wanted to head out, Ming Zhen merely reminded him that it was dangerous outside and he should not head far away.

But now, Ming Zhen was warning Su Zimo with extreme conviction not to head to the backyard of the grand hall!

Su Zimo nodded.

He truly did not wish to give Ming Zhen any troubles.

After Ming Zhen gave the reminder, he returned to his praying mat and took out the thick ancient book from before, flipping it open carefully to continue reading.

The little fox gradually stirred awake during this period of time.

However, due to the shock that she received, she insisted on staying in Su Zimo’s embrace and refused to go anywhere.

After taking a look, Ming Zhen seemed to recall something and handed Su Zimo the ancient book in his hands with sincerity. “Patron, if you don’t know what sutra to start with, how about this? You will definitely benefit immensely.”

“This sutra possesses the secrets of the universe and you will gain a different realization with every new reading of it. It’s truly amazing.”

Su Zimo laughed bitterly internally.

Right now, he did not have any mood at all.

Even if his cultivation was still present, he wouldn’t be able to endure sitting through to comprehend these difficult sutras.

Su Zimo declined. "My injuries have not healed yet so I can't exhaust myself mentally. You can read them first."

Ming Zhen did not believe it entirely and asked somewhat confusedly, "Reading sutras, prostrating yourself to Buddha and comprehending the Dao is the most enjoyable thing in the world. How would it be exhausting mentally?"

Shaking his head, Ming Zhen did not seem to understand Su Zimo's words.

When he saw Ming Zhen's passion, Su Zimo felt embarrassed and asked, "What's the name of that ancient book? I'll go take a look at it after you're done reading it."

Of course, he had only mentioned that casually and wasn't truly curious about it.

"Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra"

"Oh,"

Su Zimo replied distractedly. The moment he turned around, his expression changed!

"Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra?"

He looked at Ming Zhen with disbelief and asked again.

"That's right."

Ming Zhen nodded in a natural manner.

Su Zimo's mouth dropped agape and he froze for a moment before revealing a bitter smile.

The Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was known as the number one secret skill for the Golden Core.

In that alarming catastrophe 10,000 years ago, Fahua Monastery was destroyed and the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was lost at that time.

After all this time, nobody discovered any trace of the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra.

Therefore, a saying began to spread through the cultivation world.

Everyone claimed that the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was buried within the Great Qian Ruins.

Su Zimo's trip towards the Great Qian Ruins this time round was not entirely due to the Vermilion Fruit. A great part of the reason was because he wanted to find the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra!

Unfortunately, fate loved to tease.

Now that he was truly able to see the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra, he was already unable to cultivate.

The legends were right – the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was truly buried within the Great Qian Ruins.

However, who would have thought that this was buried at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley!

Su Zimo finally realized why there was such an old, ancient and battered temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

There was a high probability that this temple was built by a surviving monk of either Fahua or Daming Monastery in the past!

*However, what was the purpose of building a temple as such at the bottom of the valley?*

[1] As a single character, it means real. The meanings above have Zhen in their words

### **Chapter 584: To Become The Greatest**

The Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra, something that could create endless waves of bloodshed in the cultivation world, was now in the hands of an unknown little monk.

There was no fighting or bloodshed here.

In fact, the little monk even chose to share it from his own accord.

This was honestly quite an irony.

What was even more ironic was that now that Su Zimo had finally caught sight of the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra, he had already lost his ability to cultivate.

Although the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was a supreme secret classic of the Buddhist sects, it could not help someone with a shattered dantian and lost cultivation recultivate again.

Dao Being Xuan Yu was way too ruthless!

He had severed all of Su Zimo's hopes with a single punch and kick!

Gripping his fists tightly, Su Zimo reared his head slightly with an unyielding look in his eyes.

*Nobody can make me stop in my tracks!*

*Nobody can stop my path forward!*

Even with such a blow, Su Zimo had no intention of giving up.

*He was not going to bow down to fate!*

Someone had once altered his fate for him painstakingly.

If he admitted defeat at this moment, it would be equivalent to letting that person down!

Su Zimo assumed a lotus position and started feeling for spirit qi around him, gathering them bit by bit towards his dantian.

After entering his body and dantian, spirit qi dispersed immediately without lingering.

Right now, his dantian was like a bottomless black hole, devouring everything.

Su Zimo did not give up at all.

He continued gathering and condensing qi while watching it dissipate right before his very eyes.

The cycle continued.

A month passed.

Two months passed.

In the blink of an eye, six months passed.

Su Zimo's injuries had long healed completely. However, his body's condition had not taken a turn for the better.

Isolated from the outside world, there was no flesh with lifeforce or universal treasures here.

If they were hungry, these two men and one fox would get some vegetables and fruits from the plantation.

If they were thirsty, they would drink water from deep underground with a well.

For cultivators, this was nothing much.

Cultivators cultivated by absorbing spirit qi around them to raise their cultivation realms.

However, demonic cultivation required a large amount of lifeforce!

For the past year, Su Zimo's Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness seemed to have stagnated and his Inner Core was still webbed with tears without any signs of recovering.

In terms of immortality cultivation, the qi that he had condensed for the past half a year had not triggered any reaction from his dantian.

His dantian was still empty and hollow.

Of course, Su Zimo's half a year had not gone to waste entirely either.

There were many secret classics of the Buddhist sects littered across the Sutra Chamber.

To his surprise, he realized that he could actually understand these initially dry and incomprehensible sutras!

It was as though he had been enlightened.

Time was fleeting and in the blink of an eye, another six months passed.

Su Zimo had already been at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for almost a year now.

His Inner Core had not shown any signs of recovery in this one year.

The dantian in his abdomen was also like a swamp of still water, dead without any fluctuations to it.

Su Zimo's gaze was no longer as resolute and unshakable as before.

*Was he going to continue to cultivate like this foolishly?*

*When would a miracle finally happen?*

After mulling in the courtyard, Su Zimo made a decision and opened up his storage, retrieving the 10,000 Year Vermilion Fruit from it.

The Vermilion Fruit was bright red and shiny, emitting a burning energy.

The 10,000 Year Vermilion Fruit had absorbed way too much blood from too many people!

It wasn't just the younger generation of the North Region – there were even hundreds of Nascent Souls that died!

Taking a deep breath of air, Su Zimo devoured the Vermilion Fruit in a single mouthful and assumed a lotus position, experiencing the changes in his body.

The Vermilion Fruit contained a tremendous amount of lifeforce.

The lifeforce turned into a violent cyclone that rippled through his entire body, cruising through his bloodline, flesh, bones, tendons and organs!

Su Zimo composed himself, directing the rampant cyclone towards his dantian.

Normally speaking, the power of a Vermilion Fruit was enough to help a Golden Core advance a single minor realm!

In other words, if it was a late-stage Golden Core that devoured the Vermilion Fruit, he would be able to get to perfected Golden Core realm right away and would only be a half-step away from the Nascent Soul realm!

Su Zimo did not dream that he would be able to recover his cultivation.

He merely hoped that he could retain some spirit qi in his dantian, even if he had to return back to Level 1 Qi Condensation.

Unfortunately, after that rampant cyclone of energy entered his dantian, it did not create much impact and was wiped away cleanly by the black hole dantian without any trace at all!

Su Zimo opened his eyes, looking a little lost and desolate.

For the past year, he had experienced countless defeats but the thought of giving up had never crossed his mind.

And yet, right now, his determination sank and his conviction wavered.

Sensing Su Zimo's disappointment, the little fox had a worried expression and rubbed her cheeks against Su Zimo's arm to console him.

"Little thing, I'm sorry. I've implicated you,"

Su Zimo stroked the little fox's spine and smiled in irony. "Initially, I wanted to take you away and leave that desolate underground cave. To think that we would end up in another cave of sorts."

"Heeya! Heeya!"

Although the little fox could not speak in human tongue, she waved her pair of paws and breathed in before gesturing above her head.

Su Zimo understood.

The little fox was saying that it was great here – the skies were vast and she could breathe fresh air daily.

Thereafter, the little fox pointed to herself before pointing to Su Zimo. Her watery huge eyes blinked and she flushed in an extremely charming manner.

Su Zimo's head was lowered and he did not catch sight of it, merely smiling in a dazed manner.

He had suddenly realized that there was a high chance he would be trapped at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for his entire life, aging and waiting for his lifespan to wear out.

There was no need to think about revenge.

Less than that, there was no need to think about pursuing Die Yue.

At that moment, the Sanskrit reverberated through the old temple.

“Everything is Dharmic and illusory; like lightning, life is merely fleeting.”

The Sanskrit sounded like heavenly flutes, reaching the depths of one's soul. Compared to the little monk's Sanskrit, it was even more moving and possessed a Dharmic power of tranquility!

Instantly, Su Zimo's worries lessened considerably.

He turned towards the voice.

Within the old temple, the wooden doors of the grand hall creaked open.

The light inside was dim and a vague figure of a monk could be seen from the haziness. His beard was white and he was extremely skinny, sitting on the floor.

The little monk's master had finally exited his seclusion!

Taking a deep breath of air, Su Zimo bowed deeply and said in a deep voice, “Greetings, reverend.”

“Patron, you are troubled in your mind?” The old monk had a warm and compassionate voice.

Pursing his lips, Su Zimo asked, “Reverend, may I ask if there's any hope of recovery with my destroyed dantian and ruined Golden Core?”

“I don't know.”

There was a long silence in the grand hall before those three words were uttered.

The old monk's voice continued, “Throughout history, there had never been anyone who could continue cultivating with a destroyed dantian.”

When he heard that, Su Zimo smiled bitterly.

*Was he still going to lose to fate at the end of the day?*

Suddenly, the old monk steered the conversation in another direction. “However, nothing is absolute. You might be able to tide through this tribulation, patron.”

“Hmm?”



Su Zimo's expression changed – the old monk seemed to be implying something.

The old monk said, "If you enter the grand hall, you might be able to find some answers, patron."

Su Zimo raised his brow. Although he was puzzled, he still stepped foot into the grand hall.

Candles lit up one after another on both sides of the grand hall.

Su Zimo peered over the old monk and his gaze landed on the walls on the opposite end of the grand hall.

Shuddering, his eyes lit up with a sparkle that was brighter than stars!

There was a saying on the wall.

"To become one of the greatest, you have to work on the foundation and be willing to take hardship and serve others!"

### **Chapter 585: Second Utmost Treasure**

The sentence was etched clearly into the walls, curved with a majestic aura!

One could instantly feel the arrival of an impressive and superior aura just by glancing at those words, sending shivers down their spines!

Su Zimo smiled.

Instantly, it seemed as though a peerlessly beautiful woman with an indifferent expression had appeared before him. Dressed in a blood-red long dress, she stood there looking at him silently.

The sight of those words was akin to look at her.

There was only a single person who could have written those bold words!

Su Zimo remembered every single word that Die Yue said to him eight years ago before she left.

"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!'"

Right now, that statement was etched right before Su Zimo's eyes!

The moment he saw those words, he felt an irresistible sense of nostalgia surging within him.

Unknowingly, eight years had already passed.

Back in Ping Yang Town, Die Yue subjected him to endless training and there were even times when his life was hanging on a thread.

However, Die Yue had never let him go through any grievances!

When he was nearly killed by those Purple-winged Eagles in the Cang Lang Mountain Range, Die Yue killed every single last one of them!

When Joyful Sect cultivators hunted him relentlessly with their advantage in numbers and cultivation realm, Die Yue annihilated Joyful Sect!

Given Die Yue's character, if she knew that Glass Palace sent a Void Reversion to kill Su Zimo, it would be normal for her to hunt down Glass Palace singlehandedly!

The little fox tilted her head at the sight with a lost expression.

For the past year, this was the first time that she had seen such a smile on Su Zimo's face.

He was as joyful as a child.

The old monk's expression did not change, but there was a sliver of light in those hazy eyes of his.

Before Su Zimo entered the grand hall, he was initially despondent without any hope for the future.

However, the moment he caught sight of those words, his listlessness vanished and he was reinvigorated with a charged aura!

It was as though he wanted to trample the entire world beneath his feet!

The old monk was secretly impressed.

Normally speaking, if it was any other cultivator, they wouldn't be able to endure the blow of having their cultivation realm completely destroyed and the great fall from grace.

Furthermore, the future was bleak without any hope in sight.

Initially, cracks had already appeared on Su Zimo's Dao Heart with signs of deterioration.

To think that those words would be able to secure his conviction once more!

The old monk had lived for a long time and could naturally tell that given this turmoil, there would be nothing that could shake Su Zimo's Dao Heart in the future!

Cling! Clang!

Suddenly, the dull sound of chains rattling could be heard in the backyard of the grand hall!

The ground shook, as though a malevolent ghost was trying to break free; even the grand hall was starting to shroud with a faint malevolent qi!

Ming Zhen was standing outside the grand hall. When he heard the chains rattling, he could not help but shudder and glance at the backyard with a sense of trepidation.

The little fox winced and sniffed with an uneasy expression.

She caught a whiff of an extremely terrifying aura in the air!

It was as though the owner of the aura could rip her into pieces at any moment!

It was a deep, indescribable fear that came from the depths of her soul and bloodline.

The old monk was the only one who was expressionless, as though he hadn't heard the chains at all.

After the chains rattled for a while, it went silent once more.

Gradually, Su Zimo stirred awake from his memories as well.

It was less than eight minutes since he stepped foot into the grand hall.

However, his heart experienced a rebirth and he had transformed right from the core!

Although there was no effect on his cultivation, Su Zimo believed that nothing and nobody in this world could block his path forward!

Dao Being Xuan Yu crushed his cores.

He would then create a new path for himself!

After gazing at the words on the wall for a long time, Su Zimo said softly, "She was here."

"Yes."

The old monk nodded.

Even though he did not clarify who she was, Su Zimo believed that the old monk definitely knew.

That was because anyone who had seen her — even once — would never forget her ever again!

The old monk looked a little conflicted as he sighed. "Around eight years ago, this female patron came over and retrieved something."

"Before she left, she left that saying from the old Huayan Sutra of the Buddhist sects."

"I did not understand what she was doing and could not help but asked. She merely replied asking me to wait for a fated person to appear before flying away without appearing ever again."

Su Zimo smiled.

He could already imagine the cold and aloof expression of Die Yue with just a simple description from the old monk.

That was indeed Die Yue.

She did not care for further explanations at all.

The old monk continued, "For the past eight years, I did not know who the fated person would be. It was until the moment when I saw you that I understood."

"Me?"

Su Zimo was momentarily stunned.

Naturally, he knew that the sentence was left for him by Die Yue.

However, how did the old monk tell that he was related to Die Yue prior to this?

As though he could sense Su Zimo's doubts, the old monk smiled gently and explained, "That's because, you hold within your body what the female patron took away from this place."

"Therefore, you are the fated person, patron."

It was only at that moment that Su Zimo realized he had neglected something.

The old monk said that Die Yue had taken away something from this place.

What was it that could have made Die Yue make the long trip over to the Dragon Burial Valley personally just to put it within his body?

A thought flashed through Su Zimo's mind.

Back in the ancient battlefield, when the mysterious old man in the Human Emperor's Palace mentioned about the spirit root, he mentioned that there were only a few utmost treasures in Tianhuang Mainland and Su Zimo had two of them in his body!

One of them was confirmed to be the divine phoenix bone.

