

ETERNAL SK 601

Chapter 601: Meeting

The middle-aged monk was not an outsider – he was Su Zimo after changing his appearance.

At that moment, he could not appear with his true self.

If anyone knew that he was not dead and had even stepped in to save the Empress of Great Zhou, the Great Zhou Dynasty would definitely be in peril!

The old temple at the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley would not be hidden for much longer either.

Furthermore, in the depths of Su Zimo's heart, he did not dare to face Ji Yaoxue.

That feeling had turned increasingly so after five years.

It was an indescribable feeling that was conflicted.

In the past five years, Su Zimo was isolated from the outside world in the old temple at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley. Away from secular affairs, there was no killing or fighting as he spent his days chanting sutras and paying respects to Buddha with a peaceful heart.

However, he felt nervous the moment he heard Ji Yaoxue in danger.

His peace for the past five years was broken instantly and he found himself surging with an uncontrollable killing intent!

Therefore, right from the moment he appeared, he had no intention of letting anyone off alive and had a decisive killing intent – even Perfected Lord Ming Ze felt fear because of him!

The entire process of him killing two great Nascent Souls took less than three breaths.

Although it seemed like it was momentary and simple, he was the only one who knew best about the dangers involved.

He was truly fighting with his life!

A single mistake would cause him to die on the spot.

In terms of actual strength, Su Zimo was definitely not a match for the Nascent Souls.

The only thing he had stronger than Gu Suqi and Tian Chen was his body!

Die Yue once said that demonic cultivators have the easiest time killing opponents above their levels.

As long as he could engage in melee combat, he had a shot at victory!

The reason why he agreed to let Si Junyu off was so that he could numb Gu Suqi and Tian Chen, lowering their guards.

The reason why the two Nascent Souls were unguarded wasn't because they lacked experience – they truly hadn't expected that a Golden Core would attempt to kill Nascent Souls!

That was equivalent to a mortal plotting to kill an immortal!

Su Zimo gripped the sword's handle and pulled the blade out slowly from his chest.

The sharp blade ground against his bones and flesh with a jarring noise.

Su Zimo was expressionless.

A stream of blood spewed out!

As though he had no sense of pain, Su Zimo did not even bother to look as he flung his arm behind him!

Poof!

A sword cultivator of Heavenly Piercing Sword Sect was stabbed through the heart and died on the spot.

The remaining four people finally broke out of their stupor and were scared out of their wits. They exclaimed and scurried into the distance without turning back.

Clutching his chest with his left hand, Su Zimo had a cold gaze and stomped on his feet. The ground quaked and he bolted forward like an arrow.

It was too fast!

Bang!

A Great Xia guard had barely run a few steps before Su Zimo caught up to him. He was slapped to death with a single palm strike without any way of retaliating.

The remaining three Golden Cores did not manage to escape far either before they were murdered by Su Zimo one after another!

Si Junyu stood on the spot motionlessly.

He could tell clearly that given his strength, he wouldn't be able to escape from the middle-aged monk's pursuit even if he wanted to!

Before long, after the other four were killed, the middle-aged monk returned and walked straight towards Si Junyu.

Si Junyu's face was pale as a sheet but he pretended to be calm and said with cupped fists, "Great monk, I'm the prince of the Great Xia Dynasty. As long as you let me off, I'll be immensely grateful and I'm willing to agree to any terms of exchange."

"Once I ascend the throne, I can even help you with the power of my entire dynasty!"

Su Zimo walked before Si Junyu and reached out with an indifferent expression, grabbing the latter towards him by the throat!

"Ee... Ee...!"

Si Junyu rolled his eyes as his feet left the ground and kicked furiously. He could not speak at all and could only let out odd sounds.

Su Zimo leaned in and whispered into Si Junyu's ears, "The power of your entire dynasty means nothing to a fraction of her. Since you dared to lay your hands on her, I'm going to kill you!"

“Y-You...!”

Si Junyu’s face was turning purplish and he seemed like he wanted to ask something.

Su Zimo continued, “I’ll also let you die with a complete understanding of things today. I’m Su Zimo and your brother, Jun Hao, was killed by me!”

Si Junyu’s eyes widened with disbelief.

Su Zimo... that was a name that nobody had mentioned for five years.

He was still alive!

“You can join your brother in Hell.”

Su Zimo said calmly before exerting strength in his fingers, breaking Si Junyu’s throat with a snap.

Si Junyu died on the spot.

In less than 15 minutes, two Nascent Souls, 20 Golden Cores and a prince of Great Xia were all killed at this place – none of them were spared!

Ji Yaoxue had a pensive expression with raised brows as she looked at Su Zimo with a somewhat strange gaze.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze took a deep breath of air before heading forward to greet Su Zimo with a deep bow. “I am Perfected Lord Ming Ze of the Great Zhou Dynasty. Many thanks for your help earlier on, great monk.”

As a Nascent Soul, it was truly rare for him to extend such politeness to a Golden Core.

“No worries,”

Su Zimo waved it off and said indifferently, “This treacherous place is filled with dangers and the Dragon Burial Valley is an unlucky place. You guys should not come here anymore in the future.”

“Alright, thank you for the advice, great monk,” Perfected Lord Ming Ze nodded.

Right then, Ji Yaoxue walked over as well, glaring at Su Zimo. “May I know your name and sect or faction, great monk?”

It was a somewhat illogical question.

Her attitude and tone was more like someone that was interrogating another person.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze glanced at Ji Yaoxue and frowned slightly.

He could sense that there was something mysterious about the middle-aged monk’s background and the way he conducted himself. Up till now, the latter had not mentioned why he helped them or why he killed everyone from the Great Xia Dynasty.

However, Ji Yaoxue was behaving even more strangely.

Su Zimo lowered his head and pulled down the prayer beads on his left hand that only had four Buddha Beads before saying calmly, "I'm Ming Xin and I don't belong to any sect or faction."

"Ming Xin,"

Ji Yaoxue murmured softly before looking deeply at Su Zimo. "Perfected Lord Ming Ze and I are injured and we can't fight anymore. Since you said that this place is treacherous, can you escort us out?"

It was an even ruder request.

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was about to speak when the middle-aged monk nodded after a moment of silence. "Alright."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was stunned.

However, he saw Ji Yaoxue smile brightly. "Thank you, great monk!"

For the past five years, Perfected Lord Ming Ze had been by Ji Yaoxue's side, ensuring her safety.

Ever since the death of the strongest monster incarnate in history five years ago, he had not seen such a smile appear on Ji Yaoxue's face.

It was dazzling, like the rainbow after a downpour.

It was as though every single bit of sadness that this woman kept in her heart for the past five years had vanished at this moment.

As Su Zimo looked at Ji Yaoxue's smile, a phrase appeared in his mind.

A smile that resembles a flower's blossom.

However, there was no flower in this world that could compare to the smile of the woman before him.

Avoiding his gaze, Su Zimo counted his prayer beads at an even faster speed. He lowered his head and took the front, saying softly, "Let's go."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze and confused and followed instinctively.

Ji Yaoxue pursed her lips with a slight hint of dejection in her eyes.

However, she smiled again soon after.

No matter what, today was a day worth being happy about.

Chapter 602: Great Monk, Do You Recognize Me?

Three odd-looking people appeared in the Great Qian Ruins.

The leader was a middle-aged monk with prayer beads in his hands. He had a calm expression and without any cultivation, was no different from a mortal.

Behind him was a man and woman, both who were severely injured.

There was a high chance that these three would meet with an attack in the Great Qian Ruins!

It was way too common for people to kill others and steal their treasures in this place.

However, along the way, many cultivators who caught sight of them stayed far away and did not dare to provoke them.

That was because everyone could clearly see that there were initially countless otherworldly soldiers in the palace. However, all of the otherworldly soldiers gave way to these three people wherever they passed!

The three of them walked through the palace without any otherworldly soldiers obstructing their way!

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was secretly impressed.

He was definitely not the reason for the otherworldly soldiers' wariness.

When he arrived, even though he was a Nascent Soul, those otherworldly soldiers charged at them fearlessly.

To think that all of them would choose to stay away from the middle-aged monk!

There seemed to be a fog shrouding the middle-aged monk such that nobody could make out his secrets.

The strangest thing was this man's identity.

He could not be considered as a cultivator since there was no spirit energy fluctuation from within his body.

He could not be considered as a mortal as well since he could kill Nascent Souls.

This man was well-versed in a sound secret skill.

Anyone that inherited a sound secret skill would be from a super sect or top faction.

However, none of the six Buddhist monasteries were located in the North Region.

So, where did this man come from?

Along the way, Perfected Lord Ming Ze was filled with questions that he could not understand.

Ji Yaoxue tagged along at the back, watching the back view of the middle-aged monk with a conflicted expression. There were countless times when she wanted to speak but chose not to eventually.

Just like that, the three of them passed through the palace and the ruins in silence.

After sending Ji Yaoxue and Perfected Lord Ming Ze outside the ruins, Su Zimo stopped in his tracks and turned around, saying softly with a lowered head, "Patrons, do take your leave as soon as possible. I'll be bidding farewell here."

Ji Yaoxue bit her red lip gently in silence.

"Thank you for your lifesaving grace, great monk. I'll definitely remember today's gratitude to you," Perfected Lord Ming Ze greeted with cupped fists.

Su Zimo nodded and returned with a single-handed bow before turning to leave.

Up till the end, he did not dare to meet with Ji Yaoxue's eyes.

He did not dare to look at her directly.

After hesitating for a long time, Ji Yaoxue chose to speak eventually, "Reverend, d-do you have anything you wish to say?"

"This is a dangerous place. Please don't come here again from now on, patron."

Su Zimo's back was facing Ji Yaoxue and he did not turn back as he continued forward while saying calmly.

"When will I be able to meet you again, reverend?"

Ji Yaoxue asked once more.

Su Zimo paused in his tracks and only replied after pondering for a long time, "We will naturally meet again if there's affinity."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze frowned tightly and looked back and forth at the middle-aged monk and Ji Yaoxue in confusion.

Ji Yaoxue only let out a deep breath of air after the middle-aged monk's figure disappeared fully at the edge of the ruins. "Uncle Ming, let's go."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze could not help but ask, "Do you know him, empress?"

"Ming Xin?"

Ji Yaoxue smiled and shook her head. "I don't."

Perfected Lord Ming Ze was even more puzzled.

Because this was not part of the Great Zhou Dynasty's territory and the both of them were injured, they did not dare to linger and left in the air riding on their flying swords.

...

Su Zimo felt conflicted on his return.

Eventually, he did not choose to acknowledge his relationship with Ji Yaoxue.

He did not know what he should say.

He did not know how to face Ji Yaoxue.

He could not deny that she was extremely important to him. However, he was going to leave the North Region and even Tianhuang Mainland at the end of the day.

As for Ji Yaoxue, she was the Empress of Great Zhou and carried the hopes of the dynasty's flourish.

The both of them were on different paths.

Right then, Su Zimo paused in his tracks and frowned.

He was distracted in deep thoughts the entire time and had not noticed that someone was following him!

Of course, it seemed like that the person did not harbor any evil intentions towards him.

Otherwise, he would have been able to sense it with his spirit perception even if he was distracted!

“Who are you? Come on out.”

Su Zimo glanced sideways and commented indifferently.

“Great monk, do you recognize me?”

A tender voice sounded, somewhat coquettish and spiteful.

Su Zimo’s heart skipped a beat.

Instantly, he recited the Sanskrit of the Daming Mantra mentally to calm himself down.

It was Demoness Ji!

Her bewitchment powers had turned even more frightening after five years.

If not for the fact that Su Zimo had chanted sutras and comprehended Buddhism for the past five years, he would have definitely exposed himself with just that single remark!

It seemed like Demoness Ji had also benefited immensely from the Human Emperor’s Palace and had advanced her powers significantly.

Su Zimo turned around and looked at Demoness Ji who was not far away.

After five years, Demoness Ji seemed to have gotten skinnier. However, there was no way to hide that peerless face that could bewitch the masses and that body that could charm the entire world.

Her beautiful brows curved slightly in a pitiable manner.

Her eyes shimmered like the surface of water.

The young woman bit her alluring cherry lips in a grumbling manner.

Su Zimo glanced at her expressionlessly before turning back and shaking his head. “I don’t.”

“Great monk, you may not recognize me, but I recognize you.”

A fragrance wafted over as Ji Yaoxue shifted towards Su Zimo with light steps – it seemed like she was about to cast herself into his embrace by the looks of it.

Su Zimo was secretly troubled.

The person he was most frightened of in this lifetime was this demoness before him.

In a flash, Su Zimo dodged to the side.

“Female patron, please respect yourself,” Su Zimo clasped his palms together and said deeply.

“Sure,”

Demoness Ji harrumphed and grumbled coyly, “Great monk, now you’re asking me to respect myself. Back in that stone coffin, you took quite a bit of advantage of me!”

Su Zimo’s mouth twitched.

In the past, the two of them were squeezed into a stone coffin and had to escape for their lives from the bottom of the river.

The stone coffin was extremely cramped and it was unavoidable for them to have physical contact.

By mentioning this, it was clear that Demoness Ji had recognized him.

Demoness Ji pursued the topic relentlessly. “Great, now you’re going to avoid taking responsibility for it after shaving your head and holding a set of prayer beads?”

Initially, Su Zimo was still contemplating whether or not he should admit to it.

After all, there was nothing she could do even if he refused to admit it.

However, Demoness Ji’s words turned increasingly nasty, as though there was truly something between them. Su Zimo could not take it anymore and coughed gently to interrupt. “Demoness Ji, what do you want?”

“Humph!”

She raised her head and pouted her lips, asking, “Great monk, didn’t you say that you don’t know me?”

After a moment of silence, Su Zimo said, “Thank you for the help rescuing the citizens of the Yan Country along with Pure Maiden Sect five years ago.”

When she heard that, Demoness Ji’s eyes welled up with a layer of mist as she said, “Su Zimo, you’re truly cruel. Why don’t you show yourself when you’re clearly alive!”

“My Golden Core has already been crippled and I’ve offended the entire North Region with everyone taking me as a demon. Nothing good will come out of anyone that associates themselves with me”

Su Zimo shook his head and replied, “Furthermore, I’m being hunted. Although the North Region is huge, there’s nowhere that can accommodate me.”

Chapter 603: Junior Brother, You’re Poisoned!

When Demoness Ji saw the dejected look on Su Zimo’s face, she was suddenly reminded of his situation and could not bear to blame him.

His kin and friends were all in the North Region.

If he had any other choice, he wouldn’t have chosen to reside in seclusion.

Furthermore, his Golden Core was crippled.

His past was resplendent — Extreme Foundation Establishment, second after the Human Emperor; suppressed the paragons of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects beneath the Human Emperor's Palace; overwhelming everyone from the North Region; incinerating Nascent Souls and... lauded as the number one monster incarnate in history!

But now, he had fallen from grace and was left with nothing.

In fact, he did not even have a place that could accommodate him!

Who could endure and accept such a blow?

Initially, Demoness Ji was filled with grievance. However, after hearing Su Zimo's statement, she felt her heart wrench.

She said softly, "Zimo, you can come over to Pure Maiden Sect. We will protect you."

"Protect a demon?"

Su Zimo laughed in a self-deprecating manner.

Demoness Ji opened her mouth and seemed like she wanted to reply but eventually, nothing came forth.

While she could ignore everything, she could not guarantee that it would be the same for her sect.

Although Pure Maiden Sect was a fiend sect, they were humans.

Humans had a longstanding feud with demons and there was no way for one party to accommodate the other unless there was a blood oath signed.

Demoness Ji said, "Zimo, you can explain that you are not a demon. The Human Emperor's Palace will definitely not let any demons within!"

Su Zimo laughed coldly, shaking his head.

Given his personality and pride, there was no way he would explain something like that personally.

In other words, even if he was willing to explain, who would believe him?

The most basic reasoning was that no demon would be able to enter the Human Emperor's Palace — who wouldn't be able to understand that?

However, some people merely chose to ignore the fact.

The truth was no longer of importance.

What was important was that the entire North Region wanted Su Zimo dead. It did not matter even if he explained, they could term him as a demon or fiend as long as they wanted to!

"What plans do you have from now on? Are you going to just hide forever?" Demoness Ji asked.

"I'm waiting for an opportunity!"

Su Zimo replied gradually, "When I reappear, it will also be the time for me to leave the North Region!"

“Leave the North Region?” Demoness Ji frowned slightly.

The North Region was way too huge with dangers lurking everywhere!

Even if Su Zimo was in perfect condition, it was unrealistic for him to get through the North Region unharmed, let alone now that his Golden Core was crippled.

Demoness Ji’s heart skipped a beat as she blurted at the thought of a possibility, “The ancient battlefield!”

“That’s right.”

Su Zimo nodded.

The intermediate ancient battlefield would open up 15 years later.

As long as he could enter the intermediate ancient battlefield, just like Xiaoning, Leng Rou and the others, he would be able to head to the other regions or even the Middle Continent of Tianhuang Mainland through the teleportation points.

This time round, Su Zimo intended to take his elder brother, Su Hong, with him.

Previously, Ji Yaoxue mentioned that Su Hong’s health was turning worse.

The blow to Su Hong after receiving news of Su Zimo’s death and the plight of the citizens of the Yan Country was unimaginable.

Furthermore, he was already injured after the failed assassination attempt on the King of Yan, Zhao Qian. As such, Su Zimo did not know how long more his brother could hold out for.

After all, Su Hong was not a cultivator and had a limited lifespan.

In another 15 years, Su Hong would be in his sixties and would only have around forty years worth of lifespan at the most.

Su Zimo wanted to bring Su Hong along with him to look for Xiaoning in the Middle Continent.

Su Hong’s final moments must be spent with the two of them.