Could the other utmost treasure be what Die Yue took away from this place?

If that was truly the case, the old monk's remark might have been euphemistic.

Rather than take away that utmost treasure, Die Yue must have snatched it away by force!

"That female patron's methods are... divinely. I do admit that I can't be compared to her."

The old monk's statement reaffirmed Su Zimo's guess.

He could almost imagine the way Die Yue arrived in the Dragon Burial Valley eight years ago to take away the utmost treasure without a single word after overwhelming the old monk. Thereafter, she even left that statement on the wall before turning to leave...

That was indeed Die Yue's style.

Overwhelming and domineering without the need to explain anything!

Somewhat guiltily, Su Zimo glanced at the old monk.

In the past, Die Yue suppressed him and snatched away the utmost treasure. Now that Su Zimo was in this state, notwithstanding the fact of whether or not the old monk would take revenge...

At the very least, he would want to take back the utmost treasure!

"Don't worry, patron,"

The old monk smiled gently. "Since that thing is now in your body, it means that you have an affinity with it. I'm not going to take it away."

Su Zimo heaved out a sigh of relief.

At the same time, curiosity filled him.

This old monk... seemed to be able to read his thoughts!

Right from the beginning, he had barely spoken and yet, the old monk was able to reply to every single one of his thoughts!

Those means were truly incredible!

### **Chapter 586: Secret of the Spirit Root**

Suddenly, Su Zimo recalled that a couple of months ago, he read an ancient book in the Sutra Chamber.

Within it was the record of a mystical ability known as Heart Peering!

It was said that anyone who manages to cultivate Heart Peering would be able to sense the thoughts of people nearby without the need for communication or interaction – it was extremely mysterious.

At its peak, a single thought would be enough to read the minds of all beings in the universe and it was extremely frightening!

The old monk's cultivation was unfathomable and Su Zimo guessed that he was at least a Dharma Characteristic Dao Lord.

Perhaps... he was even more frightening than that!

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo asked, "Reverend, what is the utmost treasure? Earlier on, you said that it is in my body. Yet, why can't I sense it?"

The old monk's gaze was wise as he said slowly, "In Buddhism, there are three great sacred trees, the Bodhi, Ashoka and Sal tree. These three sacred trees are not found in this current world. Rather, they grow in the Pure Land."

"Pure Land?"

Su Zimo was confused.

The old monk did not explain and merely smiled before continuing.

"The Ashoka tree bears the Saraca Flower. In the ancient era, a Saraca Flower fell onto Tianhuang Mainland and was obtained by the Founder Master of Fahua Monastery, taken in as a sacred object of the Buddhist sects. It was passed down from that time all the way till the female patron took it away."

The old monk indirectly revealed another piece of information through his words – this old temple was related to Fahua Monastery from 10,000 years ago!"

"Saraca Flower?"

Su Zimo recalled deeply but could not find any connection to a flower related object given to him by Die Yue.

The old monk said, "Patron, you are someone without a spirit root."

"Yes."

Su Zimo nodded frankly.

It was true that he was born without a spirit root and had only stepped foot onto the path of cultivation after meeting Die Yue.

Before she left, while he was unconscious, she even helped him plant a spirit root that was not weaker than a heaven spirit root!

As though he could read Su Zimo's mind, the old monk shook his head. "The spirit root is an illusory object that someone is born with. If you have it, you have it. If you don't, you don't. There's no saying of a planted spirit root."

Su Zimo furrowed his brows slightly.

He did not understand what the old monk meant by that.

Since it wasn't possible for one to plant spirit roots, what about his spirit root?

How did he manage to go through with immortality cultivation without a spirit root?

Suddenly...

A few scenes flashed through Su Zimo's mind vaguely.

It was true that his 'spirit root' was unlike those around him!

It was most obvious from his cultivation speed!

His Qi Condensation speed had even surpassed cultivators with heaven spirit roots!

Furthermore, the quality of his spirit qi was extremely pure and was even stronger than cultivators of the same level with heaven spirit roots!

There was another beguiling thing.

Back when he joined Ethereal Peak and passed through the spirit testing gate, he clearly felt a strong resistance from the gate!

The spirit testing gate would only block cultivators without spirit roots or with pseudo or ordinary spirit roots.

At that time, Su Zimo was indignant and pushed through the barrier of the stone gate with brute force.

Thereafter, the spirit testing gate was shattered!

Could it be...

A frightening thought flashed through Su Zimo's mind.

The old monk nodded. "Patron, actually, right from the beginning, you've never had a spirit root!"

Su Zimo was shocked.

The old monk continued, "The female patron took away the Saraca Flower and sealed this utmost treasure of the Buddhist sects in your dantian, replacing the function of a spirit root."

Su Zimo's mouth opened slightly.

It felt as though there was suddenly an explanation to some of the doubts he had previously.

It was no wonder why Die Yue had a slightly odd expression when she said that she had planted a spirit root for him.

Furthermore, based on what she said at that time, it now looked like she was implying something.

Die Yue said that she implanted a spirit root that wouldn't be inferior to a heaven spirit root for him instead of saying directly that she implanted a heaven spirit root for him.

The old monk remarked, "The reason why you're able to sense spirit qi and gather them to cultivate isn't because you've got a spirit root. It's because there's an utmost treasure of the Buddhist sects that comes from the Pure Land in your dantian!"

The information truly had an enormous impact on Su Zimo.

He was a little confused and asked with a frown, "Why does the spirit qi I gather carry the fire attribute?"

"That's because the Saraca Flower is also known as the Flaming Flower. When it blooms, it resembles a flame and is extremely sensitive towards the spirit qi of fire attribute in the surroundings!"

Everything that did not make sense made sense at the moment.

With the two utmost treasures of the divine phoenix bone and the Saraca Flower, coupled with his sensitivity towards flames, it was only logical that Su Zimo would have a frightening cultivation speed.

Spirit qi would also be naturally purer after the refinement of two utmost treasures.

Although the spirit testing gate had been around for several thousand years, there was no way it could withstand the might of two utmost treasures!

The old monk smiled. "Patron, have you not discovered that in the past year, you are already able to understand some of the ancient sutras of the Buddhist sects as well as comprehend them?"

Su Zimo nodded.

He had tried his hands on Buddhist sutras before while he was studying in Ping Yang Town.

At that time, the Buddhist sutras were like scriptures of the heavens that he could not understand. In fact, he could not even take in a single word and merely felt his head spin.

In less than an hour, he had already cast all the sutras aside.

The baffling thing was that many years later, when Su Zimo picked up the Buddhist sutras once more in the Sutra Chamber at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley, he was now able to understand most of them!

The old monk's voice sounded once more, "Without a root of wisdom, one will never be able to understand the secrets of the Buddhist sutras, let alone cultivate and understand the Dao. In fact, they wouldn't even be able to continue reading. However, it's different for you..."

Gradually, a realization entered Su Zimo's mind.

The Saraca Flower was a sacred item of the Buddhist sects.

It existed within Su Zimo's dantian and had not only replaced the purpose of the spirit root, but also granted him wisdom that was comparable to the root of wisdom.

That was the gift left behind for him by Die Yue!

It was far from a simple spirit root.

Finally, Su Zimo understood the earnest intentions of Die Yue.

Be it the Saraca Flower or divine phoenix bone, they were both utmost treasures of Tianhuang Mainland!

Before she left, Die Yue said that she left three gifts for him. Right now, Su Zimo already knew two of them but he did not know what the last one was.

Su Zimo asked, "Where is that flower now?"

"It's still within your dantian. However, you have not cultivated to the realm of introspection and as such, you aren't able to see it yet," The old monk replied.

After pausing for a moment, he continued, "Earlier on, I said that there had never been anyone in history who could cultivate after their cultivation is crippled. That is indeed true. I don't know how I should resolve your plight as well."

"However, that female patron had gone through the painstaking effort of sealing the Saraca Flower in your dantian while leaving that statement here. I'm guessing... that there must be a deeper meaning to it."

Su Zimo nodded.

Actually, when he caught sight of the statement left behind by Die Yue, Su Zimo had already decided that he was going to cultivate peacefully at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley from here on.

"To become one of the greatest, you have to work on the foundation and be willing to take hardship and serve others!"

That was his tribulation.

He had to endure it!

There would definitely come a day when he would become the greatest and break through the horizons to the nine heavens, reappearing in the mortal realm to shock all living beings!

### **Chapter 587: Origin of the Buddha Bead**

The old monk pointed to the side and said, "In the Sutra Chamber, there are classics left behind from Fahua and Daming Monasteries. Look at them more and you might be able to gain something from them."

Su Zimo nodded.



Both Fahua and Daming Monastery were top factions that were comparable to the current super sects such as the nine immortal sects and seven fiend sects – it was obvious how deep their foundations ran.

Unfortunately, this derelict old temple that was isolated from the rest of the world was the only thing left of the two super sects after the catastrophe 10,000 years ago.

The entire cultivation world did not even know about the existence of this old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

Although the old monk merely mentioned it casually, Su Zimo knew clearly in his heart that there were many secret skills of Fahua and Daming Monastery in these ancient books!

For example, the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was thought by the outside world to be lost.

Who would have guessed that this sutra known as the number one secret skill for Golden Cores would be found at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley?

Who would have thought that it would be in the hands of a young monk and it could be read at any time?

It was not hard to imagine that the impact caused by the appearance of the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra would be much more terrifying than the Vermilion Fruit!

At that time, there would be a blood storm.

The paragons of the North Region wouldn't be the only ones involved.

Even all the paragons of the entire Tianhuang Mainland would be moved and driven crazy for it!

Furthermore, the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra was not the only one – there were many other sutras similar to it in the Sutra Chamber!

That seemingly battered library was in fact a gigantic treasure trove!

It was equivalent to the legacy of two super sects placed right before Su Zimo's eyes!

The only pity was that his cultivation was crippled and he had no way of gathering qi.

If he could condense qi, there would now be the legacy of the Buddhist sects in his body as well, on top of the legacy of the immortality and fiend Daos!

As Su Zimo pondered, the old monk seemed to have thought of something and his expression turned rueful.

He sighed, saying, "After the catastrophe back then, Fahua Monastery and Daming Monastery are no longer around and have been washed away by the sands of time. Everyone from the past is already gone and now... I'm the only one left."

The old monk's words carried a heart-wrenching loneliness to it.

Su Zimo could not help but ask, "Senior, are you and Fellow Daoist Ming Zhen the only ones in this old temple?"

After a moment of silence, the old monk nodded. "The two of us are the only ones here."

Cling! Clang!

The moment he said that, the sound of chains rattling sounded from the backyard once more. It was dull and forceful, as though something was struggling repeatedly!

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat.

The little fox was rattled and scurried along Su Zimo's arm into his embrace to hide within.

The old monk's expression was unchanged and there were no emotions in his weathered eyes, as though he could not hear the sound of chains in the backyard.

Su Zimo was gradually relieved when he saw how composed the old monk was.

However, he was truly curious as to what was behind the sound of chains coming from the backyard.

*Why would Ming Zhen want to avoid it so fearfully?*

The old monk interrupted Su Zimo's thoughts and suddenly asked, "I can sense an aura of the Buddhist sects circling around you that isn't from the Saraca Flower. Have you cultivated a technique of the Buddhist sects before?"

"Technique of the Buddhist sects? Could it be..."

Su Zimo froze momentarily before his eyes flashed with a glint of realization.

He gathered qi slowly and made use of the instance spirit qi entered his body to open up his storage bag, retrieving a Buddha Bead the size of a longan.

The Buddha Bead was extremely old and although it was made of wood, there were no signs of corrosion. The patterns that were etched on it were still extremely clear!

He had obtained that Buddha Bead accidentally when he was trapped with Demoness Ji in the stone coffin in the past.

Su Zimo said with a deep voice, "I've managed to cultivate an extremely strong spirit art known as the Fiend Suppression Seal thanks to this Buddha Bead!"

The Fiend Suppression Seal was the only thing he had cultivated that was from the Buddhist sects.

The moment he took out the Buddha Bead, Su Zimo finally understood something.

He understood why he was able to comprehend such a powerful Fiend Suppression Seal with just a single Buddha Bead.

It wasn't because he had a frightening potential – it was because the existence of the Saraca Flower, the sacred item of the Buddhist sects, allowed him to possess a pure root of wisdom of Buddhism!

"Hais."

The moment he caught sight of the Buddha Bead, the old monk sighed gently and he got slightly emotional.

It was clear that the old monk recognized the origin of the Buddha Bead.

He said, "Actually... the Fiend Suppression Seal is not a spirit art. It's a Dharmic art of Daming Monastery!"

Dharmic art!

Su Zimo knew that Dharmic arts could only be released by Nascent Souls who are able to make use of Dharmic powers after cultivating their Essence Spirits.

Since the Fiend Suppression Seal was a Dharmic art, how was he able to release it as a spirit art with the use of spirit energy?

"It's no wonder why the Saraca Flower is a sacred item of the Buddhist sects."

That statement from the old monk enlightened Su Zimo.

The Saraca Flower should be the only reason why he possessed such a mystifying might!

Su Zimo thought about what he experienced at that time and said, "This Buddha Bead was found in a stone coffin. In it, there was a skeleton that could resurrect and was extremely frightening. I only managed to escape by luck,"

Pondering for a moment, Su Zimo continued, "That skeleton seemed to be from the fiend sects."

"There's no mistake,"

The old monk replied, "The owner of that Buddha Bead is Monk Daming, the titular disciple of Daming Monastery and a supreme expert that was renowned back in the days!"

"Titular disciple?"

This was the second time Su Zimo had heard of that term.

The first titular disciple he knew was the Asura, Yan Beichen.

The second was this, Monk Daming.

The old monk explained, "There would always be titular disciples in the various super sects of Tianhuang Mainland. Furthermore, there's only one of them! All the titular disciples are the ones with the greatest potential among the paragons of the sect; the ones with the most stellar track records and the ones with the most frightening combat strength!"

"Titular disciples are not fixed by their cultivation realms but all of them possess countless trump cards and the most fundamental ability for them is to kill above their levels. Typically speaking, one only earns the right to become a titular disciple after advancing to the Void Reversion realm."

At that point, Su Zimo understood.

In other words, the titular disciples were the strongest among the paragons of the super sects!

The old monk continued, "Titular disciples are bestowed the Dao Titles unique to their sects by the Sect Masters. For example, the titular disciple of Fahua Monastery would gain the Dao Title of Fahua

whereas the titular disciple of Daming Monastery would gain the Dao Title of Daming. That helps with identification.”

“There is quite a gap between you and titular disciples. Remember, if you encounter the titular disciples of super sects from here on, you must always be careful not to engage them recklessly.”

Su Zimo nodded.

The old monk thought for a moment before saying, “Back then, Asura Sect produced a monster that created a Blood Refinement Fiend Sutra. Murder was his second nature and everywhere he passed, he would devour the fresh blood of all living beings cleanly!”

When he heard that, Su Zimo realized that there was a high chance the skeleton was the monster of Asura Sect in the past!

The old monk continued, “Monk Daming could not bear to see the masses in distress and headed out to suppress that fiend. The two of them fought three consecutive battles and although the monster of Asura Sect was disadvantaged, it was hard to tell who would come forth victorious.”

“At the fourth battle, victory was finally decided. It was said that the battle was so tremendous that the skies changed and the earth collapsed. Both parties fought with their full strengths!”

#### **Chapter 588: Daming True Sutra**

“What happened later on?”

Su Zimo asked instinctively.

The old monk shook his head. “Later on, there were various sayings and rumors. Some said that Monk Daming was severely injured after killing the monster of Asura Sect and died soon after as well; some said that both parties suffered immense losses and fought to the end, dying together...”

“All in all, the eventual outcome was that both of them went missing. Nobody knew if they were alive or dead but they had never appeared ever since.”

There was a hint of sadness in the old monk’s tone.

After receiving the Buddha Bead from Su Zimo, he rubbed it gently between his fingers.

“Hmm?”

A moment later, the old monk exclaimed softly, as though he discovered something.

“What’s wrong?”

Su Zimo asked hurriedly.

“Nothing much,”

The old monk shook his head. “Actually, this was a connate Dharmic weapon from Daming Monastery in the past, known as the Mingwang Prayer Beads and comprises of a set of six Buddha Beads.”

“The Mingwang Prayer Beads are made from immortal wood from Tianhuang Mainland and refined using the inner trunk of the Soul Nourishing Tree. There are six Dharmic seals of Daming Monastery etched on it. The Buddha Bead that you’ve obtained is one of them.”

“The Mingwang Prayer Beads were originally carried by Mingwang Prayer Beads. However, that battle back then was way too intense that the Mingwang Prayer Beads broke apart and all six of its Buddha Beads were scattered everywhere...”

At that point, the old monk extended his wrinkled finger and poked gently on his glabella.

His glabella shone with a spot of light.

Immediately after, the old monk’s glabella opened up and three Buddha Beads the size of longans shot out – they were identical to the one Su Zimo had!

However, upon closer inspection, it could be seen that the patterns etched on each Buddha Bead were different.

The old monk said, “After that battle, the monks of Daming Monastery searched for a long time and only managed to retrieve three Buddha Beads. Including the one you have, there are still two more that are lost in the world.”

“Daming Monastery has a supreme Dharmic technique known as the Daming True Sutra that is used to uphold the sect. The true sutra has two volumes. The first volume, the Daming Mantra, also known as the Six Worded Daming Mantra, is a sound Dharmic technique.”

When he heard that, Su Zimo could not help but recall the six strange sounding syllables that Ming Zhen chanted outside the old temple earlier on.

Those six syllables contained a mysterious might that was unfathomable!

The old monk’s voice sounded again. “The second volume is the Daming Dharmic Seal and there are six types, all of which are imprinted on the Mingwang Prayer Beads. The Fiend Suppression Seal that you’ve learned is one of them.”

“The Dharmic seals in the three Buddha Beads in my hands are the Demon Subduing Seal, Immortal Trap Seal and Immovable Foundation Seal.”

Su Zimo nodded silently.

Since the Fiend Suppression Seal was already so strong, needless to think, the power of the Demon Subduing Seal, Immovable Foundation Seal and Immortal Trap Seal would definitely not be inferior!

The old monk could not help but laugh when he read Su Zimo’s mind. “Actually, these four are the weakest among the six seals.”

“Ah?”

Su Zimo was stunned.

*These were the weakest ones?!*

The old monk nodded. "There's no need to discuss the Immovable Foundation Seal, it's a defensive Dharmic seal. From the names of the Fiend Suppression, Demon Subduing and Immortal Trap Seals, you can already tell that they are not lethal."

The words suppress, subdue and trap did not have any intention to kill!

Right from their creation, those three Dharmic seals contained the compassion of the Buddhist sects.

The old monk said, "Of the six Dharmic seals, the ones with the strongest might and can even be called killing Dharmic seals are the last two that are lost, the Great Vajra Wheel Seal and Great Mount Meru Seal!"

The moment the names of those two Dharmic seals were mentioned, there was a shuddering pressure!

"There are six syllables to the Daming Mantra and they correspond to the six Dharmic seals. By using the Daming Mantra while cultivating, you can gain a deeper comprehension of the seals and unleash their greatest potentials!"

"The method to cultivating the Daming Mantra is in the Sutra Chamber. You can take a look at it."

Su Zimo suddenly saw the light.

So, he had yet to unleash the true might of the Fiend Suppression Seal.

If he were to release it along with the Daming Mantra, it would have an even more terrifying might!

The two of them conversed side by side and unknowingly, the skies outside had already turned dark.

In between, the sound of chains rattling echoed from the backyard as well.

It went silent after it was ignored.

Right from the beginning, the old monk did not explain about it, as though he was already used to it.

The skies gradually turned darker.

Su Zimo's robes shifted slightly and the little fox who had been asleep for the entire day rubbed her drowsy eyes before popping her head out.

Her gaze was still a little dazed, not fully awake yet. Placing her tiny paws against Su Zimo's chest, she stared at the old monk before her squarely, blinking in a charming manner.

The old monk smiled.

The little fox gradually returned to her senses and hurriedly lowered her head, feeling embarrassed.

Looking at Su Zimo deeply, the old monk said, "That little fox... take good care of her. Don't let her suffer..."

"That's for sure."

Su Zimo replied.

Immediately after, he sensed that something was amiss.

The old monk seemed as though he wanted to continue speaking but stopped.

Just as Su Zimo was about to ask about it, the old monk changed the topic and asked, "Patron, are you willing to join our Buddhist sects?"

Su Zimo froze for a moment.

The old monk's question came extremely suddenly and he had not considered the option before.

The old monk continued, "Don't worry, patron, you won't be subjected to too many restrictions if you join the Buddhist sects. If you wish to leave, you can do so at any moment and I'll definitely not stop you either."

Although he had not cultivated Heart Peering before, Su Zimo suddenly understood what was on the old monk's mind after looking at the latter's hopeful gaze.

The old monk had been guarding this old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for a long time, protecting the 10,000 year old legacy of Fahua and Daming Monasteries – he was hoping to continue the lineage of the two great sects!

The old monk must have only made that request after sensing that his time was almost up.

"Alright!"

Su Zimo nodded and agreed readily.

The old monk nodded appreciatively. He held a shaving knife in his fingers and swiped it gently above Su Zimo's head.

It was accompanied by a cooling feeling.

Black hair fell to the ground.

The voice of the old monk sounded in Su Zimo's ears, "From this day forth, your name in the Buddhist sects will be Ming Xin."

In reality, Su Zimo could have continued reading the ancient sutras in the Sutra Chamber freely even if he hadn't agreed. However, he did not feel good about that.

Furthermore, he had now fallen to the depths of the Dragon Burial Valley with his cultivation crippled and he wanted to start afresh.

The shaving of his black hair symbolized a cut from his past – for the time being, he was going to forsake his identity as Su Zimo, forget about his glory in the past.

From this day forth, he was going to cultivate at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley wholeheartedly until he could rise once more!

The old monk retrieved an almost transparent thread from his storage bag and threaded the four Buddha Beads in his hands together into a set of prayer beads.

“Although two Buddha Beads are missing from these Mingwang Prayer Beads, they are still of use and can help you avoid detection from the Essence Spirits of Nascent Souls and Void Reversions. Take it as a welcome gift of your acceptance of me as your master.”

Su Zimo placed his palms together and bowed deeply.

This gift was way too precious!

Although there were two Buddha Beads missing, it was still a connate Dharmic weapon of the past!

Notwithstanding the power of the Mingwang Prayer Beads alone, even the four Dharmic seals were more than enough to drive countless cultivators crazy for them!

Furthermore, the fact that it was able to block away Essence Spirits meant that the secrets within Su Zimo’s body would not be discovered.

The previous situation of his true self being exposed by the Demon Revealing Mirror would never happen again!

For Su Zimo, this was an irreplaceable gift!

### **Chapter 589: Cemetery**

The night was hazy.

It was silent in the courtyard of the old temple.

Moonlight shimmered and a round moon was reflected on the water surface in the old well.

Not long later, the reflection of a monk appeared. He was not old – in his twenties – and had elegant features with eyes that were even clearer than the water surface.

Su Zimo gazed at his reflection in the water and smiled.

“Ming Xin[1], Ming Xin... does he want me to see my own heart clearly and identify my true nature?”

Su Zimo muttered softly.

At that moment, he did not know where the old monk had gone whereas Ming Zhen had already gone to sleep.

His ears were filled with the sounds of frogs croaking and crickets chirping. The little fox sprawled beside the well in a deep sleep and suddenly, Su Zimo noticed that his mind was in an incomparable state of tranquility.

His mind had received an unprecedented baptism in this bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley that was isolated from the rest of the world.

He had been fighting for the past eight years.

And now, he had finally come to a stop.

It was like a consolidation, a reversion to his natural state.



Gazing at the round moon above his head, Su Zimo could not help but recall that night eight years ago.

Die Yue wore a crimson long dress and stood under the falling cherry blossom petals. Basked in moonlight, she asked softly, “Do you want to cultivate?”

For the past eight years, Su Zimo had been cultivating the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness every night.

Now that his Inner Core was shattered and he did not have sufficient energy to provide it, his Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness cultivation had to stop for the time being. Su Zimo was truly not used to it.

He felt hollow internally.

Suddenly, he heard a mocking voice echo within his ears.

“Kid! Are you thinking of how to repair your Inner Core? Hehehe!”

Su Zimo was alarmed.

The voice came without any warning and was extremely foreign – it did not belong to the old monk or Ming Zhen!

Instinctively, Su Zimo looked towards the little fox at the side.

She was still deep in her sleep – clearly, she had not heard that voice!

He was the only one who heard that sudden voice!

With a grim expression, Su Zimo looked around, prepared to warn the old and little monk at any moment.

“Hehehe, don’t bother looking for me, kid! You can’t see me!”

The voice sounded once more erratically such that its direction could not be determined – it was as though it was hiding in a corner laughing at Su Zimo.

This time round, Su Zimo calmed down instead and sneered internally.

This person was playing games hiding in the dark – as long he ignored it, the other party would definitely lose his patience.

“Kid, I’ve got a way to help you repair your Inner Core. If you want to know about it, come to the backyard behind the grand hall!”

Indeed, the owner of the voice revealed his intentions.

“The backyard behind the grand hall?”

Su Zimo furrowed his brows slightly.

Prior to this, there would often be sounds of heavy chains rattling occasionally from the backyard, as though something was trapped there and was extremely frustrated.

“Strange,”

A skeptical look flashed through Su Zimo’s eyes as thought to himself, “Master said that he and Master were the only ones in this old temple. Then, this person in the backyard...”

Suddenly, Su Zimo’s expression changed and he thought of a possibility.

The existence in the backyard might not be human, but a malevolent ghost!

It would be similar to the white-bloused woman that he had encountered outside the old temple.

That was the reason why the old monk said that he and Ming Zhen were the only people in the old temple.

It was because the existence in the backyard was not human!

Ming Zhen was so frightened and the old monk was so cautious that he wouldn’t mention anything about this... it seemed like the malevolent ghost wasn’t weak!

“Do you want to repair your Inner Core or not! What are you dilly-dallying for? Hurry and come look for me in the backyard!” The voice of the malevolent ghost echoed again, seemingly impatient.

Su Zimo naturally wanted to repair his Inner Core.

However, he truly could not bring himself to trust a malevolent ghost.

Furthermore, Ming Zhen had instructed him previously not to head to the backyard behind the grand hall.

“Kid, you’re really timid as a mouse. Do I look like I can harm you?”

“Goodness, you’re pathetic compared to me at that age! Back then, I feared nothing in the world and nobody could stop me wherever I went!”

“Kid, are you coming or not!”

The malevolent ghost’s voice was growing weaker.

Su Zimo closed his eyes and rested; he did not make a move the entire time.

After a moment of silence, the malevolent ghost suddenly said, “Don’t you want to know what that crimson-robed woman did when she came here eight years ago? I witnessed everything personally, heh heh!”

Su Zimo was moved and opened his eyes.

The crimson-robed woman that the malevolent ghost was referring to was obviously Die Yue.

As though he sensed the change in Su Zimo’s emotions, the malevolent ghost remarked gleefully, “If you want to know, come to the backyard of the grand hall. I’ll be waiting there for you, hehehe!”

Su Zimo gripped his fists and took a deep breath. Eventually, he could not control himself and stood up, heading towards the back of the grand hall.

He did not want to miss out on any information regarding Die Yue.

Be it whether it was real or fake.

Turning around the old and majestic hall, Su Zimo arrived at the backyard and stopped in his tracks.

Instinctively, he looked over. His mouth could not help but fall agape as he revealed a deep look of shock in his eyes.

The backyard of the grand hall was an extremely massive cemetery that had no boundaries!

One after another, tall tombstones stood erected with clear carvings etched on them.

“Tomb of Fahua Monastery’s Dao Lord Tian Yi.”

“Tomb of Daming Monastery’s Dao Lord Fu Yan.”

“Tomb of Fahua Monastery’s Mighty Figure Yu Ze.”

“Tomb of Daming Monastery’s Mighty Figure Xu Yun.”

“Tomb of Supreme Commander of the Empire, Mighty Figure Han Fei!”

“...”

The tombstones were dense and packed above their respective graves.

There was a majestic melancholy to the cemetery.

Those that were buried here were Dharma Characteristic Dao Lords at the very least – Su Zimo had even witnessed quite a number of Conjoint Body Mighty Figures!

“Hmm?”

Su Zimo focused his gaze onto another tombstone.

“Tomb of Daming Monastery’s Patriarch Hong Guang!”

It was the tomb of a Mahayana Patriarch!

Mahayana Patriarchs were almost like the peak experts of Tianhuang Mainland.

To think that he would be buried in this cemetery as well.

As Su Zimo lamented, his gaze instinctively fell towards the center of the cemetery.

There was an unassuming grave in the center. If one did not pay attention, that would merely seem like a little bump in the mud.

However, that little mud bump seemed like it was looking down on the entire cemetery!

There were no other tombstones a hundred meters around the little mud bump!

Above the grave was a wooden tablet that was bent out of shape.

There were only two words written on that wooden tablet.

Dharma Emperor!

Those two words seemed like they possessed a mysterious power.

Su Zimo's expression changed starkly and he felt his chest go stuffy. In fact, he even retreated a couple of steps uncontrollably!

That was the tomb of an emperor!

A single phrase reverberated endlessly and intensified within Su Zimo's mind.

"The ravine's name is called the Dragon Burial Valley and the divine dragon was buried 10,000 years ago with the blood of old emperors and the death of patriarchs. It's an extremely unlucky place."

Everything was real!

The catastrophe 10,000 years ago was so intense that emperors died here!

Cling! Clang!

The dull sound of chains rattling echoed once more.

Behind the countless tombstones and graves, under the hazy moonlight, a mighty and tall figure stood from the ground slowly. He had a torrential aura and seemed like his head was about to pierce a hole in the firmaments above!

[1] Clear heart

### **Chapter 590: Red-headed Ghost**

It was a burly man with disheveled hair and clothes.

His hair was red, akin to blazing flames, and his features were coarse. He stared at Su Zimo with a bright gaze before smirking into a sinister smile.

The burly man's arms, legs, body and neck were bound by coils of rusty, thick metal chains!

When the burly man stood up, the chains rattled endlessly!

The scariest thing was that two of those chains pierced right through the burly man's collarbones!

The moonlight was frighteningly pale.

The ground was laid with graves and tombstones all around.