Furthermore, ever since Xiaoning left Ping Yang Town and joined Ji Yaoxue in Azure Frost Sect, she had not met with Su Hong again.

In the blink of an eye, more than ten years had passed.

The reason why Xiaoning started her path of cultivation and focused wholeheartedly on elixir refinement, even joining Elixir Yang Sect, was because she wanted to extend Su Hong’s lifespan!

It would be best if Xiaoning had a way of extending Su Hong’s lifespan by the time they met.

“Have you really made up your mind to leave?”

Demoness Ji could not conceal her disappointment and murmured softly with a dim gaze, “What about me- I mean my sister...”

Su Zimo was silent.

“She knows you so well. If even I can recognize you, she must have recognized you long ago.”

Demoness Ji sighed gently. “It’s just that she understands you and knows that you’ve got your difficulties. That’s the reason why she did not force or expose you.”

“It’s good that she recognized me. At least she knows that I’m alive and doesn’t have to worry,” Su Zimo replied.

After a moment of silence, he continued, “After you return, pay more attention to those around her. Now that she’s the empress, her movements should be kept secret. I suspect that the ambush she met here meant that there’s someone that doesn’t want her to return alive!”

“Don’t worry, I’ll do my best to help my sister.”

Silence ensued between the both of them.

Demoness Ji did not say anything and merely looked at Su Zimo quietly.

A long time later, he said softly, “Go on back.”

“Take... care then.”

Demoness Ji was dejected and her eyes were swollen and red.

A moment later, she sniffed and forced a smile before faking a smile. “Let’s have a final hug as a farewell.”

Su Zimo hesitated for a moment before nodding.

Heading forward, he hugged Demoness Ji in a gentlemanly manner.

A crafty look flashed through Demoness Ji’s eyes as she tilted her head and pecked Su Zimo on the cheek with her red lips gently.

He was stunned.

Her hair brushed by his face and he was overwhelmed by a fragrance – she had already turned and fled.

“Hehehe!”

She laughed and her eyes turned into a pair of crescent moons. She was elated without any bit of dejection at all.

“Damned demoness!”

Su Zimo grit his teeth.

“You’re so stupid!”

Demoness Ji made a funny face at Su Zimo with disdain in her eyes, pouting her lips. “If you want to leave, go ahead! I can’t care less!”

“You took advantage of me in that stone coffin, there’s no way I’m going to let you off! Hmph! I merely just collected a little bit of interest!” Demoness Ji waved her fist.

Su Zimo did not say anything and turned to leave.

With his back facing Demoness Ji, he did not see the sadness and reluctance in the depths of her eyes.

Even after he vanished at the edge of the ruins, a girl in pink stood alone gazing in his direction for the longest time.

Su Zimo returned to the old temple and pushed the doors through.

The little monk, Ming Zhen, was reciting sutras in the courtyard. When he saw Su Zimo, he exclaimed softly with surprise.

“Junior Brother, you’re injured?”

Ming Zhen asked.

“I’m fine.”

In this short period of time, the wound on his chest that was pierced by the sword had already recovered.

With a grim expression, Ming Zhen advanced and glared at Su Zimo’s cheek, even sniffing it. “This is bad! You’ve got two red marks on your cheeks that have a fragrance! Junior Brother, you’re poisoned!”

That was the imprint of Demoness Ji’s lips that Su Zimo forgot to wipe. At the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley, Ming Zhen had not even seen a woman before, let alone know what it was.

Su Zimo’s expression darkened as he pushed Ming Zhen’s bald head away, saying in a huff, “Bullsh*t!”

He wiped away the imprint on his cheek as he dashed into the Sutra Chamber.

Ming Zhen looked at his master who had just appeared from the doors in confusion and asked with an earnest expression, “Master, why is junior brother angry?”

“Erm...”

The old monk replied, “He might... be poisoned.”

“See, I was right! He didn’t believe me!” Ming Zhen pouted his lips.

Chapter 604: Teach You

Nighttime.

Su Zimo tidied his attire and left the Sutra Chamber for the backyard.

On this day every month, he would head over to where the red-headed ghost was for a bowl of mysterious spirit water.

The old temple looked extremely creepy under the shroud of the night skies.

The red-headed ghost sat on the ground and leaned against a tombstone with a bowl of spirit water before him – he had been waiting for a long time.

Su Zimo was already used to everything and drank the spirit water right away when he arrived before the red-headed ghost.

Suddenly, the red-headed ghost said, “You’ve got a bow with you, right?”

“Take it out and place it there.”

The red-headed ghost pointed to a tombstone not far away.

Although Su Zimo did not understand why, he still obeyed and took out his Moon Concealment Bow, placing it on the tombstone.

The full moon had just risen and the cold moonlight spilled down, forming a column of light that focused on the Moon Concealment Bow on the tombstone.

The bow shone with an intense spirit light!

Even without the infusion of spirit energy, the spirit patterns on the bow also had a bedazzling luster!

The red-headed ghost said, “This is a quasi-connate spirit weapon and its sixth spirit pattern had already taken shape. As long as it continues to receive the essence of the moon here, it can definitely grow to become a connate spirit weapon!”

Su Zimo nodded.

“You’ve also got a blood-red saber with you, right? Take it out also.”

“Blood Quencher?”

Su Zimo froze for a moment.

Blood Quencher was a perfect-grade spirit weapon he crafted personally and wasn’t a quasi-connate spirit weapon. Could it be...

Although he was confused, Su Zimo handed Blood Quencher over still.

The red-headed ghost received Blood Quencher and touched across its blade gently before nodding. “This saber was refined decently. When it was formed, it was synthesized with a frightening bloodline that gave it its bloodthirsty nature!”

Back when he refined Blood Quencher, Su Zimo nearly failed and only managed to forge it completely after using his bloodline to temper the flames.

Although the red-headed ghost did not witness it personally, the fact that his guess was not far off the mark was proof that his insights were sharp.

The red-headed ghost rose and arrived at an empty space nearby. Exerting strength in his arm, he stabbed Blood Quencher into the ground, leaving only its handle exposed.

“Red-headed ghost, what are you doing?” Su Zimo asked curiously.

“The people buried here were experts 10,000 years ago and the bloodline that runs underground is incomparably strong, indestructible and possesses a tremendous amount of might! There’s a chance that this saber can grow into a connate spirit weapon if it’s soaked here!”

Su Zimo’s eyes lit up.

With that, he would have two more connate spirit weapons with him, the Moon Concealment Bow and Blood Quencher, apart from the Coiling Dragon Seal and Black Gold Arrows!

Unfortunately, the Mystic Gold Silk Armor was smashed right after it was repaired.

“There are way too many experts buried in this cemetery! Dead patriarchs, the blood of emperors... this is an extremely unlucky place! There’s nothing to lose if nothing happens to the saber. However, if it can absorb their blood and grow into a connate spirit weapon, it will definitely be incomparably ferocious!”

The red-headed ghost glared at Blood Quencher coolly and snickered. “Trouble will befall any weakling that lays their hands on this weapon. You should be careful too!”

In that period of time, the tremendous amount of energy in the spirit water had already spread through Su Zimo’s body.

He assumed a lotus position and began cultivating with the sutras of the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness revolving through his mind.

As he breathed, a thick demonic qi spewed out from his mouth.

There was no tear on his blood-red Inner Core and it had recovered to how it was before!

The Inner Core revolved slowly with a ferocious demonic qi, creating ancient demons around him one after another.

Centered among them, Su Zimo’s eyes were tightly shut and his body was faintly visible. With a frightening aura, he was akin to the king of demons that looked down at everyone from above!

He had relied on that mysterious spirit water for the past five years to help his Inner Core recover.

Not only that, his body had turned even more frightening!

Even though it was just a bowl of spirit water, the amount of energy it contained was enough to last Su Zimo for an entire month!

If he continued cultivating this way, he would definitely attain greater mastery of his Inner Core in the next 15 years and even have a chance of cultivating to the perfected realm!

What’s in that spirit water for it to possess such power?

In the five years, Su Zimo had read many ancient manuals in the Sutra Chamber but he could not find anything that fit the description.

This was a question that he had asked the red-headed ghost more than once during this period of time.

However, each time, the red-headed ghost would look at him oddly with a beguiling smirk without elaborating further.

Thereafter, Su Zimo no longer questioned.

The night was dark and the round moon hung high above.

As the red-headed ghost looked at Su Zimo, a deep hint of envy flashed through the depths of his eyes.

This cultivation technique is truly terrifying!

The red-headed ghost lamented internally.

It was an undeniable fact that humans were born innately weak.

However, that demonic cultivation technique could allow a mortal to cultivate his body to such a frightening degree!

He could see every single muscle on Su Zimo's body twitch imperceptibly with every single breath he exhaled. His tendons quivered, his bones shook, his blood marrow gushed and his orifices shone with a divine light that was brighter than stars!

With every single breath, he was refining his blood, flesh, tendons, bones, skin, organs and orifices!

The red-headed ghost turned his gaze towards Su Zimo's exposed skin.

As Su Zimo's cultivation deepened, the surface of his skin turned coarser.

Upon closer inspection, it could be seen that the surface of his skin was intertwined with intersecting rhombus scars over and over again!

However, the scars were so subtle that even Su Zimo did not notice them.

When he saw those scars, the red-headed ghost was delighted and could barely conceal his joy.

Before long, the night passed.

The moment a sliver of daybreak broke out from the horizon, Su Zimo took a deep breath of air and absorbed the demonic qi in his surroundings back into his body.

Everything vanished completely in the blink of an eye.

Su Zimo opened his eyes with a demonic glint flashing through.

The red-headed ghost asked in a seemingly pleased manner, "You've once consumed something from the dragon race, right?"

Su Zimo was shocked.

The first thing that came to mind was that massive dragon egg.

Su Zimo said darkly, "Yes... back in the Human Emperor's Palace, I've consumed a Blood Flesh Elixir made from the dragon race in order to cultivate a technique left behind by the Human Emperor."

"Just an elixir?" The red-headed ghost raised his brow.

After thinking through and deciding that there was nothing to hide, Su Zimo continued, "Before that, I consumed half a dragon egg in a primordial ruin."

A spark flickered through the red-headed ghost's eyes briefly.

"Heh, you've got quite a bit of guts."

The red-headed ghost said with a fake smile and teasing tone.

Sensing something amiss, Su Zimo frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing much, I was just asking casually."

The red-headed ghost waved it off with an indifferent expression.

When Su Zimo could not make out anything from the red-headed ghost's expression, he patted himself and got ready to leave.

"Hold on, hold on!"

Right then, the red-headed ghost gestured for Su Zimo to sit down and said with a bright grin, "Today, I'm going to teach you something."

Chapter 605: Legend of the Moon and Sun

Although the red-headed ghost was very knowledgeable, he had not taken the initiative to impart anything to Su Zimo during their five years of interaction.

His sudden mention had Su Zimo intrigued.

Right from the beginning, the red-headed ghost had not mentioned anything about his background. As such, Su Zimo was curious to see what the red-headed ghost could do.

Su Zimo coughed gently. "Let me say first that I'm not going to learn any puny tricks that you ghosts use."

At the mention of ghost, the red-headed ghost's mouth cramped up and he seemed like he was about to get angry. However, on second thought, he chuckled gloatingly.

At that moment, the sun had just risen.

A sliver of light spilled onto the cemetery and purged away the darkness and spookiness.

The red-headed ghost squinted at the rising sun from the corner of his eyes and a mysterious white glow flashed in his right eye.

As time passed by, that light intensified and sunlight gushed into it endlessly, turning his right eye completely white with a bright glow!

It was as though the red-headed ghost's right eye had achieved harmony with the blazing sun and fused together with it!

Su Zimo glanced casually and was blinded with two streams of tears rolling down his face instantly.

Alarmed, he closed his eyes immediately and did not dare to look anymore.

How scary!

His eyes were extremely strong after he cultivated the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness and cleared both orifices.

Back in the ancient battlefield, even when the paragon of Diamond Monastery released his sect's secret skill, Enraged Diamond Gaze, Su Zimo was not affected mentally.

But now, his eyes were already dealt with such a blow from a side glance!

If he had looked on directly, his eyes would have most likely gone blind!

The most frightening thing was that even with his eyes closed, Su Zimo could still sense the power that was given off by the red-headed ghost's right eye!

It was extremely tough and radiant.

His right eye seemed to have turned into a blazing sun!

Beside the red-headed ghost, Su Zimo felt like he could melt and dissipate at any moment!

How could this be?

A question popped into his mind.

An intense scorching Yang energy as such was the most effective at countering ghosts and they would want nothing more than to avoid it – how could the red-headed ghost possess such a method?

Could it be that he was not a ghost?

Suddenly, Su Zimo felt a sharp pain in his right eye!

It was as though something was going to fall from his socket.

He could not stop it even with his eyes closed!

“Ah!”

Su Zimo yelled in pain as his right eye swelled uncontrollably as though it was about to explode!

His body shuddered and finally, he opened his eyes, unable to hold on any longer.

His right eye had turned a sinister shade of white as well.

It was completely white!

It was as though something was floating within and was fused with his right eye.

The glow in the red-headed ghost's right eye dissipated as he glared at Su Zimo's right eye intently while nodding. “Indeed!”

The red-headed ghost curled his finger.

A jade-white cobblestone that sparkled and glowed fell out from Su Zimo's right eye and hovered in midair.

The swelling sensation vanished completely.

As though a weight was lifted off his shoulders, Su Zimo fell to the ground and sat limply while panting heavily.

“This stone...”

Frowning, Su Zimo recalled something.

Back in the cold cesspool of Cang Lang Mountain Range, he encountered Dao Lord Extreme Fire with his dying breath.

At that time, this stone was placed right beside Dao Lord Extreme Fire.

According to Dao Lord Extreme Fire, this white stone was retrieved from a ruin but it could not be stored in a storage bag and he did not know what purpose it served either.

When Su Zimo picked it up, the stone vanished bizarrely!

Immediately after, he felt a sharp pain in his mind and almost fainted. Thereafter, a secret skill appeared in his mind – the Illumination Sword Formation.

At that time, he had a hunch.

It seemed like that stone had burrowed into his body!

To think that it would fall out from his right eye now!

The red-headed ghost held the white stone with his fingertips and rubbed it gently with a forlorn look, as though he had picked up a treasure.

“What’s that?”

Su Zimo could not help but ask.

“Legend has it that in the depths of the universe’s void currents, before life was born, everything was chaos. As time passed by, Yin and Yang were created from the chaos.”

“At their extremities, the powers of Extreme Yang and Extreme Yin gathered endlessly, forming two terrifying existences known as the Extreme Yang Illumination and Extreme Yin Nether Glow!”

The red-headed ghost’s voice sounded, as though he had passed through time and was describing obscure secrets.

“The powers of the Illumination and Nether Glow were so frightening that they shrouded the universe and extended through the trichiliocosm. The sun and moon of Tianhuang Mainland are created from a trickle of power from the Illumination and Nether Glow.”

“A trickle of power?”

Su Zimo was shocked.

Be it the sun or the moon, the power they contained was something that Su Zimo would never be able to reach given his current cultivation realm.

The only way he could cultivate with the essence of the sun and moon was after he cultivated an Essence Spirit and turned into a fiend demon.

The power of the sun and moon was extremely massive and endless.

But now, the red-headed ghost was actually saying that the sun and moon above them was merely created by a trickle of power from two frightening entities!

The red-headed ghost laughed. "The universe void currents are so great that you can't possibly imagine them. There are a trillion other entities like Tianhuang Mainland. In other words, there's also a trillion more of the sun and moon that you're seeing right now!"

Su Zimo was dumbfounded.

Everything that the red-headed ghost said had completely unearthed all his knowledge.

After pondering, the red-headed ghost continued, "Of course, those are only mystical legends that no one can verify. Or rather, those that can verify them are not in Tianhuang Mainland and have already ascended to the upper world."

After pausing for a moment, the red-headed ghost looked at Su Zimo deeply. "That red-robed woman definitely knows about these things."

Su Zimo remained silent.

After looking at Su Zimo for a long time, the red-headed ghost closed in. His eyes blazed with the flames of gossip as he asked curiously, "Little monk, what's your relationship with the woman? Why did she help you so much?"

After holding it in for five years, the red-headed ghost finally popped the question.

Su Zimo was stunned.

Master and disciple?

On the surface, the both of them were like master and disciple. However, Su Zimo had never been taken in as her disciple officially.

In the depths of his heart, he did not want to acknowledge them as master and disciple either.

Friends?

They couldn't be considered as that.

Benefactor?

Sort of.

That question stumped Su Zimo for a moment.

"Hurry and tell me! You're killing me!"

The red-headed ghost scratched his ears and cheeks impatiently.

After pondering for a long time, Su Zimo said slowly, "She... will be my Dao companion."

The red-headed ghost shuddered with an agape mouth and his eyes widened massively.

Swoosh!

The jade-white stone in his hands dropped on the ground at the same time as his jaws.

A moment later, he gulped and the way he looked at Su Zimo gradually changed as he praised, "Little monk, you've really got guts..."

Chapter 606: Illumination Eye

Su Zimo pointed at the jade-white stone on the ground and asked, "What does that stone has to do with the Illumination and Nether Glow that you mentioned?"

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo said again, "I once obtained a secret skill from that stone, the Illumination Sword Formation."

"There's no mistake,"

The red-headed ghost nodded. "This should be the legendary Illumination Stone."

"Illumination Stone?" Su Zimo frowned.

The red-headed ghost replied, "There's different sayings as to where the Illumination Stone came from and how it was formed. Some people theorize that it was formed from the Extreme Yang energy of a world while others think that it's a speck of dust from Illumination."

"However, it's undeniable that the Illumination Stone is related to the Illumination Stone. The Illumination Sword Formation that you comprehended should be a secret skill that someone comprehended using the Illumination Stone."

Su Zimo went deep into thought.

Indeed, when he released the Illumination Sword Formation, it was like a blazing sun and the sword qis resembled the rays of the sun as well.

The red-headed ghost continued, "The secret skill that I'm about to impart you is related to the Illumination Stone as well. In the past, the person who created this secret skill also comprehended it through the Illumination Stone... this visual technique!"

Visual technique!

Su Zimo's eyes lit up.

Visual techniques were also secret techniques used to cultivate one's eyes.

It did not matter if they were immortals, Buddhas or fiends nor did it matter if they were humans or demons... Dharmic formulations to cultivate one's eyes were the rarest types of legacies!

That was because for every race, their eyes were the weakest parts of their bodies!

For tempering of flesh and blood or refinement of tendons and bones, if any issues cropped up during cultivation, be it whether they were severely injured or their bones and tendons were snapped, everything could be recuperated to a complete recovery as long as it was adjusted in time.

However, a mistake in the cultivation of one's eyes would lead to a huge problem – blindness!

The eyes were simply way too fragile.

For mortals, a single breeze was enough to cause them to close their eyes instinctively.

Their eyes would feel discomfort even with a grain of sand inside, let alone endure cultivation.

The reason why visual techniques were so rare and precious were because few people would dare to risk their eyes to try and create a secret skill.

If any mishaps happened, they would go blind before their secret skills were even created.

Although the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness was powerful, there was no legacy of a Dharmic formulation for eye cultivation.

The visual techniques spread in the cultivation world had varying strengths and their directions were different as well.

The more famous ones were those such as the Bewitching Eye, Enraged Diamond Gaze and Flaming Golden Eyes.

Cultivators versed in visual techniques were definitely stronger than anyone else of the same cultivation realm in terms of combat strength!

That was because visual techniques were instantaneous and were the most difficult to defend against.

Although it was a good thing to be able to cultivate a visual technique, there was no joy in Su Zimo's eyes.

"Red-headed ghost, my Golden Core is already crippled and I can't store any spirit energy in my body. How do I cultivate a visual technique?" Su Zimo asked with a frown.

The red-headed ghost waved it off casually. "It's fine, you don't need spirit energy to cultivate this visual technique."

There was no need for spirit energy?

Su Zimo froze for a moment.

At Nascent Soul realm, cultivators cultivated their Essence Spirits and could make use of Dharmic powers to cultivate.

However, before that, they had to make use of spirit energy for any spirit art and secret skill – that was where their foundation was.

How could there be a secret skill that did not require spirit energy to cultivate?

Unless... it wasn't a secret skill for humans.

For his demonic cultivation, Su Zimo did not require spirit energy as a foundation.

Frowning, he asked, "What is required to cultivate if not spirit energy?"

No matter the type of cultivation, energy would not appear out of thin air.

Demonic cultivation required the consumption of flesh.

Immortality cultivation required the absorption of spirit qi into one's body.

The visual technique would definitely have to make use of something to refine both eyes.

The red-headed ghost stared at the rising, heating sun not far away and said coolly, "Using that!"

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat and a look of shock spread across his face.

Cultivate his eyes by using the blazing sun?

Ordinary cultivators are not able to stare at the blazing sun for prolonged periods of time.

Although Su Zimo could glare at the sun after clearing his seven orifices, it would still be akin to setting himself on fire if he wanted to make use of the energy of the blazing sun to cultivate his eyes!

"Initially, I did not intend on imparting this visual technique to you because the cultivation process is indeed extremely dangerous. A single mistake would cause one of your eyes to go blind!"

The red-headed ghost picked up the Illumination Stone and handed it back to Su Zimo. "However, I discovered this within you."

"You have the Illumination Stone with you. As such, the success rate of cultivating this visual technique will be extremely high and your efforts will be halved!"

When he heard that, Su Zimo gradually came to a realization.

The visual technique was comprehended by an expert of the past using the Illumination Stone.

Now that the Illumination Stone was in his possession, it would be much easier to cultivate the visual technique with a significant decrease in risk.

Su Zimo received the Illumination Stone.

Similar to before, the white cobblestone vanished in his hands once more.

Immediately after, he felt a sharp pain in his mind and his right eye turned milky white and sinister. A moment later, it returned to normal.

"The blazing sun above us was formed from a trickle of energy from Illumination. By making use of the blazing sun, you can nurture Extreme Yang energy in your eyes!"

The red-headed ghost said darkly, "Once released, that energy will be able to incinerate all living beings and destroy everything!"

In truth, Su Zimo could already imagine the might of the visual technique without the red-headed ghost's elaboration.

Normally, demons would have to advance to the Nascent Soul realm and cultivate their Essence Spirits before they could absorb the essence of the sun and moon for cultivation purposes.

But now, he had only just formed his Inner Core.

In other words, it meant that his Inner Core realm would already be tapping into a higher level of energy!

“When cultivated to its peak, this visual technique is... hehe!”

The red-headed ghost chuckled oddly. “One of your eyes will turn into a sun!”

Psst!

Su Zimo gasped.

There was a blazing sun hidden in his socket.

The moment his eye was opened, a blazing sun would appear!

Once released, that might be a power that even emperors wouldn't be able to withstand?

Immediately after, Su Zimo remembered the doubt he had initially.

Since it did not require spirit qi and made use of the sun to cultivate, rather than a human cultivation technique, it seemed more like a Dharmic formulation of the fiend demons.

Suddenly, Su Zimo asked, “Red-headed ghost, this visual technique is not a secret skill of humans, right?”

“What do you care for? Are you going to cultivate it even if it's a secret skill of the demons?”

The red-headed ghost rolled his eyes and scoffed coldly. “Hmph, you're about to cultivate into a true fiend demon yourself anyway, so what are you bothered about?”

Su Zimo replied indifferently, “Although I conduct demonic cultivation, I'm not a demon.”

“Hehe!”

The red-headed ghost sneered, “Your human Golden Core is already crippled and you've only got a demon's Inner Core left in your body. Who would believe you if you said that you were a human?”

Su Zimo remained silent.

A moment later, he asked in a seemingly casual manner, “What's the name of this visual technique?”

Raising his brow, the red-headed ghost looked at Su Zimo in deep thought. As though he read the latter's intentions, he chuckled. “Let's call it Illumination Eye!”

Wily fox!

Su Zimo cursed internally.

He had already sensed vaguely that the red-headed ghost had a strange identity. In reality, he was also trying to deduce something by asking about the name of the visual technique.

To think that the red-headed ghost did not let anything slip.

Illumination Eye was clearly a name he had just made up.

Chapter 607: Old Friend's Descendant

After the red-headed ghost imparted the sutra of the visual technique secret skill to Su Zimo, he instructed, "Although you have the Illumination Stone, you have to be careful when you cultivate!"

"The best timings to cultivate are at dawn and dusk. If you cultivate in the afternoon where the power of the sun is at its peak, your eyes won't be able to take it and it will hinder your progress."

Su Zimo remembered everything to heart.

This was something that he had to be careful or about or it would be too late for regrets if he went blind.

A while later, after Su Zimo ensured that he left nothing out, he got up and headed to the front yard.

The little fox stood nearby with a dazed gaze and snoozing.

"Go on."

Su Zimo fondled the little fox's forehead and smiled.

The little fox was a demon and on this day of each month, she would come to the backyard for a bowl of spirit water from the red-headed ghost as well.

Initially, she was extremely reluctant and was always scared out of her wits, shivering all over.

Su Zimo had to carry her over personally before she gradually adapted.

After five years, there was something that felt strange to Su Zimo – even though the little fox had already formed her core, she was unable to take on a human form or speak.

Su Zimo merely thought that it was a unique trait of the fox race and did not think too much about it.

When she saw Su Zimo return to the front yard, the little fox ran over to the red-headed ghost and propped up her tiny paws. She kowtowed earnestly to the red-headed ghost and actually spoke in human tongue, "Greetings, senior."

The little fox's voice was extremely gentle and charming – any male living being that heard it would definitely be filled with wild thoughts and their hearts would pound.

However, the red-headed ghost was very calm and nodded.

"Why don't you want to take on your human form?"

The red-headed ghost asked with a fake smile.

The little fox lowered her head and blushed.

When the red-headed ghost saw that, he could not help but burst into laughter and teased, "You're afraid that you're going to turn lustful huh?"

The little fox turned even more embarrassed and shook her head repeatedly like a tiny drum.

After laughing for a little, the red-headed ghost retracted his smile. "You're thinking that the only way to stay by his side is if you continue taking on this form?"

The little fox lowered her head without replying – it was a silent acknowledgment.

Of course, that was only part of the reason.

The other part was that the little fox was clear that if she took on her human form, she would most likely not be as intimate with Su Zimo.

Humans were particular about chastity and there would always be a barrier between them.

Right now, she could burrow into his embrace and do whatever she wanted, be it snooze or be bashful with him.

The red-headed ghost pouted his lips and grumbled, "Even after that lad joined the Buddhist sect and shaved to become a monk, he's still enjoying such a flourishing love life. I didn't even get to enjoy such treatment in the past."

...

After returning to the courtyard, Su Zimo sat down and gazed at the gradually rising sun far away.

At that moment, the sun had just risen and wasn't too blinding – he had to make use of this time to cultivate.

He took a deep breath of air and recited the sutra of Illumination Eye in his mind while gazing at the sun with his right eye.

As time passed by, it seemed like a trickle of light was entering his right eye.

His right eye gradually turned white.

The white pupil looked sinister and emitted a faint glow as it absorbed the sunlight continuously to refine.

The temperature of his right eye was steadily climbing!

Although it was a little painful, it was still endurable.

Su Zimo could clearly feel his right eye fusing into one with the Illumination Stone. As sunlight entered the Illumination Stone, the extremely tough energy softened significantly.

The damage to his right eye was also reduced to a minimum!

From this day forth, apart from his Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness cultivation at night, Su Zimo would also cultivate this visual technique every dawn and dusk.

There was still no activity in his dantian.

However, Su Zimo did not give up and spent most of his daytime in the Sutra Chamber, browsing through the ancient books left behind by the two great ancient Buddhist monasteries.

There were way too many ancient and precious books in the Sutra Chamber!

How frightening was the foundation of two super sects?

There were not only secret skills, but also weapon, elixir, talisman and formation techniques as well as many other things that were long lost.

For example, in an ancient formation secret technique, there was something known as the Spirit Lock Ancient Formation.

It was said that when set up, even the Essence Spirits of Nascent Souls would be restricted and they wouldn't be able to use their Dharmic powers!

There were many other secret skills similar to it.

However, Su Zimo was unable to comprehend them because his cultivation realm was not high enough.

Days passed by one after another.

In the blink of an eye, another five years passed.

Su Zimo had already spent 10 years at the bottom of Dragon Burial Valley.

Evening.

He sat on the ground and gazed at the direction of the sunset with the Mingwang Prayer Beads in his hands. An evening glow shrouded his body and his aura was dignified, like a magnificent Buddha.

His right eye shone with a brilliance that could not be ignored!

After 10 years, Su Zimo's dantian was still empty like a black hole without a trickle of spirit qi.

However, there was no sign of disappointment on his eyes and face.

After chanting sutras and paying respect to Buddha for 10 years, Su Zimo gained a tranquil aura. He was neither happy nor sad; unaffected by affection and humiliation and was almost in a Zen state.

This was a sign of someone that was deep in the wisdom of Buddhism!

The Saraca Flower was akin to a wisdom root.

Su Zimo's attainment in Buddhism deepened by the day.

Backyard of the old temple.

The old monk sat on a stone step and faced the red-headed ghost in the cemetery.

"Old monk, there's still no activity in that lad's dantian. I think that there's probability no more hope for him to restart with his immortality cultivation," The red-headed ghost said.

"How difficult is it for someone to rebuild their foundation after it's destroyed with their dantian crushed? Throughout history, there had been countless paragons and monster incarnates but none of them succeeded."

The old monk sighed gently. “However, the lad’s comprehension of Buddhism is deepening. If he’s able to restart his cultivation, he will be able to attain the true legacy of the Buddhist sects.”

“What nonsense legacy!”

The red-headed ghost pouted his lips in disdain. “Without spirit energy, he won’t be able to release the methods of the Buddhist sects even if he knows them. What’s the use!”

“If it was up to me, I’d ask him to forget all about recovering his Golden Core and focus wholeheartedly on his demonic cultivation! Can’t you see that even without his Golden Core, his actual strength now is only stronger than he was 10 years ago?!”

The old monk shook his head. “If he gives up on recovering his Golden Core and continues on his demonic cultivation, the moment he advances to Nascent Soul realm would be the moment he turns into a fiend demon completely!”

“Isn’t that good?” The red-headed ghost mumbled.

Right then, a spirit light descended outside the old temple.

The old monk slanted his head and beckoned, causing a spirit crane to land on his palm.

Frowning, he opened the spirit crane and took a look. With a conflicted expression, he sighed gently. “The descendant of our old friend is here.”

“I hate the aura on this spirit crane!”

The red-headed ghost squinted at the spirit crane and barked coldly, “Is it him? His descendant?”

The old monk nodded.

The red-headed ghost bolted upright and the chains on his body rattled. Instantly, he turned murderous!

The old monk looked at the red-headed ghost. “Calm down. No matter what, Daming and Fahua Monasteries are indebted to him.”

“Furthermore, it’s just a junior that has arrived. What are you getting worked up for?”

Upon hearing that, the red-headed ghost calmed down temporarily and sat down once more with a terrible expression.

Chapter 608: Don’t Go Overboard

It was late at night.

The red-headed ghost asked with a frown, “What’s his descendant here for?”

“To borrow and browse through the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra,” The old monk replied.

Sneering, the red-headed ghost said, “So, he’s got his eyes on this number one secret skill of the Golden Core. It’s no wonder why he made the long journey here.”

The old monk continued, “It’s just a sutra. If his descendant wants to take a look, he’s free to go through all the sutras in the Sutra Chamber.”

“Aren’t you generous?”

The red-headed ghost pouted and grumbled.

Right then, Su Zimo arrived in the backyard, ready to obtain a bowl of spirit water from the red-headed ghost.

The old monk put away the spirit crane and turned to leave expressionlessly.

The red-headed ghost placed the spirit water in front of him. Thereafter, he laid down with his back facing Su Zimo in silence and brooded.

Su Zimo was confused and did not know what tantrum the red-headed ghost was throwing.

He did not ask or think more about it.

After 10 years, he had some understanding towards the red-headed ghost.

There were things that the red-headed ghost would take the initiative to say even if he did not ask.

There were also things that the red-headed ghost would not say anything about no matter how he pressed on.

Su Zimo reared his head and drank the spirit water before taking a seat to cultivate.

...

Not long after the old monk left the old temple, he returned.

There were two more people around him.

To be precise, one of them was human and the other was a demon!

The cultivator at the front looked young and was at Golden Core realm. He wore purple robes with sharp brows and a defined set of features. With an indifferent expression, he gave off an aura that ruled over everything around him and suppressed all things!

The purple-robed cultivator’s eyes flickered and everything he passed by turned still, even the air!

His mere presence was enough for someone to want to give up entirely!

Behind the purple-robed cultivator was a burly man that was more than two meters tall and filled with hair from head to toe. His chest was bare, his bones were huge and his eyes gleamed with a scarlet glow.

Anyone with a sharp eye would be able to tell that although the burly man had taken on human form, he was still a demon beast!

The demonic qi shrouding the burly man was extremely thick and his eyes shimmered constantly – he was definitely not a kind soul!

The old temple said, “There’s not much rules to this old temple. Other than the backyard where you must not step foot in, you are free to explore the other parts. You can retrieve any sutra that you wish to read as well.”

The purple-robed cultivator nodded and turned his gaze towards Ming Zhen.

At that moment, Ming Zhen had just closed the sutra in his hands and was rising. Just as he was about to bow and greet the purple-robed cultivator, the cold voice of the latter sounded.

“Hand over that sutra in your hands. Because... I want to read.”

Ming Zhen froze momentarily.

It was rare that there was someone else in the old temple. Even if this person did not say it, Ming Zhen would pass it to him automatically.

But now, the tone of the purple-robed cultivator was truly detestable.

It was more like an order.

He stood on no courtesy at all!

Ming Zhen could clearly feel that to the purple-robed cultivator, he was just ordering a servant about.

Instinctively, Ming Zhen turned towards the old monk.

The old monk sighed internally.

After all, this was something between the younger generation. Although the purple-robed cultivator's attitude was unpleasant, it was not in his place to lecture the former.

The old monk did not wish to interfere as long as both parties were not at one another's necks.

The old monk returned to the majestic grand hall and closed his doors after leading the purple-robed cultivator into the old temple.

“Monk, are you deaf?! My master wants to read that sutra in your hands. What are you waiting for?!”
The hairy burly man behind the purple-robed cultivator hollered.

Ming Zhen frowned.

After a moment of hesitation, he handed the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra in his hands over.

The purple-robed cultivator received it with an indifferent expression without even glancing at Ming Zhen.

It was as though everything was only right.

Ming Zhen was not bothered by it and merely smiled before turning to pick up another sutra to read.

Right then, the doors of the Sutra Chamber were pushed open with a loud creak.

A furry little thing walked out with fiery red fur that made it look like a ball of flames – it was the little fox who had just woken up.

She yawned repeatedly and raised her tiny paws to rub her sleepy eyes. With a charmingly naive look, she nearly stumbled over the step of the Sutra Chamber entrance.

Ming Zhen smiled.

The purple-robed cultivator seemed oblivious to it as his attention was focused entirely on the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra in his hands. The more he read, the brighter his eyes lit up.

When the hairy burly man behind him caught sight of the little fox, his eyes widened!

The little fox shuddered and woke up.