The fact that there was a burly man with such a malevolent qi standing in this cemetery further proved Su Zimo's initial guess!

This was an extremely frightening malevolent ghost!

The burly man sized up Su Zimo a couple of times with his gaze and the glint in his eyes intensified, as though he had discovered something interesting.

Finally, the burly man even walked forward while sniffing with a pleased expression before bursting into laughter eventually.

“Gagagaga!”

The laughter reverberated through the cemetery in an unsettling and shuddering manner!

Su Zimo could clearly see that the chains on the burly man were all nailed to the depths of the ground, trapping him in the center of the cemetery!

As long as the burly man moved, the chains on his body would tighten!

Su Zimo was relieved.

Although that malevolent ghost was scary, as long as it could not get close to him, it could not do anything.

“Kid, you’re honestly timid. What are you hiding so far away for!”

The burly man grinned. “Don’t worry and come over! I’m not going to eat you up!”

Su Zimo scoffed coldly.

He had roamed the cultivation world for eight years and had some experience in the world – the burly man’s clumsy provocations were truly way too obvious.

Su Zimo would truly be left with no choice if he walked over.

“Red-headed ghost, you can say what you want from over there. I can hear you.”

Su Zimo had a calm tone and a normal expression.

“Red-headed ghost?”

The burly man widened his eyes and his pitch changed. Instantly, he looked murderous!

“Kid, you’re calling me a red-headed ghost?”

The burly man glared sternly.

Su Zimo pouted fearlessly and sneered, “Stop acting tough over there. You can’t even move. Who are you trying to scare?”

“Hehehehe...!”

The burly man ground his teeth and snickered evilly.

Su Zimo asked, “Red-headed ghost, I don’t have the time to waste with you here. What do you know about that crimson-robed woman from eight years ago?”

At the mention of the crimson-robed woman, the burly man’s expression changed slightly and a hint of fear flashed through the depths of his eyes.

Immediately after, he revealed a gloating expression.

“Gagagaga!”

The burly man smirked and laughed. "That woman was incredible back then! A single meet up with her destroyed the silent and immovable meditations that I had painstakingly cultivated! Hahaha! I'm laughing to death!"

For the past year, Su Zimo had been reading sutras in the Sutra Chamber and had some understanding towards silent and immovable meditations.

In the Buddhist sects, some monks would cultivate various meditation techniques that were equivalent to secret skills to raise their cultivation realms.

The more stringent the requirement of the meditation technique, the greater the advancement in their powers!

For example, the silent meditation technique of the Buddhist sects was also known as keeping quiet or forbidden from talking.

Simply put, one must not speak.

The Buddhists deem that the reincarnation cycles of the masses are due to the karma accumulated by their bodies, mouths and intents.

The silent meditation technique was meant for them to reduce their karmas gained from speaking and improve their cultivation from that point on.

The immovable meditation technique did not refer to their physical movements, but their intents!

They must not have wild thoughts so as to reduce their intent karmas.

Both of those meditation techniques were extremely difficult to cultivate.

Su Zimo had not expected this old monk of the old temple would choose to cultivate both meditation techniques at the same time.

Less than that, he did not expect Die Yue to break both meditation techniques of the old monk directly.

The burly man continued, "When that woman arrived here back then, she barged into the majestic grand hall without a single word and took the sacred Saraca Flower of the Buddhist sects that was placed on display above before turning to leave."

"Heh, that old monk naturally refused to allow her to do so and tried to stop her. But in the end, he was sent flying with a single slap from the woman! Haha!"

At that point, the burly man seemed to recall the events of that day and could not help but roar in laughter, causing the chains on his body to rattle endlessly.

If not for the shackle of the chains, that burly man could even leap in joy.

Su Zimo was sweating just from hearing it.

Die Yue was truly way too savage...

The burly man continued, "That old man was struck silly by the slap and forgot about his seclusion cultivation for silent meditation. When he saw the woman about to leave, he crawled up from the ground and said, "Female patron, please hold on...". HAHAHA!"

Su Zimo looked somewhat embarrassed.

He wanted to laugh as well.

However, he was now part of the Buddhist sects and the old monk was considered as his master.

He could not laugh.

Therefore, he could only stand on the spot and hold himself back with tightly pursed lips. He clearly had a hard time holding back as his face flushed a shade of tomato-red.

The burly man was truly unstoppable when he spoke about everything that happened eight years ago, rambling on continuously.

Su Zimo listened quietly at the side.

It was as though he could see everything that was described happening right before his eyes.

As he spoke, the burly man suddenly lamented and sighed. "It's all thanks to that woman, otherwise, I..."

Suddenly, he stopped speaking entirely.

Su Zimo frowned.

The burly man was clearly hiding something instead of continuing.

Just as Su Zimo was going to ask about it, the burly man changed the topic and spoke about how majestic and powerful he was in the past, overwhelming everything in his way!

The burly man took a full hour just to talk about his first battle after stepping foot into the outside world. He was so excited that his saliva flew everywhere and what's more... he wasn't even finished!

"To think that this red-headed ghost would be so talkative."

Su Zimo got increasingly impatient as he listened.

Apart from everything about Die Yue, he was no longer interested in everything that the burly man said later on.

Su Zimo could not help but interrupt, "Red-headed ghost, you mentioned previously that you have a way of helping me to repair my Inner Core?"

"That's right."

The burly man nodded before glaring at Su Zimo. "Don't interrupt me! Wait for me to be done talking! What's the hurry!"

"I'm not interested."

Su Zimo scoffed coldly before turning to leave.

Cling! Clang!

Suddenly, the sound of chains rattling echoed behind him.

This time round, they sounded somewhat strange.

Su Zimo turned around instinctively.

That single look almost scared the wits out of him!

The place where the burly man was initially chained at was now empty!

There were only a series of chains lying still on the ground!

“This...”

Su Zimo was completely stumped.

Suddenly, he felt a shadow flash above his head and the muscles on the back of his neck tightened – he was lifted up by a powerful and massive arm!

However, the scary thing was that he could not move at all!

Thereafter, the voice of the burly man sounded once more.

“Let me tell you, those chains are just for show. Do you really think that I can be restrained by a few rusty, metal chains?”

“Who do you think I was back in the past...?”

“I’ve waited for so long at the bottom of this valley. Now that someone is finally here to talk to me, where are you trying to go?”

“Initially, there was a little monk who was quite nice and came to accompany me often. Later on, I don’t know what happened but he never appeared again...”

Su Zimo felt like his head was about to explode with countless ants crawling all over it.

He finally understood why Ming Zhen was so frightened and instructed him not to come to the backyard of the grand hall.

At the same time, in the Sutra Chamber, Ming Zhen placed his palms together with a sympathetic expression and sighed. “Junior Brother Ming Xin, good luck...”

### **Chapter 591: A Bowl of Water**

Lifted by the burly man, Su Zimo was like a weak duckling and was completely helpless!

Although his cultivation was crippled, the power of his physique and bloodline was still present.

Yet, he was completely immobile after being grabbed at the back of his neck by the forceful fingers of the burly man and could only watch helplessly as he was brought to the depths of the cemetery!



“How could this be?”

“Those chains could not lock down this red-headed ghost at all?”

“Since the chains can’t hold him down, why is he still residing in this cemetery foolishly?”

“Does master know about this?”

“What’s his relationship with this red-headed ghost?”

Instantly, questions flooded Su Zimo’s mind and he was in a state of chaos.

Coupled with the incessant ramblings of the red-headed ghost about useless stuff, Su Zimo truly felt like his brains were going to explode!

Bang!

Su Zimo was tossed to the ground. Just as he was about to rise, the sound of chains rattling echoed and he found himself restrained by a thick chain.

Boom!

He circulated the power of his bloodline and struggled with all his might!

Nothing happened!

Although the chain looked rusted, it was extremely resolute and impossible to break free from.

His power of bloodline was like a rock sinking into the ocean – it had no effect on the chain at all!

Su Zimo’s eyes flashed with a cold glint and his body crackled. His bones and tendons sounded together and his entire body shrank!

Tendons Transformation!

Since he could not win with brute force head-on, Su Zimo changed his mentality and intended to escape by shrinking his body.

God knows what the burly man wanted to do capturing him here.

Even if the burly man had no evil intentions, Su Zimo wouldn’t be able to endure his incessant ramblings.

The moment Su Zimo’s body shrank, the chains binding him shrank unexpectedly as well, locking his body firmly without any chance of escape!

“Gagagaga!”

The burly man sat on the ground with a mocking expression and sneered, “Although that lousy thing can’t hold me in, you are nothing to it! You should save your energy.”

Su Zimo tried again and when he discovered that he truly couldn’t break free, he gave up and frowned at the burly man.

Now that they were so close, Su Zimo realized that the burly man did not have much flesh and was almost all skin and bones by now.

However, he had a huge frame and his bones were extremely strong, making him seem tall and mighty – every single action of his seemed to be filled with an explosive burst!

The burly man gave off an unfathomable aura, as though he was extremely dangerous and had come from the depths of the ancient desolates.

Unknowingly, Su Zimo would feel occasional shudders!

He did not know what the background of this red-headed ghost was.

The only thing he knew was that this red-headed ghost was extremely talkative – he must have endured for a long time such that he wasn't even exhausted right now after rambling endlessly!

“Kid, you don't know how rough I'm having it.”

“This valley is isolated from the rest of the world and apart from me, there's only that old monk. Yet, in the end, that a\*shole chose to cultivate a silent meditation!”

“No matter what I said to him, there was no response from him at all! Look at how much I've endured after so many years!”

At that point, the burly man was agitated and ground his teeth, thumping his massive fists on the ground.

The entire cemetery shook and trembled!

Su Zimo could not help but ask, “Why do you say that there's only the two of you? There's also a little monk.”

Su Zimo regretted as soon as he finished his words.

Indeed, when the burly man saw a reaction from Su Zimo, he was even more excited and his eyes blazed as he ran over and sat beside Su Zimo.

“Speaking of that little monk, that makes me even more mad!”

“That little monk fell from above six years ago. Initially, he was obedient and honest, coming here daily to feed me with food and chat with me.”

“But in less than half a year, he stopped coming! Darn it!”

The burly man grumbled in displeasure.

Su Zimo lamented internally, “Senior Brother Ming Zhen is truly someone with resolve to be able to endure this for half a year!”

“Little monk, you can't learn from those two other monks!”

“You'll definitely benefit chatting with me!”

Su Zimo merely felt his head spin at the moment and could not be bothered about getting any benefits.

If not for the restriction of the chains, he would have fled long ago and never step foot into the backyard ever again!

...

A horizontal line gradually appeared on the East.

Just like that, the entire night passed by with the incessant ramblings of the burly man.

The burly man lamented reluctantly, "Time really passes extremely fast. I've only just started talking for a little."

Turning around, he looked at Su Zimo and was momentarily startled as he asked in shock.

"Eh, little monk! Why do you have such dark eye circles?"

"Why are your eyes bloodshot?"

"You don't look good! Your complexion is a tad greenish. Are you poisoned by the corpses?"

"Man, your muscles are twitching! Are you having a cramp?"

Su Zimo was agitated and rolled his eyes, almost fainting.

Piak!

The burly man slapped his own forehead in realization. "I've got it! Little monk, did you not manage to rest well last night?"

"Re... st?"

Su Zimo repressed the urge to punch the burly man and ground his teeth for a long time before snarling the word out.

He would rather engage the paragons of the North Region in a battle for three full days without resting than to listen to another word of this burly man.

This red-headed ghost was a devil-like existence!

"Look at that, look at that! Little monk, why are you so worked up with those widened eyes!"

"What's keeping you troubled? Let's talk things out! Don't keep it within yourself!"

The burly man patted Su Zimo on the shoulders and said earnestly.

Su Zimo panted heavily and lowered his head, feeling his entire head spin. His limbs felt weak and he did not have the strength to even talk anymore.

A demonic glint flashed through the eyes of the burly man.

He beckoned his hand and a broken bowl filled with dew flew over from a grass patch not far away.

The fingernail on the burly man's index finger protruded slightly with a cold shimmer and he cut it gently across his thumb.

A thin cut appeared on his thumb with a trickle of blood.

The trickle of blood was so small that it wasn't even 1/10,000 of a normal drop of blood. It fell into the bowl of dew and fused swiftly with it.

The dew was still clear and there was nothing unusual about it.

His actions were extremely subtle and swift.

The moment the burly man received the broken bowl, his index finger made instant contact with his thumb and the cut on the thumb disappeared as quickly as it appeared. With his head slumped, Su Zimo did not notice anything at all.

The burly man brought the broken bowl over to Su Zimo and passed it to him with a fake smile. Suddenly, his voice turned eerie and suspicious.

"Little monk, the night has been tiring on you. Have some water."

Although Su Zimo did not say much throughout the entire night, he was truly exhausted. When he saw the refreshing water before his eyes, he felt his mouth going dry.

Coupled with his drowsy state, he did not think much about it and took over the broken bowl before raising his head to drink it completely with a single mouthful.

### **Chapter 592: Rebirth?**

The moment the cool water reached his stomach, Su Zimo felt much more refreshed.

Cling! Clang!

The rattling of the chains sounded.

Suddenly, Su Zimo felt his body turn light – the thick chains that restrained him initially were taken away by the burly man!

"What's the red-headed ghost trying to do? He's going to let me off this easily?"

Su Zimo frowned and looked at the burly man skeptically.

The burly man squatted on the ground and played with the rusty chains in his hands, grinning at Su Zimo with a demonic glint in his eyes.

"Hmm?"

Suddenly, Su Zimo's expression changed as he felt his stomach rumble.

Instantly, an extremely tremendous and rich lifeforce surged through his entire body rapidly!

Poof! Poof! Poof!

Su Zimo's skin split apart and tore through his entire body like a spiderweb in a frightening manner!

There was way too much lifeforce essence!

Every single inch of Su Zimo's flesh was being torn apart!

In the blink of an eye, he was filled with blood and a misty, scarlet fog surrounded him. His bloodline surged and emanated a rich demonic qi!

“Ah!”

Su Zimo roared into the skies with bloodshot eyes as green veins popped up on his neck, slithering like serpents.

His body expanded uncontrollably; his flesh was expanding, his tendons were moving, his bones were sounding and his organs were shaking!

It was way too painful!

The terrifying burst of lifeforce essence within his body was almost causing him to implode!

Pain cruised through Su Zimo’s body endlessly as he bent over, quivering and almost going into a spasm. His vision flashed with darkness and he could faint at any moment!

Unknowingly, the old monk had appeared at the back of the backyard with a deep look of worry in his eyes.

The burly man was equally nervous, no longer grinning as joyfully as before.

“Roar!”

A coarse roar sounded from the depths of Su Zimo’s throat, as though he was an injured wild beast that was struggling on the brink of death!

The amount of lifeforce essence was truly way too massive and frightening.

It had practically turned into a destructive cyclone within Su Zimo’s body, pushing through everything with an overwhelming force!

Su Zimo’s consciousness gradually faded.

He could no longer feel everything around him.

He could only pant heavily and struggle to hold on with the remaining bit of grit he had left!

A shadow flashed

The old monk arrived beside Su Zimo and glared at the burly man with a hint of anger in his eyes.

Thereafter, he turned to look at Su Zimo intently.

He chanted a Buddhist proclamation repeatedly. Even though he looked composed, the speed he was counting his prayer beads increased as time passed by – it was clear that he was tense internally.

The burly man grabbed his hair and a thin layer of sweat could be seen on his forehead.

A while later, when Su Zimo could not hold on any longer, he fell to the ground with a thud, covered in mud and fainted.

Piak!

The old monk's expression changed and with the shift in his emotions, the prayer beads in his hands shattered!

The burly man was horrified and walked forward, slapping Su Zimo on the cheeks while shouting, "Wake up, little monk! Don't scare me!"

Su Zimo had no reaction at all. His eyes were tightly shut and his pulse turned increasingly weak.

The burly man yelled a few more times with an anxious expression.

There was still no response from Su Zimo and his breathing was extremely faint.

A while later, Su Zimo's heart stopped beating entirely and no breath came from under his nose. His blood flowed slowly until it became completely still.

Su Zimo's body slowly turned cold, lying motionlessly in the mud.

"It's over, it's over!"

The burly man sat down with a frightfully pale expression, completely stunned.

"He had such a great potential to inherit my abilities perfectly! Just like that..." The burly man's expression stagnated as he murmured to himself.

Frowning, the old monk had an extremely terrible expression as he glared at the burly man and asked, "How much of your blood did you feed him?"

"Just a trickle. It's less than 1/10,000 of a drop of blood," The burly man replied softly and did not dare to make contact with the old monk's gaze.

The old monk had practiced Buddhism for a long period of time and had seen through worldly affairs a long time ago – nothing much could trigger a reaction from him.

However, when he heard that, he was truly enraged and questioned in a huff, "Have you gone mad? The amount of energy in that trickle of blood is enough to kill any Nascent Soul ten times over! You fed that to him entirely?!"

The burly man pouted his mouth despondently. "That little monk called me a red-headed ghost so I wanted to let him suffer a little. Who would have thought..."

"You!" The old monk was so angry that he was speechless.

"I-I merely wanted to help his Inner Core recover faster."

The burly man was even stuttering out of guilt.

When the old monk saw the regretful expression on the burly man's face, he could not bring himself to reproach the latter any further.

There was already no way of turning back now that things had come to this.

"Hais."

The old monk sighed deeply and lamented, "This tribulation should be part of this lad's life. To think that fate would still catch up to him even after he came here."

"I caused this to him."

The burly man slumped his head with a dejected expression.

After a moment of silence, the old monk said softly, "Let's bury him here. Everyone who is buried in this cemetery were peerless experts 10,000 years ago. It will be befitting of him."

Even though he said that, the old monk knew that a dead person was like a flame that was extinguished.

Extreme Foundation Establishment, strongest monster incarnate in history... all of those meant nothing and would eventually be forgotten in the future with the passing of his life, drowned in the sands of time.

The old monk sighed internally and waved his sleeves, coiling up Su Zimo's body to walk deep into the cemetery.

All of a sudden!

His expression changed and he exclaimed softly.

"He's not dead?"

The old monk placed Su Zimo down once again and his glabella flashed, spreading his spirit consciousness through the latter's body.

Su Zimo's condition was extremely unique.

His heart had already stopped beating but his Inner Core that was initially cracked was now swiveling slowly.

However, it swiveled so slowly that the old monk and burly man did not notice it at the start given their heightened emotions.

The burly man closed in and noticed the abnormality within Su Zimo's body as well.

"What a terrifying cultivation technique!"

The burly man gasped and was secretly alarmed. "Even though his life is gone, this cultivation technique is still moving on its own. It's trying to pull the kid back from hell's gate!"

The old monk had a grim expression. "Although this kid has no heartbeat and isn't breathing right now, he's only in a state of pseudo-death. There's still hope for him!"

There was a long silence...

Dong!

All of a sudden!

A quivering sound echoed from Su Zimo's chest.

Although the sound was feeble, both the old monk and the burly man heard it clearly!

It was a heartbeat!

He had revived!

The both of them were invigorated and their eyes lit up.

Slowly...

The heartbeat became faster and stronger!

Swoosh!

His blood began to flow again with a faint hint of tsunami tides, bolstering his aura!

Swoosh!

Su Zimo's nose started exhaling an endless amount of demonic qi that was scarlet as blood. It rumbled furiously before condensing into menacing ancient demon kings that appeared one after another in the void!

Wild Bovine, Stone Bear, Anaconda, Sanguine Ape, Divine Steed, Hell Tiger and Wind Leopard!

The seven ancient demon kings were life-like with sharp fangs and claws. Glaring with widened bloodshot eyes and a murderous aura, they were extremely feral.

Given their cultivation realms, both the old monk and burly man were barely affected!

The next moment, the demonic qi above the seven demon kings rumbled and a blood-red butterfly faintly appeared.

The round moons on both of its wings resembled a pair of cold eyes that were extremely chilling!

When the old monk caught sight of that butterfly, his expression changed starkly and he staggered a step in retreat, as though he recalled something.

The burly man was even more petrified and knelt on the ground with a thud. Kowtowing with snot and tears streaming down his face, he cried, "Missus, I was wrong! It was an accident...!"

### **Chapter 593: Who's Crying?**

"I didn't mean for this to happen! I did it out of goodwill!"

"See, isn't that little monk fine now?"

"There's no need for you to come personally for a small matter as such, right?"

"Your cultivation techniques are truly incredible, able to twist heaven and earth and reverse life and death... eh?"

As the burly man cried, he noticed that something was amiss.

The blood-colored butterfly in midair did not move at all.



There was no lifeforce within it as well.

After glaring at the blood-colored butterfly for a while, the burly man realized that it was an illusion conjured from Su Zimo's exhalation and did not possess any killing power at all!

The burly man's expression darkened and he wanted to slap himself.

He had lived for countless years and even if he met with the top existence of Tianhuang Mainland, he wouldn't show any bit of fear, let alone lose his composure as such.

However, that woman who appeared eight years ago was way too domineering that she left a trauma in his heart.

The moment the blood-colored butterfly appeared earlier on, he thought for a moment that the woman had returned.

The burly man felt guilty to begin with after nearly causing Su Zimo's death.

His first reaction when he saw the blood-colored butterfly was that she was here to make him pay for it. Instantly, he was scared out of his wits and lost strength in his knees, kneeling onto the ground with a thud...

The old monk was much calmer.

The burly man stood up embarrassedly and coughed gently to hide his awkwardness.

Thankfully, that little monk was unconscious and did not witness everything. Otherwise, he would have to hide his head in a hole.

A mocking look flashed through the old monk's hazy eyes as he said idly, "To think that the great..."

"Old monk!"

The burly man interrupted the old monk in a huff before that sentence could be completed.

He pointed at the old monk and nearly thrust his finger on the latter's face, snarling with widened eyes, "Shut up!"

The old monk smirked coldly. He looked at Su Zimo and was comforted with the fact that the latter was already out of danger and his breathing had stabilized. With that, he turned to leave.

Halfway through, the old monk suddenly stopped in his tracks and murmured expressionlessly, "Red-headed ghost? Hmms... that's a good name."

The burly man froze for a moment before returning to his senses. By then, the old monk was already gone from the backyard of the grand hall.

He gripped his fists so tightly that they cracked as he snarled through grit teeth, "Damn it, stupid old monk! Making fun of me instead of spending your time practicing your Buddhism..."

...

A long time later, Su Zimo stirred awake.

His eyes were dazed as he struggled to sit up. Rubbing his head, he sat for a long while before slowly remembering what happened before he fainted.

The massive face of the red-headed ghost flashed through Su Zimo's mind repeatedly and his ears seemed to buzz.

Shuddering, Su Zimo leaped up and sprinted towards the grand hall with all his might, almost without thinking at all.

"Hmm?"

After running for a while, Su Zimo's expression changed and he gradually noticed something unusual.

His body seemed to be stronger than before!

Some luster had also returned to his Inner Core and one of the tears was already repaired!

"This..."

Suddenly, Su Zimo recalled that bowl of water he last consumed.

The only thing that had a problem was that bowl of water!

"Little monk, from today onwards, come over here and drink a bowl of water once every month."

Right then, a familiar voice sounded.

This was the voice that had tormented Su Zimo and nearly turned him insane!

Repressing the urge to run away with all his might, Su Zimo turned around.

In the depths of the cemetery, a burly man who was locked up with chains laid down on the floor with his hands behind his head. He did not look at Su Zimo at all and seemed like he was resting with his eyes closed.

Su Zimo could not help but ask, "Red-headed ghost, what's in that water?"

At the mention of 'red-headed ghost', the burly man's mouth cramped up and he remarked impatiently, "Just drink if I ask you to drink! What's with all that nonsense!"

Although Su Zimo was snubbed, he was not angry.

He could vaguely sense that the attitude of the burly man towards him had changed slightly after he woke up.

He could not pinpoint the exact reason.

Something must have happened while he was unconscious!

That bowl of water was far from simple as well!

Previously, when Su Zimo consumed the 10,000 Year Vermilion Fruit and his body received that immense boost from the tremendous amount of lifeforce, his Inner Core did not show any signs of recovery at all.

Yet, after drinking that bowl of water, his body turned stronger and one of the tears on his Inner Core had even recovered!

That was not all.

Su Zimo could clearly feel that there was still a tremendous amount of lifeforce essence remaining in his body.

Even if he cultivated the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness every single night, that amount of energy could suffice him for an entire month!

The amazing regeneration capability and the tremendous amount of lifeforce essence... just what was in the water for it to possess such mysterious power?

Su Zimo recounted through the ancient books he had seen before but he could not compare any universal treasure to that spirit water.

However, there was one thing he was clear about.

With enough of the spirit water, his Inner Core should be able to recover to its original state within a few years!

If he continued cultivating, he could even attain greater mastery or a perfected Inner Core!

This was a cultivation speed that he wouldn't be able to get outside of the Dragon Burial Valley even if he had sufficient flesh to consume!

With the latent danger of his Inner Core resolved, Su Zimo was delighted.

Even if he was oblivious, he could tell at this moment that the burly man was helping him.

At that thought, Su Zimo turned towards the burly man and bowed deeply, saying with sincerity, "Thank you very much, red-headed ghost. There are good and bad ghosts as well and it seems like you're definitely one of the kind ones... except that you're way too talkative."

"Get lost!"

The burly man hollered.

Su Zimo ran away.

Gazing at Su Zimo's back view, the burly man revealed a set of sharp pearly whites and ground them till they cracked, saying spitefully with a hateful expression, "You're the ghost! Your whole family are ghosts!"

...

By the time Su Zimo arrived at the courtyard in front of the grand hall, it was already noon.

Ming Zhen was chanting scriptures in the courtyard. When he saw Su Zimo return completely fine, his eyes widened and he headed over, asking confusedly, "Junior Brother Ming Xin, are you alright?"

Ming Zhen understood the terror of the burly man in the backyard.

If he was the one that was tormented for the entire night, he would have been exhausted and dispirited, unlike Su Zimo who was invigorated and chirpy.

"I'm fine,"

Su Zimo patted Ming Zhen on the shoulders with a relaxed expression, saying with a fake smile, "I'm going to return there a month later. Do you want to join me?"

"N-No!"

Ming Zhen shook his head left and right like a drum and replied firmly.

Su Zimo smiled.

Right then, the old monk opened his doors and came forth, saying in a casual manner, "A woman arrived at the top of the Dragon Burial Valley this morning and has been crying for ten minutes... sigh, in the blink of an eye, a year has already passed."

"Woman? Crying?"

Su Zimo froze for a moment.

Immediately after, as though he recalled something, he turned and headed out of the old temple.

Ming Zhen turned around with a worried expression. "Master, lend me your Dharmic weapon again. I'll go protect Ming Xin."

"There's no need."

The old monk shook his head. "Let him go alone. He has the Mingwang Prayer Beads with him, those evil ghosts out there won't be able to get close to him."

#### **Chapter 594: The Love Is Deep but the Affinity Falls Short**

Su Zimo pushed the doors open and walked out.

For a moment, he forgot that he was outside the old temple and there were malevolent spirits and ghosts.

At that moment, the only thing on his mind was the woman who was crying at the top of the Dragon Burial Valley a year after...

*Who was crying?*

*Who was she crying for?*

Su Zimo had a vague guess in his mind.

The person outside thought that he was already dead.

Theoretically speaking, today was his death anniversary!

After leaving the old temple, Su Zimo meandered around the borders of the valley and headed forward slowly.

Not long after, he heard intermittent sobbing sounds.

He walked for a little more before coming to a stop.

Even though his Inner Core had not recovered completely yet, his hearing power was still around.

The woman sobbing was right above him.

One of them was at the top of the valley and the other at the bottom.

They were thousands of feet apart.

Su Zimo raised his head and it was dark above him with nothing to be seen.

However, he already knew the identity of the person up there.

A tear fell silently from above, through the gap thousands of feet deep, and landed on Su Zimo's face with a semblance of warmth.

Su Zimo was silent.

A long time later, the sobbing turned softer and came to a stop.

"Zimo, today is your death anniversary. I'm here to visit you," The woman's voice sounded.

For some reason, when he heard that statement, Su Zimo felt as though something pounded his heart and his vision turned blurry with a misty fog.

This was the Dragon Burial Valley!

How many people would choose to avoid it completely?

How many powerful living beings have been buried here for tens of thousands of years?

Just a year ago, countless paragons of the North Region died here!

Notwithstanding the fact that this was an unlucky place, how much danger did one have to risk to pass through the Great Qian Ruins and the obstruction of endless otherworldly soldiers just to get here?

"I'm now the Empress of Great Zhou. In the palace, in front of others, I don't dare to and neither can I cry."

"This is the only place where I can cry without holding myself back. Zimo, you must not laugh at me."

"Zimo, don't worry. I've already hid Mr. Su Hong. Unless I die, nobody will be able to find him. It's just that..."

At that point, the woman paused, "It's just that the cultivators of Glass Palace vented their frustrations on the masses of the Yan Country and many innocents were killed, sigh. Thankfully, Pure Maiden Sect of the fiend sects arrived and saved many of them."

At that point, Su Zimo gripped his fists tightly and his eyes shone with a murderous glint!

Although Su Hong was safe, he loved his people as though they were his own children. Upon hearing that the masses of the Yan Country were massacred, he must have been tormented immensely internally!

That feeling was most likely worse than death for Su Hong.

“Glass Palace!”

Su Zimo’s gaze darkened with a killing intent that was almost materialized!

After starting his cultivation, what he was most afraid of was implicating his family.

To think that it was something that couldn’t be avoided at the end of the day.

Although Su Hong was fine, those innocents that were murdered were actually implicated because of him.

“It’s truly thanks to the arrival of Pure Maiden Sect that diverted the attention of all the sects and factions of the North Region. Almost everyone believed that Pure Maiden Sect was the one that saved Mr. Su Hong.”

“Ah, let’s not talk about such stuff anymore,”

The woman’s voice seemed to turn much more relaxed. “Let’s talk about happier stuff now that we haven’t met in a year!”

“All in all, Mr. Su is fine so you don’t have to worry about that, Zimo. Ethereal Peak is fine as well and I’ve also formed my Golden Core.”

The woman spoke to herself at the top of Dragon Burial Valley about everything that happened in the past year.

Su Zimo listened quietly and silently, feeling the ice-cold wall in front of him with his palm.

It was as though the hundred thousand feet distance between him and the woman could be gapped through the wall.

It was as though the both of them were inches apart.