Grinning, the hairy burly man said, "Master, there's a fox chick here! I'm going to take her with me!"

"Yes."

The purple-robed cultivator replied.

"Hahahaha!"

The hairy burly man's eyes lit up with a vile glint as he closed in on the little fox while smirking. "Little thing, where are you trying to hide?"

He got even more excited when he looked at the little fox who was retreating continuously with a frightful expression.

Swash!

Suddenly, the hairy burly man felt his vision blur and another person appeared.

Ming Zhen's palms were clasped together as he said with a deep voice, "Patron, please stop!"

The hairy burly man was overwhelmed by lust when his path forward was obstructed. Instantly, his expression turned extremely nasty and his eyes were filled with anger. "This fox chick is your Dao companion?"

"No," Ming Zhen shook his head.

"She's your spirit beast?" The hairy burly man asked again.

"No," Ming Zhen shook his head.

The hairy burly man straightened himself like a rod and glared down at Ming Zhen with a domineering aura, sneering, "Then why aren't you getting lost?"

"No."

This time round, Ming Zhen did not step back and his tone was resolute and unquestionable!

"Monk, how strong are you to want to stand in my way?"

The hairy burly man extended his palm and his fingernails shone with a cold gleam as he reached for Ming Zhen's head!

If his attack landed, five bloody holes would appear on Ming Zhen's head immediately.

"Om!"

Without retreating or dodging, Ming Zhen chanted Sanskrit.

“Roar!”

The moment Ming Zhen recited his Sanskrit, the hairy burly man roared as well!

In that instant, the entire world shook and the weather changed!

That single roar disrupted Ming Zhen’s Daming Mantra right away.

The hairy burly man was frighteningly strong!

With nowhere to retreat against the hairy burly man’s descending palm, spirit energy surged out from Ming Zhen’s fingernails and formed a lotus to receive the attack.

Boom!

The hairy burly man’s palm collided against the lotus flower.

There was a momentary pause.

Instantly, the lotus flower shattered!

Ming Zhen grunted dully and staggered three steps in retreat.

Boom!

Before he could react, the hairy burly man’s fist descended once more like a gigantic hammer, pummeling so violent that the void exploded!

A hesitant look flashed through Ming Zhen’s eyes.

Right now, the most effective method would be to release a Golden Core phenomenon.

However, the release of a Golden Core phenomenon was also a message to fight to the death!

At the end of the day, these two people were brought to the monastery by his master personally – was he really going to fight them to the death with a Golden Core phenomenon?

In that delay, the fist of the hairy burly man had already arrived before him.

Ming Zhen could only channel his bloodline and prop up both arms to defend hastily as his Golden Core circulated with its full might!

Bang!

Sent flying by the hairy burly man’s fist, Ming Zhen rolled a couple of times on the ground in a wretched manner.

“Hehe!”

The hairy burly man charged forward with a ferocious glint in his eyes, barking coldly, “How dare you stand in my way with such puny strength!”

“Don’t go overboard,”

Suddenly, another voice sounded from the courtyard. It was calm and tranquil, as though it had a mysterious magic that could make anyone lay down their weapons!

Chapter 609: I'll Discipline It for You!

Even when the hairy burly man engaged in a conflict with Ming Zhen, the purple-robed cultivator did not raise his head once. He had a calm expression and stayed out of things completely.

It was as though everything was not important for him.

In the eyes of the purple-robed cultivator, there was only the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra in his hands.

However, the instant the voice rang, he frowned.

This was the first time he had expressed emotions ever since he entered the old temple.

After a moment of delay, the purple-robed cultivator raised his head slowly towards the voice.

Unknowingly, another monk had appeared in the courtyard.

Dressed in gray monk robes, he had refined features and a calm expression. His eyes shone with a clear glow, as though he could peer through all the wisdom in the universe.

The moment the purple-robed cultivator caught sight of the gray-robed monk, he frowned again.

His pupils constricted sinisterly.

The gray-robed monk looked at him as well.

Both their gazes met in midair.

The purple-robed cultivator's lips curled with a playful look in his eyes.

With an unchanged expression, the gray-robed monk walked to Ming Zhen and helped the latter up, patting away the dust on his body gently.

Ming Zhen wiped away fresh blood from the corner of his lips and whispered, "Be careful, junior brother. This demon beast is extremely strong!"

The gray-robed monk was Su Zimo who had arrived from the backyard.

The instant he stepped foot into the courtyard, he saw the purple-robed cultivator.

Or rather, this purple-robed cultivator would have been the first person he saw even if there were 10,000 people around!

Nobody could ignore him at all.

Su Zimo sensed an extreme sense of danger from the purple-robed cultivator!

The instant he caught sight of this man, he felt his hairs stand on end!

The only reason why he did not reveal any openings was because he had cultivated Zen and Buddhism for 10 years and had a firm mental state.

Although they had not fought, Su Zimo was certain that this was the strongest Golden Core he ever encountered!

This man was much scarier compared to Xi Wuya whom he met 10 years ago!

In fact, Su Zimo had a feeling that he would have definitely been defeated if he met this person 10 years ago!

He would not be a match for this man even if he used all his trump cards and turned into his demon form!

The purple-robed cultivator merely glanced once indifferently at Su Zimo before lowering his head to continue browsing the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra.

That single glance was a clear warning!

The hairy burly man beside him shrugged.

The voice of the gray-robed monk before him seemed to have a mysterious energy that could purge away the hate in his heart, allowing him to calm down subconsciously.

'Uncanny!'

The hairy burly man roared from the depths of his throat.

"Monk, you want to interfere as well?"

The hairy burly man glared at Su Zimo fiercely and twisted his muscular neck with crackling sounds.

Su Zimo did not even look at him.

His gaze was still locked on the purple-robed cultivator as he smiled and asked, "Patron, your pet spirit beast is hurting others and throwing a tantrum here. Aren't you going to discipline it?"

The purple-robed cultivator continued reading the sutra in his hands obviously without even looking up.

"Hahahaha!"

The hairy burly man roared in wild laughter. "Stinky monk, you're trying to provoke my master? You really don't know what's good for you!"

When Su Zimo saw the purple-robed cultivator's nonchalance, he stopped smiling and said calmly, "Patron, since you choose to remain silent, I'm sorry..."

Instantly, the old temple went silent.

It was as though air had gone stale!

"I'll discipline it for you!"

By the time the first word, 'I'll', was said, Su Zimo had already vanished from the spot.

At the second word, discipline, Su Zimo had already arrived in front of the hairy burly man and stomped furiously on the ground, causing the world to quake with a boom!

Even Ming Zhen who was not directly involved felt his legs wobble and shuddered for a brief moment uncontrollably, let alone the hairy burly man who was facing it directly.

It was even worse for the little fox whose fragile and weak body bounced from the ground instantly.

The hairy burly man's expression changed!

This was way too ferocious!

Earlier on, he faced a calm, smiling monk. In the blink of an eye, it was like an ancient demon that was about to devour others!

An overwhelming aura shrouded him.

The hairy burly man felt his chest go stuffy and was unable to breathe.

Although the monk looked shorter than him, he felt like he was trampled by the monk in terms of aura!

At the third word, it...

Su Zimo extended his massive palm and his flesh expanded, blanketing the skies as it descended. There was a terrifying aura as though all living beings were about to be suppressed by his palm!

Although there was no spirit energy, that hand seal was the first form of the Demon Subduing Seal!

It was an innate counter to demon beasts!

"Ah!"

The hairy burly man roared in rage and the blood qi in his body rumbled. Baring his menacing fangs, he crossed his muscular arms and propped it upwards in defense!

Boom!

There was a deafening sound.

The aura between the two of them was chaotic.

The moment they made contact, the expression of the hairy burly man changed and he felt a terrible pain in his arms, as though they were about to snap!

Although Su Zimo was only using one hand, the hairy burly man felt an apocalyptic power surging through like the crush of a tidal wave – it was unstoppable!

"For!"

At that moment, Su Zimo had just said the fourth word!

The hairy burly man's Inner Core circulated wildly and his demonic qi burst forth. All his tendons and bones rang and his fur and flesh expanded rapidly. His body was transforming swiftly as he revealed a menacing expression.

Unable to withstand it, the hairy burly man's reaction was extremely fast and he revealed his true form immediately.

Although demon beasts could take on human form after they formed a core, they could only release their true strength upon returning to their true form.

The rise in combat strength would be at least 30%!

"It's a Tao Wu!"

Ming Zhen could not help but exclaim softly in surprise when he saw the hairy burly man's true form.

The Tao Wu was one of the primordial ferocious beasts.

There were many types of demon beasts and their strength was mostly determined by their bloodlines.

Among them, pure-blooded ferocious beasts were the strongest!

However, even among pure-blooded ferocious beasts, there were stronger and weaker ones.

The Tao Wu was among the strongest and most terrifying of the pure-blooded ferocious beasts with immense strength. In the primordial era, they reigned domineeringly in Tianhuang Mainland and were extremely violent!

At this phase, the true form of a Tao Wu was at least a hundred feet tall.

But now, against Su Zimo's blanketing palm, the Tao Wu's body looked like it was suppressed by a gigantic mountain and could not grow more than ten feet!

Finally, the Tao Wu panicked.

It realized that the difference in strength between the two of them was too great!

Even with his true form, he could not fight this monk before him head-on!

You!

Su Zimo's final word was spoken.

Snap!

Against the suppression of the terrifying strength, the Tao Wu's arms were crushed by Su Zimo's palm!

Su Zimo's palm descended upon the Tao Wu's head and pushed down fiercely!

Boom!

Su Zimo pushed against the Tao Wu's head and thrust it into the ground.

Instantly, a big hole caved into the ground with fresh blood splattering everywhere!

The Tao Wu's face was messed up with flesh and blood.

"I'll discipline it for you!"

Although the entire process seemed slow right from the moment Su Zimo moved till the Tao Wu's head was buried, in reality, all it took was a single sentence!

By the time Su Zimo's final word was spoken, the Tao Wu was already unconscious.

10 years of dormancy.

Su Zimo had focused wholeheartedly on Buddhism and his violent streak had diminished significantly while his mental state had turned much calmer.

That was the reason why he did not strike directly even after witnessing the Tao Wu bully the little fox and injure Ming Zhen.

However, he was Su Zimo after all.

Decisive to kill!

Since he was going to attack, he was definitely not going to hesitate.

He suppressed with a thunderous might that could not be resisted!

He was an unparalleled saber with extreme edge!

The moment he was unsheathed, a hole would be punctured through the firmaments!

Chapter 610: Might of the Visual Technique

"Hmm? He's not dead yet?"

Su Zimo frowned when he sensed life from within the Tao Wu's body after thrusting the latter's head into the ground.

This ferocious beast was truly frightening.

Notwithstanding its tremendous strength, even its body was extremely tough. Despite the impact where even its face was contorted, it was still not dead.

Su Zimo remained silent and exerted strength in his fingers with the intention of crushing the Tao Wu's head.

All of a sudden!

A sense of danger rang in Su Zimo's mind.

He felt an extremely dangerous aura!

Su Zimo turned around instinctively.

Not far away, the purple-robed cultivator had already raised his head and was glaring at him intently. The purple-robed cultivator's expression was cold and there was an icy intent in his gaze.

The purple-robed cultivator had not moved at all.

With one hand behind his back, he held up the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra with his other hand and did not seem like he intended to attack.

However, Su Zimo felt chills run down his spine!

The purple-robed cultivator's pupils were constricting!

Initially, the constriction of one's pupils was a natural instinct.

No matter the race, when one was agitated, terrified or hostile, their pupils would constrict.

However, a normal constriction would cause the round pupil to shrink until it became a hole the size of a needle.

Yet, the purple-robed cultivator's pupils seemed like they were round moons being devoured – the entire process resembled an eclipse.

Eventually, two crescent moons were sinisterly reflected in the purple-robed cultivator's eyes!

When he saw those pupils, Ming Zhen's expression changed starkly.

Two words flashed through Su Zimo's mind – Eclipse Eye!

Eclipse Eye was one of the most notorious visual techniques of the cultivation world and had roots that traced back to the primordial era.

Although this visual technique was extremely strong, its cultivation process was also extremely dangerous!

Throughout history, only a rare few, less than one in 10,000 people, managed to cultivate it successfully – most of the others cultivated themselves into blindness!

Now, even if any cultivators came across the cultivation technique of Eclipse Eye by accident, they wouldn't dare to cultivate it either.

To think that this purple-robed cultivator would have cultivated that visual technique!

To begin with, there were few people who could cultivate visual techniques.

There were even less that could cultivate Eclipse Eye. Not only must they be peerless paragons, they must even possess immense confidence in themselves!

When he noticed the changes in the purple-robed cultivator's pupils, Su Zimo realized that this was definitely not a weakling in Tianhuang Mainland!

Two cold beams of light streaked through the purple-robed cultivator's eyes.

The next moment, his pupils returned to normal.

However, those two beams of light arrived before Su Zimo swiftly and silently, like two extremely sharp crescent sabers.

To Ming Zhen and the little fox...

It looked like the void between Su Zimo and the purple-robed cultivator was a silk cloth that was sliced by the two cold beams of light!

The temperature of the entire courtyard dipped massively!

“Watch out!”

Ming Zhen only had enough time to exclaim.

All of a sudden!

A change happened!

A bedazzling radiance burst forth in that eerie courtyard that was shrouded by the night skies.

It was as though a blazing sun had descended here with a blinding shine!

Illumination Eye!

Su Zimo’s right eye was white as jade without any impurities.

The light that was released from his right eye illuminated the old temple like daylight!

Suddenly, a burning column of light burst forth from Su Zimo’s right eye and collided fiercely against the two cold incoming beams of light!

Although the two vastly different energies collided, it was silent.

The spirit energy between the both of them evaporated into thin air completely!

In Ming Zhen and the little fox’s eyes, it was as though the void between Su Zimo and the purple-robed cultivator had distorted and was collapsing!

The might released by two top-tier visual techniques caused everyone’s visions to be impacted severely!

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Su Zimo staggered three steps in retreat and the light in his right eye dissipated.

Eventually, he was at the losing end of this visual technique fight.

Even so, he was not injured. When a cold wave penetrated his right eye, it was diffused by the Illumination Stone right away.

Su Zimo was rather calm.

However, the purple-robed cultivator was shocked!

He did not know what visual technique this monk had cultivated such that it could go against his Eclipse Eye!

He had cultivated Eclipse Eye for more than a hundred years!

Yet, how old was this gray-robed monk before him?

He looked to be younger than 40.

Even if this person had cultivated the visual technique when he was in his mother's womb, it would only be less than 50 years at most.

However, with the 40 years old visual technique, the other party merely stumbled back three steps after a head-on collision with his Eclipse Eye that he had cultivated for more than a hundred years!

There was something even more bizarre.

He could not sense any spirit energy within the gray-robed monk's body!

What was the background of that gray-robed monk?

The gleam in the purple-robed cultivator's eyes intensified with a joy that resembled the way a predator watched its prey.

In a flash, the purple-robed cultivator had already arrived before Su Zimo.

It was too fast!

His speed burst had already surpassed the limits of Su Zimo's visual capabilities!

How strong!

With no time to think, Su Zimo took a deep breath of air and chanted Sanskrit.

"Om!"

The void trembled and the sound reverberated through the world!

The purple-robed cultivator's figure paused for a moment as his ears twitched and closed in towards his face creepily!

It was equivalent to muting the outside world.

He had decreased the impact of the Daming Mantra to its lowest!

Upon noticing that, Su Zimo squinted with a grim expression.

This purple-robed cultivator was much scarier than he had imagined!

Even though it was just a simple act, Su Zimo knew clearly in his heart that it was extremely difficult to do it!

It was a sign that he had complete mastery over every single fiber of muscle on his body!

Splash!

The purple-robed cultivator's bloodline surged with the sound of a tsunami.

Tsunami blood!

This purple-robed cultivator had also cultivated to the realm of tsunami blood!

At that moment, Su Zimo turned calm instead.

When he saw that the purple-robed cultivator could shut his ears at will, he had already guessed that this man may have cultivated to the tsunami blood realm.

The purple-robed cultivator had a domineering aura and swung his arms like a steel whip, crushing down onto Su Zimo's head viciously!

An evil gust of wind howled!

A tragic aura shrouded the air!

Splash!

Su Zimo's body echoed with the same sound of tsunami.

In the eyes of Ming Zhen and the little fox, the fight between these two was like a collision between two oceans where each threatened to devour the other!

Their bloodlines were way too terrifying!

Su Zimo's body bent over and one of his knees seemed to buckle as he propped up both hands; it looked like he was bowing down in submission to the purple-robed cultivator and delivering an immortal fruit.

Compared to the descent of the purple-robed cultivator's steel whip, Su Zimo's stance looked ordinary without any aura.

However, the purple-robed cultivator's expression changed starkly – he had sensed an immense killing intent!

Bang!

His right arm collided against Su Zimo's palms.

The collision of their flesh did not have any shockwave. Instead, it was dull and solid.

Prior to this, any cultivator that met with this attack would be severely injured with their bones and tendons snapped even if they did not die!

But now, not only has the purple-robed cultivator failed to suppress Su Zimo with that slam, he even felt his arm being repelled with a massive opening revealed at his chest area!

Chapter 611: World Cleansing Green Lotus

For most cultivators, that was an almost instantaneous opening that was difficult for them to capitalize on.

However, the purple-robed cultivator's opponent was Su Zimo!

With a killing move from the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness, he flung away the purple-robed cultivator's arm. Su Zimo's motion did not stop at all and that initially bent over body of his spread open all of a sudden!

Crackle!

His tendons moved and his bones shook.

Boom!

His foot stomped heavily on the ground, causing the earth to quake!