It was as though he was standing beside the woman, listening to her soft comments.

Su Zimo’s Golden Core was already crippled and the tears on his Inner Core had not recovered fully yet.

He could not fly in the sky.

He could not soar through this height and meet the woman at the top of the Dragon Burial Valley.

Su Zimo lowered his head slightly and his eyes dimmed.

Even if he could soar through the air, he might not want to choose to meet the woman.

That was because... he was Su Zimo.

He was the man who had offended Glass Palace and the entire North Region!

He was a demon that was not accepted in the entire cultivation world!

The moment he showed himself in the North Region, he would definitely be met with a relentless pursuit!

Anyone related to him would be implicated!

It was the case for Su Hong and it was also the case for the citizens of the Yan Country.

If he chose to leave the Dragon Burial Valley and meet with that woman or return to Ethereal Peak...

He would bring about an apocalyptic catastrophe for both her and Ethereal Peak!

The moment he stepped out of the Dragon Burial Valley would be the moment he left the North Region.

The sun rose and set.

Unknowingly, the skies darkened and it was already dusk.

Su Zimo could clearly sense that the malevolent qi in the surrounding had grown denser; the Mingwang Prayer Beads on his left wrist glowed with a mysterious luster.

Many ghosts and spirits wandered nearby but none of them dared to advance.

If that was the case at the bottom of the valley, it was naturally the same above!

A deep look of worry could be seen in Su Zimo's eyes.

Right now, he was hoping for the woman to leave the place as quickly as possible!

A while later, the skies darkened further and bright stars dotted the firmaments. Finally, the woman said softly, "Zimo, I have to leave now."

Su Zimo heaved out a sigh of relief.

A moment later, when he saw that there was no more activity up above and wanted to return to the old temple, the woman's voice sounded once more with a hint of sniffing, "Zimo, I miss you."

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat.

The sob grew distant – the woman had already left.

Su Zimo stood there motionlessly for a long time in silence.

After the night passed and day broke out again, he heaved a deep breath and walked back to the old temple.

When Ming Zhen saw Su Zimo enter through the doors with a dejected expression and lost gaze, he was confused but was too awkward to head up and ask about it.

He was only in his teens and had spent his life at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley isolated from the outside world – how would he understand something as such?

Winter came and summer passed.

Spring came and autumn passed.

On this day every year, a woman would appear above the Dragon Burial Valley, commenting softly about everything that happened in the past year without stopping.

On this day every year, the woman would seem like she had an endless amount of things to talk about.

On this day every year, Su Zimo would leave the old temple.

He would spend an entire day and night outside.

One was at the bottom while the other was at the top of the valley.

They were separated thousands of meters apart and could not see the other.

On this day every year, when Su Zimo returned from outside, Ming Zhen could see an indescribable sadness in the depths of Su Zimo's eyes.

Finally, one day, after watching Su Zimo return to the old temple and enter the Sutra Chamber, Ming Zhen could not help but run to the old monk.

"Master, what's wrong with junior brother?"

"Is there a woman waiting above the Dragon Burial Valley for him?"

"Junior Brother's Inner Core is already mostly recovered and he can now fly through the air. Why doesn't he want to go and meet her?"

Ming Zhen was filled with curiosity and asked everything at one go.

There was a long silence.

The old monk did not speak at all.

Right as Ming Zhen was about to leave in disappointment, the old monk opened his eyes and sighed gently. "The love is deep but the affinity falls short."

## **Chapter 595: Danger**

Time flew.

In the blink of an eye, it was already five years after the appearance of the Vermilion Fruit in the Great Qian Ruins and the great battle between the paragons.

The impact of that battle had not subsided due to time. On the contrary, it grew even more intense!

The North Region was fueled with war!

Endless clashes broke out between vassal states along with invasions. With every year, a few dynasties disappeared!

The frequent wars caused countless lives to fall into distress, destitute and homeless with their families broken apart.



As for the Great Shang, Great You and Great Xia dynasties, they were coveting greedily at the sidelines because the Great Zhou Dynasty had no time to spare.

Now that Ji Yaoxue had ascended the throne and was a woman, the first in history, the imperial court was in a mess with troublemakers snaking out everywhere – chaos was starting to break out in the Great Zhou Dynasty!

It was thankful that the Great Zhou Dynasty had been built for 10,000 years and had a solid foundation, allowing it to control the situation for now.

However, throughout the capital, any sharp person could tell that if the situation continued to develop with its current trend, the Great Zhou Dynasty would meet with a calamity in less than a hundred years!

A single misstep might cause its 10,000 year old foundation to be destroyed overnight!

If any changes happened, that calamity might even be brought forward and could break out at any moment!

The Great Zhou Dynasty was in a precarious situation both internally and externally!

This was a great trial for the current Empress of Great Zhou, Ji Yaoxue.

No matter how much the North Region was riled up, there was a hidden place in the depths of the Great Qian Ruins that was isolated from the external world and its chaos.

Bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

For the past five years...

Three monks, two young and one old, spent their days chanting sutras and paying their respects to Buddha in this unassuming old temple. A little fox stood guard by the side peacefully.

The backyard of the grand hall was the only place that had occasional sounds of chains rattling.

This morning, an elegant looking monk walked forth from the Sutra Chamber. He tidied his attire before opening the gates of the old temple to head out.

For the past five years...

He did the same on this day of every year.

The little monk within the old temple was already used to it, merely glancing up once before continuing to read his sutras.

Backyard of the grand hall.

The old monk had just paid his respects to a friend of the past before turning to look at the burly man who was lying down lazily in the cemetery, looking up at the sun.

Suddenly, he said, "Red-headed ghost, that lad's Inner Core has already recovered so he doesn't have to come back here anymore. He can now focus on chanting his sutras and paying respects to Buddha wholeheartedly to find a method to recover his Golden Core."

“Ah?”

The burly man was flustered when he heard that and jolted upright. He could not even be bothered about the old monk calling him a red-headed ghost as he yelled, “That won’t do! I’m not even taking up his daytime! He can follow you to study all the Buddhism stuff in the daytime but he has to come here and cultivate at night!”

“Furthermore, he has been comprehending sutras for the past five years without any reaction to his dantian. It might not work even if he spends another five years! If it was up to me, I’d say that learning from you guys of the Buddhist sects is just a waste of time!”

The old monk asked indifferently, “Is it not a waste of time for him to drink your blood?”

“Of course!”

The burly man declared proudly, “Apart from the fact that his Inner Core has recovered entirely after drinking my blood for five years, his physique now is even more frightening than it was five years ago! He can wallop all the Golden Cores out there!”

The old monk sneered coldly.

The burly man grumbled, “I don’t care, he just has to come over to my side to cultivate every night. It’s unknown whether or not his Golden Core recovers and even you have no idea about it. You can’t waste all his time on that.”

The old monk frowned and glared at the burly man deeply, asking, “You’ve got some other motives for being so concerned, right?”

“What other motives can I have?”

The burly man patted his chest and declared righteously, “That woman was my benefactor back then! I’m not an ingrate who doesn’t pay back for what I’ve received!”

Pausing for a moment, the burly man rolled his eyes, as though he recalled something, before rubbing his chin with an odd expression. “However, that lad has something in his body that I didn’t expect. Now that his Inner Core has already recovered, I can impart to him something special from tonight onwards, heh!”

“What?”

The old monk asked.

The burly man chuckled. “Just a little trick that’s insignificant.”

The old monk smiled and turned to leave.

He knew the burly man way too well.

The more the burly man emphasized on it being a little trick, the more it was far from simple.

...

Bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

A young monk stood there dressed in gray monk robes. He had elegant features and pushed his palm against the ice-cold wall in front of him, twitching his ears as though he was listening for something.

“Zimo, I’m back.”

“Sight, Mr. Su hasn’t been in great shape these few years and his hair has turned white. In part, it’s because of your death. At the same time, it’s also because of the citizens of Yan Country.”

“I’ve learned a lot from him. He’s a truly wise ruler, unfortunately...”

The woman recounted everything that happened in the past year without any hurry, as though she was chatting with someone.

The young monk listened quietly.

Every single update on Mr. Su’s health would bring about a look of worry on his face.

Every interesting thing would bring forth a smile for him.

One was at the bottom and the other was at the top.

Although the two of them could not meet, it seemed like there was an invisible thread that connected every bit of joy, sadness, worry and happiness for them.

Unknowingly, it was already noon.

All of a sudden!

A series of gleeful laughs came from above the Dragon Burial Valley.

“Hahahaha!”

A man’s voice sounded. “Indeed, it’s the Empress of Great Zhou! What a coincidence! I’m Si Junyu of the Great Xia Dynasty! I’ve wanted to befriend you for the longest time, Fellow Daoist Yaoxue!”

“Oh, right. Jun Hao who died in your hands in the ancient battlefield was my elder brother.”

Si Junyu laughed. “I’ve got to thank you. Otherwise, with that brother of mine around, I wouldn’t have the chance to shine!”

“Empress, leave first!”

The strong, firm voice of a man sounded.

The young monk frowned slightly at the familiarity of that voice – it seemed to be the guard of the previous Emperor of Great Zhou, Perfected Lord Ming Ze.

The young monk was slightly relieved.

Nothing should happen with a Nascent Soul protecting the woman.

“Hmph! Run?”

Si Junyu sneered, “You guys won’t be able to escape today even if you’ve got wings!”

“Perfected Lord Ming Ze, it’s been a long time.”

“Ming Ze, you will die today!”

Immediately, two other voices sounded murderously.

Although he was not seeing it personally, the young monk had already guessed vaguely that Si Junyu seemed to have arrived with reinforcements. In fact, he prepared two Nascent Souls to deal with Perfected Lord Ming Ze!

True enough.

Si Junyu sneered coldly, “Fellow Daoist Yaoxue, you are truly careful to only bring one person with you so as to not attract attention. However...”

“Don’t forget, this is the Great Qian Ruins, a messy place that isn’t part of the territory of Great Zhou. It’s impossible for you to hide from avoiding attention completely!”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk!”

Si Junyu laughed. “Interesting. To think that the great Empress of Great Zhou would take such a huge risk to come here on this day every single year. Seems like you’ve got an uncanny relationship with that monster incarnate who died five years ago?”

“I heard that the monster incarnate’s elder brother went missing. He can’t be hidden away by you... right? Hahahaha!”

“What do you want?” The woman spoke and interrupted Si Junyu’s laughter.

Si Junyu retracted his smile and barked coldly. “Of course I want to solidify my ascension to the throne by retrieving your head!”

Bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley.

The young monk’s gaze turned cold.

### **Chapter 596: Change**

Dragon Burial Valley.

Ji Yaoxue and Perfected Lord Ming Ze stood at the edge and had nowhere to retreat.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze had a grim expression.

The two Nascent Souls that stood in midair had frightening auras and sharp gazes – they were cultivators of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect.

The man on the left with a long face was Gu Suqi and he specialized in using dual swords.

The skinny old man on the right was Perfected Lord Tian Chen. He cultivated a supreme sword technique that even dust couldn’t penetrate once it was released!

Both of them were experts of the North Region who were way more famous than he was.

If it was a one-on-one fight, Perfected Lord Ming Ze was confident that he could maneuver his way through.

However, if the two of them struck at the same time, he would definitely be defeated!

Behind Si Junyu, there were another 20 Golden Cores.

Apart from the top guards of the Great Xia Dynasty, there were 10 Golden Core sword cultivators from Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect who were all at late-stage or perfected Golden Core realm!

Any few people from the 20 was enough to suppress Ji Yaoxue!

It was clear that the other party had planned this for a long time and came prepared, not intending to give them any chance.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze frowned tightly and was anxious internally.

Given the circumstances, it was already difficult for him to protect himself, let alone escort Ji Yaoxue out of this place.

In the cultivation world, sword cultivators had the greatest killing power!

Nobody could guarantee that they would be able to escape unscathed against the attacks of two great sword cultivators.

Ji Yaoxue had a calm expression and glared at Si Junyu coldly – there were no signs of weakness or fear in her eyes!

Piak! Piak! Piak!

Si Junyu clapped and raised his chin, smiling. “It’s no wonder why you’re the empress of a dynasty. To think that you can still maintain your composure even at this moment. I hope that you can remain as calm when you end up in my hands later on.”

“Fufu, I can’t wait to... get my hands all over you!”

Clang! Clang!

The sound of swords unsheathing echoed.

Beside Si Junyu, five guards and five cultivators of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect moved at the same time and charged towards Ji Yaoxue.

The other 10 people guarded Si Junyu.

Ji Yaoxue had a cold gaze and circulated her Golden Core, slapping her storage bag.

Swash!

Two flying swords hovered at the front before bursting through the air!

“My!”

Si Junyu yelled in fake surprise, “Two supreme-grade flying swords! Impressive, impressive!”

“Hurgh!”

The five Great Xia guards were clad in armor and strode forward with cold expressions. They struck at the same time in unison with a ferocious momentum!

Clang!

Five thick sabers collided heavily against the incoming flying sword.

Sparks flew everywhere!

The five sabers were only superior-grade spirit weapons.

However, the five men had higher cultivation realms than Ji Yaoxue and furthermore, they were trained in their combo attacks! The slashes of those five sabers caused one of the supreme-grade flying swords to be repelled instantly!

A look of mockery flashed through one of the Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect’s cultivators. He struck immediately and twisted his sword, causing sword qi to surge forward and repelled the other flying sword.

The difference was too great!

In a single round, she had already lost control of both her supreme-grade flying swords!

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The other four sword qis streaked past Ji Yaoxue.

Buzz!

The robe she was wearing glowed brightly with four spirit patterns in a bedazzling manner, withstanding the killing power of the sword qi.

It was the robe that Su Zimo had crafted for her personally back then.

Although it could withstand the sharpness of the swords, it could not block out their power completely. Ji Yaoxue grunted dully and her face turned paler.

To be fair, if not for the fact that Si Junyu wanted to capture her alive, it would have been too easy for those sword cultivators to kill her.

Si Junyu remarked leisurely, “Ji Yaoxue, I’d advise you to surrender obediently and spare yourself the pain.”

Ji Yaoxue clenched her teeth unyieldingly and circulated her Golden Core wildly as she conjured a hand seal and released a secret skill of the Great Zhou Dynasty!

“Emperor Defensive Qi!”

Ji Yaoxue’s spirit energy surged fanatically and gathered at her fingers through specific meridians.

Pointing forward gently, spirit energy surged out and formed an arrow rain of sword qi in midair that shot towards the 10 incoming Golden Cores.

The Emperor Defensive Qi was a secret skill of the Great Qian Empire.

The Great Zhou Dynasty only managed to secure an incomplete section of it.

Even so, the might of that secret skill was not to be underestimated and it consumed an immense amount of spirit energy.

Ji Yaoxue had just advanced to Golden Core realm and the burst of that spirit art depleted her spirit energy almost entirely – her Golden Core was already throbbing in pain!

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Be it the Great Xia guards or the sword cultivators of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect, none of them were afraid.

Their sabers and swords danced and welcomed the incoming sword qi, dispersing them entirely.

Even Emperor Defensive Qi could not stop the advancement of 10 Golden Cores!

Ji Yaoxue grit her teeth with a resolute gaze.

The Dragon Burial Valley was right behind her!

As the Empress of Great Zhou, she'd rather die than endure humiliation in the hands of Si Junyu!

At the most, she would just be crushed!

In midair.

The outcome of the fight between Perfected Lord Ming Ze and the two sword cultivators was about to be shown.

To be precise, it was the death of one party!

Perfected Lord Ming Ze had already used all his strength and released all his trump cards. Even then, he could not withstand the edge of the two sword cultivators and was wounded from head to toe as blood stained his robes.

"Ugh!"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze's gaze dimmed as he sighed internally. "It's over, it's over! Even after cultivating for hundreds of years, I can't complete this path. Such is the cultivation world."

"Seems like the Dragon Burial Valley is truly an unlucky place."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze smiled in self-mockery.

Below him, Ji Yaoxue already had nowhere to retreat.

Turning around to look at the dark and mysterious Dragon Burial Valley behind her, she had no fear nor sadness in her eyes. Instead, there was relief and ease.

"Zimo, did you jump from here five years ago?"

"I'm coming to join you now five years later!"

Ji Yaoxue smiled and leaped down into the Dragon Burial Valley!

All of a sudden!

A white light flashed at an extremely fast speed and coiled around Ji Yaoxue's waist like a python.

Ji Yaoxue was about to fall when she was coiled by an extremely nimble spirit rope and yanked up from the cliff directly!

A Great Xia guard was on the other end of the spirit rope.

Swoosh, swoosh, swoosh!

The spirit rope continued coiling and instantly restrained Ji Yaoxue's limbs – she had no way of breaking free!

Si Junyu reared his head in wild laughter and remarked gleefully, "Fellow Daoist Yaoxue, I've already expected that move from you and prepared for it! There's no way you're going to have such an easy death!"

Ji Yaoxue's face turned pale.

She was not afraid of death. Rather, she was afraid of the humiliation she would face from Si Junyu.

At that time, the entire Great Zhou Dynasty would become a joke!

"Bring that woman over here,"

Si Junyu laughed with a sharp glint in his eyes. "I want to see how the Empress of Great Zhou is going to perform when she's kneeling in front of me! Hahaha!"

"Understood!"

A guard strode forward and reached out to whisk Ji Yaoxue up.

All of a sudden!

A change happened!

On the other end of the battlefield, a gray figure charged over at an extremely fast speed. He arrived before them instantly with a torrential killing intent!

Nobody saw where that man came from.

It was as though he appeared from thin air.

"You..."

One of the Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect cultivators was alarmed and was about to speak. However, he was knocked flying before he could even lift his sword.

Exploding in midair, the person turned into a mist of blood and died on the spot!

A sword cultivator was rammed to death just like that!



## Chapter 597: Massacre!

The speed of the intruder was way too fast!

Everyone merely felt their visions blur before that person charged into the crowd and rammed a sword cultivator to death before arriving before Ji Yaoxue.

In fact, nobody could even tell the gender of the intruder, let alone make out his appearance.

“Who’s there?!”

The Great Xia guard beside Ji Yaoxue hollered and circulated his Golden Core. Releasing his spirit energy, he slashed in reverse towards the intruder’s head.

Bang!

The intruder did not avoid or dodge at all. At an extremely fast speed, before the saber even reached his head, he struck first and punched the Great Xia guard in the chest.

The Great Xia guard’s body was smashed into pieces!

Another Golden Core was dead!

Psst!

Everyone was shocked and gasped, retreating a step back instinctively.

The intruder killed two people in succession and stopped right beside Ji Yaoxue. He lowered his body and reached out to tug at the spirit rope that was binding the latter.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

The spirit rope snapped into pieces!

By now, the cold and steely Great Xia guards could no longer stay calm as well.

Although that spirit rope looked unassuming, even perfected Golden Cores would struggle to break free from it once they were entangled, let alone snap it.

*What sort of strength was that?!*

Finally, everyone caught a clear view of the intruder’s appearance.

Monk?

The intruder was a middle-aged monk wearing gray robes that were pale from washing. He looked muscular and had steely features.

The strangest thing was that there was no spirit energy fluctuation emanating from the person.

Even the Nascent Souls could not see through the person with their spirit consciousnesses, let alone the guards.

It was as though the middle-aged monk was shrouded by an invisible barrier that could avoid detection from spirit consciousnesses!

Initially, Perfected Lord Ming Ze was delighted when he saw someone step in to help.

After taking a clear look at that person, disappointment filled his eyes.

Although he could not see through the middle-aged monk, he could sense that there was no Dharmic power from that person.

In other words, this middle-aged monk was a Golden Core at most.

Given the current circumstances, even if the person who arrived was the number one Golden Core, it would not change anything.

That was because there were still two sword cultivators of Nascent Soul realm.

That was the most frightening power that could not be ignored!

Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen had clearly also deduced the cultivation realm of the middle-aged monk relying on their experience.

Perfected Lord Tian Chen sneered, "Hmph, a puny Golden Core who doesn't know what's good for him!"

When he heard that, Si Junyu heaved a sigh of relief and calmed down.

As long as the person who arrived was only at Golden Core, there wouldn't be any accidents!

Everyone's gaze turned towards the middle-aged monk.

It was the same for Ji Yaoxue.

She looked at that foreign face with a lost expression.

She did not know this person at all. Yet, why would he risk his life to save her?

"My gratitude, fellow Daoist,"

Despite her confusion, Ji Yaoxue expressed her thanks.

The middle-aged monk nodded expressionlessly.

Ji Yaoxue frowned with an odd feeling in her heart.

It was indescribable.

"Where did this wild monk spout out from? How dare you interfere in the affairs of the Great Xia Dynasty!"

Si Junyu hollered and interrupted Ji Yaoxue's train of thoughts.

The middle-aged monk turned around and swept his gaze across the three Nascent Souls that were fighting in midair dully. When he looked at Si Junyu who was not far away, his eyes turned murderous and he stomped forward!

Boom!

The ground quaked.

All the Golden Cores present felt their hearts skip a beat.

The middle-aged monk had already disappeared from where he was!

Like an ancient ferocious beast, he charged forward with a terrifying might!

Everywhere he passed, the ground overturned and mud flew, creating a massive ravine!

He was way too savage!

His ferocity was suffocating.

A Great Xia guard reacted slower and by the time he raised the saber on his back, the middle-aged monk's palm had already descended.

Poof!

That person's head was shoved right into his chest and his neck snapped – he died on the spot!

Another Great Xia guard's saber descended. The monk did not even bother to look at all and punched against the saber with his bare fist!

“Die!”

The Great Xia guard hollered with a cruel expression.

Snap!

There wasn't the sound of a blade cutting into flesh that he expected to hear.

There wasn't a flash of blood that he expected to see either.

Everyone could clearly tell that the superior-grade saber that was crafted from Pure Gold Crystal was shattered by the middle-aged monk's bare hands!

Poof!

Countless shards scattered and riddled the Great Xia guard's body with holes that flowed with blood.

That person fell stiffly with widened eyes.

“Where did this demonic monk come from?”

From the side, a Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect cultivator circulated spirit energy and his sword quivered and buzzed. It emitted five spirit lights that was extremely domineering and chilling!

It was a perfect-grade spirit weapon!

Swash!

The person's sword trembled.

Instantly, 13 sword phantoms appeared in midair!

The phantoms danced wildly and it was difficult to distinguish between reality and illusion!

The middle-aged monk's gaze shimmered and he reached out, identifying the true body of the sword instantly!

Not only that, his fingers seemed like they were metal and forceful, dodging the sharpness of the blade nimbly as they pinned the sword on its blade!

All the sword phantoms dispersed.

Nothing remained.

"Hmm?"

The sword cultivator's expression changed and he wanted to withdraw his sword by instinct.

However, after it was pinned by the middle-aged monk's fingers, the perfect-grade sword seemed like it was pinned under a mountain and could not budge at all!

"Not good!"

The person sensed danger and realized that something was amiss. He wanted to retreat but it was too late.

The middle-aged monk shifted agilely and pushed the blade that he was holding gently forward.

The entire process was fluid as water without any pauses at all.

The blade swiped past the person's throat.

It was extremely simple but it was enough to take the person's life!

Shing!

A blood mist spewed out!

The sword cultivator clutched at the wound on his throat frantically but he could not stop the blood flow as his gaze dimmed swiftly.

Another three Golden Cores were dead!

The entire process seemed very slow upon narration but in fact, it occurred in the split of a moment.

The middle-aged monk did not pause at all and in the blink of an eye, he had already arrived before Si Junyu, leaving five Golden Cores in his wake.

Si Junyu was panicked.

He had never seen such methods before – his guards, and even the sword cultivators of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect, could not even withstand a single move against the middle-aged monk, as though they were pieces of paper in his path.

The middle-aged monk was ruthless and every single attack from him was a killing blow – he gave no chances at all!

"K-Kill him for me!"

Si Junyu howled.

There were five more Great Xia guards and five sword cultivators from Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect in front of him.

To Si Junyu, as long as the 10 Golden Cores could hold back the middle-aged monk, the latter would definitely die once the two Nascent Souls in the air killed Perfected Lord Ming Ze and returned.

“Kill!”

The five Great Xia guards roared and struck at the same time!

Boom!

The eyes of one of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect’s sword cultivators lit up and he produced an extremely frightening aura. Without even testing the waters, he released his Golden Core phenomenon!

### **Chapter 598: Terrifying Combat Strength**

“Heavenly Piercing Seven Swords!”

The man hollered and the sword qi within his body rumbled. His Golden Core circulated wildly as spirit energy howled.

Seven gigantic swords appeared hovering in the air behind him, so sharp that they threatened to rip the heavens into pieces!

Heavenly Piercing Seven Swords.

Rank 78 of the previous Phenomenon Ranking.

This sword cultivator had clearly gained the true legacy of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect. Furthermore, he must have had an extremely deep level of comprehension to be able to cultivate this Golden Core phenomenon of the sect.

Golden Core phenomena were the most terrifying attacks of Golden Cores.

The Golden Core phenomena of sword cultivators were even more lethal!

The middle-aged monk had just advanced when the five Great Xia guards released a combo technique in unison with a tacit understanding.

Their five sabers seemed to fuse together into a sturdy and massive saber that descended from the skies with an apocalyptic aura!

Additionally, four swords that shimmered with a chilling light shot over from four different angles.

Before they arrived, the swords were already letting off an unsettling aura!

The most terrifying attack was the Golden Core phenomenon that was just released – Heavenly Piercing Seven Swords!

“Kill him! Kill him!”

Si Junyu howled with a maniacal look.

The middle-aged monk was expressionless against the incoming attacks. His eyes lit up as he opened his mouth, releasing a deafening sound of Sanskrit!

“Om!”

That syllable was extremely odd and was definitely not a normal word from Tianhuang Mainland.

It possessed a noble might when it was spoken by the middle-aged monk!

Even though there was no spirit energy fluctuation from the body of the middle-aged monk, the Sanskrit reverberated through the world continuously as though it could tunnel through any obstacles straight into one’s heart!

That Sanskrit was a burst that relied merely on the power of his organs, throat and tongue!

“Hmm?”

“Sound Secret Skill?”

The three Nascent Souls in midair were slightly surprised.

Sound secret skills were the rarest secret techniques in the cultivation world and were extremely difficult to cultivate – only certain super sects and top factions have them.

That Daming Mantra was a renowned secret skill of the Daming Monastery that had been lost for 10,000 years.

The lifespans of Nascent Souls were merely a few thousand years old – naturally, none of the three Nascent Souls knew of the origin of that secret skill.

On the battlefield, the 10 Golden Cores that were fighting were caught unprepared and shuddered.

The five sabers of the Great Xia guards and four swords of the sword cultivators paused briefly as well.

For ordinary cultivators, that delay might not have seemed like anything much.

However, in the eyes of the middle-aged monk, it was a massive opening!

A single delay meant that there was a break in their strength!

The middle-aged monk did not dodge or avoid. Instead, he took the first move and swung his arm like a thick iron whip against the five sabers.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

All the sabers shattered.

The five Great Xia guards were shocked.

Right as they were about to retreat, they discovered that the middle-aged monk did not continue to chase them – he had turned towards the four sword cultivators from Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect.

Before the five of them could react, another sound of Sanskrit boomed in their ears.

It was truly an explosion.

It was as though thunder had just sounded in their ears!

“Ma!”

All five of them widened their eyes which instantly turned bloodshot as they froze on the spot.

It was as though a gigantic hammer had thumped them at the back of the head, causing them to lose consciousness for a moment.

The four sword cultivators of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect had initially recovered and were about to continue attacking when they heard the second Sanskrit word.

All four of them revealed pained expressions and winced badly. They could not even maintain their grip on the swords in their hands, let alone continue to attack.

The middle-aged monk charged into the four of them with a cold gaze. Instantly, he threw out four punches in succession and ruptured all of their heads!

In the end, the remaining sword cultivator could not manage to attack as well.

It wasn't because he didn't want to, it was because he couldn't!

The two Sanskrit words caused him to freeze up and the seven swords behind him swayed before they even materialized fully, showing signs of dispersing!

How could that person attack to deal with the middle-aged monk when he could not even defend?

Within a split second, four of his fellow sect mates were dead.

And at that very moment, the middle-aged monk had already arrived before him!

The next moment, his pupils constricted violently!

He could see the middle-aged monk opening his mouth once more!

“Ni!”

The third Sanskrit word had descended!

The first people affected were the five Great Xia guards that were rooted on the spot.

Grisly fresh blood was already streaming down their eyes, ears, mouth and nose due to the blow from the three consecutive Sanskrit sounds!

They were bleeding from all orifices!

It seemed like the five of them did not have any injuries on their bodies.

However, their brains were already smashed from the vibrations!

All five of them fell stiffly with dim gazes.

The middle-aged monk had not laid his hands on them up till the very end – they were shocked to death by the three Sanskrit sounds!

As for the remaining sword cultivator, his face was pale as a sheet and his eyes were filled with fear.

His Golden Core phenomenon was already trembling against the impact of the three Sanskrit sounds and could disperse at any moment.

He had cultivated for more than 200 years, been through endless battles and could also be considered as a genius of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect.

However, he had never seen anyone fight in such a manner.

There was no spirit energy in the other person's body.

Yet, his power of phenomenon was shaken just by the other person's voice!

In other words, if not for the protection of his Golden Core phenomenon, he would have been seriously injured against the impact of the three Sanskrit sounds even if he wasn't dead!

The next moment, the middle-aged monk closed in and opened his mouth once again!

“Pa!”

The fourth Sanskrit sound!

The instant the fourth Sanskrit sound descended, the middle-aged monk suddenly struck as well and punched the Golden Core phenomenon directly!

Snap!

All seven swords were completely snapped!

The remaining Golden Cores felt grimaced at the sight of that in shock.

None of them had ever witnessed such power before!

Golden Core phenomenons were the strongest methods available for Golden Cores.

Even top-tier spirit arts might not be able to go against them.

But now, everyone was witnessing someone go against a Golden Core phenomenon head-on with his body alone!

The scariest thing was that Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect's Heavenly Piercing Seven Swords could not even withstand a single blow from the person's Sanskrit sounds and punch!

Poof!

The Golden Core phenomenon shattered and the last sword cultivator shuddered, coughing up a huge mouthful of blood.

The middle-aged monk did not give him any chance at all and strode forward, tapping him on the throat gently with a finger.



Snap!

The person's throat snapped and he died on the spot!