With the repulsion force, Su Zimo reached out with a pair of defined arms with muscles that were knotted together with a metallic luster. His fingers opened up and he reached out for the purple-robed cultivator's shoulders!

At the same time, Su Zimo buckled his knees and thrust!

His entire body was like a divine steed that was galloping over with a ferocious momentum!

After Sanguine Ape Fruit Offering, he made use of the rebound strength of his body as well as the flexibility of his tendons to release Plow Heaven Stride and shift the momentum to his side to follow up with Divine Steed Dismemberment!

The entire process was fluid as water without any sluggishness.

Instantly, an extremely tragic aura was released with that charge.

Even if a pure-blooded ferocious beast stood in his way, Su Zimo would be able to ram it into pieces!

Divine Steed Dismemberment was the most brutal stance of the Mystic Classic of the Twelve Demon Kings of the Great Wilderness.

Apart from that ram, Su Zimo's arms were also executing another killing move. If he managed to lock onto the purple-robed cultivator's shoulders, they would be ripped off immediately!

Initially, the purple-robed cultivator had the advantage.

However, after Su Zimo's Sanguine Ape Fruit Offering was defended, he revealed an opening that caused the tables to turn!

The purple-robed cultivator's expression changed slightly at the sight of Su Zimo charging over. He gripped his fists and the joint of his middle finger protruded slightly as he thrust towards Su Zimo's palms.

At the same time, the purple-robed cultivator leaned back and raised his feet to defend against Su Zimo's knee.

Piak! Piak!

Their fists and palms met and they shuddered.

Bang!

Immediately after, Su Zimo's knee rammed against the purple-robed cultivator's foot viciously.

The purple-robed cultivator fell backwards with the momentum with a light motion as though he was floating, gliding slowly to the back.

The toughness of Divine Steed Dismemberment was countered by the purple-robed cultivator's gentleness!

Up till this point of his cultivation, Su Zimo had been in countless battles.

However, he had never encountered anyone who could match him in melee combat.

The purple-robed cultivator before him was the first!

The purple-robed cultivator floated in midair and after a slight pause, he lunged forward once more with a killing intent in his eyes.

Boom!

The purple-robed cultivator threw a punch.

A resounding bang echoed in the air!

The purple-robed cultivator's black hair spread apart and his eyes shone brightly, as though he was about to fuse with the environment – that punch possessed the force of the universe and was invincible!

Splash!

Su Zimo did not avoid or retreat and allowed his bloodline to rumble within his body – his momentum had already climbed to its peak!

Melee combat was the most dangerous.

A single mistake could lead to death on the spot!

Even against that seemingly invincible punch of the purple-robed cultivator, Su Zimo did not choose to retreat and the fierceness in his eyes flashed with a soaring battle intent.

“Ha!”

Su Zimo started with a roar and strode forward against the tremendous pressure. As he swung his arm, the green veins on it pulsed and his fist expanded to twice its size!

His fist was like a gigantic green-black seal that was descending from the skies!

Both their gazes were resolute and unshakable!

Boom!

Their fists collided against one another!

The entire void went still!

Ming Zhen and the little fox heard a jarring sound in their ears.

Both men had fractures in their fists!

Both parties suffered losses!

The purple-robed cultivator narrowed his eyes with the flames of rage burning in them.

In all these years, there had never been another cultivator of the same realm who could injure him!

He hadn't expected himself to get injured in this dilapidated and unassuming old temple!

Su Zimo was expressionless.

He had not expected to suppress the purple-robed cultivator with that punch to begin with.

After the punch, Su Zimo's palm went soft as though it had no strength and landed on the purple-robed cultivator's arm like a flexible bull's tongue.

"Hmm?"

The purple-robed cultivator was alarmed and felt his scalp prickle.

Boom!

Without thinking twice, the spirit energy within his body surged and converged into his arm!

Su Zimo's palm coiled, trembled and yanked!

Shing!

The purple-robed cultivator's robes were torn entirely, turning into pieces of cloth that floated in midair.

Both of them repelled instantly upon contact!

Although the purple-robed cultivator's arm was perfectly fine, it trembled slightly as though it had endured a massive impact.

Fortunately, he had reacted fast enough and channeled both his bloodline and spirit energy.

Otherwise, his arm would have very likely been snapped with that attack!

"You. Are. Courting. Death!"

The purple-robed cultivator's expression darkened instantly as he glared at Su Zimo, saying slowly. His entire aura changed all of a sudden and a shuddering energy shockwave surrounded him!

It was a Golden Core phenomenon!

Although Su Zimo had no spirit energy, he was extremely sharp towards the power of phenomena.

It was clear that the purple-robed cultivator no longer wanted to waste time with Su Zimo after suffering a slight loss – he was prepared to use his Golden Core phenomenon to kill the latter!

Su Zimo had a calm expression.

If the purple-robed cultivator released his Golden Core phenomenon...

It would mean that there was no way to return and the two of them were going to fight to their deaths!

At that time, he would not require any reservations and would circulate his Inner Core to fight with his demon form!

Su Zimo's combat strength would increase in his demon form!

However, even then, he was not confident that he would be able to suppress this purple-robed cultivator.

This person's Golden Core phenomenon was frightening and could very well exceed his imagination!

"Junior Brother, don't fret! I'll help you!"

Right then, Ming Zhen braved the mighty forcefield between the two of them and arrived beside Su Zimo. His eyes were clear and a terrifying energy fluctuation shrouded him as well!

Ming Zhen knew about Su Zimo's dantian and knew that the latter couldn't conjure a Golden Core phenomenon because he had no spirit energy.

As such, he rushed over, intending to help Su Zimo defend against the Golden Core phenomenon of the purple-robed cultivator.

"Eh?"

The purple-robed cultivator's gaze shone brightly as he focused his attention on Ming Zhen.

Su Zimo glanced slightly sideways as well.

A pristine jade flower bud appeared behind Ming Zhen, pure, flawless and dotted with dew.

The flower bud swayed gently with a mysterious glow that purged away the darkness as though it could cleanse every single bit of evil in this world!

The green flower bud was going to blossom at any moment!

World Cleansing Green Lotus!

The legendary and lost World Cleansing Green Lotus was actually at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley and was now coming from this unassuming little monk!

Before the World Cleansing Green Lotus was lost, it was ranked relatively high on the Phenomenon Ranking.

The ancient green lotus swayed with a bright glow and could cleanse all the sins in the world – this was a top ten ranking phenomenon!

In reality, be it in terms of cultivation realm, mastery of spirit arts and secret skills or strength, Ming Zhen was not weak.

In fact, he was much stronger than most of the paragons that Su Zimo had seen before!

However, what Ming Zhen lacked was the experience of engaging a powerful foe in a death bout.

He spent his days cultivating at the bottom of the valley isolated from the rest of the world and did not have the chance to fight with others, let alone experience the brink of death.

The combat strength that was commonly referred to was in reality not the actual strength of the cultivator, but the amount of strength they could produce!

If someone could only unleash 30% of his actual strength, his combat strength would also merely just be 30%.

In reality, Ming Zhen's strength was enough to suppress the Tao Wu.

However, he was the one injured in the fight against the Tao Wu.

This was the reason behind it.

Chapter 612: Di Yin

"Amitabha!"

The doors of the grand hall were pushed open accompanied by a Buddhist proclamation as an old monk with long brows that fell from both sides of his face walked forth. He had hazy eyes and said gently, "Ming Zhen, these are guests from afar. Remove your phenomenon."

Ming Zhen nodded.

The ferociousness in Su Zimo's eyes faded as well.

Since the old monk had shown himself, both of them were not going to fight anymore.

The old monk turned his sights towards the purple-robed cultivator. "Patron, although you are our guest, you've got to be orderly. You are free to browse through the sutras here. However, if you insist on fighting, I'll have to invite you to leave."

The implications of his sentence were heavy.

In other words, he was warning the purple-robed cultivator to behave himself.

Given the seniority of the old monk, there was naturally no way he would lay his hands on the purple-robed cultivator.

However, if the purple-robed cultivator went overboard, the old monk would not hesitate to have him leave as well!

The purple-robed cultivator sneered, "Reverend, it's fine if you want to protect these two disciples of yours. However, I've got something to ask you. Can you protect them for the rest of their lives?!"

"This man injured my spirit beast,"

The purple-robed cultivator pointed to Su Zimo who was not far away with a cold expression and said coolly, "You can protect him today. However, I'd advise you to keep him in the valley. He had better spend his entire life hiding at the bottom of this Dragon Burial Valley!"

“If I come across him outside, I’ll have him hand over his head!”

The fact that the purple-robed cultivator made this remark in the face of the old monk was proof of his confidence.

The old monk remained silent.

Ming Zhen could not hold it in and refuted, “Your spirit beast was the one that provoked us first and wanted to take the little fox away. How can you be so self-righteous when you were the one in the wrong? Aren’t you unreasonable?!”

“You want to talk about reason?”

The purple-robed cultivator sneered once more, “Little monk, your naive attitude is sure interesting. This is a world where the strongest survive! If you aren’t strong enough, you deserve to be killed! That’s the simplest reason ever!”

Although Ming Zhen could not understand those words, Su Zimo could.

Strictly speaking, that was indeed the cruelty of the cultivation world.

Given Ming Zhen’s current state, even with his capabilities, he won’t be able to survive long upon leaving the Dragon Burial Valley.

“Oh, right,”

As though he suddenly recalled something, the purple-robed cultivator looked at Su Zimo and smiled faintly. “The intermediate ancient battlefield is going to open up in 10 years time. Don’t ever head there, or... you’re going to die inside!”

Su Zimo’s expression was indifferent.

He did not care about the purple-robed cultivator’s threat at all.

At this moment, he was not confident of suppressing the purple-robed cultivator even if he was in his demon form.

However, Su Zimo firmly believed that he would become even scarier 10 years later!

He would have been dormant for 20 years by then.

He was convinced that nobody would be able to stop him the moment he stepped out of the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley!

Not even this purple-robed cultivator before him could stop him!

Due to the appearance of the old monk, even though there was still hostility between the purple-robed cultivator and Su Zimo, there were no longer any clashes.

The purple-robed cultivator had a lot of elixirs with him.

Within a couple of days, he saved the Tao Wu whose life was hanging on a thread.

After the Tao Wu woke up, the way it looked at Su Zimo changed – there was a hint of avoidance and fear in its eyes.

For the following month...

The purple-robed cultivator did not leave.

He merely browsed through the Mystic Dharmic Lotus Sutra day and night.

After a month, he rose and brought the Tao Wu along with him to leave the old temple.

At the same time, the old monk approached Su Zimo.

He was direct and got straight to the point. “Are you intending to enter the ancient battlefield 10 years later?”

“Yes.”

Su Zimo nodded and did not lie.

Given his cultivation realm, and under the circumstances where he wanted to take his elder brother, Su Hong, with him to leave the North Region, that was the best solution.

The old monk continued, “Alright, I’ll make a move personally to open up a teleportation spot to the ancient battlefield 10 years later to send you and Ming Zhen in.”

It required the combined strength of five Void Reversions to open up a teleportation spot to the elementary ancient battlefield.

The temporal space in the intermediate ancient battlefield was much stabler.

To open up a connection point, the required strength would be greater and one had to be at least a Dharma Characteristic!

“Senior Brother Ming Zhen...”

Su Zimo frowned and hesitated to speak.

Although Ming Zhen was not weak, he had way too little experience in combat techniques.

The ancient battlefield was filled with bloodshed and massacres and was even crueler than the cultivation world!

There was a high chance that Ming Zhen might die if he entered the ancient battlefield.

The old monk could tell of Su Zimo’s worries. “Therefore, I want you to help him. There’s still 10 more years. Try and think of a way to help him grow as quickly as possible.”

Suddenly, Su Zimo recalled how Die Yue cast him into the Cang Lang Mountain Range and could not help but smile.

“It’s simple,”

Su Zimo said, "We'll cast him into the depths of the palace and fight to his limits with the otherworldly soldiers under the pretext that he must not use his Golden Core phenomenon."

A true growth will only be achieved through a life and death experience!

The both of them chatted for a little more and the old monk instructed, "If you encounter that purple-robed cultivator in the ancient battlefield, you must be careful and try your best to avoid him!"

Su Zimo frowned and could not help but ask, "Just who is he exactly?"

"He's the number one paragon of Chaos Essence Sect and is undefeated across the same realm!"

The old monk said, "It's said that he was already invincible through the Golden Core realm when he was in his thirties. If things go smoothly, he will definitely be a titular disciple once he reaches Void Reversion realm!"

"What's his name?" Su Zimo asked again.

"Di Yin,"

The old monk replied.

"Hmm?"

Su Zimo raised his brow.

It was a strange name that he seemed to have heard before.

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo's eyes flashed as he said word by word, "The number one Perfected Being of Tianhuang Mainland who cultivated the Chaos Ocean... Di Yin!"

"That's right."

The old monk nodded. "A hundred years ago, that lad relied on Chaos Ocean to overwhelm all his foes in the ancient battlefield and arrive at the top of the Phenomenon Ranking."

It was no wonder!

Su Zimo heaved a long sigh of relief.

That was the reason why this person could fight him to such an extent in melee combat.

It was because he was the number one Perfected Being of Tianhuang Mainland who had managed to cultivate the Golden Core phenomenon of the Human Emperor's legacy, Chaos Ocean!

Curiously, Su Zimo asked again, "Since he's already at the top of the Phenomenon Ranking, why is he still going to enter the ancient battlefield 10 years later?"

A rough calculation would put Di Yin's age at around 130 years old.

The old monk explained, "Against the 500 years lifespan of Golden Cores, he's considered young in his hundreds. As long as his lifespan allows and the timing is right, he can enter the ancient battlefield."

“After all, there are way too many treasures and opportunities inside which have all been passed down from the ancient era.”

After pondering for a moment, Su Zimo asked again, “He was already the number one of the Phenomenon Ranking a hundred years ago. Why does he still choose to remain in the Golden Core realm?”

“That’s the frightening aspect of this lad!”

The old monk said, “There’s nothing much to continuous breakthroughs. If one can pause in their tracks at a certain juncture to consolidate their past, they will be able to truly solidify their foundation and reach the true realm of harmony by becoming one with the universe.”

“He was already the number one Perfected Being of Tianhuang Mainland a hundred years ago. I’m sure nobody is going to be his match a hundred years later. If you encounter him once more, you must be extremely cautious!”

Chapter 613: Heartache

The bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley was isolated from the outside world.

Day in and out, the old temple sat there silently, distant and dilapidated – it seemed like there was nothing different about it than before.

The only difference was that there was now another young monk with refined features.

There was also another quirky little fox.

Each morning, the young monk would gaze at the rising sun.

At dusk, he would gaze at the setting sun.

It was the same everyday without any breaks in between.

The eyes of the young monk turned increasingly brighter.

Of course, for the most part of the day, the young monk would choose to browse through sutras and comprehend Zen and the Dao in the Sutra Chamber.

Against a green lantern and ancient Buddha statue, he sat on a praying mat with a sutra gently propped on his hand with a calm expression and in a tranquil state.

Beside him, a red little fox squatted quietly without moving.

At night, the young monk would head to the backyard of the old temple.

In the eerie cemetery, the sounds of dragons, tigers and endless beasts roaring would sound till daybreak before subsiding.

Day after day, year after year.

In the blink of an eye, 20 years passed.

Time did not seem to leave any scars on the monk’s face.

However, his dantian was still empty without a trickle of spirit energy.

After all these years, the young monk no longer tried to cultivate intentionally. Instead, he recited sutras and strolled everyday in a leisurely manner.

As time passed by, he gained a unique aura around him.

It was indescribable.

It was as though the young monk had reached the realm of fusing with nature.

He looked like an extremely ordinary monk at a single glance.

However, upon closer inspection, he was like an unsolvable mystery.

Yet another night passed.

Cemetery in the backyard of the old temple.

At dawn, the young monk opened his eyes slowly and tidied his attire. Bowing to a red-headed burly man not far before him, he said, "Thank you for your care for more than 20 years!"

Naturally, the young monk was Su Zimo.

In all these years, this was the first time Su Zimo had spoken to the red-headed ghost in such a proper manner as well as thanked the latter with such courtesy.

Sensing something, the red-headed ghost raised his brow and asked, "You're going to leave?"

"Yes."

Su Zimo nodded.

"Yes."

The red-headed ghost replied distractedly.

When Su Zimo's figure was about to vanish from the backyard, the voice of the red-headed ghost sounded once more. "Be careful out there."

Touched, Su Zimo nodded his head.

It was still early.

Ming Zhen was still asleep.

The doors of the grand hall were tightly shut and the old monk was not out.

Su Zimo intended to wait a little more outside.

Suddenly, his ears twitched and he heard intermittent calls.

"Great...!"

"Great... monk!"

The voice came from outside the old temple above the Dragon Burial Valley.

The only person who would call him that was Demoness Ji!

For some reason, Su Zimo felt his heart palpitate, as though he could sense that something big was about to happen!

In his past 20 years of studying Buddhism and Zen, he had never experienced such emotional fluctuation.

Su Zimo pushed the doors open and meandered forward with the valley.

Before long, Demoness Ji's voice sounded once more.

"Great monk, where are you? Hurry and come out! Mr. Su's not going to make it!"

Su Zimo's footsteps came to a gradual stop.

He froze on the spot with a lost gaze as his mouth dropped agape slightly. There was only a single sentence repeating itself in his mind – Mr. Su's not going to make it!"

"Brother..."

Su Zimo murmured .

His first reaction was disbelief!

How was that possible?

Even after 20 years, Su Hong was only now in his sixties – how was this possible?

However, the next moment, Su Zimo realized that even though Demoness Ji loved to joke, there was no way she would lie about something like this.

His elder brother was truly not going to make it!