Si Junyu was completely scared out of his wits.

He had truly not expected that 10 Golden Cores – including an expert who cultivated a Golden Core phenomenon – could not stop the middle-aged monk for a single second!

The entire process sounded long upon narration but in fact, it only took three breaths.

Before Si Junyu could react, the middle-aged monk had already arrived before him!

At that moment, it was too late even if the two Nascent Souls, Gu Suqi and Tian Chen, wanted to step in and help.

“How dare you!”

Perfected Lord Tian Chen could not help but holler loudly when he saw that.

“Monk, if you dare to kill him, you will definitely die today!”

Gu Suqi said coldly.

### **Chapter 599: What Is He Doing?**

Instantly, Si Junyu was scared out of his wits!

“Ah!”

Si Junyu withdrew a cold, shimmering sword from his storage bag and his spirit energy surged wildly as he stabbed at the middle-aged monk's head!

At the same time, Si Junyu crushed a protection talisman in his left hand.

Whoosh!

A golden burst of light glowed around Si Junyu and formed an impenetrable barrier.

The middle-aged monk did not dodge or avoid the incoming sword and flicked his finger casually.

His fingertip met the sword's blade.

Clang!

Si Junyu's sword was snapped by the middle-aged monk's finger in a single strike!

With a ripped palm, Si Junyu could no longer hold on to his sword and let go.

Thereafter, his vision blurred and the middle-aged monk was already gone from his sights.

For everyone else, they saw the middle-aged monk take a step after snapping Si Junyu's blade to wrap behind the latter.

The middle-aged monk's movements were way too fluid.

It was like water – there was no delay between his movements ever since he first attacked.

The middle-aged monk's entire body coiled around Si Junyu's golden barrier like an anaconda and exerted strength massively!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

A series of cracks appeared on the golden barrier.

After a brief pause, the golden barrier shattered entirely!

The middle-aged monk reached out and grabbed Si Junyu's neck, exerting strength in his fingers.

Si Junyu merely felt his body and limbs go limp – he could not move at all and could only let the middle-aged monk lift him up!

“Everyone, stop!”

The middle-aged monk turned around and said coldly.

The two Great Xia guards and three Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect sword cultivators that were chasing after him stopped hurriedly with a deep look of fear in their eyes.

This middle-aged monk was way too brutal!

Ever since he started attacking, any Golden Core who stood in his path died – nobody was spared!

Rather than a benevolent monk, he was more like a demon with a murderous nature!

In the blink of an eye, Si Junyu wound up in the hands of the middle-aged monk and Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen could not help but stop their attacks on Perfected Lord Ming Ze.

With a relieved expression, Perfected Lord Ming Ze fell from midair in exhaustion.

Fortunately, Ji Yaoxue rushed forward and supported him.

Instantly, the situation became special.

On the side of the Great Xia Dynasty, there were five Golden Cores and two Nascent Souls with frightening strength remaining.

On the side of the Great Zhou Dynasty, Ji Yaoxue's spirit energy was already drained after releasing Emperor Defensive Qi and did not have much combat strength left.

As for Perfected Lord Ming Ze, he was filled with injuries all over and could not fight any longer.

On the surface, it seemed like the Great Zhou Dynasty was completely disadvantaged. However, the issue now was that Si Junyu had fallen in the hands of the middle-aged monk!

Suddenly, Perfected Lord Ming Ze and everyone else understood the middle-aged monk's intentions.

In a head-on confrontation, he was definitely not a match for the two Nascent Soul sword cultivators.

The only way to break out of the situation and survive was to use all his might to capture Si Junyu alive, thereby gaining the upper hand!

“What an impressive monk!”

Perfected Lord Ming Ze thought to himself.

The fact that this middle-aged monk was able to discover the method of breaking out of the situation within such a short period of time was proof of his understanding of the circumstances and the sharpness of his mind!

In reality, even at that moment, Perfected Lord Ming Ze had yet to realize the middle-aged monk’s true intentions.

By the time he realized, what he felt was not just shock... it was fear!

It was an act that required an extreme amount of guts!

Ji Yaoxue supported Perfected Lord Ming Ze and gazed at the middle-aged monk not far away with a slightly raised brow.

For some reason, she felt that there was something odd about this.

If that middle-aged monk was only at Golden Core realm and they did not know one another, why would he want to undertake such a huge risk just to save her?

Saving her was one thing, but the way he murdered them so decisively seemed like he was doing it out of rage.

She was the target of Si Junyu and the others. If so, where did the rage of the middle-aged monk stem from?

Could there be a deep feud between this man and the Great Xia Dynasty and he merely attacked after bumping into them by coincidence?

Ji Yaoxue could not figure it out.

Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen glared at the middle-aged monk coldly from midair, as though they wanted to make out something from the middle-aged monk’s face.

He was expressionless without any fear in his eyes.

Gu Suqi narrowed his eyes and said coolly, “The Buddhist sects believe that the Bodhisattva is compassionate for living beings. Monk, you are way too murderous for someone of the Buddhist sects!”

“The Buddhist sects also believe that the Vajra’s rage is required to subdue evil!”

The middle-aged monk’s gaze blazed and he was truly like a descended Vajra that was unavoidable!

“Humph!”

Perfected Lord Tian Chen scoffed with a chilling killing intent. “Monk, if you dare lay harm on him, I’ll tear you into pieces and burn your bones into ashes!”

The middle-aged monk was unmoved by the Nascent Soul’s threat and even exerted more strength in his fingers.

Si Junyu's expression turned purplish but he could not say a single word at all.

Suddenly, Gu Suqi's gaze flashed and he asked, "Nothing will come out of this stalemate anyways. How about we strike a deal?"

"Oh?" The middle-aged monk raised his brow slightly.

Gu Suqi said darkly, "If you let him off, we'll leave right away!"

The middle-aged monk pondered for a moment before asking, "How do I know you won't renege on your words?"

Perfected Lord Tian Chen and Gu Suqi exchanged glances and their eyes flashed with a sly intent as they gained a tacit understanding. "Both of us are Nascent Souls and we value our reputation. There's no way we will go back on anything we say!"

When he heard that, Perfected Lord Ming Ze's heart skipped a beat.

In the cruel cultivation world, nobody's promise could be taken at face value unless they were from completely trusted people.

Furthermore, even if the two of them reneged on their words and killed them, word of this would never spread and there would naturally be no impact on their reputations as well.

Initially, Perfected Lord Ming Ze thought that the middle-aged monk would be able to see through the dangers given his intellect.

However, he did not expect the middle-aged monk to be moved.

"For real?"

The middle-aged monk raised his brow slightly before asking the two Nascent Souls once more.

"Our word is gold!"

Gu Suqi repressed the joy in his heart and replied with conviction without letting anything slip!

In his opinion, even though this middle-aged monk may be strong and sharp, he might have way too little experience in the cultivation world after chanting sutras in seclusion for the most part of his life.

As long as they saved Si Junyu, this middle-aged monk would definitely be dead!

"Don't..."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was flustered. Right as he was about to speak, the middle-aged monk nodded. "Alright, I'll trust you guys."

With that said, he lifted Si Junyu and walked towards the two Nascent Souls.

Instantly, Perfected Lord Ming Ze was devastated.

He had already noticed that Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen could barely contain their delight and killing intents in the depths of their eyes.

Their gazes were burning, as though their bloodied mouths were already wide open, waiting for this gullible and ignorant monk to deliver himself to them.

Suddenly, a thought struck Ji Yaoxue and she whispered, "If he wants to release the hostage, why does he have to walk towards the two Nascent Souls?"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was stunned.

'That's right.'

'He could just release the hostage instantly, why walk over towards the two Nascent Souls?'

"What is he trying to do?"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze's eyes flashed with confusion.

"Could it be..."

### **Chapter 600: Killing Nascent Souls!**

The middle-aged monk lifted Si Junyu and advanced closer towards Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen.

In the blink of an eye, they were less than ten feet away.

Compared to the joyful gazes of Gu Suqi and Perfected Lord Tian Chen, the middle-aged monk seemed calm and his eyes were deep and emotionless.

When he arrived, the middle-aged monk tossed Si Junyu towards Perfected Lord Tian Chen in a seemingly casual manner.

Perfected Lord Tian Chen's eyes lit up as he reached out to receive.

On the other side, Gu Suqi burst out in laughter.

"Haha...!"

All of a sudden!

Gu Suqi's laughter came to a stop!

From the corner of his eyes, he spotted a figure dart over from behind Si Junyu to charge over! His eyes shone with a ferocious glint like an ancient demon that was about to devour humans!

Psst!

Gu Suqi gasped.

That middle-aged monk actually harbored killing intents towards a Nascent Soul!

How could he!

How could a Golden Core dare lay his hands on a Nascent Soul?!

"Die!"

The middle-aged monk roared with a thunder-like voice and let off an asphyxiating killing intent. He reached out with his muscular palm that blanketed the skies and stirred the clouds.

Gu Suqi merely felt his vision darken with a massive shadow above his head, as though dark clouds were covering him!

“You have a death wish!”

Gripping his sword in reverse, Gu Suqi slashed across fiercely!

The two of them were way too close.

Before the sword technique was fully released, Su Zimo had already gripped Gu Suqi first with his left hand!

At this point, it did not matter any longer how amazing the sword technique was.

At this distance, melee combat strength and the power of one’s body was what mattered!

Gu Suqi’s expression changed starkly and there was finally a hint of panic in his eyes.

His wrist was locked by the middle-aged monk and he could not break free at all.

At that moment, he had finally realized how frightening the physique of the middle-aged monk was.

The middle-aged monk’s melee combat strength was enough to threaten his life!

Gu Suqi was a Nascent Soul.

In a normal exchange, he could utilize Dharmic power with his spirit consciousness and would not allow the middle-aged monk a chance to get close.

Now that he was closed in by the middle-aged monk, it was akin to him being closed in by a pure-blooded ferocious beast – any single misstep would cause him to die on the spot!

Most cultivators were weak physically and could not compare to demons at all.

That was the reason why cultivators would always make use of means such as spirit arts, Dharmic arts and spirit weapons to keep their distance and not allow demon beasts to close it.

They would be in danger once they were closed in by the demon beasts!

Perfected Lord Tian Chen had just caught Si Junyu who was tossed over and could not help at all.

At that moment, Gu Suqi could only rely on himself!

The precision of the middle-aged monk’s attacks was way too perfect.

This was a situation that could not have happened if he was faster or slower by a single second.

Snap!

The middle-aged monk did not give Gu Suqi any time to react and snapped his wrist instantly!

“Ah!”

Gu Suqi howled in pain and was drenched in cold sweat.

Swoosh!

At the same time, the middle-aged monk's heavenly encompassing palm descended with an intimidating aura.

Gu Suqi's wrist was snapped and he was momentarily stunned. By the time he returned to his senses, the middle-aged monk's palm was already descending from above his head.

In his hurry, he could only raise his arms to block.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

That short collision caused Gu Suqi's arm to be snapped instantly against the pressure of the middle-aged monk's palm!

The palm continued descending and landed fiercely on top of Gu Suqi's head!

Bang!

Brain juice was splattered!

Gu Suqi's eyes widened and his face was torn apart like a spiderweb.

His head was ruptured by a single slap from the middle-aged monk!

This Essence Spirit dispersed and he could not have been more dead!

A Nascent Soul was dead!

Even Gu Suqi who was right smack in the battle could not react to it, let alone everyone else who was watching in shock.

Be it Ji Yaoxue or Si Junyu's faction, neither side expected such a change in the battlefield where a Nascent Soul was dead in less than a second!

The most frightening thing was that the massacre was not over!

"Demon monk, how dare you!"

Perfected Lord Tian Chen had just placed Si Junyu down when he caught sight of that. Instantly, he was triggered and enraged!

"Why wouldn't I dare to?!"

The middle-aged monk did not pause in his movements at all after killing Gu Suqi. With a single stride, he had already arrived before Perfected Lord Tian Chen, yelling, "You're the one that's going to die!"

Perfected Lord Ming Ze shuddered at that statement

In other words, what the middle-aged monk meant was that he had already planned on killing the two Nascent Souls right from the beginning!

The reason why the monk held Si Junyu hostage was not because he needed a chip in negotiation.

He had already planned for this moment when he captured Si Junyu alive!

Right from the beginning, he had not intended to let the two Nascent Souls off at all!

This man truly had tremendous guts!

On the battlefield.

Perfected Lord Tian Chen twisted his sword and aimed it at the middle-aged monk's heart, thrusting fiercely as he barked, "You don't know your limits!"

The sword beam was cold and sharp, as if it could destroy everything!

That was a Dharmic weapon of Nascent Souls.

Although the middle-aged monk had a strong body and could repel a superior-grade spirit weapon with his finger, he could not defend against the edge of a Dharmic weapon.

Against the sharpness of the sword cultivator, he could only retreat.

However, if he retreated and increased the distance between him and the Nascent Soul, there was no way he would be able to kill the latter.

"Om!"

A look of conviction flashed through the middle-aged monk's eyes as he said with Sanskrit.

The voids trembled.

Instantly, Perfected Lord Tian Chen's sword paused for a brief moment.

However, it was a moment so brief and undetectable that it seemed as though there was no impact at all.

The middle-aged monk did not decrease his speed and merely slanted sideways while continuing to lunge towards Perfected Lord Tian Chen.

"Pfft!"

Although the sword that was initially aimed for the middle-aged monk's heart shifted slightly, it still pierced right into his chest!

Flashes of blood appeared.

The middle-aged monk was indifferent and allowed the sword to pass through him as he continued charging with a ferocious glint!

Perfected Lord Ming Ze and everyone else could clearly see a bloodied sword burst forth from the back of the middle-aged monk.

That sword did not manage to puncture the middle-aged monk's heart.

However, the sharpness of the sword was less than an inch away from the heart!



As long as Perfected Lord Tian Chen twisted his sword, he would be able to slice the middle-aged monk's heart with his blade's sharpness!

Right then, the middle-aged monk arrived before Perfected Lord Tian Chen with the sword piercing through him and swung his arm right away!

Although that arm looked like it was flexible and limp on the surface, like the trunk of an ancient divine elephant, it let out a crisp sound in midair and slapped Perfected Lord Tian Chen's head with a violent might!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Perfected Lord Tian Chen's head spun a few circles around his neck before coming to a stop with bulged eyes – he had stopped breathing a long time ago.

Victory was decided.

Death was decided.

Perfected Lord Tian Chen's neck had snapped long ago against that power.

His brains had already been shaken into sludge and his Essence Spirit was destroyed.

Up till his death, he gripped his sword's handle tightly.

However, he was still that bit slower and did not manage to cut the middle-aged monk's heart.

That was melee combat!

A single lag, even if it was only for a brief instant, would mean life and death!

That was the moment where life and death was decided!

Perfected Lord Ming Ze could not imagine how the middle-aged monk who was right smack in the battle felt earlier on.

He had already broken out in cold sweat just by watching from the sidelines!

That was truly gambling with one's life!

As long as Perfected Lord Tian Chen was a step faster, the one laying dead on the ground would have been the middle-aged monk.

However, at that thought, that choice and decisiveness was probably the only thing that could have killed Perfected Lord Tian Chen!

*What a scary monk. Just who in the world is he?*

More than shock, what Perfected Lord Ming Ze felt when he looked at the middle-aged monk's back view was fear!