More than 10 years ago, Ji Yaoxue had already mentioned that Su Hong was not in a good condition. That was the reason why Su Zimo decided that he was going to take Su Hong with him to leave the North Region after the intermediate ancient battlefield opened up.

To think that...

After 20 years of studying the Dao of Buddhism and Zen, Su Zimo had initially thought that he had already let go of many things including life and death.

To think that the instant he heard this piece of news, his heart felt a piercing pain!

It was extremely, extremely painful.

At the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley, Su Zimo leaned against the ice-cold wall of the cliff and slid down weakly to the ground. There was an indescribable misery flooding in the depths of his eyes.

In a flash...

Su Zimo recalled many things.

He recalled the rivers of blood and mountains of corpses on that night dozens of years ago in the house of Lord Wuding in Yan Country.

A young man less than 20 years old protected two young children and escaped from the capital with all his might relying only on his guts.

Although there was a savage slash on his face that nearly cut his head into two, the young man did not care at all!

After dozens of years, the two young children had already grown up.

As for that young man of the past, he gradually turned old instead.

He had already gained a lot of white hair by the time he was in his thirties.

That initially upright body of his had curved significantly as well.

With his firm shoulders, that young man carried the burden of everything and protected the two young children, allowing them to enjoy a peaceful and beautiful life.

It was the same way he had charged out of the capital with them under his lead more than 10 years ago.

He feared nothing!

The young man of the past reigned the world with his sword.

More than 10 years later, his sword no longer had that edge and he was much more restrained and mature.

The only thing that did not change was his heart that cared for the world and worried for his citizens.

That was the reason why he could stand forth and lead 5,000 black armored cavalry to hold off Luo Tianwu and gang who were massacring the citizens of Yan Country outside Jian An City even when he had not recovered fully from his injuries!

That was the reason why he could make that shocking statement.

“The Su family may have a family feud with the King of Yan. But your army raids the land of the Country of Yan, intruding our borders and territory, slaughtering our people, this is national enmity! Family feud and national enmity are different!”

Su Zimo’s sight gradually turned blurry.

However, all those scenes flashed through his mind clear as day.

“Hais.”

A tragic sigh sounded from above the Dragon Burial Valley.

“20 years ago, Glass Palace massacred 13 cities of Yan Country just to vent their frustrations. The blow of that was way too great for Mr. Su.”

“For the past 20 years, although he had been in the capital, Mr. Su’s mind has always been worrying about the citizens of Yan Country. He’s... truly a great ruler.”

His worries had turned into illness.

Even cultivators would suffer a reduced lifespan and enter Qi Deviation if they spent dozens of years worrying, let alone ordinary mortals.

“Great monk, I don’t know if you’re listening.”

Demoness Ji’s voice sounded once more.

“For the past few years, my sister and I have searched for many spirit herbs in the cultivation world but none of them worked. Mr. Su’s health continued declining.”

“For the past few months, Mr. Su would always talk in his sleep and call out for you and Xiaoning. When I hear them, I truly, truly feel...”

Demoness Ji choked and could not continue.

Su Zimo covered his head with his arms and curled up. He could no longer control himself and broke out into a miserable cry.

Unknowingly, Ming Zhen and the little fox had arrived by his side.

The little fox felt her heart wrench at the sight of Su Zimo and closed in, rubbing her head gently against his ankle and whimpering to console him.

Ming Zhen lowered his head in silence as well, reciting Buddhist proclamations in his heart.

Chapter 614: Once the Fog Fades

Backyard of the old temple.

The old monk and red-headed ghost gazed into the distance, as though their gazes could pass through the voids and look at the young monk who was bawling his heart out.

The both of them exchanged glances.

“Hais.”

The old monk sighed.

The red-headed ghost remarked sorrowfully, “This was a day that he was going to have to face sooner or later. It’s for the best.”

“Who is the judge as to whether or not it’s for the best,” The old monk shook his head.

“Old monk, what do you mean?” The red-headed ghost could tell that the old monk was implying something.

The old monk replied, “This lad is sentimental and for him, Mr. Su is an anchor. This was the anchor that caused him to shave to become a monk, to clear his mind and to stay here quietly at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for a full 20 years.”

The red-headed ghost nodded.

The old monk was not wrong. Given Su Zimo's character, there was no way he was going to endure things even if he had offended Glass Palace and the factions of the entire North Region.

Did he really not have any other method of leaving the North Region?

If Su Zimo wasn't waiting for an opportunity to leave the North Region with Su Hong, given his character, he would have killed his way out more than 10 years ago the moment his Inner Core had recovered!

The old monk sighed. "Now that the anchor is gone, there's a chance that the nightmare of the paragons of the immortal, Buddhist and fiend sects, that strongest monster incarnate of history that struck endless fear in the hearts of countless cultivators is about to return!"

The red-headed ghost squinted and asked, "Have you noticed something?"

"I don't know."

The old monk shook his head.

The red-headed ghost asked again, "More than 20 years have passed and there's still no feedback from his Golden Core. Is there any chance of recovery at all?"

"I don't know."

The old monk shook his head still.

After pausing briefly, he said slowly, "Perhaps he's already found a method of recovering his Golden Core, perhaps not. I don't know. I can no longer read him."

The red-headed ghost's expression changed.

Even the old monk could not read Su Zimo any longer!

After 20 years of studying Buddhism and Zen, Su Zimo had indeed gained an additional unique aura.

He was almost like Buddha!

The red-headed ghost's expression changed as he suddenly said, "He's back. I guess he's here to bid you farewell."

"Also, you're his master at the end of the day. Give him a few items that can help him protect himself. Don't keep everything to yourself! Do you want to take them with you into the grave?!"

The red-headed ghost mumbled but the old monk had already turned to leave.

He disappeared from the cemetery in the blink of an eye and had already returned to the grand hall.

Not long after.

Su Zimo pushed the doors open and walked in.

He seemed composed on the surface but he could not conceal the sorrow deep in his eyes.

Su Zimo walked straight into the grand hall and knelt down in the direction of the old monk. He kowtowed three times before saying softly, "Master, I'm going to leave."

“Go on,”

The old monk did not ask him to stay.

He knew that it would be a futile attempt.

Reaching out, the old monk handed over two battered talismans in his palms. “These are two Transference Talismans. One of them is the Minor Transference Talisman and the other, the Major Transference Talisman.”

“I won’t elaborate more on the Minor Transference Talisman, it’s a random teleportation.”

“As for the Major Transference Talisman, it was a treasure that was crafted on the behest of the Emperor of the Great Qian Empire in the past! It can even cross a major region at its furthest and the teleportation can be targeted!”

Targeted teleportation!

Those words carried way too much weight.

The Minor Transference Talisman was already precious enough.

And yet, the Major Transference Talisman even had targeted teleportation?!

It was equivalent to an additional life for Su Zimo!

Su Zimo received it with both hands and placed it into his storage bag. Right as he was about to turn and leave, the old monk called him back.

The old monk gazed at Su Zimo’s empty dantian and his eyes flashed with worry and curiosity. After a moment of hesitation, he still decided on asking, “Your Golden Core...”

Su Zimo remained silent.

A moment later, he said softly, “Actually, the secret to recovering the Golden Core lies in the Saraca Flower.”

“Saraca Flower?”

The old monk was briefly stunned.

Although the Saraca Flower was an item of the old temple, it was snatched over by the red-robed woman many years ago and was now in Su Zimo’s dantian.

Su Zimo said, “In an ancient sutra in the Sutra Chamber, there’s a legend saying that the Ashoka tree is one of the three sacred trees of Buddhism. The Buddha that created the Dao of Buddhism was also born right under the Ashoka tree!”

“I’ve heard of that legend before...”

Suddenly, the old monk’s voice paused...

A thought flashed through his mind.

He finally understood the correlation between the Saraca Flower and the recovery of Su Zimo's Golden Core.

According to the legend, the Saraca Flower possessed another sort of energy apart from fire.

The energy of life!

It was the birth of life!

The creation of something from emptiness.

The Saraca Flower had witnessed the scene of the Buddha's birth.

Su Zimo's dantian was shattered and his Golden Core was destroyed.

However, the power of his Golden Core did not vanish – it was merely absorbed by the Saraca Flower in the depths of his dantian.

For the past 20 years...

Su Zimo spent his days studying Buddhism and comprehending the Dao so that he could accumulate and consolidate the power to trigger that 'life' within the Saraca Flower consistently!

Su Zimo was already walking out of the old temple.

In a flash...

Black hair grew from Su Zimo's bald head, turning longer by the moment.

Within his body, in that originally dark and hollow dantian, a flower bloomed.

On the flower...

There was a fruit that grew at a speed visible to the naked eye.

It was golden, round and shone with a bedazzling aura!

That fruit was Su Zimo's brand new Golden Core!

Spirit energy reverberated through his dantian, turning richer and fiercer by the moment.

It was as though a cyclone was forming in his body!

Su Zimo's aura was turning stronger by the moment!

With every step he took, the spirit energy in his dantian would increase by a fraction.

It was turning increasingly stronger!

Boom!

In the blink of an eye, the spirit energy in his dantian had already broken through the limits of early-stage Golden Core and arrived at mid-stage Golden Core.

Not long after.

Boom!

There was another bang.

Late-stage Golden Core!

The energy that Su Zimo once gained from consuming the 10,000 Year Vermilion Fruit had not gone to waste – everything was absorbed by the Saraca Flower and was being produced right now!

With every step that he took, Su Zimo's aura would change by a fraction!

The only things that did not change were his eyes.

They were neither sad nor joyful and had no fluctuations.

By the time Su Zimo arrived at the entrance of the old temple, his aura was close to stabilizing and his black hair danced wildly with a frightening aura that resembled a divine being!

Peak of late-stage Golden Core!

He had persevered through it!

He had been dormant for 20 years at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley studying Buddhism. However, instead of decreasing, his cultivation realm had advanced to the peak of late-stage Golden Core!

Of course, that was not the only change in Su Zimo.

There was something that no one could describe.

Standing at the entrance of the old temple, Su Zimo turned around slowly and gazed at the sentence etched on the wall of the grand hall with a lost look in his clear eyes.

Those were the words that Die Yue had left him.

Suddenly, Su Zimo extended his finger!

A stream of spirit qi burst forth from his forefinger like a sharp sword that sliced the wall of the grand hall.

Su Zimo waved his arm.

He left another statement right after the statement on the wall.

It was a sharp statement that looked down on the entire world!

Instinctively, Ming Zhen recited it, "Once the fog fades, the radiance shall illuminate through the entire world!"

"Psst!"

"His confidence..."

There was a hint of shock deep in the eyes of the old monk.

The sound of chains rattling echoed suddenly from the backyard that was initially silent!

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

“Once the fog fades, the radiance shall illuminate through the entire world!”

The first statement was left behind by Die Yue.

The second statement was Su Zimo’s reply.

Chapter 615: Return

Swash!

A white streak of light tore through the backyard of the old temple.

It descended in the courtyard, flawless and magnificent as the full moon up in the skies.

Moon Concealment Bow!

Su Zimo received it and brushed his hand on it gently.

The sixth spirit pattern that was not fully formed previously was not clearer than ever!

A connate spirit weapon!

After consuming the essence of the sun and moon for 15 years at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley, the Moon Concealment Bow had evolved into a connate spirit weapon!

Su Zimo put the Moon Concealment Bow away in his storage bag with a calm expression.

“Incoming saber!”

A voice sounded in Su Zimo’s mind.

Before that statement was completed, the sound of metal clashing echoed from the backyard and reverberated through the entire world. It buzzed and emanated a murderous aura that caused the temperature of the entire old temple to dip!

Blood Quencher had appeared!

A blood beam surged into the skies and hovered in midair, shining with the glow of six spirit patterns.

The most beguiling thing was that the sixth spirit pattern was in the color of blood!

The connate spirit pattern had dyed the glow surrounding Blood Quencher scarlet.

The saber emitted a strong blood stench that was shuddering!

As the red-headed ghost had expected, Blood Quencher had indeed gone through a shocking transformation after it was buried in the cemetery and soaked in the blood of peerless experts from 10,000 years ago!

Aside from the innate sharpness of a connate spirit weapon, Blood Quencher’s ferocity was torrential!

The blood beam and stench released from its blade could even affect cultivators mentally!

Because the little fox's cultivation realm was inadequate, she felt chills run down her spine just glancing at it – it was as though a grisly Hell sprawled with corpses and soaked with blood had appeared before her!

Shuddering, she closed her eyes hurriedly.

Ming Xin's expression changed slightly as well as he chanted Buddhist proclamations softly to compose himself.

Oo! Oo!

Suddenly, Blood Quencher bolted towards Su Zimo with a murderous aura at an extremely fast speed – it vibrated in a chilling manner in midair!

More than 10 years ago, the red-headed ghost had said it.

Once Blood Quencher evolved to become a connate spirit weapon, it would definitely turn incomparably ferocious!

Most ferocious weapons slewed their own masters.

The stronger something was, the harder it would be to subdue it!

Su Zimo did not move at all with his hands behind his back. His gaze was deep as he looked at Blood Quencher that was streaking towards him with a calm expression.

It was as though he had no intention of striking.

For some unknown reason, Blood Quencher got slower the closer it approached Su Zimo, as though it had fallen into a swamp!

The eyes of Ming Zhen and the little fox widened.

The blade was less than an inch away from Su Zimo's glabella!

Its sharpness seemed to have made contact with Su Zimo's skin.

However, Su Zimo was motionless!

There were no emotions in his eyes at all!

Suddenly, Ming Zhen felt a deep sense of fear when he looked at those deep and emotionless eyes!

After laying dormant at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for 20 years, Su Zimo was like a dormant volcano.

The moment news of his sick kin arrived, the dormant volcano had already awoken.

Although it was calm right now, anyone that provoked this volcano would definitely send forth a destructive stream of lava that would drown all living beings and incinerate everything!

"Hmm?"

Ming Zhen exclaimed softly.

Blood Quencher was quivering.

It was as though that ferocious item had sensed something too.

It was feeling fearful!

By nature, it was bloodthirsty and loved to kill.

If it could kill its master and devour his blood, it could turn even stronger!

But now, it could vaguely sense that if it actually made contact, the seemingly refined man before him would definitely destroy it personally!

It did not dare to move.

There was a momentary silence.

Gradually, Blood Quencher lowered its tip and lowered itself horizontally before Su Zimo. Its sharpness faced outwards and its handle pointed to Su Zimo and was within reach.

It had submitted!

The ferocious item had just been born and yet, it was shocked into submission immediately!

Right from the beginning, Su Zimo had not moved at all – he did not even bat his eyelids!

Su Zimo received Blood Quencher and put it away in his storage bag.

Including his Coiling Dragon Seal and Black Gold Arrows from before, together with Moon Concealment Bow and Blood Quencher, he now had four connate spirit weapons in his possession!

When the little fox saw that Su Zimo was about to leave, she moved and wanted to follow him.

“Wait here for me.”

Su Zimo glanced at the little fox and said calmly. Before his sentence was even complete, he had already pushed the doors open and left.

The little fox’s eyes dimmed with a disappointed look.

Ming Zhen said softly, “Don’t worry, little fox. Since junior brother said that, he’ll definitely return!”

The little fox nodded but there was still a deep hint of worry in her eyes.

...

In the grand hall.

The old monk gazed at the sentences on the wall for a long time in silence.

“It’s rare, truly rare,”

A long while later, he finally heaved out a deep breath and lamented, "To begin with, that red-robed woman was an existence who could look down on the entire Tianhuang Mainland. It's only logical that she would leave such daring and bold words."

"What's even rarer than that is that although the lad is only at Golden Core realm, his continuation sentence is not weaker in terms of boldness!"

The red-headed ghost praised as well, "Once the fog fades, the radiance shall illuminate through the entire world. His words can truly devour the mountains and rivers and look down on the rest of the world! If this broken temple of yours is still around many years later, those words are bound to become a legend."

The old monk nodded with slight sadness. "The both of us are fortunate to be witnesses of this."

Suddenly, the red-headed ghost gave an odd chuckle. "This is good. The ancient battlefield is about to open up soon. That descendant of Chaos Essence Sect that was known to be invincible throughout the Golden Core realm more than 10 years ago is about to meet a match!"

"It's hard to tell,"

The old monk shook his head. "Do you think that Di Yin left this place without obtaining anything?"

"In addition, he was already the number one of the Phenomenon Ranking a hundred years ago. Nobody knows how much he has grown since then. The Chaos Ocean of the Human Emperor is not to be underestimated. He is a scary person!"

The old monk had an extremely high evaluation of Di Yin!

The red-headed ghost said, "No matter what, the both of them are born in the same era and are bound to be mortal foes. The only other way out is for one to die or submit."

"That's for the future. We've still got to wait for the ancient battlefield to open up," The old monk said.

After a while, the red-headed ghost suddenly laughed in a gloating manner. "That lad has been dormant at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley for 20 years. Now that he's going to reappear after news of his kin in illness, he must definitely be holding in a belly full of rage!"

"Any dumb fool that provokes him... hehe."

The old monk chanted a Buddhist proclamation and said softly, "I'm still hoping that everything goes smoothly and that he will return here after severing his mortal ties to reduce his karma of killing."

"Hmph, a tree may wish for stillness but the wind never stops blowing!"

The red-headed ghost stood up and the chains on his body rattled loudly.

"He's not going to take the initiative to provoke anybody, but I'm sure 20 years is more than enough to make many things fade into the background. I'm sure many cultivators of the North Region have already forgotten about him!"

The red-headed ghost reared his head in loud laughter. "That's for the best! Shiver, cultivators of the North Region! That strongest monster incarnate of history whom you guys had ganged up on and bullied back in the past and was cast into the depths of the Dragon Burial Valley has now returned! Hahaha!"

Chapter 616: Three Dynasties Allied Army

Dragon Burial Valley.

Demoness Ji had been standing at the edge of the cliff for a long time with furrowed brows. The cold wind had crumpled the hem of her dress and she frowned with troubles.

Just as she was about to give up and leave, a figure appeared not far away.

It was getting closer and closer.

The green robes were ever so familiar.

She heaved a sigh of relief.

After 20 years, nothing seemed to have changed about Su Zimo apart from a unique aura he had gained that was indescribable.

Demoness Ji's heart skipped a beat and she checked out Su Zimo's dantian with her Spirit Peering Art.

Immediately after, a look of pity flashed through her eyes.

"Sigh, how can a destroyed dantian recover? I was thinking too much."

She sighed internally.

Through her detection, Su Zimo's dantian was like a swamp of still water without any spirit energy.

In reality, Su Zimo's dantian was indeed different from the past after the tribulation.

His Golden Core was shattered and formed a black hole-like existence.

The Saraca Flower was hidden right in the black hole!

As long as Su Zimo did not use his spirit energy, cultivators wouldn't be able to detect anything and would instead find an empty dantian.

If they knew nothing about his past, any outsider would take him as an extremely ordinary mortal.

"Zimo, how have you been after all these years?"

It was rare that Demoness Ji was not joking. Instead, her eyes were pained with a hint of pity and her expression was emotional.

This man before her was bedazzling 20 years ago!

Even outside of the North Region, some cultivators of Tianhuang Mainland knew about him.

But now, most of the people in the North Region had already forgotten about him, let alone those in Tianhuang Mainland.

Su Zimo replied calmly, "I'm fine."

"I know where Mr. Su is. I'll take you there."

Su Hong did not have much time left and it was better if they met sooner. Demoness Ji knew what was on Su Zimo's mind right now and led the way without hesitating.

Su Zimo followed closely behind.

The two of them sped and crossed the Great Qian Ruins.

Arriving at the depths of the palace, Su Zimo paused briefly when he looked at the bloodstained ruins beneath him.

20 years ago, the paragons of the North Region had gathered for the birth of the Vermilion Fruit.

Countless paragons were buried there in that battle.

A fire had incinerated half the skies!

The temperature of the golden lava was extremely high and riddled the ground with holes. The underground palace had already caved in a long time ago and the cave was buried.

The mysterious golden volcano was also buried deep underground.

No matter what secrets there were inside, nobody would probably find out anymore.

After a slight pause, Su Zimo caught up to Demoness Ji and suddenly asked, "Is Yaoxue in danger?"

If Ji Yaoxue knew about Su Hong's condition, she would definitely be the one to inform him.

The only possibility for her not doing so would be if she was in danger and could not get away!

"Yes."

Demoness Ji nodded. "In recent years, the North Region has been filled with wars with the rise of multiple vassal states. The other three dynasties are coveting from the sidelines while it's messy within the imperial court of the Great Zhou Dynasty with troubles both internal and external."

"Two years ago, the Xia, Shang and You Dynasties joined forces and formed an allied army to infiltrate the borders of Great Zhou, hoping to annihilate Great Zhou entirely and split our land among themselves."

Su Zimo asked in a seemingly casual manner, "What are the cultivation realms of those that are fighting in the battles between the dynasties?"

"The armies are mostly formed by Foundation Establishment and Golden Cores. Of course, there are also some Nascent Souls. Void Reversions won't appear on the front lines for now. They will only come forth for a final battle if the allied army reaches the capital!" Demoness Ji replied.

"I see," Su Zimo said.

Demoness Ji continued, "My sister led the army to deal with it personally and keep the enemies at bay. She has been outside for almost two years now without returning and does not know about Mr. Su's condition at all."

Su Zimo frowned.

Demoness Ji added hurriedly, "Don't worry, she's completely fine. Perfected Lord Ming Ze has been by her the entire time."

Su Zimo remained silent.

He had already vaguely guessed through Demoness Ji's words that Ji Yaoxue was in a terrible state!

Even if her life was not in danger, she was entangled with troubles.

Now that the three dynasties had formed an alliance, it meant that they were bent on getting their hands on the Great Zhou's territories!

With the Great Zhou's foundations, even if they had the terrain advantage, it would be difficult for them to defend against the conquest of the allied army!

The fact that Ji Yaoxue had not returned for two years was a clear sign of how bad the situation was!

Furthermore, changes happen rapidly on the battlefield and anything could happen.

There was no guarantee of Ji Yaoxue's safety even if Perfected Lord Ming Ze was by her side.

...

The two of them traveled day and night without resting.

A few days later, they arrived in the capital of Great Zhou.

In order to avoid attention and unnecessary trouble, Su Zimo traveled in Demoness Ji's carriage. Along the way in the palace, they made many twists and turns to head for a secret ground in the palace!

Not long after, Demoness Ji brought Su Zimo to a house and said softly, "I'll stay outside and not enter. Call for me at any time if you require anything."

Su Zimo nodded.

Standing quietly outside the door, Su Zimo did not dare to open the doors.

In fact, he had already extended his palm and made contact with the doors, but he just did not dare to push them!

Su Zimo knew that his older brother, Su Hong, was inside.

He could already sense the twilight aura emanating from the room!

The more it was the case, the more he did not dare to open the doors!

"Zimo, is that you?"

Suddenly, a voice sounded from within.

It was weak and hoarse.

Instantly, countless images flashed through Su Zimo's mind.

"Zimo, go back and study! You're not allowed to learn martial arts!"

"This horse is called Zhui Feng and it's slightly sentient. Since it has affinity with you, it's yours from today onwards."

"Zimo, as long as you can pass the college examination, I'll reward you with a mansion..."

This voice was no longer as robust and firm as in the past.

However, it awakened countless memories in Su Zimo.

Instantly, he felt his nose stuff up as he pushed the doors and entered. "Brother, it's me!"

Although he was already mentally prepared, Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat when he caught sight of Su Hong.

His brother had grown old.

Age was like a merciless blade that sliced and left scars on Su Hong's face!

If he had not seen it himself, it would have been difficult for Su Zimo to imagine this frail old person before him wielding an iron spear to lead heavy armored troops through the battlefield and dominate the world!

How awesome was he back then?!

Dozens of years had passed.

In his sixties, Su Hong looked like someone in his hundreds.

He was filled with white hair and had a pair of hazy eyes.

However, the way he looked at Su Zimo was still as comforting and benevolent as ever.

Su Zimo strode quickly forward and knelt before Su Hong, holding the latter's wrists gently.

Su Zimo's hands trembled!

He could clearly feel Su Hong's life diminishing bit by bit from his body – his organs had already begun to deteriorate!

At the end of his lifespan, Su Hong did not have much time left and even deities won't be able to save him at this point!

"I'm late,"

Su Zimo slumped his head and said with a quivering tone.

"It's not late, it's not."

Su Hong patted Su Zimo gently on the palm and consoled the latter, "I don't have any regrets now that I'm able to see you fine and well before my passing."

"Hais."

Immediately after, Su Hong sighed. "It's just a pity I can't get to see Xiaoning in the end. I wonder how that lass is. I wonder if she suffered outside."

"You know that she has a weak personality. What is she going to do if she gets bullied without us around?"

Chapter 617: I Am Su Zimo

Su Zimo said, "Xiaoning joined a major sect in order to refine an elixir that can increase one's lifespan. She won't suffer. She even said that you'll be the first one to take the elixir once she succeeds in refining it."

"That lass,"

Su Hong smiled.

Su Zimo's heart clenched at the sight of Su Hong's smile.

There was still slightly more than a month to go before the opening of the ancient battlefield.

He knew very well that given his brother's current condition, there was no way the latter could hold out until then!

This meant that Su Hong would never ever be able to meet Xiaoning again.

A moment later, Su Hong patted the back of Su Zimo's palm and said softly, "Send me back."

Su Zimo understood where Su Hong meant by 'back'.

It was most likely something that Su Hong was thinking about incessantly for the past 20 years!

A fox dies in its hole and a leaf lands at its roots.

More than longing, Su Hong felt a deep guilt towards that piece of land and its inhabitants.

He had to return!

"Alright!"

Su Zimo nodded and carried Su Hong in his arms before walking to the entrance.

Demoness Ji was waiting not far away and she hurried over, asking softly, "Where are you headed for?"

Su Zimo replied, "Let's leave the capital first."

There were many people in the capital of Great Zhou and it would be easy for him to be exposed carrying Su Hong with him.

If anyone discovered Su Hong's presence in the capital of Great Zhou, the Great Zhou Dynasty would be annihilated even before the allied army of the three dynasties struck!

Su Zimo supported Su Hong into Demoness Ji's carriage.

The carriage was adorned with jewels and jade majestically and glowed with a bright spirit light. It rose slowly into the air and headed out of the capital.

The journey within the capital was mostly smooth when people saw that it was a carriage of the princess.

Before long, the three of them had already left the capital.

Su Zimo checked his surroundings and upon seeing that nobody was around, he said, "Thank you for your help, Demoness Ji. I'll take my brother away from here. You can head on back."

"I don't have anything on. I'll send you guys wherever you want to go," Demoness Ji said hurriedly.

Just as Su Zimo was about to decline, he frowned and his ears twitched.

"Someone's approaching!"

Su Zimo's expression turned cold.

The person chased after them at an extremely fast speed – it was clear that the intruder was not friendly!

Soon.

The sound of clothes fluttering could be heard in the air.

10 figures descended and surrounded Demoness Ji's carriage.

The leader was a bald man clad in armor. His eyes were sharp as a vulture's – this was the commander of the Great Zhou Dynasty's Scarlet Vulture guards, Bald Vulture!

The other nine wore scarlet robes with sect badges on their waists. They had mighty auras and did not look friendly.

All nine of them were Golden Cores of True Fire Sect!

Demoness Ji pushed down Su Zimo's arm and shook her head, gesturing for him to calm down and not be reckless.

If he was exposed, he would definitely attract an endless pursuit!

The entire North Region would be shaken!

Su Zimo was expressionless and did not move.

Through the curtain, Demoness Ji asked with a deep voice, "Bald Vulture, don't you know who I am? The guts of you to try and halt my carriage!"

"Hehe!"

Bald Vulture chuckled. "Where are you heading to, little princess?"

"It's none of your business! Get lost!"

Demoness Ji's voice was laced with anger as she hollered.

"Humph!"

Bald Vulture retraced his smile and said darkly, "Little princess, I'm sure you're trying to pass a message to your sister after hearing some news, right?"

"What are you talking about?"

Demoness Ji frowned – she did not understand what Bald Vulture meant by that.

When he heard that, Su Zimo already realized that Ji Yaoxue was in a worse state than he had imagined!

The fact that the capital guards dared to obstruct a carriage of the princess of Great Zhou was a clear sign of how messy things had become in the Great Zhou Dynasty.

Furthermore, it was clear that Bald Vulture was implying something from his words!

Bald Vulture sneered, "Little princess, you don't have to act dumb in front of me. Even if you know nothing, please return to the capital!"

Demoness Ji's killing intent rose!

She was no kind soul.

Her alter ego was the Pure Maiden of the fiend sects!

Right then, Demoness Ji suddenly felt her vision blur – Su Zimo had already left the carriage.

"Bald Vulture, do you remember me?"

An indifferent voice sounded outside the carriage.

Bald Vulture gazed at the green-robed cultivator and was momentarily stunned.

Immediately after, his eyes widened and his pupils constricted as he yelped, "It's you!"

"H-How are you not dead?!"

Bald Vulture was flustered at the sight of Su Zimo.

A man's name grows like the shadow of a tree.

Su Zimo was notorious throughout the North Region after that battle in the Great Qian Ruins!

It was nothing if he had died just like that.

However, no Golden Core of the North Region would be able to compose themselves at the sight of Su Zimo alive before them!

"Who is that person?"

The True Fire Sect cultivators at the side used their Spirit Peering Art and noticed that the green-robed cultivator's dantian was empty. Upon realizing that he was only a mortal, their eyes filled with contempt.

“H-H-He is...”

“I am Su Zimo.”

There was a momentary silence.

The cultivators of True Fire Sect exchanged glances and burst into laughter.

“Everyone knows that Su Zimo died at the bottom of the Dragon Burial Valley! You’re saying that you’re Su Zimo?”

“Hahaha! Interesting! He’s trying to impersonate a dead man!”

Everyone from True Fire Sect laughed.

However, Bald Vulture wanted to cry as his body turned stiff while cold sweat poured down.

He had noticed something.

The moment the green-robed cultivator declared that he was Su Zimo, it meant that all of them were going to die!

“Is it funny?”

For a cultivator of True Fire Sect, before his laughter stopped, his vision blurred and a cold voice rang in his ears.

“So fast!”

That was the last thought that crossed the person’s mind.

The next moment.

Right in front of everyone, Su Zimo reached out and tapped the person on the throat gently with his finger.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

His throat snapped and a Golden Core died on the spot.

“Audacious!”

“B*stard, how dare you!”

The other Golden Cores of True Fire Sect were enraged and hollered.

Clang! Clang!

Eight Golden Cores summoned their flying swords one after another.

The swords quivered and shone with bright spirit lights.

Eight of them rapidly formed an encirclement with Su Zimo in the center, summoning their flying swords with one hand while conjuring hand seals with the other to release True Fire Sect’s spirit arts!

The attacks surged forth instantly!

Su Zimo's expression did not change as he opened his mouth.

"Om!"

He chanted in Sanskrit.

It was the first of six words of Daming Mantra!

Instantly, it reverberated endlessly like thunder!

The void was filled with a shuddering power!

The flying swords that were aimed for Su Zimo froze in midair.

The spirit arts of the eight Perfected Beings from True Fire Sect dissipated in midair before they could even form.

All eight of them stood stiffly on the spot with bulged eyeballs that were bloodshot!

Bald Vulture could see it clearly.

Blood was already oozing from the ears, eyes, nose and mouth of the eight people!

They were bleeding from all orifices!

"Ma!"

Su Zimo spoke once more.

The second Sanskrit had arrived!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Right in front of Bald Vulture, the bodies of the eight Perfected Beings from True Fire Sect exploded into blood mists without any corpse remaining!

Demoness Ji was about to exit the carriage when she saw that.

Eight Golden Cores exploded to death just from the shock of two syllables from Su Zimo!

Suddenly, Demoness Ji realized.

After 20 years, instead of diminishing, Su Zimo's combat strength had grown to a frightening level that even she could not read any longer!

Chapter 618: I Will Establish Dao!

Turning around, Su Zimo looked at Bald Vulture who was not far away and said indifferently, "Go on, tell us everything you know."

"I-I don't know what you're talking about, fellow Daoist!"

Bald Vulture chuckled dryly.

“Die if you refuse to speak!”

Su Zimo closed in step by step towards Bald Vulture in midair. Although he was neither fast nor slow, there was a tremendous pressure that surged forward instantaneously!

That was a true suppression!

In fact, Bald Vulture felt like he was choking!

His arms trembled slightly and a look of fear flashed through his eyes before turning into madness.

With a menacing expression, Bald Vulture snarled, “I can tell you everything but you must promise to let me live!”

“You’re not qualified to talk about terms with me!”

Su Zimo had an ice-cold expression as he arrived before Bald Vulture. He gripped the latter’s throat and just as he was about to exert strength, a fragrance wafted over.

“Leave it to me, Zimo.”

Demoness Ji’s silky smooth hand touched Su Zimo’s wrist.

Su Zimo relented his grip with it.

Arriving before Bald Vulture, Demoness Ji smiled charmingly with a ripple in her eyes as she asked gently, “Why did you stand in my way, great commander?”

Bald Vulture was completely stupefied and had a lost gaze, as though he had lost his soul.

“The second and fourth princes are prepared to write a letter together to get rid of the third princess and recommend the first prince to ascend the throne! The first prince is the eldest and should inherit the throne in theory. The third princess is unjustified to take the throne and furthermore, she’s a woman.”

“What’s wrong with her being a woman?”

Demoness Ji raised her brow and asked coldly, “Can’t women ascend the throne? My sister is out there fighting against our enemies and yet, you despicable scum are scheming in the dark here!”

“I think all of you are looking to die!”

Before she finished her sentence, Demoness Ji had already grazed her finger gently across Bald Vulture’s throat.

A thin red line appeared.

Bald Vulture’s eyes widened and he gradually woke from his stupor. He clutched his throat with both arms and his legs flailed but he could not stop the fresh blood from spewing!

Splash! Splash!

Finally, Bald Vulture’s gaze dimmed and he fell, dead on the spot.

“I need you to come forth for the affairs of the capital,”

Su Zimo said darkly, “Given your identity and means, you’ll be able to suppress this matter.”

“Yes, don’t worry,” Demoness Ji nodded.

Su Zimo returned to the carriage and helped Su Hong out before nodding towards Demoness Ji. “I’ll be leaving now.”

Before his words were finished, Su Zimo had already sped into the distance at an extremely terrifying speed. In the blink of an eye, he was already at the horizon.

“Where are you going?”

Demoness Ji yelled from behind.

There was no reply for a long time.

Although Demoness Ji wanted to chase after him, she knew that at this moment, the capital of Great Zhou needed her more.

...

A gigantic bird flew above the skies of Yan Country.

The bird was lined with scales and burned with a thin flame on its body. Its eyes were sharp as it surveyed its surroundings with wings that were hundreds of feet wide spread apart!

It was an ancient remnant beast, the Purple Flame Bird!

The most shocking thing was that the Purple Flame Bird seemed like it was pulling an ordinary-looking carriage.

Side by side, two people sat within the carriage; one was a refined scholar and the other was a frail old man filled with white hair.

The two of them were Su Zimo and Su Hong who were rushing back to Yan Country.

Su Zimo captured an ancient remnant beast along the way and used it to pull the carriage temporarily, saving them quite a bit of trouble.

The two of them crossed the 13 cities of Yan Country that were massacred by Glass Palace. Even until now, the corpses left behind back then could be seen piled into mountains!

The bloodstains on the walls had already turned black after enduring the weather over the years.

With every city they passed, Su Hong would stop to kneel in front of the cities, paying his respect to the withered corpses.

The final city.

This was the capital of Yan Country in the past.

After 20 years, the glamor of the past had long disappeared.

All their acquaintances of the past had already grown old as well.

Uncle Zheng, Liu Yu, Yuchi Huo, Song Qi and even the black armored cavalry of the past were buried under the ruins.

They had returned to the earth.

“I should have been here with you guys 20 years ago.”

“My brothers, I have returned!”

As he stood on that familiar piece of land, Su Hong’s tears streamed down his face as he could not overcome his sadness.

Su Zimo seemed to be able to visualize the scene of the massacre that happened when Glass Palace descended.

Against cultivators, mortals were helpless and their lives were as cheap as blades of grass!

Lowering his head, Su Zimo had a stoned expression.

During the past few days of their travels, he had witnessed way too many corpses along the way.

Massacre, violence, hunger, destitute, rape, snatching, killing, cannibalism...

Every single bit of structure was destroyed.

Human life was even cheaper than that of ants!

The sight before him was no different from what Hell was described as in Buddhism!

As the flames of wars raged, the most helpless and pathetic ones were the mortals of the world who had no spirit roots and could not cultivate.

Through those mortals, Su Zimo caught glimpses of himself.

He was originally one of the most ordinary people.

If not for Die Yue, he might have been one of the corpses they had encountered along the way!

If Su Zimo had intervened, he might have been able to save one, two or even a hundred people, but he wouldn’t have been able to save everybody.

In fact, he could not even save his own kin!

He could only watch as Su Hong approached the end of his lifespan.

Along the way, Su Zimo had been contemplating a single question.

Even if he was able to come out 10 years ago, what difference would it have made?

Would he have been able to save Su Hong?

After all, Su Hong was a mortal whose lifespan would be exhausted 20, 30 or even 40 years later – the two of them were going to have to face an eternal farewell no matter what.

Even if he had not offended Glass Palace, would the masses have escaped from a calamity as such?

The mortals were still the first to suffer from the flames of war.

Against cultivators, mortals had no control over their own fates!

Cultivators could trample on the dignity of mortals as they pleased.

No matter how the mortals struggled, nothing would change.

If not for Die Yue, Su Zimo might have been killed by Zhou Dingyun when he returned from cultivation in the past.

He was a fortunate person.

Die Yue had altered his fate for him.

However, who could change Su Hong's fate?

Who could change the fate of all the living beings in the world?

Were mortals that had no spirit roots and were unable to cultivate condemned to be sacrifices of war?

Were they meant to be the food of demon beasts and corpses to be trampled on by cultivators?

Su Zimo was not a saint.

He had never thought of bringing salvation for the living beings of the world singlehandedly.

He merely wanted to help his kin survive.

All he wanted, or perhaps, all mortals in the world... should have a chance of fighting against their fates!

"I want to establish the Dao!"

All of a sudden!

Su Zimo raised his head and gripped his fists. An unprecedented light shone in his eyes as he said slowly with an unyielding and resolute tone!

"I want to break free the shackles of fate that bind every single living being in the world!"

"So what if one has no spirit root?"

"I'm going to change the fate of all living beings!"

"I'm going to allow all lives in this world the ability to cultivate and become immortals!"

His voice reverberated through the heavens and echoed with a deafening vibration!

Boom!

Right after he spoke...

The initially clear skies boomed with thunder.

A shuddering aura blanketed downwards with an unstoppable divine might, as though he had offended the deities above!

At the same time.

All the patriarchs that were in seclusion in various secret grounds across Tianhuang Mainland jolted awake, looking at the firmaments with shock on their faces.

Enigma Palace...

An old man wearing a Confucian crown sensed something and divined with his fingers. He was startled and remarked, "Someone has just laid down a great vow that has shocked even the firmaments!"

Chapter 619: Complete Silence

How difficult would it be for someone to establish the Dao?

Throughout history, there have been countless storms and yet, the only Daos that were passed down in the human race were the immortal, Buddhist and fiend Daos.

How difficult would it be for someone to alter the fate of all living beings?

Even with Die Yue's means, she could only change the fate of Su Zimo alone with the help of a sacred item like the Saraca Flower.

Anyone else wouldn't even dare to dream of something as such!

Prior to this, the greatest goal in Su Zimo's cultivation was to head to another world and follow in Die Yue's footsteps.

And yet...

Su Hong's twilight and the hellish scene of Yan Country had given him a tremendous trigger.

It was a sort of helplessness that brought forth indignance in Su Zimo's heart!

Was that Su Hong's fate?

Were those the fates of the living beings?

Why?

"I want to establish the Dao!"

Su Zimo had laid down a great vow!

The Dao was eternal and had an immortal legacy.

There were many legends about it in the later generations.

However, it was rare for them to imagine that the fates of all living beings would start to change right from this dilapidated ancient city with a single old man in his twilight years as witness!

It was nearing the end of autumn right now and the weather had turned frosty.

Su Hong stood in the chilling gust and his frail body swayed slightly. However, he had no intention of leaving.

Finally, Su Hong turned around when night fell. "Let's go."

The moment Su Hong turned around, Su Zimo discovered that his elder brother seemed to have aged considerably overnight.

Those hazy eyes no longer had any fluctuation within them.

They were still as an ancient well.

For the past 20 years, the old man had been waiting every single moment for this day to arrive.

Right now, he no longer had any regrets.

Su Zimo supported Su Hong to the carriage and they continued ahead.

They were headed for Ping Yang Town.

That was their last stop.

It was also the last stop of Su Hong's life.

...

Although the two of them remained in the carriage, they caught wind of quite a bit of news throughout the way.

In the past two years...

The Empress of Great Zhou led the army personally to defend the borders. She devised strategies and managed to defend against the attacks of the allied army of the three dynasties countless times with the terrain advantage. However, as time passed by, the situation turned increasingly difficult for her.

A month ago, the Empress of Great Zhou was injured and nearly died.

More than 500 kilometers around the borders fell in defeat!

The might of the allied army was unstoppable and they infiltrated forcefully up North. Just like that, they overtook quite a number of vassal states within the territories of Great Zhou.

The Great Zhou army of cultivators escaped while protecting the Empress of Great Zhou the entire way. They were forced back to the North of Cang Lang Mountain Range and Cang Lang City, almost forced to give up the Yan Country as well.

The situation of Great Zhou was extremely treacherous right now!

Ping Yang Town.

Upon returning, Su Zimo released the Purple Flame Bird. He put away the carriage and supported Su Hong to the ground.

The leaves of autumn fell and the place was in chaos.

The streets of Ping Yang Town were desolate.

Although it was daytime, there were not many people on the streets and doors on either side were tightly shut as well.

Before long, the allied army of the three dynasties would cross Cang Lang Mountain Range and invade this place.

There were not many people remaining in Ping Yang Town by now; they were mostly old, weak, women, children or people who were extremely sentimental to the place.

Su Zimo supported Su Hong back to his mansion.

Pushing the door open to enter, the peach blossom tree was still present.

Everything was the same as before.

Su Hong said, "Let's stay outside, looking at the skies and the world to the end."

"Alright."

Su Zimo returned to his room and moved a bench outside. He helped Su Hong to lean on it before taking some blankets over to cover the latter.

He headed to the backyard and got some bricks and mud.

Before long, he set up two small furnaces in the courtyard beside Su Hong and lit some firewood in flames.

Even after many years, his skills of doing so were not rusty.

Su Zimo sat at the side and gazed at the burning flames of the furnace in a daze.

A long time later, Su Hong suddenly said, "Zimo, I'm already someone that's about to die. Don't stay here to accompany me, go on."

Su Zimo lowered his head and did not speak.

Su Hong said, "Miss Ji is injured and I know you're worried. She's definitely not in a good state right now. Go take a look and help her out."

"She'll be fine,"

Su Zimo replied, "As the empress, news would definitely spread a long time ago if anything happened to her."

Su Hong shook his head and sighed internally.

He could tell that despite Su Zimo's remark, the latter could not conceal the worry deep in his eyes.

"Brother, don't worry. We don't have to worry about such stuff,"

Su Zimo pinched the end of Su Hong's blanket and said softly.

Su Hong nodded with heavy eyelids.

The journey from the capital of Great Zhou to Ping Yang Town was long and even someone who was fit would feel fatigued, let alone an old man at the end of his road.

Unknowingly, Su Hong fell asleep.

Su Zimo sat in the courtyard and gazed at the South of Cang Lang Mountain Range. He had a cold gaze and icy expression, remaining silent.

Late at night...

Su Hong was already deep asleep.

Finally, Su Zimo rose slowly and sped in the direction of Cang Lang Mountain Range!

Under the shroud of the night, Cang Lang Mountain Range seemed extremely sinister and spooky. The shadows of trees swayed and the roars of ferocious beasts caused the mountains and earth to quake.

From time to time, ferocious birds would glide through the air.

All of a sudden!

A green-robed figure arrived in the skies above Cang Lang Mountain Range!

Under the cold moonlight, demonic qi shrouded that person and conjured a series of menacing ancient demons one after another!

Su Zimo stood in the air with his mighty figure. His black hair danced and his eyes were bloodshot, resembling a peerless demon king!

Instantly!

All the demon beasts in Cang Lang Mountain Range caught sight of that figure.

“Roar!”

Su Zimo opened his mouth and let out a deafening roar into the valley beneath him!

The weather changed!

From Su Zimo, all the demon beasts sensed a trepidating aura.

It was a fear that stemmed from deep in their bloodline!

A new ‘king’ was born in Cang Lang Mountain Range!

All the spirit beasts and most of the spirit demons knelt on the ground in dead silence.

However, there were still some demon beasts that glared menacingly with malevolent auras.

“Howl!”

The overlord of Cang Lang Mountain Range, the alpha gray wolf, reared its head into the skies and howled.

The wolves got up one after another and responded in kind!

Their howls spread through the entire place!

Su Zimo flew through the air silently and arrived before the alpha. Reaching out, he pushed down against the head of the alpha with his massive palm!

The alpha opened its blood-filled mouth and chomped down savagely on Su Zimo's wrist!

The flesh on Su Zimo's arm expanded and his tendons pulsated!

His entire arm seemed to be made of steel!

The alpha not only failed to bite completely, he nearly broke his own fangs!

Bang!

A single round.

The alpha was murdered by Su Zimo in a single round and its body split into pieces!

At the same time, a Golden Core realm Silvermoon Lion lunged over from behind. With the cover of the moonlight, the Silvermoon Lion's body was almost invisible!

As though he had eyes behind his back, Su Zimo threw a punch in reverse without even turning back!

Boom!

The Silvermoon Lion was killed by Su Zimo with a punch as well!

Fresh blood splattered.

Two ancient remnant beasts could not even withstand a single punch from Su Zimo!

"Roar!"

Drenched in blood, Su Zimo looked down at the entire valley and howled once more.

No other demon beast dared to make a sound.

Complete silence blanketed the mountain ranges and swamps!

Chapter 620: A Farewell With Warm Wine on a Snowy Night

For the next period of time...

Su Zimo behaved like a mortal, accompanying Su Hong daily, spending his days chopping firewood for fire, cooking and chatting.

He was going to accompany Su Hong to the end of the road.

Su Zimo recounted his experiences in the years.

He started from over 20 years ago, the night when he started cultivating beneath this peach blossom tree. He spoke about Die Yue, Xiaoning, Ji Yaoyue, Ethereal Peak...

He recounted every single bit in detail without hiding anything.

Su Hong had never heard of anything as such and everything was extremely fresh for him.

When he was excited, his energy level would rise as well.

Of course, as time passed by and the weather turned colder, Su Hong's health declined and the time he spent awake diminished as well.

Instead, he slept for increased periods of time.

In fact, he even told Su Zimo in a seemingly joking manner, "Who knows if I might just fall asleep as such one day and never wake up again."

Su Zimo did not reply as his heart soured in pain.

When Su Hong was awake, Su Zimo could not bear to leave.

He knew that every single minute spent between them was a minute less left.

Every single sentence he said was a sentence less for them remaining.

He would only leave after Su Hong was asleep.

After leaving the mansion, Su Zimo would move around Ping Yang Town in an indeterminate direction, pausing occasionally to mull for a prolonged period of time.

He walked extremely slowly, as though he was strolling casually.

However, if any sharp cultivator were to pass by, they would be able to notice that there was a trickle of spirit qi leaking from Su Zimo's fingertip. It was like a sharp dagger that was carving something on the ground.

Mysterious scars would appear on the ground behind him one after another, looking like runic patterns.

A single breeze from the cold wind was all it took to cover the scars with dust.

When he sensed that Su Hong was awake, Su Zimo would return to the mansion to continue chatting with his brother.

Only when Su Hong was asleep, he would leave again.

Day after day, he repeated the cycle.

Nothing seemed to have changed.

However, Su Zimo could clearly sense Su Hong's deteriorating health. His lifespan was ending and he was already nearing its limits!

This day, after Su Hong entered slumber once more, Su Zimo left the mansion and pulled out a series of old flags from his storage bag – there were a total of 49.

The flagpoles were made of wood but there were no signs of corrosion.

The flags were made from unknown beast skins and had mysterious, complicated patterns on them. A single glance was enough to confuse anyone, as though their souls were drawn in!

Su Zimo flew through the air.

Everywhere he passed, he would examine for a long time before tossing down a flag.

The flagpole would slide right into the ground before vanishing after a mysterious glow.

One after another...

By the time he cast all 49 flags into the ground, he had already gone one round around Ping Yang Town and was visibly fatigued with sweat on his forehead.

His act of tossing the flags looked simple but it took a huge toll on him mentally!

Suddenly, Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat and he returned to the mansion immediately.

Su Hong had already awoken by now.

Today, he looked to be in a much better condition.

However, Su Zimo's heart ached.

He was clear that this was a sign of the final respite of lucidity before the end.

Su Hong smiled gently. "Zimo, help me heat up a bottle of wine to warm my body."

"Alright."

Su Zimo came beside Su Hong and lit the furnace to boil water.

There was a bottle of wine in the boiling water.

Su Hong said, "Zimo, the things you've told me about your immortality cultivation in this period of time are truly mysterious, magnificent and inspiring. It's good that you want to establish a Dao and help everyone become the best they can be. However, I can also tell that something such as the establishment of a Dao is even more difficult than ascending the heavens."

"That's right."

Su Zimo nodded.

To establish a Dao unlike that of the immortal, Buddha and fiend Daos such that the masses without spirit roots could cultivate... that was something that even the primordial emperors could not achieve, let alone a mere Golden Core like Su Zimo!

The path of the Dao was endless and the future was unknown.

Nobody could help him.

The moment he decided on establishing a Dao, Su Zimo was destined to be alone!

But of course, groups were only meant for sheep – all ferocious beasts walk alone!

Su Hong declared loudly, "What sort of boldness is required to want to change the fates of all living beings in the world? Zimo, whether or not you succeed, I will definitely be proud of you!"

Immediately after, Su Hong looked somewhat dejected and sighed gently. "It's just a pity that I won't be able to witness that moment. Also, when I'm not around, you must live on well together with Xiaoning."

"Brother..." Su Zimo felt his nose stuffing up as he choked and was unable to speak.

Su Hong waved it off and pointed to the little furnace at the side. "Pour me a bowl of wine."

A faint fragrance wafted from the bottle of wine that was in the boiling water.

The wine was already warmed.

Su Zimo repressed the sadness in his heart and poured a bowl of piping wine for Su Hong.

After he received it, Su Hong gazed at the fragrant wine in the bowl with a dazed look.

In a flash, a suave young man in a splendid attire seemed to be reflected on the water surface. He raised his spear and led heavy armored cavalry into a war, domineering the battlefield!

One after another, the scenes flashed through the water surface.

A long, long time later...

A glimmering snowflake landed on the wine and dispersed, breaking apart the water surface that resembled a mirror.

It was snowing.

This was the first snow of winter.

The end of autumn and the arrival of winter seemed to imply something.

The scenes from earlier had already vanished.

The only thing left on the water surface was an old face.

Su Hong smiled suavely and raised his bowl of wine, downing it in a single mouthful!

It was as though he had consumed his entire life with that mouthful of wine!

"Good wine!"

With a loud laugh, Su Hong passed on.

Su Zimo collapsed and knelt with a thud. He gazed at the old man before him and could not hold back any longer as tears streamed like a fountain.

This day had eventually arrived.

Although he was prepared for it, Su Zimo still felt a heartbreaking sadness at the actual departure of Su Hong.

The deeper one was invested in secular affairs, the harder it was for them to sever them.

The deeper one was invested, the more painful it would be!

The skies gradually darkened.

The snow was getting heavier.

Su Zimo knelt before Su Hong motionlessly with a dazed expression.

He was a cultivator.

He was the strongest monster incarnate in history.

He was the second person throughout history who managed to cultivate to the Extreme Foundation Establishment realm.

Even so, he could not save his closest kin!

The snow fell heavily.

The temperature turned colder.

However, Su Zimo's heart seemed to be burning with a relentless blaze!

A long time later, the sound of people and horses could vaguely be heard from the South of Cang Lang Mountain Range; the sound turned clearer as time passed by.

The hooves of the horses were getting closer!

Although ordinary people may not be able to sense it, Su Zimo could hear it clearly!

Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!

There were even sounds of spirit vessels speeding through the air in the clamor.

Far away, dust and earth was overturned!

With a cold expression, Su Zimo rose and his eyes surged with a torrential killing intent. Soaring into the air, he sped towards Cang Lang Mountain Range!